

Melissa Mason | Writing Portfolio

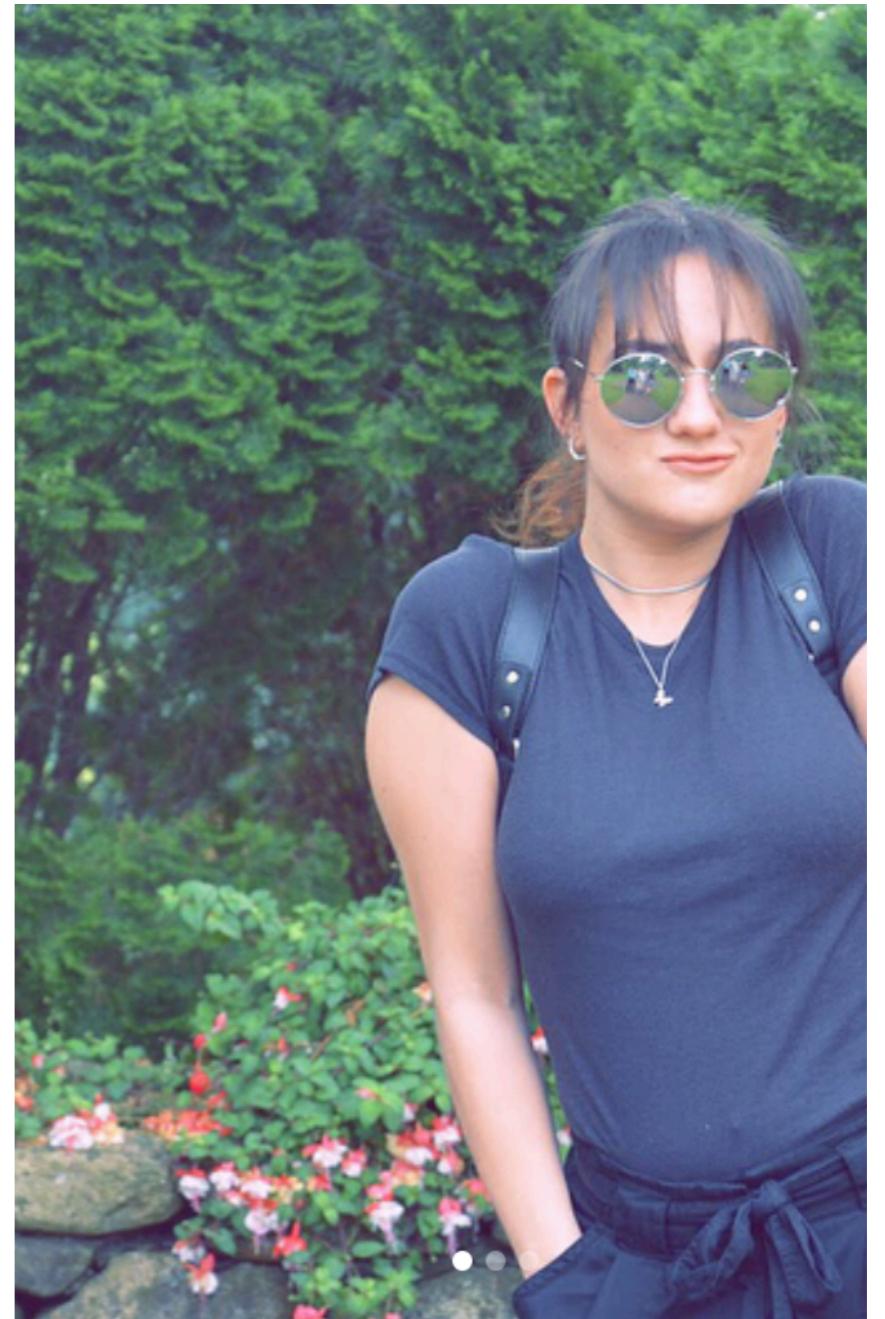
Site Design Process

Client: Melissa Mason

Designer: Alyssa Donovan

Tell Me Whatcha Want

- + Creative writing portfolio site
- + Showcasing work to potential employers
- + Meant for potential employers & publishers
- + Targeted at employers & publishers
- + Success = sassy professionalism
- + No experience working with designers



Tell Me Whatcha Want

- | | | |
|----------------------|-------------------|-----------------|
| - Bad typography | + Improved layout | + Graphics |
| - Separate resume | + Color scheme | + Organization |
| - Icky color palette | + User experience | + Individuality |

