## brian's ramblings /5/ they never give me my money, they only give me their funny papers

As soon as we made it to her room, Callie shut the door. "You think you can fix it before my father gets home?" she asked. "I don't know," I said. "If it's what I think it is, it shouldn't take long."

"He's sure to come in here when he gets home. He believes in spending time with me on Saturday afternoons." -- "So?" -- "So if he finds out the computer's broken, he'll send it back to the company. It has a warranty that runs out pretty soon."

"What makes you think he'll send it back? My father never sends anything back."

"My father does. Whenever he buys anything expensive, he looks for flaws. And if he finds any, he demands his money back. He doesn't want repairs. He doesn't want replacements. He wants his money back."

Squirrel **began scratching at** Callie's window. "Squirrel," said Callie. "Go away. **Go catch** a mouse."

"Can't you let him in?" -- "Are you kidding?" -- "It's your room, isn't it? We have the door closed, don't we?" I'm a trouble-maker sometimes. I felt like playing with Squirrel.

My father doesn't like cats, either. He says you can't train them to do what you say. Meeko never does what he says, but that's beside the point. My father says Meeko is a dumb dog. It all goes back to when my father was a kid. His family had a cat that never did anything but sleep behind the stove. He figured a dog would be much more fun. Meeko has been a big disappointment to him so far. But I don't think it's Meeko's fault. My father thinks dogs should be able to understand long sentences from the first minute they arrive at your house.