

GORDON

A Character Sketch



Every day, the moment I step into the house after school, the first thing I always see is my 6-year old brother Gordon working hard on his homework. When I walk into the house, I feel as if a load had been taken off my back because school is over. At the same time, I feel worried because I needed to do my own homework *and* face Gordon. Sometimes seeing Gordon is wonderful, but it is usually rough. I could get \$10 as a reward if I teach him how to do his picture-filled workbooks. The problem is I don't have time for that. When I am at home, he is distracted by me and is also very distracting.

For instance, he asks questions such as, "Do you want a big piece of fish or a small one for your dinner?" or, "Can you change your clothes or take a shower first?" and so on, asking endless questions. I think that he is a messenger for mum. The strange thing is he finishes his homework quickly when I am not yet home. He also does not move until told to do so. He works on his projects stacked on the small, square dining table, with his huge pile of projects stacked beside him. Then when he is asked to complete a part of the huge pile, he finishes it quick as a flash and would sit there and do nothing. Nothing at all. Except crossing his hands, sitting there and looking out of the window, watching others playing tennis.

I still remember that time when my mother, Gordon and I went to the skiing centre and he actually brought his homework. My mother asked me to teach him how to do it, and he listened patiently as I explained. In my heart, I was truly very happy because I could get \$10 for it. His face looked focused and serious, eyebrows knitted together. I think that he does his homework like this when I am not yet home.

He wears round glasses that are usually worn by old people. His eyes looked big and round behind them. Mum asked me to teach him for 15 minutes only, so when I said, "Although 15 minutes are over..." he already ran away to play. Gordon and I were not prepared when the artificial ski slope started moving, and we both fell down. Mum and the instructor laughed with their mouths wide open. After the skiing, the instructor gave Gordon a jelly to eat.

Gordon loves chocolate. One time that I can't forget is when he tried to steal mine. That day, I came home from school after buying in 7-11 a packet of chocolate bars with melted insides. I thought that he didn't know, so I slowly opened my drawer and put the packet inside. The moment I closed the drawer, Gordon was at the door. I didn't sleep well that night. Naughty Gordon thought that I was sleeping and opened my drawer to see what was inside. Chocolate! He made a little sound when taking the packet. That was when I knew he was trying to steal my chocolate. I got up from bed and Gordon was so scared that his whole body jumped up and he hastily put back the chocolate into my drawer. After that time, he seldom steals my things at night, but he still steals when I am not at home! He is not only good at stealing, but lying too, and once he also failed horribly.

Once, he said to his classmates that there were one thousand cars in his house. After school, he told me, dad and mom to say "yes" if his schoolmates asked him if he had one thousand cars. After half a year, Gordon invited his schoolmates to go to his house and play. About 10 minutes later, one of his schoolmates asked him curiously, "Where are your one thousand cars? I want to play with them."

"Oh yeah! He did say that before." said another classmate.

Gordon hesitated and answered nervously, "I didn't say that before, maybe it was another person." The strange thing is, all his schoolmates trusted what he said! At the same time, all of them felt disappointed. Mom, dad and I looked at each other and smiled.

After those incidents, our relationship became a lot better. He still asks silly questions. At the moment, my little brother is beside me, asking in his usual cute way, "May I eat your chocolate?"