

# Character analysis essay



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

My name is Richie Swanson. I am thirty-eight years old. My appearance is unkempt but it comes across as perfect despite its imperfection. Physically I'm in great shape thanks to my rigorous workout routine. I can do a thousand crunches now.

I'm confident and I walk confidently with my head high and my chest out. I have a personality that oozes potential. Despite my confidence, there is a gentleness about me that comes across clearly. I can be someone that can be soft-spoken, good-natured, and really sweet natured. I'm also very obsessive over detail, right down to the designer suits I wear. Because of this I tend to categorize people by what they wear and how they look, I think people are more easily understood in terms of labels and stereotypes.

Alcohol is my go to drink, and a bloody mary is my drink of choice. I like bloody mary's so much in fact I carry a capped pepper shaker in my pocket at all times. I was born into a wealthy family. My father was a defense attorney who was very successful. My mother was an archeologist that actually discovered the remnants of a woolly mammoth, after this she became a stay at home mom. I was the youngest of three in a family of prodigies.

My oldest brother is named Chas. He is a world-renowned financial advisor. Margo, is my adopted sister and the middle child, she is a famous ballerina. My claim to fame was as a playwright. I won a Braverman Grant of fifty thousand dollars in the ninth grade. One winter, my sister and I ran away from home and camped out in The Ice Age Wing of the Public Archives.

Several years later after high school I ran away to the family summer house in Bruges. There I stayed for two weeks writing a new play. The play was a critical failure and was performed on Broadway for less than a week. I gave up writing after that and went on to the prestigious Harvard University. Once there I took up recreational drugs and sports.

I found that hitting a ball with a racket was quite easy and decided to take-up tennis. Here I actually excelled. I dropped out of Harvard after only three months and became a tennis pro. I won nationals two years in a row. I retired from professional tennis at the age of twenty-six after suffering what many believed to be a meltdown at Windswept Fields. I chocked, nothing more.

For a year after that I traveled alone on a cruise ship called the Cote d' Ivoire. I had seen both poles, five oceans, the Amazon, and the Nile. But, more importantly, I saw and met my wife, Audrey Sinclair. Audrey was a world-renowned therapist. I soon acquired her services.

Five months later, I proposed to her in one of our sessions. She said yes. The next day we got married and moved to the upper west side of New York City. At this point it had been about eight years since I wrote anything of substance, because of this I decided to write again.

In just four weeks I had written an entire novel about General Custer and what would have happened if he didn't die at Little Bighorn. It was called Custer's First Stand. It was a work of fiction. The novel soon got published and I gained a moment of literary success. Now I lounge around the house, mostly in a bathrobe.

I like to take pictures of things and I think I might take up painting. I love my wife, but as my therapist she has a sneaking suspicion that I am in love with my adopted sister. I fear that my life will leave me. Concerning my family as a whole, all memory of brilliance has been completely erased after twenty years of failure.