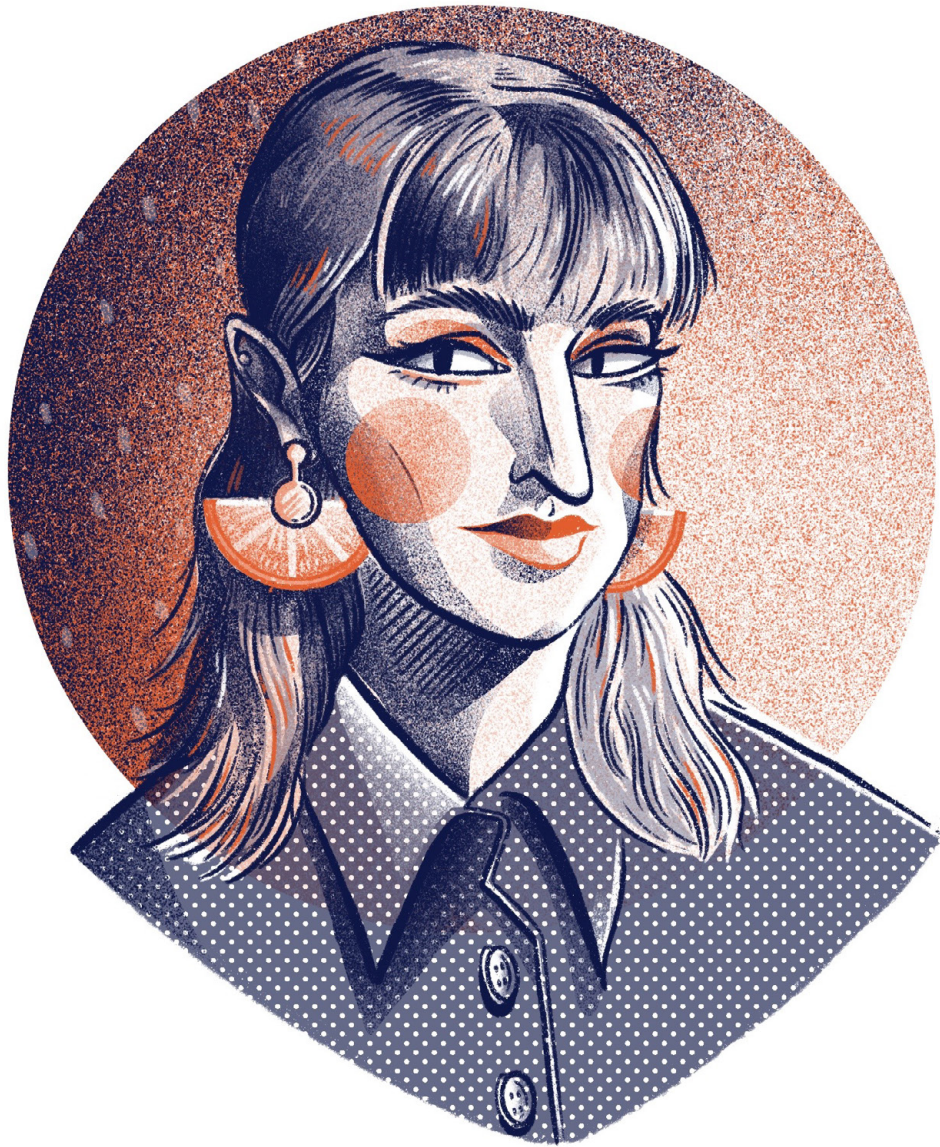


DRAWN to STORIES

- KAT CASS -





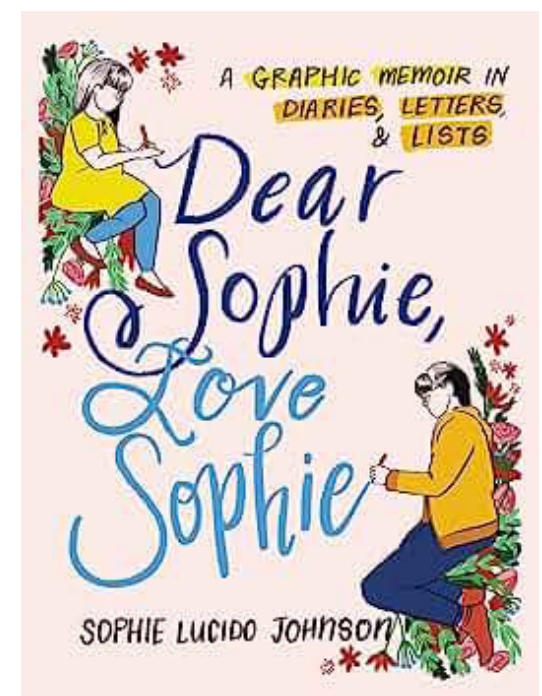
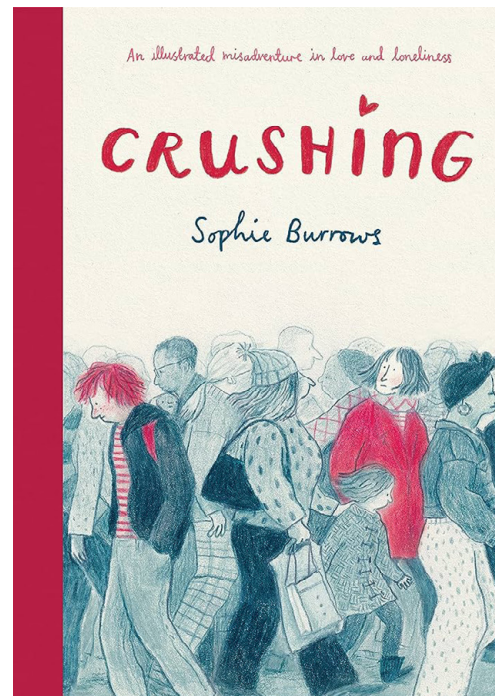
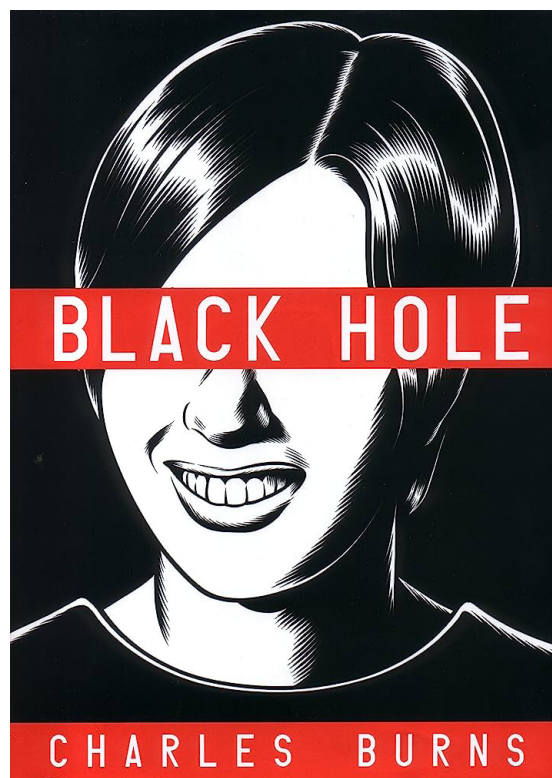
