Character Descriptions

Terry Silver
Silver was emaciated. His eyes bulged, his Adam’s apple protruded, his arms poked out of his sleeves like pencils with gloves stuck on the ends.

Terry Taylor
Taylor had the liquid eyes and long lashes and broad blank face of a cow.

Dwight
Dwight was a short man with curly brown hair and sad, restless brown eyes. He smelled of gasoline. His legs were small for his thick-chested body, but what they lacked in length they made up for in spring; he had an abrupt, surprising way of springing to his feet. He dressed like no one I’d ever met before - two-toned shoes, hand-painted tie, monogrammed blazer with a monogrammed handkerchief in the breast pocket.

Pearl
The girl was pinch-faced and scrawny, and on the back of her head she had a bald spot the size of a silver dollar...In fact she wasn’t so bad, especially since my mother had taken her to a doctor to have her bald spot fixed. She had a gaunt, sinewy beauty, but I didn’t see it.

Norma
Norma was seventeen, ripe and lovely. Her lips were full and red, always a little swollen-looking as if she’d just woken up, and she moved sleepily too, languidly, stretching often. When she stretched, her blouse went taut and parted slightly between the buttons, showing milky slices of belly. She had the whitest skin. Thick red hair that she pushed sleepily back from her forehead. Green eyes flecked with brown. She used lavender water, and the faint sweetness of the smell got mixed up with the warmth she gave off.

Arthur
He was clever. He had an arch, subtle voice that he used to good effect as an instrument of his cleverness...he set his face in a careless smirk...He was bigger than me, especially around the middle, but I factored out this weight as blubber.

Kenneth
He had a fussy, aggrieved voice and this disappointed lips. He wore a golf cap and perforated leather gloves that snapped across the wrist. He removed one of his gloves as he complained, tugging delicately at each finger, then going on to the next until the glove came free.

Mr Howard
Mr Howard still had the boy in him. He bounced a little as he walked with a certain expectancy, as if he were ready to be interested in what he saw, and when he was interested he allowed himself to show it. He wore a suit and tie...Mr Howard wore his suit and tie as if he didn’t know he had them on.

Chuck
Chuck was bullishly built, thickset and chesty...Milky skin with a wintry spot of red on each cheek. Yellow hair that turned white in sunshine. Wide forehead. He also had his mother’s pale blue eyes and her way of narrowing them when she listened, looking down at the floor and nodding in agreement with whatever you said.

A Ticking Mind Resource