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WRITING

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Write a character description.

She watched the world flash by before her eyes, her thoughts a jumble of puzzle pieces that ^{needed} desperately to be picked up and put back together. To ^{individuals,} other n Nicole seemed like any other average woman, ^a pretty ^{one} even. But when scrutinised closely, one could see that her shiny brown hair hung limply by her side, and her ^{unblemished} flawless skin was masked by the deceptive solutions and creams of makeup. She knew she ought to make an effort in controlling young Peter, who seemed to be enjoying himself by yanking at a poor old laches hat, but her ~~horrified~~ and battered body wouldn't comply with her wishes. So she sat there, deep in thought and delving into the past of forgotten memories.

She was once a strong willed woman; everyone who knew her complained that she was a bit of a stubborn yet bright little brat. Yet that all changed once

she met John. Marrying him now seemed like one of the biggest mistakes of her life; if not for him, she wouldn't have turned from the outspoken girl she once was to having been enveloped by depression and made vulnerable. The societal chains that bound her to her husband's abusive hands had taken its toll on Nicole, and now she lay on the brink of depression with no hope for a future she ~~was~~ ^{once} imagined.

Peter suddenly jumped back on top of Nicole and she winced as his foot pressed against a bruise only painted on yesterday by her husband's rough fists. She knew that her demeanour may be mistaken as unaring as she let Peter cry from his sudden fall, but the truth was that even the simplest tasks, like buying groceries ^{just} seemed too hard. The depths of sadness in her eyes were the only signs of her ^{as the bus came to a stop} torturous suffering. Finally, just like her chaotic life, Nicole was certain that not a single soul witnessed the silent ^{simple} tear that rolled down her cheeks.