

Mantra | I am flexible and firm

- Stand with your legs slightly apart
- Bend at your left knee of one leg
- Put your left hand just above your left knee
- Bend at the waist towards your left
- Bend left arm to the left

Mantra | Energy and stamina fill my spirit

- Lie on the ground face down
- Bending at the waist stand on your toes and hands
- Lift your left leg and grab it at the ankle with your left hand

Mantra | I am flexible and firm

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Yoga Cards

A series of yoga cards featuring an illustration of a yoga pose and its name. The back of the cards contain instructions of how to do a pose and a mantra meant to be said over and over while in the pose.



Cuatro etoile
10102 SE 10th Street
Portland, Or. 97211

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503.909.2462



Cuatro etoile

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Cuatro etoile

Cuatro Etoile

A fancy health food restaurant. The words Cuatro etoile mean "four stars" in French. All of their dishes are healthy versions of gourmet foods. The challenge was to create the identity as a one color design. Class Assignment.



Persons Name
 Email@EastsideBasketballClub.org
 c. 432.322.1234

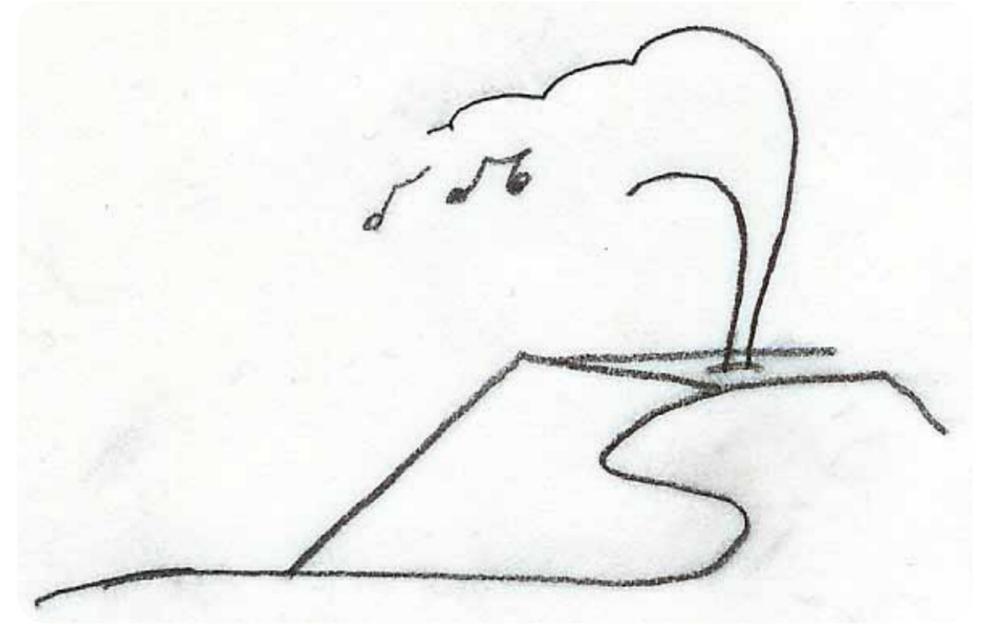


www.EastsideBasketballClub.org



EBC

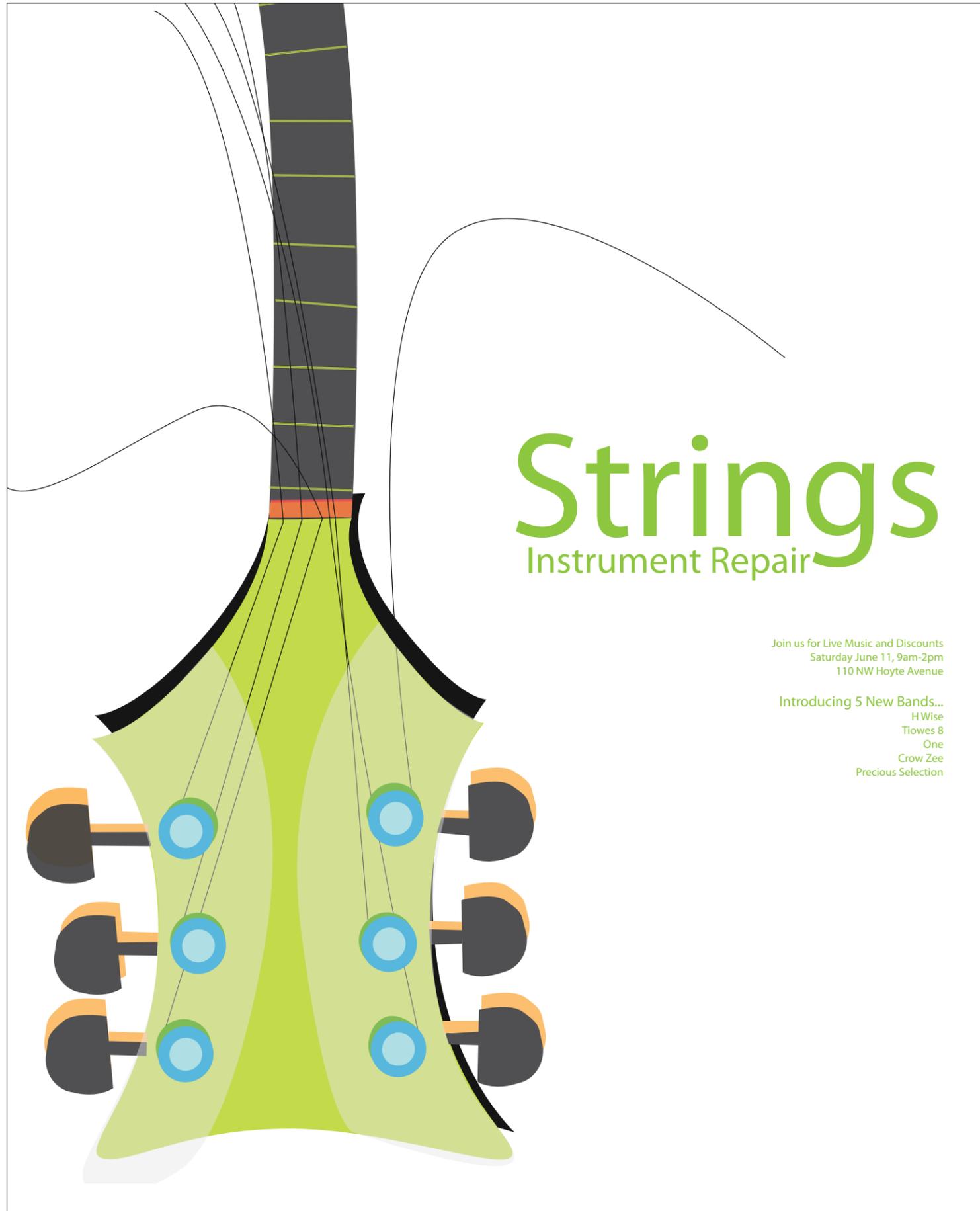
Client Requested a logo and business card design that would showcase the professional, athletic and fun sides of their organization. The EBC is a professional basketball training organization for grade-school children.



Southwest Washington
Wind Symphony

SWWS

Client Requested a re-design of their current logo. The logo needed to needed to showcase Mount St. Helens and musical notes while also suggesting wind and music. New colors and a new typeface were also needed.



Strings

Instrument Repair

Join us for Live Music and Discounts
Saturday June 11, 9am-2pm
110 NW Hoyte Avenue

