

'And Other Stories' and how it happened

*the story of two girls
who dreamed of
writing a book*



'And Other Stories' and
how it happened

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Beginning

My journey into the world of writing began with the fact that I wrote to my friend Ksenia Matorina. She is also a student at the British School of Design in the direction of illustration. We are old friends and have worked on many projects together.

Once, one Sunday evening, when I was already in despair due to the lack of ideas for the final project. I wondered why not write my book? It sounds, of course, bold. But I would never have accomplished this goal alone.

I always knew that my soulmate loves to watch cartoons and read comics, so I wrote her a huge letter with a proposal to collaborate. She did not answer for an hour, and at this time I walked around the room and looked for alternatives. I was very worried because my only hope was to work with Ksenia.

She responded that she was surprised by my message and answered with consent. So the mission launched.

Initially, we planned to write one short story every day, which we would arrange in a separate publication with an individual cover. As a result, we would have about 80 novels that are not interconnected along with the storyline.

We were very motivated by the idea of working together, so we developed a joint calendar in the Notion program, where the team can write texts in real-time. I marked each working day with separate stories, a place for the title, the number of words, and the status of the text.

This idea was possible only in our exciting heads because then we still did not understand how difficult it is to generate a story every day without repeating itself.

Also, we were intrigued by the final result of a wide number of printed material, which we would combine in a physical book series.

Due to the inability to meet in person and discuss future ideas

every day, we planned one meeting on any day of the week. We decided to collect a set of images that would urge us to write short prompts.

 **Sofa** 12:06 pm
Ксюня!!! Привет!!!!

 **Sofa** 12:18 pm
Я пришла к тебе с коммерческим предложением
Точнее просто с обычными предложением))))

Я для диплома хочу взять тему коротких историй для детей,
со всякими персонажами и тд
Типо вообще детские книжки очень дорогие, а я хочу
изучить тему дешевой печати

Возможно и не только детские книжки, но просто короткие
истории до 1000 слов

Вот хочу тебя спросить
Ты же любишь придумывать писать всякие штучки, может
быть тебе будет интересно попробовать коллаборейшн
вместе со мной? Идея такая: мы с тобой вместе
придумываем небольшой сюжет, пишем к ней рассказ от
200 до 1000 слов, а дальше я с ней работаю(по верстке и
печати) и
если каждый день до конца апреля - то это около 90
публикаций
но я думаю можно попробовать план писать с понедельника
по пятницу, а в субботу и вс я буду печатать эти 5
публикаций (получится 50 мини-книжек до конца проекта)

Я подумала было бы классно представить на выставке много
напечатанных рассказов(можно придумать даже серии/
жанры/виды обложек, но это уже моя головная боль)

Тема вообще любая, о животных, о природе, о будущем, о
любви
Ну кароч вообще любая

обучающие, а тут полный фристайл)

Понятное дело, я могу сама сесть писать, 200 слов вообще
фигня, но я очень хочу попробовать поработать с тобой, тем
более ты иллюстратор с широким воображением, ты
любишь мультики и нет никого более пупсичного, чем ты!!!!


Короче, было бы тебе интересно? Будет ли у тебя время?
Ты в праве отказать, я все понимаю!!
Но может вдруг тебе нравится такая тема приятно провести
часик придумывая истории))) ты можешь, конечно,
использовать наш проект в своём портфолио, как и я назову
нашу коллаборацию подобающим образом)))) конечно,
никакие иллюстрации не нужно, я буду сама работать над
обложками, шрифтами и тд, а с тобой вместе мы можем
поплавать в море воображения и напридумывать
приколюх)) (edited)

 **Sofa** 3:36 pm
скажи, пожалуйста, что думаешь?????

 **Yunga** 3:36 pm
я тута!!!!

ooooo

читаю!!!

сори я убирала гладила и все такое))

 **Sofa** 3:36 pm
ничего))))

 **Yunga** 3:37 pm
да!! я согласна

Chat
I propose her a collaboration

Chat
She agreed

The screenshot shows a Notion calendar interface for January 2020. The title 'Sofa + Yunga stories' is at the top, followed by a header with 'Share', 'Updates', 'Favorite', and a three-dot menu. Below is a large image of many open books. The calendar grid for January starts from Sunday, showing days 30 through 19. The days are labeled in Russian: 30, 31, ЯНВ. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19. A navigation bar at the bottom includes '< Today >' and a question mark icon.

Notion: Calendar

The offline service, where we documented the whole process of writing texts

The screenshot shows a Notion page titled 'Inspirations'. The header includes 'Share', 'Updates', 'Favorited', and a three-dot menu. A large, stylized graphic of two faces with one being a skull is at the top. Below it is the title 'Inspirations' with an eye icon. A subtitle reads 'image as a feeling & image as a script'. A 'New' button is in the top right. The main area contains a grid of cards with images and labels: 'feeling good' (a person lying down), 'tiger' (a tiger's face), 'choice' (two people in a room), 'future' (a car interior), 'cry' (a person crying), 'utopia' (two people looking up), 'society' (two people looking down), and 'crime' (a woman in a dramatic pose). A question mark icon is in the bottom right corner.

The folder where we collected inspirational imagery

This is how we started working on plots

Ksenia told me that she loves the science fiction series 'Star Trek', which has become a cult phenomenon for the society of science fiction fans. Inspired by space exploration and adventure, we decided to concentrate on the idea of writing a story about numerous universes where the actions of our characters would take place.

Studying the subject of science fiction, I found the series 'Love, Death & Robots' (2019), which turned my mind around classic science fiction. Each series has a unique visualization, somewhere there is a fantasy in its clear visualization and somewhere a mixture of fantasy and horror. This gave me the idea that we can experiment with genres of stories without adhering to one style line.

Initially, we planned to work on individual stories every day, building a character, and developing a short but finished plot. We formed a page in Notion, where everyone can add their favorite pictures or gifs. Thus, we

had a wide range of ideas and prompts that transformed into a story.

Primarily, in our team I was responsible for the initial starting point, then I gave Ksenia some time to imagine the location of the characters, give them a name, make friends with them. Ksenia was very emotional about creating protagonists, so later you will see that some characters resemble herself (in conversation and in actions). When I came up with small fragments of stories for the pictures, we started combining them.

Ksenia and I found a common interest – the anime of the 1980s. I can't call myself a fan of Japanese animation, we found something very inspiring in how the characters are drawn and the locations are designed. The idea for the first story was invented.



Feeling good

I enjoy looking at old books so much. I can spend the whole day sitting on the floor.



Tiger

*A tiger that is charged with solar panels.
Why not create an entire planet?*



Poison

The poison spread so quickly through his body that he had only a few seconds to take the antidote.



Flower meadow

I feel the smell of spring flowers. It is still the same as 50 years ago.



Choice

The choice is so difficult – to save the world or eat ice cream?



Tears

Do not cry, my dear sister. You and I are together.



Path

I have been walking a million years in search of an answer.



Sunset

The red sun hung over the town, it portends danger.



Power in nature
A world of creatures that feed on the energy of the sun and soil.



Fire
The whole planet is on fire. In a few minutes, all creatures will be erased from history.



Star warrior
She was chosen by a star.



Friends
They are friends from school; a situation in which they save each other.



Forest
The air was fresh, and the grass glistened with dew. I can walk here forever.



Ocean flight
Fish fly in the air, they are so bright.



Changes
Changes can be in any area: physical, mental...



Liar

*I realized that she was not the one she
pretended to be.*



Conspiracy

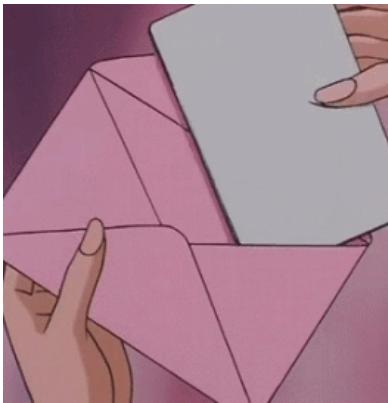
*I realized that it was a conspiracy. I have
to leave this place, or they will kill me.*



World inside
She becomes part of the book plot.



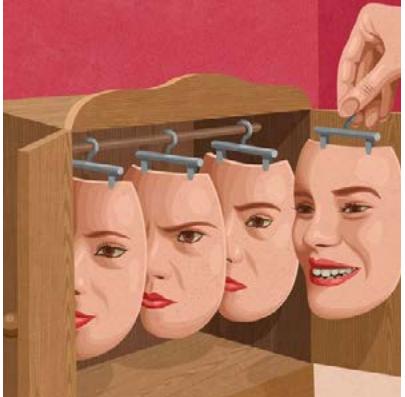
Technology
The story of how technology has reached a maximum point of development.



Letter
Today I received a letter. I did not hope that he would invite me to drink coffee.



Conversation
What? No. I'm tired of endless dialogues. Do not call me anymore!



Mood wardrobe
I can find a suitable outfit, I just need to open the closet and take the right face.



Shine
The sea shimmers with a brilliant glow, so beautiful.



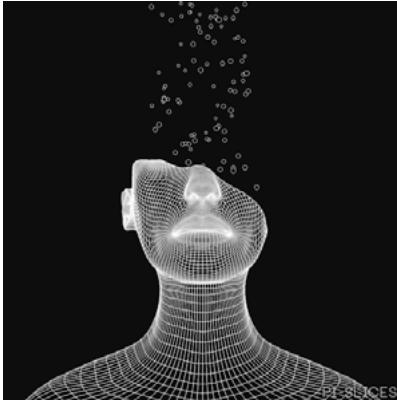
Murder
She was killed that night. She was a strong warrior, but could not defeat them.



Winter city
I looked up and saw the first snow. Finally, winter has come!



Clown
*Abandoned amusement park, monstrous
clowns hunt on you.*



Cells
*I do not remember my sister, she
disappeared.*



Night
*She could not sleep, looking out the
window of the night city.*



Hands
You are my closest friend.



Observation
*I see space plates flying through the sky,
but I'm not afraid, I'm very curious.*



Sirens
*Her teeth are like knives, she is going to
bite me.*



Loneliness
Where are my parents? I'm so scared.

First story writing
week

Dates of writing the first story:
from February 3rd to February
9th, 2020.

In the process participated:
Ksenia M – the main author,
Sofia K – the editor and designer.

Title options for the first story:
'Wake Me Up', 'Night Whisper',
'Nightmares and daydreams'.

The number of words in the
story: 3881.

The text was edited in the
textEdit program.

Fonts used in the first
experiments: NanumMyengjo
regular, Baskerville regular and
italic.

Script plan

A story inspired by the anime of
the 80s. The boy sees a dream in
which he meets creatures living
in underwater rivers. They tell
him about another world, which
is a mystery to the rest of the
inhabitants.

The boy shares his impressions
with his parents, but they do not
encourage the imagination of
their son.

The boy goes to the temple for
help, where the monk gives him
some bits of advice. The next
day, a tree in this temple blooms.
The boy returns to the temple,
touches the tree, and disappears.



Sofa 10:57 am
вяу

это настолько круто, что у меня слов нет

первая история - это именно то погружение в мир, которое увлекает с первых страниц

реально офигенно и мне нравятся все описания храма, нравится главный герой и его наивность в чем-то, какая-то детская отважность

у тебя очень круто получилось описать его, его переживания

мне кажется так произошло, потому что ты сама маленький ребенок на велосипеде и эти детские переживания для тебя близки))))

и так трогательно, когда есть в рассказе друзья, которые всегда на твоей стороне))) мне это наполнило сериал очень странные дела, все таки детская дружба - это нечто очень нежное!!!



Yunga 11:01 am
ура!!!! хахахахаха

даааа

хахахахаха

я очень рада что тебе нравится))))

Chat

My comments about story 1

February, 3

Meeting

Ksenia M

Sofia K

Studio

Discussion of the initial concepts for the 1st story and reference list

Gathered in the Ksenia's studio, we were in silence for a long time. It was very challenging to take the first step because we did not know where to start. We already had a small plot list. We went out on the street, keeping silent.

On this day, we were resolved to write short stories every day. We decided to create a galaxy where the planets will be connected by some sort of mystery, or by unknown forces that prevent the planets from communicating with each other.

For each character it was necessary to come up with a motivation – why should he solve the puzzle? This motivation can be a routine problem, but so far we had no idea what kind of problem this might be.

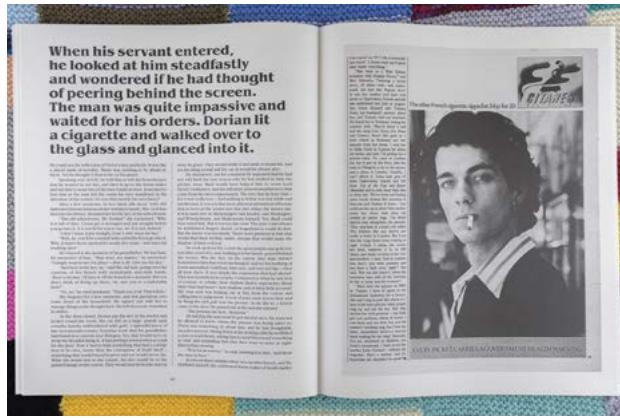
We concluded that the first story would begin with the dream of a boy who sees underground water channels. Thus, we can use the idea of a dream in future stories. I proposed the idea that our characters should not know

about each other's existence, but all of them will be united by a desire to find out what is going on outside their planet.

Of course, we were thinking about design. Although Ksenia did not participate in the design of the text, we analyzed references that could help us together.



Reclam Verlag
Set of books



Four Corners Books
Dracula

Four Corners Books
The Picture of Dorian Gray

February, 5

Meeting

Ksenia M

Sofia K

Zoom

About objects that move from one series to another and the reduction the number of stories

The first story began to be written. We phoned to discuss how the process is going. The plot of the first story was so impressive that we could not finish it in one day. It was decided to write history all week and to do the text design on the weekend.

In the first story, we mention the sacred Bonsai tree, which bloomed after the boy came to the temple. This was a link to the second story, for which we have already come up with a plot.

I was still not sure how I want to style the text. Original science fiction? Something experimental like Four Corners Books? And in general, I did not understand either the format of the publications and the design of the covers.

February, 6

Research

Sofia K

Home

Book series research
and cover design

While Ksenia was working on the first story, I researched a series of books with their design characteristic. I wanted our series (which now consists not of 50 small publications, but 10) to be united by a single cover style.

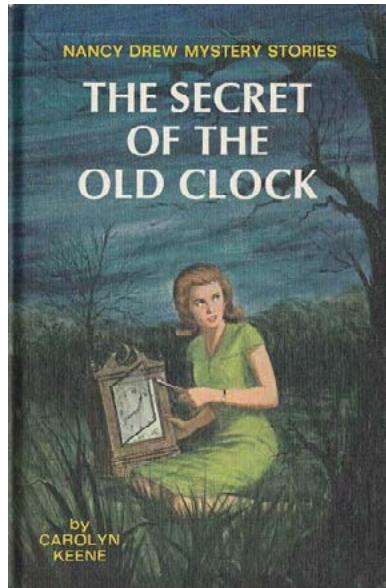
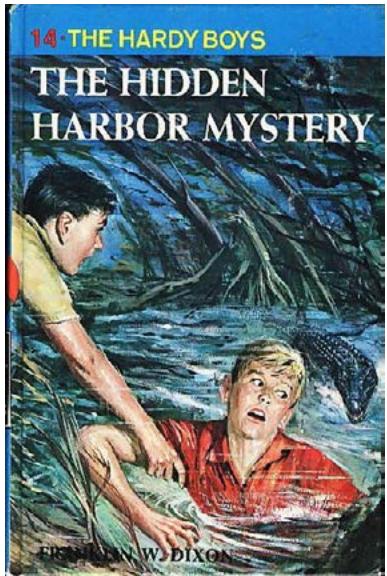
Theoretically, as a cover for a publication, I could create an illustration of a character who is the main figure of the story. For example, as on the covers of a series of books about teenage detective stories, The Hardy Boys created by American writer Edward Stratemeyer.

Another exceptional example of the Nancy Drew books by Carolyn Keene, where the main character becomes the central theme of the covers.

When I was a kid, the book series The Chronicles of Narnia fascinated me. The fictional world of Narnia is so thoughtful and deep that it seems that it is a separate universe with its own rules and residents. Mostly I admired the geography of Narnia and the map by David Bedell of

the fictional universe of the Narnian environment.

Another publisher was the Penguin imprint released 80 Little Black Classics, which feature black covers with one text design. I also desired to create my universe.



The Hardy Boys
The Hidden Harbor Mystery

Nancy Drew Mystery Stories
The Secret of the Old Clock

Penguin Classics
Little Black Classics

February, 8

Meeting

Ksenia M

Sofia K

Zoom

Feedback after the
first week

The first story was done. Ksenia and I shared our opinions about writing the first story. We realized that we will have to do some stories much longer than we expected. But we did not take into account the time for editing the text, correcting all punctuation errors, or translating the text from Russian into English.

We decided not to chase the number of publications, but to work on the quality of the text. Despite all the difficulties, we understood how to write stories, and in what method we can work. We concluded that we could experiment with the style of the text in different stories. In some, use more descriptions, and other texts build on dialogs. Along with the first story, Ksenia took notes on the second story.

We believed that at this speed of working we could write more than we planned. When the first text was ready for editing, I transferred it to a text editor and started working on fixing all the errors.

Second story
writing week

Dates of writing the second
story: from February 10th to
February 16th, 2020.

In the process participated:
Ksenia M – the main author,
Sofia K – the editor and designer.

Title options for the second
story: 'My Friend is Sun', 'Open
Frontier', 'Thomas'.

The number of words in the
story: 1904.

The text was edited in the
textEdit program.

Fonts used in the first
experiments: Nanum Gothic
regular, Baskerville regular,
Bodoni regular and italic.

Script plan

Life on the planet where
creature plants live and feed on
the energy of the sun and water.

One day, the water becomes
poisonous. Thomas, a friend of
the main character, begins the
search for the cause of water
contamination. He digs a hole
and falls there.

The main character decides to
go in search of a friend.

[Back](#) Yunga Yunga last seen 31 minutes ago [Search](#) [More](#) 

Sofa 12:11 am
Bay Ксюнечка !!!!!!!

Это очень круто!!!!!!

Это очень очень круто!!!!!!

Это то, что я представляла

Мурашки по коже

Офигенно!!!!!!



Yunga 12:12 am
ура!!!!

Sofa 12:12 am
Спасибо тебе огромное, это бомба!!!!

Yunga 12:12 am
axxxaxxaaxa

 Write a message...   

 Back Yunga Yunga last seen 32 minutes ago  ... 

 **Sofa** 12:18 am
Дадада))))

 **Yunga** 12:18 am
и то что я вообще иногда живу в другой реальности
типа

 **Yunga** 12:18 am
я очень устала от Москвы и от городов в принципе
и я когда вечером еду
и особенно когда плохое настроение
я раньше только с закрытыми глазами могла
а теперь как угодно
представляю шум травы
камушки под колесами
теплый и свежий горный ветер
и все такое
запах сена

 **Sofa** 12:19 am
Ксюнь, ты не с этой планеты просто)))

 Write a message...   

 Back Yunga Yunga last seen 33 minutes ago  ... 

Yunga 12:23 am
он пахнет землей, пылью и немного навозом

 **Sofa** 12:23 am
Axaxaxaxaxa

 **Yunga** 12:24 am
xaxxaxaxaxaxaxaxax

 **Sofa** 12:24 am
Енто да)))))

 **Yunga** 12:24 am
xaxxaxxaxaxaxaxaxaxaxaxaxaxaxaxax

 **Sofa** 12:24 am
Орусь

Axaxaxaxaxaxaxa

 **Yunga** 12:24 am
ну он же занимается растениями

как тут без навоза

 **Sofa** 12:24 am
Да он и сам из дупда вышел ващето

Там такое повидал

 Write a message...   

Chat

My comments about story 2

February, 10

Tutorial

Sofia K

Studio

The format and series

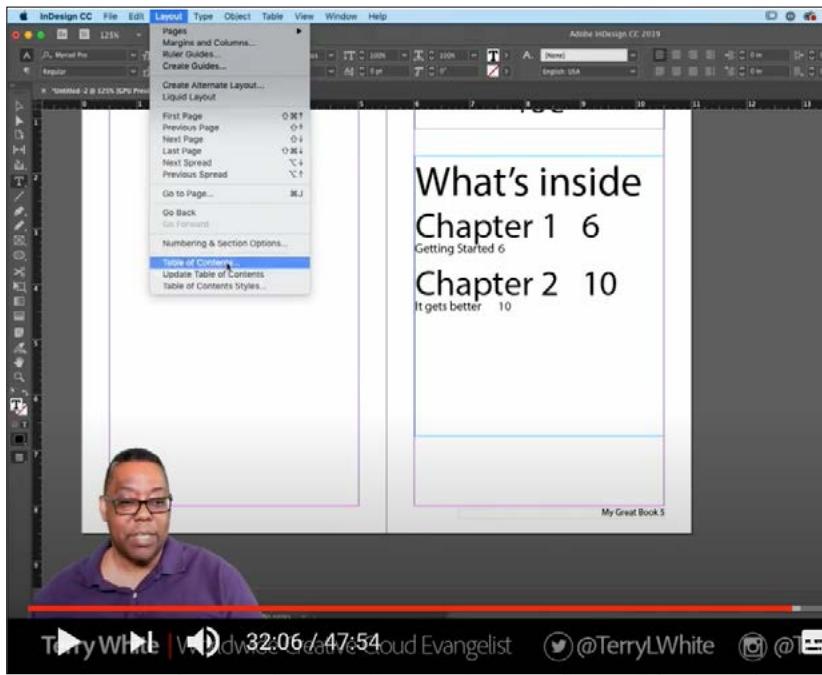
This was the second week of the project. After the tutorial, I realized that I don't have time to pay attention only to the writing process, it's time to start creating a publication.

I had several options: combine all the stories in one text with chapters, or take the conditional number of pages for each book, add the text there, and fill in the remaining pages with photos, personal notes about the plot, illustrations of the main characters, translation of the text into different languages, location maps (inspired by 'The Chronicles of Narnia'), similar stories of other authors in the same genre, an index of words.

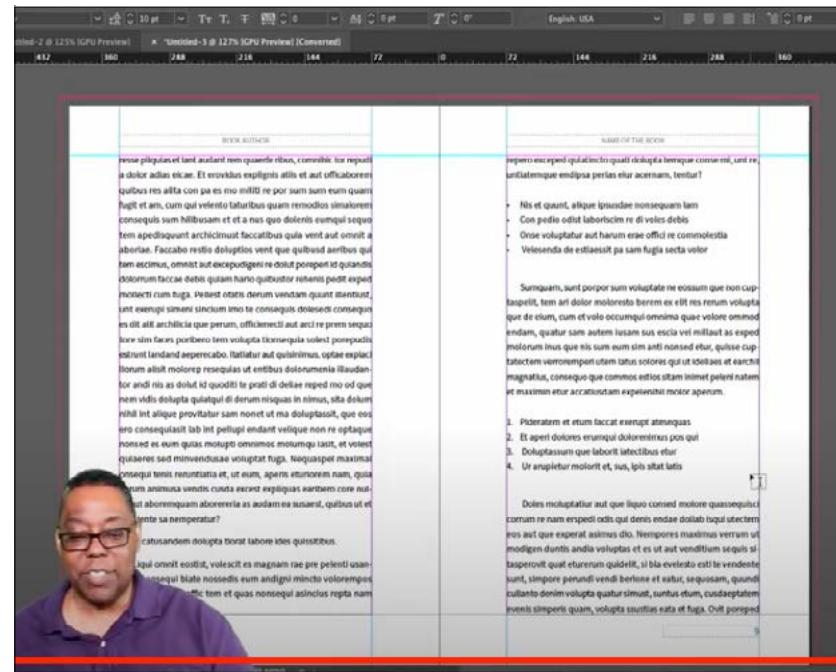
However, the idea to fill pages without structure and control seemed to me not promising. I wanted to follow the arrangement of science fiction and not produce something too abstract and experimental. Besides, I had to think about the format of the book, the type of pages, the color of the pages. I had to approach this issue with

all the seriousness of my small publishing house.

