



Grandma Gigi and the Shiny Screen

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Grandma Gigi, with her bright pink sunglasses perched on her nose, marched into the electronics shop. Her eyes sparkled with a determined glint. She surveyed the rows of gadgets like a secret agent planning her next move.



The shop assistant, a young man with a friendly smile, approached Grandma Gigi. He tried to guess her age, but the pink sunglasses made it an impossible task. He noticed her small frame and the intensity in her eyes.



"Excuse me," Grandma Gigi said, her voice clear and firm, "I want a smartphone." The assistant, trying not to laugh, politely gestured towards the latest models. Gigi's grandson watched from a distance, knowing she was about to embark on an adventure.



After some discussion, Grandma Gigi settled on a phone that promised the best selfies. The assistant, slightly bewildered, helped her set it up. Grandma Gigi's face was a mixture of concentration and excitement.



Finally, after much effort, Grandma Gigi sent her first message: to herself! It read, "Hello, me. You're amazing." A wide grin spread across her face as she proudly showed the assistant.



As she prepared to leave, Grandma Gigi turned to the assistant with a twinkle in her eye. "Young man," she declared, "you should be grateful. I just made your day more exciting!"