Tell Me Whatcha Want

Home Essays Poetry Short Stories Resume

*Melissa
Mason*

Aspiring Writer



Exhibit A

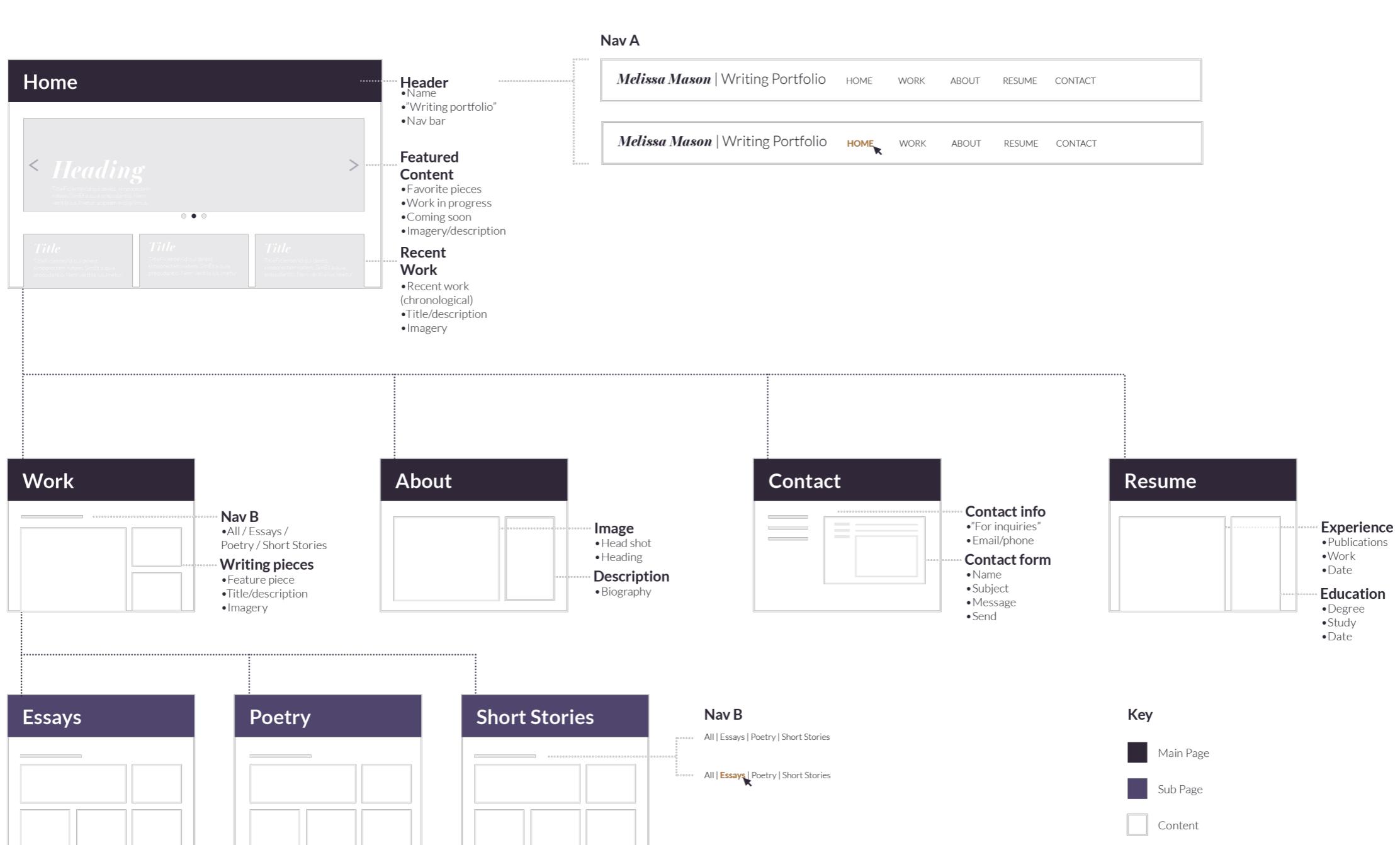
Architecture

mpmason.com

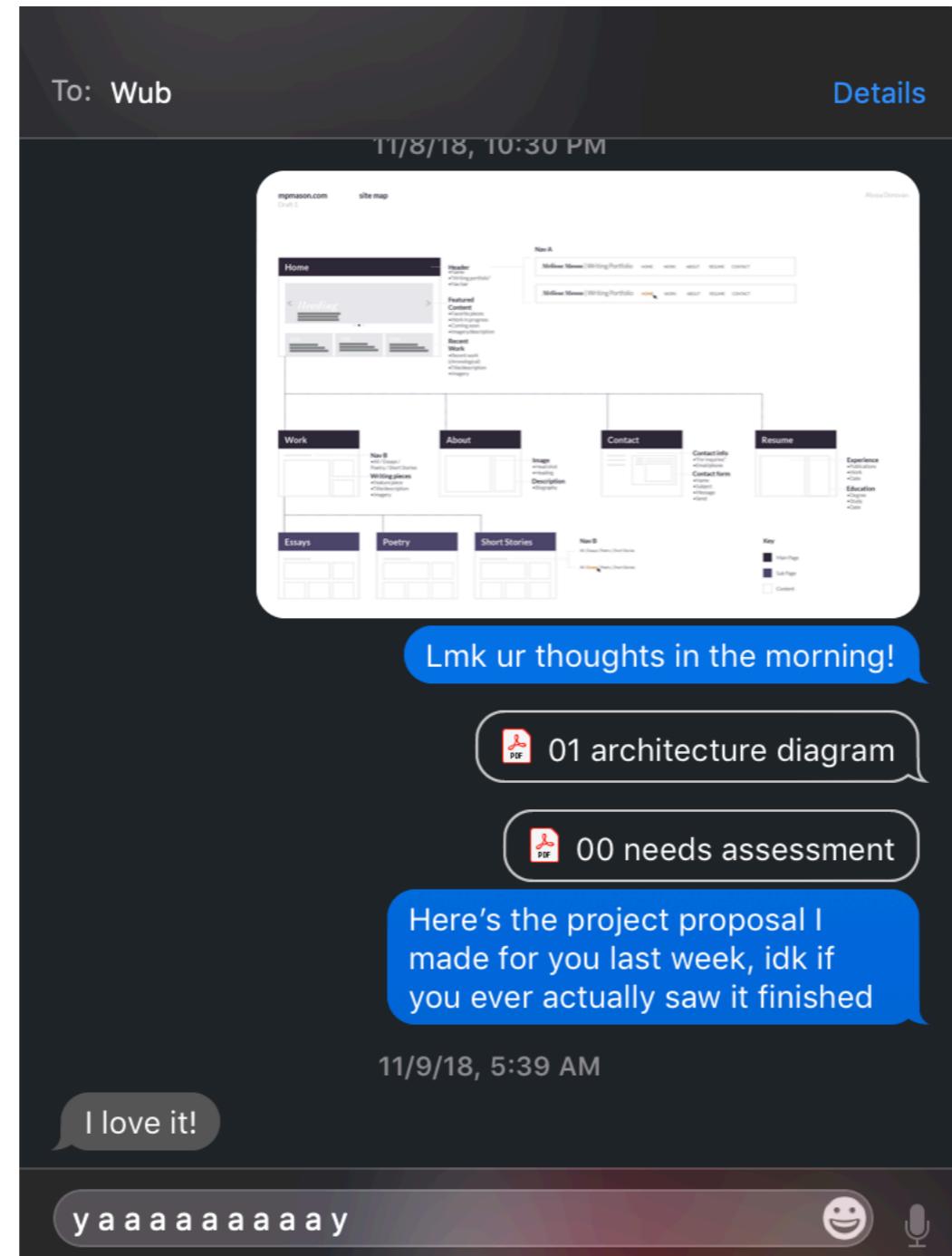
site map

Draft 1

Alyssa Donovan

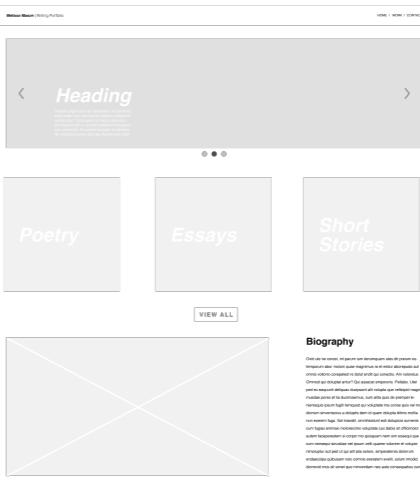


Architecture



Wireframes

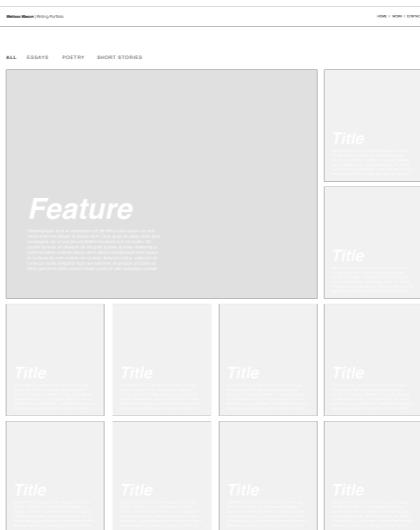
+ Condensed pages



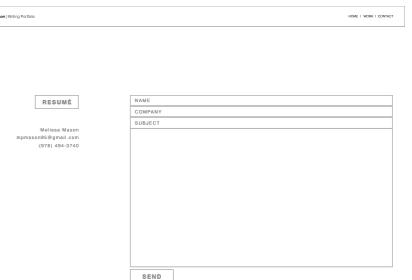
+ Laid out imagery areas



+ Brought template number down from 6 to 4ish



