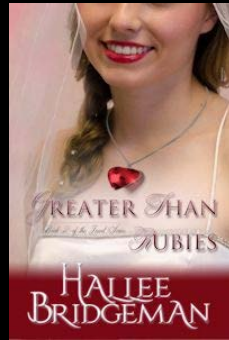
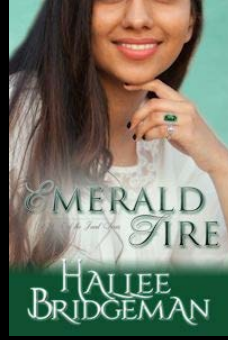
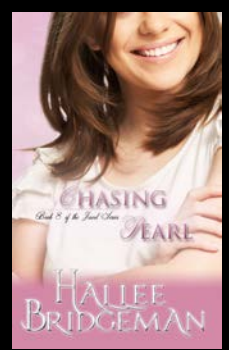
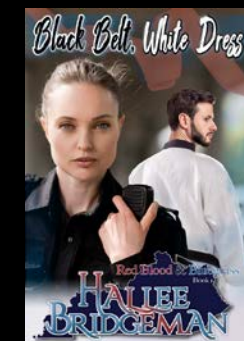
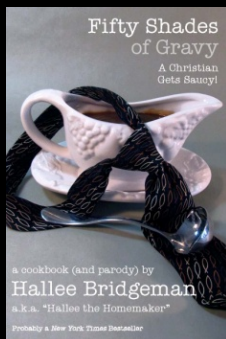
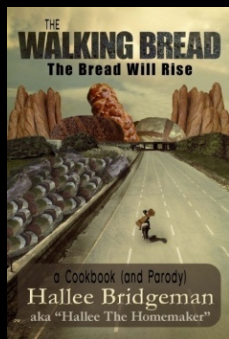
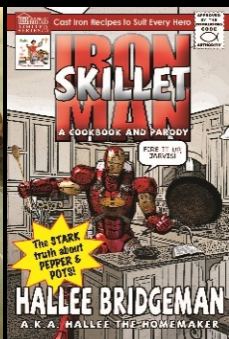
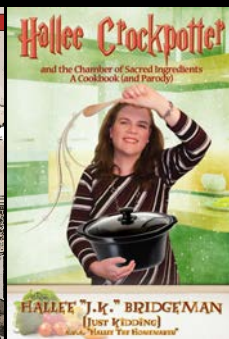
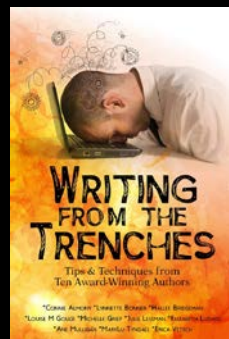


WRITING IN LAYERS

HALLIE
BRIDGEMAN



CHARACTERIZATION

Mix your palette

CHARACTERIZATION

- Establish your characters
- Know them – know everything about them
- Answer questions
 - What do they wear?
 - What do they eat?
 - What was their education?
 - Who were their parents?
 - What is their perspective on faith?
- Do it in a method that works for you
- No one else's brain works like yours



CHARACTERIZATION

- I use Pinterest
- Some people use binders
- Some people use OneTouch
- Some people use worksheets
 - <http://successfulchristianselfpublishing.com/forms-and-resources/>
- Some people use notecards
- **Do what works for you.**



HALLEE BRIDGEMAN

SECRET SELF PUBLISHING SAUCE

CHARACTERIZATION WORKSHEET

CHARACTER NAME: _____

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION:

Male/female	
Age	
Height	
Weight	
Shape/build of body	
Skin color	
Shape of face	
Eye color	
Hair color	
Scars	
Tattoos	
Freckles	
Moles	
Left or right handed?	
Distinguishing limp or other physical ailment	
Mannerisms	
Taste in clothing	
Wedding ring?	
Glasses or contacts?	

