

Mobile maiden

[Technology](#), [Mobile Phone](#)



Mobile Maiden Sixty seconds. The time the sun will remain above the horizon. Los Angeles lights up red and orange for a brief moment and dies into the darkness. Stores illuminate our path across the boardwalk again. My parents walk a few yards in front of me. I wiggle my toes in the gritty sand and lift my face to the sky from where rain drops start to fall. We turn and dash into a T-Mobile store. My father checks out the deals and buys a hideous Nokia cellphone for my mother: a hard blue shell and a thumb-sized antenna. Ironically, this object that I have strongly disliked since it entered into my life twelve years ago represents me wholly. A fatal fall may damage any ordinary phone, but my mother's has a protective shell which keeps it from breaking. I have a shell, too: perseverance and stubbornness to succeed. As my ego takes a hit with an unsatisfactory grade or a backstabbing remark, my shell goes into ninja mode and keeps me intact. I butt through life, stubborn to get what I want, and do everything in my power to get it. As my mother picks me up with soothing words, my shell dissolves. Aside from having a resilient shell, a phone—one that is twelve years old—must have an antenna to work. This antenna projects an inch from the phone's body. Like the antenna, I project myself to others. I like socializing and going out of my way to help people. All day, whether it may be in a conversational French class or on the Ultimate Frisbee field, I love talking to people. I listen to all my friends' worries: cute boys, low grades, annoying parents, and hard teachers; I can even retract like the antenna, keep their secrets to myself, and secure their trust. My mother always keeps the ancient little cellphone in her cream colored Coach™ purse. Twelve years old and still in good shape, it remains close to her heart: she wears the purse

high upon her arm. In the same way, I too will remain close to my mother's heart for eternity—that phone looks like it will stay around for a while.