



Connor Crowe loved his parents.
He loved his dog.
He even loved his sister.
But he loved one thing most of all . . .

... his tablet.

He played in the morning.
He played in the afternoon.
And he played in the evening.



When his parents talked to him, he'd say, "Mom, Dad! I'm playing."
When his dog nudged him, he'd say, "I'll pet you later, boy."
And when his sister asked him to play, he'd say, "Maybe tomorrow."

But he didn't mean it.
Connor Crowe loved his tablet so much
that he wished he never had to let it go.