

Processbook by Anna Kracklauer
Type 1
Professor John Kane
Fall 2019



PERSONLICHE DATEN

Geburtsdatum und -Ort	18.08.1999 in Frankfurt am Main
Staatsangehörigkeit	Deutsch
Adresse	Fünf-Bäume-Weg 211, 89081 Ulm
Mobiletelefon:	001 857 4249296
E-Mail	anna.kracklauer@web.de

SCHULE UND STUDIUM

seit 09/2018 **Northeastern University**, Boston, **USA**: Studium B.Sc. "Journalism and Interaction Design" Notenschchnitt 1,4; **Sportstipendium** Rudern

2009 - 2017 **St. Hildegard Gymnasium, Ulm**

- Abitur 07/2017, Abschlussnote 1,7
- Schwerpunkte in Deutsch, Englisch, Französisch, Mathematik, Sport

2005 – 2009 St. Hildegard Grundschule, Ulm

EDUCATIONAL PURPOSE

09/2017 – 08/2018 Bundesfreiwilligendienst, Deutscher Ruderverband, Einsatzstelle Ulmer Ruderclub Donau e.V., Ulm

AUSLANDSAUFENTHALTE

09/2011 – 01/2012	Collège Pasteur, Caen, Frankreich Austauschprogramm mit Aufenthalt in Gastfamilie
01/2014 – 04/2014	King's School, Rochester, England Internatsaufenthalt

PRAXIS

Januar 2015 **Bodelschwingh-Schule, Ulm**
Sozialpraktikum

Anna Kracklauer

Geburtsdatum und -Ort 18.08.1999 in Frankfurt am Main
Staatsangehörigkeit Deutsch
Adresse Fünf-Bäume-Weg 211, 89081 Ulm
Mobiltelefon: 001 857 4249296
E-Mail anna.kracklauer@web.de

Freiwilligendienst

09/2017 - 08/2018
Bundesfreiwilligendienst,
Deutscher Ruderverband,
Einsatzstelle
Ulmer Ruderclub Donau e.V., Ulm

Schule und Studium

seit 09/2018
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USA
Studium B.Sc.
"Journalism and Interaction Design"
Sportsstipendium Rudern
Notenschnitt 1,4

Auslandsaufenthalte

09/2011 - 01/2012
Collège Pasteur,
Caen, Frankreich
Austauschprogramm mit
Aufenthalt in Gastfamilie

01/2014 – 04/2014
King's School Rochester,
England
Internatsaufenthalt

Praktika

07 - 08/2019

Pressestelle

Deutsche Bischofskonferenz

2015

Bodelschwingh-Schule, Ulm

Sozialpraktikum

2009 - 2017
St. Hildegard Gymnasium, Ulm
Abitur 07/2017, Abschlussnote 1,7
Schwerpunkte:
Deutsch,
Englisch,
Französisch,
Mathematik,
Sport

2005 - 2009
St. Hildegard Grundschule, Ulm

Programme

Adobe Illustrator
Adobe Xd
Adobe InDesign

The resumee should attract the attention of the potential employer. Use the space well and emphasize the most important information by positioning it so that the employer looks at it first.

Anna Kracklauer

001 516 617 9046
anna.kracklauer@web.de

Praktika

07 – 08/2019
Pressestelle
Deutsche Bischofskonferenz

2015
Bodelschwingh-Schule, Ulm
Sozialpraktikum

Leistungssport Rudern

2012 – 2018
Ulmer Ruderclub Donau

2018 – now
Northeastern University
Women’s Rowing

Freiwilligendienst

09/2017 – 08/2018
Bundesfreiwilligendienst,
Deutscher Ruderverband,
Einsatzstelle
Ulmer Ruderclub Donau e.V.,
Ulm

Programme

Adobe Illustrator
Adobe Xd
Adobe inDesign
Adobe Acrobat
HTML + CSS

Schule und Studium

seit 09/2018
Northeastern University, Boston, USA
Studium B.Sc. “Journalism and Interaction Design”
Sportstipendium Rudern
Notenschnitt 1,4

