

# Essay on Looking After Your Small Brother or Sister

I have a small sister. Jenny, aged two and a half. She is at the age of what people might call the terrible two". I am inclined to agree with them, for she is a real little terror.

Jenny is the youngest of four children in our family. I am the second child. We all help our mother look after Jenny. However, it seems one adult and three children can hardly keep up with the pace that this two-year-old is capable of. She is so active.

Usually, I am asked to keep an eye on her after I come home from school each day. My mother, being a housewife is perpetually busy doing household chores. My father works all day and returns only when the sun begins to set. The eldest of the children is my brother. He is always busy with his hobbies. My other sister is in the afternoon session. So, I being the eldest girl in the family, has to take a big share of looking after the little one.

Fortunately, when I return from school in the afternoon, Jenny is usually having her midday sleep. So I have my lunch and have a nap myself. But I do not have a long nap, for soon I will be awakened by the sharp shrill voice of Jenny as she wakes from her sleep.

After drinking her milk, she will be all over me asking me a thousand questions about school and anything that is on her mind. I answer sleepily but eventually, I have to get up and play with her.

Jenny loves playing dominoes. She has become quite adept at it and she has tremendously good luck.

Usually, she wins. When she gets tired of the game she will get out

of her other games and beseech me to play with her. I have to oblige to most of the things she requests of me. If I refuse one thing she will just get another. So I find that it is easier to just go along with her, except when she is liable to hurt herself. So we play with the building blocks, the Lego sets, the toy piano, the hula hoop and other things that children play. At times, Jenny will be seized by the artist in her and we will spend the whole afternoon drawing apples and teddy bears or simply wearing out her colored pencils with meaningless drawings.

Late afternoon will often find us in our garden. Jenny will be astride her tricycle racing around her garden. One thing I notice about her is that she is fearless. I suppose this is true for every child until he or she learns what pain is. As for Jenny she still has some way to go before she learns that. She has bruised her hands and legs many times but she still takes a corner on two wheels with her tricycle. My heart skips a beat every time she does that. My mother's heart probably skips more than one beat when she sees that.

At times Jenny can be very demanding. All children love sweets, ice-creams, and soft drinks. So does Jenny. She is always asking for one of these things. When I refuse to give her any she is liable to throw some tantrums. So my mother has to come to calm things down or give her a smack on her bottom. Then my mother and I will be so touched by the resulting tears that Jenny will get her sweets anyway. Alternatively, may put on her irresistible smile and we have to give in to her demand. A young child has such incredible charm.

When night comes and the whole family is gathered together, we all help to look after Jenny. All of us love this little rascal and we have a great time playing with her. With so many hands to look after her, I usually retire to my room to get some homework done.

Jenny goes to bed at about 8 p.m. After that, we go to bed too until tomorrow when once again I have to undergo the trying but at the same time satisfying the task of looking after my small sister.