

# Commissioned Artwork

These illustrations accompanied various poems and literary texts across seven publications. I onboarded illustrators and commissioned artwork to accompany literary excerpts from concept to completion. I wrote creative briefs, created schedules, and provided illustrators with feedback in the form of sketches and annotations.





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## GRAMMAR & USAGE

### Direct Quotations

Writers use direct quotations in more than one way. Direct quotations can tell readers who is speaking. In a literary analysis, direct quotations can show that some language from the text has been taken directly from another text or source. Direct quotations always appear inside quotation marks.

Writers can also paraphrase another person's thoughts or speech. This type of writing does not use quotation marks.

As you read the literary analysis on this page, notice the author's use of direct quotations to indicate language that is from another text or source.

4. Mark the text of the following literary analysis paragraph as follows:

- Underline the topic sentence that states the main idea.
- Highlight textual evidence.
- Put an asterisk at the start of any sentence that provides commentary.

Mrs. Fisher's decision to call the fire department affects Paul's initial impression of his new community. Paul notices smoke the first morning he wakes up in the house on Lake Windsor Downs. He writes, "The air had a gray tint to it, and a damp, foul smell like an ashtray. *Smoke*, I thought. *Something around here is on fire.*" When he tells his mother, Mrs. Fisher immediately panics and calls the fire department. After the volunteer fire department representative explains to her that there's nothing she can do to stop the muck fires, she "stares at him in disbelief." Paul realizes that his parents don't know all that much about their new home, and he begins to suspect that everything is not as perfect as they would like him to believe.



*Tangerine*, by Edward Bloor



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## Writing to Sources: Informational Text

After you have shared examples from different chapters with your class, choose one theme that you have identified from Part 1 of *Tangerine*. Write a literary analysis paragraph analyzing how literary elements such as symbols, imagery, figurative language, and tone contributed to that theme. Be sure to:

- Include a topic sentence that identifies a theme.
- Identify specific literary elements.
- Provide textual evidence in the form of quotes.

Write your paragraph below or on a separate piece of paper or in your Reader/Writer Notebook.



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*Tangerine*, by Edward Bloor

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## 2.4

**VOCABULARY**

**LITERARY**

**Motifs** are recurring images, symbols, themes, character types, or subjects that become unifying elements in artistic works.

A **foil** is a character whose traits contrast with and therefore highlight the traits of another.

**WORD CONNECTIONS**

**Multiple-Meaning Word**

In literature, a **foil** is a character. As a verb, *to foil* means “to prevent success.” This word also refers to a sword used in the sport of fencing.

My Notes

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- 2. Collaborative Conversation:** Authors use **motifs** for many reasons in their writing, including establishing themes and moods. Achebe uses the motif of tensions between fathers and sons in his novel. Review the facts and details about Okonkwo and his father that you recorded. How do these similarities and differences create tension between the two? Discuss how Okonkwo’s father serves as a **foil** to his son.
- 3.** When he learns he is going to receive the Idemili title, Okoye visits Okonkwo’s father, Unoka, to collect on his debts, using persuasive techniques to get to his point. How does Unoka react to the request, and what does this reveal about Unoka?
- 4.** In a later scene, Okonkwo visits Nwakibie to ask for seed yams. This time it is his turn to use persuasive techniques to try to get his point across. How does Okonkwo try to persuade Nwakibie to help him? What do you learn about Okonkwo? How does their meeting end?
- 5.** Use a Venn diagram to compare and contrast these two persuasive scenes in your Reader/Writer Notebook.



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Things Fall Apart by Chinua Achebe



