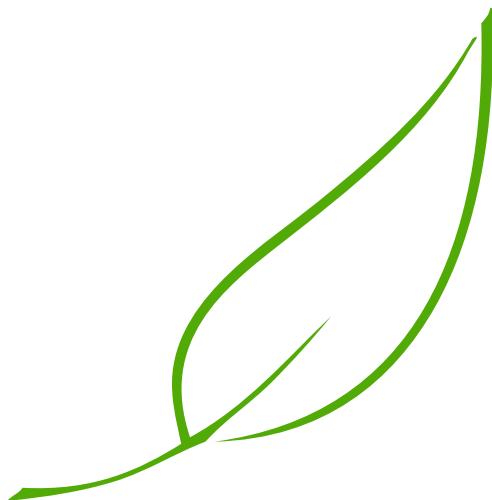


HEY DUMMY!

by Ken Bradbury



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Okay, so what's it like to have a big sister? No, not a little sister. They're too small and they don't count until they get older. Nothing counts like a big sister does. Brothers you can put up with because they're a lot like you and Moms and Dads are ... well, they're necessary. But big sisters are the kind of people that you figure God must have been having a rotten day when he made them.

My big sister Chris has caused me more trouble than all the teachers I ever had all wrapped together. Come to think of it, I'd like to see all the teachers I've ever had all wrapped together. But getting back on the subject, Chris would never call me by my real name when my friends were around. The guys would come over to play football. We'd be all ready to start and Chris would step out the front door and holler, "Hey Dummy! It's your turn to do the dishes!"...

Dummy! ... She'd always call me Dummy! I'd say, "Listen Avon lips, my name is Eric, as in E-R-I-C, you got it now?" She'd say, "Sure Eric. Now don't forget the dishes . . . Dummy."

Other kids wouldn't have to do their homework until their folks got home from work, but not me. Sweet old Chris was there every night making me do math while every kid in the whole world was uptown playing video games or watching ESPN. Every other kid in the whole world could decide what to wear to school in the morning but I had to stand there in my *Hanes* specials waiting for Chris to decide what I should wear. When I sneak away and get dressed on my own I only have to do it once, but not when Chris is there. Sometimes I have to change pants three times until Chris thinks I look good enough to go out in public.

And you should see her when the TV comes on. She's worse than Mom. There I am sitting there ready for a nice



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