

Selected Projects

The Darkest Curse

by Rachel Rowlands

[Standard Design]

This fantasy book's interior font matches the cover font, and I presented a few options to Rachel for the chapter page image. This one matched her cover and the story's symbolism the best.

(Chapter page image purchased at depositphotos.com. Display font purchased at fontbundles.net.)

Hybrid & Electric Vehicles

by Marshall Fox

[Complex Design]

This nonfiction book contained illustrations, several levels of headers, and different types of lists. Title page and chapter page display fonts were chosen to match the look of the cover.

(Title page image purchased at depositphotos.com. Illustration of HEV supplied by author.)



Book 1 in the Nethervale series

RACHEL ROWLANDS



nnice spent most of the morning cleaning up any trace of her cursed hair from the tower. If any strands were left when her mother, Gothel, came to visit, the hairs could very well kill her.

By the time Annice was done dusting, mopping, scrubbing and inspecting every inch of the tower for stray black hairs, she was exhausted. Her hair was already wrapped tightly in a silk wrap made especially by Gothel to help keep it from coming into contact with human skin. Flopping onto the loweseat, Annice sighed, lifting her bare feet onto the fabric.

The top of her tower contained a large circular sitting area and library, where she spent most of her time, and a tiny kitchen. The bedroom and small ladies' room were on the floors below.

Annice glanced at the clock on the bookshelf nearby, then sighed and examined the rows upon rows of

THE DARKEST CURSE

towards the kitchen. Her every word dripped with bitterness. "You know I'm right. We'll deal with what to do when I'm dead once I'm frail and struggling. As of yet. I'm not."

She swept away, leaving Annice standing on the balcony, shaking with fury.

150000

Annice and her mother's goodbye was colder than usual, once all the lunch things had been cleared away. Gothel pressed a kiss to her cheek, but Annice didn't reciprocate.

"I'll see you the day after tomorrow," said Gothel. Annice nodded but said nothing. Gothel left the tower with her basket over her arm, skirts swishing behind her.

When she was gone, Annice stewed in her bad mood. Previously, she'd felt guilty for hiding Cyrus from Gothel – now she felt it might be for the best.

Her thoughts turned to Cyrus again. Gothel was wrong; the world wasn't waiting for Annice, and it wouldn't wait for her to find a cure. The world was happening out there, right now. And Cyrus was part of it. He'd noticed her. He felt like the first genuine friend she'd had. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad, to keep him as a friend, and hope for nothing more? He could come and talk to her, and listen to her music.

She rushed over to her writing desk and penned a

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HYBRID & ELECTRIC VEHICLES

A Beginner's Guide



by Marshall Fox

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Pyrona Electric Vertices (TEV)

HEVs combine an internal gasoline engine with an electric motor and a battery. They can rely on gasoline and the battery for power and do not need to be plugged in to recharge. Batteries can also be recharged by the engine and during regenerative braking.

HEVs use regenerative braking (a system capturing kinetic energy during braking) to recharge the batteries. Because of this technology, they don't need to be plugged in to recharge the batteries. They also provide the opportunity to reduce emissions, especially at stoplights or in heavy commuter traffic. These vehicles rely primarily on the internal combustion engine for propulsion and hence, must refil periodically at gas stations.

HEVs use their battery to assist the gas-powered engine, which substantially helps increase fuel economy. When they come to a full stop, the engine automatically shuts off. The batteries power the vehicle away from a full stop until the vehicle reaches cruising speed, and then the gasoline engine kicks in. This type of hybrid boosts HYBRID & ELECTRIC VEHICLES | 7

fuel economy 10 – 15% and reduces carbon emissions up to 25%. An example of this type of technology is found in the Toyota Prius. These environmental benefits explain why the Prius gained such a strong foothold with consumers.

Other HEVs use the battery to assist the engine only during acceleration, which is the technology used in the Honda Civic.

An interesting new HEV is the Ford Hybrid F-150 pickup. It uses a gasoline engine that works in conjunction with an electric motor. Around town the truck is powered by the electric motor/battery and it uses gasine for highway driving. During highway driving, the battery is only used when hauling a heavy trailer up steep inclines. This provides EPA fuel economy estimated at 24mg city and 24mg highway.

Here's a short representative list of HEV models you can purchase in 2021.

