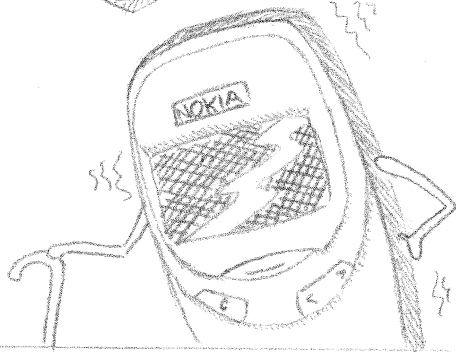
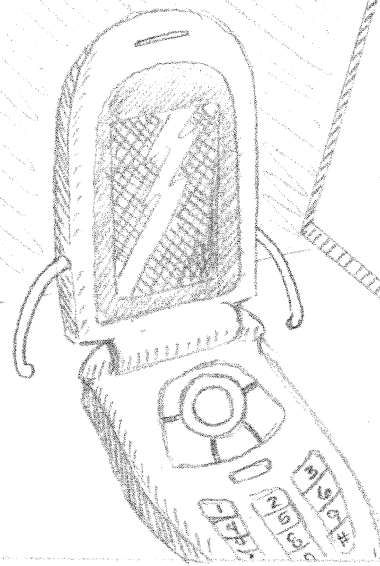


I live in the garage with my grandfather. I try my best to care for him.

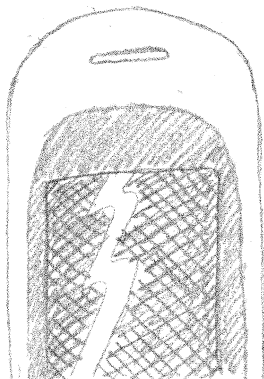


My name is Graham and I'm a phone.

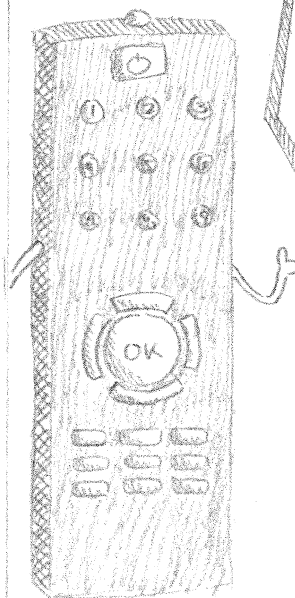


Unfortunately, all obsolete electronics have been relegated to the garage by "God". My number one dream is to be loved by "God" again so I can go back to a cushy life inside the house. It's pretty boring in the garage.

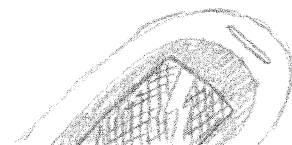
So yeah, my life pretty much f\*!@ing sucks



I usually spend my time with Sam. He's a TV remote and kind of a jerk, but all the other electronics are weird so I have no better options

