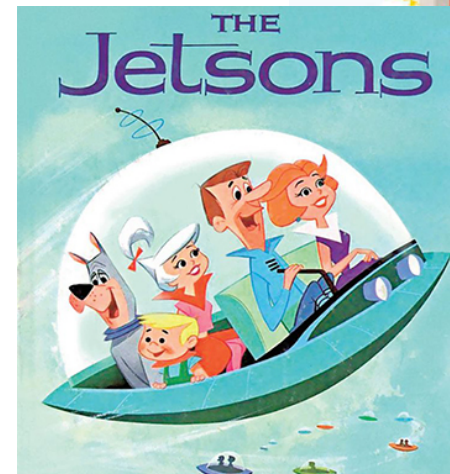


What is a story?

**With
Author
Sally Bosco**



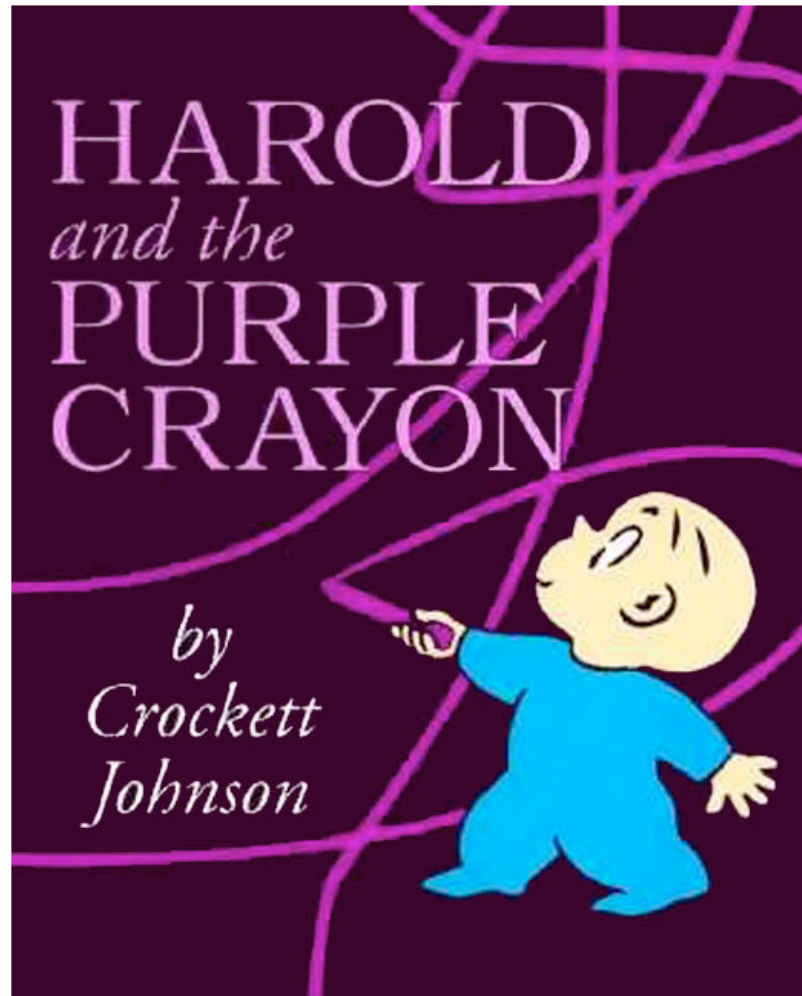
Who likes to read?