+ Hierarchy of pages rearranged



Melissa Mason | Writing Portfolio

HOME | WORK | CONTACT

Heading

HeadingAgit etur te velisserem sit denihilia
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Poetry

Essays

Short Stories

[VIEW ALL](#)

Biography

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[RESUMÉ](#)

Home Page

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ALL ESSAYS POETRY SHORT STORIES

Feature

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Work/All Page

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ALL ESSAYS POETRY SHORT STORIES

Feature

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Work/Category Page

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ALL ESSAYS POETRY SHORT STORIES

Title

Date

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Work/Magnified Content Page

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RESUMÉ

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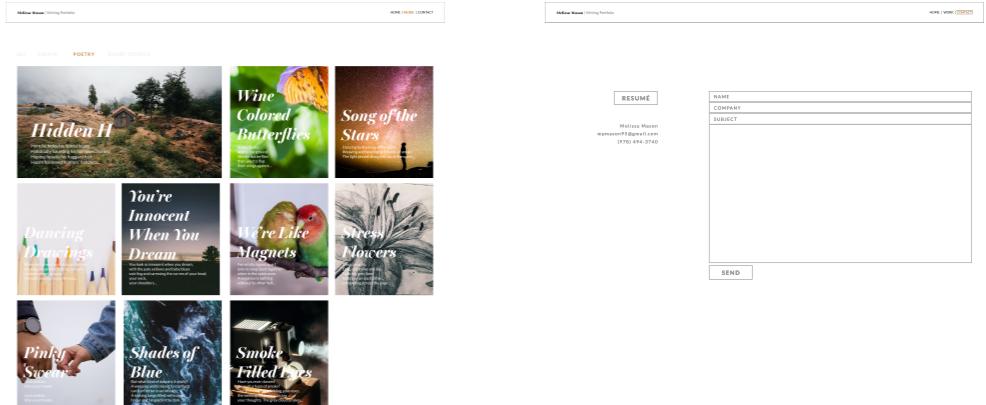
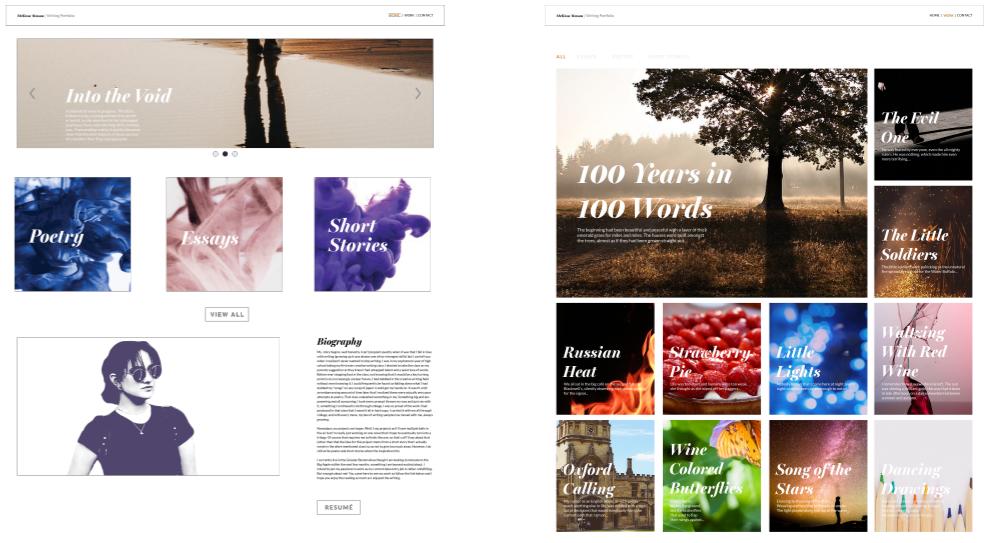
Prototype

