

Nowadays

*by Suzy Hopkins*

The handsome young man was sitting alone at the table-for-two in the fancy French café. He was talking on his phone, "I've been here for half an hour. When will you be here?" He hung up and immediately made another call. When the pretty young woman arrived he continued to talk on the phone. For a minute I thought they were sister and brother because he was so unimpressed with her arrival. They kissed across the small table so I quickly determined my assumption was wrong. During their dinner he or she answered their phones and talked to the caller or checked their e-mail which left them little time to visit with each other. Their phone conversations consisted of trivial subjects which I had to overhear since they spoke loudly seemingly unaware of how disruptive their conversations were.

In the 'good old days' we went to a restaurant for good food AND good conversation with the people sitting at our table.