

Hi! I'm Effie, Effie Trinket. You might know me from other stories, if you do, I'm surprised you are reading this. Not many people like me, and I get why. Hopefully after you read this, you might hate me a little less.

I live in the Capitol of Panem. If you don't know where that is, it is a very rich city, however the area around it is not so rich, and we are quite responsible for that.

I grew up around people that enjoyed seeing the people below them suffer. I was taught to enjoy it too, I didn't. It was sick. Why would you get enjoyment from seeing poor children get brutally killed. When I was 13, I asked my father, why such a horrible community would torment such a vulnerable one. Surprise! I got in big trouble.

As a woman, especially in the Capitol, you are expected to be quiet, don't complain, you are making the men's job harder than it needs to be, your job is to make the men's easier. My mother obeyed that rule, she would always teach me about it, how woman's roles are just to make men's more tolerable. Growing up, my mother was always so glamorous and she introduced me to makeup very young. I was taught to cover up what you naturally look like and well as covering your feelings. As time went on, I would add more and more makeup, looking more and more artificial, because that is how I felt inside, artificial. I felt like I was cosplaying, cosplaying as what the Capitol wants me to be.

[You are showing great understanding of the text's themes of control and superficiality](#)

I was actually very intelligent, however I couldn't go show it off, then it would take away from what the men were doing. As much as I didn't like it, I started working as an escort for The Hunger Games, that is the game I was talking about earlier, the one where they kill children, you know!?

Anyway, after a couple of years in my job I got assigned my first District for the year. I was so curious to see how the districts lived. The first district I got assigned was District 8, okay, not the best, but not the worst. It is my first time so they can't give me a great District, I wait a couple more years, not getting any good Districts, there have been people that have joined much after me and have got much better ones than me. And one year I even got DISTRICT 12! OUT OF ALL THE DISTRICTS YOU GIVE ME THE WORST ONE!? However the boy and girl were quite nice from it, which I did not expect.

I know I seem like a bimbo, like I don't know anything, and I am full of myself, but I am just good at pretending to be one! Like I said, I am actually quite intelligent, but as a woman in the capitol, you get more out of being a dumb blonde than an intelligent business woman. This is all because of The Hunger Games, it is more interesting to have someone that makes the games worth watching, I remember when I did District 8, they did interviews with the behind the scenes people, me included! And people loved me! Like I know I am that gorgeous, but it was not just that, it was that I was kind of acting stupid, as much as that is annoying to people, it does make the games worth watching.

[nice varied sentence structures here](#)

Once, I even tried to leave the Capitol behind. I was working as an escort and also took up a small side hustle in being a fashion designer, I know, suits me so well! It was not anything serious, I did some small workshops and it led to some opportunities, however it did not pay as well as being an escort. Then, one day, as I was working in the office, I got a letter from a fashion company in New York! I know, the big apple! You all are probably surprised I don't live there already.

[You balance Effie as a victim and a Capitol villain quite well here](#)

I took the offer seriously, I packed my bags, booked flights, I even made it to the airport. As much as this glamorous life would suit me, my family live in Panem. You see my

mother and father divorced when I was 15, my father now has a new family living in a penthouse or something. As horrible as my mother was to me, I do find it inspiring how she raised me on her own.

She eventually became desperately sick, she practically lived in the hospital. We never had the best relationship, in fact we fought almost every single day. One day she even said I was not her daughter anymore and had to live at friend's house when I was still just 16 years old.

I did move in with her again and we made up, still continuing with the theme of fighting every day.

I barely went to see her in hospital, yet I still turned down the opportunity of a life time for her. She ended up dying shortly after I turned down the move. The Capitol is depressing, really depressing, in my opinion, just as depressing as the poor districts, it is just the Capitol sugar coats it better, and acts like everything is perfect.

After she died, I felt worthless and like I had no purpose. I kept working as an escort, yet I felt like I was trapped there, like I was a mannequin for the Capitol, a really, really pretty and perfect one! I still kept my passion for fashion, wait, that kind of rhymes! Im so smart!

I like how you balance sympathy with Effie at the same time as suggesting her vanity and superficiality.

Take time to look carefully at your punctuation and make sure that your sentences aren't running away from you!