

## **Eight Ways to Reveal Character** by Dewey Hensley

### **Actions**

As Kevin moved down the street his feet made a steady echo sound against the pavement. He whistled despite the loud rumble of the traffic and the car horns. When someone yelled out the window of his or her car to watch where he was going, he just waved back like he was watching a best friend heading home. He passed by the garbage on the sidewalk and the old woman pushing the shopping cart filled with newspaper, and continued to smile as he headed toward Cindy's house. Nothing could erase that smile from his face, not even the coldness of the streets he called home.

### **Dialogue**

"I ain't gonna leave you here, Ma'am . . . not with you needin' help and all," Jimmy said as he walked back to his truck to get the jack. "I'd help anybody who needed it; my momma taught me better'en to just leave people. The good Lord'll make it up to me."

"I don't know . . .," Linda stuttered. She had barely rolled down her window to hear Jimmy when he had left his pick-up truck and offered help. "You know what they say about your kind . . ."

### **Physical Description**

Other guys walking through the hallway were taller and even more handsome, but there was something about Billy Belaire. His arms swung loose at his side and his dark hair was long and pulled back behind his head, held by a rubber band. The dark jacket he wore was straight out of the local thrift shop, she could tell, but the way he wore it suggested a sense of pride, or at least a lack of caring what others thought about him.

### **Idiosyncracies**

Junior tapped his fingertips against the table and looked at his watch constantly. His leg bounced up and down and he gulped the hot coffee as if it would hurry up his friend's arrival.

### **Objects/Possessions**

Michael touched the locket around his neck and rolled it between his fingers. His mother had given him that locket, with her picture inside, when he had left to live with his father. What would she think of him now?

### **Reactions**

Tony's words stung Laura. It wasn't what she expected to hear. They had been dating for over a month now, how could he do this to her? How could he break her heart? All three of their dates had been fun; he had said so himself.

As Tony watched the floodgate of her eyes begin to open he looked at his watch. *Jeez, I hope I can make it to the gym on time.*

## **Eight Ways to Reveal Character (continued)**

### **Thoughts**

He began to remember when he was a freshman in high school. The seniors really thought they were something back then, always trying to play their little pranks on the ninth graders. He knew at that moment he couldn't be one of those kinds of people. He walked over to Jeff and Larry to tell them it was time to stop.

### **Background Information**

Miles knew what it meant to be alone. When he was a child growing up his father had been in the military. They had traveled from Florida, to Georgia, to California, to Kentucky. He had rarely had a friend for very long. By the leap from California he had already decided having friends was a risk; the fewer the friends, the easier it was to leave. This philosophy had made him a real outsider at Glenview High School. In the six months he had been there he had not really made a single friend but as he stood there staring at Sheila, he realized that just might have to change.