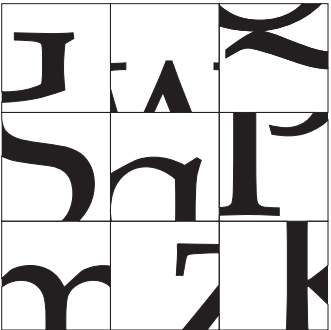
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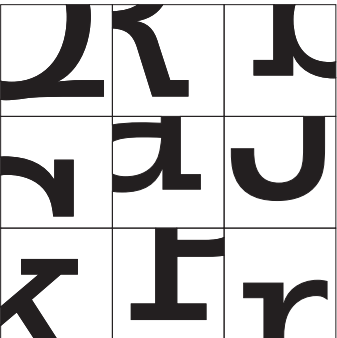
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09/2011 – 01/2012
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Caen, Frankreich
Austauschprogramm mit
Aufenthalt in Gastfamilie

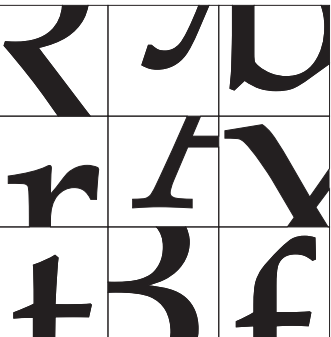
01/2014 – 04/2014
King’s School Rochester,
England
Internatsaufenthalt



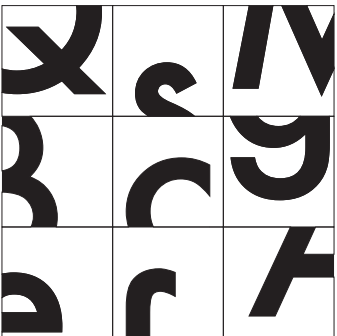
Oldstyle
Palatino
ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz



Square serif
Serifa
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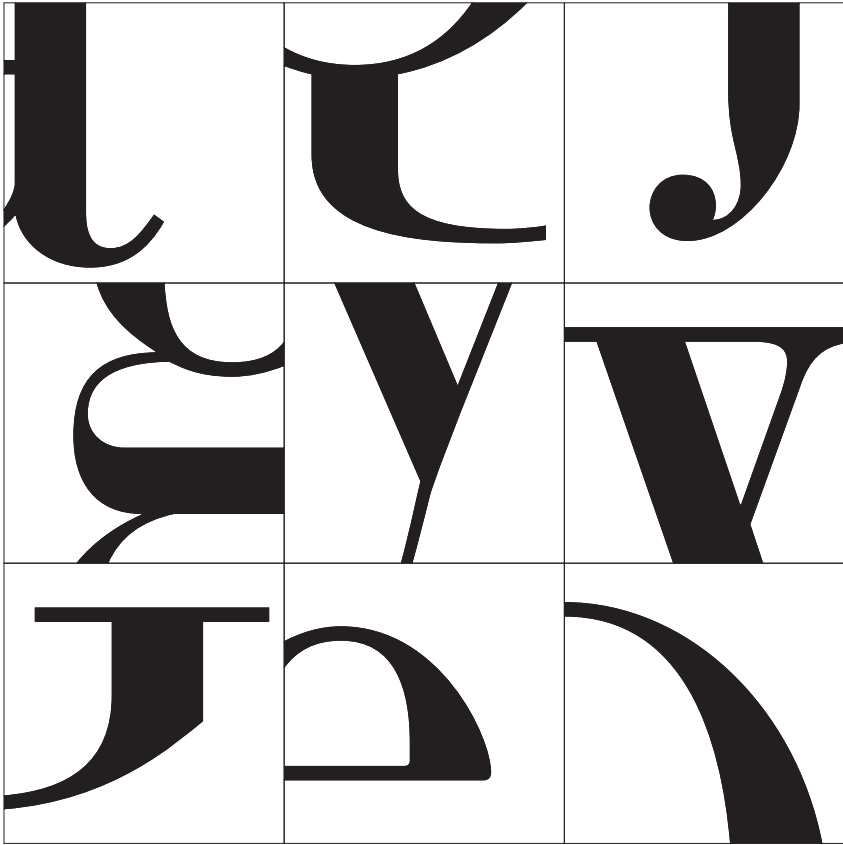


Times New Roman
Transitional
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abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz



Sans serif
Futura
ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

Show just enough of a letterform
so that it is still recognizable.
Some features of a letter are
very specific for that one typeface.