GENERAL BACKGROUND

Ethnicity	
Location of birth	
Regional area where raised	
Raised by whom?	
Siblings	
Abuse?	
Pertinent young years information	
Education	

Any arrests or trouble with the law?	
Dark secret	
Biggest regret	
Biggest accomplishment	

CURRENT

Lives where?	
Type of home	
Type of vehicle	
Marital status	
How many children?	
Job	
State of mind	
Financial status	
Emotional status	
Health status	
Name of best friend	
Details about relationship with best friend	
Favorite color	
Favorite music	
Favorite movie	
Favorite book	
Habits	
Addictions	
Goals	
Priorities	
Skills	

BLACK AND WHITE SKETCH

Start with the facts to lay the foundation

JUST THE FIRST FIVE FACTS IN A PSEUDO-OUTLINE

- Chapter 1:
 - Who?
 - What?
 - When?
 - Where?
 - Why?
- Chapter 2
 - Who?
 - What?
 - When?
 - Where?
 - Why?



EXAMPLE SCENE: CHARITY'S CODE

Who?

Dorothy Ewing, housewife and Captain Thomas Ewing, RAF pilot.

What?

Parting ways perhaps forever as Thomas leaves for war.

When?

1940 during the Blitzkrieg.

Where?

A train station north of London.

Why?

Establish Dorothy's emotional and spiritual state as her story begins.

DIALOGUE AND ACTION

- Don't worry about setting the scene.
- Don't worry about actions and reactions – unless they're physical
- Don't get caught up in wording each sentence perfectly.
- It's almost like writing a script.



DIALOGUE

- What is she saying?
- What is he saying?
- Never contrived.
- Always natural.
- Use dialect and jargon.
- Use inflection.



Their lips parted and he said, “You mind after the *bairns*. Remind Tommy he’s the man of the house now and must help you with his sisters.”

“I think the lad understands,” she said. “Even at eight, he grasps the enormity of our present circumstances.”

“He’s brilliant, that laddie ... Just like his *màthair*.”