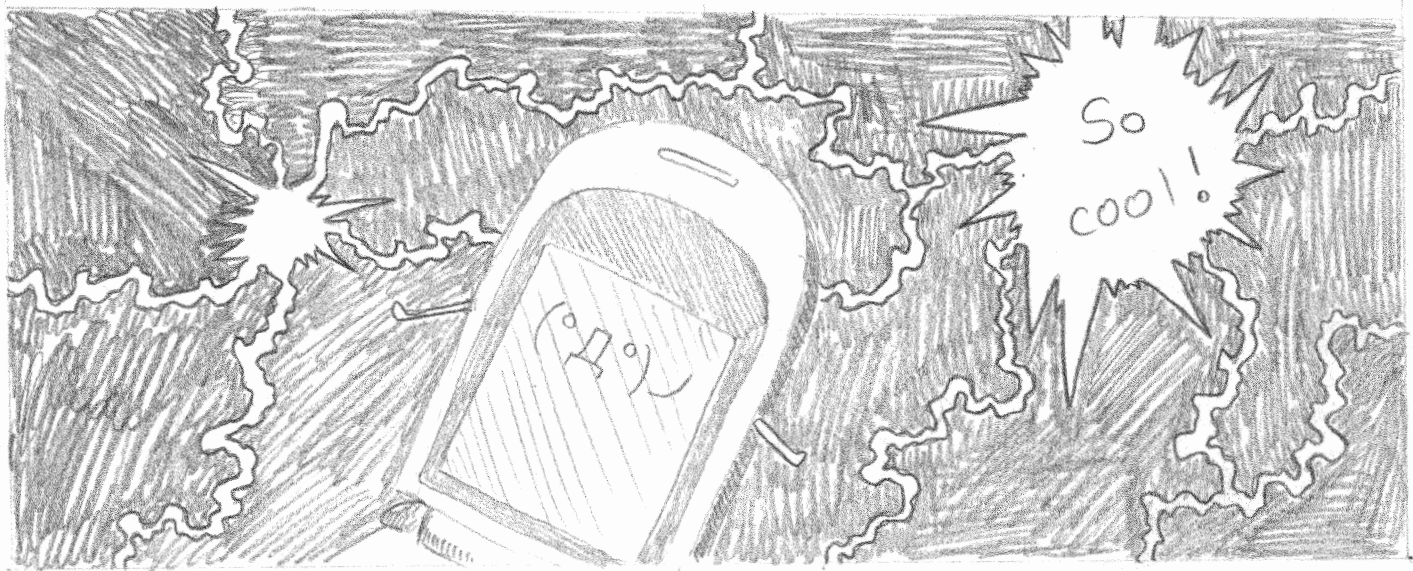
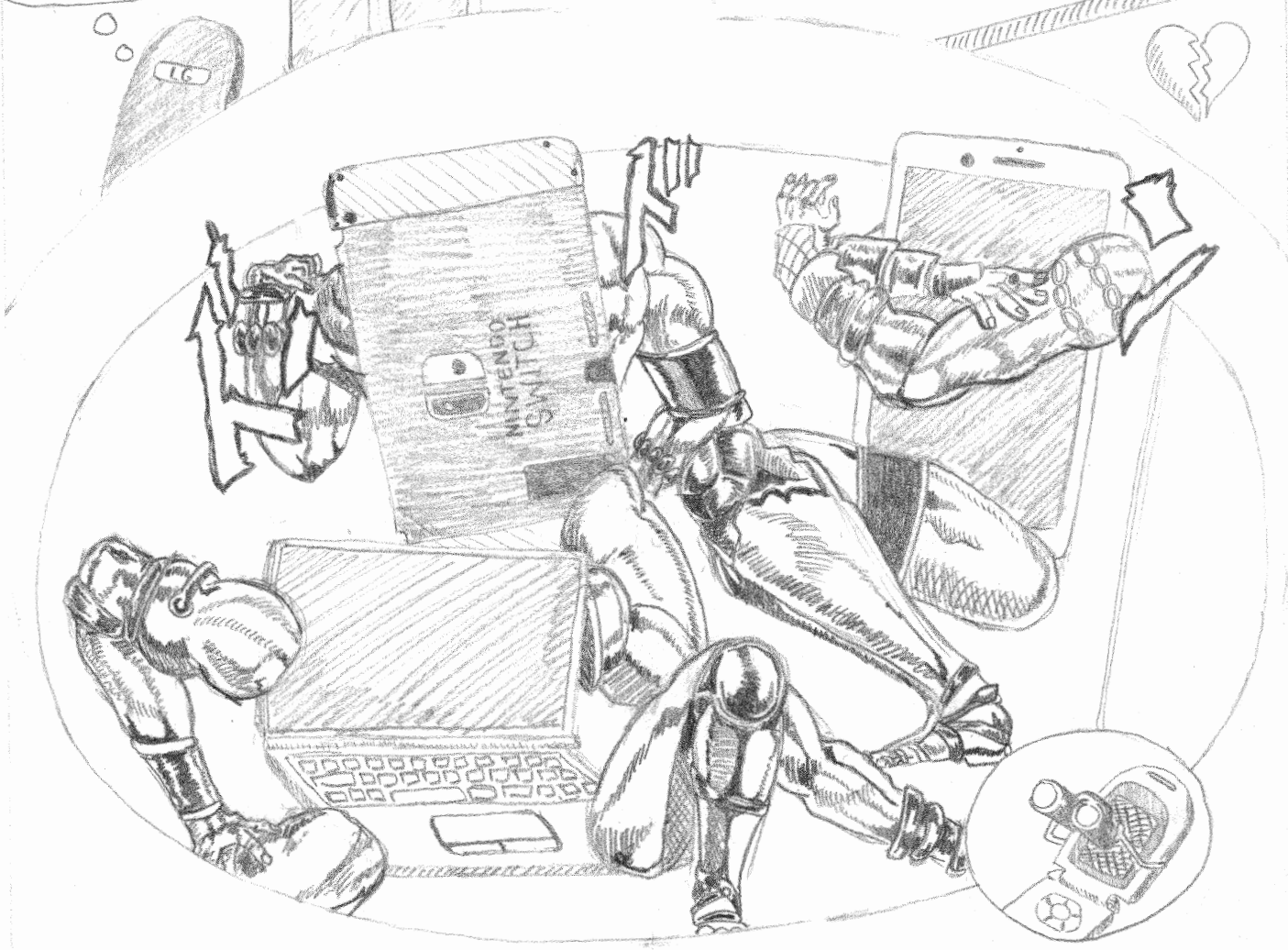
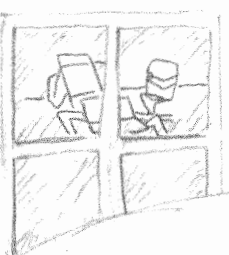


Damn he's tall.