The goal of my projects was to design a serious publication, imitating the laws of science fiction. Comparing the books that were in my collection, I decided to make the book in a pocket edition format. I needed to start with the basics, so I found a YouTube video tutorial where Adobe Evangelist Terry White shows how to set up your next best seller in Adobe InDesign. That sounds very cool.



YouTube: Terry White
How to Create a Book in Adobe InDesign



YouTube: Terry White
How to Create a Book in Adobe InDesign

February, 11

Research

Sofia K

Home

Book collections

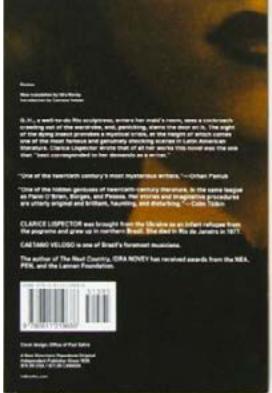
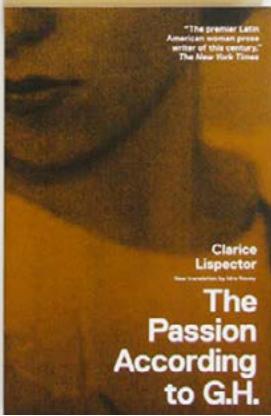
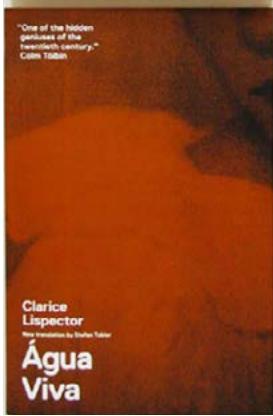
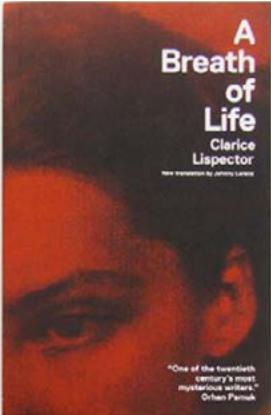
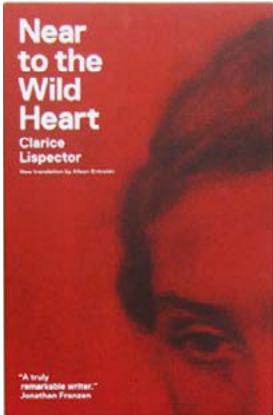
I planned to create a series of publications consisting of several stories. If in the end, we write 8 stories, I could make 4 publications of 2 stories in each book. However, there is a probability that we do not have enough text to create a voluminous edition. To build the impression of a real book, you need at least 200 pages, which means that the story should occupy around 100 pages. I began to doubt the idea of book series more and more. But despite this, I wanted to plunge into the world of book series, which seemed very interesting to me.

In the book series of Clarice Lispector, I fancied the design of the covers. It is obvious that the books describe the history of different characters, but the photos collected in a single style create the general mood of the entire collection.

Also, if we can print a book series, then I can combine the design on the book spine. For example, write the name of our series of stories there, or our

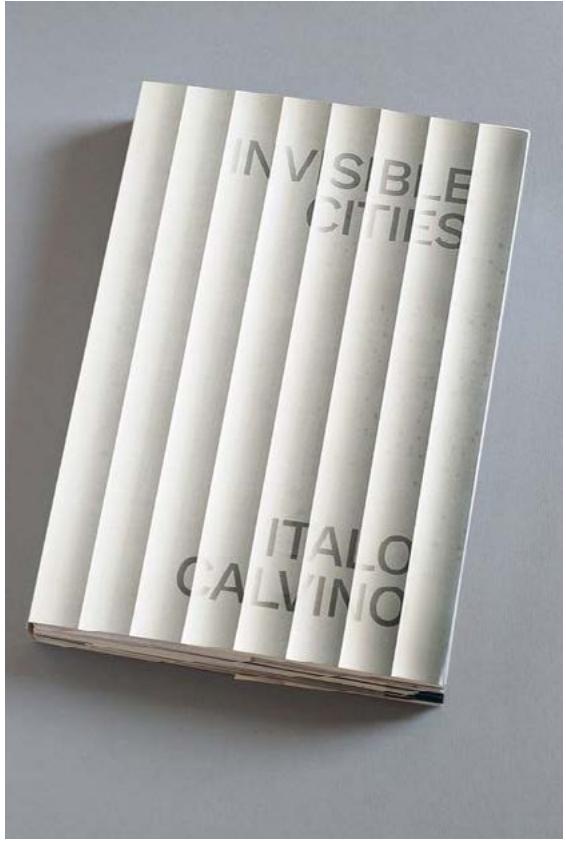
names. At this stage, it's too early to think about the design of the cover, but I still desire to make a test design in advance.

Although recalling previous projects, I always made the cover last. For me, the cover is not just a separate element. The cover is a reflection of what the reader expects to see in the book itself. In the meantime, the basis for the book is not ready, we cannot make the cover.



Clarice Lispector
Book collection

Clarice Lispector
Book collection



Italo Calvino
Invisible Cities



Savvy
III

Third story
writing week

Dates of writing the third story:
from February 17th to February
23rd, 2020.

In the process participated:
Ksenia M – the main author,
Sofia K – the editor and designer.

Title options for the third story:
'The Power of Stars', 'Space
Between'.

The number of words in the
story: 5214.

The text was edited in the
textEdit program.

Fonts used in the first
experiments: Nanum Gothic
regular, Baskerville regular,
Bodoni regular and italic.

Script plan

The story of a tiny creature that
has enormous power.

This creature was lost in a deep
forest because it could not fly
well. It was afraid of the dark,
hiding under the leaves of trees.

The spirit of the forest met the
creature and said that the little
creature possesses the great
power of a star, although it flies
badly.

About the difficulties of teamwork

The third story was written very fast. We did not expect such a pace in writing the text, but Ksenia had a ready plot and she wrote the text in just a couple of days. But this week I did not do research or experiment with design. It was hard to start creating a real publication because I did not know where to start. Every day I was scrolling Pinterest, trying to find something inspiring, but ended the day with no results.

This week we did not even correspond with Ksenia. It seemed to me that at one point we stopped communicating. I was afraid that she had lost interest in writing and I would continue to write the text without her. I hoped that these were just momentary challenges that happen to every creative team. Moreover, Ksenia had her final project, on which she should have paid much more attention than to my project.

I was upset. I decided to write the fourth story alone, and Ksenia will assist me with a translation

into English. Even though our stories were supposed to be in English, I would not be able to produce a text originally in English. Therefore, I thought that I could write a story in Russian.

This decision was made in order to give Ksenia time to work on her final project, and to me to practice writing.

Fourth story
writing week

Dates of writing the fourth story:
from February 24th to March
8th, 2020.

In the process participated: Sofia K – the main author, Ksenia M – the editor and translator.

Title options for the fourth story:
'Soul Chords', 'Still Linger in My
Dreams', 'Never Come Back', 'Say
It Wasn't'.

The number of words in the
story: 10486.

The text was edited in the
textEdit program.

Fonts used in the first
experiments: Nanum Gothic
regular, Baskerville regular,
Bodoni regular and italic.

Script plan

A story about a lonely man, his
life is an eternal cycle of the
same event.

He is the solitary wanderer of his
planet, in his memories of a
tragedy where his girlfriend
managed to escape.

His mission was to come to
explore the planet with a group,
he met during this expedition
with a woman.

One day a storm came upon the
planet and the group had to be
evacuated. Our hero did not have
time to get to the base and leave
the planet.

February, 24

Meeting

Ksenia M

Sofia K

FaceTime

Idea sharing

We decided to meet in FaceTime to resolve our conflicts and begin to re-communicate. We talked about different topics and shared the latest news that was not related to the project. Ksenia showed her final project dedicated to comics, and I was just glad to hear her.

I didn't want the project to ruin our friendship, but it was also important for me to work on stories because we dreamed about it together. I was split between the work and our friendship.

Of course, we talked about the project and further perspectives. Ksenia proposed the idea of creating a text design for the second story in the form of a tree.

I loved the idea, but it was likely that the text would be difficult to read. I preferred to make a classic design of the text because the purpose of the book is the ease of reading. I did not want to do something abstract and too decorative. We also decided not to rush and write stories as much

time as necessary so that the plot was complete and logical.

I shared my ideas for the fourth story, which would differ in the structure of the plot from the previous ones.



Sofia and Ksenia
FaceTime meeting with stickers

February, 25

Research

Sofia K

Home

Book covers

Along with writing the fourth story, I was researching book covers in the genre of science fiction. It so happened that the plot of the fourth story is based on the tragedy during the space expedition.

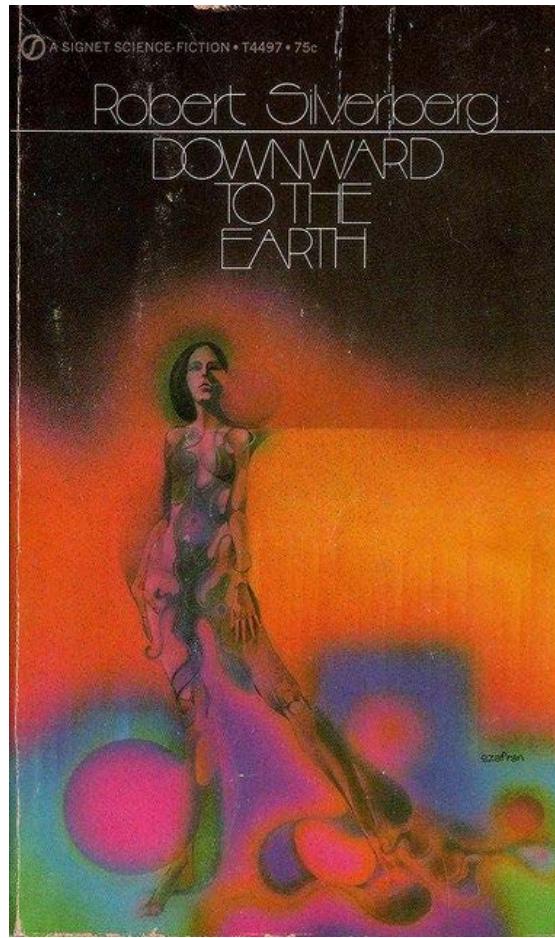
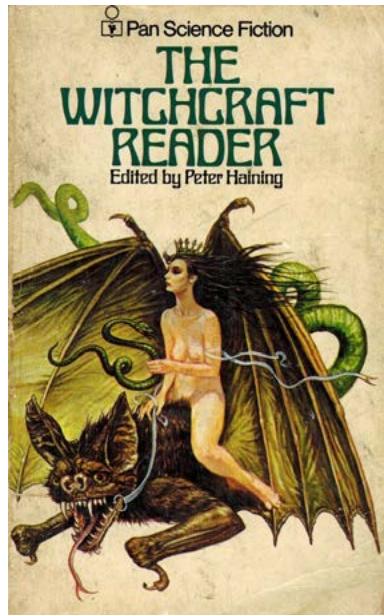
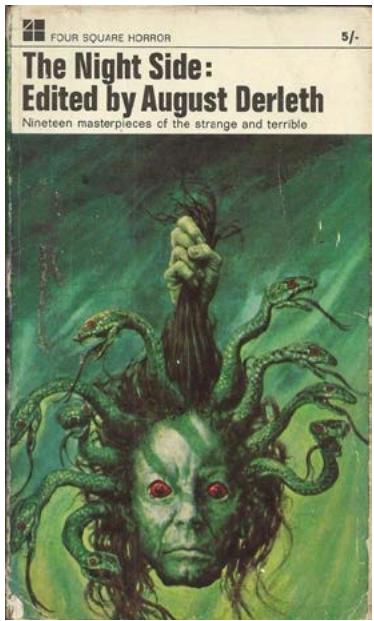
The mood of the plot is a bit dramatic, so I took science fiction as the basis of history, collecting the covers of popular publications in the archive in Notion. I admire the diversity of book covers, each of which has a unique composition.

Most of all I was attracted to the book 'Downward to the Earth' by Robert Silverberg. I love the lightness and carefulness of the font used on the cover.

I noticed that the text on the cover does not always fit into the illustration, but may exist separately from the picture.

For example, on the cover of 'The Night Side', it was formed a special frame for the book title. Despite the similarity of the elements in the illustration and

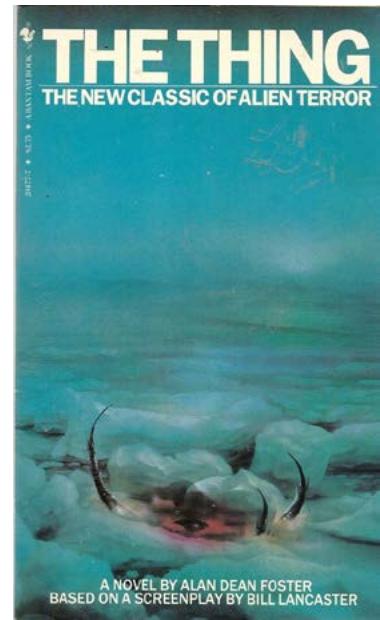
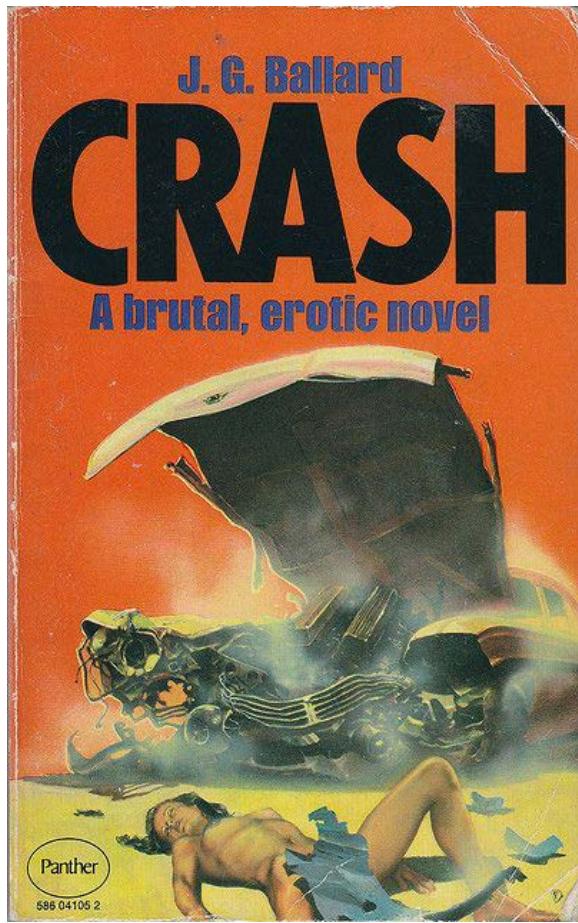
font, in the book 'The Lurking Fear' by H.P. Lovecraft title also has a separate place.



Four Square Horror
The Night Side

Pan Science Fiction
The Witchcraft Reader

Robert Silverberg
Downward to the Earth



J.G.Ballard
Crash

H.P. Lovecraft
The Lurking Fear

Alan Dean Foster
The Thing

February, 27

Research

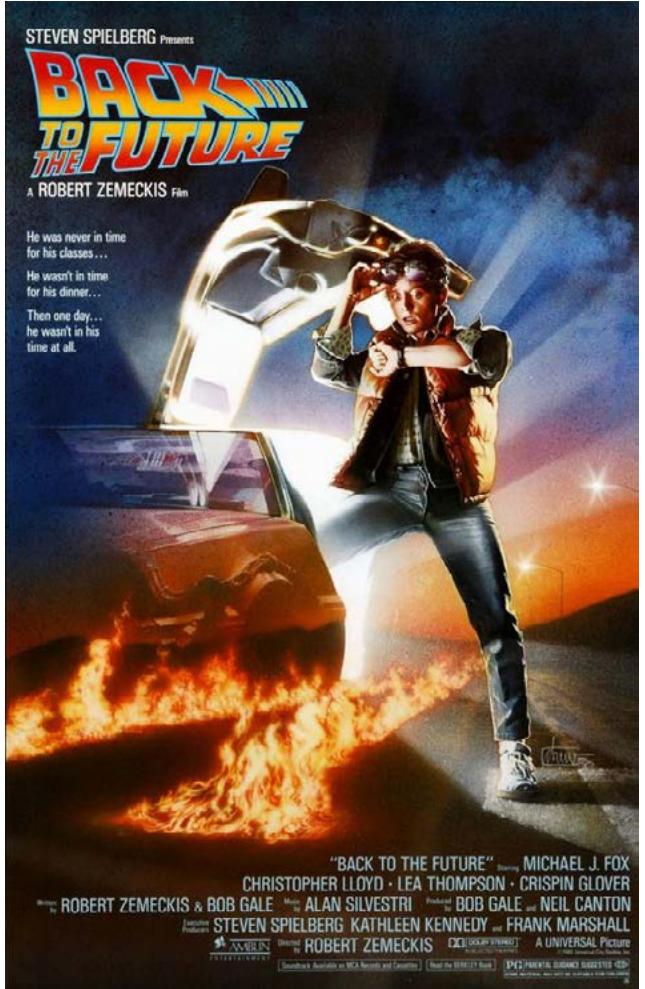
Sofia K

Home

Posters

Before starting to design publications, I already imagined how I would announce the book series. I wanted to analyze posters with elements of science fiction and brutalism, which, in theory, I would post on social networks a week before the release of the book.

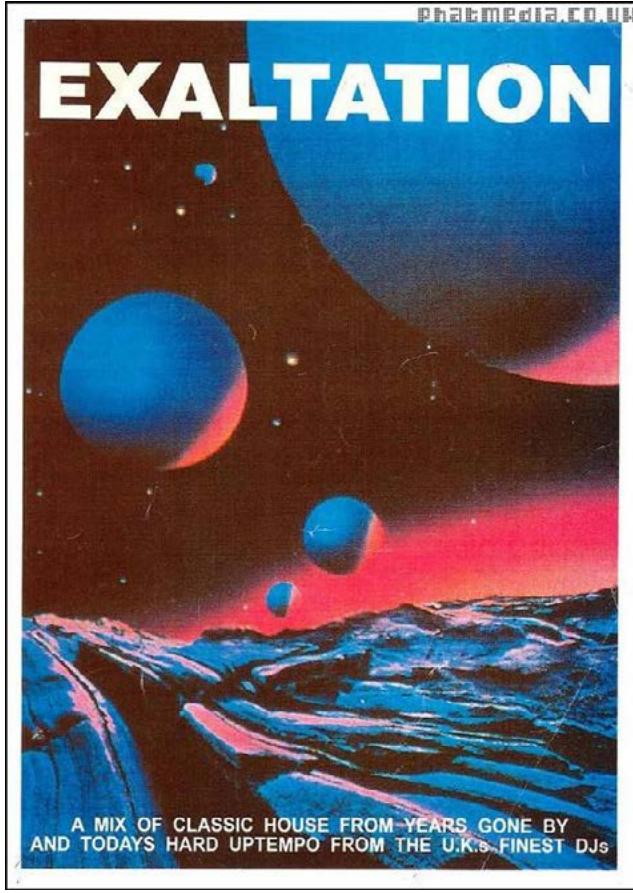
I had great expectations from this book project. Unfortunately, the idea of the posters remained just an idea.



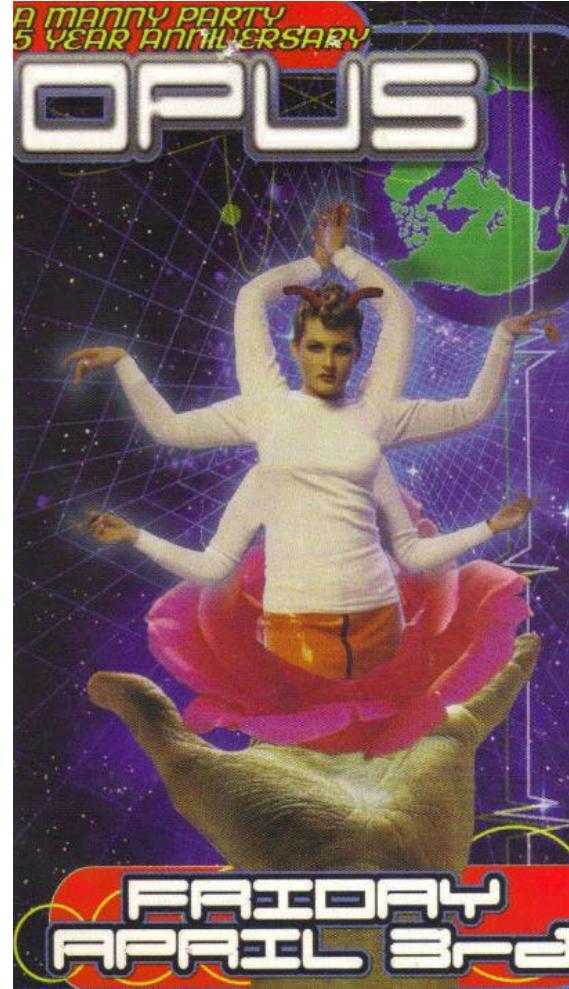
Movie poster
Back to the Future



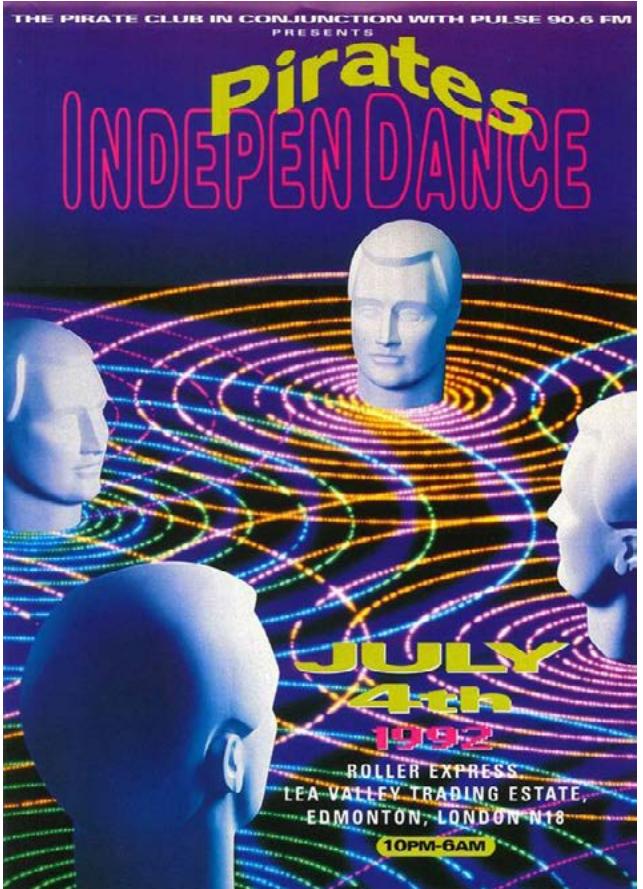
Event poster
Unknown



Event poster
Unknown



Event poster
Unknown



Event poster
Unknown



Event poster
Unknown

February, 28

Process

Sofia K

Home

First text experiments

This day has come, I started the design process. At first, I decided to just place the text on the page to view the overall look of the spread.

I used the font Nanum Myeongjo in the size of 8pt. Based on some FourCorners books, I tried to repeat the paragraph system. But all this seemed to me empty and monotonous, especially the small font size.

After that, I changed the font to Baskerville, making the size bigger to 13pt to occupy more pages with text.

And still, it seemed to me that I should add additional elements, so I used the pictures that we chose as the inspiration. Those paragraphs that are related to the pictures, I highlighted with Baskerville italic. I relished the sequence of regular and italics on the page.

I had more experiments with pictures where I put them on top of the text, but all this appeared to me not logical and not

supported. Why am I doing this? What is the idea? I could not answer these questions.

