

Disconnected

"This is fun." I said to her, as she stared blankly at her phone,

"Yeah." She responds with a slight nod of her head,

"So, how are you, Audrey?"

"Yeah."

"Ok. Well, I'm great thanks for asking."

"Yeah." This time she doesn't even acknowledge me. Audrey continues to stare vacantly at the illuminated object in her hands as she lets out a sigh.

"Audrey, have you completely lost your ability to speak?"

"No, I'm talking to Michael right now!"

Audrey returns to her phone and continues rapidly typing. I'm getting sick of her, and the way she can't be separated from her phone. I decide I've had enough.

"As fun as this was, I have some homework to do, so I think I'll go ho-"

"NO! Don't go," Audrey says as she snaps her head up from her phone, "You just got here!"

"Actually I've been here for about an hour and a half." I inform her, as I try my best to conceal my bubbling rage. 'Maybe if you got off your phone for once you'd have realised' I think to myself.

When Audrey moves, she moves with an air of false arrogance and purpose. She walks much like a princess, gliding with each step like a swan. She speaks with a strong Lebanese accent, which makes her hard to understand at times. Audrey is hard to explain as she is very erratic and has a hot temper, qualities she believes are derived from her Middle Eastern heritage. Audrey has long, dark brown hair with red tips, which she has straightened, curled, dyed, and teased beyond repair. The smell of sickly sweet, cheap vanilla perfume follows her wherever she goes. Rarely does Audrey smile, but when she does she reveals perfectly dentist-straightened teeth, with a slight yellow tinge. She is actually rather small, but her ego, pride and confidence make her seem 10 feet tall.

Audrey has always loved her phone. However she only recently graduated to an iPhone from her dad's old Nokia flip phone. Audrey needs her phone more than she needs air. Whenever I see her she has her head buried in her phone, she only looks up at the mention of food, or her boyfriend. Summer's 'boyfriends' name is Michael. Michael is the definition of puberty. His limbs are too long for his scrawny body; he wears low-slung jeans and has a greasy rats-tail that sticks to the back of his neck. To mask his pubescent stench, he drowns himself in suffocating musk body spray. Needless to say he is no Prince Charming. Audrey and Michael's only form of communication is through their phones, consequently I hate Audrey's phone more than the smell of Michael's \$3.20 Reject shop body spray.

I think the best way to describe my relationship with Audrey is that of a mother daughter. We've known each other since birth, and have an inseparable bond. At least I thought we did before her damn phone came along. I love Audrey and steer her clear of some of her more, 'questionable' ideas, like a mother. But at times we do fight, and when we fight, we really fight.

"Do you want lunch?"

"Yep, that's cool Claire."

"Well, what would you like?"

"Ah-hm."

"Audrey! What do you want?"

"Sounds great"

"Perfect, so you'd like some toasty warm, 'sounds great'?"

"Yep."

"Audrey, get off your phone and listen to me or I'll break the bloody thing!" At the mention of me destroying her baby, her head snaps up and her eyes widen.

"You wouldn't dare!"

"Watch me." I launch myself at Audrey like an un-athletic tiger, trying to pry her phone from her child-like grip.

"Get off me you lump!"

"Give me the phone!" I realise how much like a mother I sound, yet I keep persevering.

"STOP!"

"HA, got it!" I victoriously wave the phone in front of her face.

"Why? That's a dog act."

"Audrey, I'm sick and tired of coming to see you when all you want to do is talk to 'Michael'!"

"Well, maybe I can change, I didn't know tha-" Without warning Audrey springs into action, trying to grab her phone out of my hands. She manages to knock the phone out of my hands, but she isn't quick enough to grab it. As if in slow motion, the phone tumbles onto the ground. Audrey sheds a single tear. The world speeds up again and before I know Audrey is on ground tending to her babies wounds.

"Shit Claire! You broke it! You busted up the screen you dip-wad!"

"Oopsie- daisy"

"Claire, this isn't funny, Michael is going to kill me! I haven't spoken to him in like, 3 minutes"

"Ok, that seems like a healthy relationship!"

"Shut up, you know what I mean"

"Actually I don't, and you might want to hurry up, your Mum just pulled into the driveway"

"Crap, Claire clean this up!"

"Sorry your house, your mess"

"Well by that logic my house, my rules, and my rules say that you need to clean it up"

But before either of us could address the mass of broken glass on the floor, Audrey's mum walks in. Her jaw hits the ground and her eyes widen more than I thought humanly possible.

Her voice is hushed as she says, "Did you do this Audrey Louise?"

"No Mum, of course not It was Claire, all her!"

Audrey's Mum moves over to me taking a deep breath. I wince and await my punishment.

"THANK GOD! If you didn't break that damn thing, I would've!"

"Really? So you're not mad at me?"

"No, of course not sweetie! Audrey, was spending to much time on that damn thing, I can't blame you!"

Audrey's face portrays a strange mixture of horror, disgust and anger.

"But, MUM!"

"But nothing Audrey, you shouldn't have ignored Claire, that's not being a very good friend is it?"