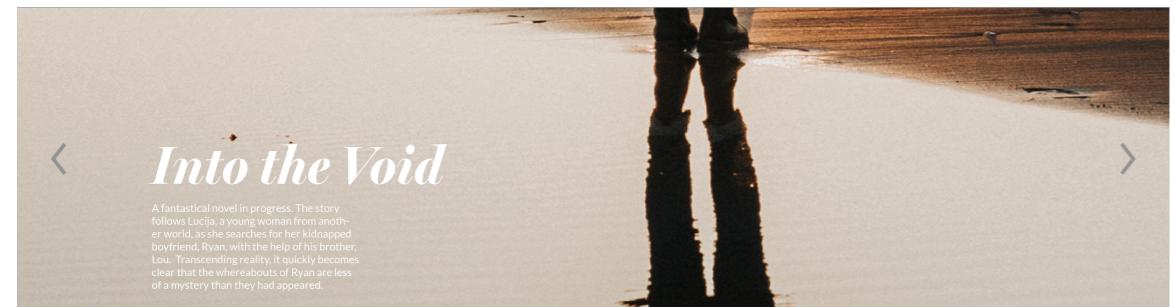
+ Typography

+ Imagery

+ Written content

+ Color





Into the Void

A fantastical novel in progress. The story follows Lucija, a young woman from another world, as she searches for her kidnapped boyfriend, Ryan, with the help of his brother, Lou. Transcending reality, it quickly becomes clear that the whereabouts of Ryan are less of a mystery than they had appeared.

...



Poetry

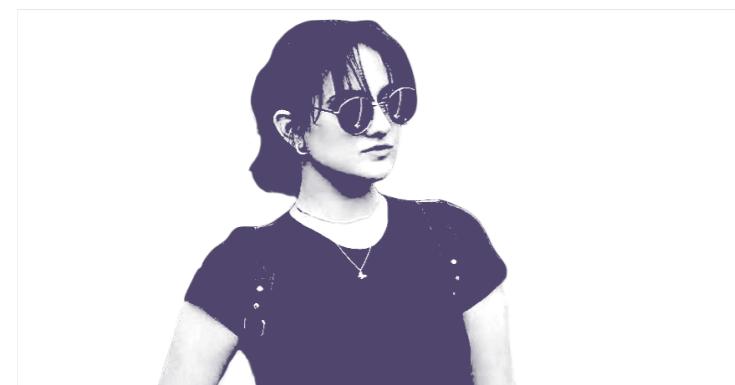


Essays



Short Stories

[VIEW ALL](#)



Biography

My story begins, well honestly I can't pinpoint exactly when it was that I fell in love with writing. I think it was when I was about 10 years old and I would write stories in my head when I realized I never wanted to stop writing. I was firmly ensconced in a life of high school taking my first ever creative writing class. I elected to take the class on my parents suggestion as they knew I had untapped talent and a quiet love of words. Before ever stepping foot in the class, not knowing that it would be a key turning point in my increasingly unclear future, I had dabbled in the creative writing field without even knowing it. I could frequently be found scribbling down what I had dubbed my "songs" on any scrap of paper I could get my hands on. It wasn't until an embarrassing amount of time later that I realized these were actually very poor attempts at songwriting. I was so embarrassed by my lack of musical talent and power that I all but discontinued. I took every prompt thrown my way and ran with it, something I continued to do through college. I was so proud of the work I had produced in that class that I saved it all in hard copy. I carried it with me all through college, and with every move, my box of writing samples has moved with me, always growing.

Nowadays, my projects are larger. Well, I say projects as if I have multiple balls in the air but I'm really just working on one novel that I hope to eventually turn into a trilogy. Of course that requires me to finish this one, so that's all I'll say about that (other than that the idea for this project stems from a short story that I actually wrote in the afore mentioned class) so as not to give too much away. However, I do still write poems and short stories when the inspiration hits.

I currently live in the Greater Boston Area though I am looking to relocate to the Big Apple within the next few months, something I am beyond excited about. I intend to put my passions to work as my current data entry job is rather unfulfilling. But enough about me! You came here to see my work so follow the link below and I hope you enjoy the reading as much as I enjoyed the writing.

[RESUMÉ](#)

Home Page

ALL ESSAYS POETRY SHORT STORIES



100 Years in 100 Words

The beginning had been beautiful and peaceful with a layer of thick emerald grass for miles and miles. The houses were built amongst the trees, almost as if they had been grown straight out...



Russian Heat

We all sat in the big café on the second floor of Blackwell's, silently observing each other, waiting for the signal...



