

Edited by Danièle Archambault

© 2019 by the authors and the editor of this book. The book authors retain sole copyright to his or her contribution to this book. The book editor retain sole copyright to the layout, text, cover page of this book.

Discovery

A collection of comic short stories by
the students of the Visual Storytelling
class *Writing and Publishing a Graphic
Novel* Palo Alto Art Center, Winter 2019

Janet Lipkin Bein
Kyle Hurlbut
Joni Gupta
Eimear Picardo
Walter Varda
Bonnie Zhang
Lisa Leinbaugh
Gracie Varda

Discovery. A Collaborative Graphic Novel.

Discovery is a collection of comic short stories created by the students of the Winter 2019 Visual Storytelling class, *Writing and Publishing a Graphic Novel*, at the Palo Alto Art Center, Palo Alto, California.

For a few years now, I have been teaching various adult visual storytelling classes at the Palo Alto Art Center. Students enjoy learning the basics of different forms of visual storytelling and creating their own story with texts and images. In 2016, I offered the students the possibility of going one step further to discover the excitement of not only writing but also publishing a graphic novel by designing a new class: *Writing and Publishing a Graphic Novel: A Grand Voyage*. The class was a success and the final collective graphic novel included eight complete stories of five pages each.

Three years later, we are repeating the experience. The project is ambitious. Over the course of a ten-week evening class, students learned to develop a multiple-page story using sequential art, in the visual narrative style of their choice: memoirs, fiction, children stories, science-fiction and fantasy. A series of exercises introduced the students to the fundamentals of visual storytelling such as storyboarding, thumbnailing, character design, picture composition, camera angles and shots, page layouts, etc. While many students preferred traditional techniques, such as pencil, black ink and watercolor on paper, others chose to work with digital tools. Finally, the class participants learned to organize the collection of individual stories into a cohesive digital graphic novel. Topics included book layout, cover design, title page, preface, barcodes and ISBN numbers, copyrights, etc. The students selected “Discovery” as a common theme for their stories, a theme that could be taken literally or figuratively.

Two of the class students had participated in the Winter 2016 class. A few others had already taken one of my visual storytelling classes in a previous semester. Some of the class participants are beginners with little or no experience at all in storytelling or art. Other students are aiming at a professional career as illustrators and children book writers. The final collaborative graphic novel book includes eight complete stories of various lengths. All the stories are wonderful! They range from touching personal memories to complete work of fiction, all of them sharing, in a way or another, an element of discovery. Each of the stories in the book is preceded by the student's self-portrait and artist statement. Some of the students also included at the end of their story a selection of their preliminary work, thumbnails and sketches, giving the reader an idea of their creative process.

Discovery is available to all as a PDF, an ePub, and as a video. You can download all these versions, free of charge, by going directly to this [webpage](#). The book was designed with a simple and convenient iPad app: "Book Creator" by Red Jumper www.redjumper.net/

Enjoy this *Discovery*!

Danièle Archambault, Ph.D.
Linguist and cartoonist
Class instructor
DanieleBD.com

Stories



What Papa Didn't Know

Janet Lipkin Bein



Discovering a Memory

Kyle Hurlbut



What We Collect

Joni Gupta



The Valley

Eimear Picardo



[Saving the Planet](#)

Walter Varda



[The Boy Robot](#)

Bonnie Zhang



[Polly's Day Out](#)

Lisa Leinbaugh



[Charlie the Farting Dragon](#)

Gracie Varda

What Papa Didn't Know

Janet Lipkin Bein

I chose this project, because I came across an old photograph of my mother from the time she was a girl. It looks like a professional photograph where she is posing together with her brothers, sister and her mother, who is barely visible in the back. Finding the photo made me start thinking more of what my mother might have been like as a child.



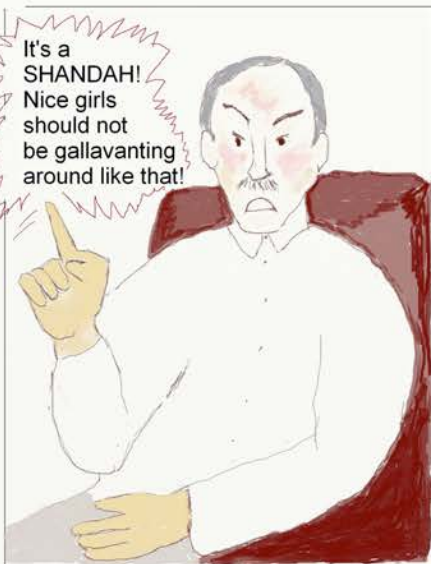
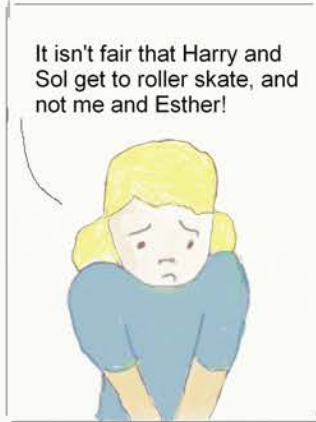
I remember a story she told me about roller skates, and that is the basis of the story that I used for this Graphic Story Telling class. I have taken the class before, but this is the first time that I tried a digital art tablet rather than the conventional pencil, pen, and watercolor.

I had thought it would be easier to use digital art tools, but it probably took me more than twice as long, because I had to learn how to use the software. Since I am retired, I was able to take as much time as I wanted, and I learned a lot.

My mother, Sophie Isenstein, was born in 1912 in Cambridge, Massachusetts. She grew up in a traditional, old-fashioned family with very different rules for the males and females. Despite chafing at the inequitable treatment she received, Mom remembered her childhood as being very happy.

Unfortunately, my mother was not able to break away from the patriarchal family structure when she had a son and daughter of her own. As I get older, I am more and more aware of how hard it is to break old patterns. Working on this story made me wish that I could reach out and give my mother a hug.

This story takes place in the early 1920s in Cambridge, Massachusetts.



Sophie wants to roller skate..

It's DANGEROUS!! You girls could fall down and break an arm or leg!

But you encourage me and Harry to skate?



That's right, Papa.

I don't want to talk about it anymore! **NO SKATING for the GIRLS!!**

Well then, let's all settle down. I still have a lot of sewing to do.



After I finish the stockings, I will hem the new dresses I made for the girls. They can wear them for our family photograph next week.

Meet me at the park tomorrow at 2 pm.

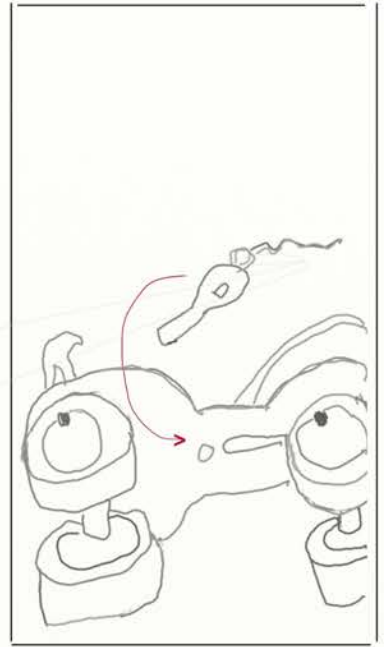


The next day, both Sophie and Esther went to the park to meet their brothers.



You can borrow our skates.

See how they fit?
You can adjust the length and width with this key.



Are you ok?

Almost...

I feel wobbly!

I'm holding you.



Whee! This is fun!

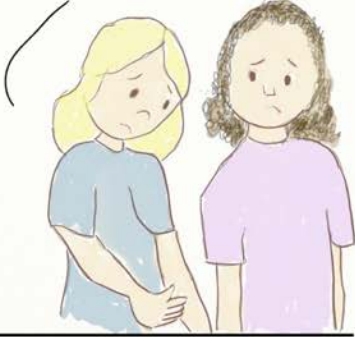
Yay!



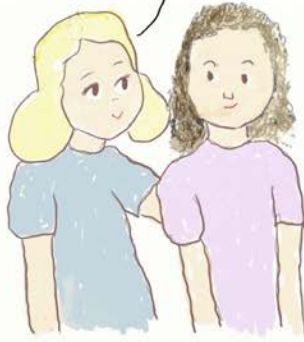
But soon Papa would be home from work.

We can meet you here at the same time tomorrow, so you can practice more.

The boys can't meet us today.



But I know where the skates are.



Shsh!



Whee! I feel so free!
Me too!

Let's race!



Oops!!



I can't stop!

Ouch!



You cushioned my fall,
but you're all scraped up!

At least, I didn't break
anything.



We have to hide
your legs from
Papa!

Oh no! The
photographer is coming
tonight for our family
photograph!



Gottenyu!
What happened?

We're really
alright, Mama...

We were having
so much fun! But
then I tripped.



Sha, sha! By the wedding
it will pass?

What?
What wedding?

It's just an
expression.
It means no
lasting damage
has been done.



As long as
Papa doesn't know!

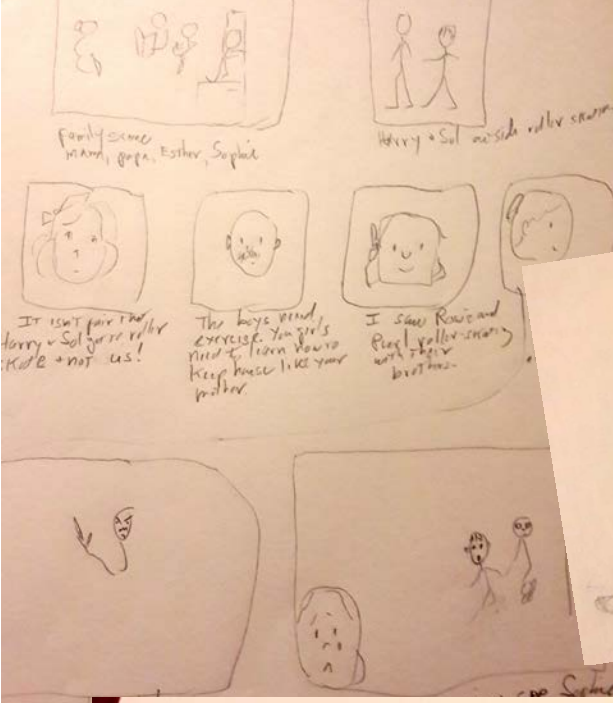
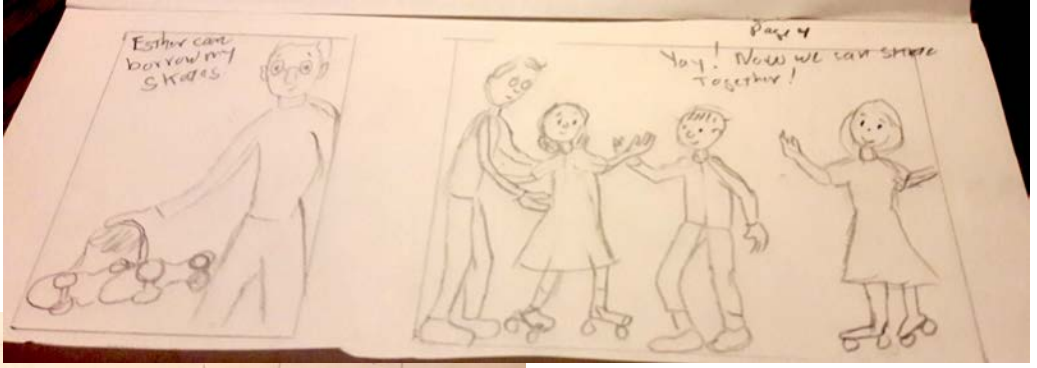




I thought the girls said it was too hot to wear long stockings?

