

Miss Trunchbull - Character Description

Example

'Miss Trunchbull, the Headmistress, was something else altogether. She was a gigantic holy terror, a fierce tyrannical monster who frightened the life out of pupils and teachers alike. There was an aura of menace about her even at a distance, and when she came up close you could almost feel the dangerous heat radiating from her as from a red-hot rod of metal. When she marched- Miss Trunchbull never walked, she always marched like a stormtrooper with long strides and arms aswinging-when she marched along a corridor you could actually hear her snorting as she went and if a group of children happened to be in her path, she ploughed on through them like a tank, with small people bouncing off her to the left and right' (from Miss Honey chapter)

'She was above all the most formidable female. She had once been a famous athlete, and even now the muscles were still clearly in evidence. You could see them in the bull-neck, in the big shoulders, in the thick arms, in the sinewy wrists and in the powerful legs. Looking at her, you got the feeling that this was someone who could bend iron bars and tear telephone directories in half. Her face, I'm afraid, was neither a thing of beauty nor a joy for ever. She had an obstinate chin, a cruel mouth and small arrogant eyes. And as for her clothes...they were, to say the least extremely odd. She always had on a brown cotton smock which was pinched in around the waist with a wide leather belt. This belt was fastened in front with an enormous silver buckle. The massive thighs which emerged from out of the smock were encased in a pair of extraordinary breeches, bottle-Ogreen in colour and made of coarse twill. These breeches reached to just below the knees and from there ion down she sported green stockings with turn-up tops, which displayed her calf-muscles to perfection. On her feet she wore flat-heeled brown brogues with leather flaps. She looked, in short, more like a rather eccentric and bloodthirsty follower of the stag-hounds than the headmistress of a nice school for children. (From The Trunchbull chapter)

