Well, it's official. I've become that type of person that I hate. Not like, well the jury's out on that one or this could go either way: no it has happened. I've become addicted to my phone. It didn't start out this way, but then again, I never felt this way about a phone before. It's the kind of phone, that when you walk past you have to give it another glance, and maybe even a wink for good measure. I think that if my phone were a person, I would take it out on date. I'd get it the lobster dinner without hesitation, and then maybe even dessert. Who knows what can happen after that? I might even invite it up to “talk” if all goes well. Like, “Hey boo, you want to come up and get some coffee or something?”

Here is to keeping my fingers crossed, because my old phone was a two-martini kind of phone. You know? You had to have at least two martinis to enjoy its company. Otherwise it was, just well, plain and unattractive. And let's be honest, its age was starting to show, and I don't want to be the one to say it, but it was kind of, umm, boxy. I often found myself forcing a laugh out at its jokes, and they weren't even remotely funny. Like, “Dear God, it's telling that one again...” It never listened. It was just plain rude, turning my words into something else. I was constantly saying, “No, damn it, I meant 'lazy' and not 'jazz'. Yes I did want to use the word 'eat' and not 'fat'.”

My new phone is smart, witty, dare I even say, enchanting? It brings that side out in me too. You know, I'm not sure when it became more fun to talk to someone with my phone than in person. It's like I can't wait for the person to leave just so I can text them. But damn, I am so much better at conversation with the help of my phone. I suddenly become in charge, confident, and seeping with sexy. But that's only with the help of my phone. It happens almost everyday, I know that people are talking to me, and I know that I should focus, but all I can concentrate on is the phone's clean lines and how excited I get when it lets me know that I have a text or an email. Da, da, daa. Ohhh, I shiver just thinking about it. Sometimes I secretly even plan my outfits to match it, because let's be honest again, who wants to be the ugly one in the relationship? God, I think I'm in love with it. Even right now, I'm thinking about how I just want to go home and have alone time with it. I mean, it is absolutely perfect in every way. Need directions? It'll help you out and never leave you lost. Need to look something up? It has the answers and it doesn't judge me or think that I'm stupid. Need to write a note? It'll loan me some paper and correct my spelling just for kicks. This phone really listens to me, it understands what I am saying and makes the appropriate changes. Even better, it's bold enough to interrupt me during a conversation, and that is sexy as hell. Yeah, it's safe to say that I might even take it home to meet my parents for Thanksgiving dinner. I just have to keep telling myself to take it slow. Don't get too attached too quickly...my little booskie.