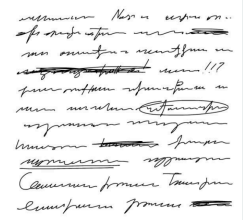


Portfolio info and instructions

1. The image with the page title is this, with portfolio written over it in a legible color
2. The first project is “Raging Moon”.

About the project is:

When the Duke of East Veil is kidnapped by the legendary assassin known as the Eclipse, his son, Damien Vonder, refuses to stand idly by. With his disgruntled squire, Alvaro, at his side, he embarks on a perilous quest to rescue his father. But as they uncover hidden truths and tangled conspiracies, Damien realizes his father’s disappearance is only the beginning of a much larger game.



3. The second project is “Unlucky”.

About the project is:

Red has always been unlucky—literally. Cursed with bad luck and stuck scraping by as a member of a ragtag Skyraider crew, she thinks she’s seen it all. But when she gets tricked into a job that puts her on the wrong side of the most powerful army in the world, her misfortune reaches a whole new level. Now, she’s dodging bounty hunters, airships, and a nation’s wrath while navigating the treacherous skies of floating islands. In a world of steam-powered machines, shady deals, and high-stakes escapes, Red has to rely on her wits, her crew, and a whole lot of bad luck to survive. And if you ask her? She’ll tell you the story herself—just don’t expect the whole truth.

4. The short story title is “Blackbird”. Please include the whole story as written below

Blackbird

Every stitch and seam of her handmade garb held a story. The dress was of the thread-worn rug and the dancing sun that peeked through the curtains. Her long dark hair was pinned back with a string of bottle caps and nicked fingers. The little girl had even made her shoes. Her shoes were special, crafted from the fabric of the smiling lady’s bag, and the last traces of laughter in the sagging old house.

Seashell Hall had once been grand. It had been grand to the children who climbed up the bluffs and left the marks of their learning with crayons on the walls. It had been grand to the storms of the sea, who could never quite push it down. Grand even to the two children who returned, claiming then naming the old schoolhouse. Especially grand to the little girl with bottle caps in her hair. Seashell Hall had been filled with the old magic. The magic that tugs at those young of heart and fills them with the boundless curiosity of wonder. The old house stands empty now. But. If you listen closely, you may just hear the last lilting traces of magic. The last notes of a song about a girl who longed to fly.

The man of frowns had called her tiny when he first saw her. The woman of stories had called her gem. However, it was the lady of smiles who had named her Blackbird. It was the lady of smiles that taught Blackbird the music of the old magic, and later the woman of stories taught her the words. The man of frowns hadn’t frowned quite as much then. The wind hadn’t blown quite so strong on Seashell Hall.

The hour Blackbird learned to toddle on her own was the day the man and lady showed her the path. The path twisted and turned through the long breeze-tickled grass and ended at a rocky shore. As the sun set into the crashing waves, the man and lady watched as the little Blackbird splashed and kicked. She chased the strange creatures that sang the old music so loudly, and let her voice intertwine with their calls. She joined the man and lady on an old mossy log as the sky’s painting faded. Blackbird reveled in the old magic. The waters knew the songs. The dots of light in the night winked to them as well. The stones and grass tumbled and waved in rhythm, and the lady of smiles sang it clearly.

“Out there, over the sea, is where the old magic comes from,” the man whispered to Blackbird. “One day you will fly there little bird and learn things we common can only dream of. You will learn of adventures where the wind and your heart thrum as you guide. You will see dreams torn apart then stitched back with hope. You will hear the songs of not only the past and present, but of the future too. Those songs will pull you towards every horizon and tug you closer to the magic of old, until finally it guides you back to us common who only live with the past and present.”

“Can you not come with me?” Blackbird chirped.

“We will try, we will try. But there are some songs only you can sing.”

Ten seasons of warmth and cold came and went this way. As Blackbird grew, so too did her voice. She would sing, and the old magic would answer. The little girl could do many things with her friend, the old magic. It would show her hiding places, like the upper room where the sun would illuminate thousands of specks dancing and whirling. It would tell her the stories of the other little birds that had left faces on the walls and laughter in the floorboards.

The lady of smiles remembered the songs the best, but it was the woman of stories who knew the old magic better than anyone who had ever filled Seashell Hall. Though she could no longer sing the stories, she would use colors and words to sketch them in the mind. Stories of wolves and men, of the sea, of birds and freedom, and of love and loss. Blackbird learned the stories, then began telling her own.

Even the man knew the old magic in his own way. His way was laughter and games. He would run through the house with Blackbird, dispelling the gloom and bringing memory into its place. He would often take the little girl down the path for an evening of dancing and singing. He would point to the horizon and tell her of the marvels that awaited her, the marvels that she would accomplish if she always held onto the old magic. He was the one who gave her the wish to fly.

Those were the days when sun warmed the hearts and joy chased the wind. But like most days, these could not last forever. Soon came the days when the lady of smiles could no longer sing the songs of old magic, so Blackbird sang them for her. Then came the day when the curtains were drawn, a stone set by the mossy log, and the man took up his role as the man of frowns. He told the little girl that the lady of smiles now slept under that lonely rock. Blackbird did not believe him. She knew where the lady had gone. She had gone across the sea to the place where the old songs were from. Blackbird sang on.

Then another day came when the woman of stories got a stone by the mossy log as well. Still, Blackbird sang on, but the songs of Seashell Hall were different now. What once was shiny and airy was now thick and dull. Blackbird still sang though. She told the stories to the memories in the halls and played the games on the rocky shore. This time alone. The man of frowns never left his room, for the memories were painful for him. Blackbird managed the best she could. She crafted her clothes, made and burnt the food, hummed the songs.

After many seasons of warmth and cold, the man of frowns suddenly came out of his room and opened his eyes. He finally saw the quiet halls. Saw the piling notes, and found Blackbird, who was no longer a little bird with bottle caps in her hair.

“What are you singing little bird?” the man of frowns asked in bafflement.

“Why, I am singing the songs and stories of the old magic of course.”

“How can you still remember the words?” the man asked.

“The old magic never leaves us, you simply forgot how to hear it,” Blackbird said. “It is in the rustling of the wind, the crash of the sea, the stones of the shore, the walls of this hall, and in the memories of the days come and gone. Were you not the one to tell me never to lose the songs?”

At this, the man of frowns sorrowed greatly. “My child I have caged you. Clipped your wings and hushed your song. Kept you from the stories that await you. It is time for you to travel the path, cross the sea, find the old magic, and write your own song.”

Blackbird shook her head, for she wished not to leave the man and Seashell Hall. “Can you not come with me?”

“There are some songs only you can sing. Take the songs, the stories, the memories, and the old magic with you. With these, you will never go astray.”

When a new day dawned, Blackbird took the path one final time. She bid farewell to the man of frowns. She said goodbye to the stones and the mossy log. She gave thanks to Seashell Hall and its seasons of warmth and cold. As Blackbird flew away, she had a new song on her lips, her own, a song of hope, and a song of the future.

Now Seashell Hall stands deserted on the bluff, yet the old magic still lingers in its walls. It whispers of those who ran across its floors and those who learned to fly. It sings the melodies of joy, stories, and memories. For these are the most powerful magic of all and will forever be etched in our hearts and minds.