

The 'Smart' Talk

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I have a dream that I'll return home one day and find my husband waiting eagerly to flood me with silly details of the day. I have a dream that when we go to bed at night, we will be able to set aside our phones and have a normal conversation just like people did in ancient times. I have a dream that one day my husband won't be smiling to himself as he reads something funny on his phone while I yell myself hoarse, trying to get his attention to the manhole in front of him.

I might have a noble dream but I realise how difficult it is going to be to get my husband or any person from my circle, really, to set their phones at a table near them, and just talk. . . with their mouths.

If you keep your ears and eyes open, you'll notice that things around you have been much quieter. It's not all that bad really. You are spared the torture of listening to the incessant complaints of the acquaintance who finds the country "incredibly dour, darlings." You don't have to bear the moans of the long-distance friend who has had his third divorce and is on the lookout for new prey. But don't get too happy too fast. Your surroundings might seem peaceful and devoid of all that noise but your phone is acting overtime, forcing