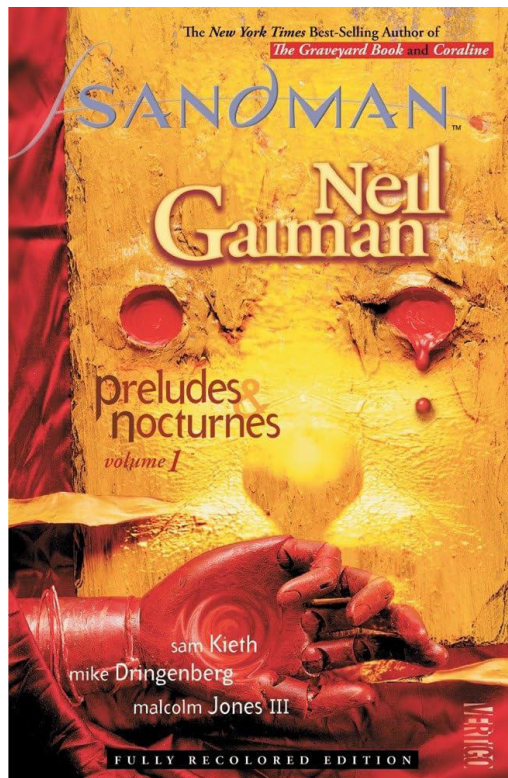
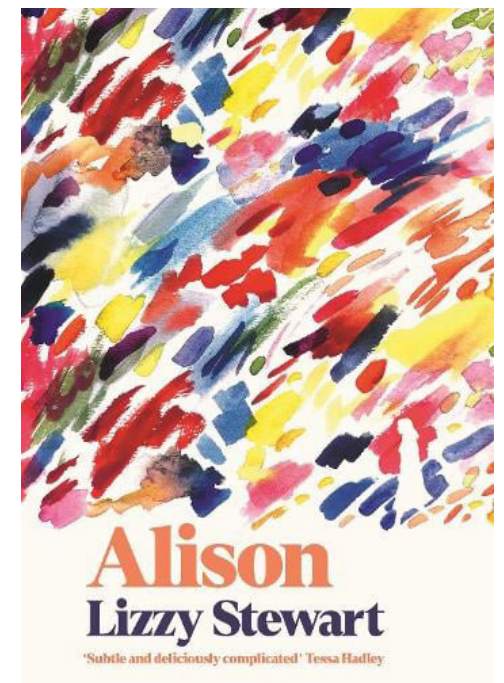
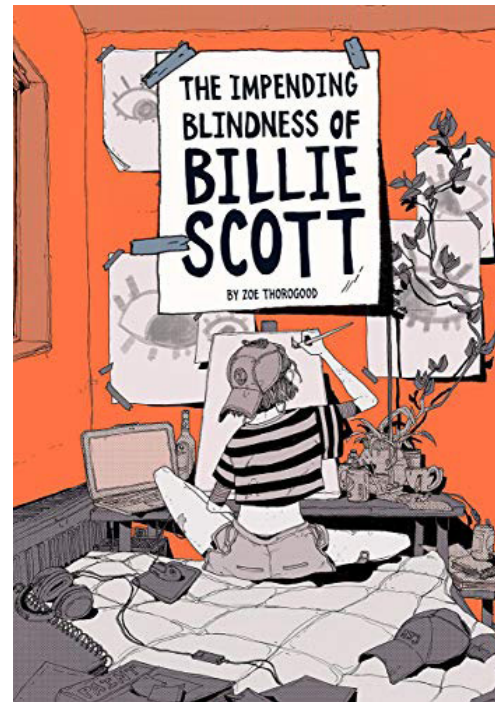
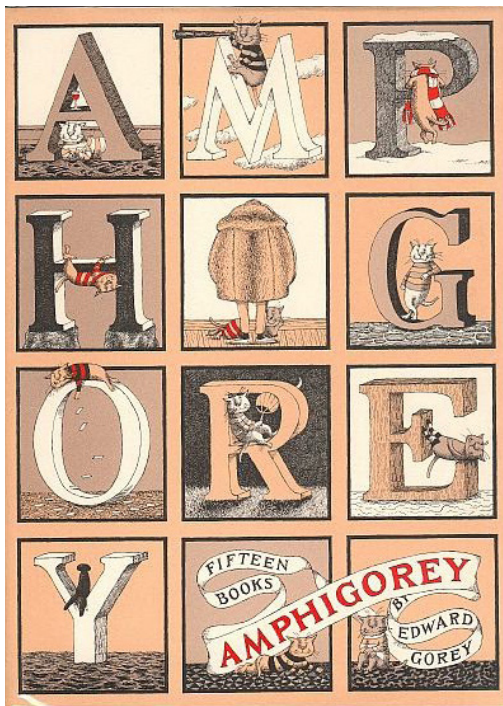
Who am I?

