

THE WORLD IN MY HAND

A 2.5 minute monologue

By JANE CAFARELLA

LOUISE, any age, reflects on - and finally rejects - the power of her mobile phone over her life .

The first time I held the world in my hand, I didn't know it.

I called you ... 'Hello? Can you hear me?'

And there you were, in my hand, as I walked ... untethered!

Now, if I have a question – Why is the sky blue? Is Pluto a planet? When is Easter? When does daylight saving end? – the world in my hand answers!

There are books in my hand, too – and movies.

I walk, flushed with excitement, my eyes cast down, reading, watching, stealing glances at lives that aren't my own, people I'll never meet, places I'll never go, witnessing tragedy and triumph, cruelty and kindness, extinction and invention, life and death.

Everyone has advice for me – 'Five things you should never eat!' 'Ten things you should never do!' 'Last chance!' – as I eat, dress, work and sleepwalk through my life.

The sky, the sea, the trees, the world – and you – are now images I save.

Traffic noise, bird song, the roar of the ocean, the wind in the stress, the babble of infants and the passionate whisperings of lovers, are muted by the clamour from the world in my hand.

I send and receive birthday wishes to people I've never met. I like everything and everyone – and everyone likes me.

We share everything and nothing.

I am powerful – and powerless.

Connected – and disconnected.

The world in my hand is heavy.

It sucks my soul ... tears at my heart!

I am blue with unacknowledged grief.

Green with bitter envy.

I am Atlas, bent, burdened crushed.

Until one day, the world in my hand slips into the water.

I am lost!

My heart pounds.

Like Adam to God, my hand reaches, fingers outstretched, to save it.

Until a voice whispers: 'Save yourself!'

So, I watch, powerful and powerless, connected and now disconnected, as it sinks to the bottom.

And ... I flush.

311 words

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