

Ben Gunn (Treasure Island)

Surprisingly, Ben Gunn has scarred skin which had been burnt black from the scorching, magnificent, sweltering sun. His porcelain complexion was hidden by grainy dirt making him seem wild and feral. His beaming, shuttered, dull eyes rested on his tired face like two dead souls. Eerily, his onyx, platinum, chrome eyes sparkled as coldly as chips of ice. Ben Gunn had a rigid nose as crooked as the branches of a contorted tree. His narrow lips were cracked and chapped and had become black during the three years he had been marooned on the island. The dirt clung to them like bats to a cave. Like an animal, his flowing, gossamer, wild hair gleamed like polished metal in the light. The steel-grey, snowy fibres resembled the peaks of a mountain in winter. The aftermath of three years without a proper diet had left Ben Gunn thin, slender and emaciated. His weak frame was nothing more than skin and bones.