

Level 4 Fiction – MeMe and Me

A few months ago, I got my first smartphone. Actually my first phone ever, of any kind. Result! At least, that’s what I thought – until I met MeMe. I’ll get to her, but first, here’s why the phone felt like such a big deal.

I was the fourth-to-last person in my class to get one. I was super-tired of hearing about some cool new app or how many “likes” someone’s photo got. I wasn’t interested in new ringtones. I may as well have been one of those people who wear headscarves and ride round in carts.

Wait, they’re called Amish. I just looked that up on my phone.

Mum and Dad said they wouldn’t buy me one. They said, “There’s a big difference between wanting something and needing something.” If they thought that would stop me from asking, they were wrong. I asked and asked and asked until I made them see that I would never stop asking.

Finally they said I could have one if I earned the money myself. They thought that might stop me, but they were wrong – again!

I saved the money by vacuuming my gran’s house and cleaning her windows for the next four months. If you’ve ever spent time up a ladder, scrubbing at baked-on bird poo, you will know that I earned that phone.

But it was so worth it. I loved my phone’s smooth, sleek shape. I loved its weight in my palm. I loved everything about it.