

## **mum, everyone has one /4/ where has **all the credit** gone**

**While cleaning** her bedroom, I **discover** a **pile** of mobile-phone magazines under bed, so I **encourage** my husband to **have an honest discussion** with Lucy on the dangers of **obsession**. **By the end of** the conversation, he **knows how to** play "Snake", "Memory" and "Logic", three games that **come free** on the phone. Granddad from Eastbourne **rings to say** how **sensible** we are **to get** Lucy a mobile phone **for safety reasons**. **He'd never have given** me one **in my day...**

Monday. There are 20 kids in the school bus, half **of whom** have a mobile phone. One rings and several owners **glance at** their bags. "It's **mine**. No, it's not, stupid. That's **Charlotte's**. Shh, I **can't hear**. What's that? Shut up. Sorry, mum. No, it wasn't me. There are loud **giggles**. Six o'clock. Got to go; Pippa's phone's ringing and she can't hear. Bye."

Later, Lucy **rings to tell me** her hockey match **has been cancelled**, which **saves me driving** 30 miles **across country**. "I told you it **would be useful**," she says, **smugly**. After homework, **however**, Lucy **discovers** she **only** has L9.40 **left**. "Where **has it all gone?**" she **whines**.