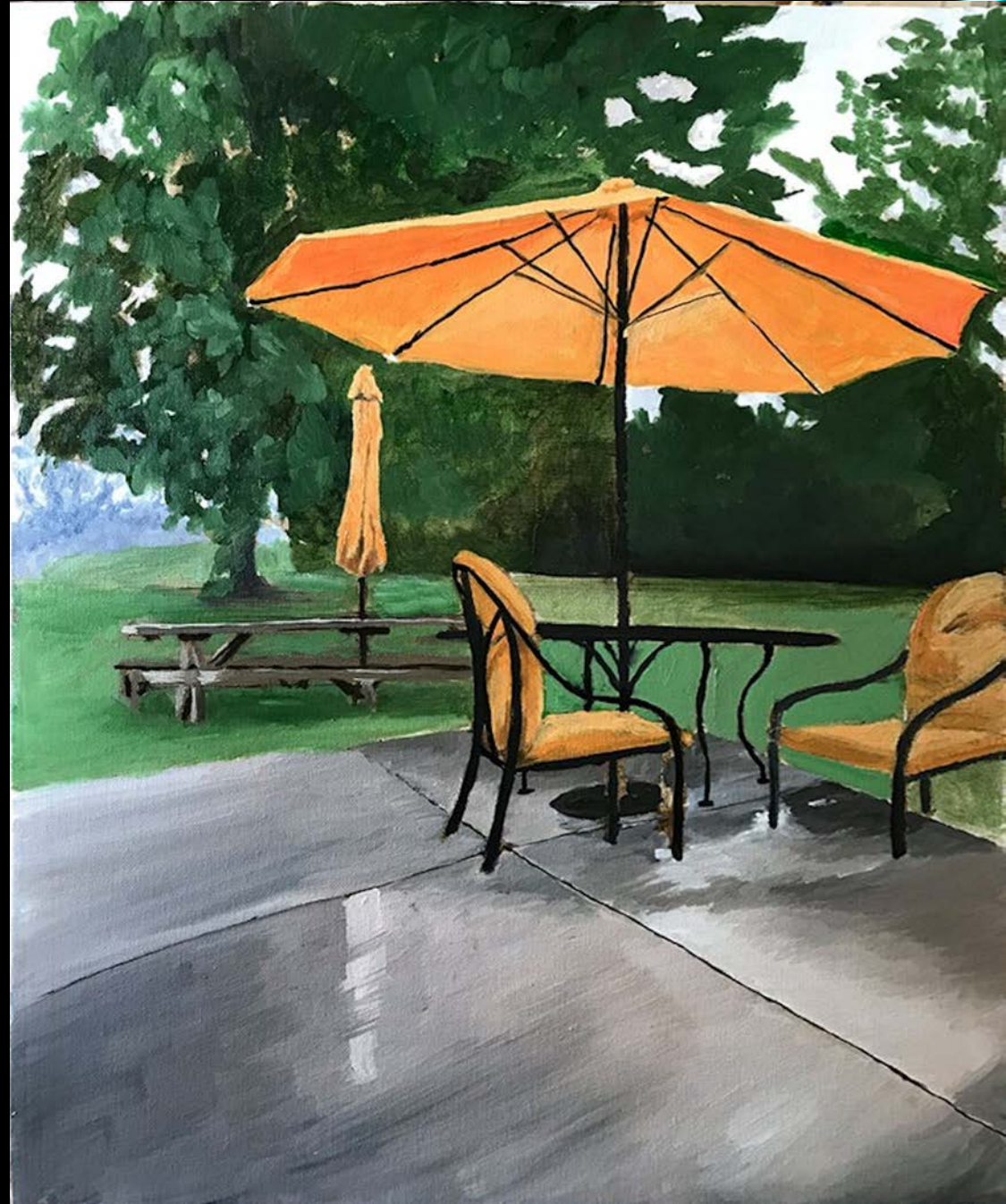
“And stout and clever just like his da’,” she responded.

Suddenly his arms went around her. “You’ll stay in my heart and in my prayers, *bhean chéile*. Pray for me, my darling, my bonnie Dotty.”

“I never stop, *mo ghraigh*.”

DIALOGUE

- Add inflection to the dialogue.





Their lips parted and **his deep voice echoed in her chest as** he said, “You mind after the *bairns*. Remind Tommy he’s the man of the house now and must help you with his sisters.”

“I think the lad understands,” she said **with a smile**. “Even at eight, he grasps the enormity of our present circumstances.”

“He’s brilliant, that laddie ... Just like his *màthair*.” **Tom’s occasional Gaelic brogue never failed to turn her knees to water.**

“And stout and clever just like his da’,” she responded.

Suddenly his arms went around her, **strong and tight, comforting her as only he could**. “You’ll stay in my heart and in my prayers, *bhean chéile*. Pray for me, my darling, my bonnie Dotty.”

“I never stop, *mo ghraigh*.” **Their lips met as naturally and as comfortably as taking the next step when walking or the next breath when breathing. They came together in a kiss exactly as they had perhaps tens of thousands of times before over the course of their courtship and marriage.** His hands rested on her hips. Her fingers caressed his smoothly shaved cheeks as his waxed mustache tips tickled the backs of her hands.

THOUGHTS

- What is she thinking?
- What is he thinking?
- Teaching?
- Learning?
- Analyzing?
- Forecasting?
- Planning?
- Remembering?





Dorothy stood on the platform at the train station as close as she could to her husband **who looked like a recruiting poster in his RAF Officer's uniform**. He easily pulled her out of the way to avoid an unintended jostling by a group of soldiers running to hop aboard a departing train.

Feet back on the ground and needing to do something with her hands, she straightened Tom's tie and swallowed. **She was determined that his last memory of her before he left would not be of womanly tears.** "There you go, Captain Ewing. I believe you'll be the most handsome pilot in the RAF, though I confess I am still a bit astounded they make aircraft large enough to lift you from the earth."