Introducing 5 New Bands...
H Wise
Tiowes 8
One
Crow Zee
Precious Selection



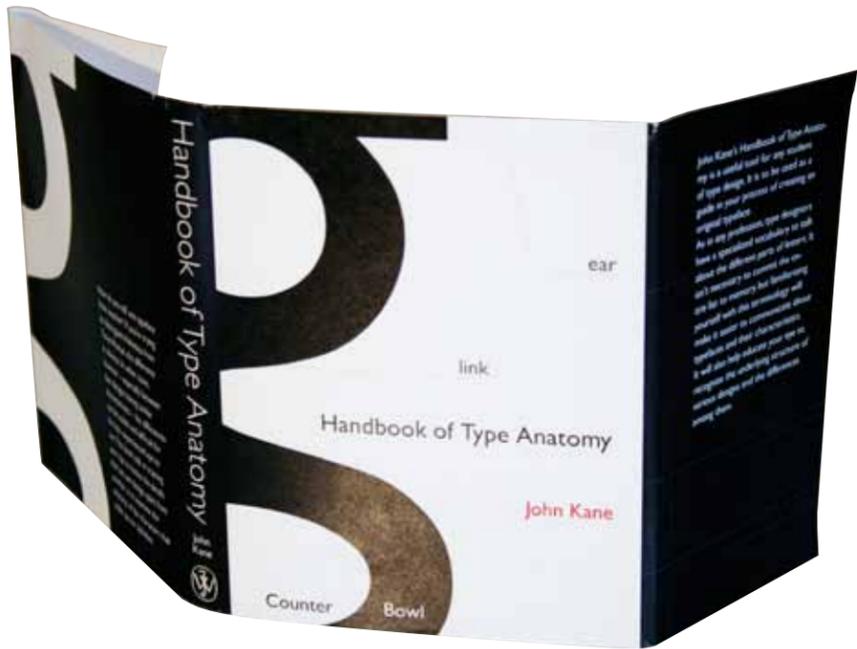
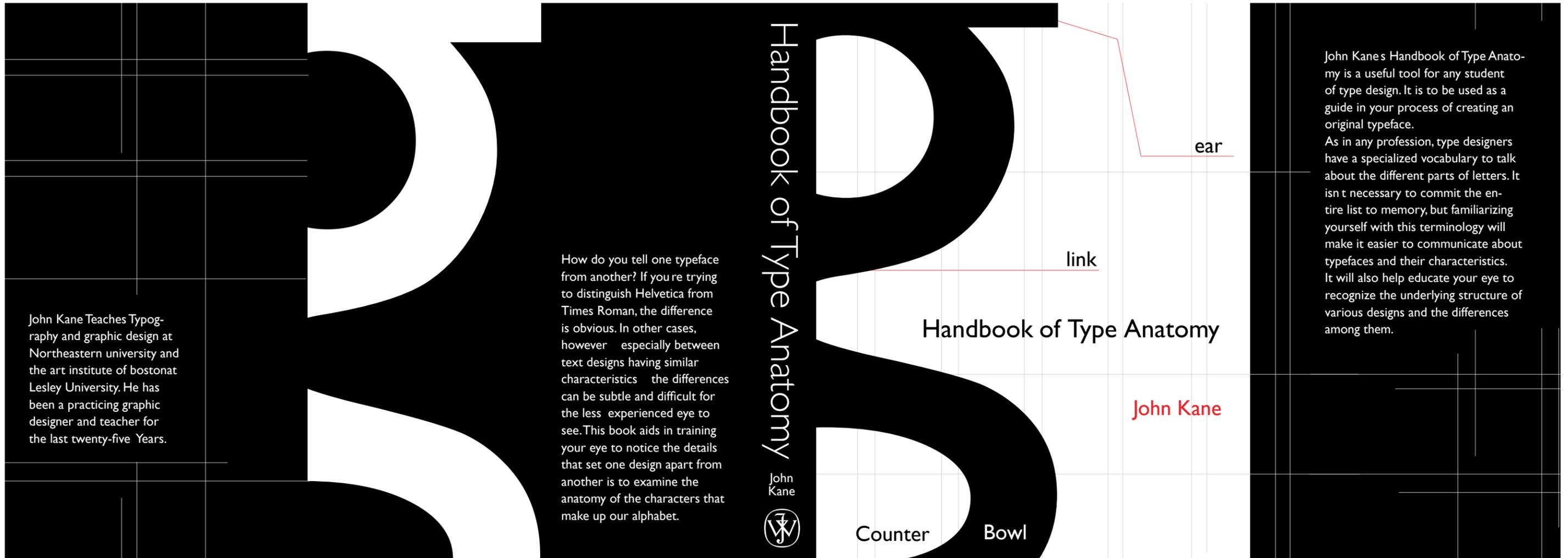
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Strings

Client required a unified look applied to collateral, communicating their services and upcoming events to the community.
Class Assignment.



Book Jacket

This book jacket was designed for the *Handbook of Type Anatomy*; a reference guide for students to use in the process of designing a typeface. The book contains a breakdown of the entire anatomy of every roman letter form. It also features information about each letter form based on common typefaces. Class Assignment.