Oldstyle
Bembo Std
p10
p11.4 leading

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rutrum euismod non a diam. Nulla facilisi.
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aliquam nec mi nec, tempus blandit ipsum.
Nam at leo tincidunt, convallis velit nec,
scelerisque sem.

Modern
Bauer Bodini

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

This paragraph setup exercise aims making
the text the most readable. The leading is set
up to lead the eye horizontally along the
lines. If too much space was in between the
lines, a striped pattern would distract the
reader from the actual information.

Transitional
Times New Roman
p10
p11.2 leading

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Modern
Bauer Bodini
p10
p11.8 leading

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Sans Serif
Futura
p9
p11 leading

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interdum leo in convallis. Pellentesque
mollis laoreet mattis. Quisque mollis est
urna, eu egestas tellus finibus ut. Proin
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blandit ipsum. Nam at leo tincidunt,
convallis velit nec, scelerisque sem.

The Strange Case of
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

The Strange Case Of Mr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
by Robert Louis Stevenson

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Printed October 2019
by Blurb Global Print Operations
San Francisco, United States of America

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9	Chapter 1	<i>Story of the door</i>
17	Chapter 2	<i>Search for Mr. Hyde</i>
25	Chapter 3	<i>Dr. Jekyll was quite at ease</i>
29	Chapter 4	<i>The Carew murder case</i>
35	Chapter 5	<i>Incident of the letter</i>
41	Chapter 6	<i>Incident of Dr. Lanyon</i>
45	Chapter 7	<i>Incident at the window</i>
47	Chapter 8	<i>The last night</i>

Chapter 1

Story of the door

Mr. Utterson the lawyer was a man of a rugged countenance that was never lighted by a smile; cold, scanty and embarrassed in discourse; backward in sentiment; lean, long, dusty, dreary and yet somehow lovable. At friendly meetings, and when the wine was to his taste, something eminently human beaconed from his eye; something indeed which never found its way into his talk, but which spoke not only in these silent symbols of the after-dinner face, but more often and loudly in the acts of his life. He was austere with himself; drank gin when he was alone, to mortify a taste for vintages; and though he enjoyed the theatre, had not crossed the doors of one for twenty years. But he had an approved tolerance for others; sometimes wondering, almost with envy, at the high pressure of spirits involved in their misdeeds; and in any extremity inclined

to help rather than to reprove. “I incline to Cain’s heresy,” he used to say quaintly: “I let my brother go to the devil in his own way.” In this character, it was frequently his fortune to be the last reputable acquaintance and the last good influence in the lives of downgoing men. And to such as these, so long as they came about his chambers, he never marked a shade of change in his demeanour.

No doubt the feat was easy to Mr. Utterson; for he was undemonstrative at the best, and even his friendship seemed to be founded in a similar catholicity of good-nature. It is the mark of a modest man to accept his friendly circle ready-made from the hands of opportunity; and that was the lawyer’s way. His friends were those of his own blood or those whom he had known the longest; his affections, like ivy, were the growth of time, they implied no aptness in the object. Hence, no doubt the bond that united him to Mr. Richard Enfield, his distant kinsman, the well-known man about town. It was a nut to crack for many, what these two could see in each other, or what subject they could find in common. It was reported by those who encountered them in their Sunday walks, that they said nothing, looked singularly dull and would hail with obvious relief the appearance of a friend. For all that, the two men put the greatest store by these excursions, counted them the chief jewel of each week, and not only set aside occasions of pleasure, but even resisted the calls of business, that they might enjoy them uninterrupted.

