

第一个html展示三个随机漂浮的buble (buble 1-3.png)

连接第一个html和第二个html 形成点击跳转入第二个页面 (主页面)

Part One (粉色三个圈)

第一个圈粉色实心 (buble1.png)

第二个和第三个用粉色虚影 (bj2.png)

背景用黑色 Part Two写在右下角 颜色#ff1261粉色, 70pt

The death throes done, he lay now alone—alone and broken and rejected— and then he sank into sleep. (放在好多线滑过去的那面)

When he awoke, there awaited him his commonplace habits and the places of his everyday existence. He told himself that he shouldn't think too much about the night before, and, cheered by that resolve, he unhurriedly dressed for work. At the office, he got through his duties passably well, though with that uneasy sense (caused by weariness) of repeating things he'd already done. He seemed to notice that the others turned their eyes away; perhaps they already knew that he was dead. (单独放一面)

That night the nightmares began; he was left without the slightest memory of them—just the fear that they'd return. In time, that fear prevailed; it came between him and the page he was supposed to write, the books he tried to read. Letters would crawl about on the page like ants; faces, familiar faces, gradually blurred and faded, objects and people slowly abandoned him. His mind seized upon those changing shapes in a frenzy of tenacity. (单独放一面)

特效: 这三段滑着滑着文本渐渐消失了

Part Two (白色三个圈)

第一个圈白色实心 (buble2.png)

第二个和第三个用白色虚影 (bj.png)

背景用黑色 Part Two写在右下角 颜色#ffffff白色, 70pt

However odd it may seem, he never suspected the truth; it burst upon him suddenly. He realized that he was unable to remember the shapes, sounds, and colors of his dreams; there were no shapes, colors, or sounds, nor were the dreams dreams. They were his reality, a reality beyond silence and sight, and therefore beyond memory. This realization threw him into even greater consternation than the fact that from the hour of his death he had been struggling in a whirlwind of senseless images. The voices he'd heard had been echoes; the faces he'd seen had been masks; the fingers of his hands had been shadows—vague and insubstantial, true, yet also dear to him, and familiar. (已经在index.html里了)

Part Three (越滑越大)

s1-s6. Png (从小到大)

Somehow he sensed that it was his duty to leave all these things be-hind; now he belonged to this new world, removed from past, present, and future. Little by little this new world surrounded him. He suffered many agonies, journeyed through realms of desperation and loneliness appalling peregrinations, for they transcended all his previous perceptions, memories, and hopes. All horror lay in their newness and their splendor. (单独放一面)

He had deserved grace—he had earned it; every second since the moment of his death, he had been in heaven. (单独放一面) 特效：这最后一句话段滑着滑着文本渐渐消失了

总标题字体：Optima 150pt

段落标题：Optima 70pt

文章字体：american typewriter 40pt (除了第二段我用了80pt 放大镜那个)