

Mummy's Phone, My Life



By Cyber Vault Foundation

✉ @cvf_africa

✉ communicationscvf@gmail.com

🌐 <https://www.cybervaultfoundation.org>



A Happy Morning

Amara loved mornings. Sunlight spilled through her curtains, and birds chirped outside her window. She stretched, giggled, and ran straight into Mummy’s arms. Mummy’s soft voice greeted her: “Good morning, my sunshine!” Amara felt the warmth of her mother’s love surrounding her. But then, the little black circle appeared. Click. “Say good morning!” Mummy said, holding up her phone. Amara waved and smiled, not knowing yet how much the camera would soon change her days.



The Fun of Being Seen

At first, having Mummy’s phone follow her felt fun. Amara spun in the living room until she was dizzy, made silly faces, and danced in colorful socks. Every time, Mummy would cheer, “Do that again!” and click another video. Amara laughed, thinking the camera loved her as much as Mummy did. Sharing moments felt like a game. She didn’t realize that the game was slowly becoming something else.



Always on Camera

Soon, the phone was everywhere at breakfast, at the park, even during quiet moments. “Show them how you eat your eggs!” Mummy would say. Amara tried to giggle and nod, but sometimes she just wanted to enjoy her breakfast in peace. The camera followed her everywhere, capturing every gesture, every small stumble. Slowly, the joy began to feel different like a shadow hovering over her fun.



The Invisible Audience

Amara began to notice something strange. People seemed to know her little moments before she did. At the park, a stranger waved and said, “Hi, I love your drawings!” How did they know about her drawing? Amara felt a strange mix of pride and worry. It was nice to be loved, but why wasn’t she the first to know about herself? The invisible audience made her pause and wonder about her own life.



Too Much Sharing

One afternoon, Amara tripped while tying her shoelaces. Juice spilled. Knees scraped. Tears welled in her eyes. Instead of helping her up right away, Mummy lifted her phone. “Oops! That was a big fall!” she said, recording the scene. Amara's laughter didn't come this time.

Her world felt strange, her private moment was now public, and it didn't feel right.



The Funny Fall

The next day, at the shop, a lady smiled at Lila. “Careful with your juice this time!” she said. Amara blushed. At the playground, a boy giggled, “Show us your funny fall!” Her cheeks burned. “How do they know?” she asked quietly. Mummy smiled, unaware of Amara’s worry. “People just enjoy your videos, that’s all,” she said. But Amara’s heart felt heavy. My videos... or my life? She wondered.

The Question of Privacy

That night, Amara sat with her crayons but couldn't draw. She watched Mummy laughing softly at her phone in the other room. She whispered to herself, "Why do they know my story before I can tell it?" The question lingered in the quiet, filling her chest with a mix of sadness and confusion. For the first time, Amara realized that love and sharing weren't always the same.



Turning Away

The next morning, Mummy lifted her phone again. “Good morning, sunshine! Say hi,”
Amara said firmly, “No.”

It was a small word, but it carried her heart. Mummy blinked. “No?” she asked softly. “I don’t want to,” Amara said, her eyes downcast. For the first time, Mummy noticed a real change, a silent plea for space.






Days of Quiet

Days passed. Amara stopped dancing as much. When Mummy picked up her phone, Amara would hide, turn away, or mumble, “Not now.” The house felt quieter, not peaceful, but tense. Mummy noticed, but she didn’t understand why. Love, she thought, should feel exciting.

Yet Amara's smile was missing, replaced by small, careful steps around the camera.



I wish
they
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The Growing Distance

Even simple moments became tense. Amara would glance at her reflection instead of the camera, whispering to herself, “I wish they weren’t watching.” Mummy’s phone buzzed constantly, capturing her daughter’s life without truly seeing her. Amara felt a distance growing, a quiet wall between herself and her own home, her own happiness.



The Honest Words

One evening, Amara sat by the window, quiet and thoughtful. Mummy sat beside her. “Did I do something wrong?” she asked. Amara's small voice wavered. “I don’t like being on your phone all the time,” she said. The words were simple but heavy with emotion. “I want to be your daughter... not your video.” Mummy’s heart tightened.



The Pause

Mummy looked at her phone. Then at Amara. Then slowly, she set the phone down. Silence stretched between them, not the uncomfortable kind, but the beginning of listening. “I didn’t know you felt that way,” Mummy said softly. “I thought I was just sharing how much I love you.” Amara nodded, a little relieved. “Love doesn’t feel like a camera,” she said.



The Apology

Mummy's eyes filled with tears. She held Amara close. "I'm sorry, my love. I should have asked you first. I should have listened." Amara leaned against her shoulder, feeling warmth return. This was a different kind of love, one that respected her feelings and her voice.



The next day, they sat with colored markers and paper. Together, they wrote simple rules:

- Ask before recording
- Some moments stay just for us
- No means no
- Love is bigger than likes

Mummy read them aloud, smiling. Amara felt heard for the first time in weeks.

The First Dance Without the Camera

The following morning, sunlight streamed through the living room again. “Can we dance?” Amara asked. Mummy grinned, “Always.” They twirled, laughed, and stumbled onto the couch in a heap of giggles. No phone. No camera. Just them.





A Special Moment

Amara rested her head on Mummy's shoulder. "This is my favorite moment," she said softly. Mummy kissed her forehead. "Mine too," she whispered. For the first time, both felt the magic of a memory that belonged only to them.