HEVs:

- Toyota Prius
- Honda Insight
- Honda Civic
- Ford Escape
 Nissan Altima

Plug-in hybrid electric vehicles (PHEVs) have a much larger battery capacity and can be driven on battery power alone for between 15 – 50 miles, depending



Selected Projects

Island Times Three

by Kathleen Jae

[Standard Design]

Island Times Three is a mystery novel that takes place in the 1950s on Sanibel Island, south of Florida. Kathleen wanted to show both the tropical nature of the setting and the hard-boiled mystery aspect of the story, and I chose the images for the title page and chapter pages based on those aspects.

(Title page and chapter page images purchased at depositphotos.com.)

[Simple Design]

We decided to keep the design for this memoir simple so that Tina's story was showcased on the pages instead of the design. The interior the pages by using the lines on the title page as inspiration for the shorter lines used in the scene breaks.

Island Times Three



Kathleen Jae

TWENTY PAWS PUBLISHING

The Collector

a memoir

Tina L. Hendricks

Kathleen Jae

"I asked her," Joonie replied, plopping into her chair. "A friend of a friend' is all I could get out of her.

"Well, I am in between jobs," he mused

"Sure-it also doesn't hurt that she's willing to pay a thousa dollars to start. And get this—with a potential to earn five grand.

And she'll wire you the airplane fare and travel expenses." Raymond smiled. "Saving the best for last?"

"Of course. But look, Raymond, there's something about this dame. I can't put my finger on it."

He sat on Joonie's desk. "I know. I assumed that was why you

"Yeah, well, you're right, I was sore. But there's something... something...

"Her voice!" she exploded, jumping from her chair. "I've heard that voice before!

Raymond shook his head and grabbed the message

"You know what else they got in Florida?" Joonie asked, smiling. Raymond studied the message again. "What?"
"Mosquitoes. And alligators. Some say the mosquitoes grow so

big one might confuse the two."

Raymond glared at her, walked into his office and slammed the

RAYMOND THREW HIS SHABBY GLADSTONE ONTO ONE OF THE benches. The lower level of the Santiva was empty except for a man several rows back. He studied the man for a moment: dark hat, dark suit, dark tie, trying too hard to blend in. Find something, anything. The man turned his head to his right, pretending to notice something on the dock. There...a large mole on his left cheek, close

Raymond looked away. The ploy was something he had perfected years before, when he was a detective for the department. Cappy aught him how to do it. They would sit in an unmarked sector ca and Cappy would point out a suspect's features while he walked down the street.

"Ya got 'im?" Cappy would ask.

At first, Raymond would take several minutes to size up a suspect, but he soon reduced the exercise to about thirty seconds

"Yeah, I got 'im," Raymond muttered, wiping his eyes. He tried not to think about Cappy much.

One long, deafening blow of the ship's horn made Raymond jump, but he refused to sit down. Instead, he picked up his bag and started toward the bow. An affable-looking fellow was making his way down the few steps from above, and Raymond stopped to greet him. The man held out his hand, and Raymond shook it.

The Collector

by Tina L. Hendricks

flows well from the title page through the rest of

TINA L. HENDRICKS

worried or upset. I'm sure I didn't even enter his mind. The next time I see him, it will be like he was never gone, and I

I snap back to present day in the attic as Ashlynn asks, "Is that Casey's painting, Mom?"

"Yes, honey, it is. Isn't it good?"

"It's so good. That's Great-Grampy's lobster boat, right?"

"Yes, it is. Casev is so talented."

"Well, he did become a painter. Of houses, anyway."

"True. Casey is sharing his talent in other ways." I smile and wink at Ashlynn

Chapter Eight

Stained-Glass Window

Billy, Ashlynn, and I pull into a small parking lot—tiny compared to the giant brick building it services. Parking in Portland is scarce, so this petit square of dirt will have to do. Billy chooses a tight spot that overhangs the sidewalk. leaving just enough room for me to open the door and get out without bumping into the minivan parked next to us. We scan the aged, antique-filled, five-story stone masterpiece. Portland has many impressive buildings.

This one houses a business that sells salvaged pieces of antique homes. Substantial parts of historic houses: mantels, doors, windows, and light fixtures. And littles, which are smaller, lower-priced items, like trinkets, knickknacks, doorknobs, locks, and hardware.

We enter the first floor. The wood beneath our feet creaks at our arrival. No one greets us. I smile. We hear faint voices far away in the vast building. A wood-burning cook stove covered in rust and flaking white paint sits to my right. I attempt to lift it to see how heavy it is. It doesn't move. Billy laughs. "You try," I say. He lifts the corner from the floor with ease. "Jesus," I say.

