

## Punctilious

To be very careful about something

Summer was almost over, and I was still thinking. As you have seen, I am very punctilious about my ideas and inventions. As I sat at the breakfast table, which is also the lunch and dinner table, I was wearing my circus shirt that my Grandmother had bought for me when I was traveling with the circus. As I thought, I saw my brother grabbing a new box of cereal. It was his favorite, the kind with all the colorful marsh-mellows. Now my brother is definitely NOT punctilious when it comes to opening a cereal box, and this time was no exception. I watched in slow motion as the cereal rained through the sky like, well like cereal raining through the sky. "Hey!" I said as a green clover marsh-mellow fell on my head. But I wasn't saying hey because I was hurt. No, that marsh-mellow had knocked an idea into me. My idea was a *perfect* idea. I walked into my brother's room, he wouldn't mind, I mean, he wasn't even punctilious enough to close his door the entire way. So he was practically saying "Hey everyone, come into my room, and do whatever, I don't care!" So I grabbed his computer and went out of his room. Not that I was scared of being caught or anything I just thought he might want to go in there and be alone or something. I have also learned from past experience that my brother doesn't want me in his room. Anyway, I flipped open his laptop and got to work. Well, I would've gotten to work except that he had a password. Well, my brother was punctilious about putting on a password, but not so punctilious on what it was. I typed in the password, which I can't tell you because it's a *secret* password. I pushed the video chat icon and typed in Apara, who is my elephant friend. My brother had let me video chat with the elephant once, but after I tried feeding her peanut butter through the screen, he was done. Apara was apparently with her caretaker, because when I saw the elephant, a strange gypsy was there. The Gypsy stared quizzically at me, but Apara trumpeted with glee. I had learned it was a joy call from reading a book about elephant calls. I didn't get far in the book, it was *so* boring. Sadly that book may have come in handy when Apara kept on trumpeting. I had no idea what she was saying, and those circus people are very punctilious about who they let their animals hang out with, and soon I was staring at a blank screen. I was bored. What was I supposed to do? Well, I decided that I should give back the computer before my brother-uh- needed for something. I walked back in the kitchen, hoping another cereal shower was on its way. But the kitchen was totally empty, except for the fish tank my dad keeps to study. I walked outside and sat on my mother's hammock, one of my best thinking places. I picked up the long string of pencils I had hidden from destruction (the trash) and started chewing. I wished I had been able to understand each other. Well, maybe she could understand me, but I would never understand her,

right? “Wrong,” I said aloud, and knew what my project of the day was going to be. I got out some blue construction paper. I learned blue is the best color to use when making building instructions from my little brother’s favorite T.V. show, Bob the Builder. Because I am so punctilious, I used my mother’s cookbook to make straight lines. My older brother walked into the room, and stared at my picture. “Is that supposed to be a whale or something?” he asked, as if the picture of my elephant translator was not perfectly clear. When I answered no, he shrugged and walked in his room to go on his computer. I hoped he didn’t look in his history and see I had been playing a Batman video game. Hey, I was bored. I looked back at my picture. It definitely did not look a whale. Well, I guess the peanut butter jar might look like a body, and the peanut stuck to the end *could* be a tail. I was making the translator with all the things elephants love. I got to work. After collecting a Jar of peanut butter, a peanut from my brother’s sock, a stick of purple glue, and a bottle of bubbles. I was debating on how to get the bubbles to stick to my machine, when I thought of something. Apara the elephant loved me. We were going to need a *lot* of tape. Finally, after taping the device to my neck, which was extremely uncomfortable, (I need to be more punctilious when I’m selling these in Target) I peeked into my older brother’s room. He must have been out at Target, probably looking for an elephant translator. If only he had been more punctilious when looking at my picture. I decided it would be too perilous to take it to my room again, so after clearing all traces of my last adventure on my brother’s computer, I got onto video chat, and typed in Apara’s name. I waited. Finally, I saw the elephant and caretaker. I saw the caretaker go to turn the computer off, but Apara really wanted to see me, and guarded the button like it was the last peanut. She really has improved her typing because she just trumpeted once, and pushed the button herself. I waited. I waited for a minute, but my device didn’t say anything. It hadn’t worked. I was still in the dark about what my wrinkly friend was saying, well trumpeting. I tried again, but there was no answer. So I closed my brother’s computer, walked outside and opened the jar of peanut butter. I stuck my hand in, and then, started to devour the peanut butter. I know why elephants love peanut butter so much now. I may not have punctilious enough about my design, but at least the peanut butter was good. I wondered if I’d ever ride Apara again. As I thought, I knew summer wasn’t over yet. There were still two more weeks until school, the perfect amount of time for just one more invention. So, I started thinking.