- Graduated in Illustration (BA) from Edinburgh College of Art, 2020
- Book designer at Little Tiger Press
- Comics lover and maker
- @katicassart

Recent work:

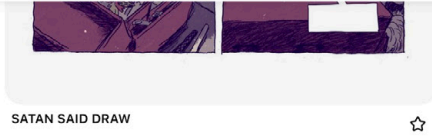
Marmalade
(illustrator, self-published)
Stitch Head: The Graphic Novel
(design and colour, Little Tiger Press)

Why a *Graphic* Novel?

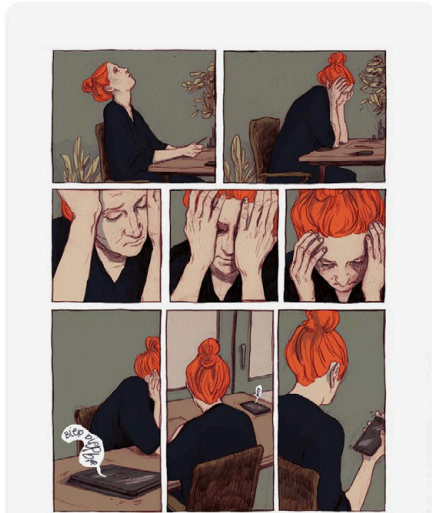




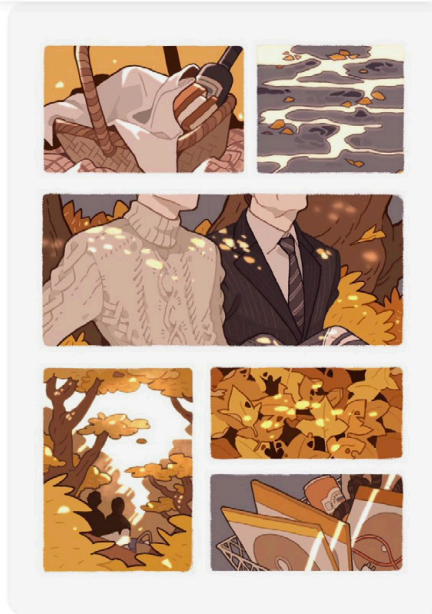
Fuck Yeah Illustrative Art! - This is the first page of a comic I did as a...



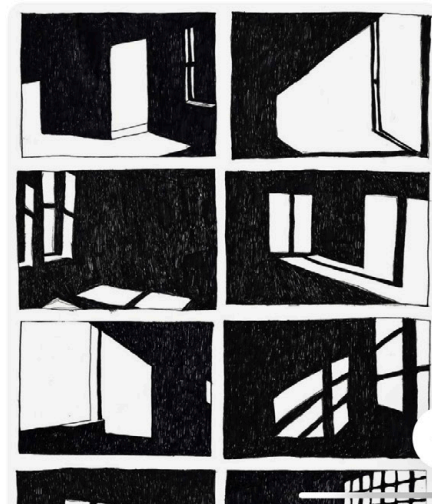
SATAN SAID DRAW



Thomke Meyer Illustration



Juanmao on Twitter



JAY! on Twitter





text message on own page

Then I met Oscar.

Like me, Oscar despised sour things. That's why I loved him most. Strawberry jam was shared favourite flavour of ours. He made his own with jars that he had collected over the years and presented them on his kitchen shelves like trophies. On our first date, he invited me to go strawberry-picking and then to his flat to make jam afterwards. We spent the following days and nights of boiling sugar-coated strawberries, breaking them down and melting them into a thick red sludge. Oscar used to eat it straight out of the jar with two fingers.

In under a few months, I had met his closest family and many of his friends. Oscar's strawberry jam became my addiction; it was like a fly was always buzzing behind my ear, a small companion to keep me company while away from him. My few friends grew concerned for how fixated I became, but being dependent on jam was far more desirable than having nothing. Life before Oscar felt as hopeless as an empty jar.