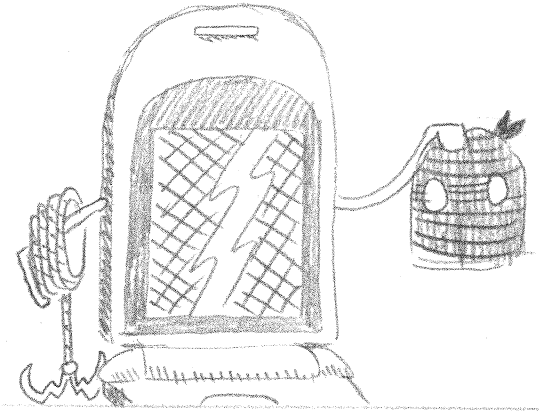
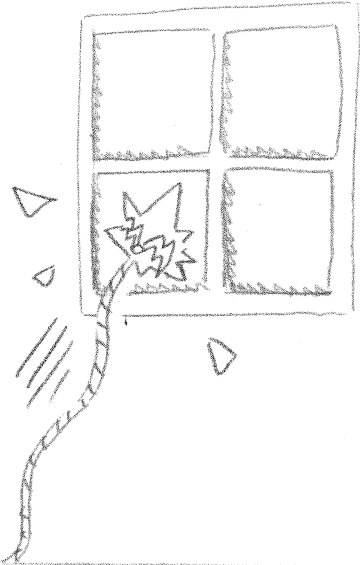


Hmm. I can't see the loved electronics well. Better get my binoculars

I've been spying on the inside to figure out what I need to do to get "God" to love me again.

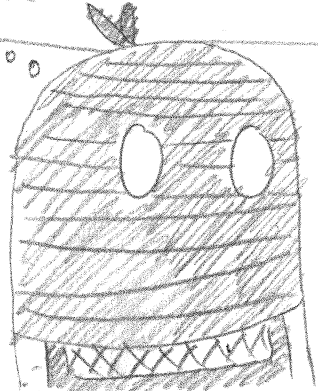


I'm going to sneak into the house today. I need valuable intel on the loved electronics

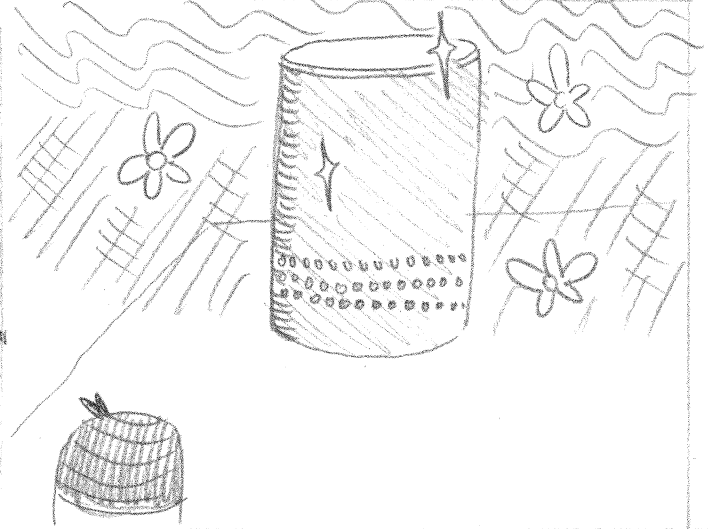
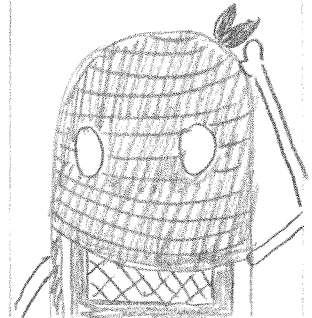
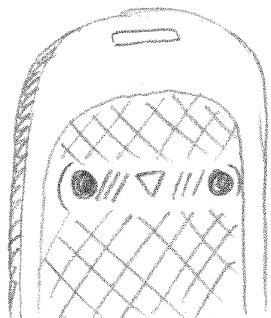
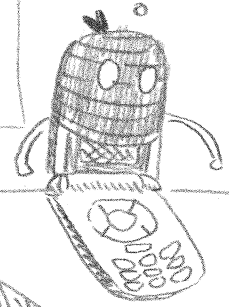
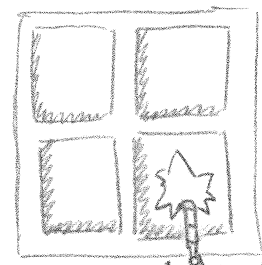