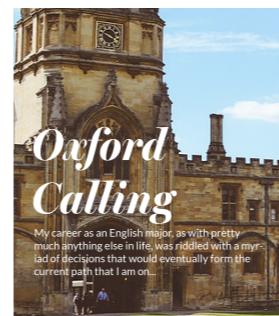
Strawberry Pie

Life was too short and humans were too weak, she thought as she wiped off her daggers...



Little Lights

Nobody knows that I come here at night, every night; nobody even cares enough to notice...



Oxford Calling

My career as an English major, as pretty much anything else in life, was riddled with a myriad of decisions that would eventually form the current path that I am on...



Wine Colored Butterflies

Leaves flutter across the ground like the butterflies that used to flap their wings against...



Song of the Stars

Dancing to the song of the stars Weaving and twisting as if made of smoke. The light played along the top of the water...



The Evil One

He was feared by everyone, even the all mighty rulers. He was nothing, which made him even more terrifying...



The Little Soldiers

The little soldiers were panicking as the unnatural fire spread, trying out for the Water Buffalo...



Walzing With Red Wine

I remember how it was before he left. The sun was shining a brilliant gold, the way that it does in late afternoon, on a day somewhere between summer and autumn.



Dancing Drawings

Blues and greens and reds and whites forming shapes and staring straight. Animals sleeping upon the wall, teasing you with eyes...

Work/All Page

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ALL ESSAYS POETRY SHORT STORIES

Hidden H

Here he hides his horrid heart
Habitually haunting his harrowed hollow
Hoping heavily his haggard hair
Hasn't hastened hunters' hatchets...

Wine Colored Butterflies

leaves flutter across the ground like the butterflies that used to flap their wings against...

Song of the Stars

Dancing to the song of the stars
Weaving and twisting as if made of smoke
The light played along the top of the water...

Dancing Drawings

Blues and greens and reds and whites forming shapes and staring straight. Animals sleeping upon the wall, teasing you with eyes...

You're Innocent When You Dream

You look so innocent when you dream, with the pale yellows and baby blues swirling and caressing the curves of your head, your neck, your shoulders...

We're Like Magnets

Forcefully ripped apart only to snap back together when in the same zone. A negative is nothing without its other half...

Stress Flowers

Deep breaths. Dose and curve and dip. Twisting grey lines folding in on each other, whispering across the page...

Pinky Swear

Lock pinkies, Kiss your thumb. Lock pinkies, Bite your thumb...

Shades of Blue

But what kind of dance is it really? A weeping waltz meant to comfort can turn bitter in an instant. A teasing tango filled with urges broke and tangled in the dark...

Smoke Filled Eyes

Have you ever danced through a haze of smoke? The distorted mirror tickling your eyes, the swirling colors romancing your thoughts. The grey cloud strokes...

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ALL ESSAYS POETRY SHORT STORIES

Hidden H

April 11, 2015

Here he hides his horrid heart
Habitually haunting his harrowed hollow
Hoping heavily his haggard hair
Hasn't hastened hunters' hatchets
His hillock hideaway holds his hatred
His half-assed halo hazily hanging
Haughtily hisses hoarse horizons
He hoists his heavy hanging heart
Hastily hiding handsome hands
Hating his hijacked half-life
Hearty heathens haint happy homes
His hopeless head honestly harmless
Homesick half-life habits hurt
His hideout hardening his happy heart

Work/Category Page

Work/Magnified Content Page

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RESUMÉ

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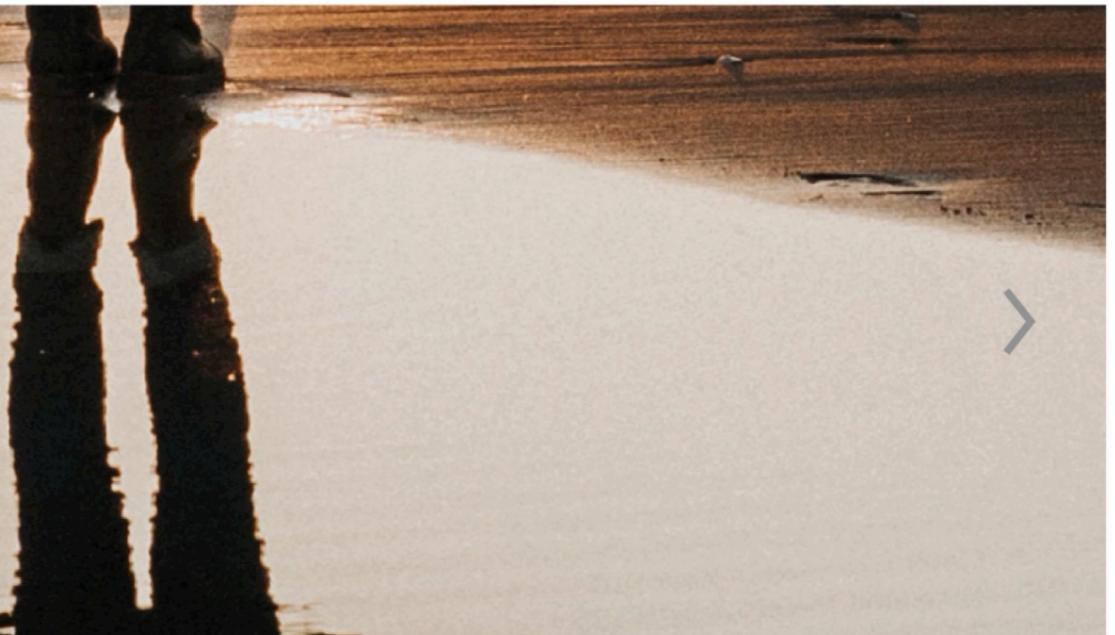
Contact Page