After all, it took me twenty-seven years to discover a

Zooming in on girls reflection on Instagram

4/5

Cafe flat lay

Sex scene behind jam jar + fly

- Receipt - just for milk
- Briefcase - oranges??
- Looking for evidence
Him heading upstairs
In bed - pries
back to back
Birds eye - phone on table

Orange peel structure somewhere??
Fly cloud
Unravelling
Orange slice/clock

18/19

20/21

22/23

I didn't sleep that night but it wasn't because of the buzzing or the twitching. I could smell the marmalade mingled with mint on his dense breath. I kept on thinking of that taste, if he had made the orange jam himself, if he enjoyed its flavour more, if it wasn't his first time trying it. My body became sticky with sweat while he was sleeping softly. His alarm made his phone rattle on the table, distracting me from my long night of dark thoughts; it was a new day but I still tasted marmalade.

He left for work at 7:30 and he came home hours earlier than usual. We made jam but he forgot to taste it; he sealed the jar and shoved it on the shelf without a date. All the time, my eyes were fixed on his orange fingernails.

That night, he had to take a call on his work phone, leaving his own unlocked on the table. I checked his internet history, scrolling down until I saw 'marmalade recipe' and a sour taste tainted my tongue once more.

I met him in the kitchen. He had just hung up his phone with a smile that vanished when our eyes met. "My boss is being a pain. I have to go to the office, sugar," he explained. "Sugar?" I repeated, words thick in my throat. He chuckled. "Sweetheart."

I pulled away as he leant into kiss my cheek and grasped the closest jar on the shelf. I let it drop and smash, scattering shards across tiles. He stared at me in shock before grimacing, his face crumpling on itself like a rotten strawberry. Red splatters had sullied his white shirt. I left him surrounded by the many fragments of my broken heart.

Fly

Awkward energy Distance

Phone history panel
Slams phone down

Dark doorway
Light kitchen
Red herring

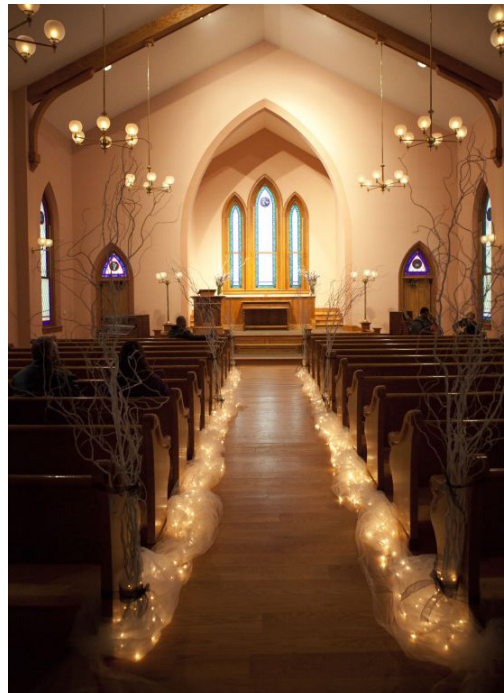
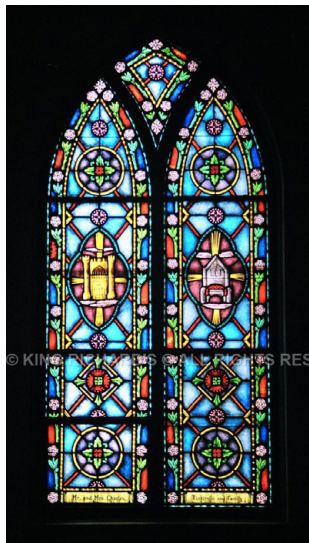
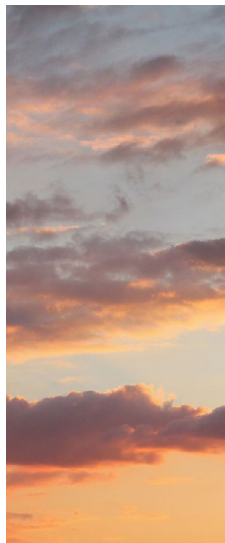
More pries out of mouth
1/2