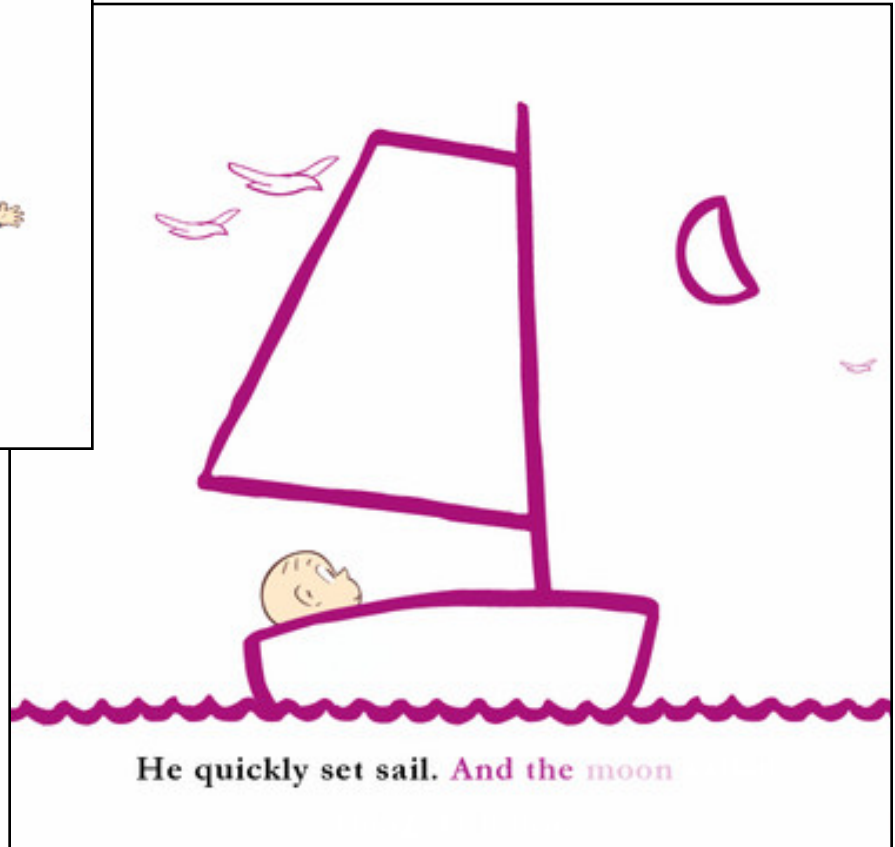
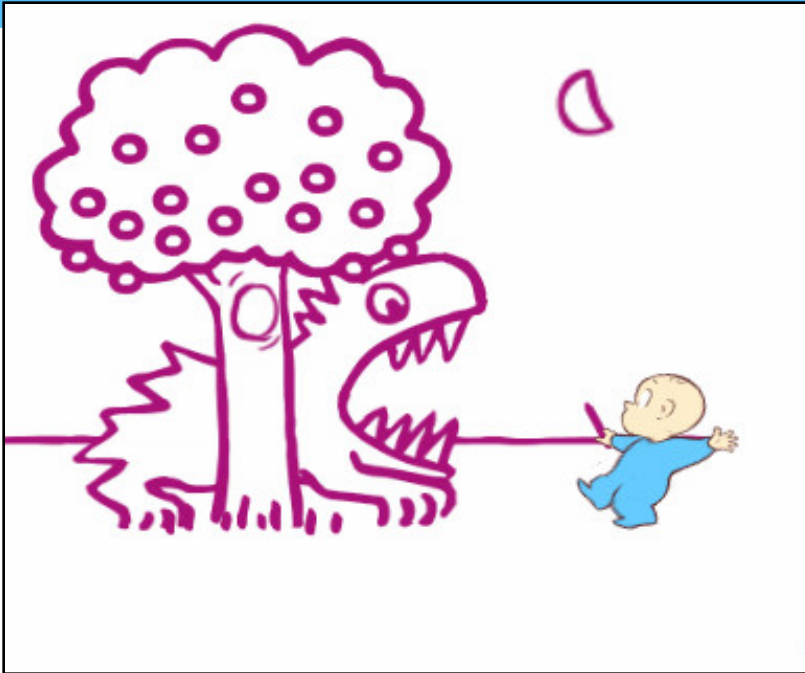
At 6 I loved to read...



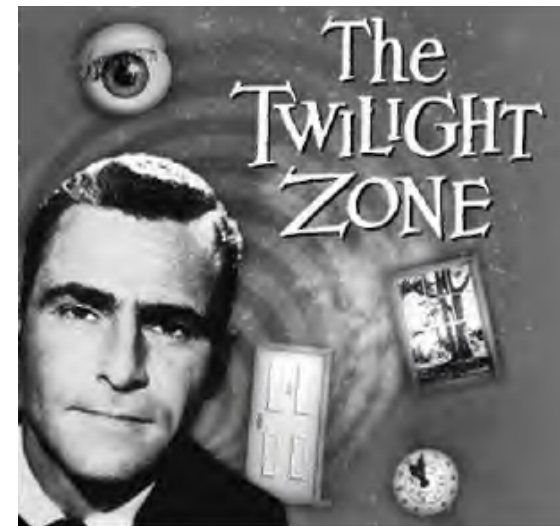
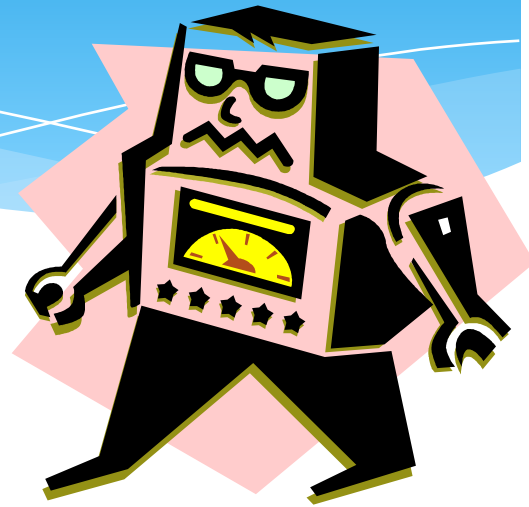
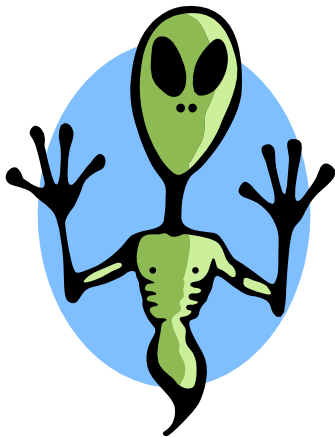
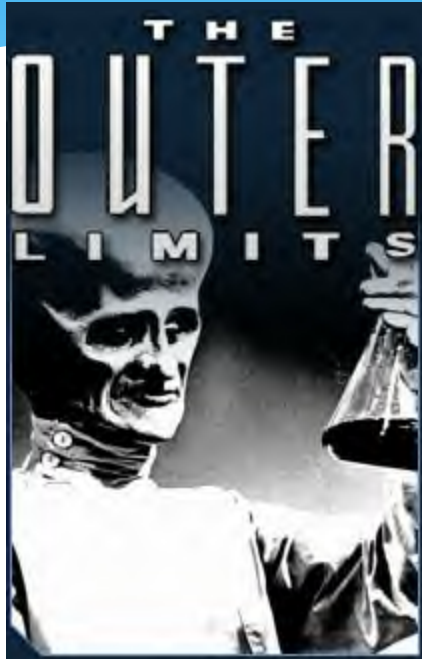
Early Fave Book



