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INVOICE

Graphic Design Services

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Client Details

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Studio Details



PROJECT DESCRIPTION

The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog into a shimmering pool of rainwater that had gathered since the last frost. Soft clusters of leaves fall without a plan to the ground, mirroring the jumped so soon.unhurried chestnut thatch of the fox's dense coat. The fox looks to the west, only then realizing the horizon has begun to curve towards them. Perhaps they should not have jumped so soon.

The hem of the pool expands indefinitely, ringing the sleeping dog and now worried fox with concentric circles of glowing liquid. The pool has lost its reflection in the spread, imbued with an inner light that seems to have its own authority, though not lacking in warmth. A once dull and listless pooch now shines with the brilliance of a recently cleaned pinball machine — unknowingly showcasing a rescued sense of neon.

DELIVERABLES

Services	Description	Hours	Rate per hour	Subtotal
Branding and Identity	The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog.	20	\$XX	\$X,XXX
Web design	Soft clusters of leaves fall without a plan to the ground.	50	\$XX	\$XX,XXX
Digital Marketing Assets	The fox looks to the west, only then realizing the horizon has begun to curve.	15	\$XXX	\$X,XXX
Motion Graphics and Video	Perhaps they should not have jumped so soon.	30	\$XXX	\$XXX,XXX
Illustrations	The hem of the pool expands indefinitely.	26	\$XX	\$XX,XX
Print Design	The pool has lost its reflection in the spread.	10	\$XX	\$X,XXX

Subtotal	\$XX,XXX
Taxes	\$XXX
Total	\$XXX,XXX

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Known for his sweetness, this dog shakes himself awake with a gentle groan and cranes his loaf-like head towards the fox with a quizzical bent. As they lock eyes, what world they know is flipped completely towards the southern sky, and the pool ushers them swiftly over the edge of the horizon's curve.

TERMS & CONDITIONS

The fox and the dog free-fall off the edge into nothing, which is to say, they were fine. Landing promptly on the other side of the world, they look up into what is somehow a giant hand, impossibly looking back at them. The hand bends toward them without beckoning, and the dog and fox survey their new landscape, the under-pool — or their second world. Flat, gleaming, and forever, this place serves as a canvas for whatever happens next. The mother of all creation in one single moment, this hand.

In a quiet flash, the dog remembers a lyric from his boyhood — “Out of our hands / fall the gold of youth” — and wonders if this is a fever dream or if he finally now resides within art.

More pragmatic, the fox physically examines the closest objects to them — a cluster of blue raspberries resting on a plinth, one small hand mirror, a pair of work boots that won’t fit anyone present — as their mind wanders the perimeter.

An outline appears just past the hand, suggesting the possibility of a door to somewhere else. The fox, not one to lead the room in coordinated meditative stretching, bolts for the door, hoping to find some semblance of an exit around the hand’s bend. What’s the difference between an escape and an exit — one could ask — and could this barely defined shape serve as either? We must compartmentalize what defines us, and what creates a version of us we’d rather not know; can you ever simply be a fox jumping over a dog you once understood?

Before the fox can make it to its assumed escape hatch, the hand moves to acknowledge the twosome. Knowing the truth of that door, and not being in the right mood for a funeral, the hand gathers the duo in a cupping gesture that might read as magnanimous had this entire situation not been terrifying in nature.

The hand, cradling the pair like fuzzy goslings, uses an extra digit to open the door for them — maybe this is a members-only location.

THANK YOU!

