

I Want a Phone!

by ReadWorks



"I want a phone!" said Myrna.

"I bet you do," said her dad.

"No, but, Dad. You don't understand. I really, really, really want a phone."

"And I really, really, really want a boat. It's not going to happen."

Myrna and her dad were stuck in traffic. To her, it seemed like they were always stuck in traffic. When he took her to school in the morning-traffic. When he picked her up in the afternoon-traffic. Go to the bank, the grocery, a birthday party, and what felt like ten hours of traffic was their reward.

She was bored, because traffic was boring. And when she was bored, she wanted things. Right now, she wanted a phone. She wasn't sure if her dad understood that. She would have to tell him again.

"I. Want. A. Phone."

"N. O."

"What if I was stuck in a cave?"

"What?" asked her dad, trying not to laugh.

"What if I had a kitten, and the kitten ran away, and I had to run after it. What if the kitten ran into a cave, and I ran after the kitten, and in the cave there was a bear, and the bear trapped me, and-

"And then you were stuck in the cave." Myrna nodded the way she did when she won an argument, but her dad wasn't through fighting. "Is this a momma bear? I hear they're the fiercest."

"Yes. It's a momma bear, and she's very upset, and she's going to eat me unless I have a phone to call for help."

"If it's a momma bear, then you can use her phone. Everyone knows that moms always carry phones."

Dad was laughing as he said this. Myrna didn't think it was very funny. She slammed her hand down on the glove compartment as hard as she could, which wasn't very hard. Now she was angry.

"If I had a phone, I could play games on it!"

"If I had a boat, I could eat steaks on it. That doesn't mean I'm getting one."

"No, but I mean..." Myrna spluttered. When she was very angry, she spluttered. It was embarrassing. "If I could play games, I wouldn't be so bored when we were in traffic. I wouldn't bother you!"

"I don't mind being bothered. I like talking to you."

"Then I won't say anything at all!"

Dad smiled quietly to himself. "I'm going to call Mom to let her know we'll be late." He reached into his pocket. "Oh, heck. My battery's dead."

"You know...if I had a phone, I could call Mom," said Myrna.

"Don't even."

Myrna grinned. She wasn't getting a phone, but she knew she was right, and that was almost as good.