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My Notes

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temerity: recklessness

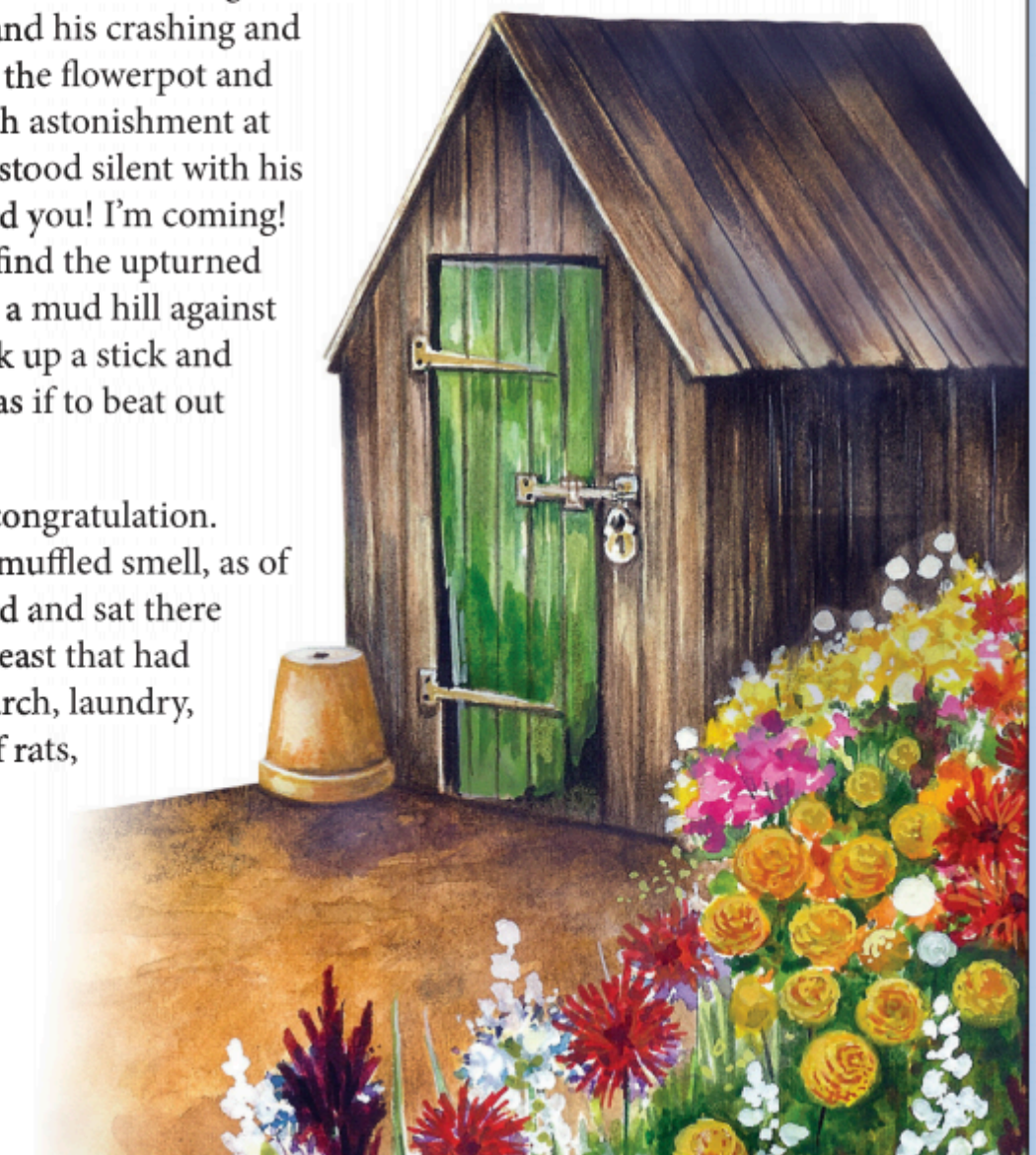
a frightening glimpse of them as Raghu combed the hedge of crotons and hibiscus, trampling delicate ferns underfoot as he did so. Ravi looked about him desperately, swallowing a small ball of snot in his fear.

20 The garage was locked with a great heavy lock to which the driver had the key in his room, hanging from a nail on the wall under his workshirt. Ravi had peeped in and seen him still sprawling on his string cot in his vest and striped underpants, the hair on his chest and the hair in his nose shaking with the vibrations of his phlegm-obstructed snores. Ravi had wished he were tall enough, big enough to reach the key on the nail, but it was impossible, beyond his reach for years to come. He had sidled away and sat dejectedly on the flowerpot. That at least was cut to his own size.

21 But next to the garage was another shed with a big green door. Also locked. No one even knew who had the key to the lock. That shed wasn't opened more than once a year, when Ma turned out all the old broken bits of furniture and rolls of matting and leaking buckets, and the white anthills were broken and swept away and Flit sprayed into the spider webs and rat holes so that the whole operation was like the looting of a poor, ruined, and conquered city. The green leaves of the door sagged. They were nearly off their rusty hinges. The hinges were large and made a small gap between the door and the walls—only just large enough for rats, dogs, and, possibly, Ravi to slip through.

