

# The Stolen Telephone

The year was 1849, and the bustling streets of New York were a far cry from the serene landscapes of my homeland, Italy. I had journeyed here with dreams as vast as the Atlantic, and my latest project was the most exciting of all - a talking telegraph, or as I fondly called it, my 'telefono.'

Each day after working tirelessly at the candle factory, I would retreat to my little workshop, my sanctuary. Surrounded by copper wires, wooden planks, and tools, I would lose myself in my invention. Every time I connected two pieces or found a way to transmit sound more clearly, a jolt of excitement ran through me. "This will change the world!" I often exclaimed to my beloved wife, Ester.

One evening, after years of trials and errors, the impossible happened. Holding one end of my 'telefono' to my ear and the other end near Ester, I whispered, "Can you hear me?" The answer that came back was faint, but clear as the day's dawn, "Yes, Antonio." Tears welled up in my eyes. I had done it! I had invented the telephone.

But dreams, I learned, come with a price. Money was tight. My heart weighed heavy when in 1871, I could only afford the money for a public announcement, instead of a patent. Yet, I held onto hope, thinking my invention would speak for itself.

Then, the blow came. It was a day I can never forget. Newspapers were filled with praises for Alexander Bell, who had been granted a patent for the telephone. My heart sank. It felt as though someone had stolen my very soul. My dear Ester tried to console me, but the pain was deep. Whispers of betrayal echoed in my mind, "Why him? Why not me?"

Feeling defeated, I approached Bell's company, hoping for recognition. But all they offered was a pitiful amount of money, not even a whisper of the truth that the original idea was mine.

People celebrated Bell, while my dreams and efforts seemed lost in the shadows. The weight of invisibility was overwhelming. It felt like I was shouting into a void, with no one to hear my claims or my pain.

Now, whenever I hear the ring of a telephone, it's a bittersweet reminder. My heart still holds onto the pride of that magical evening with Ester, but it's tinged with the sorrow of being forgotten. If only the world knew, if only they remembered, the name Antonio Meucci.



# Writing Prompts

Use these prompts to help you write and structure a narrative just like the example about Antonio Meucci

**Character's Life:** Tell us about your character's everyday life. What do they usually do, and what do they like?

**First Clue:** When did your character first notice or learn about the comet? How did they feel?

**Sharing with Others:** How did your character tell others about the comet? Did they use social media, TV, or another method?

**People's Reactions:** How did other people react to your character's news or discovery about the comet?

**Exciting Discovery:** Describe the exciting moment when your character knew for sure they had found something special!

**Naming the Comet:** How and why does your character think they should get to name the comet?

**Feelings:** How does your character feel about others also wanting to name the comet? Are they sad, angry, or maybe excited?

**Gathering Friends:** How does your character get their friends or other people to help them with their quest to name the comet?

**The Name:** If your character gets to name the comet, what name would they choose and why?

**Lesson Learned:** What did your character learn from this experience? Was there something surprising or something they would do differently next time?