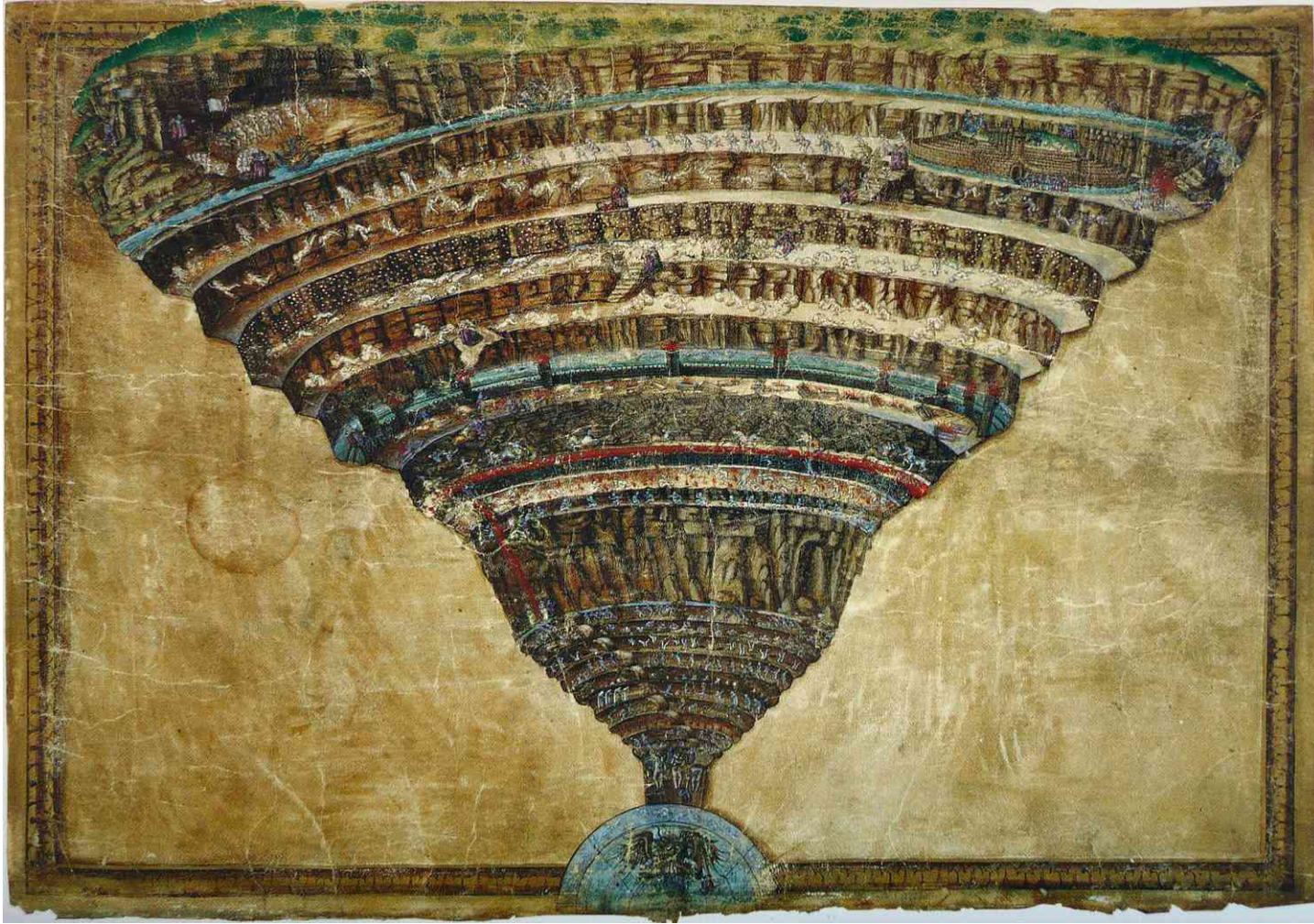
"Blood" on tiles

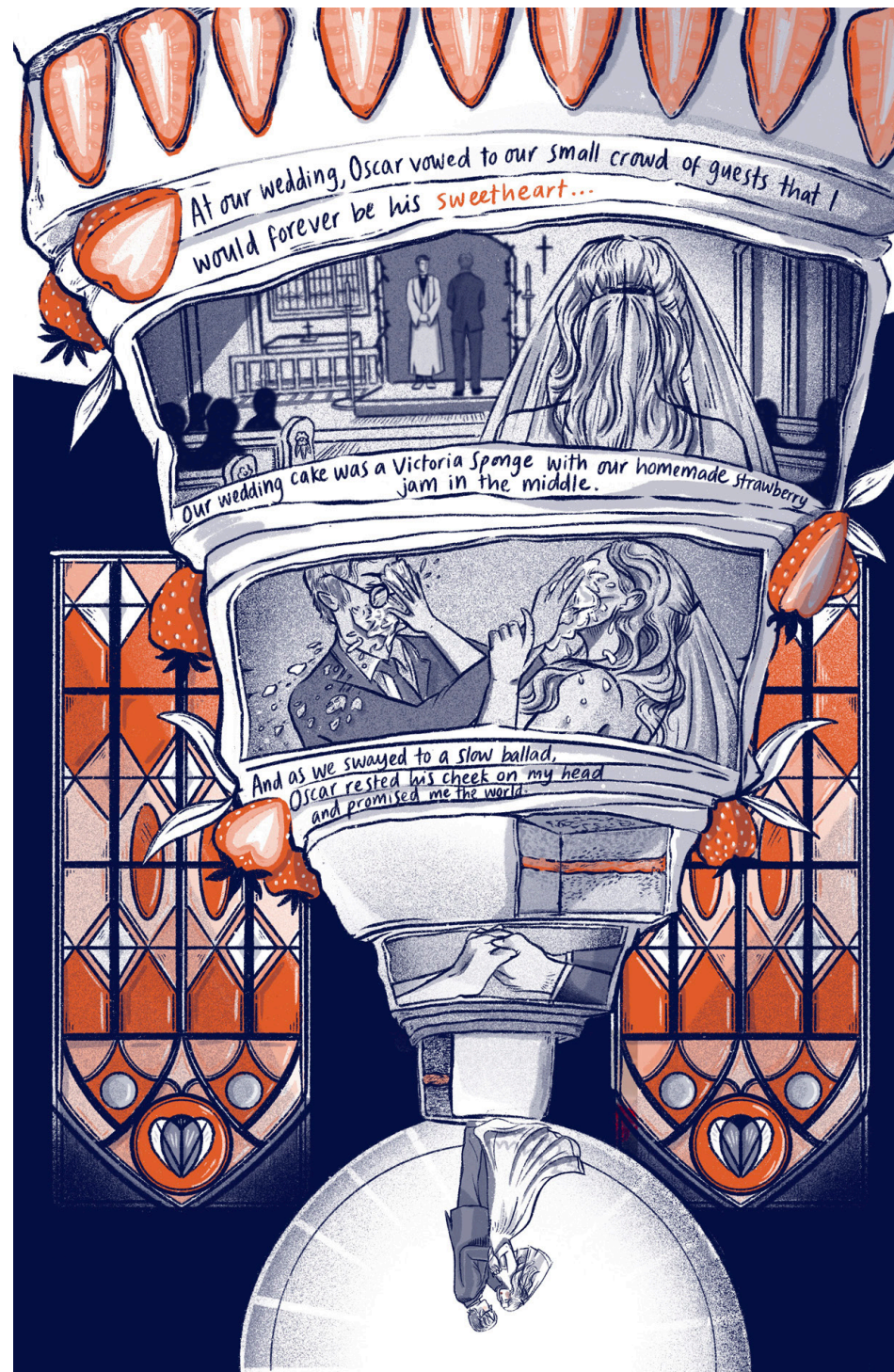
Grab jar

Shards of glass fragmented panels
a la The Curse
Glass, jam, blood on the floor.

"At our wedding, Oscar vowed to our **small crowd** of guests that I would forever be his sweetheart...Our **wedding cake** was a Victoria sponge with our homemade strawberry jam in the middle. And as we swayed to a slow ballad, Oscar rested his cheek upon my head and **promised me the world.**"

