

Effie Trinket- the 52nd Hunger Games.

Effie sits in front of the gold mirror in her large lavish bedroom, staring deep into the mirror as she applies more white powder and re adjusts her wig, she stops moving and looks behind her, her mother stares at her, a tear running down her face.

you show understanding of her superficiality

check punctuation rules for writing direct speech

“don't cry so mother, I can't bare to see you like this, and you make me cry, it will ruin my makeup” she said in a soft tone, making her way over to her mother in her large bright green heels

“It's just, you look so much like your dear sister” her mother replied, sobbing into a stained handkerchief.

Effie grabbed her and pulled her close and hugged her dearly, “I know you don't like it, this job, not after what happened to Athe-”

“Don't say her name” whimpered her mother, another large tear spilling from the corner of her eye, smudging her green mascara.

A nice touch suggesting the unnatural beauty of Capitol fashions

“Okay okay, but it is the only way we can escape from being on the streets” Effie stiffened as she pushed away from her mother.

“I must go now for it is a long way to district twelve” Effie rushed as fast as she could without breaking an ankle to the elevator. She patted at her face, hoping the reddened cheeks wouldn't be noticed.

She stepped out onto the street, As soon as she exited the building a capitol car was out.

“Miss trinket I presume?” said a tall man in a white suit.

“Yes that would be me, here for district twelve” she proclaimed her voice an octave too high, even to her ears.

Good - you suggest her discomfort - is that evident at first though or does she change as the series goes on?

“very well this way madame” he strode over to the car swinging the door open, beckoning Effie inside, with a curt nod of his head.

Effie stepped inside, it was like every other capitol car, black van with uncomfortable leather seats, blacked out windows, nothing but darkness for a view. The roads were uneven and lumpy; she had to hold onto her wig for dear life.

nice detail suggesting hopelessness and ignorance affecting Panem

But after some time they arrived at the station.

Effie's jaw dropped at the sight of the train, a large silver thing that shone like a diamond in the light of the lowering sun. Inside there was a bar cart, buffay, beautiful rooms, and the other district presenters. One of the presenters being "brany sugar-weather" who was in relation to the great game maker "maple sugar-weather" who had created the mutations for the past hunger games, this was Effie's ticket to become known to Panem, if she were seen being friends with Maple Sugar-weather's granddaughter she would be broadcasted across Panem.

Check capitals

check apostrophes

Readjusting her wig as she went, she flounced her way over to Brandy, her flouncing and trotting had caught the attention of the crowd which inevitably attracted the cameras, Effie was a Capitol standard beauty and had mastered the art of capitol makeup, the hours her late sister had made Effie practise the make up together, those happy days she took for granted, but now those moments were etched forever on her brain, nothing but memories of a life that once was. Before her sister was brutally murdered by the district twelve children, for doing nothing other than her job. The very same job Effie was now going to do.

interesting - what was there in the text to suggest this to you?

After waving her hand about to the crowd, giving little curtsies here and there, she eventually stood in front of Brandy.

She produced her hand and said "Hi there i am Effie from house trinket pleasure to meet you"

Brandy extended her arm to shake Effie's hand "hello Effie I am brandy from house sugar weather, great to meet you"

They began talking after that, cameras constantly on her and brandy, they had become quite the pair of Capitol Gems. But when the time

came Brandy had to leave for District 11, and then Effie was all alone, though this had a benefit as this meant the cameras were always on her, following her about, watching her lonely life. She would wander the empty train carts, thinking about the slum of district twelve, the broadcast of last year's reaping was shown, her sister's death broadcast across national television.

"can somebody please turn it off" she whined like a hungry cat until she realised nobody was coming to help her, she got up and ripped the cord from the tv so fiercely it broke the cord, she was so angry she stormed off to her bedroom, sobbing into her white sheets a little while later an avox came into the room bearing tea, bread and dripping.

"Are we almost at district 12?" asked Effie

The Avox nodded in reply

"how much longer till we are there" asked Effie

The Avox flashed all ten of her fingers twice

"Twenty minutes?" asked Effie

The Avox nodded again, placing the tray down on Effie's lap with a nod of the head and then swiftly left the room.

Effie ate her bread and drank her tea and got ready in a lavish glistening green dress with a large green powder wig, green make up and some large green shoes, she looked more capital than ever in district twelve. The station was eerily empty, apart from two decaying hanging corpses above the train station entrance, she knew who they were, the things who had murdered her sister.

As soon as she entered the actual district square she knew she was in the wrong place, compared to the other 16 year olds the difference between them and her was other worldly. It was shocking, the 16 year old girls around her looked withered, stooped, and angry. [Nice detail - YOU SHOW THEIR POVERTY](#)

She tottered through the crowd that was been held back by peacekeepers, held her head high, she took her place on the stage, standing proud, she would not allow them to see her fear, she wouldn't give them the satisfaction.

“happy hunger games and may the odds be ever in your favour” her voice was fake and shrill, she felt as though it had come from someone else, not her, but it was beautifully spoken. She continued “it is a time for celebration as one of you lucky girls and one of you lucky boys will be able to lavish and dine in the capitol and take pride in presenting your district in the annual 52th hunger games” She gave a little applause, that nobody joined in on “and with that lady’s first” she walked over to the large glass bowl labelled “girls” she swished her hand about inside the bowl and then made her hand dive, like a bird for a fish, she grabbed a card and then walked back over to the microphone “Lexi Baker” a young girl emerged from the crowd priding in every step she took. She flounced her way up the stairs and took stance on the stage “and now for the boys,” she repeated the process of diving her hand into the bowl and plucked a name from the mix “Aron Riverdale” a strapping 18 year old boy took the stage, leaning down to whisper in her ear “My mum and Dad murdered your sister as we all spat on her disgusting Capitol body” he sneered and then straightened back up, turned to the crowd and took a deep bow.

Effie holding back tears, she was shaken, but her voice held true, “This year’s tributes for district twelve!” she announced with a huge grin, as she turned to exit the stage, every ounce of her being told her to run, to get away, to save herself off, she reminded her self, the peacekeepers were there, she was safe. She straightened her shoulders, as calmly sauntered off the stage with the Tributes. The boy growled low again to her ear “and now it’s your turn, got another trinket to replace you? I thought of new ways of murder and worse things to do” his black eyes seemed to bore through her own.

All Effie could think was “I hate district twelve”.

[An interesting take on Effie - does it entirely reflect the people of D12 though? In some ways - their poverty and anger, it does. However, I'm not sure they ever are portrayed as violent.](#)