

## The Mobile Phone

Deborah checked all the pockets of shirts and trousers before putting them in the washing machine. She had been through the same routine so many times over the years for her husband and family that she could truthfully have done it in her sleep. Usually all she found was dirty hankies or cash but today was different. In the back pocket of her husband, John's favourite jeans she had found a mobile phone that wasn't familiar. "That's nothing like the one he usually uses," she thought, and placed it carefully on the Formica top and carried on filling the washing machine. Suddenly the mystery phone started ringing. Deborah stood looking at it briefly then picked it up and pressed reply, "What is mine is yours," she recalled strangely. "Hello," she said cheerfully, "is that you, John?"

"John!" piped up a young female voice at the other end. "Do I sound like John? Who the hell are you?"

"I'm John's wife," Deborah nearly choked.

"Wife! Wife! You mean to say he's married?" screeched the voice.

"Yes," stammered Deborah. "We've been married for 26 years this June.

"26 years." The young female voice was now shouting into the phone. "You mean to say the miserable two-timing bastard has been married for 26 years!"

Deborah was shaking with shock. She had heard enough, turned the phone off and stared blankly out of the window and watched her husband cleaning the car. "He must have two mobile phones," she mumbled to herself.