

My crazy Uncle Joe

Of all my relatives, I like my Uncle Joe the best. He's my mother's **much** younger brother. He was only nine when I was born, so he's been more like a big brother to me than an uncle. He is in his mid-20s now and he is always **such** good fun to be with.

He studied at a drama school in Liverpool, and then he moved to London a year ago to try his luck in the theatre. He shares a flat with three other would-be actors and he works as a waiter and a part-time DJ. He's passionate about his music. It's called house music, and it's a kind of electronic dance music. When he 'deejays' he goes **completely** wild, waving his arms and yelling at the crowds. Everybody catches his enthusiasm. He's **absolutely** brilliant, and I'm proud that he's my uncle.

Also, I think he is **really** good-looking. He's **quite** tall with sandy-coloured hair, and twinkly, dark brown eyes. He's had lots of girlfriends, but I don't think there is anyone **particularly** special at the moment. He has a great relationship with his flatmates – they are always laughing and joking together. He knows how to have fun, but he's also an **extremely** caring person. I can talk to him about all kinds of problems that I could not discuss with my parents. He's very understanding of someone my age.

He works hard and he plays hard. He's had lots of auditions for various theatrical roles. He hasn't had much luck yet, but I'm sure that one day he'll be a highly-successful actor. I think he's really talented, but he says he doesn't want to be rich or famous, he just wants to prove to himself that he's a good actor.