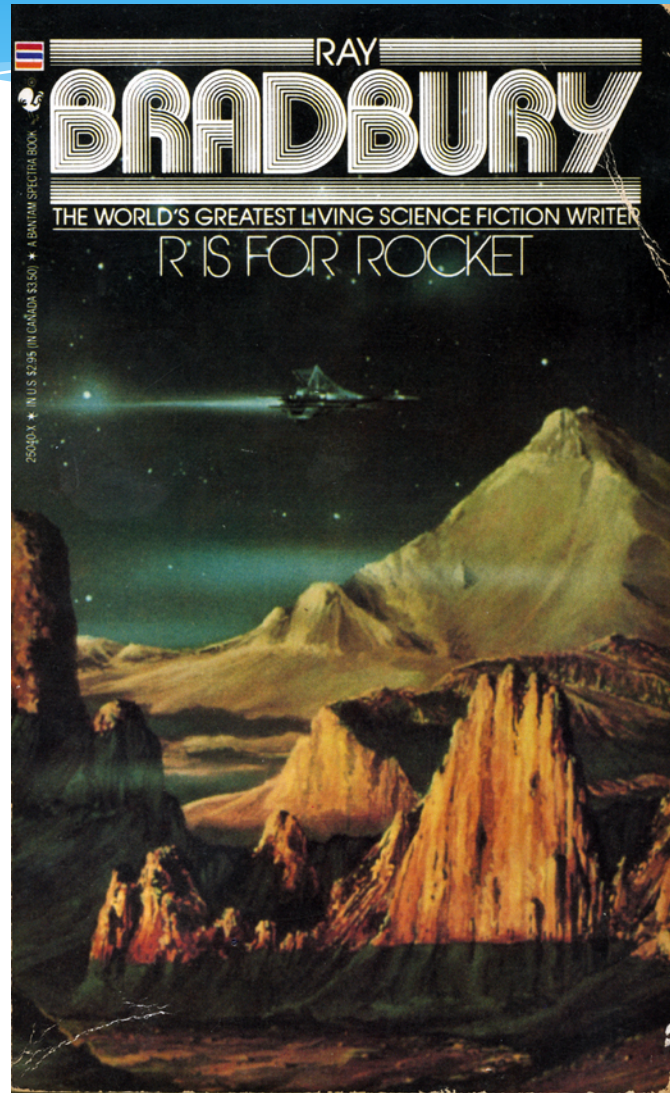
Early Fave Book



At 11, I discovered science fiction...



