

life of brian /2/ **yes,** mother

"What is it?" asked Timo. "Some kind of model helicopter?"

"Does it look like a helicopter? Don't you know the difference between a helicopter and an autogyro?"

"No," he said. "Should I?" Timo doesn't pay much attention to the world around him except to consider what would make a good photograph.

"I don't see any motor," said Timo. "How's it supposed to get off the ground?"

"You have to get a tow."

"So what good does it do you to have one if you don't know anybody with an airplane to tow you?"

"Never mind," I said. I didn't feel like talking to him any more.

"Are you boys cleaning your room?" My mother was calling up to us from the bottom of the stairs. We live up in the attic, or what used to be the attic before my father fixed it up.

"Yes, mother," said Timo. In a situation like this, we're supposed to call her mother instead of mom.

"It doesn't sound like it," she said.

"We had to discuss how to split up the work," said Timo.