

A Wild Friday Night at My House

HOW TRUE IT IS

Another year has passed
and we're all a little older.

Last summer felt hotter
and winter seems much colder.

I rack my brain for happy thoughts,
to put down on my pad,
But lots of things that come to mind
just make me kind of sad.

There was a time not long ago
when life was quite a blast.
Now I fully understand
about "Living in the Past".

We used to go to friends' homes,
football games and lunches.
Now we go to therapy, to hospitals,
and after-funeral brunches.

We used to have hangovers,
from parties that were happy.
Now we suffer body aches
and sleep the night away.

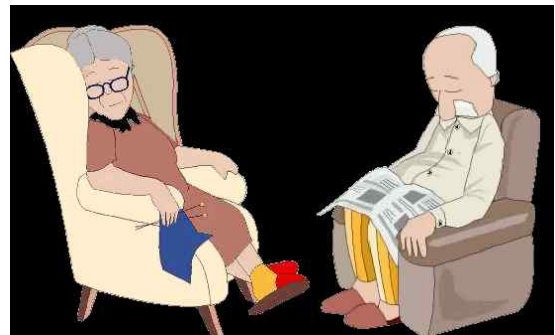
We used to go out dining,
and couldn't get our fill.

Now we ask for doggie bags,
come home and take a pill.

We used to often travel
to places near and far.
Now we get backaches
from riding in the car.

We used to go out shopping
for new clothing at the mall
But, now we never bother...
all the sizes are too small.

That, my friend is how life is,
and now my tale is told.
So, enjoy each day and live it up...
before you're too darn old!!



Vocabulary: to rack = 'torture, cause pain to'; pad = *here*: 'Schreibblock'; blast = 'explosion, a sudden wind'; (to get/have) one's fill = 'as much as one can tolerate'; doggie bag = 'Beutel für Essensreste'; darn = 'verflixt'.

Questions:

1. What is a "pad", what is a "doggie bag"?
2. What does the author mean by "life was quite a blast"?
3. What are the things that have changed?
4. What is the message of the poem?