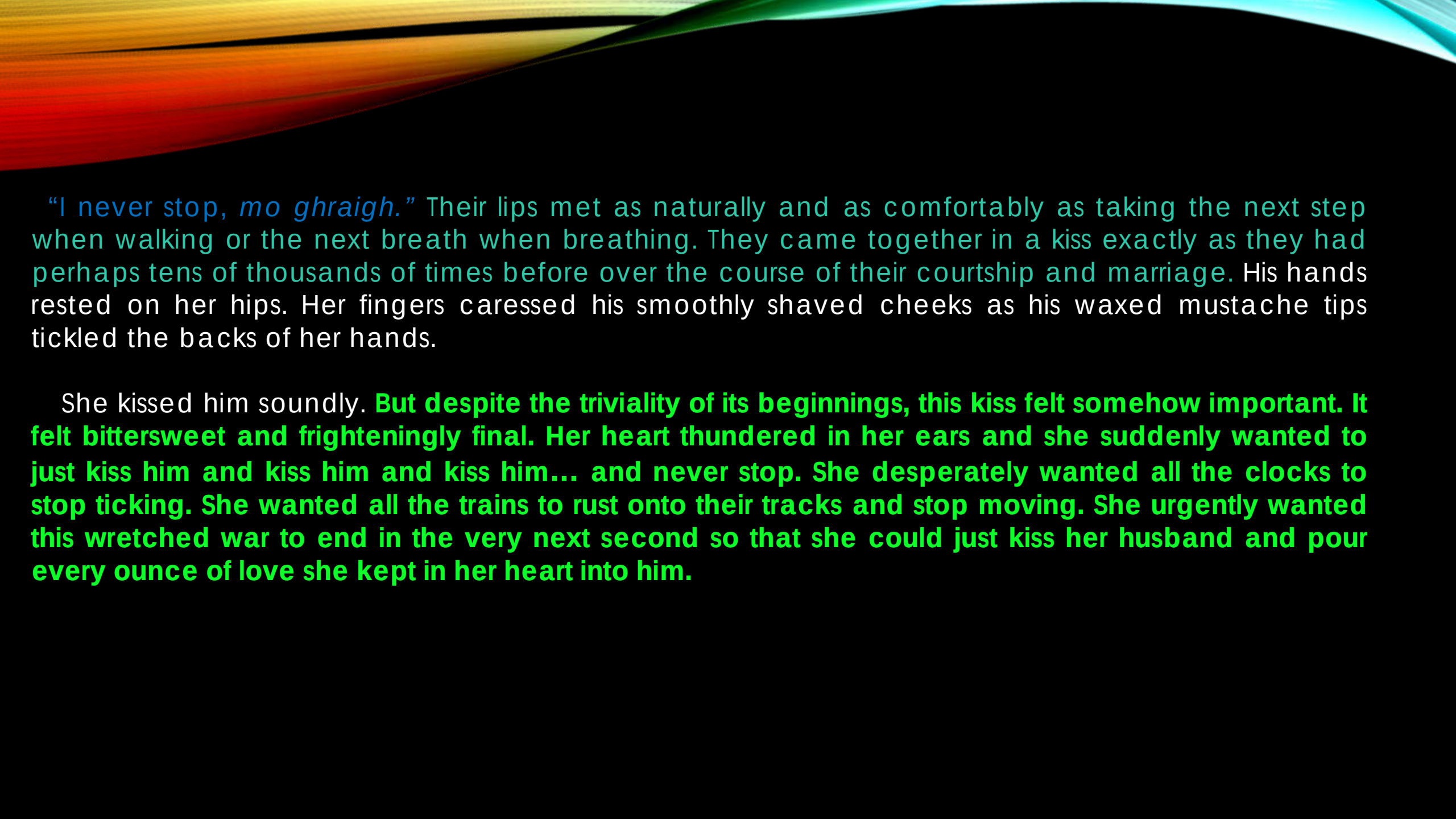
He cupped her cheek and brushed a thick thumb beneath her eye, capturing the moisture threatening to fall down her cheeks. "Only in your eyes, love. But I shall certainly be the most courageous. That I vow. I will protect you and our children with every shred of courage my heart and body can muster." He kissed her so softly that the breath hitched in the back of her throat.

