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WRITING

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Write a character description.

I climb the rugged stairs of the bus and toss the bus driver my change. The coins flip through the air in a cascade of gold and silver, like shooting stars. The driver's ancient, lined face ~~stares~~ at me with a blank expression as he catches the coins and puts them in the till. I slouch grumpily and stomp to the back of the bus. My dark hair, sleek and shiny, flops over my face. I slump in my seat, stormy eyes glaring at the little kid in front of me who stares at me like he's never seen a teenage boy before. As usual, Ronald, the red-haired, freckle faced boy is there, and starts ranting on and on about homework. "Dude, you should have done your homework!" The words seem out of place in his mouth, like he's not quite caught on with the high school slang. I tell him to shut up or I'll punch in his face. He stares at me with wide eyes like a lost puppy, as if he can't believe his best buddy told him to shut up. Whatever. Ronald will be a loner, and

that never will change. I jam on my headphones and mess up my hair the way my mum hates it. And that's when I hit play, on my iPod. All of a sudden, the music pours out. I close my eyes and delve deeper into the world of soul. The sounds are harmonious, and it feels like something inside me is bursting out of my chest, like a wild animal in captivity finally set free forever. They dance in a rainbow of colours and I feel like yelling all my problems out to the world. The heavy weight of stress and sorrow falls away off my shoulders, and I smile. My name is Jack, and this is the sound of my soul, like a free lion in the wild, roaring the bushlands free of pain and heartbreak...