But the stockings look so nice with their pretty new dresses! Don't you agree?





It's a...

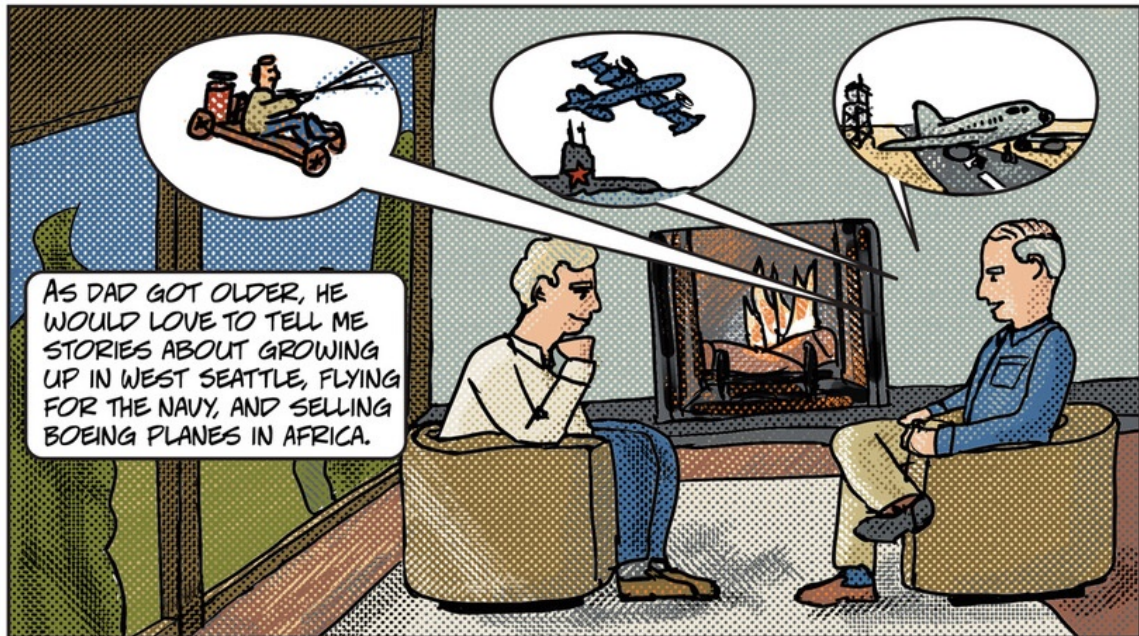




Discovering a Memory

I'M KYLE HURLBUT AND ALTHOUGH I RECENTLY RETIRED FROM A HIGH-TECH CAREER, I HAVE NEVER BEEN FAR FROM DRAWING AND GRAPHIC DESIGN. I EVEN TRIED A STARTUP PUBLISHING GRAPHIC NOVELS ON THE EARLY IPHONE. NOW THAT MY TIME IS MY OWN, ART IS MY PRIMARY ACTIVITY AND MY FIRST ATTEMPT AT A GRAPHIC NOVEL IS A SERIES ABOUT MY FATHER CALLED "STORMY'S ADVENTURES".

MY NEXT CHAPTER FOR STORMY'S ADVENTURES NEEDED TO BE ABOUT WHAT KIND OF FATHER MY DAD WAS. OUR THEME OF DISCOVERY REALLY DESCRIBED HOW I HAD TO DIG UP MY OWN MEMORIES ABOUT MY DAD. ALTHOUGH HE REPEATED STORIES MANY TIMES, HE NEVER TALKED ABOUT BEING A FATHER, ALTHOUGH HE WAS A GREAT ONE. I HOPE YOU ENJOY WHAT I DISCOVERED.



AS DAD GOT OLDER, HE WOULD LOVE TO TELL ME STORIES ABOUT GROWING UP IN WEST SEATTLE, FLYING FOR THE NAVY, AND SELLING BOEING PLANES IN AFRICA.



AS HIS ALZHEIMERS PROGRESSED...



PARTS OF HIS STORY WOULD REPEAT.



UNTIL HE WAS TOO PUZZLED TO TELL STORIES AT ALL.



SO I JUMPED IN TO RE-TELL HIS STORIES BACK TO HIM.



THAT'S WHEN I REALIZED HE DIDN'T TELL STORIES ABOUT OUR FAMILY.



AND HE NEVER TOLD STORIES ABOUT WHAT KIND OF FATHER HE WAS.

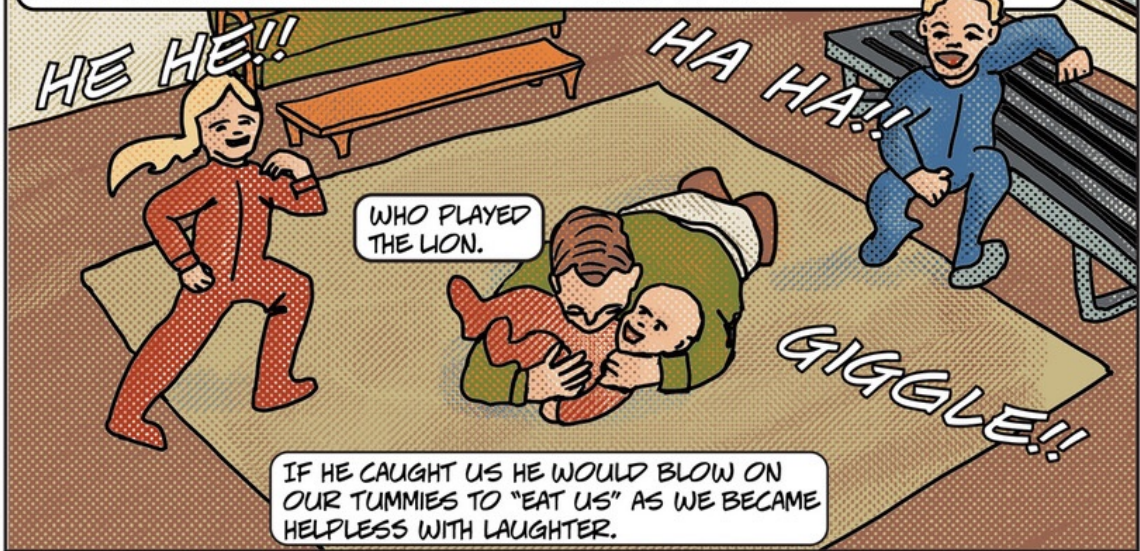
WHERE WERE THE STORIES ABOUT THE HUGS HE GAVE US.



MOM LOVED US, BUT SHE WASN'T THE HUGGING TYPE.



BUT DAD WAS ALL OVER US. ESPECIALLY IN A GAME CALLED "LIVE LION". US KIDS WOULD RUN AROUND TRYING TO NOT GET "EATEN" BY DAD...



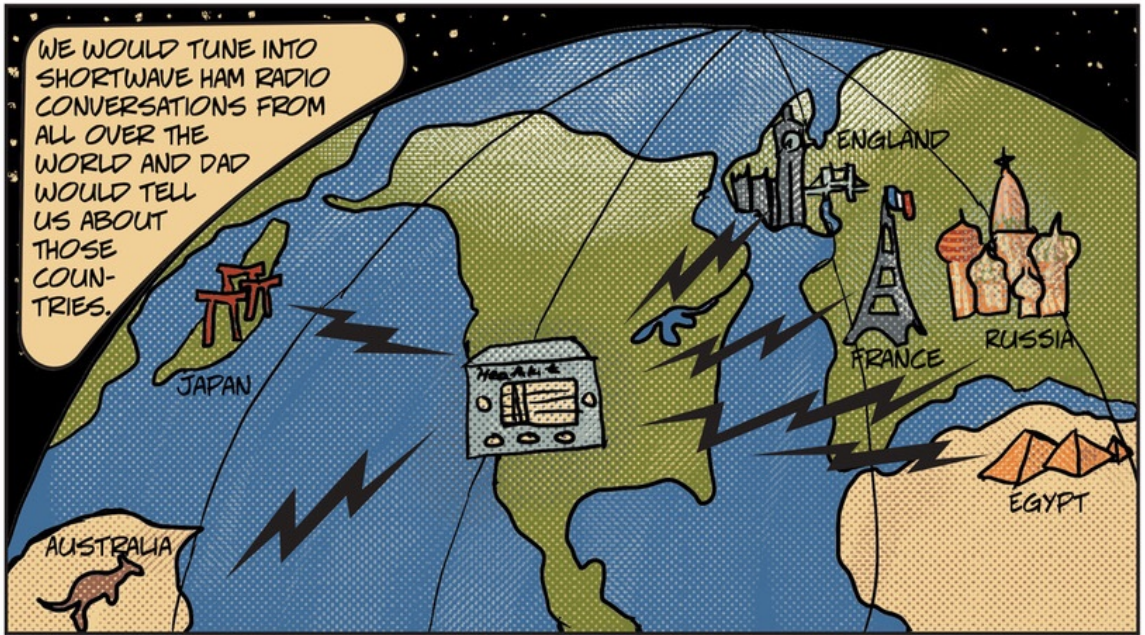
AS WE GOT BIGGER WE STARTED TO PLAY "DEAD LION" WHERE WE WOULD RUN UP AND "ATTACK" DAD THE LION, WHO WAS MOSTLY "DEAD" FROM HAVING SO MUCH LESS ENERGY THAN US KIDS.



WHERE WERE THE STORIES ABOUT HOW MUCH DAD TAUGHT US? ON SUNDAY MORNINGS WE WOULD JUMP INTO MOM & DAD'S BED & TURN ON A HEATHKIT RADIO DAD BUILT.



WE WOULD TUNE INTO SHORTWAVE HAM RADIO CONVERSATIONS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD AND DAD WOULD TELL US ABOUT THOSE COUNTRIES.



IF THE RECEPTION WAS BAD, WE WOULD LISTEN TO CLASSIC KING FM. WHILE THE BORING MUSIC PLAYED, WE WOULD THINK OF QUESTION AFTER QUESTION AND DAD WOULD GIVE ACCURATE AND INTERESTING ANSWERS. HE WAS A WORLD CLASS ANSWER-MAN.