Their lips parted and his deep voice echoed in her chest as he said, "You mind after the *bairns*. Remind Tommy he's the man of the house now and must help you with his sisters."

FEELINGS

- How does the main character feel?
- Hidden feelings?
- Clear feelings?
- Repressed feelings?
- Expressed feelings?





“I never stop, *mo ghraigh*.” Their lips met as naturally and as comfortably as taking the next step when walking or the next breath when breathing. They came together in a kiss exactly as they had perhaps tens of thousands of times before over the course of their courtship and marriage. His hands rested on her hips. Her fingers caressed his smoothly shaved cheeks as his waxed mustache tips tickled the backs of her hands.

She kissed him soundly. **But despite the triviality of its beginnings, this kiss felt somehow important. It felt bittersweet and frighteningly final. Her heart thundered in her ears and she suddenly wanted to just kiss him and kiss him and kiss him... and never stop. She desperately wanted all the clocks to stop ticking. She wanted all the trains to rust onto their tracks and stop moving. She urgently wanted this wretched war to end in the very next second so that she could just kiss her husband and pour every ounce of love she kept in her heart into him.**

MAKE THE SCENE COLOR THE CHARACTERS

- Does every aspect of the scene color the characters?
- Do you use the senses to build or contrast the emotion?





“I never stop, *mo ghraigh*.” Their lips met as naturally and as comfortably as taking the next step when walking or the next breath when breathing. They came together in a kiss exactly as they had perhaps tens of thousands of times before over the course of their courtship and marriage. His hands rested on her hips. Her fingers caressed his smoothly shaved cheeks as his waxed mustache tips tickled the backs of her hands.

She kissed him soundly. But despite the triviality of its beginnings, this kiss felt somehow important. It felt bittersweet and frighteningly final. Her heart thundered in her ears and she suddenly wanted to just kiss him and kiss him and kiss him... and never stop. She desperately wanted all the clocks to stop ticking. She wanted all the trains to rust onto their tracks and stop moving. She urgently wanted this wretched war to end in the very next second so that she could just kiss her husband and pour every ounce of love she kept in her heart into him.

A shrieking train whistle startled her back to the present moment in which clocks still ticked, trains still rolled, and soldiers still made their way to the front lines. She opened her eyes as their lips parted and beheld the present reality, a reality in which wives still remained behind minding children, keeping busy, staying useful, and fearing every moment that the last time they had seen their husbands alive would be the very last time.

After seconds that passed like hours, her heartbeat faded to distant thunder in her ears instead of deafening nearby cannon fire. Knowing one of them had to be the first to break away, she stepped back, slipped her gloves back on, then brushed a hand down her wool coat. “Go on, then. Don’t miss your train. I imagine even kind old King George would frown on tardiness as a result of dallying with your wife on the platform.”

ADD ALL THE FINAL TOUCHES

- Deliver the climax, denouement, or hook of the scene.
- Bring the emotional and spiritual point home





Dorothy did not chase the train. The platform was far too crowded and she chose not to make a spectacle of herself or her husband. Instead, she waved, and Tom waved back until she simply could not see him anymore.

Her gloved fingers brushed her swollen lips where she still tasted him. Her lips tingled, still feeling his lingering kiss as if feeling the sensation of an amputated limb. Dejected, she turned and walked away slowly, completely alone, back down the platform, back to their old car, so that she could collect her children from her neighbor Beatrice in time to prepare dinner. She tried very, very hard not to burst into tears.

* * *