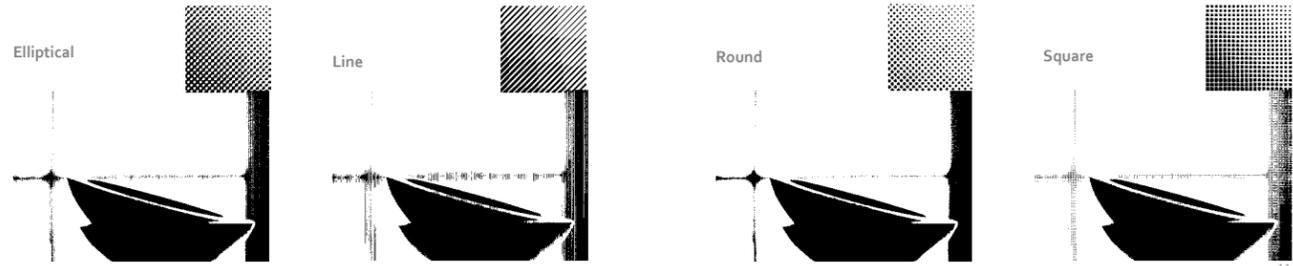
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Manual of Graphic Print Production

Halftones



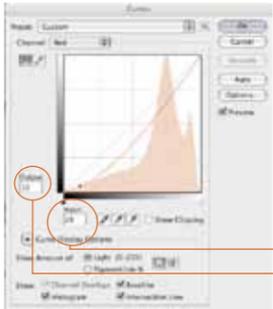
Balancing Photographs

Adjusting Shadows and Highlights

1. use levels to find the darkest and lightest neutral tones in the image.
2. use the color-sampling tool to mark the darkest and lightest neutral tones.
3. use curves to adjust the sampled points. The diagram on the right can be used as a starting point for adjustments.



Color Sampling Tool



	Highlights	Shadows
R	245	10
G	245	10
B	245	10
C	4	70
M	2	60
Y	2	60
K	0	85

Adjusting neutral tones

1. find the neutral tone lying closest between the black and white spots in value.
2. mark this tone with the color-sampling tool.
3. use curves to adjust this tone so that all the channels contain the same number. A good starting point for this number can be 127, or the average of the current numbers.

Original Number
Corrected Number



Manual of Graphic Print Production

This manual is a print reference guide for graphic designers. It contains information designer's need when creating work for commercial printing. Written content, diagrams, a layout design and a cover were all needed for this manual.

Story

The Short Story Magazine

Hemingway Dreams
An Alcoholic Roller coaster

The Device
A Mystery of Human Science

Knobs
A Ride in Space

Edgar Allan Poe's
The Tell Tale Heart



March 22, 2008

The Tell Tale Heart 18



"O God! What COULD I do? I foamed — I roared — I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards...

hell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart, — for what had I now to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect saavty, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to search the premises.

I smiled, — for what had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country, I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search — search well. I led them, at length, to his chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the room, and desired them here to rest from their fatigues, while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My manner had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They sat and while I answered cheerly, they chatted of familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears; but still they sat, and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct: I talked more freely to get rid of the feeling; but it continued and gained definitiveness — until, at length, I found that the noise was NOT within my ears.

No doubt I now grew very pale; but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased — and what could I do? It

was a low, dull, quick sound — much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I gazed for breath, and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly, more vehemently but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations; but the noise steadily increased. Why would they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men, but the noise steadily increased. O God! What could I do? I foamed — I raved — I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder — louder — louder! And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God! — no, no! They heard! — they suspected! — they knew! — they were making a mockery of my horror! — this I thought, and this I think, that anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die! — and now — again — hark! louder! louder! louder! louder! louder! louder! — "Villains!" I shrieked, "dissemble no more! I admit the deed! — tear up the planks! — here, here! — it is the beating of his hideous heart!"



"No doubt I now grew VEEY pale; but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice.

a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once — once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But for many minutes the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more.

If still you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned, and I worked busily, but in silence. I took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly so cunningly, that no human eye — not even his — could have detected anything wrong. There was nothing to wash out — no stain of any kind — no blood-spot whatever. I had been too wary for that.

When I had made an end of these labours, it was four o'clock — still dark as midnight. As the



The Tell Tale Heart

Edgar Allan Poe

That! Nervous, very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why will you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses, not destroyed, not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How then am I mad? Hearken! And observe how healthily, how calmly, I can tell you the whole story.



Story Magazine

A monthly publication of short stories. Each month the magazine contains fictional stories by both known and unknown writers. The stories are often science fiction, horror, mystery or psychological thrillers. Features tend to be longer stories by well known writers, or republications of classic tales. Class Assignment.

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