

Train Journey - Short look on characters

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A simple piece looking at different ways of describing characters. A lot of people on another site seemed to like it a lot ... for some odd reason.

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http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Captain_Hook/16821/Train-Journey---Short-look-on-characters

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CHAPTER ONE

Suzanne Phoenix sat in a lonesome compartment. Her bright green bag and all of its contents were strewn out all over the place while she treated herself to a well-earned bar of chocolate. Ruffled school books and a few scattered pencils rolled around miserably as the trembling steam train lurched round a tight corner. Outside, the heavy rain was pattering on the window like little fairy footsteps and a howling wind was blowing a gale, sounding like a ghastly ghost.

A few burning red scars were scattered across Suzanne's face: the remains of what looked like a well-fought war. Wiry ginger hair floated dreamily around her thin, taut face and unfathomable, mysterious eyes watched the corridor outside for intruders. Next to her spindly body lay a hoard of treats, from chocolate bars to jelly beans. The pile was as high as the window and as wide as one of the leather covered, comfy, bright red seats. Randomly, Suzanne would pick something up and quickly stuff it either into her toffee-coated mouth or into the scabby, ragged pocket of her tattered, midnight-black robes, saving it for later.

Suddenly, some soft feet tapped along the train's long corridor just outside of Suzanne's compartment. A mass of scruffy black hair showed through the window over the flimsy door, bobbing up and down in time with the footsteps. The brittle metal door quickly swung open and the light above her started swinging around madly, much to the shock of Suzanne.

In stepped a tall, pretty, slim young girl. Her face was outlined with a mop of black tendrils and yet her thoughtful, coffee eyes glittered like the ocean, underneath some thick glasses with a multicoloured frame. Her naturally rosy cheeks flashed a bright crimson when she spotted Suzanne, but quickly returned to the rosy hue when she noticed the pile of treats.

"Got enough stuff here, girly?" she asked roughly, in a lisping, crusty voice, stomping across the compartment. Suzanne shyly shrugged, not speaking because a wad of bubblegum was sticking her teeth together. The girl promptly sat in the seat opposite.

"Can I help you?" asked Suzanne crudely, when she could finally unstick her jaw. It was far ruder than anything she would have previously dared to say – Suzanne wasn't exactly the bravest or most confident person in the world, and she rarely said things to purposely upset or offend people. The girl shrugged casually.

"There was nowhere else to sit," she grimaced, "So I decided to intrude on your little feast here. Mind if I nab one?" she added, as she quickly stole a packet of jelly beans and ripped the top off.

"Erm..." started Suzanne, ready to tell her to keep her hands off (again a much more horrible thing than she normally said), but before she could say a word, the girl interrupted, her face splitting into a childish grin.

"Sorry - introductions first, right?" she respectfully asked, blushing a little bit and still speaking in a lisping, gruff voice. "My name is Meagan Ortiz, and I'm dead excited about the whole boarding school thing even though my whole family's been to it ... you?"

"I'm Suzanne - Suzanne Phoenix," Suzanne quickly said, blurring her name out so that she didn't accidentally say anything else. 'I'M A FREAK!' she wanted to add. 'GO ON - SCORN ME AND PITY ME ... I'M USED TO IT!'

If you really want to know the truth about Suzanne, then here it is. She hadn't always been so shy: in fact, just a year ago she had been excluded from four other boarding schools across England, for her misbehavior and distractions in class. In her other schools, she had been the drug, alcohol, and sex baron for the whole school. She had been the one that threw secret parties and mocked the teachers. However, she was also ashamed of it and didn't want anyone to know.

Actually, Suzanne considered telling Meagan her little secret about the previous four boarding schools she had been to, but before she could butt in a word, the door burst open again.

"Oh - sorry, are we interrupting something?" a squeaky and nervous voice asked. Suzanne and Meagan both turned to their now-shattered-glass door, to be faced with a rather fat and ugly little girl. Her teeth were crooked and her nose was bulging, and her hair was merely a fine wisp: like fog. "I'm so, so sorry - I'll just leave and g-"

"What's up now, Grass?" another threatening voice murmured. The girl called 'Grass' abruptly ran into the room, apparently shoved by another girl who looked much older than the rest. She menacingly stood in the middle of the pile of sweets and glared at everyone with hooded eyes, like they were all a fatal disease. A mop of hair, rather like Meagan's, grew from her stretched face and her eyes were hard and grey, like ice.

"Sorry to burst in of the little feast that you guys are having, but there isn't any more room so we have to take over the compartment." she demanded. Meagan and Suzanne exchanged looks of 'YEAH RIGHT!' and Meagan quickly and bravely stood up to face the girl right in the eyes.

"Yeah? You and what army?" she questioned warningly. The stranger took one step backwards and then a grin cracked her face open, spreading from one ear to the other. Suzanne had to look twice before she realised that the girl wasn't frowning anymore, but grinning happily.

"You're pretty cool, actually," she smiled smugly, as though they were the exact words Meagan had been waiting for. "Maybe I will sit along with you after all, eh? This is Abby Grass, and I'm Green. Kristy Green."

"Oh, a little James Bond have we here, Ortiz?" asked Suzanne, chuckling. Meagan giggled squeakily at her ... well ... slightly pathetic joke.

"I'm Meagan Ortiz, and this here - yep, this shy one - is Suzanne Phoenix." Meagan introduced. 'THE IDIOT WITH A DAFT REP, HERE FOR ALL TO SEE!' Suzanne was bursting to admit. In fact, she was pretty much straining herself to keep from saying it. None of the others seemed to notice.

Kristy grabbed a bar of chocolate and tore it open with her long fingernails.

"I'm starving!" she complained.