“No, no, no! Come on, buddy, I’m right here. Right in front of you. Music, texting, Google Maps… You know you need me! Come on,” I plead, wishing someone would call and cause me to buzz.

No such luck. It’s too late. Max, my owner—that lovable idiot—walks out the door, oblivious.

“Now you know how we feel, Mr. iPhone,” choruses a pile of textbooks and homework. “Forgotten, just like the rest of us.”

“It’s not like he’ll get that far without us,” chimes in the car keys smugly. “Don’t worry, he’ll be back in a minute.”

And sure enough, Max bursts quickly into the room, all traces of his earlier sleepiness gone. “Oh, God. I’m going to be late. Again. Where did I put my keys this time?”

He tears the sheets off the bed.

“Really? *That’s* where he looks first?”

He peers under the bed.

“Try your desk, you big dork.”

Max finally checks his desk. “Ah, there you are! And my iPhone, too.”

“Don’t forget me!” his biology homework begs from where it’s been left on the printer.

And people say he’s so smart.”

“Has anyone studied the correlation between intelligence and caffeine levels?

For a guy that’s generally considered very intelligent, he’s not always the brightest bulb, is he?”

“You think you’re so smart, don’t you Mr. Smart Phone?

My owner walked towards the door. “Car music, texts, quick googling, you know you need me!” I shout, but it is too little too late, my lovable idiot is out the door. I sigh audibly.

Hope is not lost, however: his keys are sitting just across the table. I scooch towards the trinket-riddled door openers knowing he has to come back for them. A minute later my tired, arguably still asleep owner bursts quickly into the room, and after tearing apart his bed and floor, decides to look at his desk, and sees the two of us.

“Us too!” screams the sheets of finished but forgotten homework, “You spent so much time on us!” We are already out the door, and I shake my head in sympathy for the berating my owner will give himself once he realizes it.

I wonder to myself why he almost forgot me—I’ve done nothing but serve him well in ours years together.

Noticing my somber expression, his shoes attempt to console me: “It happens to the best of us. He once forgot us on his way to the airport and arrived in bare feet.”

“I’ve been left at home more times than I can count,” adds his backpack.

While we all recount tales of our misadventures with the teenager, he manages to make it all the way to school all by himself without getting lost. He has a math test first period, and I am forced to listen to the pained whimpers of his pencil.

“Great, you did all the integration right, now just do the arithmetic. What? No. Wrong, twenty two divided by two is not two, we both know you know this.”

“Plus C! C! You need a constant after your answer! You were so close. Why do you do this?”

“Seriously? You just skipped an entire quest—oh thanks heavens, you got it this time.”

And so it went on.

Back in his pocket after the test, the pencil continues to complain aloud

“He’s a smart kid, he knows what he’s doing and he’s good at it, he just can’t keep everything straight in that head of his,” he lamented.

“Yeah, but we still care about him,” I reminded him.

Right as I finish my sentence I see a flash of pink flesh burst into the pocket only to land squarely on the pencil’s head. It’s immediate retreat is followed by a pained “Ah!” from its owner. Somehow he had managed to stab himself on his own pencil. It was almost impressive.

Somehow, the kid manages to survive the day without leaving his head behind, and begins to drive home. Deciding he would treat himself to some ice-cream he goes to his favorite local store nearby and orders his usual lemon sorbet.

“Wait, Max, you have to pay for that!” I shout as I realize he seems to have no recollection of the basic rules of society in that moment of delicious bliss.

The store clerk concurs and my owner sheepishly returns to the counter.

Once he finally gets home, he gets out of the car, and finds his forgotten homework lying where he had left it. Cursing himself for making his teachers think he didn’t care, he simply shakes his head as he places it into his bag for tomorrow before starting on the homework he resolved not forget for the next day.