

# life of brian /3/ foxes & submarines

So we didn't talk about the autogyro **any more** that day. But we **did talk** about it that night, when we **were supposed to** go to bed. We usually **spend about an hour talking** after the lights **go off, until** mom or dad calls up the stairs, "**No more** talking. Go to sleep."

Sometimes Timo **tells lies**. **Like**, he tells me that he **sees foxes walking** between our room and the stairs. **Somehow** Timo can **almost convince** me when he starts telling lies like that, **even though** he's younger than I am. It's **embarrassing**.

On this **particular** night, Timo didn't tell any lies. We just talked **some more** about the autogyro. I told Timo about the article. **It said** that, **thanks to** a new design, anybody could **put it together in** a couple of nights. **You didn't need** a pilot's license, **not even** for the motorized version.

**Still**, I concentrated on **the least** expensive model, **the one** without the motor. The article **said** that **you could** tow it behind a car. **It said** that in the Second World War a lot of submarines had autogyros **attached to** them. **Whoever** sat in the autogyro **could see** a long **distance** over the ocean.