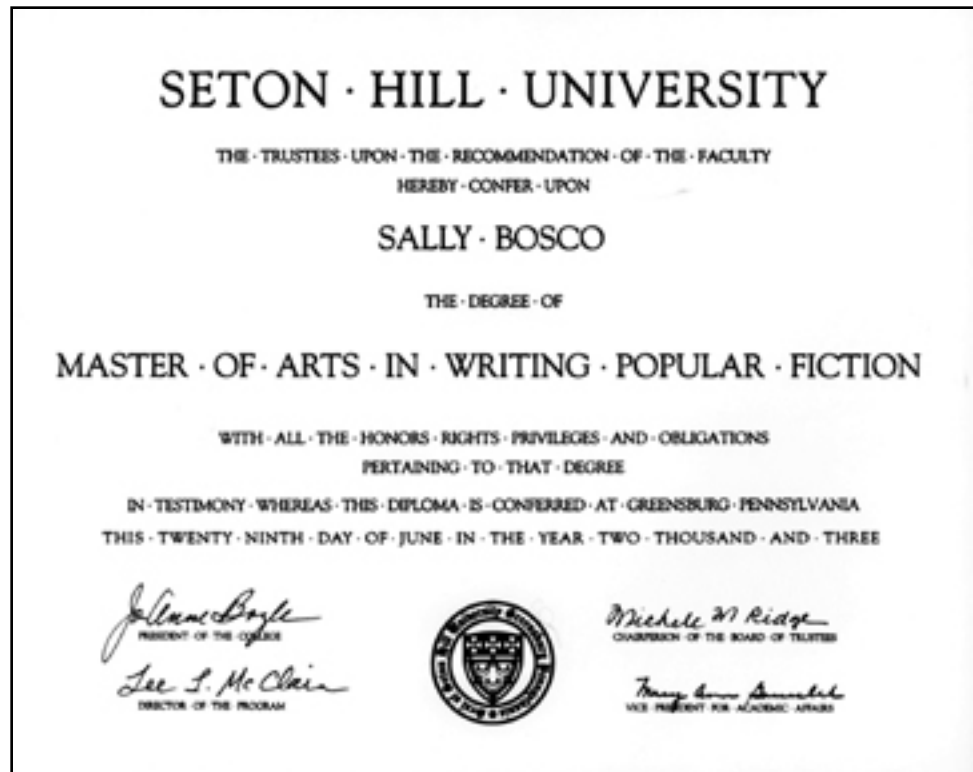
Early Fave Book



College - My Art Career



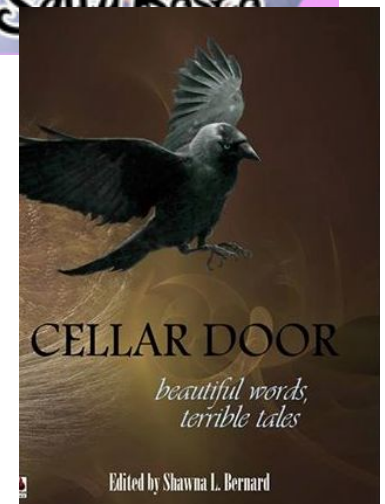
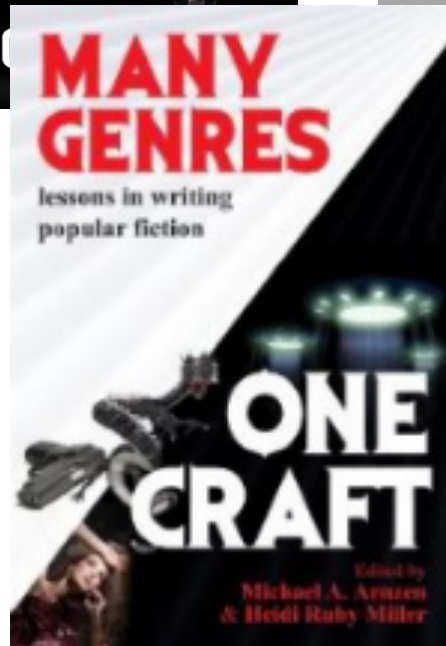
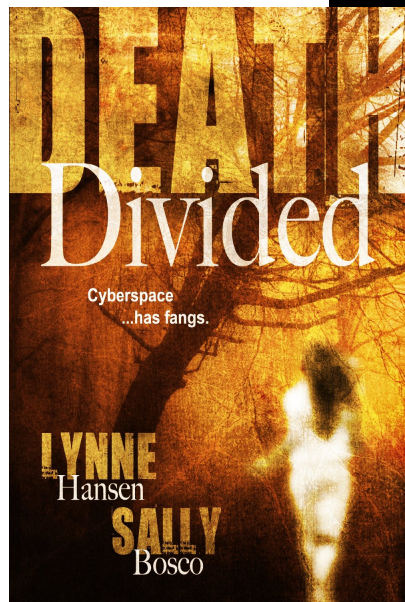
Back to School in 2011



Graduated in 2013



Published Books



What is a story?

- A story is an account of imaginary or real people and events told for entertainment.
- An author has a plan for a story.
- That is the plot.
- There is a main character. She has a problem and the story is about how she solves it.

What is a story?

Have you seen
Frozen?

Who are the main
characters?



What is a story?

Anna



What is a story?



Elsa

What is a story?

What does Anna want?

Anna wants to find her sister, Elsa.

Elsa is trapped in the kingdom of Arendelle in an endless frozen winter.



What is a story?

What does Elsa want?

To overcome her curse so she
can be with her sister.



What is a story?

What is the setting?

