

## Dad I Need An I Pod

"Dad can I have a Facebook page?"

"No, you're far too young."

"But all my friends are signed up.

Every single one!"

"I'm not in charge of all your friends,

I'm only the boss of you,

And when you say they all have one

I doubt that's actually true."

"Then how about this idea Dad,

You could buy me a mobile phone?"

I know I'm allowed to use yours,

But I want one of my own."

"You don't need a phone at your age

It's something else to lose.

So give it a rest - stop asking

Because I'll only refuse."

"Please will you buy me an I pod?"

I asked Dad all the time.

"I don't want to borrow yours Dad,

I want one that is mine."

I really needed an I pod

And thought of a cunning plan.

I knew how to wear him down,

I'd nag and nag and nag.

Several weeks and months went by

With me asking every day.

Then one day Dad announced, "you can

But you will have to pay."

"Pay? Who me? I can't get work

I'm only twelve years old."

"Then you better start looking in your room

For things that could be sold."

I found teddies, barbies and puzzles,  
And clothes that seemed to have shrunk.  
I even searched in the garage,  
And sneaked out some of Dad's junk.

I borrowed Grandad's camping table,  
And I made a great big sign.  
'Be here early tomorrow,  
So you'll be first in line.'

I had toys and books and hoodies  
And fruit I'd put in bags,  
Some kitchen stuff mum didn't want  
And all Dad's fishing mags,

Which I'd never seen him reading  
So I didn't think he'd mind.  
I'd heard Mum say that they should go,  
I thought I was being kind.

The moment came, and so did the crowd -  
I'd never felt so excited,  
I sold everything except the mags  
So Dad was super delighted.

In fact he was so proud of me  
He said he'd do a deal  
If I saved half, he'd pay the rest.  
I considered that a steal.

Today Dad took me shopping  
To get an I pod of my own.  
Now I know I can do it,  
I'm saving for a phone!

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