DAD NEVER MENTIONED STORIES ABOUT THE LAUGHTER IN OUR HOUSE. IF MOM AND DAD HAD A PARTY...



YOU COULD HEAR DAD AND HIS FRIEND AL BREAK OUT IN LAUGHTER ABOVE THE ENTIRE PARTY.

HE WAS SERIOUS ABOUT READING THE PAPER, BUT....



HE ALWAYS FINISHED BY READING THE COMICS, WHICH HE OFTEN SHARED.



WE COULD NOT WATCH TV ON WEEK NIGHTS, EXCEPT FOR ONE SPECIAL SHOW. WE ALWAYS CHOSE A COMEDY, BUT WE DIDN'T ALWAYS GET THE JOKES. THANKS TO DAD'S INFECTIOUS LAUGHTER WE KNEW WHEN TO LAUGH.



DAD NEVER TOLD THESE STORIES ABOUT BEING A FATHER AND IN THE END HE COULDN'T HAVE IF HE TRIED.



BUT I REMEMBERED THEM AND I COULD NOT HELP BUT LOVING THOSE STORIES BEST OF ALL.



HUGS



LEARNING



HOLDING HIS HAND, TELLING HIM STORIES ABOUT BEING HIS SON, WAS MY WAY OF REMINDING MYSELF OF HOW VERY, VERY LUCKY I WAS TO HAVE HAD DAD

LAUGHS





AS DAD GOT older it was
 SPEND AS MUCH TIME AS I
 COULD LISTEN TO HIS STORIES
 ABOUT growing up in West Seattle,
 BEING A NAT PILOT AND SERVING
 PLANE IN AFRICA.



EVENTUALLY I COULD COUNT THE NUMBERS
 IN A STORY TO HIS ADDITION I GOT
 WORSE & WORSE, TIL HE STOP TALKING



THAT WITH ^{MY} STARTED TO TELL
 HIM HIS OLD STORIES THAT I KNEW
 BY HEART.
 THAT WHEN I REPEATED THE NUMBER
 TOLD STORIES ABOUT BEING A
 FATHER



WHEN I WENT TO SEVEN AROUND
 THE HUGGING TYPE
 BUT DAD WAS AN OVEN WAS, ESPECIALLY
 IN A GAME SHARED "LIVE WITH
 WHO WAS THE GET "EVIL" BY DAD
 TO "HEAT US" BLOW ON OUR TUMMIES



AS WE GOT TO EIGHTEEN DAD
 GOT LESS ENERGETIC WE START
 TO PLAY "DEAD LION" WHICH
 WHO WAS MOSTLY "DEAD" FROM
 HANDS SO MUCH LESS ENERGY
 THAN US LIDS.

WHEN WERE THE STORIES ABOUT
 HOW MUCH HE DAUGHTER'S
 ON SCIENCE MOVIES HE WOULD JUMP
 & BEAN ON THE BUILT HEALTH KIT
 RADIO YOU WOULD TUNE INTO STATION
 FROM RADIO TALKERS ALL OVER THE WORLD
 ANY DAD WOULD TELL US ABOUT THEM



IF THE RECEPTION WAS BAD
 WE WOULD LISTEN TO CLASSIC KING FM
 & WHILE THE BORING MUSIC PLAYED
 WE WOULD THINK OF QUESTIONS AFTER
 QUESTION & DAD'S WOULD GIVE
 AN ACCURATE & INTERESTING
 ANSWER.



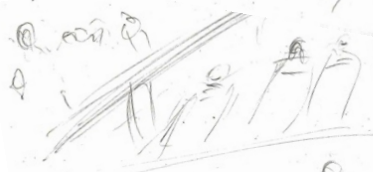
SO WHILE WATCHING
 THE STORIES WERE
 MISSING



1) WHEN I REALIZE DAD
 NEVER TOLD STORIES ABOUT
 BEING A FATHER...

2) BUT SINCE IT WAS TOO LATE
 NOW TO ASK THEM FROM
 DAD I REALIZED...

3) I WERE TELLING HIM STORIES
 ABOUT WHAT KIND OF FATHER HE
 WAS WHILE HOLDING HIS HAND. IT
 HAD REMIND ME NOW I WAS
 SO SO VERY LUCKY TO HAVE
 DAD AS A DAD



HE FOUND ALL
 LAUGHING OVER

HE WOULD READ THE
 BUT THOUGH WITH THE COMICS.
 & WE SHARE THEM WITH ME



WE COULD NOT WATCH TV AFTER
 DINNER OR WE WERE MIGHT EXPECT
 FOR ONE SHOW A WEEK. AMONG A
 COMPANY. WE DIDN'T ALWAYS GET
 THE JOKES, BUT DAD'S INTERESTING
 LAUGH TREAT WHAT WAS
 FUNNY.



What We Collect

By Joni Gupta

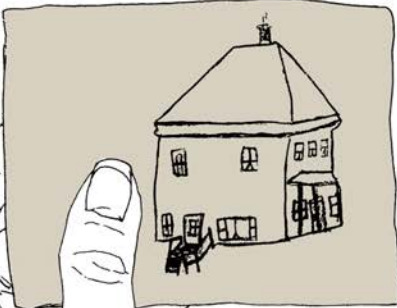


This story came about after I found a drawing I did of my first house when I was 8 years old. I remember drawing that picture, sitting on the kitchen counter of our new house, looking out the window into our backyard. There sat our old house on stilts waiting to be pulled away. I remember feeling sad like if the house went away so would all the memories of what happened inside of it. Of course the house went away, but the memories did not. Through this story I was able to recall some of the things my family collected over the years and how that reflected who we were at the time. While writing/drawing this story, I was able to discover my own collection and how that has connected me to my family.

Pen & Ink Drawing with Digital Coloring

What We Collect

I recently found a drawing I did when I was eight years old. It's a drawing of the first house where I lived until age eight. That farm house was over 100 years old.



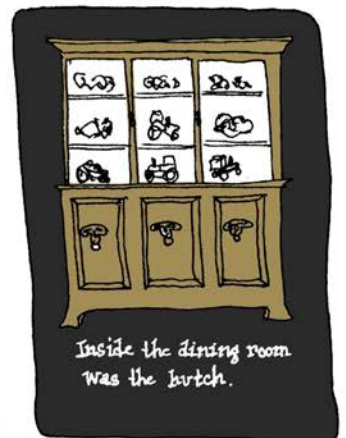
My parents sold it for \$500 to a man who put it on a semi-trailer and drove away.

Thinking about that house brings back memories of the objects we collected and displayed

inside...



As you enter the house through the mudroom, the dining room was the first room you saw.



Inside the dining room was the butch.

And in that hitch, my parents displayed their favorite pieces from their collections.



My mom collected pigs, mostly ceramic.



My dad collected toy tractors, mostly John Deere.

In my opinion, my mom started to collect pigs as therapy. When she was young, she told her father that she never wanted to be a farmer. His advice was to never date a farmer. Ignoring that, she dated a young farmer in high school. Soon they were married. Her wedding day marked the beginning of her life as a farmer. To cope, she collected cute pigs in her home. It was better than thinking about the smelly, hungry pigs outside.



My dad, on the other hand, always wanted to be a farmer. He loved the idea of being his own boss. His love of toy tractors is an extension of his love of real farm equipment.

As a young child, I watched my mom enthusiastically add pigs to her collection.



My dad expressed similar joy with his acquisitions.



Soon the hutch became full, but the collecting continued. Images of pigs appeared on flags, as outdoor sculptures, on welcome mats, as refrigerator magnets, and on dish towels. They were everywhere. And the tractors? We had to clear out a closet upstairs to store them. And one old one made its way to the rock garden along with the cement pigs.

My parents got collecting.

I wanted to collect too.

But what?



and a lot of pleasure from

Then one day while eating ice cream an idea came to me,



I would collect empty food containers and make them into owls.



I would be an OWL COLLECTOR!



Two weeks later... the owls were gone.



I think my mom threw them out. She had complained about their smell. I wasn't upset. I didn't really have a connection to owls. But I still wanted to find something to collect. Besides my parents, other family members also had collections. My grandpa collected bird houses. My grandma collected music boxes. And my older sister collected mugs. Not having a collection made me feel inadequate.



Even as an adult, I have tried many times to develop a collection, but nothing stuck.

What are you talking about?!? You have closets filled with art you've made.

Yeah, Mom, you collect your art!

True, the closets are full of my art. But once they get too full, I take a carload of art to Goodwill. Since I'm willing to give it away, I don't consider myself a collector.



Then the other day I called my mom to find out how she and my dad were settling into their new house. They just downsized from the family farmhouse into a small two bedroom house in town.

Have you unpacked everything?

Pretty much.

Where did you put your pig collection?

Oh, that I gave to Goodwill.

And what about Dad's toy tractors?

He sold those on eBay.

I guess I am a collector like my parents after all.

The Valley

Eimear Picardo

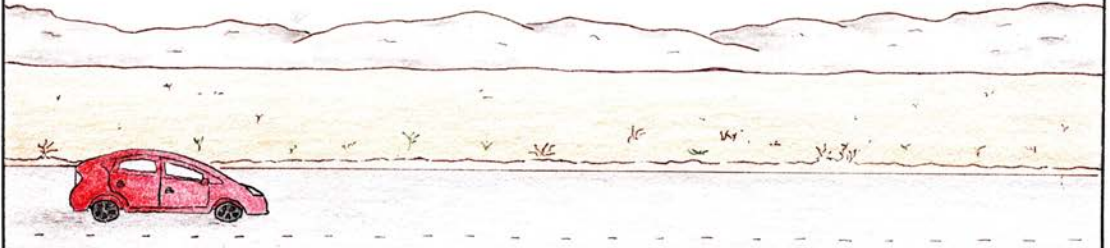


I am originally from Dublin, Ireland, but moved to the Bay Area with my husband and son three years ago. My professional background is in art history and journalism but I have always enjoyed art and creative writing in my spare time. Working on a graphic novel for this course has helped me combine my love of art and writing in new and inspiring ways.

