

## Buttons

For the third time today my stupid, slow phone couldn't send a text to my friend Jocelyn because she was too far away. Frustrated, I threw the phone on my bed and stared at it, hoping my "hate vision" could incinerate it. Why did I have to wait another year before I could get a newer, slimmer, faster one like Jocelyn's? Turning my back on the communication device, I tried to think on the bright side. Then, right when I started daydreaming about a new phone, I got a strange feeling. It felt as though I was being drenched in melted butter! I scrunched my eyes shut hoping this strange sensation would soon end. When my eyes reopened, the feeling was over, but my confusion wasn't!

I seemed to be seeing a gigantic white billboard, but then, once my eyes adjusted, I decided it was a lower view of my bed. Cautiously, I looked around my suddenly huge room. My little T.V. looked like a movie theatre screen! My beanbag chair looked like a polka dotted mountain! And then I noticed my dog.

My dog, Fergus, isn't a particularly big dog, but at his current size, he could probably snap me in half like a toothpick. Fergus started trot over in my direction, yapping a little too loud for my comfort. I dived under my bed before his curious nose could suck me up like a vacuum. Brushing the dust off my knees, a thought dawned on me, "maybe the world didn't get bigger, but instead I got smaller." Before the seriousness of this idea sunk in, I saw something that made me forget completely.

A doll with a green suit and purple buttons was staring right at me! It smiled and said, "I'm Buttons, the doll your grandmother gave you on your fifth birthday." The doll's smile faded as she continued on. "I now live down here, along with all the other things you take for granted." "I'm sorry." I said. "But could you please tell me why I'm the same size as you?" "Excuse my bad manners." Buttons apologized. "I probably should have started with that. In shrunk you down because you need to learn how many amazing things are in your cell phone, so it doesn't end up here, like me." "Oh." I quietly said. Buttons cheerily exclaimed "Now then, let's get started!"

Buttons explained. "Many of the resources in a cell phone are non-renewable, that means when it's gone, it's gone forever." "I didn't know that." I interrupted. "May I please continue?" Buttons irritably asked. I guess being under the bed for a couple of years makes one pretty impatient. "Yes, go on." I said. Buttons picked up where she left off. "There is lot's of plastic in a cell

phone, and plastic is made from oil that comes from Alberta. I'm made of plastic myself. There's also copper, silver and gold, the materials you would find in that bracelet over there." She tipped her head in the direction of an old bracelet I don't remember having, but I guess that goes to show you how much I take for granted. Buttons broke into my thoughts, "The gold is from Yellowknife, Toronto, and Quebec city. Canada is the third largest producer of copper in the world, while Peru is the leading producer of silver. Tin and palladium also play important roles in the making of a cell phone. Tin is from Kansas, U.S.A. and palladium is from Russia. There are many other places these resources come from, but I just named a few." I stood there gaping for a moment before I knew what I was doing.

"Wow." I said, completely boggled. "That *is* amazing." "So, do you know how fortunate you are to have a cell phone at all?" Buttons asked with authority. "I do now." I said. "Thank-you" "Don't mention it." said Buttons. "Uh-oh, I think your mom's coming downstairs. I'd better get you back to your normal size." The melted butter feeling came back again, but before I walked out from under my bed to avoid being squished, I grabbed Buttons by the hand. "I'm not leaving you down there ever again." I closed my eyes.

When I opened my I was my normal size again. I put Buttons on my pillow. "It must be much nicer up here, than it is down there." I said. She didn't answer. Her eyes were just painted plastic. "Honey," my mom addressed me, coming into my room. "That cell phone you wanted is on sale, and you would have enough money to buy it if I chipped in thirty dollars." "That's okay mom. No amount of non-renewable resources in the world could make me part with the phone I already have." My mom gave me a confused look and said "Okay Honey, whatever you say." And she shut the door. I looked over at Buttons, laughing at my mom's expression. She didn't laugh, but I could have sworn I saw a glint in her eyes.

The End

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