Returning to the Notion program, I found in the History tab with the entire chronicles of the writing of our texts. This was my decision.

'So, did you see anything else?'

I didn't know how to answer. What if she gets angry at me? But there's no reason to get angry. I guess that the only way to understand what has happened is to tell them that I met someone there, in my dream.

'I met a neighbour.' I thought that by saying that I would make them concerned, that they would be curious or interested, or anything, but mom has just smiled.

'Isn't it amazing what a child's imagination can do? I wish I had this kind of dreams!'

The rest of the morning was uneventful. I packed the books, hopped on my bike and began my journey to school. I knew that there was no one that I could talk to seriously. But I at least hope that maybe Hansuke will listen to me.

The air was filled with the smell of spring, the smell of everything waking up from the winter slumber. It felt like the leaves on the trees were whispering, spreading the word about a boy who has seen a weird dream and passing it to someone. As the sun was getting high up in the sky all the beauty of the world was unfolding, from

12

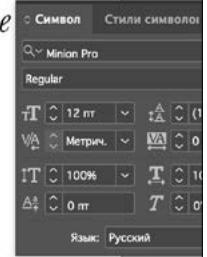
The Project Book

The first attempts to work on the text

nything, but mom has just smiled.
'Isn't it amazing what a child's
nagination can do? I wish I had this kind
f dreams!'

The rest of the morning was uneventful.


*I packed the books, hopped on my bike
and began my journey to school. I knew
that there was no one that I could talk to
seriously. But I at least hope that maybe
Hansuke will listen to me.*



The Project Book

*Combining images (our prompts) and
paragraphs, highlighting them with italic*

With that, I have opened my eyes. The morning sun was making it through the curtains and making its appearance in the room filling it with warmth. I have looked around, making sure that I was awake. I am sure was. That was a weird dream.

Mom was making breakfast and do



The Project Book

Image overlay where you can find a link to prompts

Deleted
Amazingly, everyone has shared my thoughts

Deleted
And that is how my adventure and the rescue of Thomas began. Let me put it this way: This was the beginning of our journey to the depths of the ocean.

When suddenly, the earth has started to shake. He has taken a step back, finally taking a good look at the place where he was digging. The beam of light was getting stronger and the ground was shaking more and more, which has lead to crack to emerge from it. And the crack has led straight to the ocean.

Thomas has tried his best to get away from it, but the ocean got him as well. Since the crack became bigger and bigger, and he was the closest to the crack, we have managed to run used everything, each piece of energy that had remained in him to get away from it. First, while legs got pulled in and he was captured. As soon as it has happened, the crack has consumed both of his hands to grasp the ground around him. As everyone was standing, mesmerized by the disaster that they were seeing, I shook my head and came to my knees and ran towards Thomas,

—“Hold onto me!”

I’ve reached towards him and tried to grab his hand. I saw the terror in his eyes. Who could have thought that everything that was happening right now was only because of the strength and the closeness of our community and the love this man had for his garden?

Amazingly, everyone has shared my thoughts:

And that is how my adventure and the rescue of Thomas began. Let me put it this way: This was the beginning of our journey to the depths of the ocean. When suddenly, the earth has started to shake. He has taken a step back, finally taking a good look at the place where he was digging. The beam of light was getting stronger and the ground was shaking more and more, which has lead to crack to emerge from it. And the crack has led

The Project Book

A new idea for using text history from Notion

March, 1

Process

Sofia K

Home

Documentation

After experimenting with the grids, I realized that I can't just put the finished text on the blank page. I needed an approach to work on stories without using pictures. I understood that I do not have visual materials to combine images and text, and the use of our random images does not fit into the concept.

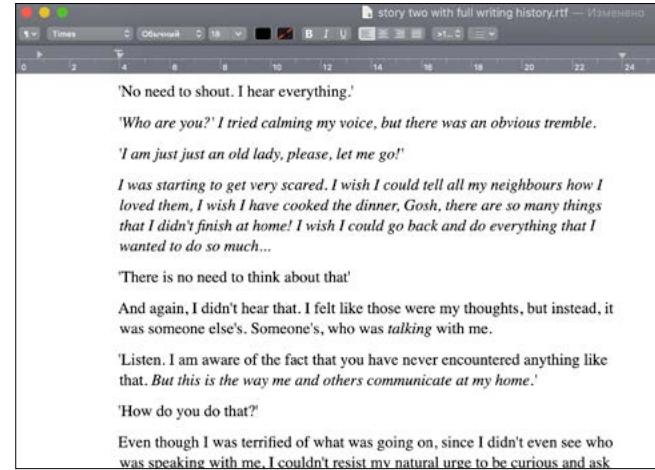
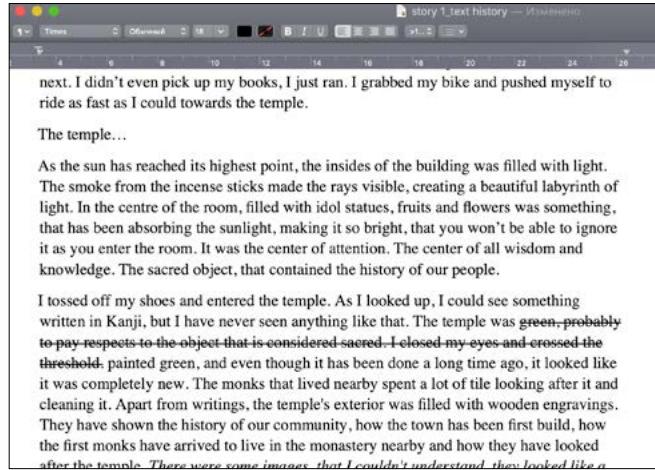
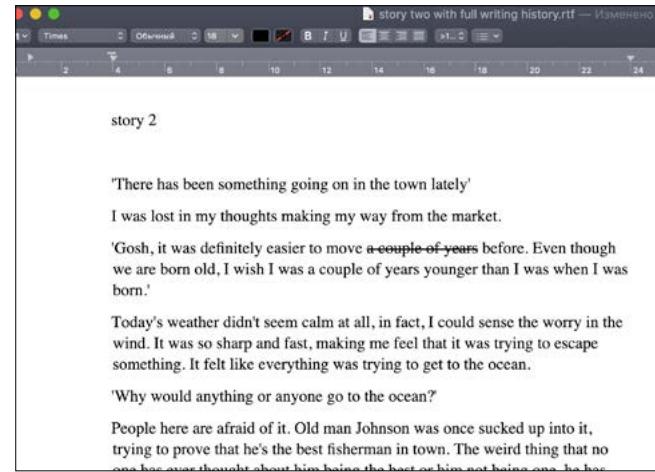
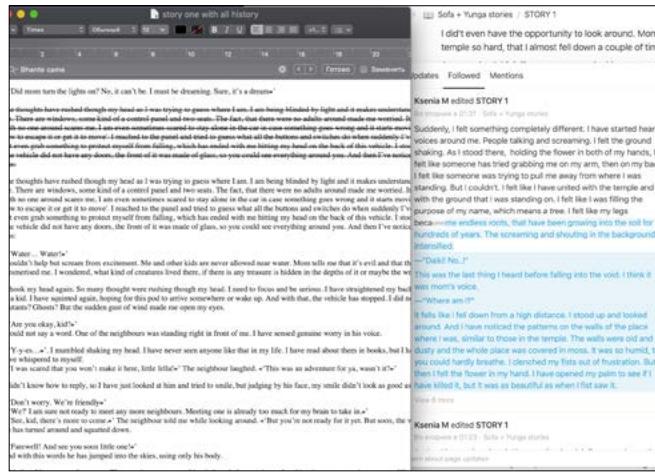
Theoretically, we could invite another person to work on the project, an illustrator who would sketch some pictures for us, but we did not want to complicate the stable work process.

On February 29th, I decided to use the text history of Notion as the main concept of the text. I relished the idea of life writing, it was very simple in perception and could show the internal processes of inventing a plot. My idea was to show the text as it was originally composed – with numerous errors, deleted sentences, and not corrected punctuation.

So the long process of transferring all corrections from

Notion to textEdit began. All the text that was written on the first try I left with regular font, the text we added later was denoted italic, and I crossed out the deleted text. Thus, I would get a nice text pattern and I liked it so much.

Along with corrections, we added comments to the text, where we discussed the details. But I have not figured out this part of the text yet.



TextEdit

Documentation of text changes of the first story

TextEdit

Documentation of text changes of the second story

March, 2

Tutorial
Meeting

Ksenia M
Sofia K

Studio

Idea feedback and
discussion of plans

On Monday I presented the idea of life writing to teachers for the first time. They advised me to think about additional manipulations with the text, for example, to add text editing time, to create the custom stroke line design and to make the deleted text more obvious. For instance, I could experiment with fonts and text contrast on the example of text history in Notion.

In general, Notion has become the main reference for working on the text. From there I took all the text manipulations and corrections, attached the fonts used, and screenshots of the process there. After the tutorial, as usual, I met with Ksenia to discuss the further stages of the development of stories.

We already had an idea for the plot of the fifth story – a planet of hologram creatures who are trying to solve the mystery of their existence. But the topic was too complicating and confusing for us.

This issue required a deep knowledge of science, not a simple imagination. Therefore, our stories have stopped.

being one, he has just created this other competition for himself. Such an old friend.

I couldn't help but chuckle. I know it's not nice to laugh at those things, but the circumstances under which this took place occurred are indeed funny. As I approached my house the sun has started setting. Everything was falling asleep as the sun went down, and our people get our energy from the sun and I was already feeling my energy coming to an end.

I have placed the vegetables on the counter and even though I had a plan for cooking them tonight, I didn't feel like so I went straight to bed. I even didn't have enough energy to read a book before bed and as soon as I placed my head on the pillow, I have dazed off. Beam of light.

'Where am I? Did the night go past so quickly? I don't feel well rested at all. Another beam of Silence.'

And then I heard a voice. This sounded like any voice like I have ever heard. It sounds like something automatic. Like something from the future, but still wasn't felt like it wasn't even a voice.

'Hello.'

I have closed my ears. The voice was so loud that I was scared that it could harm my hearing. But instead, I heard it again.

'Hello!'

I was right about it not being a literal voice. It's like it was inside my head.

'What do you want? What am I doing now?' I couldn't even imagine talking to someone just by thinking about what you want to say, so I have shouted instead.

'I need to shout. I hear everything.'

'Excuse you?'

I tried calming my voice, but there was an obvious tremble. 'I am just just an old lady, you know, let me go!' I was starting to get very scared. I wish I could tell all my neighbours that I loved them, I wish I have cooked the dinner. Gosh, there are so many things that I still need to finish at home! I wish I could go back and do everything that I wanted to do so easily.

'There is no need to think about that.'

'Again, I didn't hear that. I felt like

'they were my thoughts, but instead, it was someone else's. Someone's, who was talking to me.'

'Sorry, I am aware of the fact that you have

Amazingly, everyone has shared my thoughts:

And that is how my adventure and the rescue of Thomas began. Let me put it this way. This was the beginning of our journey to the depths of the ocean. When suddenly, the earth has started to shake. He has taken a step back, finally taking a good look at the place where he was digging. The beam of light was getting stronger and the ground was shaking more and more, which has lead to crack to emerge from it. *And the crack has led straight to the ocean.*

Thomas has tried his best to get away from it, but the ocean got him as well. Since *The crack became bigger and bigger, and he was the closest to the crack, we have managed to run*

used everything, each piece of energy that had remained in him to get away from it. First, whiles legs got pulled in and he was captured. As soon as it has happened, the crack has closed used both of his hands to grasp the ground around him. As everyone was standing, mesmerised by the disaster that they were seeing, I shook my head and came to my senses and ran towards Thomas.

= «'Hold onto me!»'

Scan

Design of the text using gradient in different chapters

Scan

Life writing with three text features



Ksenia
After a hard day

March, 3

Research

Sofia K

Home

'Ways to Write'

I was writing the fourth story for more than a week. There are times when you do not have the energy and inspiration left, there is no new concept to finish what you started. Consequently, I decided to study the principles of literary skill on examples of famous classical works. I found 'Ways to Write' article, which consists of audio lessons and exercises.

I realized that writing a plot is not just an accident that formed into a logical scenario. In writing, there are certain plot techniques that authors constantly use in their publications.

For example, in Russian literature, writers used chronicle stories where several generations of the same family can be depicted or the development of a particular social and domestic environment can be shown. This type of plot usually has a very weak ending. But I could not finish the fourth story without an end. Each story created by Ksenia and me has an end that goes on to the next chapter.

In the article, I investigated the term 'reverse chronology', where the plot events do not go in order but move in its own sequence. When I started writing the fourth story, I was still not familiar with this trick but used it.

Get extra benefits ▾

1.3

YOU'VE COMPLETED 0 STEPS IN WEEK 1



[View transcript](#)

Ways to write

717 comments

Start Writing Fiction focuses on a skill which is central to the writing of all stories and novels – creating characters. You'll hear from a variety of writers talking about how they started and how they created their stories and characters. You'll learn the benefits of using a writer's notebook or journal, how to read like a writer and how to edit, as you

There are all sorts of reasons why people start to write. Throughout this course you will listen to established writers speaking about their work.

Here are a number of novelists talking about how they began to write. You will hear Alex Garland, Michèle Roberts, Tim Pears, Abdulrazak Gurnah, Monique Roffey and Louis de Bernières.



As you are listening, consider:

- How did these writers come to write?
- Why did they start to write?
- Were there any similarities in their respective journeys towards writing?

You'll discuss your thoughts in the next step.

(Text: © The Open University; Images: © The Open University/J Vespa (Garland)/Jeremy Sutton-Hibbert (Roberts)/David Levenson (Gurnah). Ben Stansall (Roffey)/Ulf Andersen (de Bernières) - all via Getty Images/Rory Carnegie (Pears); Audio: © The Open University/Alex

Will we continue?

We had plans to write a series of 8 stories, where in the last chapter there will be a denouement of the plot.

Over the coming weeks, we will continue to write a few more stories that, unfortunately, will not be included in the main book since we will not have time to finish them. So far, we had 4 completed stories that were waiting to become part of the book. I still had to translate my fourth story into English and edit it with the help of Ksenia.

However, I felt that we would no longer have a chance to write the remaining stories. Ksenia worked on the final project for illustration, and I would not have managed to produce more stories alone.

I firmly decided to pay all attention to design running with the text using the life writing method, but there are still many weeks ahead for which the text will change, transform and begin to exist on its own.

March, 12

Meeting

Ksenia M

Sofia K

Studio

Publications

We finally decided to reduce the number of publications from 10 to 8, so that we have 4 books with 2 stories. The cover will be combined into 4 books, as in my earlier references.

We concluded that the stories would be left without an ending because we want to continue writing our stories in the summer, and Ksenia wants to make them in the form of comics.

We were very inspired by the idea of writing additional chapters and announcing new books. We haven't printed anything yet, but we planned to order a test of publications from the Edithus publishing house.

I was worried because the story design was very weak, even though I had a clear concept. It seemed to me that writing stories captivate me more than text design.



Sofia and Ksenia
Taking selfies



Ksenia
Working

March, 15

Process

Sofia K

Home

Comments design

When Ksenia was writing stories, I left comments on some of her sentences in Notion. So we discussed the plot details, explained why the main character said exactly like that and what the name of the character means. We also shared some personal stories (right in the comments).

My goal was to form a new text feature that will work only for comments. I thought that according to the hierarchy of the text, comments should be smaller and stand out from the general structure of the main text.

My first step was to post comments on the sentence between lines. Additionally, the sentence can be indicated by underlining. But this created a feeling of difficulty in reading the text. I tried to find a different position for the comments, but they obviously did not fit into the gap between lines of the main text.

Then, I placed the comments to the right gap of the text. I savored

this solution, but I did not know what to do if the comment is long and needs to be moved to the next page. Leave it to the right? Then the comments will be inside the book, which will cause inconvenient readability.

I still have not denied the idea of using a color that refers to our names at the top of the page. If the comment was written by me – it is blue, and if Ksenia –then red.

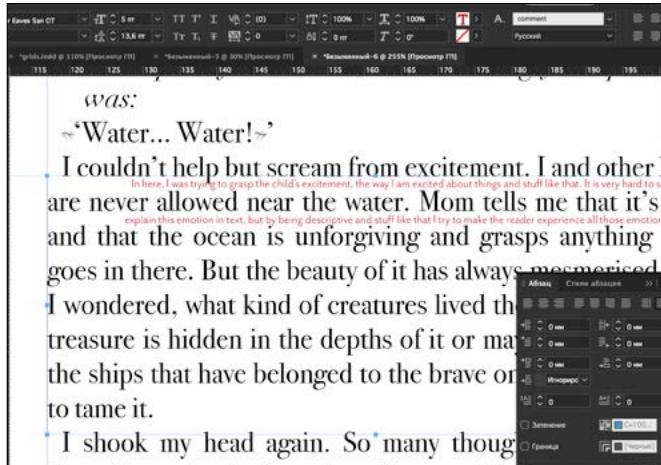
I didn't know how to reply, so I have just looked at him and tried to smile, but judging by his face, my smile didn't look as good as I wanted it to be.

~'Don't worry. We're friendly.'~

~'We?~ I am sure, not ready to meet any more neighbours. Meeting one is already too much for my brain to take in.

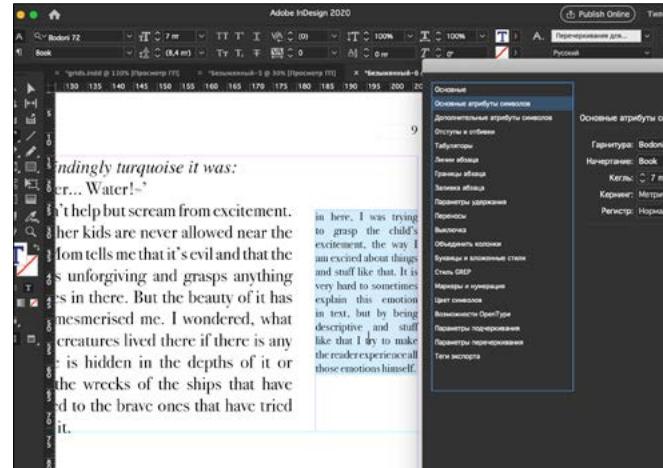
~'See, kid, there's more to come.'~ The neighbour told me while looking around. ~'But you're not ready for it yet. But soon, the world will be completely different and so much better than it is now!'~

He has turned around and squatted down. ~'Farewell! And see you soon little one!'~ And with these words he has jumped into the skies, using only his body.



The Project Book

Comment's design between lines of text



though it has been done a long time ago, it looked like it was completely new. The monks that lived nearby spent a lot of tiles looking after it and cleaning it. Apart from writings, the temple's exterior was filled with wooden engravings. They have shown the history of our community; how the town has been first built, how the first monks have arrived to live in the monastery nearby and how they have looked after the temple. There were some images, that I couldn't understand, they looked like a huge underground labyrinth.

I ran my fingers through the walls, probably because I wanted to get to know the temple and let it know I was coming or maybe because I wanted to grasp a little bit of ancient wisdom. I have never been inside and I thought that I should pay respects to

The Project Book

Comment's design on the side of the text and in a different color

March, 16

Tutorial

Sofia K

Studio

Test printing

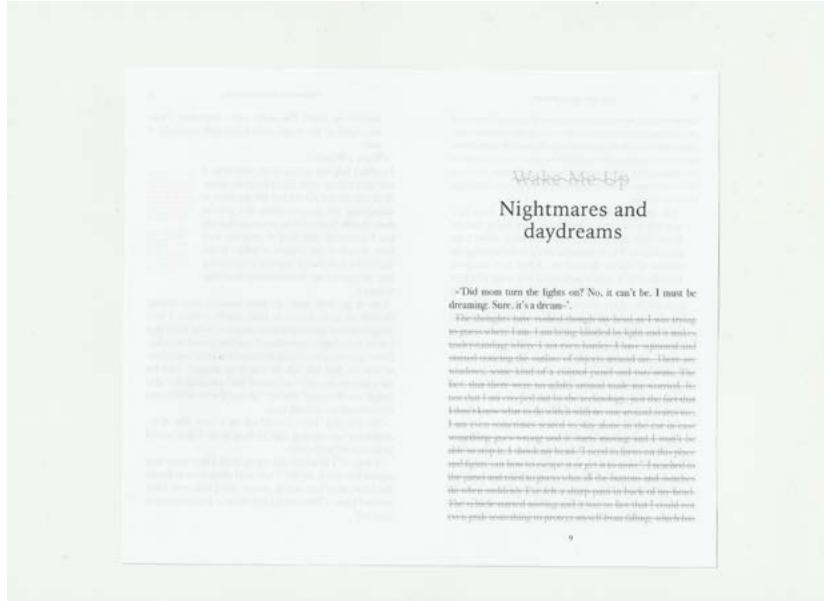
I printed several chapters on plain white paper to see how the text looks in the (fairly small) format. I chose the format 107x175mm, completely repeating the dimensions of the book 'The Tell-Tale Heart and Other Writings' by Edgar Allan Poe.

During the tutorial, I realized that comments size should be much bigger because they are not readable in a small format. The previous version (which was shown on March 2) with large text looked more exciting and playful than the classic small text.

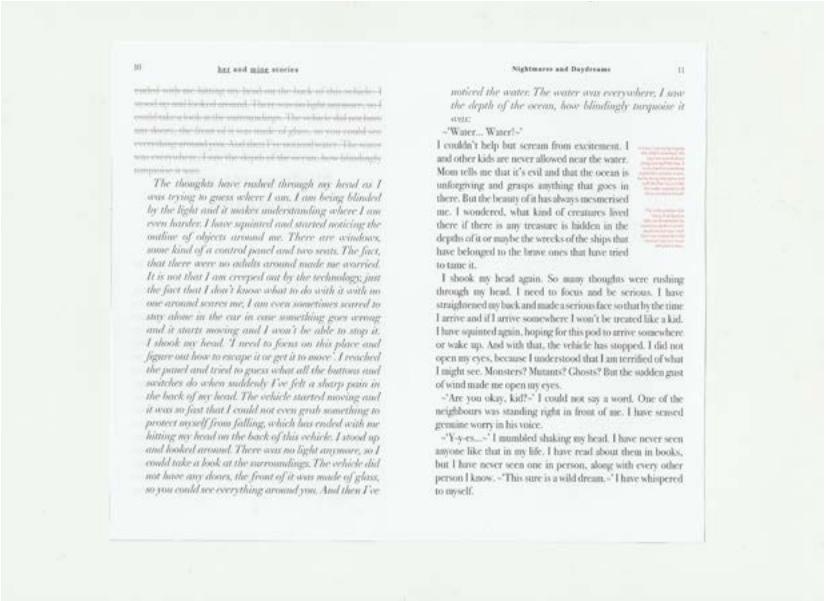
For the main text, I used one of the variants of the Bodoni font, which made the text very decorative. To improve readability, I could try changing the font to Bauer Bodoni, which was created specifically for the medium font size. The tutors fancied the idea of a small book with a large print, it would attract attention.

Besides, I could develop a new design for the stroke line, which will distinct from the several types of deleted words and sentences. For example, for a headline, the stroke line may differ from the stroke line in the body text. Also, I could put a new text feature, such as the time of adding text.

Of course, to evaluate the actual size of the text and its contrast, I have to print a few spreads on technical paper.



Scan
Printed chapter 1



Scan
Chapter 1 with coloured comments

Illustration by Natasja van der Velde

“I was scared that you won’t make it here, little fella!” The neighbour laughed. “This was an adventure for ya, wasn’t it?”

I didn’t know how to reply, so I have just looked at him and tried to smile, but judging by his face, my smile didn’t look as good as I wanted it to be.

“Don’t worry. We’re friendly.”

“We? I am sure, not ready to meet any more neighbours. Meeting one is already too much for my brain to take in.”

“See, kid, you have to come.” The neighbour told me while looking around. “But you’re not ready for it yet. But soon, the world will be completely different and so much better than it is now.”

He has turned around and squatted down. “Farewell! And see you soon little one!” And with these words he has jumped into the skies, using only his body.

