

Design a Section of a Book

Due Date: April 5

Mark Value: 20 marks

Format: Hard copy, submitted at the start of class

The Task

Create five or more successive pages of whatever type of book publication you would find most appealing, interesting, or relevant to a future possible direction. This will give you a nice portfolio item.

Instructions

The pages may represent the opening of your choice of book, excluding inside cover and flyleaf, or any sequence of internal pages. The pages must be sequential; choose your page-models by examining books in your area of interest. You are designing and *”inventing” the whole piece, by modeling your work on an existing type of book.

Page components will include, as appropriate to the vehicle, text, images, blocks, or column layouts, navigational elements.

*Text need not be intensely researched, or even original, but any research, paraphrasing, or quoting must be credited, in an appendix, clearly separated from the body of your assignment. Do not footnote or annotate the text of your assignment pages within the body pages. Instead, use endnotes, or notes in the appendix.

You may get creative with your text and images, so long as your presentation of the elements of page construction and design are taken seriously...but you’d better be good at satirical tone.

Images may include charts, graphs, photographs [faked or not], and advertisements [real or composed in Illustrator or Photoshop]. Credit, in your appendix and/or Works Cited, any images or image-elements used.

Once More, With Feeling

Use Word, Photoshop, and/or InDesign, or any layout software as needed.

The Assignment Length: 5 or more pages plus cover page, and appendix and works cited pages.

Assignment Presentation Requirements

1. Outer title page
2. Text content [laid out in publication manuscript style, with *only* book page items and book page numbering; for the professor as audience]
3. Appendix, if needed
4. Works Cited page

Bases for Evaluation

Marked, within the body pages, for appropriate page management, page layout, information density, appropriateness, quality, and placement of image choices; font choices, suitability of text style and content, navigational items, and mechanical correctness.

The quality of your text will be evaluated for (a) its resemblance to the style, length, and tone of the types of text in the book you choose, (b) format and layout resemblances to the chosen book, (c) for its mechanical correctness

* For text content, you may choose to rework sections of an existing book, whether paper or online—paraphrase and imitate style and diction; it's excellent writing training. For images, "borrow" them, and, if you're up for it, play with them in Photoshop. Credit both text and images in your Works Cited.

1

It was a frigid night; Samir sighed and silently thanked the Goddess for the sturdy and well-heated mansion he and his charge, Alain, resided in. Alain had long shuffled off to his own bed but Samir remained awake, quietly sipping at the herbal tea he had made moments ago.

It was hard to believe it had been over a year since he and Alain had moved to Osslan Village. So much had changed – the butler and his prince had made new friends, learned things about themselves, and the casual friendship the two shared had grown and blossomed into something deeper and newer. Indeed, it had been a good year.

Smiling to himself, Samir picked up his cup of tea and moved to the chair beside the parlor window. He set the cup down on the nearby end table and slowly began to undo his braid and let his hair relax after a long day of work and social calls. It wasn't always easy attending to Alain – not that Alain himself was difficult – Samir was the quiet sort, and working for a prince required more socializing than he had the energy for some days. He treasured the quiet moments when he could let his hair out and relax, knowing Alain was comfortable and nearby, and no one else was around to deplete his energy.

“Would you like some help with that?”

Samir whirled around, started to see Alain silently padding across the room, gesturing at his long hair. “Forgive me, I believed you to be asleep” he murmured, inclining his head to the prince.

Alain chuckled, a twinkle of mirth escaping the sleepy glaze over his eyes “I tried, but the thought of abandoning you to your tea was simply keeping me up.” He placed a hand on the back of Samir’s chair and leaned in as his

Once More, With Feeling

stomach growled. “Also”, he continued “I may be a touch hungry. Would you like something too?”

Samir stood up quickly, a tinge of pink coloring his cheeks at the closeness “please, allow me. What would you like to eat?” He moved away from Alain and started towards the kitchen, trying to loosen the strange tightening in his chest. He quickly glanced back, only to redden further at the sight of Alain’s amused smile and refocus his gaze on the floor in front of him.

What was the matter with him? Samir had never been terribly comfortable with close contact, often limiting himself to handshakes and brief, polite hugs, but this was something new. He took a few deep breaths and opened the fridge to see what he could throw together.

“Why don’t I do the cooking for once?” Alain appeared in the doorway and leaned against the frame, causing Samir to silently curse the prince’s soft steps.

“Nonsense. Please seat yourself. I will take care of this.” The butler grabbed his loose hair and began the arduous process of braiding it back up. “You pay me to do this, Alain, and you pay handsomely. I would never ask you to cook.”

Alain laughed again, and Samir felt his body go rigid. *Sweet Goddess*, what was happening to him? “Samir, I beg of you, please let me serve you for once; I promise I will not burn the kitchen down. At the very least, allow me to help you!”

He sighed. There was no convincing his prince. “As you wish. What shall we make?”

Alain pondered this for a moment before proudly declaring: “stew!”.