Arendelle

Norway in the 1840's

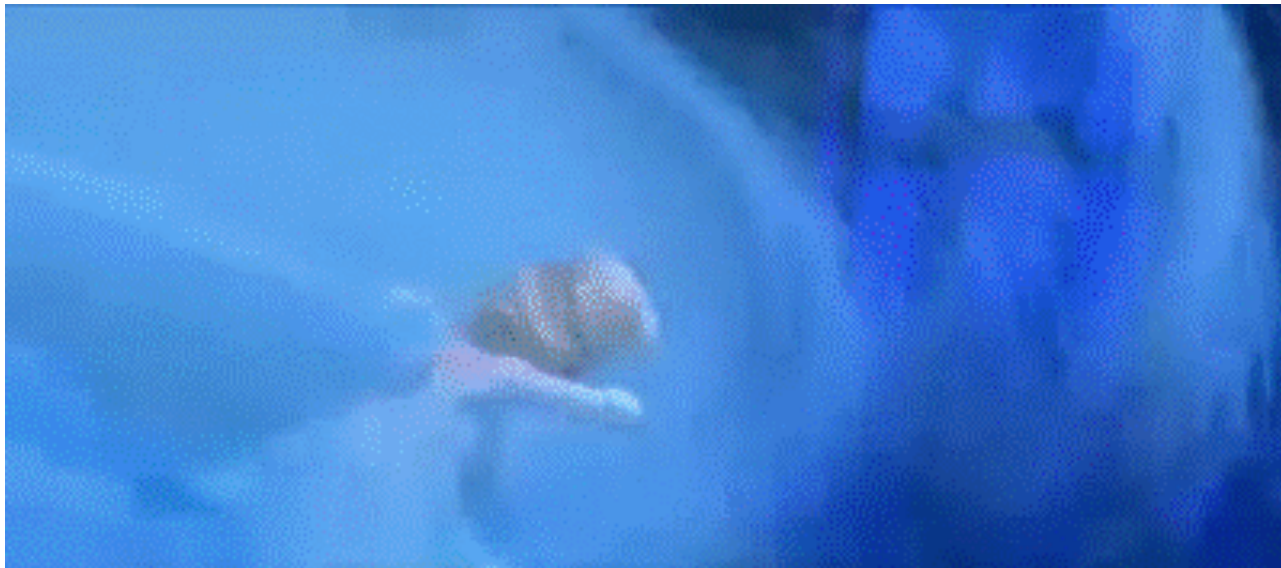
Taken from Hans Christian Andersen's *The Snow Queen*



What is a story?

What is the problem?

Elsa has a curse that causes her to freeze everything.



What is a story?

List 3 main events.

1. Anna sets off to find her sister whose powers have trapped the kingdom of Arendelle into an endless frozen winter.
2. When Anna insists that Elsa return for her coronation, Elsa becomes agitated and accidentally strikes Anna on the heart.
3. When Hans goes to strike down Elsa, Anna uses her remaining strength to throw herself between them.

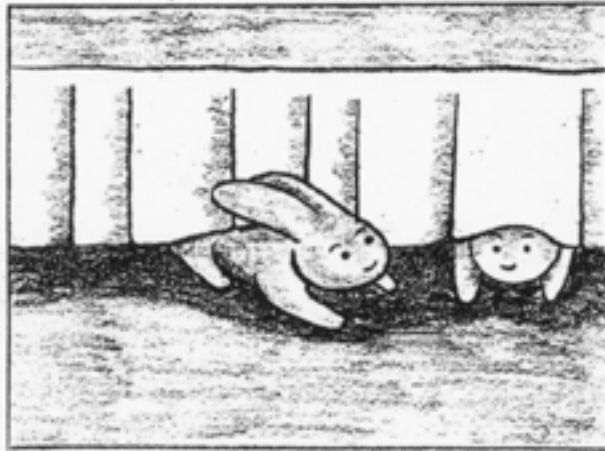
What is a story?

How is the problem solved?

- When Hans goes to strike down Elsa for freezing Anna, Anna uses her remaining strength to throw herself between them.
- As Elsa grieves for her sister, Anna begins to thaw.
- Realizing that love is the key to controlling her powers, Elsa thaws the kingdom.