Illustration by Natasja van der Velde

With that, I have opened my eyes. The morning sun was making its way through the curtains and making its appearance in my room filling it with warmth. I have looked around, making sure that I was awake. And I sure was. That was a weird dream.

Mom was making breakfast and dad was though his papers as I have entered the kitchen. Sure, I could ask them about the dream, but we don’t talk much about the neighbours. I sat down at the table and couldn’t help but take a deep breath.

“What is it dear?”

Mom didn’t seem to be worried. And it looks like she was in a good mood.

“I had the weirdest dream in my life!” I couldn’t hide my excitement. “I saw water and...”

“You see the water every day.” Dad didn’t seem to be that shocked about the fact that I saw the real water.

“I don’t mean the water in the bath or the water in the ocean! I mean the ocean! I have been there, inside of it!”

Dad has been distracted from his papers and mom has turned to me. I couldn’t see what kind of emotion they’re experiencing. But Haven’t I ever seen this kind of look on their faces? Like they’re scared and eat the table?

“So, did you see anything else?”

I didn’t know how to answer. What if she gets angry at me? But there’s no reason to get angry. I guess that the only way to understand what has happened is to tell them that I met someone there, in my dream.

“I met a neighbour.”

I thought that by saying that I would make them concerned, that they would be curious or interested, or anything, but mom has just smiled.

“Isn’t it amazing what a child’s imagination can do? I wish I had this kind of dream.”

The rest of the morning was uneventful. I packed the books, hopped on my bike and began my journey to school. I knew that there was no one that I could talk to seriously. But I at least hope that maybe Hansuke will listen to me.

The air was filled with the smell of spring, the smell of everything waking up from the winter slumber. It felt like the leaves on the trees were whispering, spreading the word about a boy who has seen a weird dream and passing it to someone. As the sun was getting high up in the sky all the beauty of the

world was unfolding, from snowy mountain peaks to small streams surround the roads. Every living creature has sensed the arrival of spring and has felt the beginning of the new era for the world.

“I wish I could’ve arrived earlier.” This was the only thought that was rushing through my head. Here I sat, trying to comprehend what the teacher was saying. By the fact that the parents didn’t pay that much attention to my dream made me the question of I’m making a big deal of it. Sure, it might be just a dream, but I feel that there’s more to it, that there is something that I need to do or somewhere that I need to go. I just can’t wrap my head around it.

“Dank! Wake up!”

“Huh? Did I zone out?”

“Come on! The lesson’s finished!”

I shook my head to return back to reality. My best friend, Hansuke was standing right in front of me. He didn’t actually stand, he was slightly moving his legs and hands, showing me that he couldn’t wait until we finally go and play.

“What’s up with you today? Come on, don’t waste any time!”

He grabbed me by my blazer and dragged me outside without wasting a second. As we have entered the school’s yard, he took off his blazer and took a deep breath.

“Isn’t it a nice day? Wish we could go home already.”

Hansuke turned his head on me, signalling that we finally go and play. But I am sure not in the mood.

“There’s definitely something *bad* *awry* with you today. What is it?” Hansuke has turned around completely facing me.

“I had the weirdest dream ever!” I couldn’t contain my excitement anymore. “I was in the ocean and there were a pod and so much light and I met a neighbour in person! Like, I really saw one! He was talking to me and he was so close that I could touch him!”

The words just continued to flow, I couldn’t stop talking until I saw Hansuke’s expression. It was filled with excitement. I wonder, is there anything apart from schoolwork that doesn’t excite him?

“Are you for real?”

“I’m dead serious.”

He has scratched the back of his head, probably thinking about what he could suggest to me.

“Do you think it means something?” He looked around. “I do think that I’m the one to ask. My mom always tells me that if you can’t find an answer to something, the answer could be either inside you or in the temple.”

The temple.

He couldn’t even finish the sentence. As I heard the word ‘Temple’ I knew what to do next. I didn’t even pack up my books, I just ran. I grabbed my bike and pushed myself to ride as fast as I could towards the temple.

As the sun has reached its highest point, the inside of the building were filled with light. The smoke from the incense sticks made the rays visible, creating a beautiful labyrinth of light. In the center of the room, filled with idol statues, fruits and flowers were something, that has been

absorbing the sunlight, making it so bright, that you won't be able to ignore it as you enter the room. It was the center of attention. The center of all the magic and knowledge. The sacred object, that contained the history of people.

I tossed off my shoes and entered the temple. As I looked up, I could see something written in Kamp, but I have never seen anything like that. The temple was

*smaller
would
land
say*

very very old and small. The floor was made of stone and there were some plants growing around the floor. The walls were painted green, and even though it has been done a long time ago, it looked like it was completely new. The monks that lived nearby spent a lot of times looking after it and cleaning it. Apart from writings, the temple's exterior was filled with wooden engravings. They have shown the history of our community, how the town has been first built, how the first monks have arrived to live in the monasteries nearby and how they have looked after the temple. There were some images, that I couldn't understand, they looked like a huge underground labyrinth.

I ran my fingers through the walls, probably because I wanted to get to know the temple and let it know I was coming or maybe because I wanted to grab a little bit of their wisdom. I have never been inside and I thought that I should pay respects to this place. I closed my eyes and crossed the threshold.

Crossing

I was immediately struck by the smell of incense. The

air was completely different inside, it felt like it has been there for ages, it was stale, but not in a bad way, it was rather welcoming and I had a feeling that everything around the temple; the leaves, trees, grass, and the air was trying to preserve it and what was inside.

If I like each and every sound you make in the temple could be heard, even breathing. I made a step further.

The floor was very shiny. There was some ash from the incense sticks here and there, but you would certainly walk out with clean feet. But that wasn't something that has bothered me at all, instead, I decided to look for someone, who could help me.

As I was moving along the walls of the temple, scared that I would break something, knowing how clumsy I am, I have bumped into a monk. The insides of the temple were so filled with light from the sun and the brightness from fruits and flowers that his saffron robe has perfectly melted with everything around him, making it hard to distinguish where he was.

He has been praying and I didn't want to interrupt him at all. As soon as I have bumped into him, I have taken a couple of steps back, whilst holding my breath. But that didn't happen, instead, he has opened his eyes, looking like he had just woken up from me.

"Hello, Blame."

I have bowed to show my respect. The monk has bowed back. He didn't seem angry or irritated for the fact that I've interrupted his prayer.

"What brings you here, boy?"

The monks don't have a lot of visitors, let alone kids like me, so I knew that he would be a little surprised. Some parents

don't tell the kids the importance of this place, mine is one of them. I have learned about this place when I and Hanouke were playing in the forest nearby, where we have noticed it behind a hill and later on, we have looked through many books, imagining what this place looks like inside, but none of us dared to go in. But here I am, inside, waiting for some answers.

I have like each and every sound you make in the temple could be heard, even breathing. I made a step further.

The floor was very shiny. There was some ash from the incense sticks here and there, but you would certainly walk out with clean feet. But that wasn't something that has bothered me at all, instead, I decided to look for someone, who could help me.

Even though he was curious from the beginning, I could see interest spark in his eyes. That gave me hope for finding an answer.

"I saw a place, that I have never even imagined. I was in some kind of vehicle and there was light everywhere at first, but then I saw the ocean, and, and I, I was inside of it! I could see it all around me."

I couldn't fight the excitement and fear of Blame not believing me. My heart was racing so fast that at first glance at me at this moment will make you think that I've run a mile or two. I was anticipating his reaction or just anything, any sign, that would show that he believes me. Instead, he was standing there looking at the ground. He had his hands behind his back and the movement of the muscles on his arms I could guess that he was clenching his hands, probably out of frustration, since I'm guessing that he doesn't know what to tell me.

I couldn't catch my breath after speaking so fast. I could

even feel a trace of my voice in this room. But nevertheless, it seemed calmer than ever. I could see dust particles landing in a swaying dance in the rays of the sun, making the room more alive, demonstrating, that the time hasn't stopped here, that even though it seems so secure and calm, there are still things going on inside. I was looking around in an attempt to find a clue, but there is nothing. There is just me and Blame.

He looked up at the sun, and then at the center of the room.

"Child, what is your name?"

"I'm Dashi. The son of Haku and Sen."

"Very well. Do you know what is that, in the center of this temple?"

He has pointed his hand at the place, where the sunlight has gathered. There it was, the sacred Bonsai tree. It has been there for as long as everyone could remember. My grandparents have seen it, their grandparents have too. They have all seen the beauty of it, how tangled the branches were, how green were its small leaves.

I have looked in the direction of Blame's hand.

"This is the sacred Bonsai..."

"And what do you know about it, Dashi?"

"I know that it is very old and that is, well, never blooms, and have never bloomed..."

"That's true..."

Blame looked away from both me and the tree. He looked up and I have noticed his eyes going through the engravings on the walls of the temple, like he was reading a story.

"The writings on those walls tell everyone an old legend. But unfortunately, everyone who comes here is too blind to see it."

He looked at me.

Scan

Chapter 1 with coloured comments and tutor notes about leading

Scan

Chapter 1 with coloured comments

that has used to be so beautiful.
After a couple of moments of silence, people started to guess what had happened.

"It's like water has been drained from all the plants!"
"The magic has stopped working!"

"Someone must've ruined your garden overnight!"
"It's sad to see your garden like that, Thomas..."

The voices were mixing all together into a crazy buzz. I needed to talk to Thomas, but with all those people murmuring and whispering, I needed to get closer.

As I approached Thomas, I have noticed that his posture hasn't changed since I saw him out of the window.

"Thomas, what has happened?"

"I don't know. I did everything as usual. I have watered the garden in the evening and in the morning it was like that. I have no idea..."

The garden was everything to this old man. Of course, he has friends as we all do, but the garden was his retreat, his happy place, his everything. No one could even imagine how much work he has put into it.

"Maybe the water has been sucked back into the ocean?"

The buzz has immediately stopped. No one likes the ocean. As soon as this idea has been voiced, everyone has thought the same thing.

The water has returned home, to its birthplace, to the ocean. "Maybe there is some kind of vortex underground?"

"Old fool, there is no possibility of the underground vortex!"
The buzz has started again. People were talking about what could have happened, making guesses, creating theories. No one has noticed Thomas digging in the background. I know that he would do everything to save his retreat. I wanted to ask

him if I should bring my shovel and help, but I already knew the answer. Being a gentleman he is, he would never allow me to help him dig, but here I couldn't resist the urge to come and help him. And that's what I did.

I ran home, changed into some suitable clothing, grabbed the shovel and ran outside. As I got closer, I saw multiple people leaving and even more coming with their shovels. Everyone was looking for something, that has destroyed Thomas's garden, something, that has drained the water from it, something, that seemed so confusing and terrifying.

The hours passed and the pit was getting deeper. More and more people have arrived to help, but in the center of all, it was Thomas himself. He hasn't stopped since morning. I wondered where this man got all his energy. He has always been so sad back and calm, while here he looked like a completely different person.

"Everyone, look! Here's the water!"
Everybody has dropped their tools and ran towards Benjamin, an old folk from our town, famous for his wild honey. I have never seen him holding a shovel before! But I was really happy to see all kinds of people around, getting their hands dirty.

The first one to see water after Benjamin was Thomas himself. He has dropped his shovel and started digging with his own hands. I have noticed how tired he was. He has used his hands not only he was desperate, but also because he couldn't stand anymore. He dug and dug until I saw a familiar light.

Light beam. Just like from my dream.

As the light became brighter, everyone has taken a step back, everyone, apart from Thomas. Why would something, that

gives us life, why would the earth, water, be so cruel to this man, that has been doing nothing, but helping it, by creating this beautiful garden.

He continued to dig, while everyone around him was standing, mesmerised. We all knew that it was his garden and he wanted to dig with it him.

With each pass, the earth has started to shake. He has taken a step back, finally taking a good look at the place where he was digging. The beam of light was getting stronger and the ground was shaking more and more, which has to lead to crack to emerge from it.

Thomas has tried his best to get away from it, but the ocean got him as well. ~~now~~ The crack became bigger and bigger, and he ~~was~~ used everything, each piece of energy that had remained in him to get away from it. First, ~~his~~ legs got pulled in and he was captured.

As soon as it has happened, the crack has closed was the closest to the crack, we have managed to run away from it, while he was captured. As soon as it has happened, the crack has closed. We all stood, speechless. But the only thing that we all knew is that we have to save Thomas. We have all shared the same goal. I stood up.

"Listen everyone!"

Everybody knew that I am a quieter person and I don't like being the center of attention. But here I stood up and voiced my thoughts.

"Pick your shovels and continue digging! We need to find him! Those of you who are tired get some sleep and return

here!"
Amazingly, everyone has shared my thoughts.

I felt elated and also grateful - exhausted. The night was already approaching. I looked around and I found sleep. And I did sleep. My mind provided me with a nice dream, something like this might tell us a great energy that makes some in the story when you're like me, you're a creative writer and in my case, trying to be a novelist, just a dream like this can give you a lot of ideas and make your writing easier.

And that is how my adventure and the rescue of Thomas began. Let me put it this way. This was the beginning of our journey to the depths of the ocean.

Bauer
Bodoni

Scan

Chapter 1 with coloured comments

Scan

Chapter 1 with coloured comments and tutor notes about changing typeface to Bauer Bodoni

don't tell the kids the importance of this place, mine is one of them. I have learned about this place when I and Hansuke were playing in the forest nearby, where we have noticed it behind a hill and later on, we have looked through many books, imagining what this place looks like inside, but none of us dared to go in. But here I am, inside, waiting for some answers.

I have scratched my head and looked away from the monk.
-You know, Bhante, I had a weird dream...- I could feel my voice trembling, so I made a deep breath and continued.
-I saw a neighbour. He was kind and didn't want to harm me...-

Even though he was curious from the beginning, I could see interest spark in his eyes. That gave me hope for finding an answer.

-I saw a place, that I have never even imagined. I was in some kind of vehicle and there was light everywhere at first, but then I saw the ocean, and, and I-I, w-was inside of it! I could see it all around me!-

I couldn't fight the excitement and fear of Bhante not believing me. My heart was racing so fast that at first glance at me at this moment will make you think that I've run a mile or two. I was anticipating his reaction or just anything, any sign, that would show that he believes me. Instead, he was standing there looking at the ground. He had his hands behind his back and the movement of the muscles on his arms I could guess that he was clutching his hands, probably out of frustration, since I'm guessing that he doesn't know what to tell me.

I couldn't catch my breath after speaking so fast. I could

even feel a trace of my voice in this room. But nevertheless, it seemed calmer than ever. I could see dust particles landing in a unifying dance in the rays of the sun, making the room more alive, demonstrating, that the time hasn't stopped here, that even though it seems so secure and calm, there are still things going on inside. I was looking around in an attempt to find a clue, but there is nothing. There is just me and Bhante.

He looked up at the sun, and then at the center of the room.
-Child, what is your name? -
-I'm Daiki. The son of Haku and Sen.-
-Very well. Do you know what is, in the center of this temple? -

He has pointed his hand at the place, where the sunlight has gathered. There it was, the sacred Bonsai tree. It has been there for as long as everyone could remember. My grandparents have seen it, their grandparents have too. They have all seen the beauty of it, how tangled the branches were, how green were its small leaves.

I have looked in the direction of Bhante's hand.
-This is the sacred Bonsai.-
-And what do you know about it, Daiki? -
-I know that it is very old and that is, well, never blooms, and have never bloomed.-
-That's true.-

Bhante looked away from both me and the tree. He looked up and I have noticed his eyes going through the engravings on the walls of the temple, like he was reading a story.

-The writings on those walls tell everyone an old legend. But unfortunately, everyone who comes here is too blind to see it.-

He looked at me.

26 27
Nightmares and Daydreams
or wake up. And with that, the vehicle has stopped. I did not open my eyes, because I understood that I am terrified of what I might see. Monsters? Mutants? Ghosts? But the sudden gust of wind made me open my eyes.

-Are you okay, kid? - I could not say a word. One of the neighbours was standing right in front of me. I have sensed genuine worry in his voice.

-Y-y-e-s... - I mumbled shaking my head. I have never seen anyone like that in my life. I have read about them in books, but I have never seen one in person, along with every other person I know. -This sure is a wild dream.- I have whispered to myself.

-I was scared that you won't make it here, little fella! - The neighbour laughed. - This was an adventure for ya, wasn't it? -

I didn't know how to reply, so I have just looked at him and tried to smile, but judging by his face, my smile didn't look as good as I wanted it to be.

-Don't worry. We're friendly.-
-We? - I am sure, not ready to meet any more neighbours. Meeting one is already too much for my brain to take in.

-See, kid, there's more to come.- The neighbour told me while looking around. -But you're not ready for it yet. But soon, the world will be completely different and so much better than it is now! -

He has turned around and squatted down. -Farewell! And see you soon little one! - And with these words he has jumped into the skies, using only his body.

With that, I have opened my eyes. The morning sun was making it through

-Are you okay, kid? - I could not say a word. One of the neighbours was standing right in front of me. I have sensed genuine worry in his voice.
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-See, kid, there's more to come.- The neighbour told me while looking around. -But you're not ready for it yet. But soon, the world will be completely different and so much better than it is now! -

He has turned around and squatted down. -Farewell! And see you soon

Scans

Printing on technical paper and using
Bodoni regular and bold for a whole text

out hour to escape it or get it to move'. I reached the panel and tried to guess what all the buttons and switches do when suddenly I've felt a sharp pain in the back of my head. The vehicle started moving and it was so fast that I could not even grab something to protect myself from falling, which has ended with me hitting my head on the back of this vehicle. I stood up and looked around. There was no light anymore, so I could take a look at the surroundings. The vehicle did not have any doors, the front of it was made of glass, so you could see everything around you. And then I've noticed the water. The water was everywhere, I saw the depth of the ocean, how blindingly turquoise it was:

-'Water... Water!'

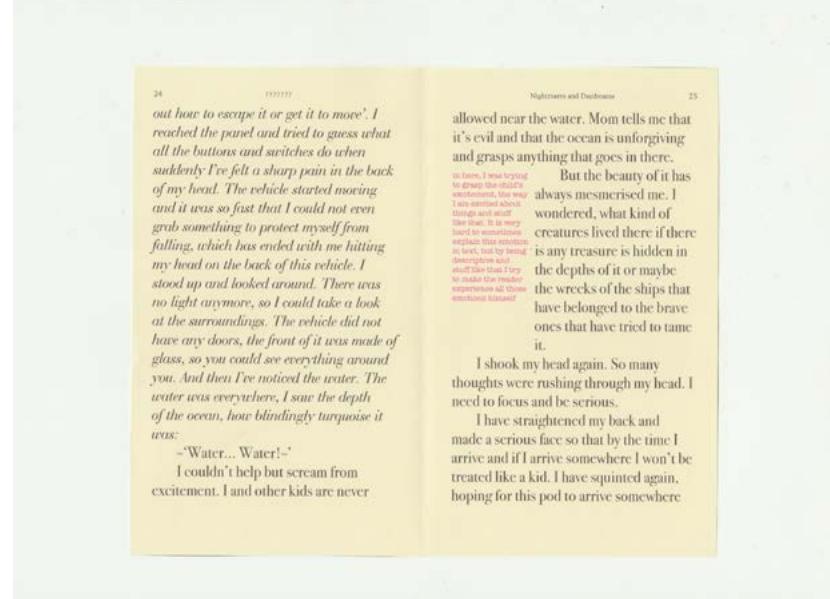
I couldn't help but scream from excitement. I and other kids are never

allowed near the water. Mom tells me that it's evil and that the ocean is unforgiving and grasps anything that goes in there.

In fact, I am trying to grasp the reality, the way I am interested about things such as the ocean. It is very hard to sometimes explain the beauty of something in text, but by being descriptive and exciting, I try to make the reader experience all those feelings I am having.

I shook my head again. So many thoughts were rushing through my head. I need to focus and be serious.

I have straightened my back and made a serious face so that by the time I arrive and if I arrive somewhere I won't be treated like a kid. I have squinted again, hoping for this pod to arrive somewhere



Scan

Printing on coloured paper and comparing the contrast of comments

March, 17

Process

Sofia K

Home

Text development

I was developing the text of stories and I decided to make the text size bigger than previous experiments. The font size is now 16pt.

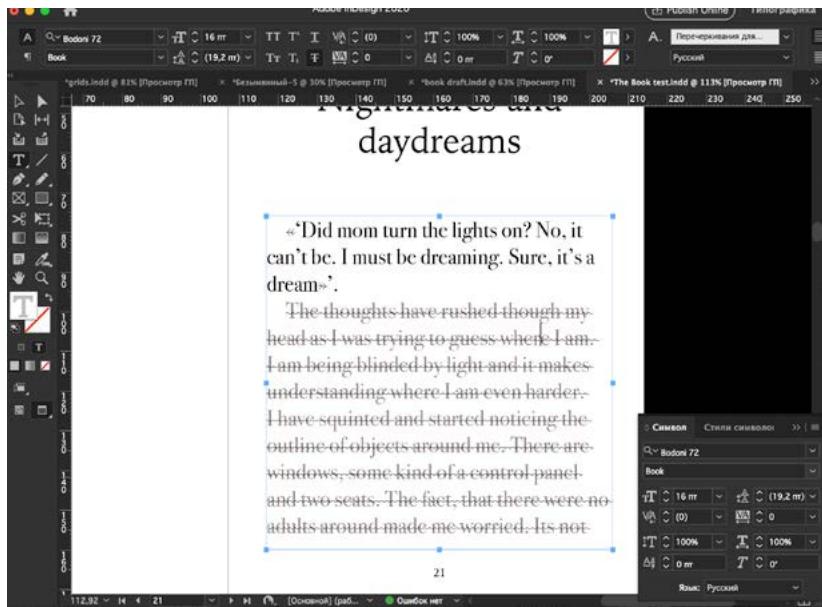
I also chose to make a more precise contrast between the deleted and the original text, referring to the Notion system.

In my opinion, the text of the whole chapter began to look more harmonious and easy to interpret. I enjoy the combination of italic and regular fonts that gave an unexpected text pattern.

Also, I experimented with the stroke line and made it more hand-made. As if the author crossed out the wrong word with his pen while writing the story.

In the headlines, I wanted to show the process of finding a suitable chapter title, so the words sizes go from small to big. The title that we decided to leave as a decision has the highest contrast.

It is time to move on and work on the second chapter.



The Project Book Font development

24 names

out how to escape it or get it to move'. I reached the panel and tried to guess what all the buttons and switches do when suddenly I've felt a sharp pain in the back of my head. The vehicle started moving and it was so fast that I could not even grab something to protect myself from falling, which has ended with me hitting my head on the back of this vehicle. I stood up and looked around. There was no light anymore, so I could take a look at the surroundings. The vehicle did not have any doors, the front of it was made of glass, so you could see everything around you. And then I've noticed the water. The water was everywhere, I saw the depth of the ocean, how blindingly turquoise it was:

"Water... Water!"

I couldn't help but scream from excitement. I and other kids are never

25 Nightmares and Daydreams

allowed near the water. Mom tells me that it's evil and that the ocean is unforgiving and grasps anything that goes in there. But the beauty of it has always mesmerised me. I wondered, what kind of creatures lived there if there is any treasure is hidden in the depths of it or maybe the wrecks of the ships that have belonged to the brave ones that have tried to tame it.

I shook my head again. So many thoughts were rushing through my head. I need to focus and be serious. I have straightened my back and made a serious face so that by the time I arrive and if I arrive somewhere I won't be treated like a kid. I have squinted again, hoping for this pod to arrive somewhere or wake up. And with that, the vehicle has stopped. I did not open my eyes, because I understood that I am terrified of what I might see. Monsters? Mutants? Ghosts? But the

The Project Book Size development

Thomas
Open Frontier
My Friend is Sun

'There has been something going on in the town lately.'

I was lost in my thoughts making my way from the market.

'Gosh, it was definitely easier to move a couple of years before. Even though we are born old, I wish I was a couple of years younger than I was when I was born.'

Today's weather didn't seem calm at all, in fact, I could sense the worry in the wind. It was so sharp and fast, making me feel that it was trying to escape something.

