DeVol 1

David DeVol

Humanities Per. 3-4

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**Gaming Relationship**

At the age of three I came to be

The son a father always wanted to see.

He taught me how to play his games

To the point where I memorized the characters’ names.

We played together day and night

‘Till we got to the final boss to fight.

We had great fun until it was time for bed

But I couldn’t get those games from inside my head.

Time had passed, I had grown bigger

But with my dad I still loved to play, it figures.

Together we would play the latest hits

But when he lost a life I would have a fit.

My dad just sighed and prayed to heaven

That I would still play with him when I was eleven.

I’m now mature so I can play adult stuff

Games where my dad isn’t quite up to snuff.

And so he waits for me to ask one more time

To play a game with him and stop writing this rhyme.