

brian's ramblings /8/ of women and mice

Callie started to show me a **list** of the video games she could play **now that** she could communicate with the big computer. Most of the names didn't mean anything **to me**, but she **kept insisting** that I should **take my pick**. **All of a sudden** I saw Squirrel on the window sill. He **was carrying** a mouse in his teeth **the way you** would expect him **to** carry a kitten.

"Squirrel!" said Callie. "**Who opened** the window?"

The mouse **wriggled**. Callie **stood up**. Squirrel jumped down into the room and **released** the mouse. The mouse ran under Callie's bed.

I heard Callie's mother **calling** from the kitchen. "Callie! Your father's home."

"**Oh no**," said Callie.

"Callie?" said Mr. Clemson. "Do you **mind if** I come in?" He opened the door without waiting for an answer. The mouse ran out. Squirrel ran after it. "What the hell," said Mr. Clemson.

"It's my **fault**," I said. "**It was me who** opened the window."

"**You'd better not tell your mother**," Mr. Clemson said **to** Callie. "She **might get hysterical**."

Callie's mother screamed. "She's afraid of mice," said Mr. Clemson. He was **taking** it pretty well.

We all went out to the kitchen. "A mouse," said Mrs. Clemson.

"**Why don't you go for a little drive** while the kids and I catch the mouse?"

"I'm not afraid of mice," said Mrs. Clemson. "But I **do** have to **do some shopping**."

"**By the time** you **get back**, we'll **have it all taken care of**."