

Every Saturday, Jason's mom and dad would take him to visit his grandma, and grandpa too. His grandma would always be waiting for him at the front door. Jason would run up the walk and give her a big hug and kiss. "Hello, Grandma. How are you?"

"I'm just fine. How's my big boy?"

Grandpa would always be sitting in his chair reading the paper. "How you doing, Sport? It's good to see you." He would go back to reading his newspaper.

Grandma would always squeeze Jason's cheeks and tell him how handsome he was. That always hurt a little bit, but Jason didn't mind.

Jason went into her bedroom. "Hi, Grandma. How are you?"

"I'm alright Sweetie, just a little tired, but I still wanted to see my little man."

He felt a little better when she said she was just a little tired. "Can we still play some games?"

"I'm afraid I don't have the strength to play right now, but how about playing with Grandpa?"

Jason wasn't sure. His grandpa had never really played games with him before.

"Come on, Jason, let your grandma get her rest. Did you ever play a game called 'checkers'?"