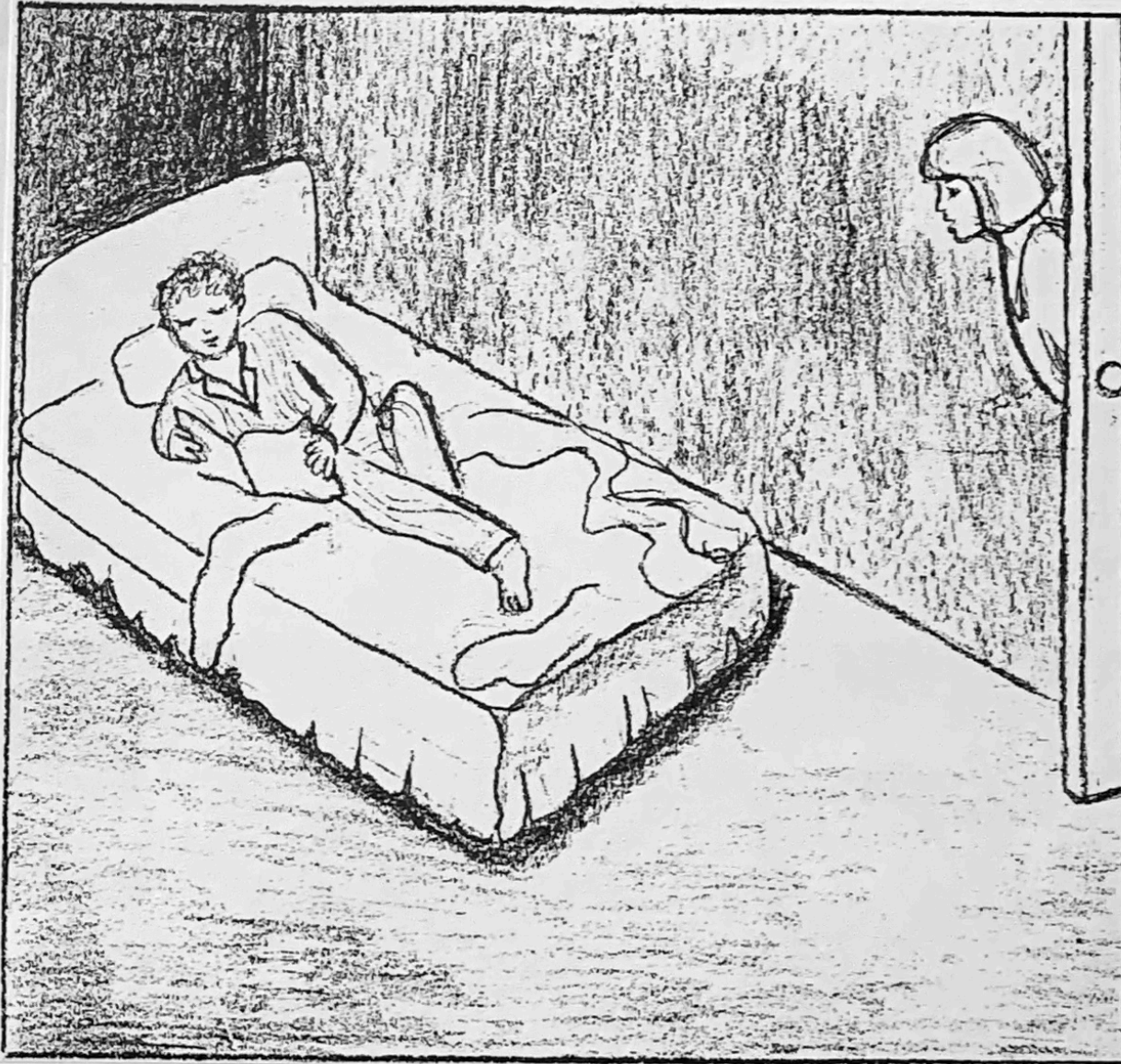


DUST BUNNIES



Written and Illustrated
by Sally Bosco

Dust Bunnies



“Cris, didn’t I ask you to sweep the dust from under your bed? You’re starting to get dust bunnies,” his mother said.

“What are dust bunnies?” he asked

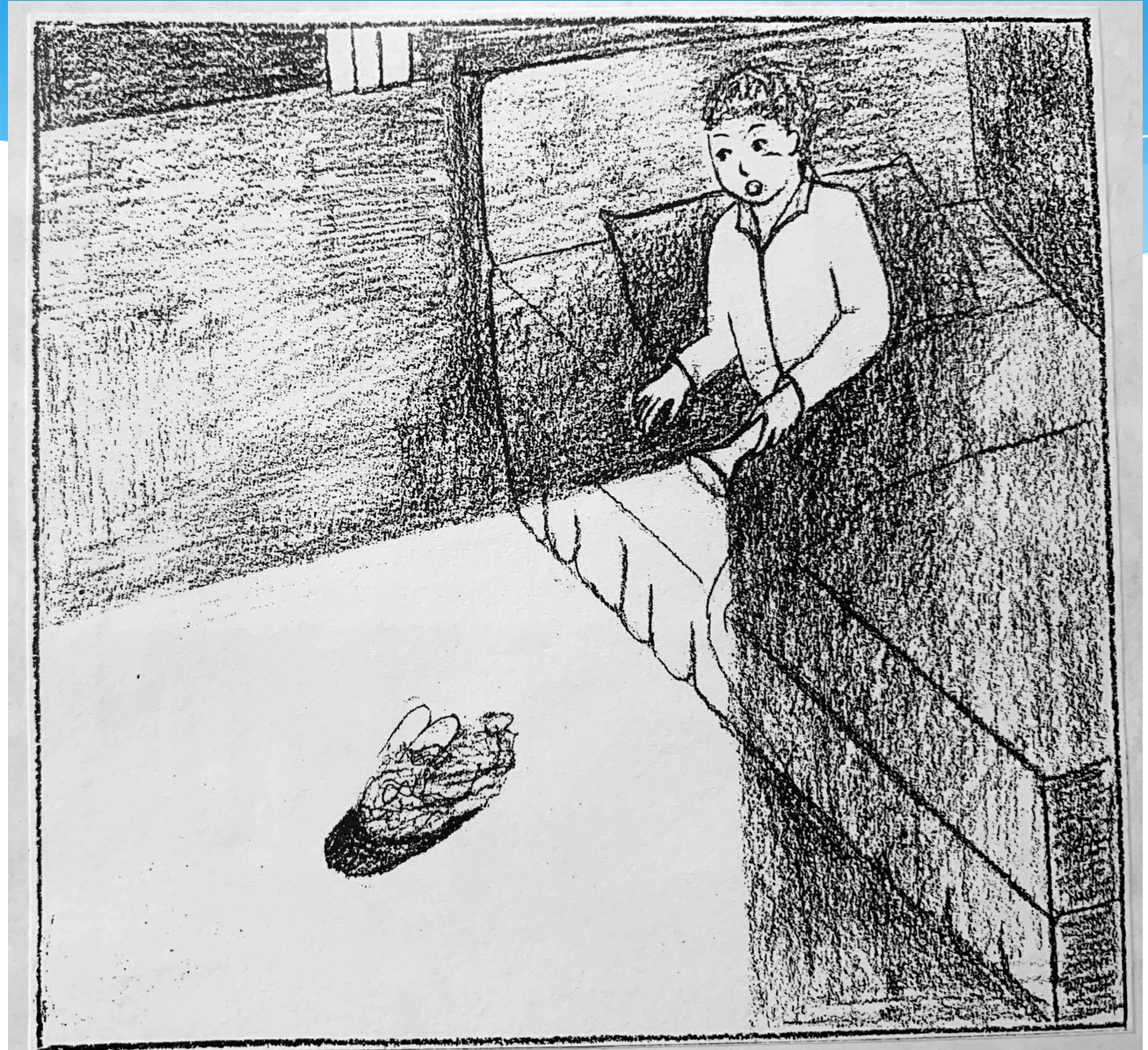
“You know, they’re those big of dust that tumble around on the floor.”

