“I have time to drive over before work,” Marcus sighed.

“That sounds splendid, Marcus. I will make us some coffee and toast.”

Marcus drove to Gram’s condo and got the phone up and running. He helped Gram load her contacts onto the new phone. Then, Gram called Marcus’s phone and was delighted to hear it ring.

Marcus even helped Gram to take a photo of Ms. Winifred, her old, fat basset, and text it to her friends. Marcus agreed with Gram that Ms. Winifred was the kind of dog who knew how to strike a cute pose.

When Marcus and Gram were outside chatting before he left for work, Mrs. Robinson stopped to say hello. Gram
bragged that Marcus was a wiz when it came to computers and phones. “For Marcus, it was just one, two, three, and everything was set up just right! I could not have done it in a hundred years.”

Mrs. Robinson exclaimed, “What luck for you to have a tech wiz for a grandson! I wish I had someone to help me.”

“I bet Marcus would be glad to help,” Gram said with a smile.

Marcus smiled too. Then he said, “I have to be off to work now or I will be late, but I will be back for a real visit with Gram tomorrow, and I would be glad to look at your phone.”