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Selected Projects

Identified

by John Wilander

[Complex Design]

This hacker thriller had many different style elements throughout. It was a fun design! On the pages to the right, you can see a monospaced font used for computer screens, and the chapter page shows the styling for an email reply. With so many eye-catching styles in this book, the author wanted to keep the chapter numbers and titles simple so the reader's eye wouldn't be overwhelmed with too many font styles.

(Title page images are fraktal text generated by the author, which I turned into images to allow for the bleed to the edge of the page.)

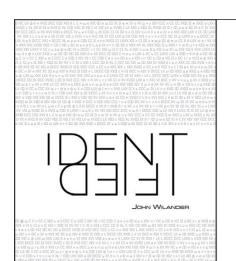
The Amirah Diamond

by Tina L. Hendricks

[Standard Design]

Since this novel's story involved a diamond, I created the chapter page decoration and the scene breaks with a diamond glyph to pull the design together with the story.

(Title page image purchased at depositphotos.com.)



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"There's a nice sandwich place called Drama Triangle two blocks away. You should check it out," Kiss said.

West stood silent for an awkward minute or so

"I was thinking we should try some local beers," he said.

Jitterbug called him over. "Hey, West. Awesome work on urandom.

I've been driving myself bonkers over how to reboot Pogodina's machine. My best idea so far has been to cause a power outage, but Naturelle is Nay oest toea so are has been to cause a power outage, but Nat dead certain she saw an emergency power rig up in that office." West slumped into his chair. "What's the matter, friend? You da man."

West gave him half a smile. We have to time the reboot with one of the file transfers anyway. That's when the key is generated. Next chance

is Monday:
"Maybe this can cheer you up. I've written a script that feeds Milchail's server with keys to try and then checks if the decrypted output is plaintext, Russian or English. I'm about to run it on the file Kiss and Mikhail text, kussian or Engisish. I'm about to run it on the the Kiss and Mikhai got us even though we still have 126 unknown bits. Who knows, we might get lucky."

West watched Jitterbug execute his script.

Exhaustive search through 126 bits

85,070,591,730,234,615,865,843,651,857,9

Testing key 1 ...

CHAPTER SIXTY-TWO

Screen Grab Coming In

It was ten in the evening, and everyone but Melissa was watching a new sci-fi movie called *Vertebrate* on the big screen, starring Marilyn Monroe. West had tried to sit next to Kiss, but she somehow got Mikhail to sit

"Hey, pause that thing and come over, y'all," Melissa yelled. "Pogo-dina just replied to an email conversation we're following. Screen gral

The team gathered to see what was captured and translated.

- > To: pogodina@nordstream.com
- > From: sdvornikov@promgaz.com
 > Subject: Pipe delivery 26/1

- > We are happy to inform you that
 > pipe delivery NS3-552 is
 > expected to leave Kaliningrad on
- > 25/1 and arrive to Karlshamn on
- > Pd-15 is included, finally.
- > Yours, Stanislav Dvornikov

Thanks! That completes the set. Should make Xin happy.

THE **AMIRAH** DIAMOND



TINA L. HENDRICKS

CHAPTER TEN

Gisela and her grandmother climb the wooden stairs toward their room at Eden's Garden as instructed by Jack. At the top of the stairs is a small landing circled by five guest rooms. Gisela opens the unlocked door of room number three and rushes into her bedroom."Home away from home." She jumps over their luggage already in the room, twirls into a belly flop on her favorite bed, and kicks off her shoes. "Let's take a nap, Grammy."

"I would love that," answers Georgia

They climb under the burgundy bedspreads with a pink rose pattern without changing out of their day clothes and fluff pillows under their heads

"Grammy, what is Mom doing this weekend?"

"As far as I know, nothing, sweetheart. Babysitting Dondy."

Georgia's guilt floods out of its storage crypt and into her mind again. It did seem odd that Gaillynn was so willing to stay home this year. Dondy would have been fine with his litter box and automatic feeder. Could it have something to do with Cooper being

Georgia can hear Gisela's breathing become heavy; she lifts her head to check on her granddaughter. Gisela appears so peaceful

and comfortable in the soft bed. Her body twitches and Gisela is soon overcome with sleep.

