Mawgan Marshall 11/02/18

**Neville the Narrating Nokia**

Looking at my family tree it would appear that my first known ancestor was created sometime in the seventeenth century. It was a ‘string phone’ which basically resembled two baked-bean tins joined with a piece of string. Then in 1876 a human named Alexander Graham Bell invented the modern ‘Telephone’. These evolved and were replaced in 1904 with the ‘rotary dial phone’, and later replaced by ‘push button phones’ in 1963. Technology was advancing so quickly that only a short 10 years later the first mobile phone was developed, of which ‘I’ am a descendent!

Let me introduce myself, my name is Neville the Narrating Nokia.

I can still remember being born around 1997 in an industrial factory in Germany, you see, I’m not like you humans because I’m assembled piece by piece with mostly plastic and metal. My rechargeable battery was put inside my strong plastic body and on top went my keypad, turquoise screen and antennae.

Once assembled I remember hearing the voices of the German factory workers, along with lots of beeping and dialing as we were all tested before being sent to our Forever Homes. I recall being placed in a box with polystyrene packaging and some bubble wrap. Now in almost complete darkness myself, Nina, Norman, Natalie, Noel, Nadia, Nathan, Nicole & ten thousand other Nokias were loaded into the back of a large red lorry. We travelled through the German countryside and it got very cold as we went over the French Alps. I heard seagulls squawking and the smell the salty air as we made our way across the Channel to England. We were then thrown carelessly from one courier van to another. The next time we stopped we were greeted by the deep voice of a older man as I was transferred to a post office. I was beginning to feel tired and a little low on battery.

Before I knew it I was being shoved into a cramped space with loads of letters and parcels. Seconds later an old lady rushed outside to pick me up and I was placed on the mantelpiece to await my new younger human owner for when she came home.

The girl rushed through the door all excited ready for the big unboxing. The lid was carefully taken off and the polystyrene packing was ripped away in chunks to reveal me! From that day onwards I was the most protected and beloved item in the world! I felt purposeful and part of the family. Connecting friends, family

And work colleagues, locally and all across the world. Making telephone calls, text messages, and playing games. But I am an inanimate object, and eventually I came to the end of my use a phone after only two short years….. I was ‘upgraded for a ‘smartphone’. However whilst I could easily be thrown away, I could be used in a lot more things if I was recycled and loved as something new.