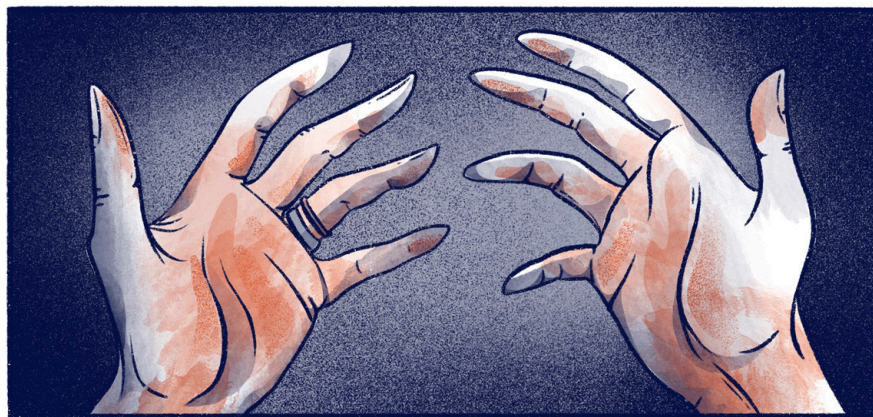




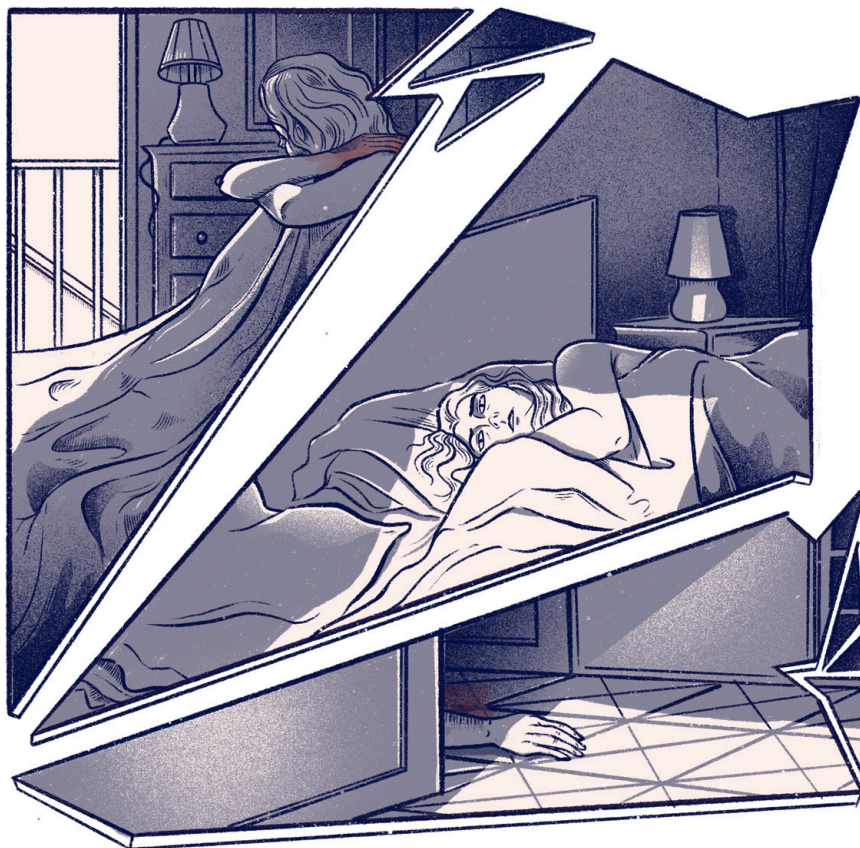




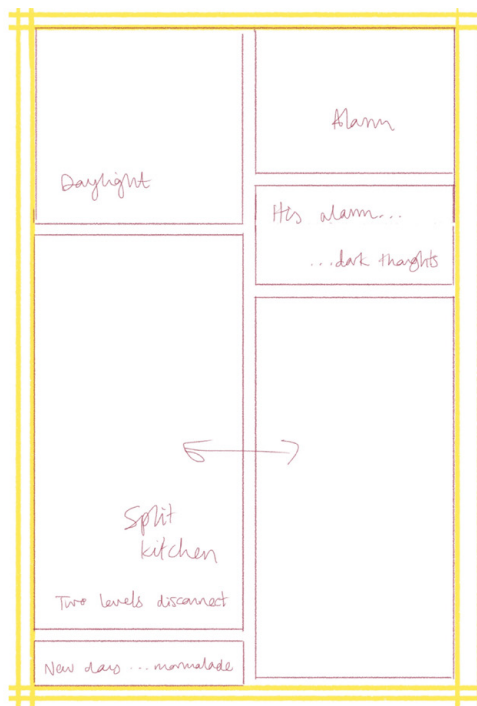




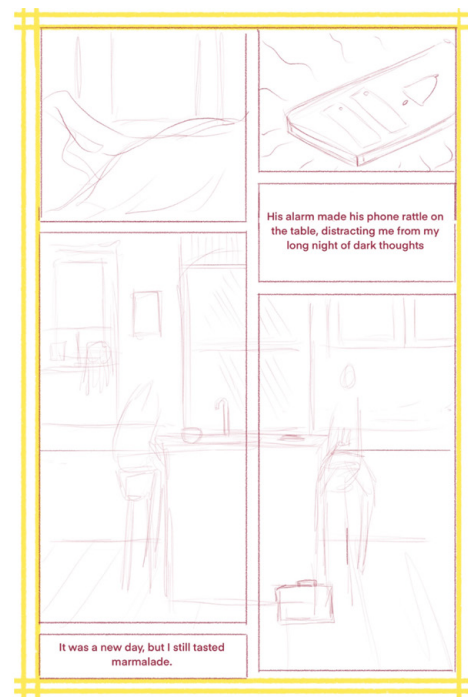
I stared at my hands for hours; they were red but not sticky.



