

# **mum, everyone has one /5/ sorry i shouted**

The phone **remains** quiet all evening **until, joy oh joy,** her friend Anna sends her a text message. She's **at** a boarding school, **apparently** preparing for her exams. Lucy has to send a text message back (I am **not allowed access to either**) but explains it's cheaper than a phone call. ("**About** 10p. I think.")

Tuesday. My daughter **and I** have an **unusual squabble** before school. I **tidy up** the kitchen, feeling **miserable** until Lucy rings from the school bus: "Sorry I shouted. Love you. Bye." I feel **much better right away.**

Then the post arrives, **bringing** a late gift from our aunt. It's another mobile phone. Suddenly, we are not a one-mobile-phone-that-we-**rarely**-use family **any more.** Instead, we have become a three-mobile one. The last is **surely** unnecessary, then I notice **it's cheaper to run** than my **freebie...**