

18. GO GO GADGET HO!

I need a land line bitch. It's only right; cell phones are throwing a 140 mph fast-ball at mankind. My recent field trips into the technology-driven jungle of night life have caused my sex drive to wane to the point that my hand is more enticing than being in the presence of a new and steadily growing breed of woman:

The Gadget Ho

Despite the examples given, Gadget Hoes can be male or female.

Some Gadget Hoes prefer Androids, some prefer Blackberries, and some prefer iPhones, but a Gadget Ho is a Gadget Ho, no matter the weapon. In simpler terms, a Gadget Ho is a cell phone slut.

Long before Gadget Hoes roamed the Earth (and us cavemen spiked drinks and mingled with sloppy drunk broads as protocol), man's main nemesis in the pursuit of a woman had a heartbeat. She didn't require a charger, but she had a battery in her back that was juiced by a pack of undesirable scallywags. She was none other than the infamous Huddle Ho. You remember the Huddle Ho, don't you? She met you, she talked to you, she liked you, but she never left with you. Why? She had a huddle with her three wide and fried friends in the ladies room, where they told her how she could do much better and you weren't worth her number. They were on the verge of going home alone, so they put a cease and desist on your pound party to make us all equally miserable. After the restroom huddle, the Huddle Ho came back with her buffalo trio in tow and the vibe was never the same. You were with your hand that night simply because those lousy, sloth broads decided that your time was up. Men got hip and began to combat that with some offensive strategy, implementing three of their own friends to occupy the Huddle Ho's cock-blocker brigade. Those were the quality days of old, when the involvement of humans leveled the playing field. Unfortunately, man can't trump technology; the Gadget Ho is sending the Huddle Ho the way of the pterodactyl. Picture this:

The music is blaring, people are congregating in small pockets of the

club, a handful are even dancing. Not the Gadget Ho. She finds a small cranny of the club to bury herself with her Asthma pump (read: cell phone) and engage in who knows what. As Cyber-Hussy sets the stages for early carpal tunnel onset, texting away with a marshmallow-eating grin on her face, I'm forced to wonder what she's writing and receiving that's so fuckin' amusing that she just can't engulf herself in it in the comfort of her own home, on a park bench, or in a shit-infested Porta-Potty on the Vans Warped Tour. Is it a stock tip from Randolph & Mortimer on the next frozen orange crop? Did T-Mobile get a street date for *Detox* from Dr. Dre himself? Or is it simply a seminar in the lingo that only people born post-1990 can fully understand? You know, LMFAO, SMH, ROTFL, OMG, IDK, and FML, among other odorless brain farts.

The Gadget Ho unfortunately is a victim of her own lifestyle when attempting to breast-stroke in the river of actual human interaction. I discovered this when I began to chat up a cute 27-year-old broad worth a 12 minute episode at an NYC lounge. I wasn't expecting much intellect from the tramp when she was telling me a story about her move to NYC from Wyoming, but then the spokes fell completely off the Cadillac hub cap.

"It was hilarious, I was ROTFL," she said in a deadpan tone and sporting a still grill. The whole exchange had the same effect on my sex drive as the thought of Rosanne Barr butt naked eating a gyro on my living room sofa would. C'mon bitch, did you not want to roll on the floor and laugh, so you gave me text shorthand? I probably would've earned a stripe on the uniform had I possessed the patience; I opted to go home and watch *Hogan's Heroes* for the remainder of the night. Yes, I've gotten that shallow and impatient in my old age. If I wanna smash a robot, I've got Rosie from *The Jetsons* on speed dial. If you really get the urge to roll on the floor and laugh, just do it you dumb broad.