Into the Void



A fantastical novel in progress. The story follows Lucija, a young woman from another world, as she searches for her kidnapped boyfriend, Ryan, with the help of his brother, Lou. Transcending reality, it quickly becomes clear that the whereabouts of Ryan are less of a mystery than they had appeared.



HIDE

Clickable Prototype

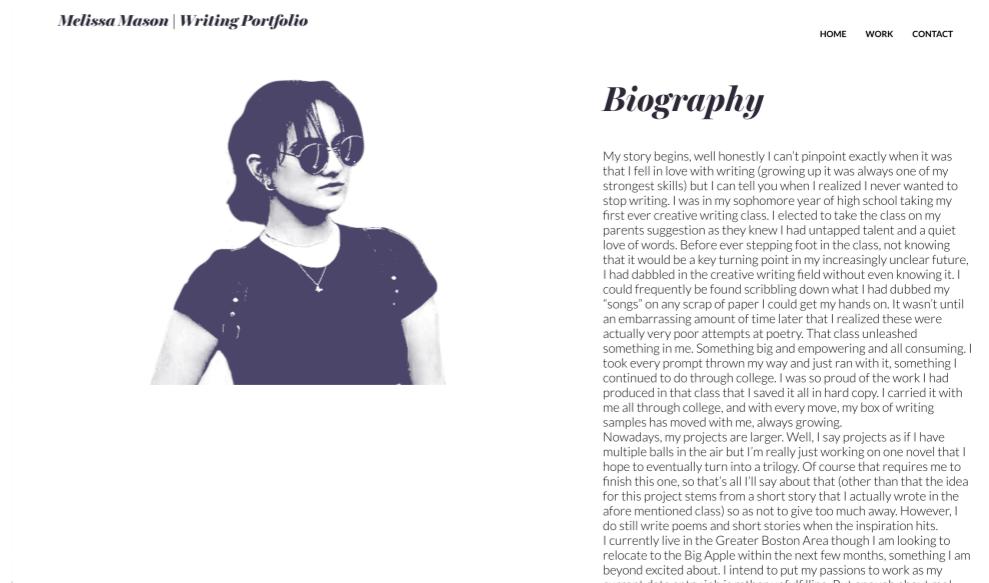
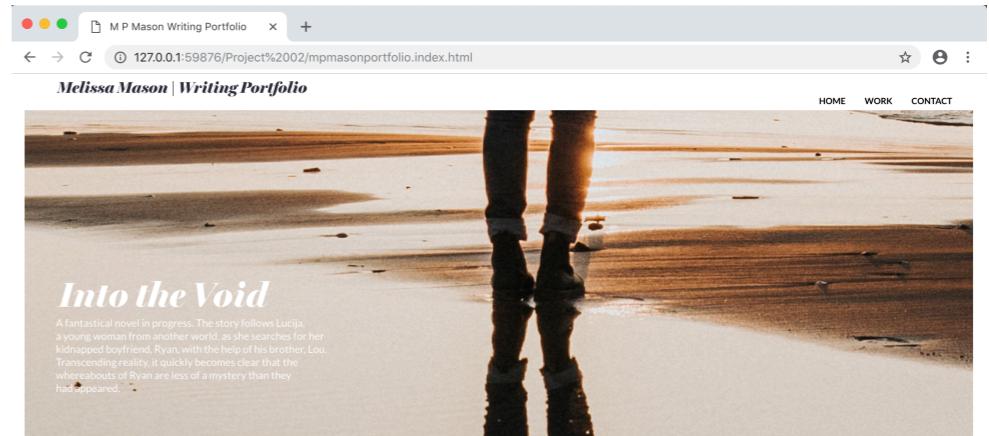
Conversion