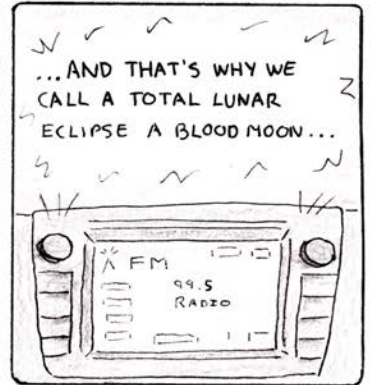
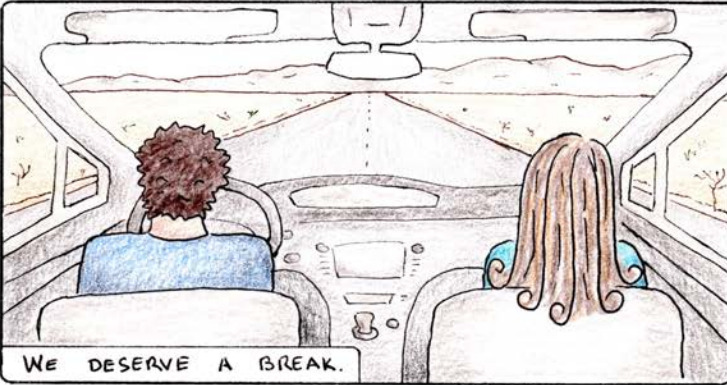
My story, *The Valley*, is about a couple, Aurora and Gerry, who go on a camping trip to Death Valley to see a lunar eclipse. There is a constant see-saw between companionship and tension, between the trivial and serious. What seems at first like a journey of discovery turns out to be a descent into the death of a relationship and the loss of self, both literally and figuratively.

The story explores how seemingly small, insignificant decisions can have huge, devastating consequences. The choice of setting was thus key in the development of the narrative. The Californian landscape is beautiful and awe-inspiring, but nature here also has great power - a potentially destructive power that cannot be underestimated.

WE'RE TAKING A TRIP...



WE NEED TO GET AWAY, EVEN IF ONLY FOR A WEEKEND.



...AND THAT'S WHY WE CALL A TOTAL LUNAR ECLIPSE A BLOOD MOON...

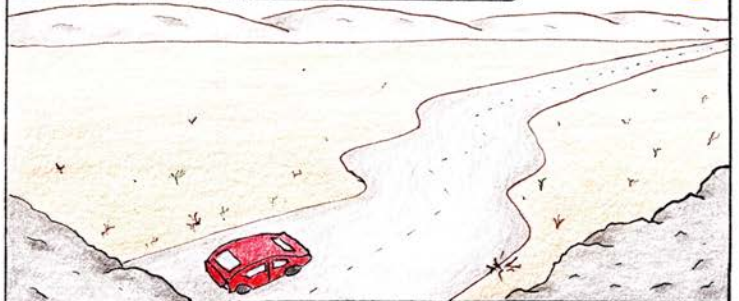
WE DESERVE A BREAK.

CAN WE LISTEN TO MUSIC NOW, AURORA?

SURE, THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO HEAR.



THIS IS OUR FIRST WINTER CAMPING TRIP.



DEATH VALLEY. FOR THE LUNAR ECLIPSE.

I WAS READING A STORY ABOUT A COUPLE WHO GOT LOST AND DIED OUT HERE.



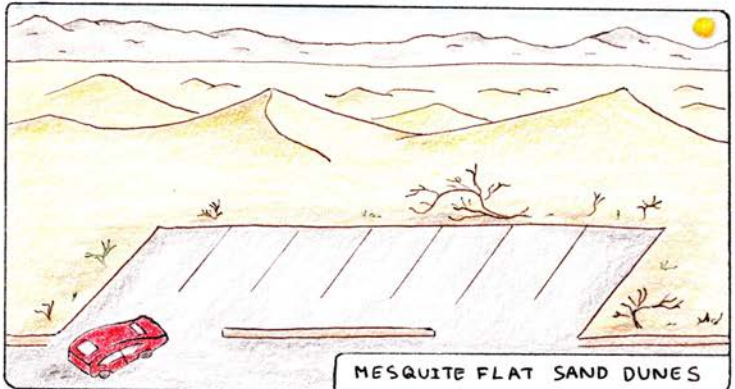
JESUS... I GUESS THAT'S WHY THEY CALL IT DEATH VALLEY.

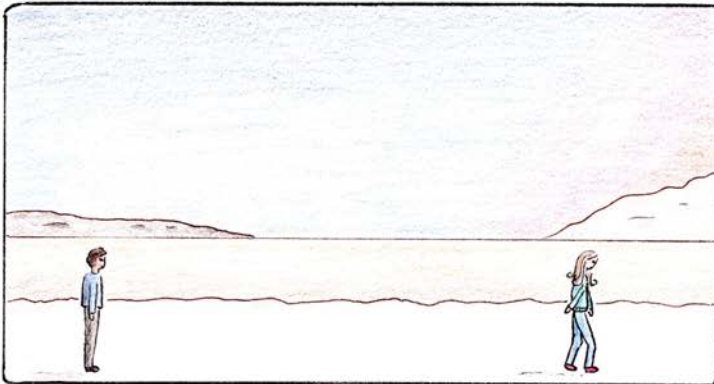


LOOK! A COYOTE.

ALL WE NEED NOW IS A ROAD RUNNER TO RUN AWAY FROM IT.

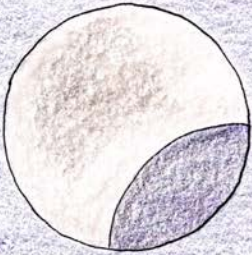




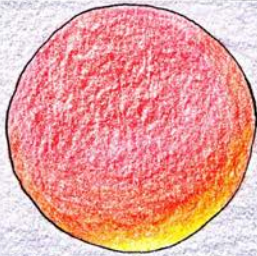




THE ECLIPSE. IT'S HAPPENING.



TOTALITY. WHEN THE PAST MEANS NOTHING.



AND THE FUTURE DOESN'T EXIST.

HE DIDN'T FOLLOW ME.



IT'S COLD. IT'S DARK. AND I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM.

" RATTLE "
" RATTLE "



WHAT WAS THAT?

OW!



HAVE I BEEN BITTEN?

THE PAST AND PRESENT ARE ONE.

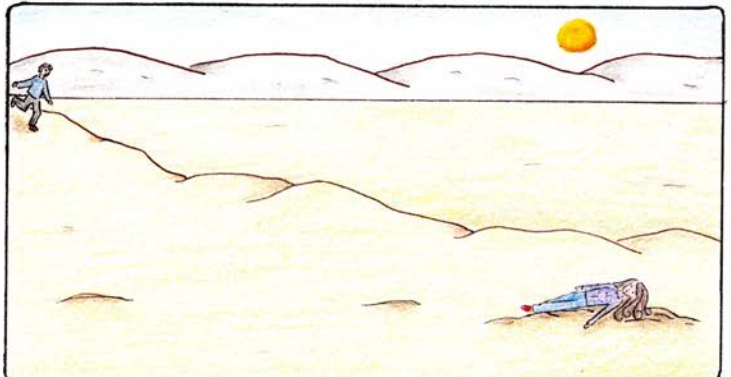
THERE IS ONLY DARKNESS, AND THE EARTH'S SHADOW.

GERRY? GERRY! HELP! GERRY! PLEASE..



I'M
LOST

AURORA!



We're taking a trip



We need to get away, even if only for a weekend

We deserve a break



And that's why we call a total lunar eclipse a blood moon...

Can we listen to some music now, Brian?

Sure, that's all I wanted to hear anyway



This is our first winter camping trip Death Valley. For the lunar eclipse!



where the night sky is always clear & you can always see clearly

I was reading a story about a couple who got lost on their drive & they didn't find their way for like a month



Jesus. I guess that's why they call it Death Valley. Just as well it won't get crazy hot when there here.



Look! A fox!

All we need now is a good runner to run away from it



Profile
7 curls
back

3/4 side
2 curls left
5 curls right

Front
3 curls left
4 curls right



Saving the Planet

Walter Varda



So far, I've lived on three different continents. I've seen many changes each time I moved from one place to the next, both culturally and socially.

Growing up everything had a value. The throw away culture was not so prevalent. One of my earliest memories of my childhood is how my grandfather used to keep scores on a piece of paper or cardboard when playing card games. What was so fascinating about that piece of paper was that he would use every inch of the paper and wrote on both sides until there was no more space and only then he'd start on another piece.

My house has a large recycling bin and is often filled to the rim every week. It is a positive step that cities have started the process of reusing commodities such as paper, tin and metal. But how much better would it be, as consumers, if we took steps to reduce the need for recycling and put pressure on corporations by the choices we made, so they would produce products and packaging that will help to reduce recycling.

My story is about a sheet of paper being taken for granted by a small boy, until he realizes its actual importance.



Thomas, 6 and his sister Zoe 4 are busy doing homework on the kitchen table, while their parents are preparing dinner. Thomas is doing art. He has a pile of paper by his side.



Dad shouts, "How many sausages Thomas?"
Thomas turns around to respond, he brushes the pile of paper and one drops off on the floor.



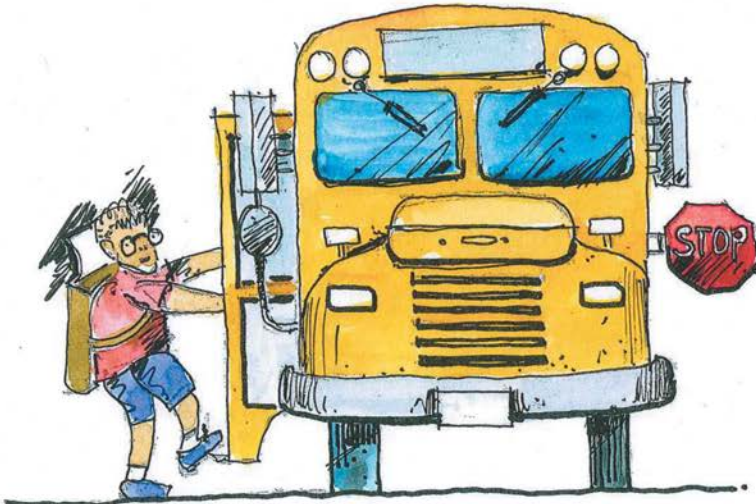
The paper flies off and lands near the trash bin. Thomas goes over to pick up the paper, he accidentally steps on the corner of the paper and his shoe leaves a small mark on it. He picks it up, hesitates for a minute and then drops it in the trash bin.





"Why would you throw away a perfectly good sheet of paper Thomas? Did you know they chopped a tree down to make this paper"?

"What, a whole tree to make one sheet of paper"? "No, lots more but this is part of that tree and it should not be thrown away".



Thomas looks at his mom for support. "Why don't you take the paper to school and use it for art or writing", "Ok mom", he replies. Thomas feeling up to the challenge picked up the paper from his dad and placed it in his book.



Thomas never closes his backpack. The book is sticking out of his backpack and the paper is sticking out of his book. In the school bus on his way to school, Thomas sits next to the window and holds his backpack on his knees.