22 Ravi had never cared to enter such a dark and depressing mortuary of defunct household goods seething with such unspeakable and alarming animal life but, as Raghu's whistling grew angrier and sharper and his crashing and storming in the hedge wilder, Ravi suddenly slipped off the flowerpot and through the crack and was gone. He chuckled aloud with astonishment at his own **temerity** so that Raghu came out of the hedge, stood silent with his hands on his hips, listening, and finally shouted, "I heard you! I'm coming! Got you!" and came charging round the garage only to find the upturned flowerpot, the yellow dust, the crawling of white ants in a mud hill against the closed shed door—nothing. Snarling, he bent to pick up a stick and went off, whacking it against the garage and shed walls as if to beat out his prey.

23 Ravi shook, then shivered with delight, with self-congratulation. Also with fear. It was dark, spooky in the shed. It had a muffled smell, as of graves. Ravi had once got locked into the linen cupboard and sat there weeping for half an hour before he was rescued. But at least that had been a familiar place, and even smelled pleasantly of starch, laundry, and, reassuringly, of his mother. But the shed smelled of rats, anthills, dust, and spider webs. Also of less definable, less recognizable horrors. And it was dark. Except for the white-hot cracks along the door, there was no light. The roof was very low. Although Ravi was small, he felt as if he could reach up and touch it with his fingertips. But he didn't stretch. He hunched himself into a ball so as not to bump into anything, touch or feel anything. What might there not be to touch him and feel him



Games at Twilight, by Anita Desai







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27 “I don’t think we would have been allowed,” said Shmuel, shaking his head. “We weren’t able to get out of our carriage.”

28 “The door’s at the end,” explained Bruno.

29 “There weren’t any doors,” said Shmuel.

30 “Of course there were doors,” said Bruno with a sigh. “They’re at the end,” he repeated. “Just past the **buffet** section.”

31 “There weren’t any doors,” insisted Shmuel. “If there had been, we would have gotten off.”

32 Bruno mumbled something under his breath along the lines of “Of course there were,” but he didn’t say it very loud so Shmuel didn’t hear.

33 “When the train finally stopped,” continued Shmuel, “we were in a very cold place and we all had to walk here.”

34 “We had a car,” said Bruno, out loud now.

35 “And Mama was taken away from us, and Papa and Josef and I were put into the huts over there and that’s where we’ve been since.”

36 Shmuel looked very sad when he told this story and Bruno didn’t know why; it didn’t seem like such a terrible thing to him, and after all much the same thing happened to him.

37 “Are there many other boys over there?” asked Bruno.

38 “Hundreds,” said Shmuel.

39 Bruno’s eyes opened wide. “Hundreds?” he said, amazed. “That’s not fair at all. There’s no one to play with on this side of the fence. Not a single person.”

40 “We don’t play,” said Shmuel.

41 “Don’t play? Why ever not?”

42 “What would we play?” he asked, his face looking confused at the idea of it.

43 “Well, I don’t know,” said Bruno. “All sorts of things. Football, for example. Or exploration. What’s the exploration like over there anyway? Any good?”

44 Shmuel shook his head and didn’t answer. He looked back towards the huts and turned back to Bruno then. He didn’t want to ask the next question but the pains in his stomach made him.

45 “You don’t have any food on you, do you?” he asked.



**buffet:** a counter or table where food is served



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33 “What you reckon we oughta do, Jem?”

34 Finders were keepers unless title was proven. Plucking an occasional camellia, getting a squirt of hot milk from Miss Maudie Atkinson’s cow on a summer day, helping ourselves to someone’s scuppernongs was part of our ethical culture, but money was different.

35 “Tell you what,” said Jem. “We’ll keep ’em till school starts, then go around and ask everybody if they’re theirs. They’re some bus child’s, maybe—he was taken up with gettin’ outa school today an’ forgot ’em. These are somebody’s, I know that. See how they’ve been slicked up? They’ve been saved.”

36 “Yeah, but why should somebody wanta put away chewing gum like that? You know it doesn’t last.”

37 “I don’t know, Scout. But these are important to somebody ...”

38 “How’s that, Jem...?”

39 “Well, Indian-heads—well, they come from the Indians. They’re real strong magic, they make you have good luck. Not like fried chicken when you’re not lookin’ for it, but things like long life ’n’ good health, ’n’ passin’ six-weeks tests ... these are real valuable to somebody. I’m gonna put ’em in my trunk.”

40 Before Jem went to his room, he looked for a long time at the Radley Place. He seemed to be thinking again.



reckon: think  
 ethical: moral  
 slicked up: polished

Making Observations

- What is your impression of Scout and Jem?
- What details stand out to you?

To Kill a Mocking Bird, by Harper Lee