

little brother ... three

Then it was the nine-year-old's **turn**. He **started out by nominating** his mother - **partly to take revenge for her nominating** him, but partly also because he is **developing a dislike for** authority figures, **which is exactly what** she is in the Kemp household. His second vote went against his seven-year-old younger brother, although I know that he would miss him **horribly** if he **found himself with nobody smaller to kick around**.

Finally, it was the seven-year-old's turn. He voted wisely, nominating the only two of us who **had** voted to get rid of him. That meant me (I **should have insisted on voting** secretly) - and, of course, the nine-year-old.

These were the **final scores, then**: two votes to **send me packing**, two to kick out the seven-year-old, one **each** to get rid of George, my wife and the 13-year-old... and five to say goodbye to the nine-year-old.

I **should have known** that the game **was going to be** a mistake, **as it soon turned out**. As soon as I announced the final scores, the nine-year-old suffered a **severe sense-of-humour failure**. He **gathered up** his most **treasured possessions** (one **stuffed** parrot, one Liverpool T-shirt and one Game Boy) and ran off **down the road**. **The five of us** spent the next half-hour **looking** for him and then **begging** him to come back. **I guess** we don't really want to get rid of him **after all**.