It felt like everything was trying to get to the ocean.

'Why would anything or anyone go to the ocean?'

People here are afraid of it. Old man Johnson was once sucked up into it, trying to prove that he's the best fisherman in town. The weird thing that no one has ever thought about him being the best or him not being one, he has just created this obscure competition for himself.

'Such an old fool'

I couldn't help but chuckle. I know, it's not nice to laugh at those things, but the circumstances under which this tragedy has occurred are indeed funny.

As I approached my house the sun has started setting. Everything was falling asleep as the sun set down, and our people get our energy from the sun and I was already feeling my energy coming to an

March, 19

Process

Sofia K

Home

Comments design 2

Having generally understood the structure of the main text design, I started controlling the details – the comments. I still had no idea where they should be located and what font to use for them.

So I chose a test font and emphasized color. I loved how the printed version with pink comments on colored yellow paper looked like, but I had to decide how to place these text blocks.

Also, I added one text feature – the time of the text change. It seemed logical to me to use the color of time, depending on who made the changes. Blue as before indicates that the changes were made by me, and pink by Ksenia.

It will be interesting to see how he continues his journey, where he will go and generally how to connect his disappearances with the rest of the plots in the last book... oh

*'Maybe they were i
I have looked at the
flower, thinking that
listening to me.*

*'Maybe it's just the
of my journey. And n
I'm here to solve all o*

I took a deep breath and made

Light beam. Just like from my dream.

As the light became brighter, everyone has taken a step back, everyone, apart from Thomas. Why would something, that gives us life, why would the earth, water, be so cruel to this man, that has been doing nothing, but helping it, by creating this beautiful garden.

He continued to dig, while everyone around him was standing, mesmerised. We all knew that it was his garden and he wanted to deal with it himself.

I would add here
that the ground was still
steep and
like power pulled
him deeper and
deeper into the ground
he tried to grab hold
the roots of plants,
he screamed and
shouted, he fell
more into the ocean
depths, we stood,
we could not help
him, everything

*to use that I was
holding in my
hands, but what
absorbed it from
me was the energy.
I increased and
began to dig the
place where just
Thomas was, the
hope of helping
him, but everything
disappeared, and
then a bright, and
thinner light, and
Thomas disappeared.
Then everything
is cool, 'we raised
our heads, it was
even surprising,
but we feel like a
single chapter.'*

*A short interview of
root intertwined.
The last of Thomas
towards the ocean
had creative,
something like this:*

'Hold onto me!'
Thomas has tried his
best to get away from it, but
the ocean got him as well.
Since *The crack became
bigger and bigger*, and he
has the closest to the crack, we have
managed to run used everything, each
piece of energy that had remained in him
to get away from it. First, whiles legs
got pulled in and he was captured.'

my hearing. But instead, I heard it again.
'Hello.'

I was right about it not being a literal voice. I felt like it was *out of inside my head.* 08:10

'What do you want? What am I doing here?!'

I couldn't even imagine talking to anyone just by thinking about what you

The Project Book New comments style

The Project Book New comments system

The Project Book New text feature – time of editing

March, 23

Process

Sofia K

Home

Comments design 3

I was savoring the text design process because I found the logic in my actions. Generally, I like when everything is structured, when there is the order in work, in thoughts and in actions.

Of course, it scared me that the weeks passed one after another, and the writing of new stories was paused.

I still used the test style for comments and thought that color is the best solution. In addition, in some places, I responded to Ksenia's comments, so I had to think about how to show us separately and visually divide the comments.

I tested the application of blue and pink at the same time, but I did not like the color combination. The question of comment design remained open and unresolved.

The power of stars Space Between

'I wish I could fly as fast as everyone else does.'

This thought has been going through my mind for so many years now. You see, we are small creatures living in such a large world. I sometimes think, why would the trees around us be so large, why would puddles seem like an eternal bottomless void and why would everything be so big, when we are so small.

'I couldn't see anyone around. And that's not surprising. I'm very small, even

60

smaller than anyone else. And my size and skills don't allow me to catch up with everyone. We rely on our wings to move around, without them we would simply be lost in the grass and wouldn't be able to go anywhere at all.'

'That would be frustrating.'

As I maneuvered thought the trees, I was trying to take a glimpse of my destination. I have stopped and covered my eyes from the sun, trying to make out if I'm going in the right direction. The path that has awaited me was quite difficult, there were trees, leaves and branches, and each and one of them are quite dangerous to me. I couldn't see the village that I was heading to, but basing on the description of the path, I'm on the right way.

'I hope I will get there by the evening.' Being in the forest at night is dangerous, if you don't have the right

equipment, like a lantern and some food. There are some mysterious creatures living in the bushes, and if I meet one of them, I'm sure I wouldn't escape.

You see, it's not that I don't believe in myself. The thing is that sometimes, I feel like I should have been born as another species. Almost everyone around me could fly so well from the beginning and those who didn't have put time and effort into it and started flying really fast, and there is me: clumsy and slow. Thinking about it makes me sad and angry all the time. I was told that if I put more work into flying, I would be the best, but that's a lie. I have dedicated every spare minute to flying, knowing that I am the worst and everyone around me knows that, I had to work even harder.

But here I am. Not even nearing the exit of the forest, while everyone else is

in the village already. I stopped again to catch my breath and look around. The forest looked beautiful in the afternoon. Everything around got its amount of sun and was finally awake. The forest was making its unique sounds, creating some kind of music, that you will never hear anywhere, apart from this place.

The leaves, grass and bushes were whispering in unison, creating a deep

and light sound of the woods. Everything looked so fresh and welcoming, that by just looking at where I am now, you would suggest stopping here for an hour or two and spending some time by just relaxing and exploring the beauty of the forest. But if you knew what was happening in the forest at night, you wouldn't say so and would try to leave it.

so I've made this one, but I don't like it, that's why I stopped writing it. There is the second version of it, I'm going to distinguish them as soon as I post the second version

see him properly since I have immediately fallen on my knees.

'The greatest spirit, I didn't mean to intrude and disrespect you. I was just trying to spend the night. I got lost and exhausted and I didn't have anywhere to go but your forest. I beg you to forgive me and let me leave as soon as possible. That would show the generosity of your heart and soul and I would be grateful until the day I die...'

I was mumbling it into the ground, too scared to lift my eyes up. Even though I was skeptical in the beginning, I was being sincere now.

'Oh stop it and get up.'

I felt how watery my eyes were. And I couldn't believe that the forest king himself has asked me to get up. I didn't want to get into more trouble and got up, still looking down at the ground.

'I feel that this way it can be more comfortable for you to talk with me.' I have heard something like a click and finally lifted my head.

(so cute))) little polar bear with a maaaaa) young reader will want it for themselves))))
I'm not an exception yeah abahaha you can run much soft)))) 😊😊😊

It was a bear, a white bear, with a little moon-shaped black spot on his forehead standing in front of me.

It was pretty much my size, so I could easily pet him. But his eyes were different.

'I am Oman Au Shan. The king and the guardian of the night forest. I guess you are familiar with me and my name. Now tell me, who are you?'

I have looked down again. 'I am Arili. I am a white fae and...'

I was interrupted.

'A white fae? Interesting...' This whole time he was standing on

March, 24

Process

Sofia K

Home

Bilingual chapter

I finished writing the fourth story, which I made in Russian and then translated into English. I thought about the design of the text, which will be different from previous stories, written in English.

I started experimenting with the position of the text and did some tests with the text placed vertically. My aim was to come up with a new system for the Russian text, which would not be out of the general structure of other stories but would also bring uniqueness to the fourth chapter.

However, I determined to stick to the classic design even for Russian text, so I placed the translated English text horizontally and added the Russian original text between the lines.

I liked the combination of colors and sizes of the text, but I realized that for ease of reading, the Russian text should match with the English in lines. I could not reach the ideal, because the

Russian text was shorter than English due to the small size of the letters. I had to leave large gaps that visually would destroy the text balance. I did not understand how to present the Russian text while demonstrating translated fragments.

In addition, the comments that I wrote for the text were also written in Russian. Where to put them? I had too many unresolved issues, such as the rest of the stories, the cover, the design of the entire series, and the printing of a test edition.

Soul-Chords
Never Come Back

Say It Wasn't

Это снова я

Я скитаюсь. Я скитаюсь по пустынным просторам необъятного пространства. Стоит ли мне писать о том, что я скожу с ума... Мне кажется, что это происходит целую вечность, но это же

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Say It Wasn't

было всего лишь сон. Я иду вперёд и думаю о своей ускользающей жизни. Сумела ли она спасти? Я вспоминаю ее лицо, перекошенное от страданий.

Мне больно думать о том, что она считает меня погибшим или потерянным забытым. Уж лучше бы я погиб. Быть забытым - это хуже мучительной смерти.

Я скучаю

Представляешь, сегодня мне было не одиноко. Во времена своих ночных наблюдений за небесными планетами, мне захотелось помечтать, что я снова живу привычной размеренной жизнью. ~~Если~~ ^{Также} возвращается домой после каждого дневных исследований, я помню, как ей нравилось участвовать в этом проекте. А мне нравилось видеть, как она счастлива.

Мы всегда были одним целым, единим организмом в этом новом для нас месте. Она доверила мне всю себя, а я бывал с ней груб, как и все импульсивные и эмоциональные люди, страдающие от последствий своего характера. Как же я хочу думать, что она сейчас где-то далеко, ей больше не угрожает опасность,

и происходит целую вечность? Я сбился со счету. Да и кому мне рассказать о своей жизни? Порой ночью я смотрю в красное ночное небо, пытаясь уловить малейшие движения звезд. Мне приятно думать о том, что где-то там есть живая душа. Если раньше я и пытался подать сигнал пролетающим мимо кораблям, то уже давно потерял надежду на спасение. Хотя один раз мои старания увенчались успехом, когда кто-то по ту сторону подал ответный маяк. Я ждал, я ждал пока мои ноги не перестали слушаться, а сознание погрузилось в туман. Кажется,

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???????

8 день

Был обычный рабочий день, 8 день нашего пребывания на планете никому неизвестного названия. За месяц мы освоились, расположились на пустой местности, которая была защищена от прямых энергетических лучей и ветра. Никто из нас не думал о том, что ~~экспедиция имела неопределенный период, мы были посланы сюда на неопределенный период, мы просто делали свое дело и неплохо зарабатывали~~ мы были посланы сюда на неопределенный период, мы просто делали свое дело и неплохо зарабатывали. С утра мы начинали обход территории на предмет коллекционирования земных пород, который заканчивался около полудня. Из-за смены часовых поясов и климатических особенностей новой местности, мой организм только вошел в привычный цикл работы и у меня появилось желание подружиться с нашей командой молодых специалистов и вот-вот героеv вселеной. Первым, кого я встретил на базе после утреннего задания, был Keil, высокий парень с кучерявыми волосами. Он с сумным видом рассматривал свои находки и важно фиксировал их особенности в свой аналитический журнал. Я долго наблюдал за его работой,

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Say It Wasn't

не решаясь подойти и поздороваться. Keil выглядел как заумный и немного сумасшедший учёный, который выполняет работу мировой важности, хотя так и было. Его пальцы, вцепившись в авторучку, судорожно фиксировали все детали найденных на планете объектов, таких как колбус с песком, несколько камней, покрытых каким-то темным и колючим мхом, пару гнилых веток и банку с водой. Его так увлекал процесс, что я просто не имел права прервать его научной деятельности, тем более что мне предстояло проделать все тоже самое с моими сокровищами.

'Здорова!' неожиданно произнес Keil, который уже как полчаса назад заменил мое присутствие и навязчивый взгляд.

'Ох, извини, если помешал тебе. Я Adam, тоже работаю тут. ~~Как продолжение~~ неопределенные.'

'Да нет, вовсе не помешал.' шутливо произнес мой коллега, подмигивая голубоватыми глазами. 'Меня Keil, как ты понял, я в данный момент пишу заметки, которые никто никогда не будет читать.'

Мне казалось, что Keil должен был важно отчитать меня за то, что я вторгся

пытаясь уловить малейшие движения звезд,
look into the red night sky, trying to catch
Мне приятно думать о том, что где-то там есть
the slightest movements of the stars. I am
жизненная душа. Если раньше я и пытался подать
pleased to think that somewhere there is a
сигнал пролетающим мимо кораблям, то уже
living soul. If earlier I tried to give a signal
давно потерял надежду на спасение. Хотя один
to the passing ships, I have long since
раз мои старания увенчались успехом, когда
lost hope of salvation. Although once my
кто-то по ту сторону подал ответный маяк. Я
efforts were crowned with success when
ждал, я ждал, пока мои ноги не перестали слу-
someone on the other side filed a return
шаться, а сознание погрузилось в туман. Ка-
beacon. I waited, I waited until my legs
жеется, это был всего лишь сон. Я иду вперёд и
stopped obeying, and my mind plunged
думая о своей ускользающей жизни. Сумела
into fog. It seemed to be just a dream. I go
ли она спастись? Я вспоминаю ее лицо, пере-
forward and think about my elusive life.
кешенное от страданий. Мне былоо думать о
Did she manage to escape? I remember

том, что она считает меня погибшим или нет —
her face contorted from misery. It pains
ранним забытым. Уж лучше бы я погиб. Быть
меня to think that she considers me dead or
забытым — это хуже мучительной смерти.
forgotten. It would be better if I died. To

be forgotten is worse than a painful death.

Я скучаю

I miss you.

Представляешь, сегодня мне было не
Imagine, today I was not alone.

одиноко. Во время своих ночных наблюдений
During my nightly observations of the
за небесными планетами, мне захотелось по-
celestial planets, I wanted to dream that I
мечтать, что я снова живу привычной разме-
was living my usual systematic life again.
ренной жизнью. Еффи Effie возвращается домой
Effie returns home after daily research,
после ежедневных исследований, я помню,
I remember how she loved engaging in
как ей нравилось участвовать в этом проекте. А
this project. And I liked to see how happy
меня пралило видеть, как она счастлива. Мы
she was. We have always been one whole,

April, 1

Tutorial

Sofia K

Zoom

Bodoni and Fournier
fonts

My tutor advised me to try changing the font of the main text to Fournier, which would look more suitable. I designed several identical spreads to compare the Bodoni fonts (which I used in the previous design) and the new Fournier.

Besides, I tried to use the font Scotch Roman, but it seemed to me too decorative for a book in the genre of science fiction. I noticed that the Bodoni font looks more compact than Fournier.

However, I admired the italic style for the feature of the corrected text in the Fournier version more than Bodoni italic.

Also, I liked the sharp letter shapes of the Fournier font. In general, I was ready to choose the final font for the main text in Fournier, it occupied more pages of the book in a large letter size.

The font has a certain mood, which fits into the concept of the book. But the comment question still worried me. It was not clear

to me how to indicate the difference between me and Ksenia without using the color of the text.

Wake Me Up

Nightmares and Daydreams

«‘Did mom turn the lights on? No, it can’t be. I must be dreaming. Sure, it’s a dream»

The thoughts have rushed though my head as I was trying to guess where I am. I am being blinded by light and it makes understanding where I am even harder. I have squinted and started noticing the outline of objects around me. There are windows, some kind of a control panel and two seats. The fact, that there were no adults around made me worried. Its nor-

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21

that I am creeped out by the technology, just the fact that I don't know what to do with it with no one around scares me; I am even sometimes scared to stay alone in the car in case something goes wrong and it starts moving and I won't be able to stop it. I shook my head. 'I need to focus on this place and figure out how to escape it or get it to move.' I reached to the panel and tried to guess what all the buttons and switches do when suddenly I've felt a sharp pain in back of my head. The vehicle started moving and it was so fast that I could not even grab something to protect myself from falling, which has ended with me hitting my head on the back of this vehicle. I stood up and looked around. There was no light anymore, so I could take a look at the surroundings. The vehicle did not have any doors, the front of it was made of glass, so you could

see everything around you. And then I've noticed water. The water was everywhere, I saw the depth of the ocean, how blindingly turquoise it was.

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‘Water... Water!~’

I couldn't help but scream from excitement. I and other kids are never

allowed near the water. Mom tells me that it's evil and that the ocean is unforgiving and grasps anything that goes in there.

in here, I was trying to grasp the child's excitement, the way I am excited about things and stuff like that. It is very hard sometimes explain this emotion in text, but by being descriptive and stuff like that I try to make the reader experience all those emotions himself

But the beauty of it has always mesmerised me. I wondered, what kind of creatures lived there if there is any treasure is hidden in the depths of it or maybe the wrecks of the ships that have belonged to the brave ones that have tried to tame it.

I shook my head again. So many thoughts were rushing through my head. I need to focus and be serious.

I have straightened my back and made a serious face so that by the time I arrive and if I arrive somewhere I won't be treated like a kid. I have squinted again, hoping for this pod to arrive somewhere or wake up. And with that, the vehicle has

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stopped. I did not open my eyes, because I understood that I am terrified of what I might see. Monsters? Mutants? Ghosts? But the sudden gust of wind made me open my eyes.

~‘Are you okay, kid?’ I could not say a word. One of the neighbours was standing right in front of me. I have sensed genuine worry in his voice.

~‘Y-y-es...’ I mumbled shaking my head. I have never seen anyone like that in my life. I have read about them in books, but I have never seen one in person, along with every other person I know. ~‘This sure is a wild dream.’ I have whispered to myself.

I imagine this guy to be kind of like Hulk Hogan, so that's why he talks like that

~‘I was scared that you won’t make it here, little fella!~’

The neighbour laughed. ~‘This was an adventure for ya, wasn’t it?’

I didn’t know how to reply, so I have just looked at him and tried to smile, but judging by his face, my smile didn’t look as good as I wanted it to be.

~‘Don’t worry. We’re friendly.’

that's like me and all the people in one is already too much and then there's more to come and they never stop!!!!

~‘We?’ I am sure, not ready to meet any more neighbours. Meeting one is already too much for my

brain to take in.

~‘See, kid, there’s more to come.’ The neighbour told me while looking around. ~‘But you’re not ready for it yet. But soon, the world will be completely different and so much better than it is now!’

He has turned around and squatted down. ~‘Farewell! And see you soon little one!~’ And with these words he has jumped into the skies, using only his body.

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every time I try to create an environment in a room, like in a living space, I think about all the places I have lived in and especially my room, the way I feel when I wake up in spring or in summer, the way the sun fills the room and the sun rays wake me up in the morning that usually happens in the middle of April, my room is located on the sunny side of the flat, so at about 4:40 in the morning sun wakes me up, and I rarely fall back asleep, I still don't close the curtains, because we live on the 16th floor and I love the view too much to close the curtains.

Mom was making breakfast and dad was though his papers as I have entered the kitchen. Sure, I could ask them about the dream, but we don't talk much about the neighbours.

I sat down at the table and couldn't help but take a deep breath.

~'What is it dear?~' Mom didn't seem to be worried. And it looks like she was in

With that, I have opened my eyes. The morning sun was making it through the curtains and making its appearance in my room-filling it with warmth. I have looked around, making sure that I was awake. And I sure was. That was a weird dream.

Dad has been distracted from his papers and mom has turned to me. I couldn't see what kind of emotion they're experiencing. But I haven't ever seen this kind of look on their faces. Mom came closer and sat at the table.

~'So, did you see anything else?~'

I didn't know how to answer. What if she gets angry at me? But there's no reason to get angry. I guess that the only way to understand what has happened is to

a good mood.

~'I had the weirdest dream in my life!~' I couldn't hide my excitement, ~'I saw water and...~'

~'You see the water every day!~' Dad didn't seem to be that shocked about the fact that I saw the real water.

~'I don't mean the water in the bath or the water in the ocean! I mean the ocean! I have been there, inside of it!~'

The neighbour laughed. ~'This was an adventure for ya, wasn't it?~'

I didn't know how to reply, so I have just looked at him and tried to smile, but judging by his face, my smile didn't look as good as I wanted it to be.

~'Don't worry. We're friendly.~'

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Fifth story
writing week

Dates of writing the fifth story:
from April 6th to April 12th,
2020.

In the process planned to
participate: Ksenia M – the main
author, Sofia K – the designer.

Title options for the fifth story:
No title options.

The number of words in the
story: No words counted.

The text has not been edited.

The text was not designed.

Script plan

This story is about hologram
creatures. They originated from
a cosmic flare that fell on their
planet.

These creatures do not have
physical bodies, but they move
through space in a matter of
seconds.

Their goal is to rebuild their
civilization into physical beings
that will allow them to explore
the surface of their planet,
especially the water that keeps
secrets.

STORY 5 → write this week

Date	@Apr 06, 2020 → Apr 12, 2020
Members	Ksenia M. Софья Кравцова
Status	to write,to design,make a book cover
Title	
# Words	
chat	
fonts and screens	
text file	
writing history	

press f in chat for Ksenia and her time management troubles in the last 3 weeks (it's 4:43 AM and I don't know what is happening tbh lmfao)



despite all that, here I am.

Notion

Process of writing story 5

How can you achieve that state? How can something How can a peaceful realm turn into hell? It's a question that sometimes poses is sometimes asked in books about post apocalypses.

How can a peaceful realm turn into hell? Some blame the progress, some blame the war. Some blame the society, some blame something more powerful, like a God or something like that. But in the end, here it is. The world has turned into Hell. After that, there has been nothing. And even later, everything has been rebuilt to suit the new race. And here we are.

Many years ago, dating back when we lived, breathed and slept, we lived in houses. We had physical bodies, we could hug and hold hands. But at some point of time, we have achieved the true peace. We have reached the *pièce point*, where we have achieved the life that everyone has wanted. No crime, no police, no death, nothing. Everything was perfect. But the life of any being or a society is not linear. It's more of a curve: sometimes it goes up and sometimes it goes down. I guess that sometime ago we've hit the highest point on the curve. Those were amazing times. We lived long and healthy, there was no death, no famine, no sickness. But then we wanted more. Controlling life and death wasn't enough for us. We wanted to control the every possible aspect of life, starting from the appearances of our unborn children to controlling the weather. We have read the stories how messing with natural forces is deadly, how powerful the planet and its inhabitants, both with tails and with leaves, how no other creature can control them. But we all took it as a warning from adults: "don't mess with animals, don't tear the flowers" and stuff like that. As adults read those stories to children, they also didn't think much of them. They thought that those stories were a great tool to manipulate us to behave. But in fact, it is all much deeper than anyone thought.

At some point, we have finally started messing up with the forces of nature. We started from controlling the weather to eliminating seasons, making the flowers bloom when we want and getting rid of dangerous animals and creatures we have considered parasites. But in the end, we came to what we have now. The world has changed and it is now in the state that it has never been before.

Destroying the natural balance destroys the world, it destroys the peace and the pace of life. I can't believe that we were actually so stupid to let something

Notion

Process of writing story 5

like that to happen.

Let me explain.

After the moment when we understood that we can't win the war against the natural forces, it was too late. It was all going downhill. The region was flooded, the volcanoes were erupting all over the country and the houses were destroyed by massive earthquakes. We were looking for shelter, some place where we could save our families and valuables. But everything was destroyed. Many of us have died. But we have eventually learned our lesson.

All those events lead to our region becoming uninhabitable. There was no fresh air and no clean water. Our best people and best scientists made a tremendous effort to save our nation, our knowledge and heritage. And this has lead us to abandon our physical bodies. Eventually, we were placed in lifeless mechanical bodies, which we now have. We can't feel a touch, we can't feel the warmth of each other. I can only imagine how that felt like. I don't know many things about the "before", as we call it.

We have managed to survive and build a society in the conditions that we have. The conditions, in which any living creature would not survive.

"What are you looking at?"

It seems like I got lost in my thoughts.

"Nothing, I just zoned out for a second"

"Alright."

Living with my best friend was the most amazing thing that could have ever happened to me. ~~There were no other things— is nothing that I can ask for apart from being with him.~~ It is everything I could've asked for.

"What are you planning to do today?"

It felt like he got zoned out too. He was looking at the window, but not though it. I guess he is also lost in thought.

"What's on your mind? I feel like you don't really care about my plans."

