

## Mobile Phones: Reading

I'm in a bank and I'm opening a new bank account. The bank manager is asking me questions. She asks me my name, my age, my address, what I do, where I work, my phone number and then my mobile phone number.

'I don't have a mobile phone,' I reply.

'I'm sorry?' asks the manager, shocked.

'I don't have a mobile phone.'

'But everybody has a mobile!'

'No, they don't. I don't.'

'Are you serious?'

'Of course I am!'

'But how can you not have one? Everybody needs a mobile!'

'No, they don't. I don't.'



'Listen,' I say to the bank manager, 'this is a true story: A man is going parachuting – he has with him his parachute, his helmet and his mobile phone. The plane takes him higher and higher and further and further away from the town. But there is a very strong wind today and he lands on top of a hill very badly – he has two broken legs. He takes his mobile phone and calls his friend to come and rescue him. That's strange – the phone is not working. He tries again. Nothing. Then he realizes that there is no mobile phone network on the hill. In great pain he pulls himself down the hill to the road and stops a car. The driver takes him to the hospital.'

'This is another true story: I am waiting for my friend Syrine at a railway station. Her train arrives but she's not on it. I wait for the next train. No Syrine. I wait for an hour and begin to worry. Then I remember that she has a mobile phone. I go to a public telephone box and call her. Nothing. I try again – no answer. Another half an hour later Syrine arrives. I tell her about the phone call – she looks at her phone: the battery is flat.'

The bank manager tries to speak.

'No, listen' I say. 'When I go to a restaurant, my friends put their mobile phones on the table. When the phones ring, they answer them and chat for ages. This is a true story: I am in a café with Syrine. Her mobile rings and she starts chatting to her friend, her friend is telling her a long, funny story about something. Syrine is laughing and listening. I eat my cake and drink my coffee. Syrine is still talking on her phone. I finish the cake and the coffee. Ha, ha, ha says Syrine. I pay for my cake and coffee and leave the café.'

'Now I'm in the cinema. I'm watching a film and it's great. The hero of the story realizes he is in love with the girl, he's walking towards her and talking softly. Then, and this is a true story, the person next to me has a phone call. She's talking to her friend about what time the film ends and where they can meet. I can't hear the film, I can only hear the person next to me.'

'So,' I say to the bank manager, 'I don't have a mobile phone, I don't need a mobile phone and I don't like mobile phones.'

The bank manager looks at me very strangely and opens the bank account.