

5000 Words Context and Intent

My outcome for this brief is meant for the purpose of collecting and framing my friend's writing. As an up-and-coming young writer, my friend has a small collection of work they now wish to collate and reflect upon. The piece is a novel-style publication meant to fit into the market. The outcome of publishing the work is up to the writer, but as a small beginner's project, it is the start of a larger portfolio, and to begin sharing with the community.

The distribution of the book is limited, but serves as a jumping point for its writer from their hand.

The book follows a traditional reading pattern, in which chapters are titled and noted with imagery, type is easy to read, and headers are center-aligned. As to fit into a standard expectation for the market, the book should be perfect bound.

The addition of colour and imagery is meant to enhance the experience for the reader by setting an appropriate mood.

Yellow was a colour picked from a piece of writing within the book and became a meaningful metaphor that becomes apparent as the writing is experienced. Hence yellow is consistent within the book.

Page Size 127mm x 203.2 mm (5 inches x 8 inches)

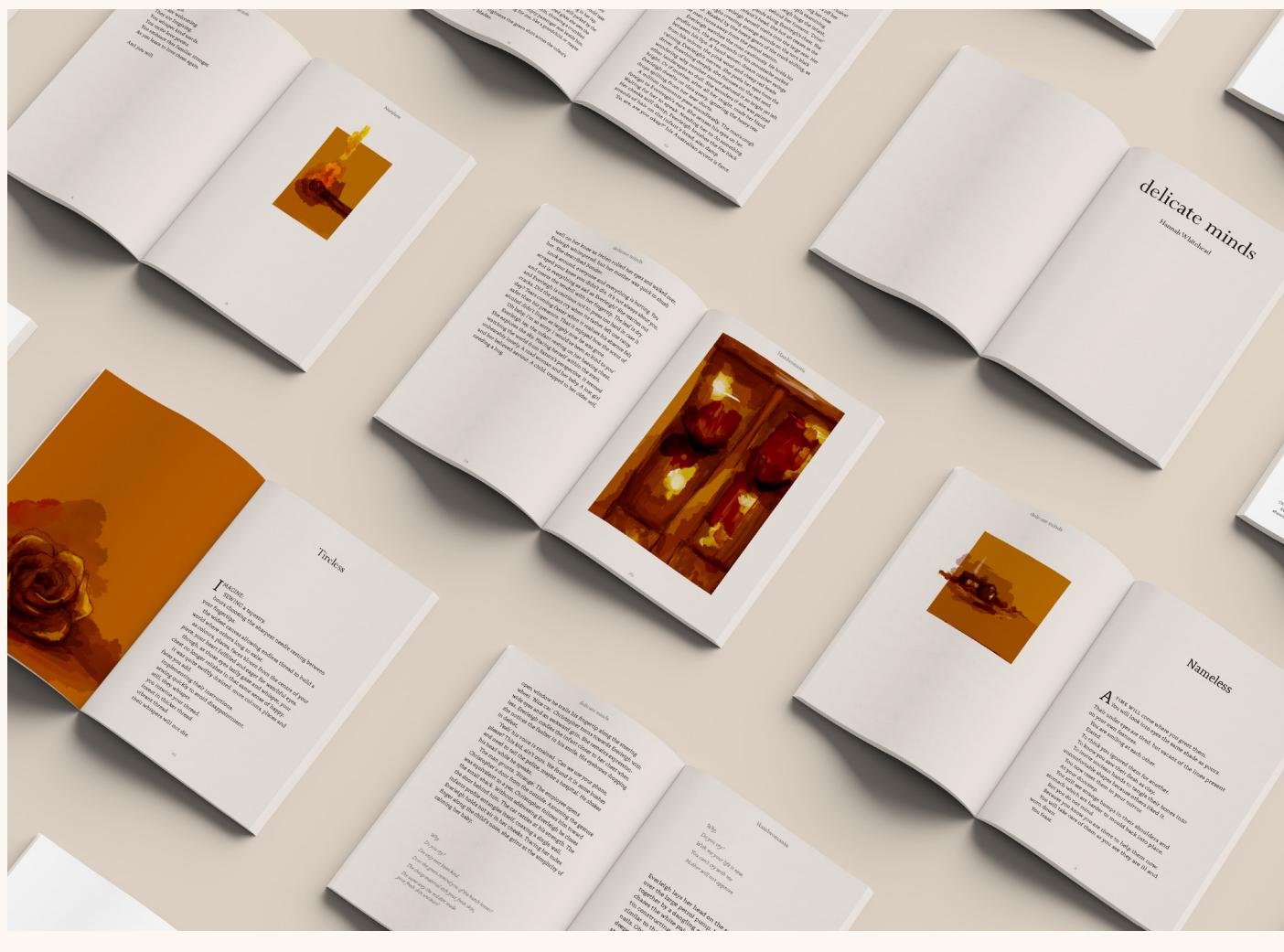
Paper Stock (Cover) standard white coated 180gsm with the cover designs printed yellow

Paper Stock (Internal) standard uncoated 80gsm paper (black white pages) + (12 colour pages)

Perfect bound

Tamsyn Williams

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TMAGINE:
SEWING a tapestry.
hours choosing the sharpest needle resting between
your fingertips.
the widest canvas allowing endless thread to build a
world where others long to exist.
as colours, places, faces bloom from the centre of your
piece, your heart fulfilled and eager for watchful eyes.
though, as those eyes lazily gaze and whisper, your
chest no longer relishes in that same sense of happy.
it was quite swiftly drained. more colours, places and
faces you add.
implementing their instructions.
sewing quickly to avoid disappointment.
still, they whisper.
you intwine your thread.
invest in thicker thread.
vibrant thread.
their whispers will not die.

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forward and slapped her daughter's hand from the fabric.
She held Everleigh's shoulders sternly and massaged the
fat around her armpits. 'I don't know how you plan on
securing a rich husband like this.' Momentarily, Helen met
with her daughter's eyes. Everleigh stood perplexed, finally
reading her mother. Although she wished she hadn't.
Everleigh explored every crevasse of the complete disdain
Helen held for her. Her breaths slowed and tears dried.
Helen released Everleigh and turned toward the door.
'Take it off. You look stupid.' Her tone was bland. She
disappeared back into the hallway.

*Born into a burning house,
You believe the whole world is the same.
Equipped with your water tank,
Even when the world bares no flames.*

Hambromania

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