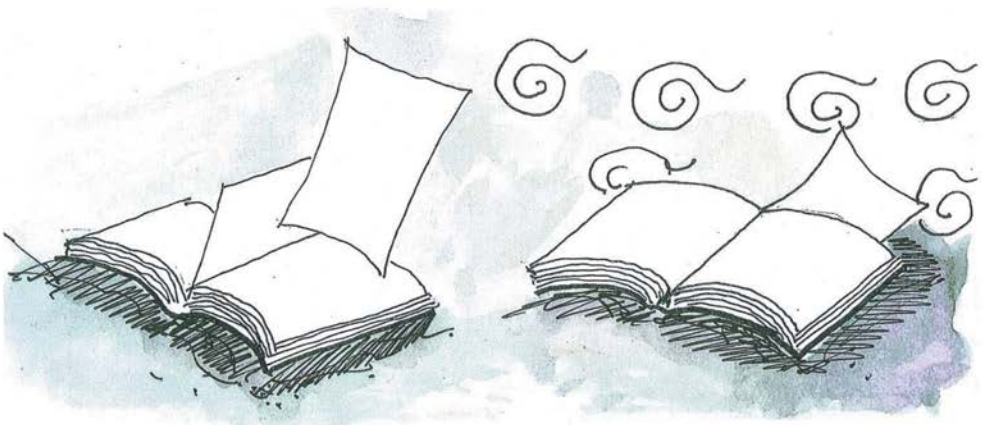
Everyone gets off the school bus and run into the school yard.

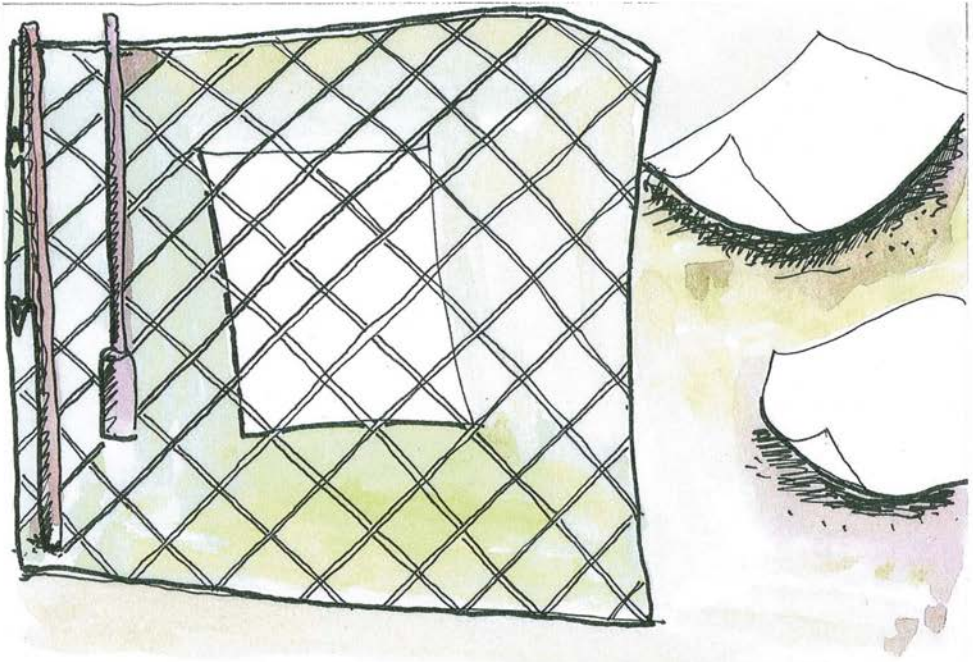




Thomas sees his friends kicking a ball around. This is his favorite recess activity. He throws his backpack on the floor, his books drop out of the bag and slide on the grass. Thomas runs to his friends to play ball.

It is a windy morning. A gust of wind blows over the books and flips the pages open. The paper is blown away,



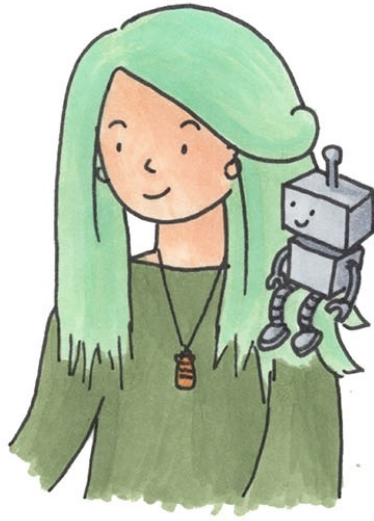


Twisting and turning, the paper hits the school yard fence. The paper is stuck on the fence for a while and then, when it was no longer windy, it fell on the ground on top of trash and wrappings.

The school bell rings, kids run to class. Thomas has art class, excited he will use his paper to draw on and show it to his parents, goes for his book.



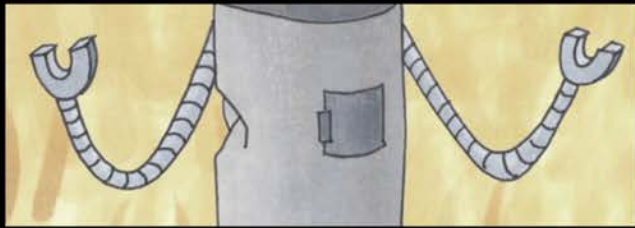


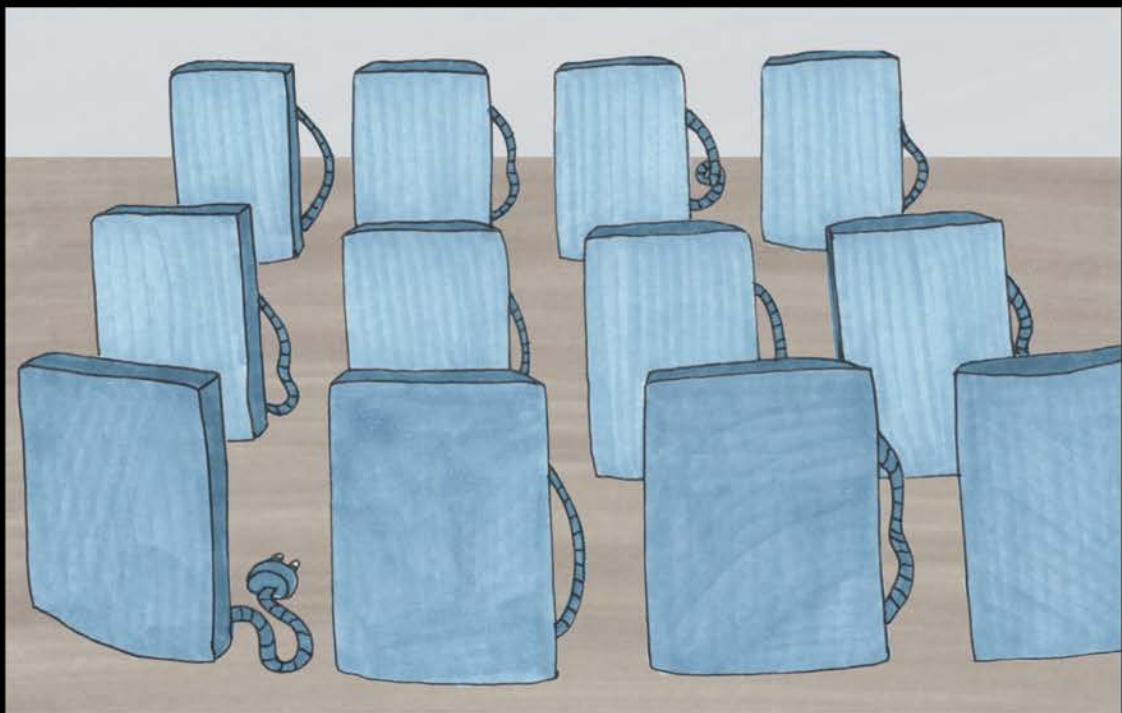
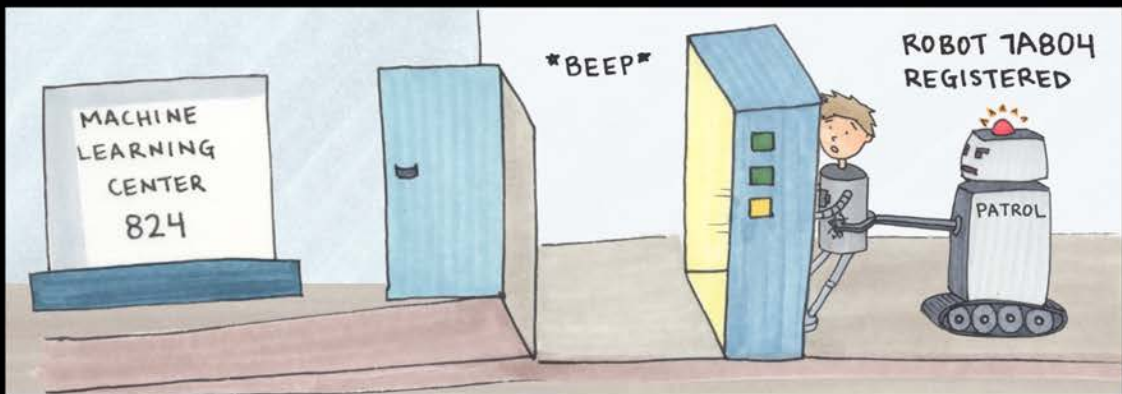
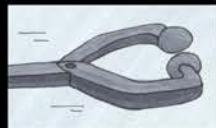
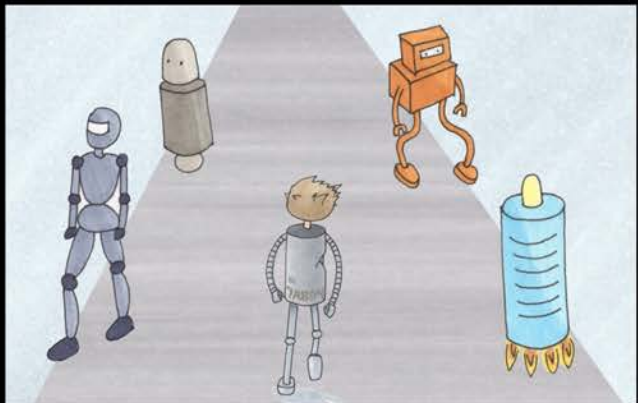


