### Figure 4.3: Student Character Sketches

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Personality Traits</th>
<th>Support</th>
<th>Character Sketch</th>
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</table>
| **Elegant**        | • Gliding with perfect rhythm  
| **Graceful**       | • Elegance and superiority of a model  
| **Confident**      | • Linger as if to enchant  
|                    | • Dazzling light that danced on face  
|                    | • Glistening and reflecting light | When Cassandra passed by, she seemed to glide as if ice skating with the poise and superiority of a model strutting with long legs down a runway. Behind her, the scent of a light and natural smelling perfume would linger and enchant others. The beguiling scent would coax anyone to run after her and get the chance to meet her. Her gentle face glowed as if there were a dazzling light dancing upon her face. The winter fairy had given her intelligent blue eyes, and they glistened and reflected light with every intentional movement. |
| **Outgoing**       | • Caught every ray of light  
| **Assertive**      | • Vivid teal-blue eyes  
| **Independent**    | • Assurance and pride  
|                    | • Relaxed and sure of himself  
|                    | • Uncommon sense of independence | Malcolm had a great sense of humor. He was able to cajole the most unpleasant, malcontent person to break into a smile and start rolling around on the floor like a pig in a nest of mud. The young man’s sandy-blond hair caught every ray of light, and it radiated. His pale face was obviously a great gift from the snow king and it made his extraordinary vivid teal-blue eyes jump out of his face. He walked with a sense of assurance and pride. He smiled freely and it made people feel that they were known, lifting many a load off their weary shoulders. He was always relaxed and sure of himself, and he contained an uncommon amount of independence which really showed off in the way he dressed. |
| **Hostile**        | • Stentorian, thunderous voice  
|                    | • Heavy breathing fills the air  
|                    | • Beady eyes search the room  
|                    | • Violently pounds the table | As his thick eyebrows lower in fury, his stentorian voice raises over everyone else’s in the room. His heavy breathing fills the air and his beady eyes search the room until everyone is silent. His thunderous voice begins the lecture, and he gesticulates with his arms to show his anger. He violently pounds the table he is standing by, and it shakes unsteadily. The audience trembles with fear as he storms out of the room muttering words of profanity under his breath. |
| **Loving**         | • Sparking blue eyes twinkle with delight  
| **Innocent**       | • Hugs her leg in a childlike way  
|                    | • Hands stained brown with dirt  
|                    | • Mouth is stretched into a loving smile | As he raises his hand and offers the brightly colored array of flowers to his mother, I can see the huge grin he is trying to hold back. His sparkling blue eyes twinkle with delight when he sees the pleasure he has brought to her. In a loving gesture, he hugs her leg in a childlike way. He happily brushes back his scraggly hair with a hand that is tainted brown with dirt and then wraps his chubby arm back around her knee. His eyes raise to meet hers and his mouth is stretched into a loving smile. He murmurs a soft “I love you, Mommy,” and she replies, “I love you, too, sweetheart.” |