

## Examples of Character Description

I, Nate the Great, am a detective.

I am not afraid of anything.

*--Nate the Great and the Missing Key (Marjorie Weinman Sharmat)*

Fang looked bigger than ever and so did his teeth.

But he looked like a birthday dog.

He was wearing a stupid sweater and a new collar.

*--Nate the Great and the Missing Key (Marjorie Weinman Sharmat)*

Rosamond is a very strange girl.

Today she looked more than strange.

She looked strange and white.

She was covered with flour.

Sludge sniffed hard.

I sniffed hard. Rosamond smelled terrific.

Pancakes!

*--Nate the Great and the Lost List (Marjorie Weinman Sharmat)*

Ralphie Jordan was the most popular kid in room 201. Everybody liked Ralphie. And Ralphie liked everybody right back. He had dark eyes, dark skin, dark hair--and he was as thin as a flagpole. Best of all, Ralphie Jordan was a world-champion smiler. Nobody had a bigger smile or used it more often.

*--Jigsaw Jones/The Case of the Spooky Sleepover (James Preller)*

Cam has what people call a photographic memory. She remembers just about everything she sees. It's as if she has photographs stored in her brain. Cam says "Click" is the sound her mental camera makes when it takes a picture....Cam's real name is Jennifer Jansen. When she was very young, people called her "Red" because she has red hair. But when they found out about her amazing memory, they began calling her "The Camera." Soon "The Camera" was shortened to "Cam."

*--Cam Jansen/The Chocolate Fudge Mystery (David A. Adler)*

There was Chester, with Mr. Monroe's towel draped across his back and tied under his neck like a cape. That was strange enough, but on his face was an expression that sent chills down my spine. His eyes were wide and staring. The corners of his mouth were pulled back in an evil grimace. His teeth were bared and gleaming in the morning light. He cackled menacingly and threw back his head as if he were laughing at all of us. I thought he'd completely lost his mind.

*--Bunnicula (Deborah & James Howe)*

The way Billy saw it, Gus Pratt had to be one of the oldest men at the Scenic camp. Maybe even the oldest man in Washington State. His hair was silver-white, and he had a stooped, grizzled look that hinted at years of hard work. But the expression in Gus's blue eyes was sharp. He still worked the night shift on one of the powder crews. During his off hours, he sometimes fished with Billy and Finn, or joked with them at the Saturday moving picture. "Being around you boys is good medicine for an old coot like me," Gus always told them.

*--Danger: Dynamite! (Anne Capeci)*

The face that stared out from the poster was surly and dark. A hat was pulled low over the man's forehead. Strands of greasy-looking dark hair covered his ears and cheeks. There was a sharp glimmer in the man's eyes that made Billy shiver.

*--Danger: Dynamite! (Anne Capeci)*

A lone passenger...stood on the depot platform, looking around. Billy could tell right away he wasn't a worker on any of the tunnel crews. This man wore a jacket and trousers, not the denim coverall used by most workers. He carried a leather case, too. Square glasses were perched on the man's hooked nose.

*--Daredevils (Anne Capeci)*

An encyclopedia is a book or set of books filled with facts from A to Z. So was Encyclopedia's head. He had read more books than anybody, and he never forgot a word. You might say he was the only library in America that could play second base.

*--Encyclopedia Brown Keeps the Peace (Donald J. Sobol)*

"Well, he's an old man--at least, he seems very old, for his hair is snow-white and very curly. But he's got nice twinkling blue eyes, and his face doesn't seem old if you don't look at his hair. And he's awfully strong and can walk miles and miles and lift heavy things--and all that. He built the little shack he lives in ...all by himself, out of timbers that came from the sea."

*--The Mystery of the Old Violin (Augusta Huiell Seaman)*

The boy was straw-blond and wiry, and his skin was nut-brown from the sun. The expression on his face was intent and serious. He wore a faded Miami Heat basketball jersey and dirty khaki shorts, and here was the odd part: no shoes. The soles of his bare feet looked as black as barbecue coals.

*--Hoot (Carl Hiaasen)*

Leroy Branitt, the bald man who called himself Curly, was under too much pressure. His eyelids twitched from lack of sleep, and all day long he perspired like an Arkansas hog.

*--Hoot (Carl Hiaasen)*

And there, sure enough, was Dana....He lay sprawled on his bed, a lazy blob in dirty cargo pants and unlaced high-top sneakers. He wore a stereo headset, and his head was jerking back and forth to the music.

--*Hoot (Carl Hiaasen)*

The lady was wearing a dress that looked like it was made out of metal. It had tiny silver hoops all linked together that kind of shimmered when she moved. She had on pointy silver high heels and silver nylons, and she had really long fingernails that were painted black with silver moons and stars. Her hair was all swirled around on top of her head and plastered with so much hair spray that it didn't move, even though she was yelling and shaking her head back and forth so much that her long silver earrings were swinging around, practically hitting her in the cheeks.

