

Day 3, when I have to learn to use a phone again

I was looking over my Day 2 journal tonight and began to wonder if I was using the word “ironically” right. I run across predicaments like this a lot when I’m writing, and my first stop, as with many questions in life, is the Google search bar. Unable to access such awesomeness for the next 4 days, I scratched my head and wondered where else I might turn for guidance. Then I remembered I have my friend Tara’s number. She’s a high school English teacher in Colorado, and also an “online” friend. Even though I’ve met her, spent a weekend with her and “talk” to her nearly every day via a message board, I haven’t heard her voice in over two years.

She did say to call her if I needed anything this week, though, so I figured what the heck. I was sure she’d be thrilled to hear from me. I looked her up in my contacts and pressed the dial button.

“Hi Tara! It’s Jill!”

“Hey!”

“ I just have a grammar question for you about the proper use of the word ironic, and you know I would Google it, but with this no internet thing, well, that’s not an option. I know you’ll have the answer though.”

“Uhh.. okay?”

I proceeded in a peppy voice to tell her all about the manner in which I used the word. She responded with, “Errr.... I don’t know....”

Really? She doesn’t know? Huh. I told her more about the journal and the sentence it was in. She then responded with a very confident, “Yes, yes you are using it right,” and she laughed.

“Great! Thanks so much. So anyway, how are you? Did I catch you at a bad time? Are you making the girls dinner?”

“I’m fine. Really busy! Not a bad time, just got done eating dinner with the girls.”

Then she laughs.

Wow. I looked at the clock. It’s only 5 in Colorado. She’s really on top of things!

“What are you laughing at? Is it that big of a shock that I don’t know how to use ‘ironic’?”

She laughs again. She seems nervous. Maybe I shouldn’t have called. Maybe this is weird for her to talk to me on the phone instead of online.

“How’s the weather? Is it snowing like crazy? The news just said we are getting a system from you guys that will leave Denver under a foot and a half of snow,” I said.

“Uh... no. No snow here.”

“Oh. Well, I guess you’re pretty far removed from Denver. I keep forgetting you don’t live that close,” I said.

“Yeah, we’re *pretty* far from them.”

Sensing that this conversation was getting really awkward I ended with, “Well, I’ll let you go, headed into Albertson’s to go get toilet paper. Sorry to use you and abuse you for grammar advice. I’ll talk to you soon!”

I sat there for a minute after hanging up, thinking over our weird conversation. Something just didn’t feel right. I looked her up in my contacts again, and that’s when I noticed she had a 214 area code. I scrolled through and noticed all my other Dallas contacts had 214 area codes. It slowly began to dawn on me that I had not made a call to anyone in Colorado. Who did I call?? I couldn’t figure it out. I don’t know any other Tara’s.... do I? I had to call her back.

Well, of course she didn’t pick up this time, obviously screening her calls now for crazy women. The moment her voicemail picked up I started laughing so hard I almost peed. She was my hairdresser... from a year ago... a hairdresser I’ve been cheating on with another hairdresser who gives me a better deal on highlights. I. AM. MORTIFIED. This would have never happened with the internet.