

MY CHARACTER: Isla

Common traits with all characters:

- Ambition
- Not settlers
- Goes for what they desire
- Compassionate
- Family-Oriented
- Independant

The character I have created and cultivated during the course of this project is someone who is both kind, gentle, timid and reserved, but still so bold and outspoken. It's about the development of the character. What makes them so memorable is their growth. Isla is ambitious, and goes for what she wants. She finds joy in the little things, and tries her best to be still, in the midst of chaos. She is creative, and intelligent. She brightens up every room she enters. But more importantly, when she exits a room, people notice. Isla is the healer. She is the mom of the friend group, focusing all of her energy on her friends.

Pride & Prejudice

“Isla! Isla! Isla!” Elizabeth ran to the tree I sat by, reading. “You will never guess who I just saw.” Elizabeth’s mouth hung slightly agape, awaiting my response. Her excitement alone intrigued me. I used a leaf from the ground to bookmark my page, to give my sister my full attention.

“Who did you run into, Lizzy?” I smiled at my sister’s, exasperated demeanor. She looked both cross, yet happy, as if she was confused. I was always there for Lizzy, and will continue to be there for my sisters day in and day out. Plus, I love seeing my sisters so giddy, and full of excitement.

“I thought I’d never see him again, but Isla -- he’s *everywhere*. And after his snarky remarks the first time I met his acquaintance, I didn't want to see him. He is the last man I'd want to see as I'm coming to the rescue of my ill sister. Yet, whenever we do find ourselves in a verbal dispute, I feel challenged, and I don't *hate* it.”

I smile to myself as my older sister continues to ramble on about the man she loves, she doesn't know it yet, but I can guarantee that Elizabeth is full heartedly in love with Mr. Darcy.

"Elizabeth, darling..." I laugh as she lets out a sigh, that she seems to have been holding in for quite some time. "Who was it, exactly?"

There were question marks in Elizabeth's eyes. And then, she realizes, she never actually told me who this stranger was. Although I knew.

"It was Mr. Darcy, of Derbyshire!" Her hands were thrown in the air. She continues, "I don't want to find myself enjoying the company of such a gentleman, but he's just so... I mean --" She groans.

"Surely you know what I mean, don't you Isla?"

"I do know. I understand completely. Come here," I slowly brush the ground next to me to get rid of any pebbles or stones. I gesture for Elizabeth to sit down. "Sit."

"What is meant for you, is meant for you my sister. Don't complicate something just for the desire of answers. Live still, in this current moment. And the universe will conspire into helping you achieve your hopes and dreams. There is no such thing as coincidence, Lizzy. Everything has its purpose."

Elizabeth lifts her head that has found its cozy way to the crook of my neck. She flashes an enormous grin before kissing my cheek in admiration.

"Thank you much, Isla. Who allowed you to be so wise, yet so young?" Lizzy jokes.

"I am only two years younger than you!" I shout after her, as she runs down the grassy field, heading home.

Harry Potter

“Isla, please. Talk to your mate. He only ever listens to you anyways.” To my left, Hermonie begs towards my direction with praying hands. Draco, Goyle and Crabbe all are acting bloody childish, while making potions. Snape is of course, never there when Slytherins act up, but either way, the class isn’t totally convinced he’d discipline them anyways. I look over to both Crabbe and Goyle, and with a single glare, I was able to get them to stop laughing. Draco followed through with their gaze, to make eye contact with me. I sat patiently at my desk, sitting next to both Luna and Hermonie. Without my eyebrow ever falling from its quirked position, I watch Draco Malfoy take a big gulp and settle into the task at hand. It was borderline humorous the power and control I had over him.

After class, I stood outside of Professor Snape's room, awaiting the blonde haired boy. As soon as I caught a glance of the mop head myself, I began walking towards him.

“Malfoy, Malfoy, Malfoy. Whenever will you learn?” I raise my eyebrow at Draco, teasing him for being so malleable.

“Shut your mouth, Afsaar. If I don’t do as you say my mum would give me bloody hell for it. You know that.”

Our parents were longtime friends. The only Ravenclaws and Slytherins that joined forces. That is until now.

But our parents' legacy isn't the only reason I stick around.

“Draco, you can’t tell me you only think I am here for you, to please our parents. Let’s be honest here — without me, you would’ve been expelled and most likely dead by now.” I smile at him, hitting his arm playfully as we walk down the hallway towards Professor McGonagall's class.

“Besides you need me. You’re not so evil you know? Just lost.”

Draco turns his head to look at me, fully, his mouth slightly agape.