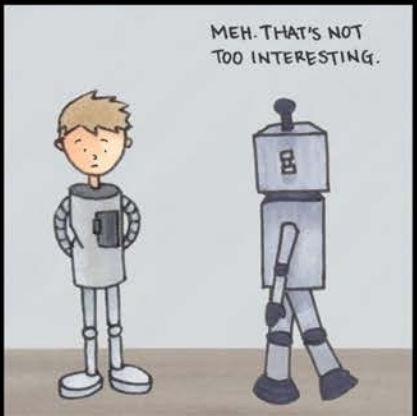
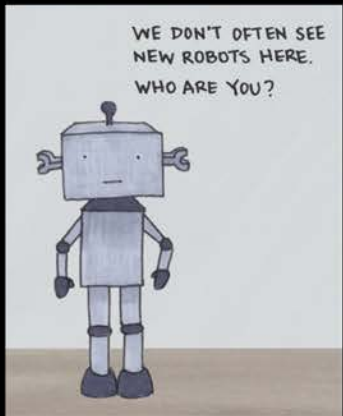
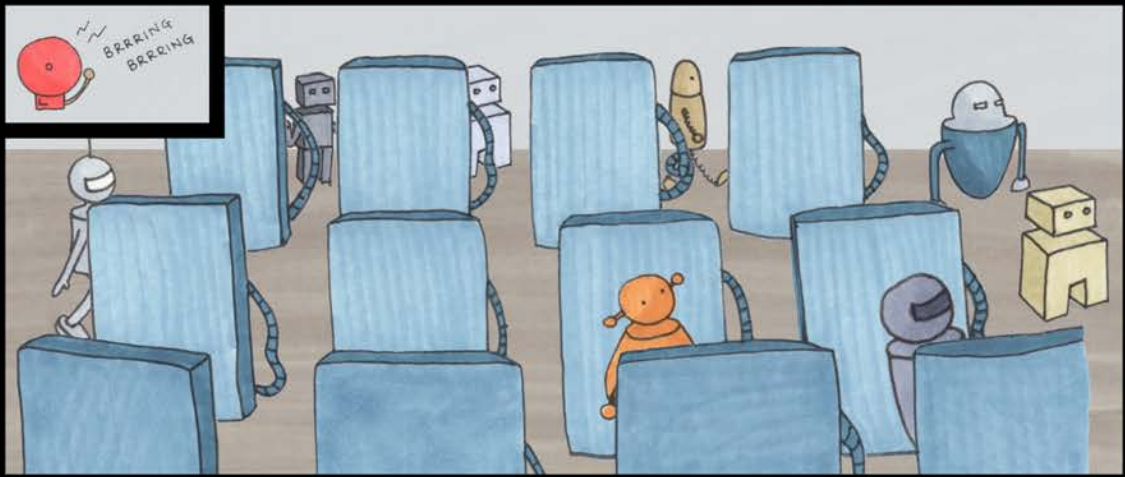
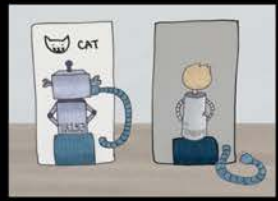
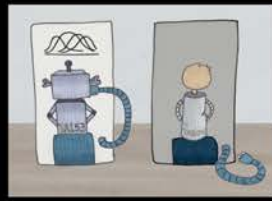
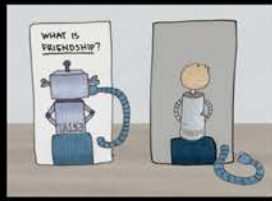
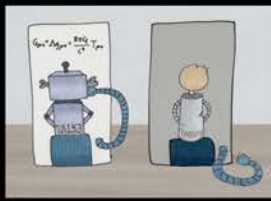
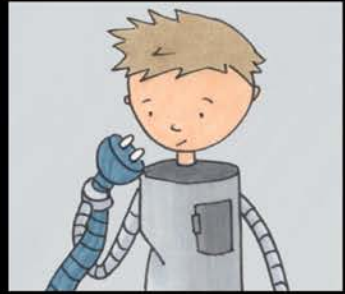
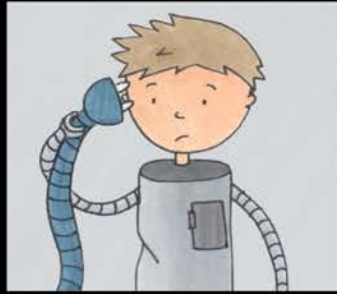
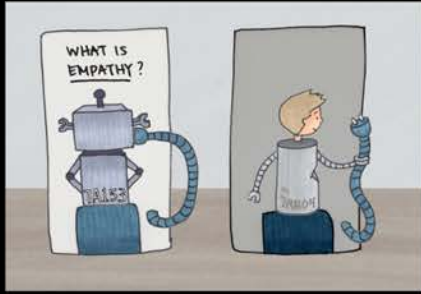
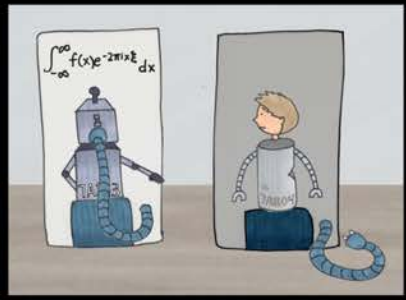
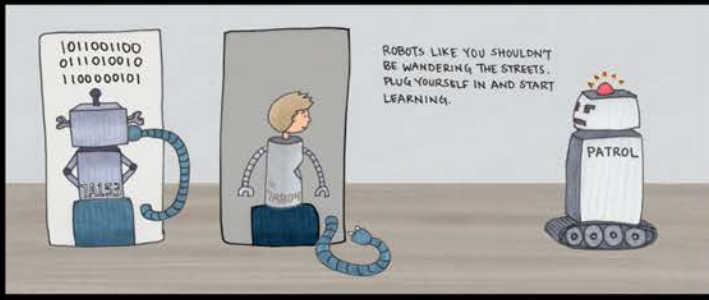
THE BOY ROBOT

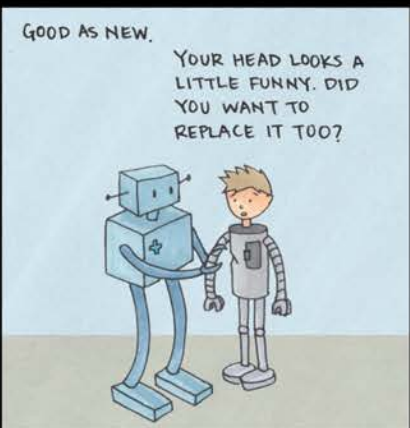
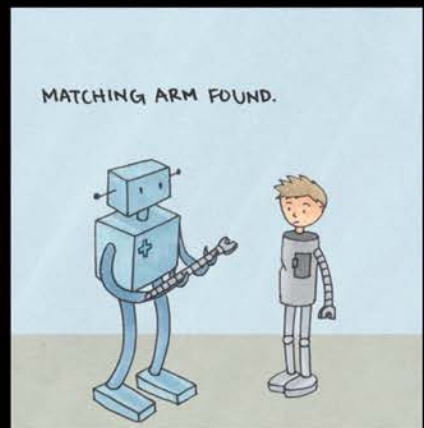
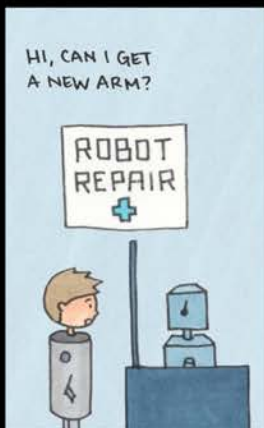
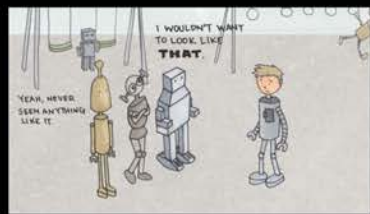
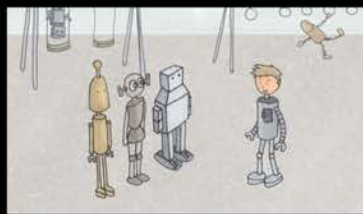
BY BONNIE ZHANG

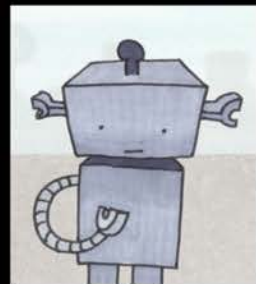
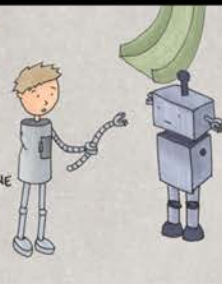
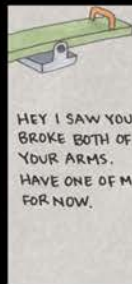
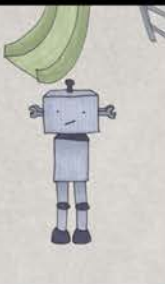
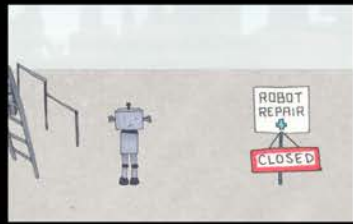
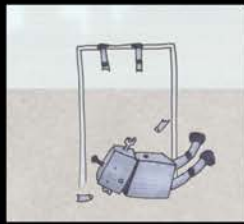
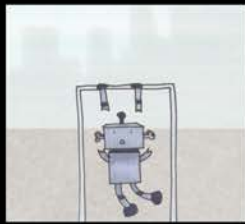
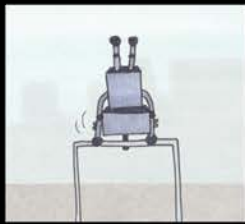
I'm Bonnie and I'm an artist, designer, and child at heart. My sketchbooks are filled with random ideas and stories itching to be told, so I decided to take this class to create something out of them. There's always been some self-doubt for me when it comes to art because I don't have a formal background or education in the area. I wanted to use this class as an opportunity to get me out of my comfort zone and push me to complete my goal. This story about a boy robot sprouted from a series of sketches I did several years ago while I was transitioning from being an engineer to a product designer. I liked the idea of exploring a very different perspective, combined with the delight of discovery. As children, we encounter something new almost everyday, but as we become adults and experience more things, the concept of doing, seeing, feeling something for the first time becomes more rare. I wanted to be able to capture this feeling once again in the stories I tell, from the eyes of someone else. The story you'll see in the next few pages is only the beginning of a bigger story and world I hope to create. Enjoy!





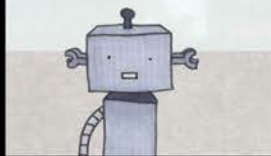






HEY I SAW YOU BROKE BOTH OF YOUR ARMS. HAVE ONE OF MINE FOR NOW.

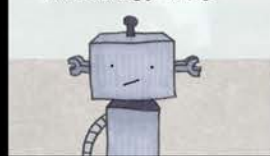
WHY DID YOU GIVE IT TO ME? YOU DON'T GAIN ANYTHING.



WELL I BROKE MY ARM EARLIER AND IT SUCKED. IT MUST SUCK MORE TO BREAK TWO.



IS THIS WHAT 'EMPATHY' IS? I NEVER UNDERSTOOD IT BECAUSE IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE TO ME.



