Hello. I would like to introduce myself – my serial number is Nokia C518 and I am a cell phone. You may find it unusual that I am writing any opinions here – the chances are you have never read an essay written by a cell phone. But I have an important message to pass.

At first, you should know I have seen, heard and passed great amount of information, hence I am a trustworthy source. The matter is people are addicted to me. Yes, I am Mr. Fantastic. Everyone of you possesses me and even though you treat me like dirt, people cannot imagine to live without me. You, who say are independent, are giving yourself to the power of a small electronic invention. I am not saying it doesn't flatter me. But there are moments when I am not egoistic and want to help that made-of-cells race.

The thing is people are losing personal contact because of me. I connect with pleasure. I am grateful I can be of use. Why, I was made for that purpose. But, on the other hand, I do not find it normal when you are having an appointment and first thing you do is that pull me out and start to text. It was not like this a few years ago.

Those days, it was a grand luxury to have a cell phone. Nowadays, we, the cell phones, are considered as a matter of course. On the other side we are irreplaceable. Let us imagine, for a couple of minutes, how your hurried society would survive one day without me.

This age is an age of promises that are worth of nothing. You promise everything, but you are too hurried to stop to think what you have just said. Therefore, it happens that an appointment comes to your mind too late. First thing you

want to do is to call there, but you forgot I do not exist...

This way the world would collapse. With me it will crash even sooner. Do you find it appropriate and human-like to call your mother instead of seeing her? Or that lovers are not holding their hands but only calling? I hope I am not beating a dead horse saying this, but please, think of yourself. Talk to each other, be in personal contact with each other. Do it for your sake and let human generation continue another couple of centuries.

P.S.: Charge me....

Katarína Polomská