"I don't know, everything just feels... Weird today."

"What do you mean?"

"I have this eerie feeling about today. Like, there's tension in the air."

"Sometimes you seem like a real human. Quit being so emotional."

Notion

Process of writing story 5

His gaze has changed, but he still didn't look at me.

"I'm not emotional, okay?"

I really didn't mean to upset him. ~~It's only~~ It is just sometimes irritating. We are all human somewhere deep down, but in the end we're just machines. So I don't like it when he acts like this.

He exhaled quiet.

This is when I was hit with the writer's block haha

And this is when I have decided to change the pace of my story and its ideas. Basically, I have a couple of them in mind, I was playing a lot yesterday and flicking through some guidebooks just to get some inspiration about what should I do. And I came up with two concepts, that I have discussed with Sofa. One of them is about a character, who is washed up on the bench, and this concept os great, showing that the character is immune from the deadly waters of our world, but at the same time he is destroying the whole lore, in which the characters die from approaching water and he is immune to that, pretty much being the salvation for the whole problem. idk tbh.

I woke up. I have *absolutely* no idea where I am. And I really don't want to look into it. I can't feel anything apart from irritation. I'd better be somewhere else. In fact, I haven't even opened my eyes yet. I just know that I'm in a weird place.

After tossing and turning, I've decided to open my eyes.

'Huh?'

I couldn't help but feel even weirder than before. I am here, in my bed, in my room. Surrounded with all the mess that has been there for as long as I remember.

I felt strange. I sat up, took a closer look at everything around me, what seemed to be just me making sure I'm really in my room. I sure was, there is no doubt.

I let my head fall down on the pillow. I didn't want to go back to sleep even though it feels like the only thing that I do now. I turned and faced the wall.

Notion

Process of writing story 5

Maybe this feeling was just me hoping that I would wake up in a different place? Or maybe even me hoping that I can have a dream? Not a nightmare, a proper *dream*.

I turned on my back and tossed the blanket. I was feeling so much and I couldn't explain a thing. I just felt strange. I leaned towards my player to put on some music to calm myself down and return to the reality.

I plugged my headphones and closed my eyes. I started thinking about all kinds of things. Starting from imagining what I should've told this guy during an argument to what could the world be like if we could travel around the globe. Or maybe we don't live on the globe, what if our planet is in a shape of hexagon or something.

'Damn, imagination is such a powerful tool..'

I turned again, reaching to get my blanket, since it was getting cold already. Even though my window was opened, the moonlight couldn't come through thick dusty curtains. If you'd look at ~~my room or my tiny apartment~~—my tiny apartment, you'd think that everything has been abandoned a long time ago. It was all covered in dust. I have been wearing the same clothes for how much, I guess it's been days. The only thing I'm capable of doing now is looking around and sleeping. The last part is probably wrong, as I can't fall asleep anymore now.

I tried making myself do stuff, but apparently I can't now. I don't have a loser mindset really, I'm just so sick of everything. But the worst part of all is that there are no alternatives. There are no alternative realities where I could go and start all over again. And there's really no point in starting all over again.

Notion

Process of writing story 5

April, 6

Process

Sofia K

Home

Chapter header design

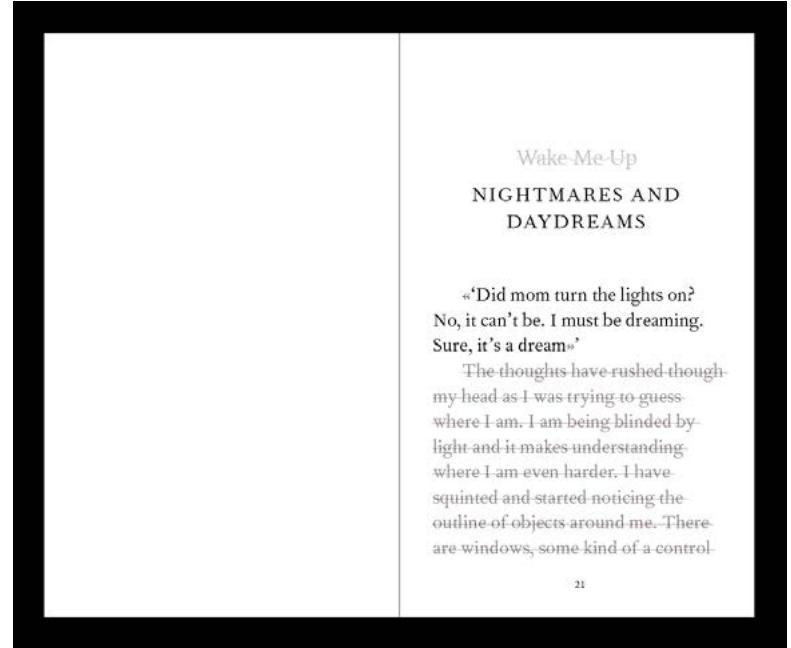
I wanted to reflect in more detail on the design of the beginning of the chapter, so I did a little experiment that gave me new ideas.

Before, I used the classic title design, where the title of the chapter had a capital letter only at the beginning of the word. I liked this solution, but I desired to develop this approach more.

For the new design, I used capital letters with the font of the main text Fournier.



The Project Book
Old chapter title design using Bodoni



The Project Book
New chapter title design using Fournier

April, 7

Process

Sofia K

Home

Headers and comments 4

The process continues. I tried even more options with different styles of the Fournier titles. Some options the font was too decorative, some did not have an idea in it. So I chose the option with the classic Fournier font in the header and created the design of the stroke line for the unchosen header. I wanted these lines to have diversity in the text and in the title, so the line in the title has a straight form, and in the text – wavy.

But this is not the end of my experiments. I developed a comment design. Previously, comments had a color that generated a mess in the structure of my text. I resolved to get rid of the tone and improve the location of the comments, now they are vertical. It seemed to me that in this way, I am able to divide our speeches in fonts, not in color.

Wake-Me-Up

NIGHTMARES AND DAYDREAMS

“Did mom turn the lights on? No, it can’t be. I must be dreaming. Sure, it’s a dream”

The thoughts have rushed though my head as I was trying to guess where I am. I am being blinded by light and it makes understanding where I am even harder. I have squinted and started noticing the outline of objects around me. There are windows, some kind of a control-

21

Wake-Me-Up

NIGHTMARES AND DAYDREAMS

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21

WAKE ME UP

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21

The Project Book
Old chapter title design

The Project Book
Old chapter title design

The Project Book
New chapter title design

equipment, like a lantern and some food. There are some mysterious creatures living in the bushes, and if I meet one of them, I'm sure I wouldn't escape.

You see, it's not that I don't believe in myself. The thing is that sometimes, I feel like I should have been born as another species. Almost everyone around me could fly so well from the beginning and those who didn't have put time and effort into it and started flying really fast, and there is me: clumsy and slow. Thinking about it makes me sad and angry all the time. I was told that if I put more work into flying, I would be the best, but that's a lie. I have dedicated every spare minute to flying, knowing that I am the worst and everyone around me knows that; I had to work even harder.

But here I am. Not even nearing the exit of the forest, while everyone else is

in the village already. I stopped again to catch my breath and look around. The forest looked beautiful in the afternoon. Everything around got its amount of sun and was finally awake. The forest was making its unique sounds, creating some kind of music, that you will never hear anywhere, apart from the this place.

The leaves, grass and bushes were whispering in unison, creating a deep and light sound of the woods. Everything looked so fresh and welcoming, that by just looking at where I am now, you would suggest stopping here for an hour or two and spending some time by just relaxing and exploring the beauty of the forest. But if you knew what was happening in the forest at night, you wouldn't say so and would try to leave it

so I've made this one, but I don't like it, that's why I've stopped writing it. There is the second version of it, I'm going to distinguish them as soon as I post the second version

wasn't it?»

I didn't know how to reply, so I have just looked at him and tried to smile, but judging by his face, my smile didn't look as good as I wanted it to be.

«'Don't worry. We're friendly.'»

that's like me and all the birds in, one is already too much and then there's more to come and they never stop!!!

«'We?'» I am sure, not ready to meet any more neighbours. Meeting one is already too much for my brain to take in.

«'See, kid, there's more to come.'» The neighbour told me while looking around. «'But you're not ready for it yet. But soon, the world will be completely different and so much better than it is now!'»

He has turned around and

squatted down. «'Farewell! And see you soon little one!'» And with these words he has jumped into the skies, using only his body.

With that, I have opened my eyes. The morning sun was making it through the curtains and making its appearance in my room-filling it with warmth. I have looked around, making sure that I was awake. And I sure was. That was a weird dream.

Mom was making breakfast and dad was though his papers as I

every time I try to create an environment in a room, like in a living space, I think about all the places I have lived in and especially my room, the way I feel when I wake up in spring or in summer, the way the sun hits the room and the way that sometimes sun goes up in the middle of the morning, that usually happens in the middle of April, my room is located on the sunny side of the flat, so at about 4:40 in the morning sun wakes me up. I still don't close the curtains, because we live on the 16th floor and I love the view too much to close the curtains.

Before in my book, there was a limited number of text features that did not allow me to describe all the steps of the process.

In previous experiments, I added time for text corrections, but I had one more feature – text, which was added later. This feature was not related to the change of the text and could not be denoted with the italic, it existed separately from the regular text. I needed to solve the problem of how to show text that was just added at a specific time.

I decided to set a new font, Apple Chancery, which, in my opinion, is an intermediary between regular and italic. I wanted the text fragments to visually differ from the main flow of the text, and the time added after the text indicated that this fragment has a detail.

Unfortunately, Notion does not store the entire history of text changes for more than a month, so I had to recall from memory the approximate time for adding a text fragment.

Some sentences were added by me, and some by Ksenia. And the font of time is different, as is the font of our comments.

need to go forward *alone*.

As I made steps further, I have noticed why everyone was so excited.

The tree was blooming. It was all covered with beautiful white flowers. I have never seen flowers like that. As I've walked towards the tree, Bhante, whom I've met yesterday came from behind me and showed me to stop. I've stopped and bowed, and everyone, including the elders, bowed back at me.

“‘Daiki.’” Bhante came closer to me. ‘That dream wasn’t just a dream. It is the mark of the start of your journey.’

I wanted to ask him what journey, but as soon as I’ve opened my mouth to speak, he continued talking.

“We don’t know what it means,

truly. But after your visit to the temple, the tree started blooming. We all think that you need to come closer to it and fulfill the prophecy.”

After that, he has joined the elders around the tree. The closest one to me has commanded everyone to move away and let me pass.

I was nervous, but I don’t know why. I came closer and bowed to the tree.

And as I lowered my head, I have noticed a pink flower underneath all the white ones. And I froze, feeling like I don’t have the control over my body. Something has just commanded me to take that flower. I thought that I could see some kind of light coming from it.

‘Where am I?’

It feels like I fell down from a high distance. I stood up and looked around. And I have noticed the patterns on the walls of the place where I was, similar to those in the temple.^{“”}

The walls were old and dusty and the whole place was covered in moss. It was so humid, that you could hardly breathe. I clenched my fist out of frustration. But then I felt the flower in my hand. I have opened my palm to see if I have killed it, but it was as beautiful as when I first saw it. ‘Maybe they were right.’

I have looked at the flower, thinking that it was listening to me.^{“”}

‘Maybe it’s just the start of my journey. And maybe I’m here to solve all of this.’

I took a deep breath and made my way through the darkness to reach the light.

It will be interesting to see how he continues his journey, where he will go and generally how to connect his disappearances with the rest of the places in the last book. Oh, you know, we can connect our stories with small artifacts like the “tree” that we wrote about in the first story; it will go into the second, creatures trees? In fact, we need something that will connect the stories, but the plots will be different.

As we arrived, I felt like everyone was looking at me. And I didn't know why. Did Bhante tell everyone about my dream? No, it's not really possible. But why was everyone looking at me? 18:37

When we have entered the temple, the elders were standing near the tree. All of them have looked at me ~~as well as everyone outside~~. Mom and dad have stopped and shown me that I

April, 10

Process

Sofia K

Home

Chapter 4

I got the idea of designing a fourth story. I wanted to read the Russian and English parts at the same time, so I combined the texts on the spread – the translated text on the left and the original text written in Russian on the right. I have not chosen a font for the Russian text yet, but I like this solution.

I did not want to completely change the structure of the fourth chapter, but I could not make it related to previous texts, because it was written using a different system.

SOUL CHORDS
NEVER COME BACK

SAY IT WASN'T

It's me again.
I wandered around. I
wandered through the desert
expanses of vast space. Should I
write that I'm losing my mind...
It seems to me that this has
been happening for ages, but
has it been happening for ages?
I lost count. And to whom
should I tell about my life?
Sometimes at night, I look into

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Это снова я
Я скитаюсь. Я скитаюсь по
пустынным просторам необъ-
ятного пространства. Стоит
ли мне писать о том, что я
схожу с ума... Мне кажется,
что это происходит целую
вечность, но это же и прои-
ходит целую вечность? Я
сбился со счету. Да и кому мне
рассказать о своей жизни?

Say It Wasn't

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Sofia & Ksenia

the red night sky, trying to catch
the slightest movements of the
stars. I am pleased to think that
somewhere there is a living soul.
If earlier I tried to give a signal
to the passing ships, I have long
since lost hope of salvation.
Although once my efforts were
crowned with success when
someone on the other side filed
a return beacon. I waited, I
waited until my legs stopped
obeying, and my mind plunged
into fog. It seemed to be just a
dream. I go forward and think
about my elusive life. Did she
manage to escape? I remember
her face contorted from misery.
It pains me to think that she

Say It Wasn't

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Порой ночью я смотрю в
красное ночное небо, пытаясь
уловить малейшие движения
звезд. Мне приятно думать
о том, что где-то там есть
живая душа. Если раньше я и
пытался подать сигнал проле-
тающим мимо кораблям, то
уже давно потерял надежду на
спасение. Хотя один раз мои
старания увенчались успехом,
когда кто-то по ту сторону
подал ответный маяк. Я ждал,
я ждал пока мои ноги не
перестали слушаться, а созна-
ние погрузилось в туман.
Кажется, это был всего лишь
сон. Я иду вперёд и думаю о
своей ускользающей жизни.

Sixth story
writing week

Dates of writing the sixth story:
from April 13th to April 19th,
2020.

In the process planned to
participate: Ksenia M – the main
author, Sofia K – the designer.

Title options for the sixth story:
No title options.

The number of words in the
story: No words counted.

The text has not been edited.

The text was not designed.

Script plan

Here we are writing about two
teenage girls, Madeline and Flo,
who are curious about going into
the abandoned amusement park
of their city.

They heard frightening stories
about a park where people
disappeared. They go there at
night, see rides that drive on
their own, boats that float on the
river themselves, flying balloons.

One of the girls falls into the
lake, the second girl jumps to
save her, and a whirlpool drags
them together. In this story, we
add elements of horror, describe
the sounds very richly. The
atmosphere of fear and mystery.

STORY 6 → write this week

Date	@Apr 13, 2020 → Apr 19, 2020
Members	Ksenia M. Софья Кравцова
Status	to write,to design,make a book cover
Title	
# Words	
chat	
fonts and screens	
text file	
writing history	

'Слушай, Flo, не знаю что ты там придумала, но я не собираюсь торчать дома.'

'Слушай, Mad, я не уверена, что смогу сегодня. Мама попросила меня прибраться дома, а еще...

Умиротворенную тишину субботнего утра нарушил телефонный звонок.
'Да? А, привет, Madeline, дорогая. Да, она у себя, сейчас позову, подожди минутку. Flo! Пойдешь к телефону!'

'Чего, мам?'

'Тебе звонит Madeline, подойди к телефону!'

'Алло? Привет, Mad! Как дела?'

'Привет! Как дела?'

'Хей, Flo! Что делаешь сегодня?'

'Доброе утро! Привет, Mad. Мама попросила меня прибраться в своей комнате...'

'Не хочешь прийти ко мне сегодня? Родители уезжают в гости к друзьям, я одна с братом... Приходи! Мы посмотрим фильмы, я приготовлю твой любимый сырный попкорн! Давай!'

'Не знаю, Mad, я должна спросить у мамы... Можешь повисеть на трубке?'

Flo положила трубку домашнего телефона на деревянную тумбочку. Она знала, что мама в плохом настроении, поэтому нужно было выработать продуманную речь. Она спустилась на первый этаж, прошла на кухню, где застала маму разговаривающей читающей очередной детектив.

'Мам?'

'Flo, не сейчас. Не видишь я читаю?'

'Я бы хотела спросить у тебя... Можно я сегодня ~~пойду~~ хожу в гости к Madeline? Ее родите...'

'Нет!'

'Мам, но почему нет??'

'Потому что я так сказала! ~~Это~~ Твоя подруга оказывает на тебя дурное влияние!'

'Мам! О чем ты говоришь? Мы общаемся уже 3-4 года, она моя лучшая подруга.'

'Я о том же и говорю! После общения с ней ты уже месяцами не убираешь свою комнату! А скрипка? Ты ~~пр~~бросила занятия скрипкой! Потому что родители Madeline разрешают ей не заниматься тем, что она не любит. И что вырастет из нее? Приличная воспитанная женщина? Я...

'Я тебя поняла...'

'Иди наверх и закончи уборку сейчас же!'

На этой фразе ма женщина положила ноги на обеденный стол и вновь погрузилась глазами в книгу. Flo не понимала почему она ведет себя так... Но она не обижалась на эмоциональность своей матери, а стойко выдерживала все испытания.

Она отвела глаза от дочери и вновь погрузилась в свою книгу, делая вид, что этого разговора не было. 'Мне никогда не понять свою мать.'

'Mad, сегодня не получится, извини.'

'Опять твоя мама?'

'Ну... Не знаю почему она ведет себя так странно. Она не разрешила мне уходить.'

'Ого... Flo, не расстраивайся, я что-нибудь придумаю!'

Mad бросила трубку и побежала в свою комнату. Она открыла шкаф с одеждой и стала выбрасывать оттуда свои выlagenные наряды.

'Красное платье с блестками не подойдет, я же не на выпускной бал собралась... Черные брюки? Для них жарко, август все таки. Хотя в черных меня будет незаметно... О, черный джинсовый комбинезон, почему бы и нет? Черт, он мне мал.. А что, если...?' Она достала из гардероба темно-синее платье с длинными рукавами, в котором она ездила в лагерь. Иди сюда, мое драгоценное скровище... Ох, ты всегда меня выручаш... И сегодня тебе предстоит очень важная миссия!'

'Дорогая, с кем ты разговариваешь? Можно войти? Господи, зачем ты раскидала вещи?'

'Все в порядке, пап! Я разбираю свой шкаф, все таки нужно иногда делать уборку!'

'Madeline, ты просто умница! Мы с мамой уедем через 15 За нами с мамой зайдет такси через 15 минут, ты останешься с Wen, покорми его в 18:30 разогрей для него ужин и апельсиновый сок, все в холодильнике. И не ждите нас, мы приедем поздно.'

'Хорошо, пап. А можно ко мне в гости прийдет '

'Люблю тебя!' Отец поцеловал ее в лоб и вышел и закрыл за собой дверь.

'И я! Не переживайте!' крикнула в след Madeline, бегая по комнате и разбрасывая ботинки по полу. В ее голове крутился сумасшедший план.

За окном раздался сигнал машины и две-нарядных-молодых- и молодая нарядная пара вышла из входной двери, давая последние указания:

'Милый, не переживай, Madeline будет сегодня с тобой, не сиди долго за компьютером, поужинай и ложись спать. Вот адрес где мы сегодня будем, если что звони и мы приедем!' Wen, кудрявый малыш, растерянно провожал глазами уезжающих родителей, уговаривая взять его с собой.

'Нет, милый, там не будет других детей, родителям нужно отдохнуть, у тебя есть старшая сестра! Мы скоро приедем.'

Wen ушел в дом и сел смотреть телевизор.

'Wen! Иди в дом!' крикнула Madeline, наблюдала горькую сцену из окна своей комнаты.

Продолжать диалог?

STORY 6 → write this week

3

НЕТ НЕТ НЕТ ! ЭТО ВСЕ БРЕД !!! НАХРЕН ЭТИ БАНАЛЬНЫЕ ДИАЛОГИ, НЕ ХОЧУ КОПАТЬСЯ В ЛИЧНЫХ ОТНОШЕНИЯХ ДЕТЕЙ И РОДИТЕЛЕЙ !!!
НАЧНУ ЗАНОВО СРАЗУ С ТОГО, ЧТО ДЕВОЧКИ ПОШЛИ НА
ЗАБРОШЕННЫЙ ПАРК РАЗВЛЕЧЕНИЙ

'Mad, ты уверена, что нам можно идти туда?'

'Ты что, боишься? Думаешь нас убьют клуоны-маньяки?'

'Я бы на твоем месте так на штутила бы...'

Они пробирались сквозь чащи, царапая келени плечи об острые ветки.
Пытались разглядеть что-то впереди, они щуряли глаза и ощупывали -

'Думаешь там безопасно?'

'Не знаю, Flo. Там и разберемся.'

'Меня мама убьет, честное слово. Если только она узнает, что мы пошли сюда, то она отправит меня в исправительный лагерь... Или детскую колонию строгого режима!' Flo тяжело вздыхала и представляла в голове сцену расправы за этот кошмарный поход.

'Ну и что? Они не узнают. Я сказала своей маме, что пошла в тебе в гости.'

'Господи, Mad! Ты с ума сошла? Я тоже сказала маме, что ты пригласила меня посмотреть фильм дома с твоим братом! А что если они позвонят друг другу?'

Madeline засмеялась.

'Это и называется - приключение, Flo. Давай, не тормози!'

'Ты это слышишь?'

'Да, слышу. Кажется, мы рядом.'

STORY 6 → write this week

4

Notion
Process of writing story 6

Notion
Process of writing story 6

April, 13

Process

Sofia K

Home

Chapter 4/2

It would be logical to swap the original Russian text and the translated English text. Since I first wrote the Russian part, I decided to do it on the left side.

The idea of this chapter is to read texts in different languages at the same time, or to move along one side of the book and read one language.

It was obvious to me that the paragraphs of both languages should start at the same time, so I divided the translated text into sections. For the Russian text, I chose the font Spectral, which I always wanted to experiment in a text. In addition, it seemed to me that Spectral resembles the font Fournier, which I used for the original text for the stories of Ksenia. And for the English text, I used Helvetica Regular.

This chapter gave me 2 new text features – the original Russian text, which is distinguished by its own font but works according to the same principles of deleted text, edited, etc., and the translated text in Helvetica font.

SOUL CHORDS
NEVER COME BACK

SAY IT WASN'T

Это снова я
Я скитаюсь. Я скитаюсь по
пустынным просторам необъ-
ятного пространства. Стоит
ли мне писать о том, что я
схожу с ума... Мне кажется,
что это происходит целую
вечность, но это же и прои-
ходит целую вечность? Я
сбился со счету. Да и кому мне
рассказать о своей жизни?

120

Say It Wasn't

121

It's me again.
I wandered around. I
wandered through the desert
expanses of vast space. Should
I write that I'm losing my mind...
It seems to me that this has
been happening for ages, but
has it been happening for
ages? I lost count. And to whom
should I tell about my life?
Sometimes at night, I look into

124

Sofia & Keenia

Сумела ли она спастись? Я
вспоминаю ее лицо, переко-
шенное от страданий. Мне
больно думать о том, что она
считает меня погившем или
потерянным забытым. Уж
лучше бы я погиб. Быть забы-
тым - это хуже мучительной
смерти.

Я скучаю.