--*Sammy Keyes and the Hotel Thief (Wendelin van Draanen)*

A man was sitting with his feet up on a desk....Even though he was inside, he wore sunglasses and a cowboy hat...He had a tattoo of a rattlesnake on his arm, and as he signed his name the snake's rattle seemed to wiggle.

--*Holes (Louis Sachar)*

A slim man of middle age, the count had a lean face, with dark eyebrows that swept over his eyes like an iron bar. His chin was shaped by a short, pointed beard. On his hands were gloves of black leather, faced with yellow cuttings. From his hip hung a dagger of Toledo steel.

--*Midnight Magic (Avi)*

Standing behind the queen...was her daughter, the princess Teresina....The stillness of the princess's features, her rigid stance, and her unwavering gaze made Fabrizio think of a statue: no flesh, blood, or--for that matter--heart.

--*Midnight Magic (Avi)*

She was a person of sixteen or so--alone and uncommonly pretty. She was slender and pale, and dressed in mourning, with a black bonnet under which she tucked back a straying twist of blond hair that the wind had teased loose. She had unusually dark brown eyes for one so fair. Her name was Sally Lockhart; and within fifteen minutes, she was going to kill a man.

--*The Ruby in the Smoke (Philip Pullman)*

The porter rang a bell, and a young boy appeared, like a sudden solidification of all the grime in the city air. His jacket was torn in three places, his collar had come adrift from the shirt, and his hair looked as if it had been used for an experiment with the powers of electricity.

--*The Ruby in the Smoke (Philip Pullman)*

Count Heinrich Karlstein [was] a thin, dark man, much given to gnawing his nails, muttering to himself, and poring over works of German philosophy at midnight in his stone-walled, tapestried study. Nothing so bad in those things, of course, but he had other defects, such as a temper you'd have put down for its own sake if it'd been a dog, a vile, sarcastic tongue and--worst of all--a kind of bright-eyed delight in being cruel....

--*Count Karlstein (Philip Pullman)*

"Herr Arturo Snivelwurst...a lip-licking, moist-handed, creeping, smarming little ferret, with pomaded hair that he spent half an hour every morning carefully sticking into place so as to look like Napoleon."

--*Count Karlstein (Philip Pullman)*

Samuel Spade's jaw was long and bony, his chin a jutting v under the more flexible v of his mouth. His nostrils curved back to make another, smaller, v. His yellow-grey eyes were horizontal. The v motif was picked up again by thickish brows rising outward from twin creases above a hooked nose, and his pale brown hair grew down--from high flat temples--in a point on his forehead. He looked rather pleasantly like a blond satan.

--*The Maltese Falcon (Dashiell Hammett)*

The fat man was flabbily fat with bulbous pink cheeks and lips and chins and neck, with a great egg of a belly...and pendant cones for arms and legs. As he advanced to meet Spade all his bulbs rose and shook and fell separately with each step....His eyes, made small by fat puffs around them, were dark and sleek. Dark ringlets thinly covered his broad scalp.

--*The Maltese Falcon (Dashiell Hammett)*

I was wearing my powder-blue suit, with dark blue brogues, black wool socks with dark blue clocks on them. I was neat, clean, shaved and sober, and I didn't care who knew it. I was everything the well-dressed private detective ought to be. I was calling on four million dollars.

--*The Big Sleep (Raymond Chandler)*

She was twenty or so, small and delicately put together, but she looked durable. She wore pale blue slacks and they looked well on her. She walked as if she were floating. Her hair was fine tawny wave cut much shorter than the current fashion.... Her eyes were slate-gray, and had almost no expression when they looked at me. She came over near me and smiled with her mouth, and she had little sharp predatory teeth, as white as fresh orange pith and as shiny as porcelain. They glistened between her thin too taut lips.

--*The Big Sleep (Raymond Chandler)*

In height he was rather over six feet, and so excessively lean that he seemed to be considerably taller. His eyes were sharp and piercing...and his thin, hawk-like nose gave his whole expression an air of alertness and decision. His chin, too, had the prominence and squareness which mark the man of determination. His hands were invariably blotted with ink and stained with chemicals, yet he was possessed of extraordinary delicacy of touch, as I frequently had occasion to observe when I watched him manipulating his fragile philosophical instruments.

--*A Study in Scarlet (A. Conan Doyle)*

He was a very tall, thin man, with a long nose like a beak, which jutted out between two keen, grey eyes, set closely together and sparkling brightly from behind a pair of gold-rimmed glasses. He was clad in a professional but rather slovenly fashion, for his frock coat was dingy and his trousers frayed. Though young, his long back was already bowed, and he walked with a forward thrust of his head and a general air of peering benevolence.

--*The Hound of the Baskervilles (A. Conan Doyle)*

Within, stood a tall old man, clean shaven save for a long white moustache, and clad in black from head to foot, without a single speck of colour about him anywhere....He moved impulsively forward, and holding out his hand grasped mine with a strength which made me wince, an effect which was not lessened by the fact that it seemed as cold as ice--more like the hand of a dead than a living man.

--*Dracula (Bram Stoker)*