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Believe it or not, I don't own an iPod. I know, I know. I'm really **behind the times**, but I have an excuse. I've been so busy at my work lately, I haven't had time **to take a break**. So finally yesterday I went shopping for an iPod down at the mall in Santa Monica.

I walked into the Mac store there and was immediately greeted by a salesperson. He asked, "**Can I help you find something?**" "No," I said, "**just looking.**" I don't like the feeling of **high-pressure** salespeople. Anyway, I looked around the store some more, and finally made my way to the iPod section. Then I decided to ask the salesman a question. "Excuse me, can I ask you something?" "Sure," he said. "**Go right ahead.**" "I'm thinking of **picking up** an iPod, but I'm not sure which one is right for me. **What do you recommend?**" He replied, "Are you going to be using it for running, jogging, working out, in your car?" "Yes," I said, "all of those, except the running, jogging, and working out." He laughed at my somewhat **lame** joke. "Okay, well, I recommend you get the iPod Mini **to start** ." "How much is that?" I asked. "Well, it just went on sale, so I think we can offer you a good price on it." "**I'll take one,**" I said, and we made our way to the cash register. "Will that be **credit** or **debit?**" he asked me. "Credit card," I said, as I **swiped the card through the reader**. I waited, and nothing happened. "Could you swipe that card again? It didn't **go through.**" "Sure," I said, and swiped it again. Finally, the card processed and he handed me the **charge slip** to sign. "I'm sure you'll be very happy with your purchase." "Oh," I said. "It's not really for me. It's for my wife! ,"