When I finally went to bed, he didn't join me and he wasn't there when I woke.



② Map out space with notes on visuals



③ Rough sketch



④ Find references!



⑤ Finalise sketch



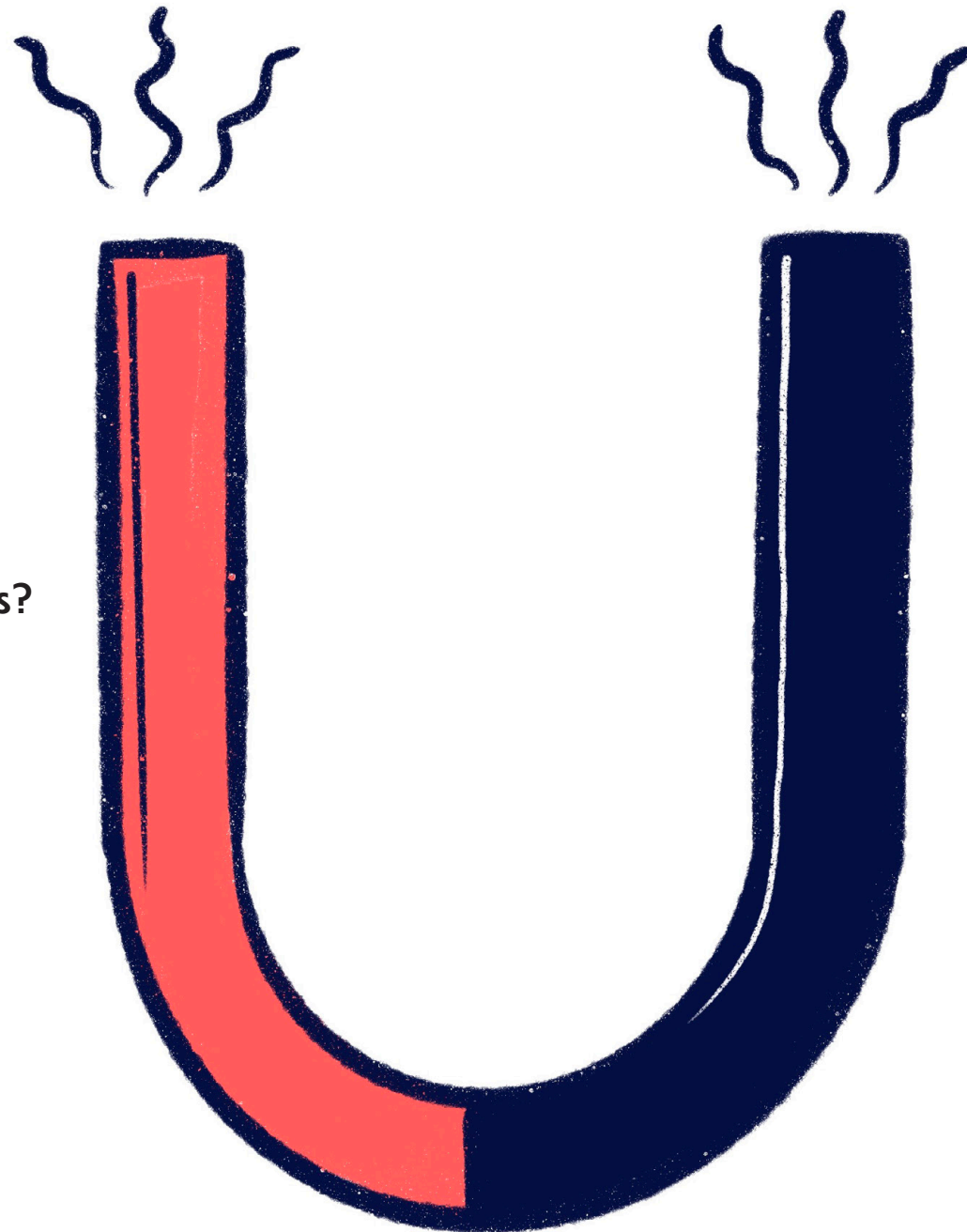
⑥ Digital inking!