Представляешь, сегодня
мне было не одиноко. Во
время своихочных наблюдений
за небесными планетами,
мне захотелось помечтать,
что я снова живу привычной
размеренной жизнью. —Eva
Effie возвращается домой
после ежедневных иссле-

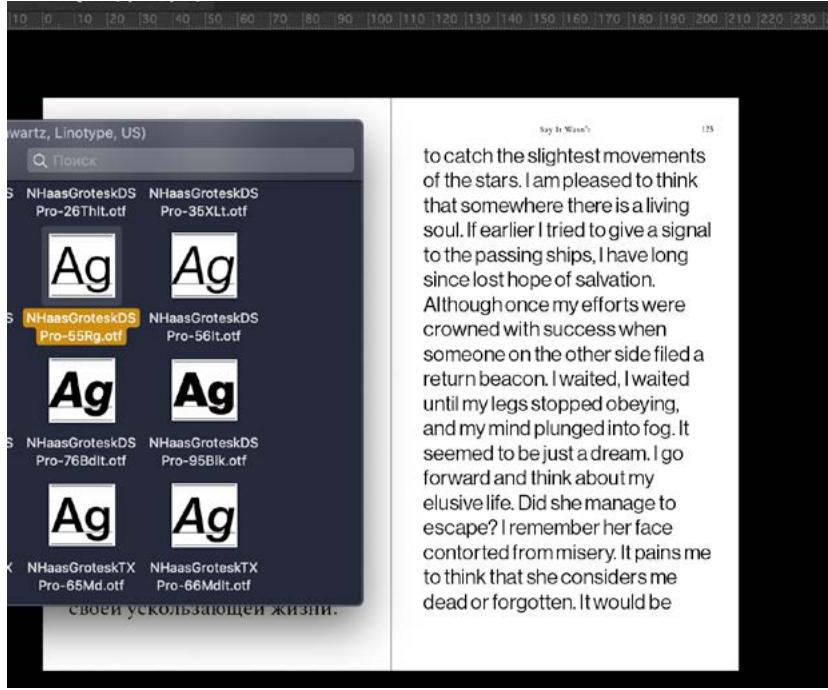
Say It Wasn't

125

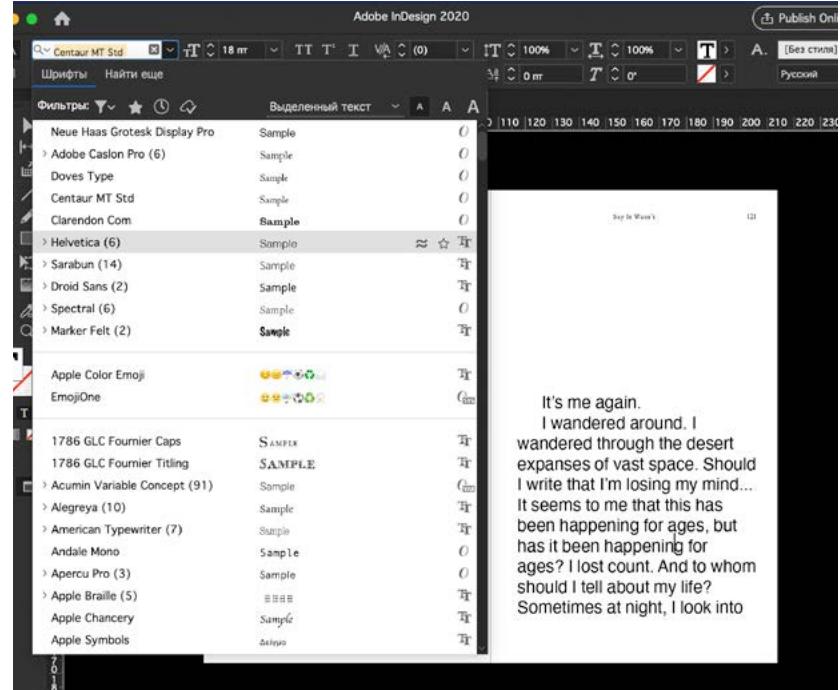
that she considers me dead or
forgotten. It would be better if I
died. To be forgotten is worse
than a painful death.

I miss you.

Imagine, today I was not
alone. During my nightly
observations of the celestial
planets, I wanted to dream that
I was living my usual systematic
life again. Effie returns home
after daily research, I remember
how she loved engaging in this
project. And I liked to see how



The Project Book
Chapter 4 – font development



The Project Book
Chapter 4 – font development

Seventh story
writing week

Dates of writing the seventh
story: from April 20th to April
26th, 2020.

In the process planned to
participate: Ksenia M – the main
author, Sofia K – the designer.

Title options for the seventh
story: No title options.

The number of words in the
story: No words counted.

The text has not been edited.

The text was not designed.

Script plan

No script plan.

April, 20

Tutorial

Sofia K

Zoom

Bookmark

All the textual features turned out to be quite complicated for the ordinary reader of the book, so I decided to develop the idea of a bookmark that would describe everything that happens in the publication.

Thus, I do not have to write our names Sofa & Ksenia in the upper corner of the page, but I can describe the characteristics of the font in the bookmark.

My main reference was F.R.David and his bookmark 'very good', which attracts attention with a complex combination of fonts and color. I needed to imitate the composition of the reference, but at the moment I am not sure of my designs, because they look like a restaurant bill.

My idea was to show at the same time with the text features on which pages they can be found. For example, deleted text on pages 4, 16, 25, and so on.

In my opinion, this would create additional interactivity with my book, when the reader not only

reads stories but also finds textual features with a little guidance. I really like this concept and I want to develop it.

Sofa & Ksenia

BOOK TITLE

CHAPTER TITLE	21, 58, 78, 120
DELETED CHAPTER TITLE	21, 58, 78, 120
original regular text	21, 25–57, 68
deleted-text	21, 25–57, 68
re-written text	21, 25–57, 67, 89, 109
dated-as-american voice	21, 25–57, 67, 89, 109
added later text with time ==	21, 25–57, 88
Ksenia comments	21, 25–57, 67, 89, 109
Sofa comments	21, 25–57, 88
russian text	21, 25–57, 88
translated text	21, 25–57, 88

Sofa & Ksenia

BOOK TITLE

CHAPTER TITLE	21, 58, 78, 120 final title of the story, which was chosen together by the authors
DELETED CHAPTER TITLE	21, 58, 78, 120 final title of the story, which was chosen together by the authors
CHAPTER TITLE	21, 58, 78, 120 final title of the story, which was chosen together by the authors
DELETED CHAPTER TITLE	21, 58, 78, 120 final title of the story, which was chosen together by the authors
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CHAPTER TITLE	21, 58, 78, 120 final title of the story, which was chosen together by the authors
DELETED CHAPTER TITLE	21, 58, 78, 120 final title of the story, which was chosen together by the authors

F.R.DAVID

“very good”

Sound and Sentiment, Sound and Symbol after Nathaniel Mackey 3

Ian White
Thought & Behaviour 9,35,133

Sophie Nys Label / On the Minute 15

Ibn Al-Razzaz Al-Jazari 17
The Water-clock of the Peacocks

Cecil Taylor
var. interviews 34, 154, 194

WH Stimulus Progression... 37

Evan Parker liner notes to 39
Loci of Change

Italo Calvino A King Listens 41

Wu Tsang & Fred Moten 45,107
Gravitational Scansion # 1 & 2

Lula Bak Sweet Honey 75

Jorge Luis Borges
A New Refutation of Time 77,109

Barbara Herrnstein Smith Fixed Marks and Variable Constancies 79

Gertrude Stein
The Gradual Making of The Making of Americans 95,140

Michel Serres Rome 97

Cecil Taylor –Aqoueh R–Oyo 103

Ornette Coleman 112
var. re: Denardo (*very good)

Book Mark
First test

Book Mark
Second test

F.R. David
Book mark

Eighth story
writing week

Dates of writing the eighth story:
from April 27th to May 3rd, 2020.

In the process planned to
participate: Ksenia M – the main
author, Sofia K – the designer.

Title options for the eighth
story: No title options.

The number of words in the
story: No words counted.

The text has not been edited.

The text was not designed.

Script plan

No script plan.

April, 27

Process

Sofia K

Home

Book cover

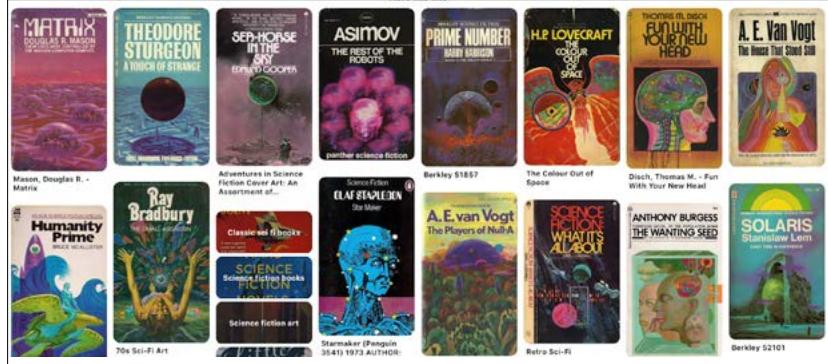
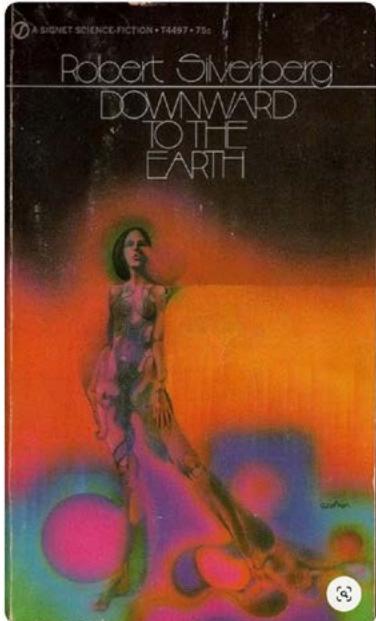
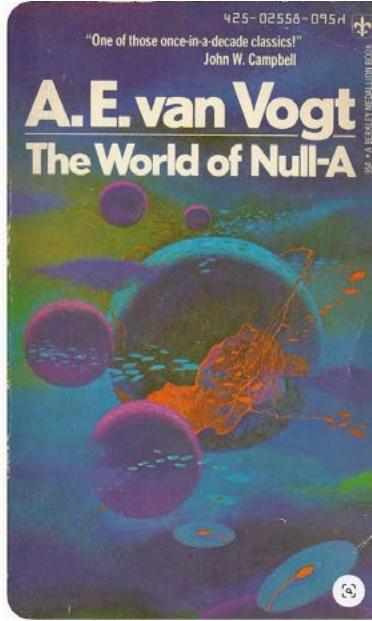
Studying the spaces of scientific fan fiction, it was very mattering for me to design a book cover that would reflect the genre and theme of my writing.

Referring to the examples of my early research, I remarked that the covers in the genre of science fiction have a specific abstractness of the visual component.

On the covers of A.E. van Vogt and Robert Silverberg there are geometric shapes combined with gradients. I was attracted by this style of illustration, so I made test variations, where I used a gradient background with the idea of an underwater river, which is the main element of the stories. All stories are connected by the theme of water, so in my designs you can notice the subject of the river, which was visualized using blurry forms.

In the title, I used the font of the main text, Fournier, which greatly increased in size and narrowed.

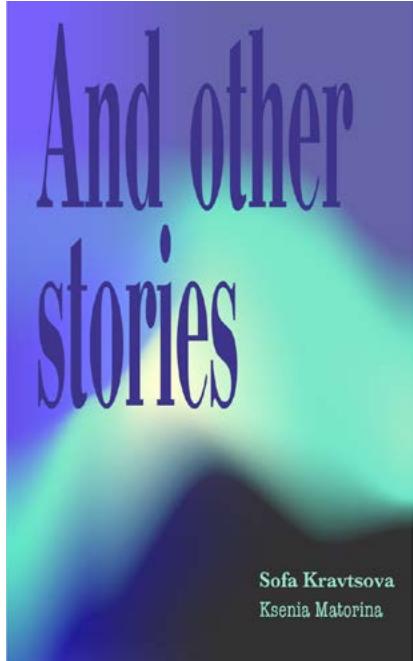
I titled the book 'And Other Stories' for a reason. I understood that we would not be able to finish writing the rest 4 stories, therefore 'And other stories' is a reference to the continuation of a series.



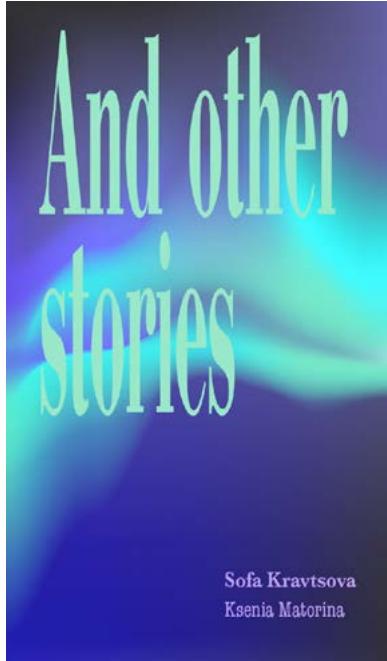
A.E. van Vogt
The World of Null-A

Robert Silverberg
Downward To The Earth

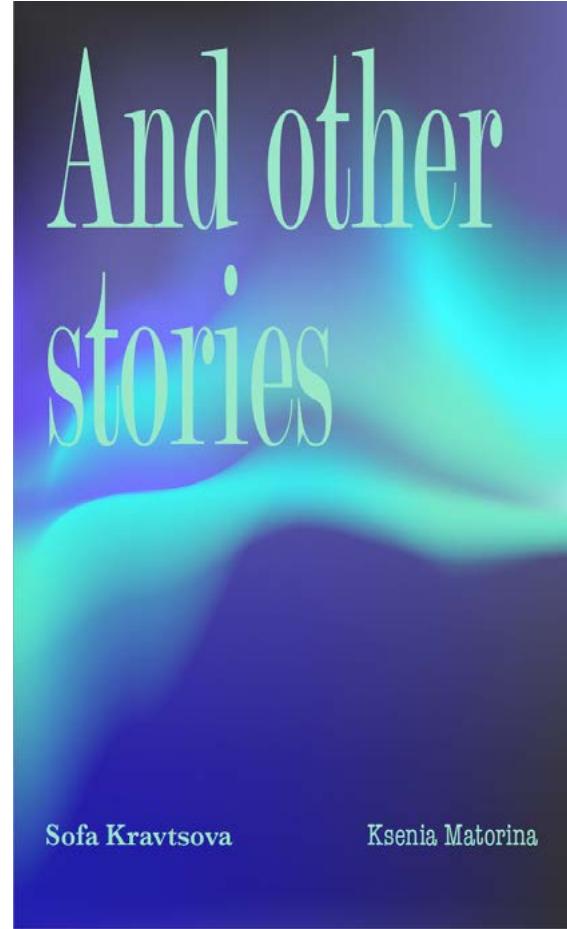
Pinterest
Collection of book covers



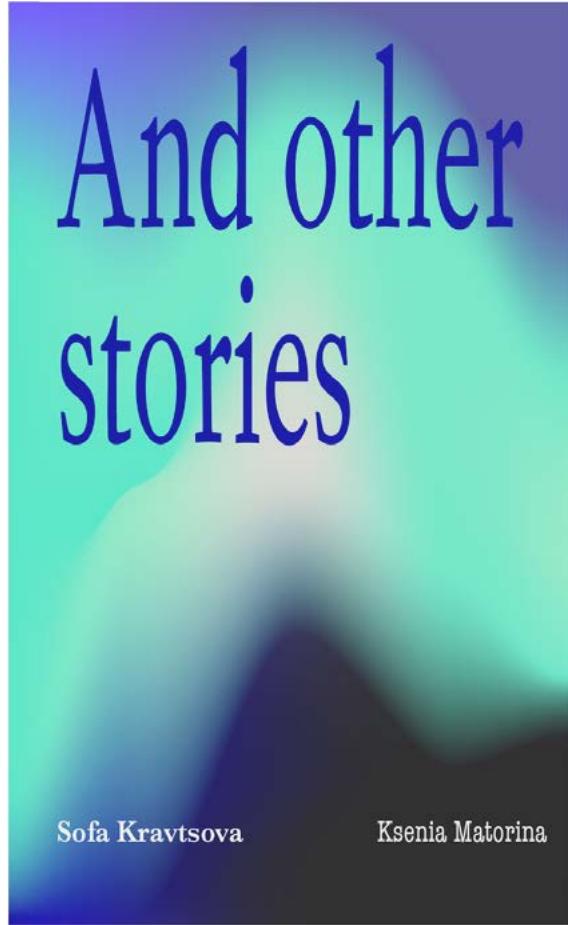
The Project Book
Cover design 1



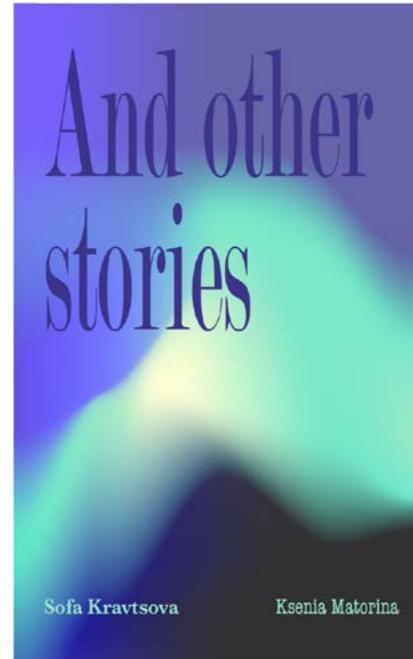
The Project Book
Cover design 2



The Project Book
Cover design 3



The Project Book
Cover design 4



The Project Book
Cover design 5



The Project Book
Cover design 6

April, 30

Tutorial

Sofia K

Home

Book cover

I explained my cover options to the tutor and received a comment that my design does not correspond to the genre of science fiction.

He shared with me a collection of covers by Penguin, which contains all the covers in chronological order. I realized that in a typical cover of science fiction, illustration exists separately from the title, and the title is often highlighted in a separate color frame.

I recognized that I needed a picture (not just a colored background) to fully imitate classic science fiction. Penguin covers are unique because the publisher created an individual style for each series.

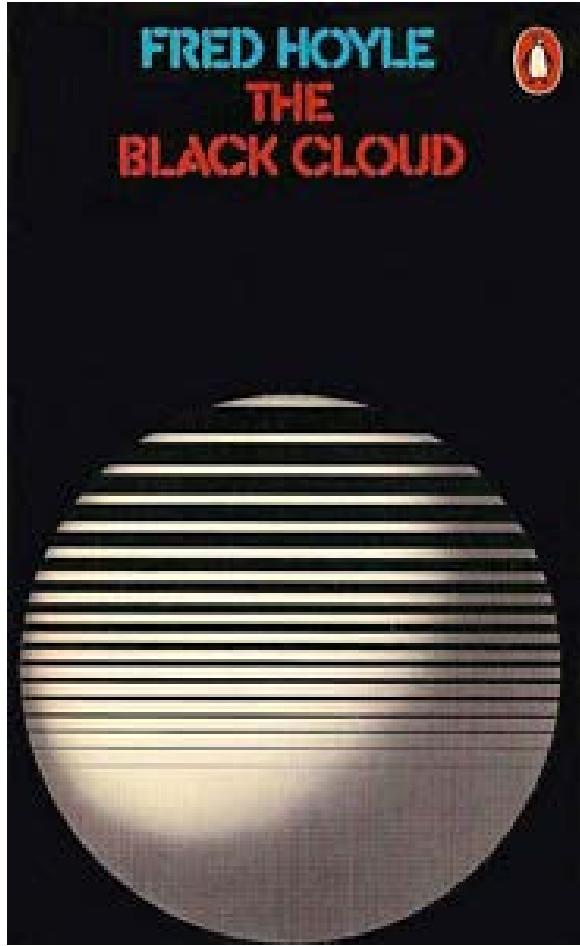
Most of all I loved the series of books with geometric shapes, such as the books 'The Black Cloud' by Fred Hoyle and 'Fifth Planet' by Fred and Geoffrey Hoyle. Even the theme of books seemed very similar to my stories. I took these references as the basis of my new cover design.



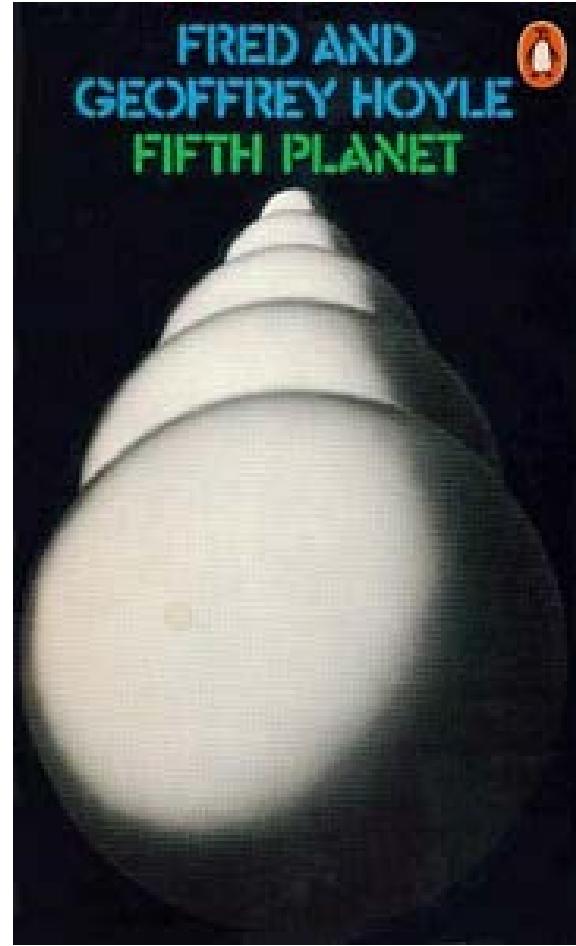
Penguin Science Fiction
Book cover archive



Penguin Science Fiction
Book cover archive



Fred Hoyle
The Black Cloud



Fred and Geoffrey Hoyle
Fifth Planet

May, 5

Process

Sofia K

Home

Book details

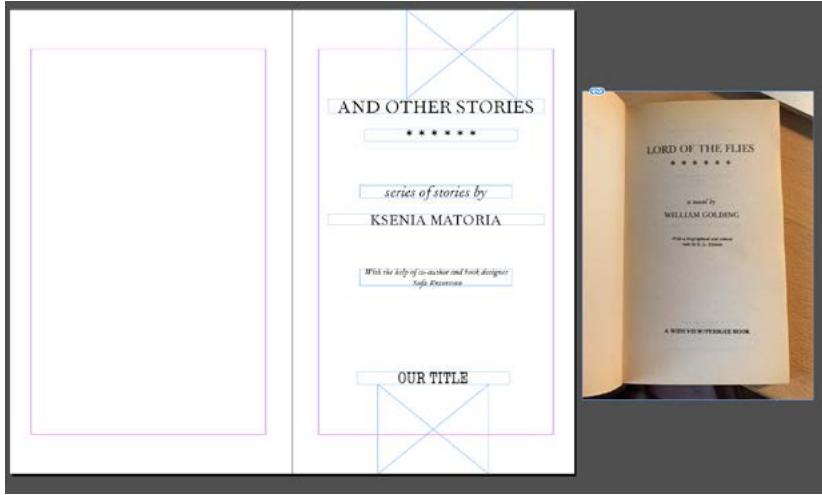
My tiny collection of publications has very intriguing artifacts from influential publishers, so I resolved to imitate some book details, for example, the front page of the book title.

Inspired by the novel by William Golding, I took the page structure as the basis and adapted the text to fit my project. My book is called AND OTHER STORIES, written in Fournier font. I decided to make Ksenia the main author because she wrote the majority of the text, and I only completed the book with one tale.