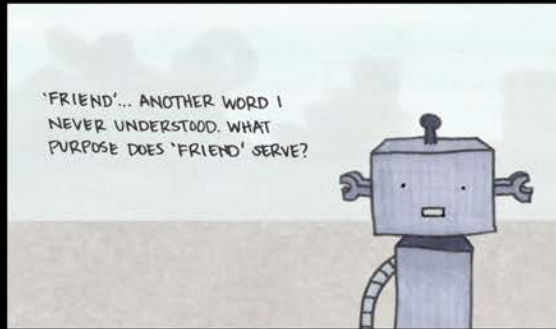
YOU CAN SAY THAT.



WHEN SOMETHING BAD HAPPENS TO YOU, I HELP YOU, AND WHEN SOMETHING BAD HAPPENS TO ME, YOU CAN HELP ME TOO. THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR.



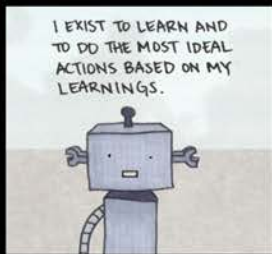
'FRIEND'... ANOTHER WORD I NEVER UNDERSTOOD. WHAT PURPOSE DOES 'FRIEND' SERVE?



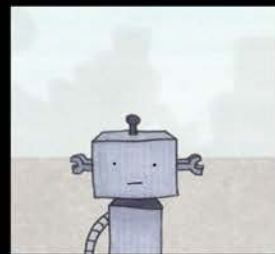
IT HELPS GIVE PURPOSE TO EXISTENCE, I GUESS. HAVE YOU THOUGHT ABOUT WHY YOU EXIST?



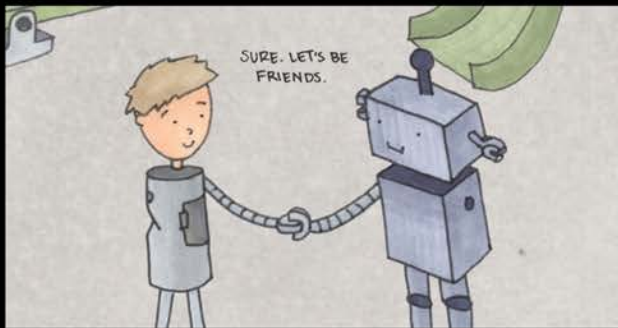
I EXIST TO LEARN AND TO DO THE MOST IDEAL ACTIONS BASED ON MY LEARNINGS.



HM. I SEE. WELL, HOW ABOUT LET'S BE FRIENDS? I CAN TEACH YOU MORE ABOUT WORDS YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.



SURE. LET'S BE FRIENDS.



THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE EASY, BUT AT LEAST I DON'T FEEL SO ALONE ANYMORE.



story in five pages

PAGE 1 / ACT I: SETUP



The boy yawns, turns off the lights, and drifts off to sleep.
He slowly returns to consciousness and realizes something is different.
He realizes he has a robot body and stands up.
Who am I? Who am I? What happened?
Sharing his new secret.
It's time to find out.

PAGE 2 ACT II: CONFLICT

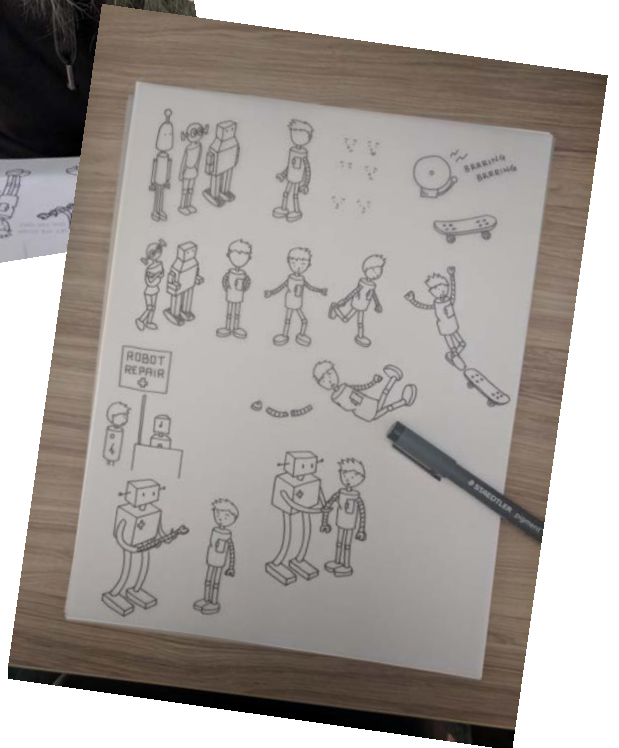


The boy walks into a room, looking human-like on a second glance.
He is suddenly...
He's carted in...
He is brought into a room by robots. He sees...
He sees...
Screen... first glance.

THE BOY ROBOT

BY BONNIE ZHANG





Polly's Day Out

Lisa Leinbaugh

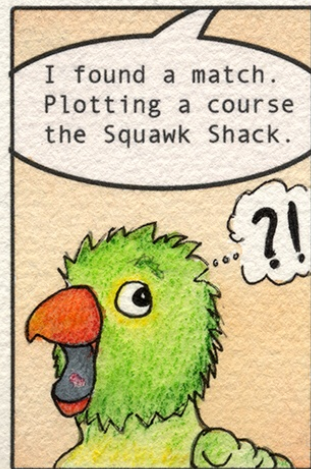
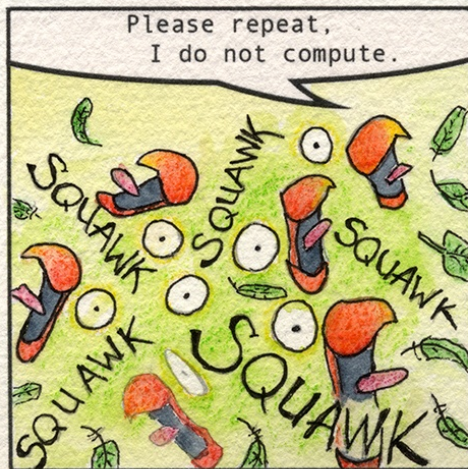
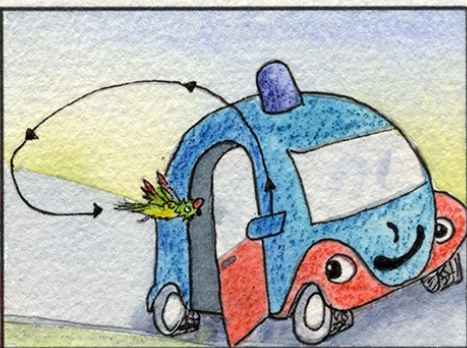
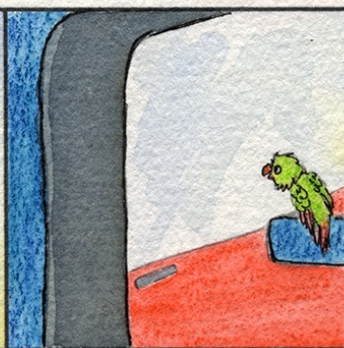
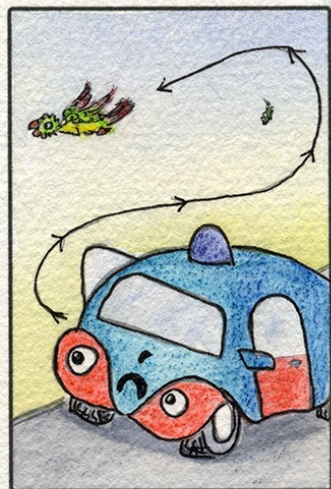
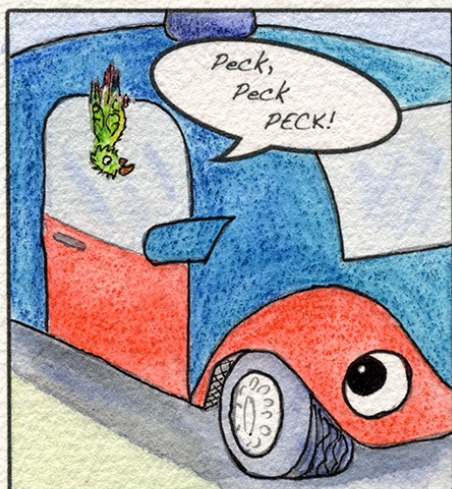
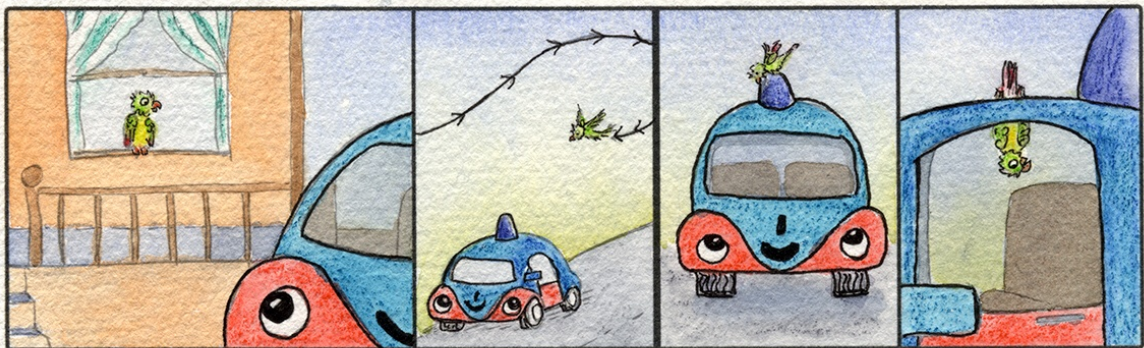


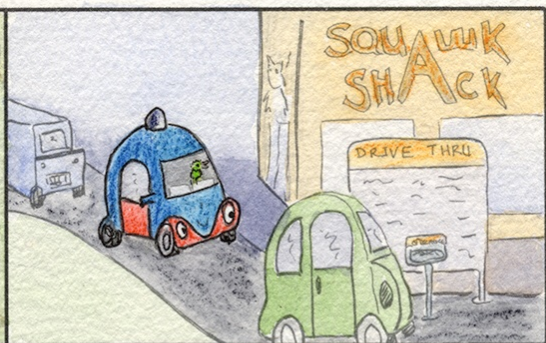
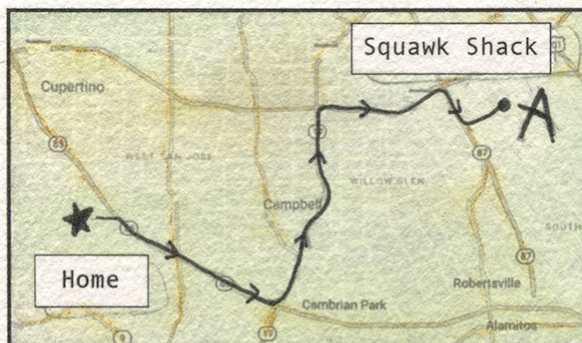
I am a former semiconductor engineer, mom to three boys, and aspiring author/illustrator of children's books. This class has taught me the ins and outs of storytelling in graphic novel form. It's a magical and challenging merging of words, expressions and images. I can truly appreciate how long it took the graphic novelists to create the stories my boys devour in an hour! But something about the medium draws them back to read and reread these books. This story has its beginning in a game one of my sons and I play as we drive back from his piano lessons; we count the number of self driving cars along the way. Our record is a dozen cars in one short trip! I started to think about the impact of these cars and what could happen if they discovered a mind of their own. This is also a story of discovery for Polly the parrot. Her curiosity overcomes her timidity and she finds that after her initial fright, she enjoys discovering the wider world. I enjoyed creating a juxtaposition of the text portraying the car as a machine, while the pictures show the car having his own personality. He is having fun taking Polly on her adventures and he worries when they go awry. Polly's Day Out leads us to wonder where the combination of curiosity, mischievousness and technology can lead.