I often recall the days of pay phone pimpin, when \$0.25 gave you a few minutes to convince a girl to come outside. Additionally, one of those minutes was lost if her parent answered the phone and stalled you. That meant your rap had to be fierce, because you were fresh out of pocket change and thus couldn't extend the talk time; you got right to the point. Nowadays, I'm receiving a bunch of LOLs, "winks", and smiley faces from some cheese bus bimbo who's well into her 30s. I guess the "wink" means I can just come right on over and place my nuts on your forehead, right? It doesn't? Well Gadget Ho, 86 the fuckin' emoticons, pick up the God damn phone and tell me what the fuck you're trying to say. Otherwise, I waste three hours doing back and forth texting just to find out you want to put me in the Friend Zone.

It seems as if every thought and statement now has a 140-character

limit, regardless of whether it's spoken or written. If you don't have to speak or write in complete sentences to maneuver your way through the day, you eventually become as inept as the Wyoming Wench was. She offered me her seven digits (real OGs still say "seven digits"; if you say "ten digits", you're a fuckin' fruitcake), but a Gadget Ho encounter destroyed my social gumption for the night.

The Gadget Ho has even jumped on the fitness bandwagon, joining gyms with monthly fees that can reach \$100. She must get a kick out of hopping on the treadmill to send text messages throughout her entire workout, because she can easily punch in an "LOL" or two when the God damn treadmill is only on level 2. That would explain why her text messaging package has increased each year, but she's a bigger piece of streak-o-lean than she was when she first joined the gym in 2002.

GADGET HOES and the HOLIDAYS

When the holiday season is in full swing, you know what that means. My enemy is in full attack mode. No, not the long lines in Wal-Mart, Black Friday, or milquetoast Christmas Music (somebody play the Death Row Christmas album for once), but holiday-related mass text messages from the Gadget Ho. The Trifling Triumvirate of Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Years never fail to provide you with proof of which Gadget Hoes really shouldn't have your phone number.

First off, anybody who takes one specific day to acknowledge or do something is a little queer in my book. There are 365 days in a year. If you're only thankful, giving, or adhering to a "resolution" on one of those days, you need help. I don't celebrate anything because I'm ornery most of the time, but when I want to give thanks, give a gift, or set a goal; I'm not looking at the calendar.

Additionally, having somebody's phone number is a privilege, a sign of respect. Don't assume that they have unlimited texting in their phone plan. They shouldn't have to sign up for it because you want to save time when doling out arbitrary greetings, either. I'm sick of getting texts like these:

- *Happy Turkey Day all!!!!*

I only eat turkey on odd-numbered Mondays in July.

- *Merry Christmas everybody!!*

I don't celebrate Christmas, I celebrate Groundhog Day.

- May you all prosper and reach your goals and resolutions in 2011!!

Where was this good will in June of 2009 when I needed it? Why do I have to wait until New Years to get a \$0.15 good luck charm from you? Better yet, if you want to start going to the gym to lose some weight, why not go in October and stop ordering the God damn party plate today?

Every year around November 21st, I inform everybody of my disgust with these mass text messages so history doesn't repeat itself. After getting a \$24 and \$14 bill for texts alone in December 2008 and December 2007, respectively, I was cornered into getting a 400 free text a month plan to save some money. These days, I'm typically closing in on my 400 free texts around December 2nd, when the cycle's end is 17 days away. Between Thanksgiving and New Years, I watch my 400 texts dwindle down the drain via disingenuous greetings, many from people who got my number from some other rap personality without my permission. If you ask me for my number and I look at you funny, I'm sizing you up to see if you're the type to send mass texts. If I give you my e-mail instead, you know what time it is. I anticipate going over my 400 text limit by about 47 texts in December and I get charged the standard \$0.15 a text when I pass 400. Let's do some arithmetic:

47 Text Messages @ \$0.15 each = \$7.05

About half of these texts are from people whose numbers aren't saved in my phone, so I have to call them back to see who they are and cuss them out. About 90 percent go to that robot voicemail message in which the bitch only tells you "222-403-0712 is not available", because the culprit is scared to put a personal greeting on the outgoing message. Then they text me again while I'm leaving a voicemail, like "What's up?" What the fuck do you mean, "What's up?" Pick up the God damn phone, dick mouth.

