



Mobile Madness

VIOLET is a very modern teenager. She sits alone onstage, engrossed in her mobile phone. When she eventually becomes aware of the audience, she addresses them directly.

VIOLET: *(Scrolling and tapping her phone as she speaks)*
Cool pic. Deserves a like, I reckon. Big thumbs up, Becca's pose. Standard. .boring...dull...yawn...oooh. Now we're talking. Hashtag LoveTheDress. Hashtag WorkIt. Hashtag BringTheBlingBabe. And...tweet.

(Acknowledging the audience for the first time) Let me guess - you agree with Mum, right? According to her, I 'spend far too much time glued to my phone for my own good' whatever that means. She's so Stone Age; I'm not even kidding.

I've explained to her that everyone does social networking from their phones, but she won't listen. I think she's scared I'm being corrupted, post by post, so she tries to keep tabs by pretending to be all chilled about it. Thing is, it just comes out really shrill and uptight. And she always gets the names wrong. You know, asks me if I'm posting a picture on Instabook or ChatSnap and wants to know if I've made any new friends on FaceGram. Oh, and she is forever telling me to 'stop chirping' so much. It's too cringe.

I mean, I get it. Once upon a time, there was no such thing as the internet, no social media and definitely no smart phones and bla bla bla bla. But, I swear, if I have to hear another word about how when Mum was my age, she'd come home from school and wait for the dial-up to launch from the landline before she could check her inbox and see if anyone had messaged her, my head will explode.

Actually, my grandma's the funniest. She can't understand why my ten first cousins and I don't just share a mobile phone. How would that even work? Nobody would be able to finish a conversation, and they'd all be snooping on my messages. I'm the oldest, you see, so I have the most interesting things to talk about. Obvs.

Anyway, yesterday I was with my cousin Penny and Nana comes in. Now, logic says that if Mum's a cave woman, Nana must be a dinosaur. 'Cause...well they came first. So Penny and I are busy activating accounts on our new phones, when Nana interrupts: 'I

don't like the sound of these internet addresses you've chosen.'

She means email! 'They've got your names in them for all the world to see. That's how people get caught in the web, you know.' We're both just staring up at her.

'You should think more creatively, girls. Lily for you, and Shilling for you.'

I can't stop myself now: 'Nana, why would we be Lily and Shilling? There's no prize for the most random email address. It's actually meant to be connected to your name.'

She gawps, wide-eyed: 'What do you mean — why? You're named after a flower. Your cousin is named after a unit of money. A Lily is a flower and Shillings are old money. Honestly, Violet, I thought you were smart.'

Poor nana still doesn't know why Penny snorted lemonade out of her nose or why I laughed until I cried!

By Emma Gordon