“Okay, Mom. I’ll take care of it later.” But Cris sat and read his comic book instead.

Dust Bunnies

That night as he was falling asleep, he heard some strange noises coming from under his bed.

When Cris saw a clump of dust move, he was a little scared. He told himself it was just rolling around in the breeze from the open window.



Dust Bunnies

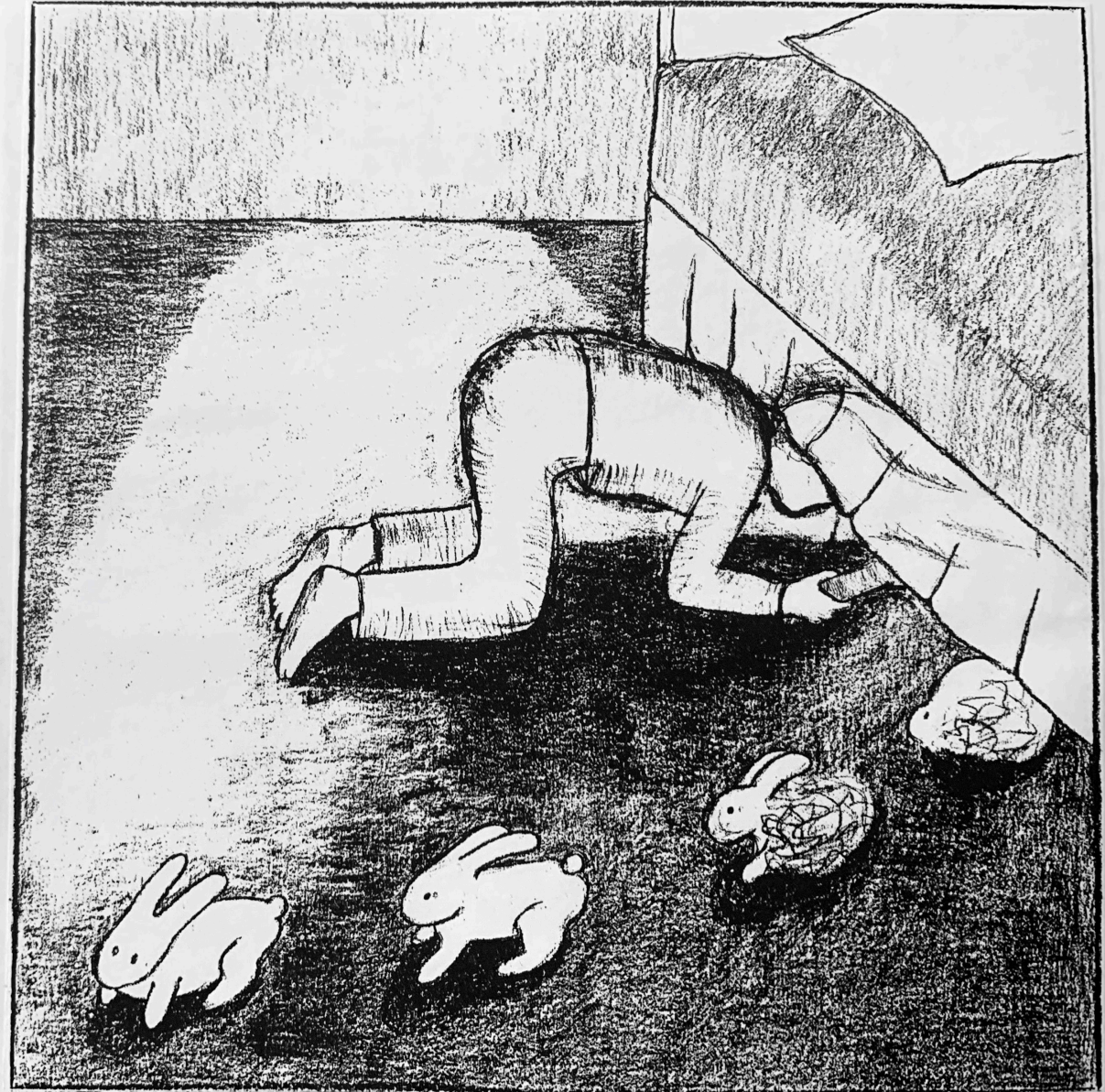


Cris looked at it more closely and realized it was a cute little bunny. He picked it up, but it wriggled out of his hands and ran under the bed.