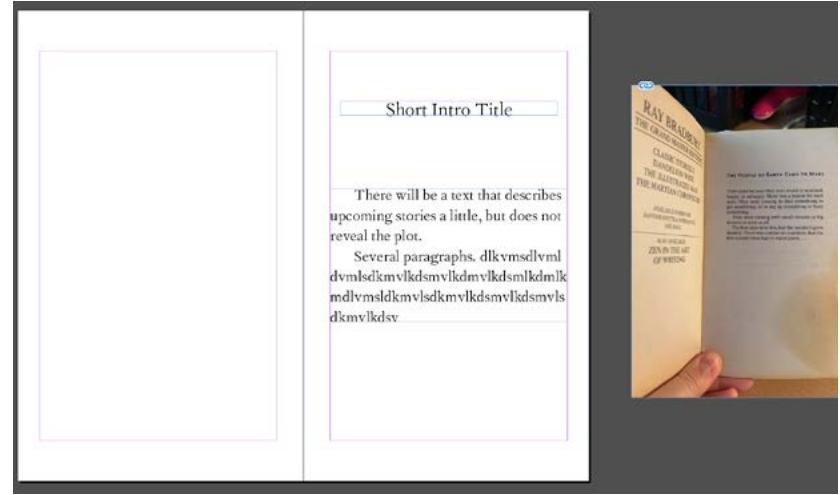
The next spread was inspired by the book of Ray Bradbury. I decided to add brief information about the entire book series, without revealing the plot, of course.

The last step in these two turns was to create the name of our small publishing house. I thought about combining our names for a long time, but it sounds strange and corny. Then I analyzed what

Ksenia and I can unite – this is love for animals. Ksenia has a beautiful dog Zelda, and I want to get the French Bulldog Grecha. Thus, Grelda Books was formed.



The Project Book
Book title spread



The Project Book
Book intro spread

AND OTHER STORIES

* * * * *

series of novels by

KSEНИЯ МАТОРИНА

*With a help of co-auctor and book designer
Sofja Kravzova*

GRELDA BOOKS

GRELDA BOOKS

The Project Book
Book title spread

The Project Book
Publishing name

May, 7

Meeting

Ksenia M

Sofia K

Zoom

Cover ideas

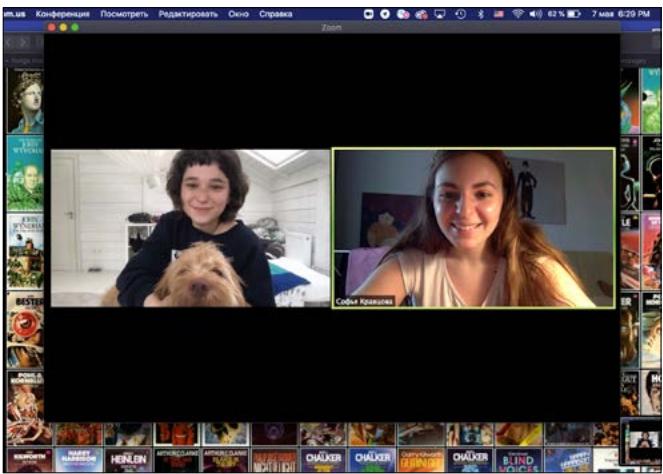
Ksenia and I have not talked about our joint project for a long time, so we chose to meet in Zoom.

I was very worried about the lack of a plan for designing a cover and even thought to ask Ksenia for help in creating an illustration for the cover.

Together we researched the Penguin cover archive and it turned out that she also liked the geometric shapes and simplicity of the design, just like me.

Also Ksenia showed me her dog, which, by the way, looks completely like her owner. Zelda was also a very friendly and sunny girl.

We had a general idea of what the cover of the book should look like – simple and inspired by 80s science fiction. Ksenia told me about Ice Giant, which fits perfectly into our concept and genre. Besides, on Wikipedia, all images are open for downloading and we will not have problems using images of planets.



Ice giant

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

This article is about the type of planet. For other uses, see [Ice giant](#) (disambiguation).

An ice giant is a giant planet composed mainly of elements heavier than hydrogen and helium, such as oxygen, carbon, nitrogen, and sulfur. There are two ice giants in the Solar System: Uranus and Neptune.

In astrophysics and planetary science the term "ice" refers to volatile chemical compounds with freezing points above about 100 K, such as water, ammonia, or methane, with freezing points of 273 K, 195 K, and 91 K, respectively (see Volatiles). In the 1950s, it was realized that Uranus and Neptune are a distinct class of giant planet, separate from the other giant planets, Jupiter and Saturn. They have become known as ice-planet. They primarily incorporate into the planets during their formation, either directly in the form of ices or trapped in water. Major differences between the ice giants and the gas giants are the lower temperatures and densities of the ice giants. The ice giants consist of only about 20% hydrogen and helium in mass, as opposed to the Solar System's gas giant hydrogen and helium in mass.

Contents [hide]

- 1 Terminology
- 2 Formation
- 2.1 Migration
- 2.2 Disk instability
- 2.2.1 Protoplanetary
- 3 Characteristics
- 3.1 Atmospheres and weather
- 3.2 Interior
- 3.3 Magnetic fields
- 4 Scientific validation
- 4.1 Past
- 4.2 Proposals
- 5 See also
- 6 References
- 7 External links

[Uranus](#) photographed by Voyager 2 in January 1986

[Neptune](#) photographed by Voyager 2 in August 1989

This book is something that the literature world has never seen before. It is brought to you by two young authors, Surya Kalyanam and Ksenia Matrova. Unlike other collaborative projects, this book has been written entirely online and demonstrates all the changes that the final text went through. The book is a collection of 100 short stories, each with its own unique ending along with that it has notes from both authors, giving the reader a better understanding of a thought process behind the writing. This book is a mix of writing and design invites a reader to a breathtaking journey around the world of imagination.

Books are like windows. They look out at the world. At first sight, they are something. And it is up to the reader to discover what it is. And as we all know, creating something is a never ending!

Space: the final frontier. These are the voyages of the starship Enterprise. Its five-year mission: to explore strange new worlds. To seek out new life and new civilizations. To boldly go where no man has gone before.

Where no man has gone before

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

This article is about the quotation from Star Trek. For the Original Series episode, see [Where No Man Has Gone Before](#). For the Next Generation episode, see [Where No Man Has Gone Before](#).

"Where no man has gone before" is a phrase made popular through its use in the title sequence of the original 1966–1969 Star Trek science fiction television series *Enterprise*. The complete introductory speech, spoken by William Shatner as Captain James T. Kirk at the beginning of each episode, is:

Space: the final frontier. These are the voyages of the starship *Enterprise*. Its five-year mission: to explore strange new worlds. To seek out new life and new civilizations. To boldly go where no man has gone before!

This introduction began every episode of the series except the two pilot episodes: "The Cage" (which preceded Shatner's involvement) and "Where No Man Has Gone Before". The complete introduction, spoken by Patrick Stewart as Captain Jean-Luc Picard at the beginning of each episode, is:

Space: the final frontier. These are the voyages of the starship *Enterprise*. Its continuing mission: to explore strange new worlds. To seek out new life and new civilizations. To boldly go where no man has gone before!

A version of the Prologue was also spoken at the end of the *Star Trek: The Next Generation* series finale. The three ships spoke the first two sentences, William Shatner the third and fourth, and Scott Bakula, as Captain Jean-Luc Picard, the fifth.

Contents [hide]

- 1 Origin
- 2 Evolution of the quotation
- 3 Outside Star Trek
- 4 See also
- 5 References
- 6 External links

Origin [edit]

Blogger Deayne A. Day says that the quotation was taken from a White House booklet published in 1964.

Team
Ksenia is showing Zelda to me

Team
We are writing the book description

Team
We are looking for the cover image

Team
We are reading the Star Trek description

May, 8

Process

Sofia K

Home

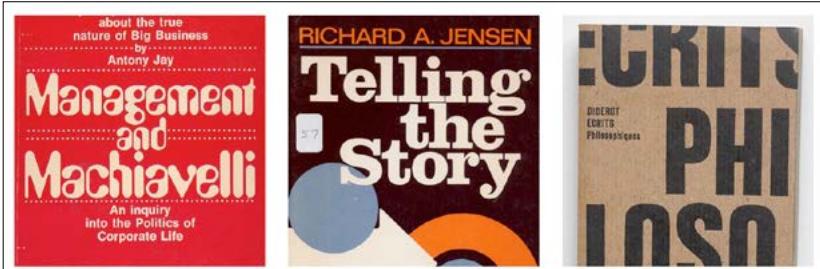
New cover concept

Since the Fournier font is not suitable for the title of the book on the cover, I decided to find old fonts that are most often can be found on designs of the 1980s. This is exactly how I accidentally found the awesome fontinuse.com website, which has a huge archive of typographic works in any field of design – from newspaper spreads to advertising videos. I observed some very unusual fonts with which I worked on the design of a new series of covers.

Using the cover structure of Penguin books, I placed the image of the planet Neptune in the center of the page and manipulated only fonts.

I tried the color combination of blue and green (a very popular solution in Penguin covers), then indicated the shape of the letters, not the color. The third option I designed in the technique of highlighting the headline as a separate text frame, but this option I like the least.

Thus, I had a clear understanding of how the classic cover in the genre of science fiction should look like (although, we have not only fiction but also fantasy).



Amelia

Helvetica

Clarendon

Folio Condensed



ITC Serif Gothic

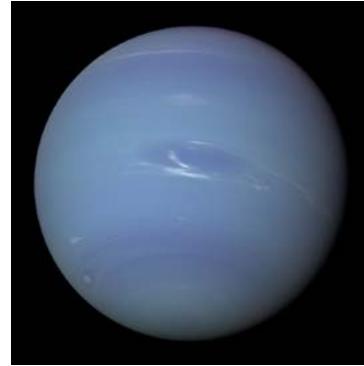
Helvetica

Beton

Futura

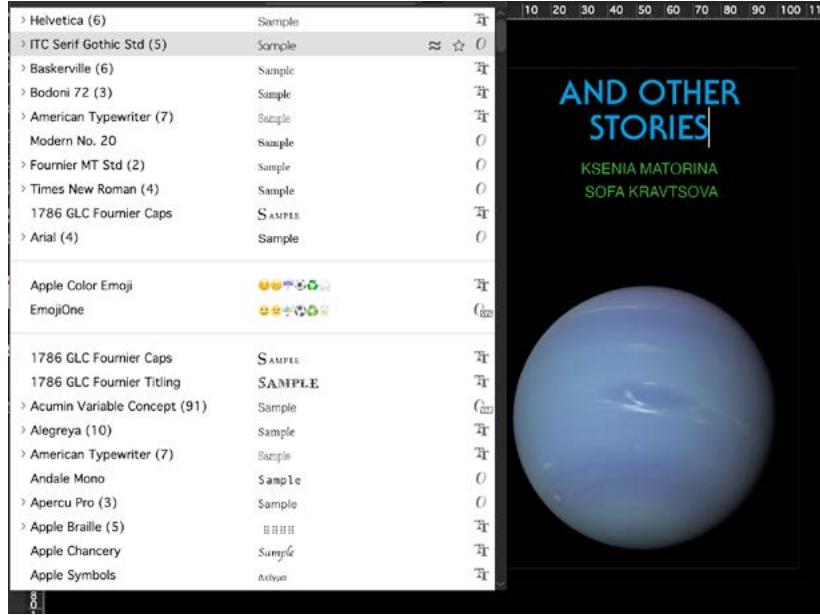
Mercury

Gotham



Wikipedia image
Neptune photographed by Voyager 2 in August 1989

Wikipedia image
Uranus photographed by Voyager 2 in January 1986

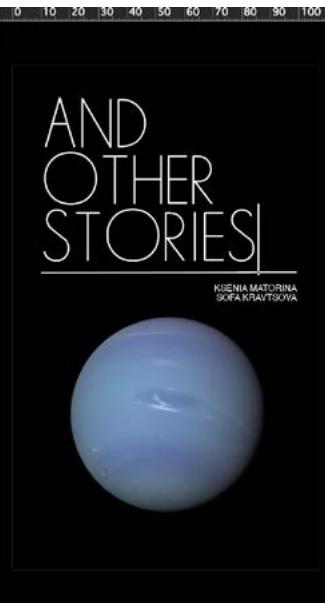


The Project Book
First book cover design in process

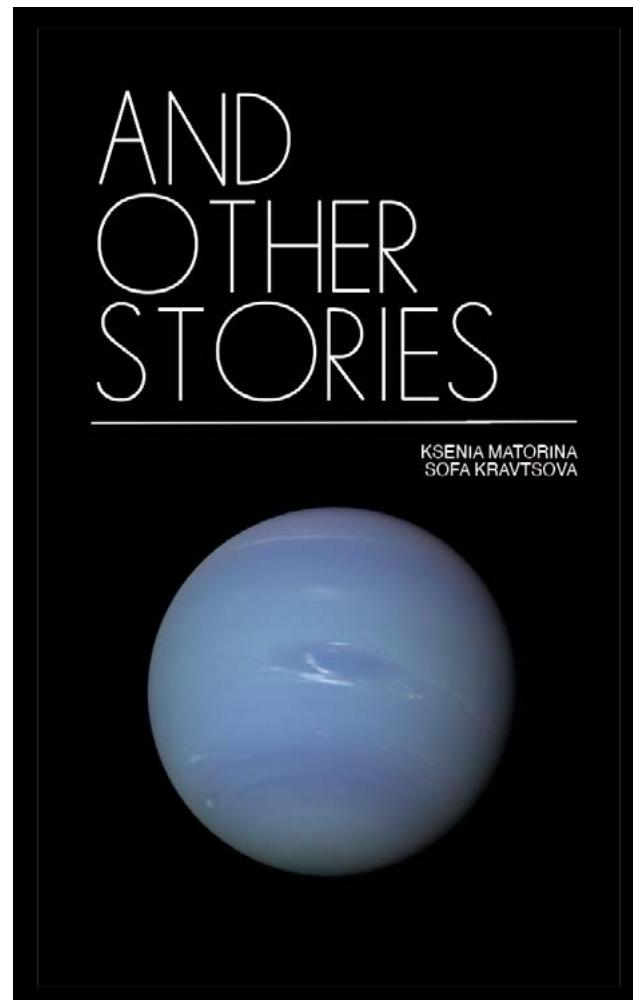


The Project Book
First book cover design

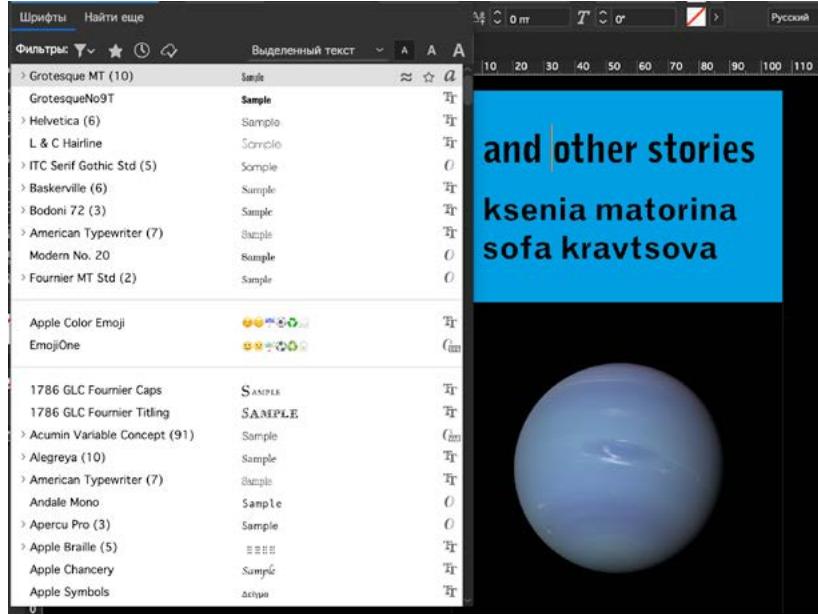
> Helvetica (6)	Sample	¶
L & C Hairline	Sample	¶
> ITC Serif Gothic Std (5)	Sample	≈ ☆ 0
> Baskerville (6)	Sample	¶
> Bodoni 72 (3)	Sample	¶
> American Typewriter (7)	Sample	¶
Modern No. 20	Sample	0
> Fournier MT Std (2)	Sample	0
> Times New Roman (4)	Sample	0
1786 GLC Fournier Caps	SAMPLE	¶
Apple Color Emoji	Sample	¶
EmojiOne	Sample	¶
1786 GLC Fournier Caps	SAMPLE	¶
1786 GLC Fournier Titling	SAMPLE	¶
> Acumin Variable Concept (91)	Sample	¶
> Alegreya (10)	Sample	¶
> American Typewriter (7)	Sample	¶
Andale Mono	Sample	0
> Apercu Pro (3)	Sample	0
> Apple Braille (5)	Sample	¶
Apple Chancery	Sample	¶
Apple Symbols	Sample	¶



The Project Book
Second book cover design in process



The Project Book
Second book cover design



The Project Book
Third book cover design in process



The Project Book
Third book cover design

May, 9

Process

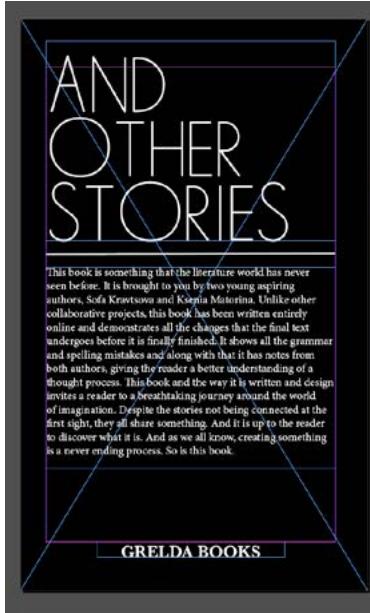
Sofia K

Home

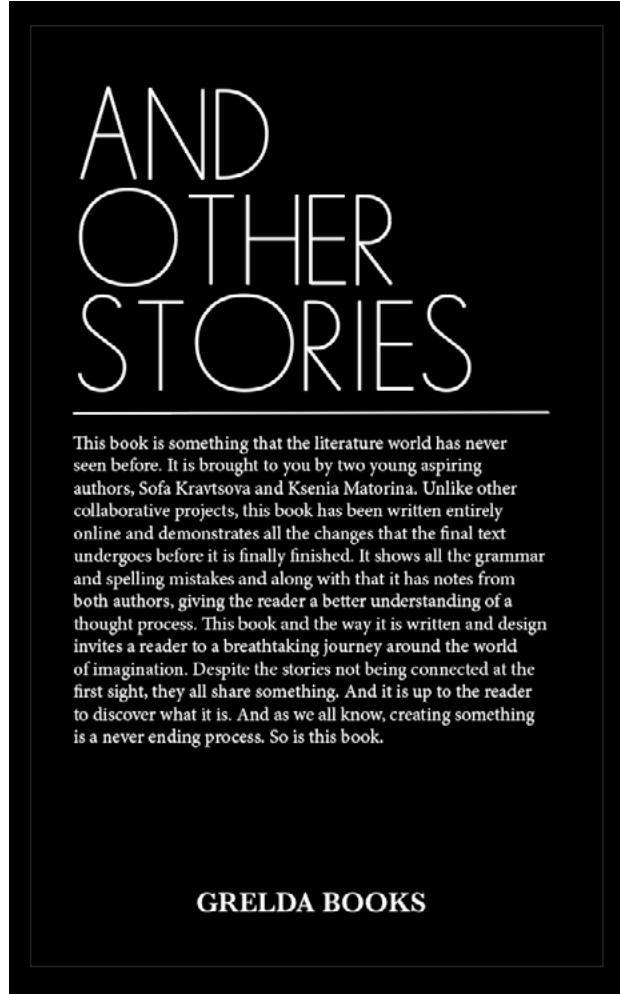
Back cover design

At a joint Zoom meeting with Ksenia, we wrote a short text that I applied for the back cover of the book.

Referring to examples of published books, on the back cover there is always information about the authors of the book, reviews of other people, and so on. Nobody has read our book yet, but we could easily write a description. I don't know if I need to leave the title 'And Other Stories'.



The Project Book
Back of the book in process



The Project Book
Back of the book

May, 27

Process

Sofia K

Home

Bookmark

The last step on the way to completing the project was updating the design of the bookmark, which is a key aspect in the design of the entire book.

On one side of the bookmark, the reader can see a small instruction for use, and on the back side all the text features that can be found in the book.

Each feature is indicated in its original size and has the same visual characteristics as in the book *And Other Stories*. The purpose of the bookmark was the navigation of the reader and help in understanding everything that happens in the book.

I experimented with the colors selected based on the cover of the main project, but decided to use the black and white version for the back side, and make the text side with color options.

THIS IS THE BOOKMARK

It is not what it looks like. In fact, it is your map, your guide to navigate though the pages. It will help you to understand every step on your journey though the book, let it be the small remarks the authors made on the way or the time when the text was written.

This bookmark will faithfully do its job of accompanying you on your way and will help you not only to dive into the fictional world of the characters, but it will also let you immerse yourself in the creative journey of the writers, showing you the ‘behind the scenes’ of writing a book.

Bookmark bw
Front side

~~WE DID NOT CHOOSE
THIS HEADER~~

THE MOST SUITABLE HEADER

original text without mistakes

~~what seemed wrong to us~~

*this is how we changed the deleted
text*

*additional text and the ^{time}
it was added*

Ksenia loves to leave comments

Me too

*sometimes even the corrected text
has been deleted*

история на русском языке
and its translation into
English

Bookmark bw
Back side

THIS IS THE BOOKMARK

It is not what it looks like. In fact, it is your map, your guide to navigate though the pages. It will help you to understand every step on your journey though the book, let it be the small remarks the authors made on the way or the time when the text was written.

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Bookmark in blue
Front side

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Bookmark new black
Front side

WE DID NOT CHOOSE
THIS HEADER

THE MOST SUITABLE HEADER

original text without mistakes

what seemed wrong to us

*this is how we changed the deleted
text*

*additional text and the time
it was added*

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English

Bookmark new black
Back side

I have a lot of impressions after the project, which is in the final stage. During these months of working on the book, I realized what work in a group is, it turned out to be not as simple as I thought initially. Ksenia and I faced problems that are in every team of creative people – lack of inspiration, lack of time, and problems with communication. But we succeeded in difficulties and remained good friends.

We were very fired by the idea of writing a great number of publications that we would print in the Edithus printing house, but because of the pandemic, we were not able to implement all our ambitious plans.

In general, the current situation greatly affected our project, because thoughts became very pessimistic, fear and doubts were in everything that we created together. I am extremely thankful to this girl because she made a very big contribution to the project. Without her, we would not have succeeded.

Therefore, I want to dedicate this project to friendship and childhood dreams.

It's so hard to understand what you're really interested in; you strive to achieve a goal that you don't even believe in. It seems to me that I managed to believe in my dream, and Ksenia helped me to obtain this dream. I certainly would not have done it alone.

I realize that our stories are not brilliant publications of great writers because we had absolutely no experience in writing our own texts. I often re-read my fourth story and know that the plot is very weak and not exciting, but at the time when I wrote this, I was breath-taking from emotions and feelings.

When I finished the paragraph I could cry from an excess of emotion for the main character.

I was listening to music that caused nostalgic memories, I was thinking about childhood dreams, was fantasizing the appearance of the main

character, was imagining myself in his place.

I remember when I was at work (yes, throughout the project I had an internship in a big company and due to lack of time I was writing the 4th story at lunch breaks) and was so happy because I did what I love. I really love to write texts, work with fonts, and create something using only my imagination.

I dream of opening my own publishing house in the future, and perhaps I have already taken a step towards my dream, and Grelda Books would become my tiny publishing house. I would really like to do books and be successful in this area.

This is how I want all projects to be like. So inspiring, so close to your soul, so sensual.

I believe that together we did what we will love and remember for many years. This is not just a project, it is a whole life, which I lived in a different reality.
Waking fantasy. Fantasy, which

for someone will be nothing, but not for me. I do not want to put an end to it. I put a comma.

Thanks to my family, who was with me and supported me throughout the project.

Thanks to Ksenia for not leaving me and not be offended because of the constant messages at night from me.

Thanks to my colleague Alexey Timatkov, who shared with me his collection of books in English.

Thanks to my tutor Sebastian, who directed me on the best path of design.

Just thank you.

And Other Stories

This book is the documentation of the project 'And Other Stories', which was created by a student of the British Higher School of Art and Design Sofia Kravtsova.

The project includes a book that was written by Sofia in collaboration with her friend illustrator Ksenia Matorina.

May, 2020

