



# My Cell Phone Is Magic!



ILLUSTRATION BY RHAMEL MIRANDA

Last Tuesday night, something happened. I saw a UFO. I'm kidding. It was just a plane. Southwest, I think. (I could tell because peanuts rained down on my head, and I heard singing.) But something else did happen, and it was freakier than a UFO.

My Blackberry spoke to me.

It was last Tuesday night. I was asleep in bed, having my usual hot, sweaty, athletic, um, evening rendezvous with Keanu Reeves. (Tuesday night is Neo Night.) Wednesday, I reserve for Clooney, (Ocean's Up!) and Thursday I'm booked solid with Brad Pitt. In my dreams, I'm Angelina.

But back to my cell phone. It was on my nightstand, and suddenly it began to buzz. Madly. It was buzzing so much, I looked over at Keanu, patted him on the head, and told him to please hurry up because I was about to wake --- BZZZZZ!!!

I woke up. Crestfallen, of course. Instead of Keanu, my bed partner turned out to be a goose down body pillow from Bed Bath and Beyond Me. (I mean, please. That store is uber expensive. Even with the coupon.)

I pick up my cell, turn it over in my hands, stare at it, and go, "WHAT?!!?"

And, I swear—as God is my witness—my phone said, "You're getting fat." I sat up in bed, stared at my cruel Blackberry and said in a cool as cucumber voice: "I'm not fat. This is water weight."

At this point, my phone flashed a photo of me. "Check out your stomach," it said. I glanced down. And I hate to say it, but my phone was right. I felt angry. Confused. A train wreck on two fat feet.

How could it have known? Had my Blackberry looked at me one day and thought, "I can't believe she's eating another cookie?" Was my phone becoming invaluable? Like a little personal trainer?

Now, I know some of you probably don't believe this story. But I've got proof. I still have the photo. Yes, it's the photo my Blackberry took of me in the middle of the night while at the same time telling me I was becoming a real porker.

A question soon began to haunt me. Should I upgrade?

I mean, my phone was snapping photos and telling me I was getting fat. But was that really enough? I mean, was it possible for another phone to exist out there that could do even more than my Blackberry? I stayed awake the entire next night (Clooney night, shame) researching the features of the new iPhone.

Here's what I came up with:

- 1) The iPhone costs a million dollars.
- 2) However! The iPhone brews Starbucks coffee and delivers it to your desk with a smile.
- 3) The iPhone drowns out Paris Hilton's voice on Larry King. (This is why it costs a million dollars.)
- 4) The iPhone will fix a flat tire on any car except a Hummer—out of principle.
- 5) For every dollar spent on the iPhone (red!), \$100 goes to Bono, \$1 million goes to Oprah, and a penny goes to the African health care crisis.

Whoa! Wait a sec. That was out of line. But please don't point the finger at me. My phone totally typed that! It wasn't me. In fact, my Blackberry is taking over this column as we speak ...

Ahhh, stop it, phone!

I can't—

It's ... just ... too ... powerful!

(P.S. If you happen to work for Apple, and want to send me hate mail, please direct it to [jobarrettbooks.com](mailto:jobarrettbooks.com). I don't answer emails on Friday nights. Friday is DeNiro Night. Think: "Raging Bull.")



Jo Barrett is a guest columnist for *H Texas* magazine. Her two fiction novels, "The Men's Guide to the Women's Bathroom," and "This is How It Happened (not a love story)" are published by HarperCollins and available at bookstores nationwide. "The Men's Guide to the Women's Bathroom" was optioned by CBS and Paramount Pictures with Hollywood actor Hugh Jackman's production company attached.