

A New Phone

By A. C. Zito

"My dad won't get me it."

"Why?"

"You know why, he's freaking crazy, that's why. He's nuts! I think he's going to harvest me and my sibling's brains and turn us into squirrels or something. Yeah, I said it; squirrels!" I waited for the question to come. "You know why I can't FaceTime you. I can't even Snapchat you, use Waze, Google stuff on my phone; nothing! Everything! Everything! They're all from the prehistoric age! I don't even know how he got them. They must be centuries old! Yeah, I said it! Centuries! Well, I'm not looking it up, you look it up!" Another pause, "Me, an asshole; you're the one who can't deal with the fact that some people just won't let you have the necessities to get by in life." Silence, "Ok, ok, I'll look it up." I looked at my phone and then I looked at my laptop. I didn't see the point in bothering, but I did it anyway. "Ok, ok, here's what I found: my laptop came out in the year 2000. It's called an iBook, ever heard of it? Well, no of course I don't know anyone else that has one! Everyone stopped using apple products 200 years ago after that Jeff Bezos guy teamed up with what's his name; or her name? Having a sex and gender is so last century." I wanted to throw the laptop out the window. Why was it that the rest of my family was fine not having anything but an iBook?

"But Marley, iBooks don't have cameras so the '*government*' can't watch us. But Marley, these phones dad found are from the early 1990s and even though they don't fit into our pockets like everyone else's does, they don't have cameras!"

"They aren't even flip phones and THOSE are old! Why can't you people just put duct tape over the camera lens like what normal crazy people do? Why does it have to be SO *freakin'* extreme? I want to be able to get emails on my phone about when I have to come into work next. Not have to check every 20 seconds on THIS dinosaur of a machine they call an '*iBook!*' This technology... it just isn't practical in modern-day society! And how is Dad even getting the phone company to let us USE these types of phones in the first place? I've GONE to other phone stores, and they said there's no way in hell they'd set up a phone bill with THESE gargantuan things, let alone a FLIP PHONE, or let alone an IPHONE or ANDROID or any of the freaking machines that take up WAY too much space in your pocket!"

"I heard they were coming out with flip phones again." My brother spoke up.

"Yeah, flip phones that flip into a square and are just a piece of PLASTIC that only cost two dollars! It's going to be like, like KEEPING a Ziploc bag in your pocket and it's also a phone that you can blow some air into it like an inflatable toy you'd find at some pool. But NO ONES even going to use THOSE; they'll only be found at Toys-R-Us. THOSE are for little kids that lose their phones all the TIME! I want one of the phones EVERYONE ELSE has! I want to be, what's the word that was used back in the early 21st century? Hip? No, swag; I want to flex on all the haters, that's it! I want to be ON FLEEK! Move OUT of whatever CRAZYLAND you all come from and move into the 26th century with EVERYONE ELSE!"

I don't know why in the hell Dad doesn't just admit that privacy is something that only existed in the 20th century and back; and afterward, it just became non-existent. If and when I have kids I'm going to give them all the latest technology; only, of course, if they ask nicely. And *if* I can afford it; I'd want them to be able to Snapchat their friends, be a part of their group messages, email them a picture of the homework assignment, and I'd want them to be INCLUDED! All parents want from their kids is to be able to live vicariously through them like they're back in high school and living the good old days! But how does my dad live vicariously through me?

"Did anyone ask you today why you have such a cool phone? And did you tell them it's the Motorola DynaTAC 8000X? Did you tell them it's the first cell phone ever invented and your pretty much one of those hipster people from the early 21st century? Did you tell them, did *ya*? Did you tell them, did *ya*? Did you tell them, did *ya*? And did you tell them you can't text people, but it gets better? Did you tell them your calls can only last for thirty minutes? And did you tell them the phone can ACTUALLY store contacts? Thirty contacts; can you believe that, Marley? Thirty contacts! Who would want more than FIFTEEN friends, let alone have space for FIFTEEN more? That's crazy! I wish I could see the look on those kid's faces, Mar, absolutely bonkers!"

"Yeah, I wish you could too, Dad."

One day the day came.

"They tried to get us a phone that was made in the 2006 era and beyond, Marley; 2006 ERA AND BEYOND!" I didn't see what the big deal was. Any era when it wasn't banned yet to only have woman presidents feels old to me.

"So?" He gave me a look of frustration.

"Cameras, Marley! Cameras on phones began in the year 2006! The day privacy died! The day George W. Bush took over the world and the apocalypse began!" I stopped listening half-way in to his same old, same old. Just one of his usual crazy rants! But I still felt a surge of adrenaline. Like today, for some reason, my life was going to change.

"So what's this have to do with me?" His face seemed flustered as he spit out:

"No more! No more Motorola DynaTAC 8000X! We have to upgrade! Isn't this terrible?" I didn't know how to tell him, but I felt like screaming for joy! SNAPCHAT! I will be able to SNAPCHAT! Today, I had to mark it down; today will be the day my life will actually begin!

"Please tell me I'll be able to finally Snapchat?" I knew he was upset, but I had to know. I had to know if I would finally be able to take cute selfies with those dog ears and send them to cute boys. Specifically, one boy in particular: Rod Sterling, the cutest boy in 10th grade!

"Better," his face relaxed as he handed me the phone. "You will be able to TEXT me what all your friends say about your new phone. I worked something out with the phone company, and they

were able to get us all 2005 Blackberries. The only worry I have is they have Wi-Fi..." At that, he looked up at the sky like someone was watching us. But I was too busy hugging him, screaming out:

"Thank you, thank you, THANK YOU!" Because I got a NEW phone! And soon enough, I'll be texting the crap out of some cute boys and soon enough, soon enough... Rod Sterling will be mine!