It chanced on one of these rambles that their way led them down a by-street in a busy quarter of London. The street was small and what is called quiet, but it drove a thriving trade on the weekdays. The inhabitants were all doing well, it seemed and all emulously hoping to do better still, and laying out the surplus of their grains in coquetry; so that the shop fronts stood along that thoroughfare with an air of invitation, like rows of smiling saleswomen. Even on Sunday, when it veiled its more florid charms and lay comparatively empty of passage, the street shone out in contrast to its dingy neighbourhood, like a fire in a forest; and with its freshly painted shutters, well-polished brasses, and general cleanliness and gaiety of note, instantly caught and pleased the eye of the passenger.

Two doors from one corner, on the left hand going east the line was broken by the entry of a court; and just at that point a certain

sinister block of building thrust forward its gable on the street. It was two storeys high; showed no window, nothing but a door on the lower storey and a blind forehead of discoloured wall on the upper; and bore in every feature, the marks of prolonged and sordid negligence. The door, which was equipped with neither bell nor knocker, was blistered and distained. Tramps slouched into the recess and struck matches on the panels; children kept shop upon the steps; the schoolboy had tried his knife on the mouldings; and for close on a generation, no one had appeared to drive away these random visitors or to repair their ravages.

Mr. Enfield and the lawyer were on the other side of the by-street; but when they came abreast of the entry, the former lifted up his cane and pointed.

“Did you ever remark that door?” he asked; and when his companion had replied in the affirmative, “It is connected in my mind,” added he, “with a very odd story.”

“Indeed?” said Mr. Utterson, with a slight change of voice, “and what was that?”

“Well, it was this way,” returned Mr. Enfield: “I was coming home from some place at the end of the world, about three o’clock of a black winter morning, and my way lay through a part of town where there was literally nothing to be seen but lamps. Street after street and all the folks asleep—street after street, all lighted up as if for a procession and all as empty as a church—till at last I got into that state of mind when a man listens and listens and begins to long for the sight of a policeman. All at once, I saw two figures: one a little man who was stumping along eastward at a good walk, and the other a girl of maybe eight or ten who was running as hard as she was able down a cross street. Well, sir, the two ran into one another naturally enough at the corner; and then came the horrible part of the thing; for the man trampled calmly over the child’s body and left her screaming on the ground. It sounds nothing to hear, but it was hellish to see. It wasn’t like a man; it was like some damned Juggernaut. I gave a few halloa, took to my heels, collared my gentleman, and brought him back to where there was already quite a group about the screaming child. He was perfectly cool and made no resistance, but gave me one look, so ugly that it brought out the sweat on me like running. The people who had turned out were the girl’s own family; and pretty

The Strange Case Of Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde

and another begins.”

The pair walked on again for a while in silence; and then “Enfield,” said Mr. Utterson, “that’s a good rule of yours.”

“Yes, I think it is,” returned Enfield.

“But for all that,” continued the lawyer, “there’s one point I want to ask. I want to ask the name of that man who walked over the child.”

“Well,” said Mr. Enfield, “I can’t see what harm it would do. It was a man of the name of Hyde.”

“Hm,” said Mr. Utterson. “What sort of a man is he to see?”

“He is not easy to describe. There is something wrong with his appearance; something displeasing, something down-right detestable. I never saw a man I so disliked, and yet I scarce know why. He must be deformed somewhere; he gives a strong feeling of deformity, although I couldn’t specify the point. He’s an extraordinary looking man, and yet I really can name nothing out of the way. No, sir; I can make no hand of it; I can’t describe him. And it’s not want of memory; for I declare I can see him this moment.”

Mr. Utterson again walked some way in silence and obviously under a weight of consideration. “You are sure he used a key?” he inquired at last.

“My dear sir...” began Enfield, surprised out of himself.

“Yes, I know,” said Utterson; “I know it must seem strange. The fact is, if I do not ask you the name of the other party, it is because I know it already. You see, Richard, your tale has gone home. If you have been inexact in any point you had better correct it.”

“I think you might have warned me,” returned the other with a touch of sullenness. “But I have been pedantically exact, as you call it. The fellow had a key; and what’s more, he has it still. I saw him use it not a week ago.”

Mr. Utterson sighed deeply but said never a word; and the young man presently resumed. “Here is another lesson to say nothing,” said he. “I am ashamed of my long tongue. Let us make a bargain never to refer to this again.”

“With all my heart,” said the lawyer. “I shake hands on that, Richard.”