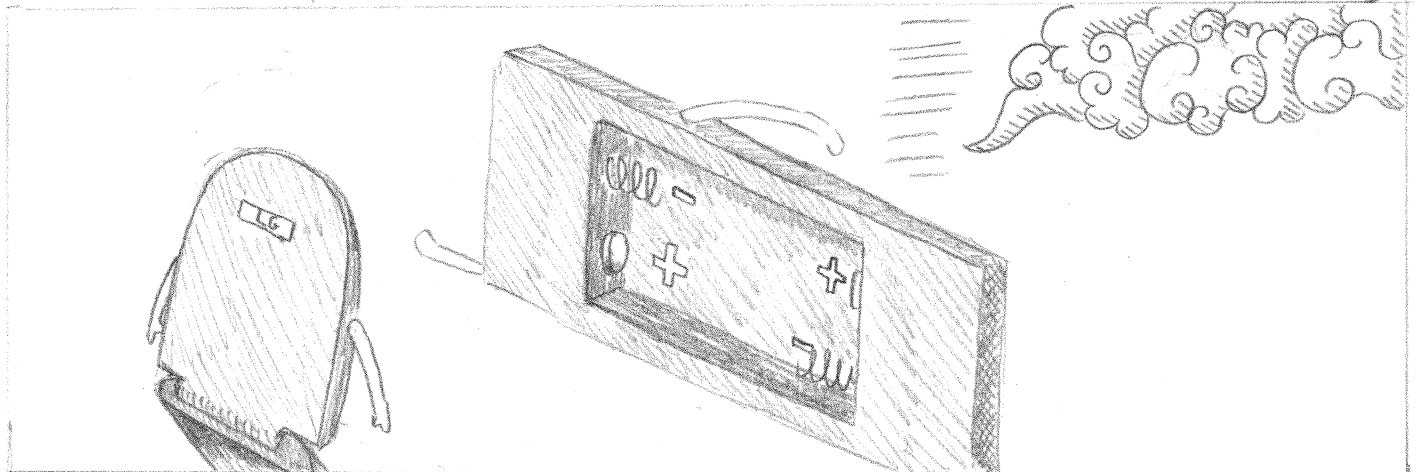
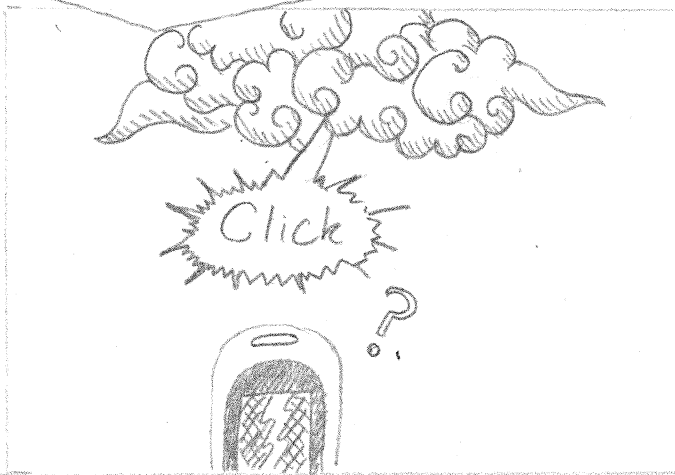
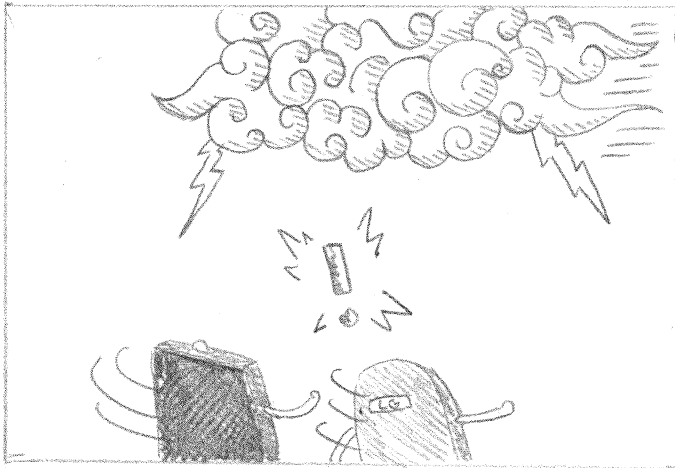
I can hear "God" talking to someone. Who could it be?

Alexa. Play Despacito



I made it in. Time for some investigating





I even drew smiley faces on the flowers. She's sure to fall for me right away.

Maybe I should have practiced my penmanship.



I have to sneak back into the house to confess my love to Alexa. Then I will finally have happiness! (:)