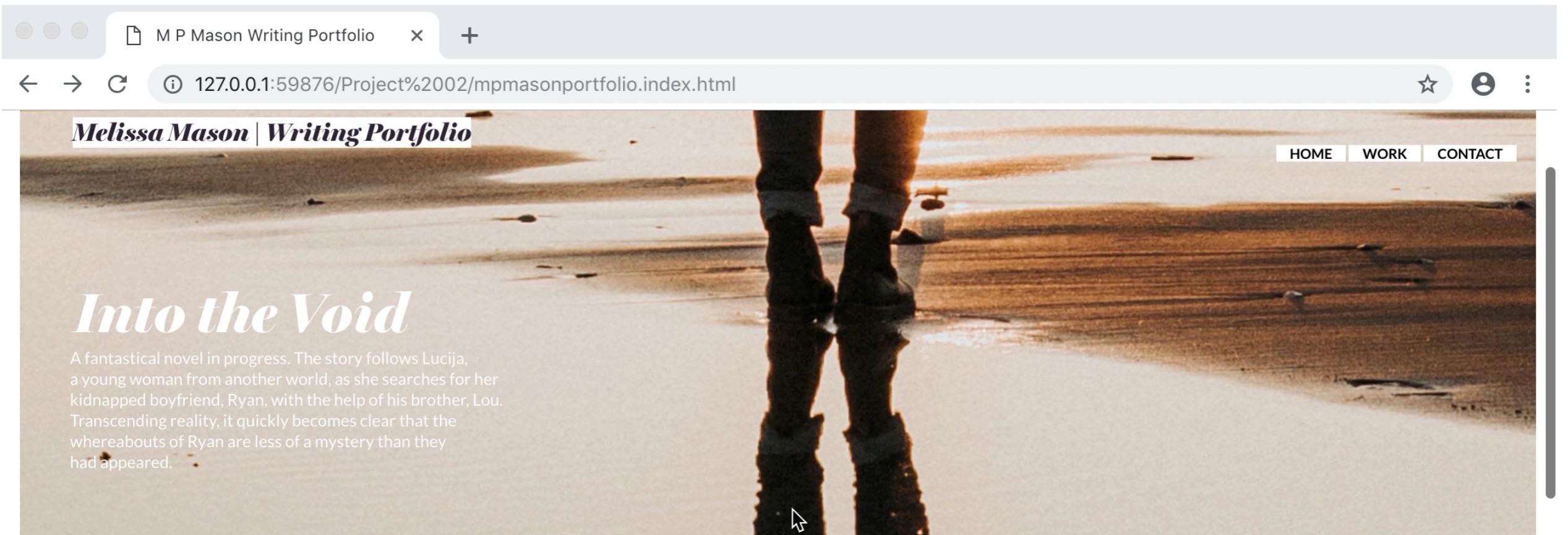
+ Nav bar hierarchy

+ Less imagery

+ Grid?

+ 2 slightly functioning pages





Poetry

Short Stories

Essays

Minimal functionality,
maximum effort.

Style Guide

Typography

Header 1

Font: MillerBanner Bold Italic / Color #31273A

Header 2

Font: MillerBanner Bold Italic / Color #31273A

Header 3

Font: MillerBanner Bold Italic / Color #31273A

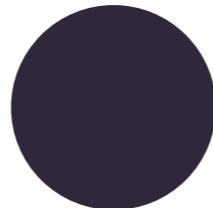
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Ommod qui doluptat antur? Qui assecat emporerio. Pellabo. Utet ped ex
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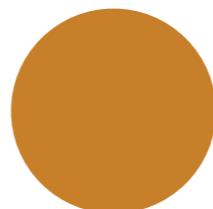
This is a link

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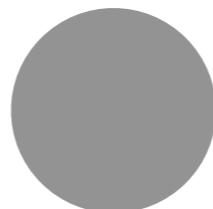
Color Palette



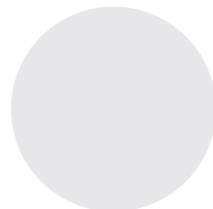
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#C77F2A



#939393



#E7E7E9

What I learned in Coding School is

- + Designing a website is hard
- + Coding is harder
- + Templates are probably cool if you ever make one good enough to use
- + Grids are a lie
- + Melissa's opinion: she did not answer when I sent her pictures

Thank you!

(sorry, Melissa)