Direct	Terror-struck He looked nervous
Indirect	
Appearance	Pop-eyed A finger the size of a salami His face had turned grey with fearful apprehension.
Actions /Reactions	Glued to the spot, quivering Had now reached the victim, stood towering over her Amanda, paralysed with fright She pointed a finger the size of a salami at the child's head shaking like blancmange she lunged forward and grabbed hold of Amanda's pigtails in her right fist and lifted the girl clear off the ground. she started swinging her round and round her head, faster and faster Amanda was screaming blue murder Waddled briskly He was watching the Headmistress with an exceedingly wary eye he kept edging farther and farther away from her with little shuffles of his feet
Speech	"I want these filthy pigtails off" she barked. "Chop em off" managed to stutter. "My m-m-mummy likes them." "Your mummy's a twit!" the Trunchbull bellowed. "My m-m-mummy thinks I look lovely, Miss T-T-Trunchbull," Amanda stuttered "Come up here!" the Trunchbull shouted. "And look smart about it!" "This clot," boomed the Headmistress , "this blackhead, this foul carbuncle, this poisonous pustule that you see before you is none other than a disgusting criminal, a denizen of the underworld, a member of the Mafia!"
Inner thoughts	Knowing for certain that the Day of Judgement had come He knew very well he wasn't up there to be presented with a prize.