Photo 5 Examples

1. **Direct Characterization:**

This woman is living in a tent city, obviously in bad financial shape; her tent is nothing but a pile of rags, and her car doesn’t have tires. She looks tired, but her kids look relatively healthy, they have some good meat on their bones. Her hair has a streak of grey in it, and her dress is a plain dark color, which may be a good thing because it will hide the strain of living between washes.

1. **Indirect Characterization:**

Clutching her children and getting ready for another day in the tent camps, a woman gazes at the ground. *What am I going to do today to keep the children happy?* She thinks to herself. “Kids, stay close to me—some new people moved into our camp last night and they seem a little desperate.” “Mom, don’t worry so much! We can take care of ourselves.”

1. **Conflict:**

No money, no running car, and with few possessions, this family is battling against the depths of the Great Depression. How does a person feed their family when there are no jobs to fill? The problem is that her husband went west to find work, and won’t be back until the fall picking season is over. Until then, she has to look after the kids on her own and make ends meet.

1. **Round Character:**

She woke up in the morning, not eager to face another day without opportunity. Her children were still asleep, and she did her best to tuck them in so they could sleep for a little while longer before they awoke to the gnawing hunger that faced them every day. Opening her coin purse and clinking the few remaining coins against each-other, she had to make the daily choice; buy some food to feed her children, or buy enough cloth remnants to make clothes for the coming winter.

1. **Dynamic Character:**

After five months living in the tent city, she had learned how to survive in circumstances she wouldn’t have believed possible just a year before. She could now barter for the supplies she needed to keep her family healthy, she could work as hard as a man in the fields, and she knew better than to trust even the most innocent looking person. When she and her husband still owned a house in Oklahoma, before the dust storms hit, she would whistle a little tune while she mended clothes and cooked the family supper. Now, the whistling had stopped, replaced by the silence of grim determination.