“However,” he began again, “before we begin we must practice proper kitchen safety, hm? Bring your incredible hair here, let me help you put it up. I imagine it must be an ordeal doing it all on your own.” And with that, the determined prince swept Samir’s hair up in his hands and deftly began braiding the silver locks, smirking all the while.

Once More, With Feeling

Damn. There was that twinkle again. Samir had a sinking feeling he knew what was happening to him – it had been happening for months. But there was no time to think about it. Alain made neat work of his hair and within minutes it was braided tightly against his head so none would get into the food.

He sighed in defeat, trying to silence the voice within him crying out for Alain’s hands to touch his hair again. This was getting ridiculous. “Stew you said? I know just the recipe.”

He flipped through his book of recipes, looking for his favorite. Of course, he knew this particular one by heart – it was Alain’s favorite – but he wasn’t about to give any indication that he had it memorized. It was too embarrassing to admit the hours he spent in the kitchen, trying to perfect his stews after he realized that Alain liked it so much. “Aha” he muttered, “here you are.”

He brought the worn recipe over to the counter Alain had cleared. “This is the recipe I usually use.” He quickly read the ingredients to the excited prince: potato, carrot, broccoli, and flour, and the two set to work chopping vegetables and adding them to the boiling water and flour on the stovetop.

Alain frowned at the carrots he was dicing, “are you sure I’m doing this right? They don’t look quite right to me.”

Samir walked over and looked at the carrots and smiled, feeling his own laugh threaten to bubble out of his chest. “You’ve almost got it, but I find that placing the knife like this –”, he placed his hands over Alain’s and readjusted his grip and position on the knife slightly, “ – makes cutting easier and more efficient.” He sent a prayer to the Goddess, hoping the prince wouldn’t feel how clammy his hands suddenly became or wouldn’t hear how loudly his heart was ramming against his ribcage.

Fuck. Samir was completely, *royally, fucked.*

Every second seemed to simultaneously drag on and rush by as they worked, Samir’s heart rushing faster each time Alain spoke or smiled at him. He was starting to wonder if he should make a doctor’s appointment the next day.

Once More, With Feeling

But then finally, they were done. Alain beamed with delight at the delicious smelling food, and Samir's mouth involuntarily watered at the delicious blend of vegetables and spices. He could see why Alain loved it so much.

"It looks incredible! Will you share some with me?" The prince beamed, seemingly unaware of the effect he was having on his butler's blood pressure and heart rate.

Samir cleared his throat, desperately trying to get a hold of himself. "Yes", he practically whispered, suddenly aware of Alain inching closer once again. "But first grab the nice china; presentation is half the meal, after all."

Fortunately, he took the bait, and the butler nearly sighed in relief as Alain bounded towards the china cabinet. He came back all too quickly for Samir's sake, causing the man to grab the dishes a little too abruptly and slowly begin pouring stew into them, his back facing the one causing all these strange feelings.

His relief at facing away from Alain was short-lived, however, as it was not long before the prince took Samir's silver braid and began tucking the fly-aways back into it, brushing his neck occasionally and nearly making Samir's throat close up.

"Pardon me", he mumbled, moving the dishes to the kitchen table, setting the proper cutlery next to the bowls of hot stew.

Alain watched his movements closely as he sprinkled some final seasonings on top of the stew and finished with a sprig of rosemary, before the two finally seated themselves and wordlessly began to devour their meal.

Throughout the meal, Samir was painfully aware of Alain's eyes on him, but no matter how many glances he risked up at those mesmerizing eyes, he could not decipher what was happening inside his prince's head.

After both had finished their stew, Samir stood up and moved to take Alain's empty bowl and wash it in the sink when Alain placed a hand on his wrist and stopped him in his tracks. "If the work is not done, then neither am I. Please allow me." And without waiting for a response, he plucked his bowl from Samir's hands and began washing it in the sink himself.

Once More, With Feeling

They worked quietly together, Alain washing, Samir drying and putting the dishes away until the work was done.

Samir dipped his head “it is late, you should sleep. I am sorry this kept you up so late.” And he began to leave the kitchen.

Alain quickly reached out and gently grabbed his wrist. “You’re really going to make me work for it, huh?” a smile on his lips. “My goodness, I don’t think I’ve ever worked this hard for one before.”

Samir stopped in his tracks “never worked this hard for one what?”

The prince laughed and spun Samir around, pulling him against his chest. “Do you really not know?”

“I’m afraid I don’t, I apologize-“

Samir’s apology was cut off as suddenly Alain’s lips met his own. Samir could have sworn that through the confusion rushing through his body, he also felt something warm blossoming in his chest.

When Alain pulled away, his heart constricted slightly. He never wanted that kiss to stop. But he stood there, frozen in shock as the elegant man in front of him smiled gently and whispered “*that*.” Before disappearing into his bedroom.

Clearly, Samir thought to himself, I should have done this months ago.