

describing feelings

Anger

Spasms of anger ^{一阵一阵} racked him. The fire in him ^{非常愤怒} raged, spreading from his heart all the way down to his limbs. His eyes flashed scarlet and his face was apoplectic with fury. There was a bright redness on the tips of his ears. His nerves fluttered and a trail of fire laced with ice sped up his spine. Thoughts of revenge blazed through his mind as he gingerly caressed the irreversibly damaged bonnet. Narrowing his eyes into slits, he clenched his fists and made a silent vow. "I'll make them pay... I'll make them pay good, baby," he snarled through gritted teeth.

By Laura Tan, Elaine Wat, Doreen Low, Chen Jia Pei, Lavinia Selvakumar, Jessie Lee, Julie Wee, CHIJ Toa Payoh

Anger

Ah Beng staggered to his new, polished Porsche in a half-drunken stupor. His footsteps came to a sudden halt. The unfamiliar sight of luminous green spray paint on the door stirred him to awareness. His jaw dropped, and his eyes widened in horror. He stumbled towards his car and fell down on his knees. "What have they done to my baby?" he roared, drawing out every word in outrage. Boiling blood shot through his veins and anger cloaked him like a medieval armour. He gritted his teeth and punched the ground with his tightly clenched fist. "I'm going to make them pay!" he hissed vehemently.

By Daphne Donoug, Eunice Hong, Mellissa Seow, Margaret Siow, Stephanie JB 4S3

Anger

- He could feel the pressure of his rage growing against his ribs.
- Rage tightened his throat.
- His face was congested with rage.
- He felt an angry throbbing in his temples.

From time to time, anger at Dumbledore crashed over him again, powerful as the waves slamming themselves against the cliff beneath the cottage.

- His fury at Dumbledore broke over him now like lava, scorching him inside, wiping out every other feeling.
- He sat quite still, anger still surging through him, listening to the frantic thumping of his heart.
- Horrified, transfixed, Frank stared at it as its undulating body cut a wide, curving track through the thick dust on the floor.
(Serpent)

Doubts

He could not even explain satisfactorily why he had decided against it: every time he tried to reconstruct the internal arguments that had led to his decision, they sounded feebler to him.

Been Watched

A funny prickling on the back of his neck had made Harry feel he was being watched, but the street appeared deserted, and no light shone from any of the large square houses.

Other feelings

- He looked vaguely embarrassed.
- She looked affronted.
- She felt a sudden rush of pride.
- A rustle of confusion and bewilderment swept through the hall.
- He stared at it with his mouth agape, questions whipping through his mind.
- She gave a sharp gasp of surprise.

Coldness:

- He was shivering now, his teeth chattering horribly.
- Every pore of his body screamed in protest: the very air in his lungs seemed to freeze solid as he was submerged to his shoulders in the frozen water. He could hardly breathe; trembling so violently the water lapped over the edges of the pool. His feet were numb. He put off the moment of total submersion from second to second, gasping and shaking, until he told himself that it must be done, gathered all his courage and dived.

• The cold was agony: it attacked him like fire. His brain itself seemed to have frozen as he pushed through the dark water.

Sadness

He slouched against his wheelchair, peering out of the window. The sombre, sullen colour of the day, seeped into him and he was filled with a cold greyness, a numbing despair. As vivid images of his past flashed through his mind, tears welled up in his soft grey eyes, forming a blanket over them. His heart was weighed down as he drowned in loneliness. He closed his eyes and dwelled in disappointment at the thought of his children never returning again.

By Alvina, Kelly, Qiuxia, Natasha and Fion, CHIJ Toa Payoh

Sadness

From across the hall, a peal of children's laughter danced in through his open door and echoed hollowly in his empty room. The room swam and blurred as tears welled up in his eyes. A sense of despair overwhelmed him as years of isolation and neglect loomed before him. "After all my years of toil and labour..." he thought miserably as he picked up the framed photograph from his bedside table with a trembling hand, "how could they find it in themselves to desert me? What have I done wrong?" The withered old man stared despondently into space as these thoughts tugged at him from within.

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Sadness

- He stared blankly at her, his face wizened with grief. (This describes an old man.)

- beat his forehead in despair
- Wept like a child. busted his face in his hands. His shoulders heaved up and down. Sobbing silently.
- I tossed restlessly in my bed. I huddled into a ball and tried myself to sleep

• The pain bit into his very mind and soul so that he was like a mad man, unable to go to his office to work, unable to do anything but...

bite
bit
bitten

• Tears came before he could stop them, boiling hot then instantly freezing on his face, and what was the point in wiping them off, or pretending? He let them fall, his lips pressed hard together, looking down at the thick snow hiding from his eyes the place where his parents lay, bones raw, surely, or dust, not knowing or caring their living son stood so near, his heart still beating, alive because of

their sacrifice and close to wishing, at this moment that he was sleeping under the snow with them.

Developing Your Character's Feelings

Fear

As he watched the two shadows approaching, his heart pounded with a jackhammer's ferocity. Fear screamed in his head and his eyes dilated in terror as one of the two figures flashed a knife in front of him. "P-please... d-don't... k-kill... me!" he pleaded convulsively. Thoughts skittered in and out of his mind, unable to take shape. He clenched his fists tighter and tighter as beads of sweat glistened on his forehead. His eyes searched around helplessly, looking for someone to help him.

By Stefani, Amanda, Denise 5N Bryna & Wei Yun 4S3, CHIJ Toa Payoh

Fear

Fear screamed in his head and gripped his heart. A monstrous terror seized him and his heart pulsated, pumping ice-cold dread into every capillary of his body. Panic-stricken, he could not breathe. Streams of perspiration outlined his trembling jaw. His eyes flitted desperately from side to side, searching frantically for an escape route, but to no avail. "I don't want to die. I can't die..." These thoughts spun in his mind like an accelerating carousel, as the shadowy phantoms approached.

By Minh Huang, Thu Hnong, Clorissa, Kais, Selene 4S2 Luxana Yiyun 4S1, CHIJ Toa Payoh

Fear

- Her eyes were glazed with fear.
- He could hear his heart pounding in the darkness.
- A fine sweat beaded his forehead.

• I can't believe it 'gasped Yee Soon, pale and sick. Tay Soon looked in mute horror

- Panick made him turn and horror paralysed him as he saw - - -
- Dumbledore had left them to grope in the darkness, to wrestle with unknown and undreamed of terrors alone and unaided.
- He jumped to his feet, his voice frozen in his throat.