A Woman of no Importance

by Oscar Wilde

A Woman of No Importance

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Printed October 2019
by Blurb Global Print Operations
San Francisco, United States of America

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Anna Kracklauer

Table of contents

The persons of the play

	Lord Illingworth
	Lord Alfred Rufford
	Sir John Pontefract
	The Ven. Archdeacon Daubeney, D.D.
	Gerald Arbuthnot
Butler	Farquhar
Footman	Francis
Maid	Alice
	Lady Hunstanton
	Lady Caroline Pontefract
	Lady Stutfield
	Mrs. Allonby
	Mrs. Arbuthnot
	Miss Hester Worsley
	Mr. Kelvil, M.P.

The scenes of the play

9	Act I.	The Terrace at Hunstanton Chase.
48	Act II.	The Drawing room at Hunstanton Chase.
64	Act III.	The Hall at Hunstanton Chase.
86	Act IV.	Sitting room in Mrs. Arbuthnot’s House at Wrockley.

First Act

[Sir John and Lady Caroline Pontefract, Miss Worsley, on chairs under a large yew tree.]

Lady Caroline. I believe this is the first English country house you have stayed at, Miss Worsley?

Hester. Yes, Lady Caroline.

Lady Caroline. You have no country houses, I am told, in America?

Hester. We have not many.

Lady Caroline. Have you any country? What we should call country?

A Woman of No Importance	
Hester.	<i>[Smiling.]</i> We have the largest country in the world, Lady Caroline. They used to tell us at school that some of our states are as big as France and England put together.
Lady Caroline.	Ah! you must find it very draughty, I should fancy. [To Sir John.] John, you should have your muffler. What is the use of my always knitting mufflers for you if you won't wear them?
Sir John.	I am quite warm, Caroline, I assure you.
Lady Caroline.	I think not, John. Well, you couldn't come to a more charming place than this, Miss Worsley, though the house is excessively damp, quite unpardonably damp, and dear Lady Hunstanton is sometimes a little lax about the people she asks down here. [To Sir John.] Jane mixes too much. Lord Illingworth, of course, is a man of high distinction. It is a privilege to meet him. And that member of Parliament, Mr. Kettle—
Sir John.	Kelvil, my love, Kelvil.
Lady Caroline.	He must be quite respectable. One has never heard his name before in the whole course of one's life, which speaks volumes for a man, nowadays. But Mrs. Allonby is hardly a very suitable person.
Hester.	I dislike Mrs. Allonby. I dislike her more than I can say.
Lady Caroline.	I am not sure, Miss Worsley, that foreigners like yourself should cultivate likes or dislikes about the people they are invited to meet. Mrs. Allonby
10	

First Act	
	is very well born. She is a niece of Lord Brancaster's. It is said, of course, that she ran away twice before she was married. But you know how unfair people often are. I myself don't believe she ran away more than once.
Hester.	Mr. Arbuthnot is very charming.
Lady Caroline.	Ah, yes! the young man who has a post in a bank. Lady Hunstanton is most kind in asking him here, and Lord Illingworth seems to have taken quite a fancy to him. I am not sure, however, that Jane is right in taking him out of his position. In my young days, Miss Worsley, one never met any one in society who worked for their living. It was not considered the thing.
Hester.	In America those are the people we respect most.
Lady Caroline.	I have no doubt of it.
Hester.	Mr. Arbuthnot has a beautiful nature! He is so simple, so sincere. He has one of the most beautiful natures I have ever come across. It is a privilege to meet him.
Lady Caroline.	It is not customary in England, Miss Worsley, for a young lady to speak with such enthusiasm of any person of the opposite sex. English women conceal their feelings till after they are married. They show them then.
Hester.	Do you, in England, allow no friendship to exist between a young man and a young girl?
<i>[Enter Lady Hunstanton, followed by Footman with shawls.]</i>	
11	

A Woman of No Importance

Lady Caroline. We think it very inadvisable. Jane, I was just saying what a pleasant party you have asked us to meet. You have a wonderful power of selection. It is quite a gift.