Georgia's mind busies itself worrying about Gaillynn. She thinks of Robbie, and of course, her daughter's pain, and how Cooper killed him fourteen years ago. It was my fault, she thinks. If only I hadn't tried to intervene. If only I hadn't tried to outsmart the stone and send him back to the mill that night.

As she lay in the stillness of room number three, in one of her favorite places on Earth, her guilt wrenches at her heart. Her stomach develops its familiar ache as the realization that Gisela's birthday marks another year of her cowardliness sets in. Another year of not telling Gaillynn the truth. Her own breathing deepens and she recalls the first time she met Cooper.

Georgia's mind flashes back, like a dream, to that quiet Wednesday afternoon during Gaillynn's junior year of high school. Gaillynn was at cello practice and Georgia was in the kitchen doing chores when the doorbell chimed. She hurried to the door and swung it open with a curious smile. A burst of ocean-scented wind pushed against the door, slamming it wide open and out of her hand.

"Hello, Mrs. Amirah. My name is Cooper C. Blethen. I am friends with your daughter Gaillynn." He stuck out his hand. Georgia returned the gesture and shook his hand-

"Hello, Cooper. How very nice to meet you. Are you also a junior in high school like my Gaillynn?"

"Yes, ma'am I am. I'm in Gaillynn's statistics and chemistry class-Your daughter, ma'am, is very smart." "I know she is. I can't keep up with her. Oh please come in. Excuse me, we don't get many visitors. Please come in." She stepped



Selected Projects

Wyrd Gods

by Susana Imaginário

[Simple Design]

Susana wanted to keep her book's design simple and elegant so that the reader's focus wouldn't be pulled away from the story. There are small touches of symbolism (such as the infinity symbol for scene breaks) that matched her story's themes.

(Title page image supplied by author.)

WYRD GODS



TIMELESSNESS BOOK 1

Susana Imaginário

CHAPTER ONE

An Alternative to Eternity

Let's start at the end, it being as good a beginning as any.

It ends with Ileana and her people, the Anann, stranded in a desolate world waiting for their turn to die. Every day, she prayed to the gods for help, and one day I listened. You see, I was mortal once, and maybe because of it, I was never good at being a god.

And so I found myself once again bound in flesh, trapped

in a place I didn't belong, for I failed to realise mortals can use gods as pawns too.

"Breathe," whispers an ethereal voice.

In the indistinct rustle of leaves blown by the breeze, I hear other whispers as thoughts that are not my own. "Remember..." they say, before fading.

My body is cold. Empty of air, empty of life. I sink into that limbo between worlds, its darkness comforting and familiar to my soul.

"Breathe!" The command shatters the silence like lightning splitting wood. Too loud for my numb senses to process, it hits me like a physical blow and releases my jaw. An abrupt and painful inhalation follows. When the fresh air pierces my lungs, I have to cough it back out, only to go through the whole ordeal again.

A forgotten part of my being is disappointed. I don't remember breathing to be this hard.

"That's it, good. You made it. Now rest."

I will myself to Reach for the speaker. Nothing. My enhanced perception is gone along with the rest of the abilities

familiar to a god.

Heart pounding, I command my eyelids to open and they disobey. I try to move, lose balance and topple to the ground like a felled tree. Gravity. Of all the laws that govern the lives of mortals, gravity is the most punishing - a constant reminder of how powerless they are. Or should I say, how powerless $I\,am$.

This can't be happening, I think with every laboured breath. The smell of wet soil invades my nostrils, and cool, rough, leafy strips of vegetation tickle my tongue. I try to spit them out but only manage to suck in more dirt instead.

An explosion of pain replaces my numbness. I writhe as the tingling sensation of pins and needles spreads like wildfire throughout my entire body. Cramps follow. First in my legs, then spreading up through my thighs, to my abdomen and back. In agony, I grip the earth hard enough to pluck handfuls of weeds from their roots. It doesn't help. Every piece of me aches. I try to scream but no sound comes out, only a gasping hiss.

Something's wrong, I realise. This isn't my body. Of course it can't be, my mortal body perished long ago, but this one feels different, alien someh

Specks of light appear in my blurred vision, like darting fireflies reflected on water. As the pain subsides, the danc-ing lights dissipate and are replaced by more focused ones stars. Actual stars in the night sky, not some pain-induced hallucination. Relieved, I wonder, which sky though? None of the constellations looks familiar.

It's strange to see with mortal eyes again. The simplicity of their limited perception always conferred a certain beauty