

brian's ramblings /2/ callie's house

I was watching cartoons on television when Callie called me. "Would you mind coming over?" she said. "I've got a bit of a problem. I wonder if you could help me."

"What kind of a problem?"

"I was hooking up this new modem I got, so I can communicate with other computers over the telephone, and I dropped my computer. It's broken again."

"Is it doing the same things it did last time it broke?"

"Pretty much. I tried tightening the screws in the back of the case but it still doesn't work."

"I think I know what's wrong. I'll be right over."

I had nothing better to do that morning anyway. I rode over to Callie's on my bike. Callie's house looks just like ours on the outside, except that my father paints ours grey every few years. Timo and I get to paint the back of the garage as far up as we can reach. Our relatives all come over for the day and help us paint. Then when the time comes, we go over to paint their houses.

I like the feeling of these gatherings. My uncles drink a lot of beer, and the kids get to drink as much lemonade and iced tea as they want. I get to see my cousins. The adults treat us almost as if we were the same age, since we're helping to do the work. My father hates heights. I volunteered to go up the high ladder to paint the roof. My father said, "Maybe some other time."