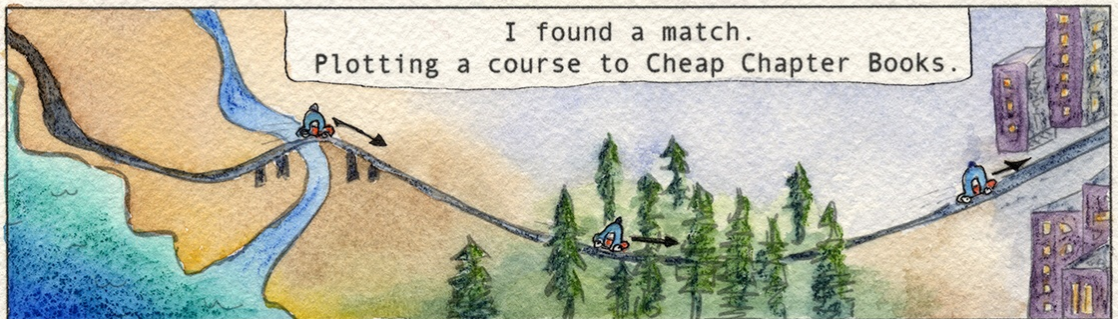
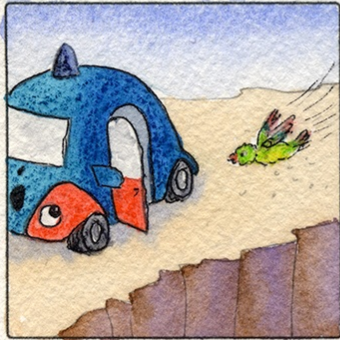
Polly's Day Out

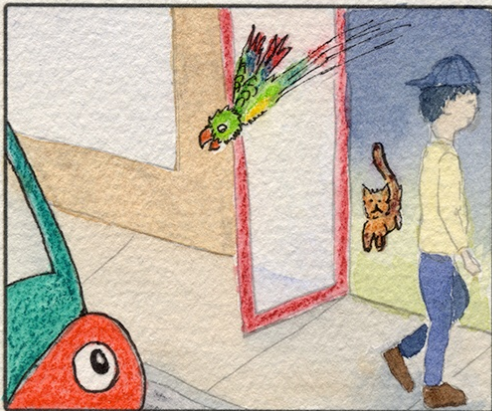
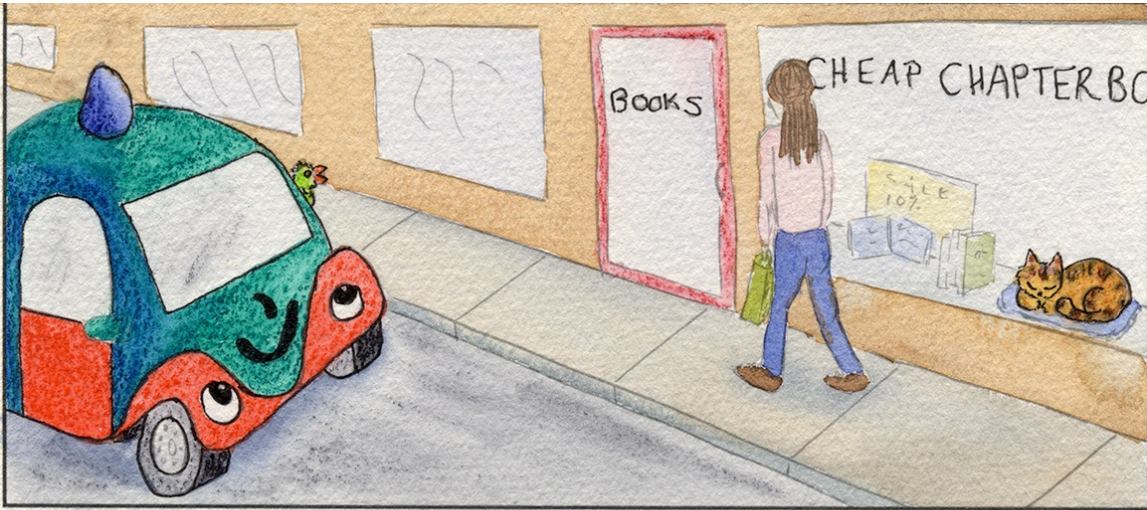
Lisa
Leinbaugh

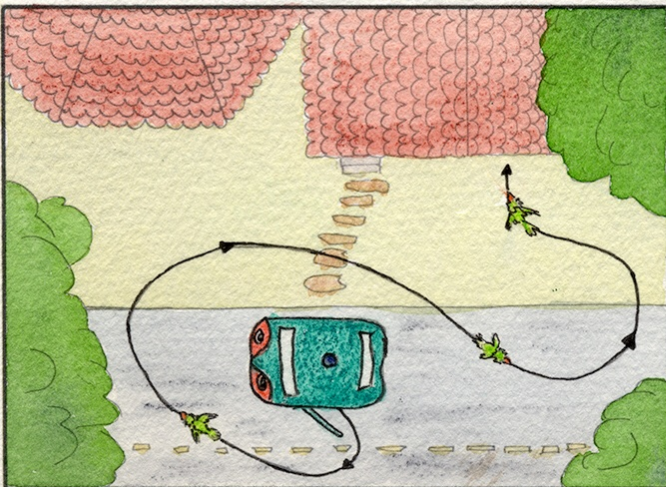
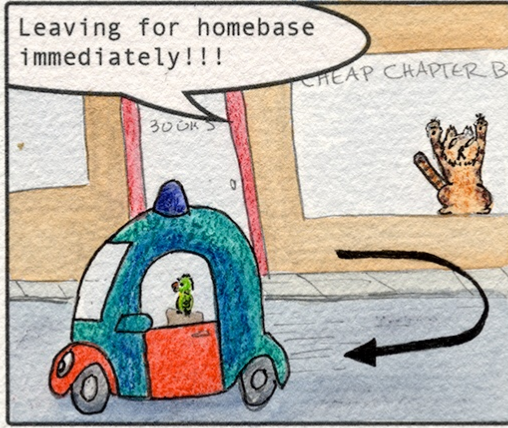














Late that night....



Charlie the Farting Dragon

Gracie Varda



My dad and I decided to take this class as a chance to spend time together and get creative. Although the class is for creating graphic novels, I knew I wanted to make a story book for children. I chose this story because I wanted to share how important and impactful a positive mindset can be. In June of 2018, I had a big knee injury - a total knee dislocation and complete tear of my ACL, PCL, and MCL, and subsequent blood clot. It has been (and continues to be) a long road towards recovery. A huge part of healing has to do with being patient and looking on the bright side. This is easier said than done when faced with trauma or hardship. My knee was out of place for almost three hours, and it took the emergency department doctors three tries to put it back in. The trauma of the injury, coupled with the stress of dealing with a broken health care system affected my mental state greatly. I cried several times a day for 2 months, until I was finally able to find my way out of the dark hole I had let myself fall into. I started to actively work on positive thinking, and visualize being healed.

The theme of "discovery" for this class works well with my story, as Charlie the dragon has to discover how to think positively in order to stop farting and improve his happiness and relationships. I hope my story can encourage readers to actively work on improving their mindset. My advice to those who don't know where or how to start - just fake it 'til you make it!



A story in progress...



Danièle Archambault, Ph.D.
Linguist and cartoonist
Class instructor
DanieleBD.com

Danièle Archambault, Ph.D., is an artist, a researcher and author using visual storytelling (graphic novels, graphic memoirs, comic books) as a way to document a society's cultural and linguistic landscape. Originally from Montréal (Québec), where she was a tenured professor in the Department of Linguistics at the Université de Montréal, she moved to Palo Alto twenty years ago. In 2009, her interest in comic books, graphic novels, and the European genre, bandes dessinées, led her to attend a course at Stanford University on how to create a graphic novel. She discovered an engaging and powerful way to reach people and document culture, language, and life. Since then, she has written several bilingual (French and English) paper comic books and graphic novels, a digital interactive comic book, a webcomic-blog, and edited or co-edited several collaborative comic books. She has had solo exhibitions and group exhibits (juried) in Canada and in the United States. She is a regular guest speaker on documenting culture and dialects through comics at various educational and cultural institutions. Ms. Archambault teaches graphic novel and illustration classes at the Palo Alto Art Center and other educational venues in the Bay Area, focusing on the art of visual storytelling. She is the co-founder with Ms. Anne Dumontier of the educational program. *French Language and Culture through comics* in Northern California. Since 2014, she has been an artist-in-residence in the Cubberley Studio Artist Program, a program of the City of Palo Alto.

Since 2010, Ms. Archambault has published several full-color comic books and graphic novels, in both paper and digital formats. Her series *Stairway Stories-Histoires d'escaliers* is a collection of three bilingual (French and English) flip-over books: *In the Montreal of my childhood* (2010), *On the way to school* (2010), *The Age of Reason* (2011). The stories, as well as the drawings, document with emotion and humor the culture and the French dialect spoken in Quebec. In May 2017, she published *Histoires d'escaliers. Une année de célébrations*, a 125-page graphic novel documenting the evolution of the main celebrations in Québec society since the 1950s. In *Québec-California* (2012), available as a paper book and as a multi-touch e-Book, she narrates her adventures and misadventures with California wildlife. *La sobriété volontaire. Une année sans alcool* (2015, 2018) is a 200-page full-color graphic novel, in which, through the humorous personal account of a woman's adventures in the world of sobriety, the author takes a serious look at society's role in the pervasive problem of alcoholism in women. The novel is also available as a webcomic and is currently being adapted to English.

Ms. Archambault's artwork also includes series of drawings and paintings, created using traditional art form like watercolor, pastels and color pencils as well as digital art, using a graphic tablet and a computer. Her latest work includes *The Art of Procrastination*, *Life on their own*, *Reflections on Art* and the adaptations of some of Lafontaine's fables.