That's an additional \$0.15.

Most of these texts are during peak hours, so I get charged for approximately 22 one minute calls before 9PM trying to get reimbursed my 15 cents via phone call. I have 600 anytime and free nights and weekends on my plan. I usually use about 587 minutes in the winter months because I like to

leave some room and not get charged \$1.25 per minute for going over 600. Therefore, I run a risk of going over my anytime minutes by approximately 5 minutes.

5 minutes @ \$1.25 per minute = \$6.25

Taxes and fees for the aforementioned activity are about \$1.75
\$7.05 + \$0.15 + \$6.25 + \$1.75 = \$15.20

That's \$15.20 spent for no reason at all. I've been victimized for having a cell phone and Gadget Hoes having my number. Texts pile up like L blocks in a game of *Tetris* when Christmas rolls around, and if I up my plan, that's another \$10 per month and \$120 for the year. At the end of it all, that's \$140 including taxes and surcharges. I can hear y'all talkin' shit about me right now.

Yo man, Zone is mad cheap. He's pitchin' a bitch over \$15.

Yes. I'm very cheap, but peep this: If you walked into White Castle and the cashier asked you for \$15.20, but you didn't ask to buy any food, would you just give it to him simply because you were in there? What about if you go to CVS and you want \$15.20 worth of vitamins? Every human being should have vitamins, but your \$15.20 went towards something that you received against your will. Can you still get those vitamins without the \$15.20?

People who don't abuse their phones are beaten into purchasing unnecessary features these days. That's like owning an iPod and being forced to buy Jewel's latest album on iTunes because 70 percent of the world bought her shit. Let that marinate for a second. In the meantime, here is a list of things I can do with \$15.20:

- Get a shape-up and have some bread left over for a new toothbrush, one of the good ones with the bristles that reach deep into the gums and massage them.
- Fill 1/3 my tank with Mobil 89 Premium gas
- Cop a 6 pack of Adidas athletic crew socks at Marshall's and still have money left over to buy a newspaper.
- Order the Fat Boys' *Disorderlies* and Dolemite's *Avenging Disco*

Godfather on DVD (including shipping) at Amazon.

Every holiday season, I send my mission statement out to the Gadget Hoes early, hoping to thwart some of this crap. But I swear on a stack of James Brown 45s, I'm sending out invoices from the publish date of this book forward for any Gadget Ho behavior that shows up on my phone bill. Try me if you think I'm bullshittin'.

THE COUSINS OF THE GADGET HO: FLASH HO AND COSMO HO

Camera phones and digital cameras have also taken over nightlife. This leads me to the cousins of the Gadget Ho: the Flash Ho and the Cosmo Ho.

Bitch, I know you just joined Facebook and you just hate that picture of yourself you were tagged in because you were caught off guard. Now you want to get the ever so clever shot of you and your raggedy, salmonella bird-ass friends all together holding your \$15 Cosmos.

"OMG!! We're all here, this is awesome, let's take a picture!" the Flash Ho will scream. First, she'll summon the bird patrol (who are all holding their Cosmo glasses with the little umbrellas in them) to meet her in a corner of the club. It's only right; the Flash Ho is the ringleader of the Cosmo Ho gang. When all of the Cosmo Hoes are all present and accounted for, Flash Ho will look my way. "Excuse me, can you take a picture for us?"

If I tell the Flash Ho that I want my knob buffed in exchange, am I wrong? Quid pro quo, ho, my name ain't Hiro. The first time I was asked to do that, I obliged. I figured maybe it would open up conversation with the Flash Ho or one of the Cosmo Hoes, but the Ho harem left shortly after. Their sole purpose for coming to a lounge with a \$5 cover was to have a few wall photos. Of course the other Cosmo Hoes in the picture would all comment on Twitter, MySpace, Google Plus, Yelp, and Facebook about how good the others look, but how they themselves look so fat, "LOL." Oh yeah, Facebook. Let's talk about that.



a gadget ho encounter