

"You're no fun."

Me: "You're no fun!"

Her: "That was really rude."

Me: "Don't look things up while I'm talking!"

She was wriggling her phone out from under my hand, but I

held it tight. For a second, I was tempted to yank her out from the booth and twist her arm behind her back, but instead I just

let go.

She looked closely at her phone, tilting it in the light. She

took the case off to examine it all over.

"Gee whiz," she said, ominously and quietly. "These things are

expensive."

"I know," I said. "It's an iPhone."

"So you don't like iPhones and now you're going to take it

out on my iPhone."

"When are you going to accept that I just don't get along

with it?"

"Don't make me choose," she said, in a pleasantly threatening

way.

When the jerktoasters remained silent, Oprah proceeded to

wear them down, to get them to spill, using all the familiar

tactics. An appeal to their egos, reminding them that this

would be the perfect time to lay out their platform. A vow

of confidence, that no one was at risk, that this was the

safe forum that they craved. Finally, she resorted to shame,

that they would need to go to a commercial, in order to consult

with her producer how to proceed.

But it wasn't a particularly long commercial break.

"We're talking to an elusive group," she said, "that calls

themselves the jerktoasters." The camera panned the dim characters.

"Men and women, each of whom has decided, one their own and

independently, to erase themselves from society."

The camera returned to Ms. Winfrey. "We're back from the

break now and we've decided to turn the stage lights back on,

to give you at home a peek into who these real jerktoasters

really are. Scott--"

A man with a headset walked to stage right and flipped the

switch.

Don't become too fixated on this opinion.  
I don't like iPhones, but that could change.  
My opinions are worthless.