ATTRACT - why do I
want to work on this?

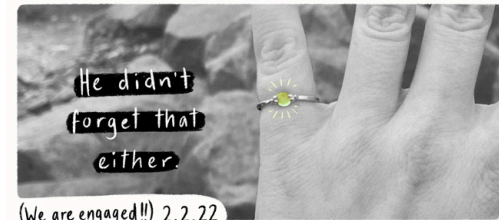
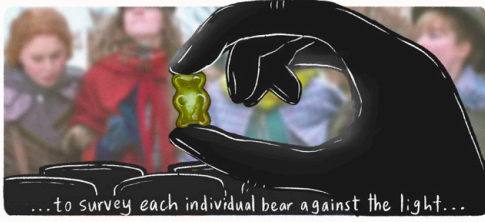
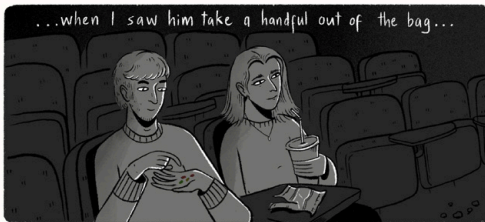
Horror
Romance
Lush imagery
Composition
Collaboration
Pace
Fulfilment



REPEL - what is
putting me off from
working on this?
(Can I work around
it?)

Faces
Colour
Length
Fear

"Life is Sweet"



Until the airport was in sight and I realised he'd never tried Percy Pigs.

Exercise!

Take an A4 sheet of paper and fold it into 8 pages.

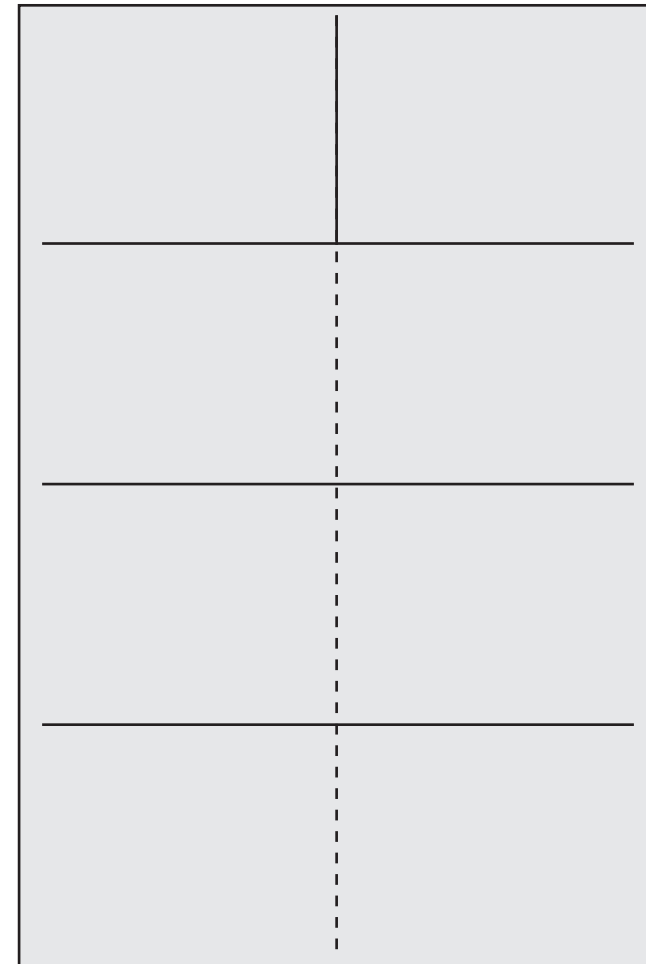
Very roughly with a pencil, sketch a moment from the last week or your journey here this morning.

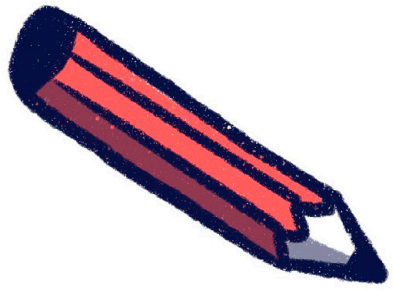
Is there any imagery you can *draw* on to make your story more exciting or intriguing?

- Panel composition
- Pace
- Point of view (is it you or something/someone else?)
- Extended imagery
- Cast
- Tension
- Angle

What makes you want to tell the story?

What is going to make someone else want to read it?





DRAWN to STORIES

- KAT CASS -