Lady Hunstanton. Dear Caroline, how kind of you! I think we all do fit in very nicely together. And I hope our charming American visitor will carry back pleasant recollections of our English country life. *[To Footman.]* The cushion, there, Francis. And my shawl. The Shetland. Get the Shetland.

[Exit Footman for shawl.]

[Enter Gerald Arbuthnot.]

Gerald. Lady Hunstanton, I have such good news to tell you. Lord Illingworth has just offered to make me his secretary.

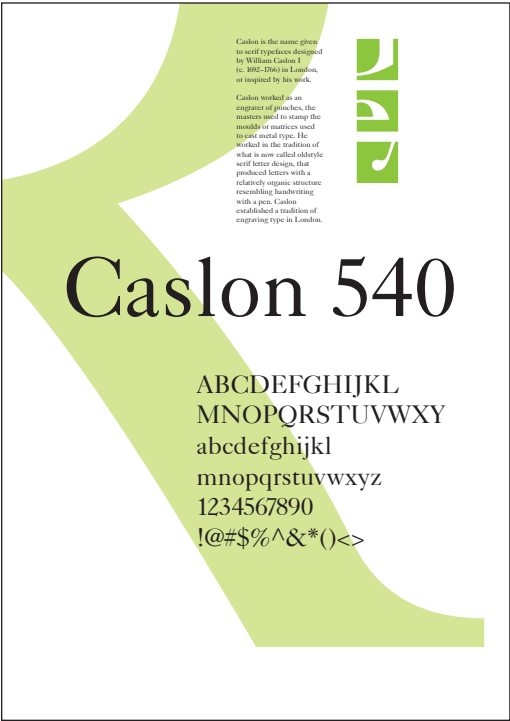
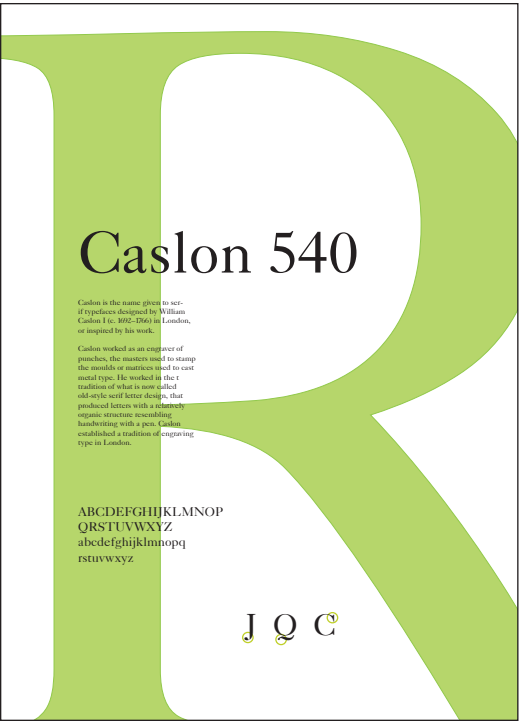
Lady Hunstanton. His secretary? That is good news indeed, Gerald. It means a very brilliant future in store for you. Your dear mother will be delighted. I really must try and induce her to come up here to-night. Do you think she would, Gerald? I know how difficult it is to get her to go anywhere.

Gerald. Oh! I am sure she would, Lady Hunstanton, if she knew Lord Illingworth had made me such an offer.

[Enter Footman with shawl.]

Lady Hunstanton. I will write and tell her about it, and ask her to come up and meet him. *[To Footman.]* Just wait, Francis. *[Writes letter.]*

Lady Caroline. That is a very wonderful opening for so young a



Create a poster that presents the font “Caslon 540”. Distinguish between foreground and background. Show just enough of the letter in the background and the letter factions in the squares so that we still recognize which one it is.

Caslon is the name given to serif typefaces designed by William Caslon I (c. 1692–1766) in London, or inspired by his work.

Caslon worked as an engraver of punches, the masters used to stamp the moulds or matrices used to cast metal type. He worked in the tradition of what is now called oldstyle serif letter design, that produced letters with a relatively organic structure resembling handwriting with a pen. Caslon established a tradition of engraving type in London.



Caslon 540

ABCDEFGHIJKL
MNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijkl

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