

# little brother ... one

When the television series disappeared from our TV screens, I didn't really miss it **all that** much. **Still, I wondered if** we could play our own version of Big Brother in the Kemp household. I **was about to make** a big mistake but **had no idea at the time**.

The similarities between the game show and our family life **were just too striking to ignore**: six people **who are stuck** in a horrible house in the suburbs of London, **with no** privacy and no hope **of** escape, forced to **get along with each other despite** all their differences and **the fact that within** a few days they begin to **drive each other nuts**.

**For as long as** I can remember, everything at home **has been** almost exactly as it was in the Big Brother house: the **dull** conversation, the **pointless** games, the **irritating** tasks that are **constantly being set for those involved**: "Daddy, will you get my Beanie Baby down from the roof?"

The big difference, **obviously**, was that in the television series, the contestants **were allowed to** choose whichever of their housemates **they thought should be** eliminated. That **struck me as** a magnificent idea. If they could do it, I **thought**, then why not us? If they could get rid of those no one liked, **so could we**.

So I gathered my wife and the boys together in the kitchen and instructed them **each** to nominate two members of the family. Since it was my idea, I **felt that I should not be included** in the nomination. But **everyone else** disagreed.