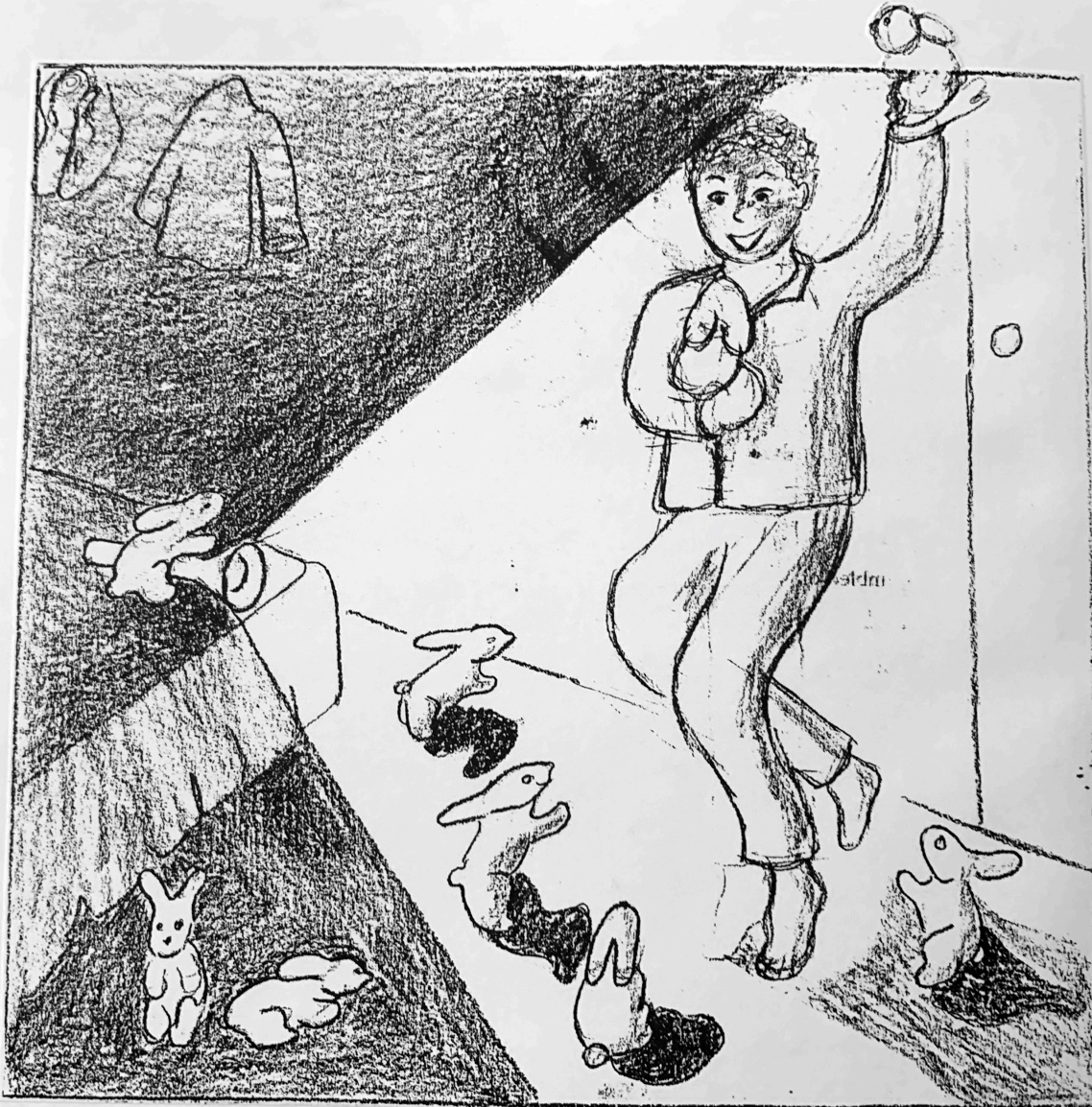
Dust Bunnies

Hoping to find the bunny, Cris got down on his hands and knees and looked under his dust ruffle. A few more bunnies crept out.

They hopped around on the floor then timidly went back to their hiding place.



Dust Bunnies



The next night he was so excited about seeing the bunnies again he couldn't fall asleep.

When the house was very quiet, he heard a rustling. The dust bunnies tumbled out from under the bed and jumped on top of Cris. He danced around the room with them. They giggled softly, which he thought was a very happy sound.

After a while, the bunnies scurried under the bed.

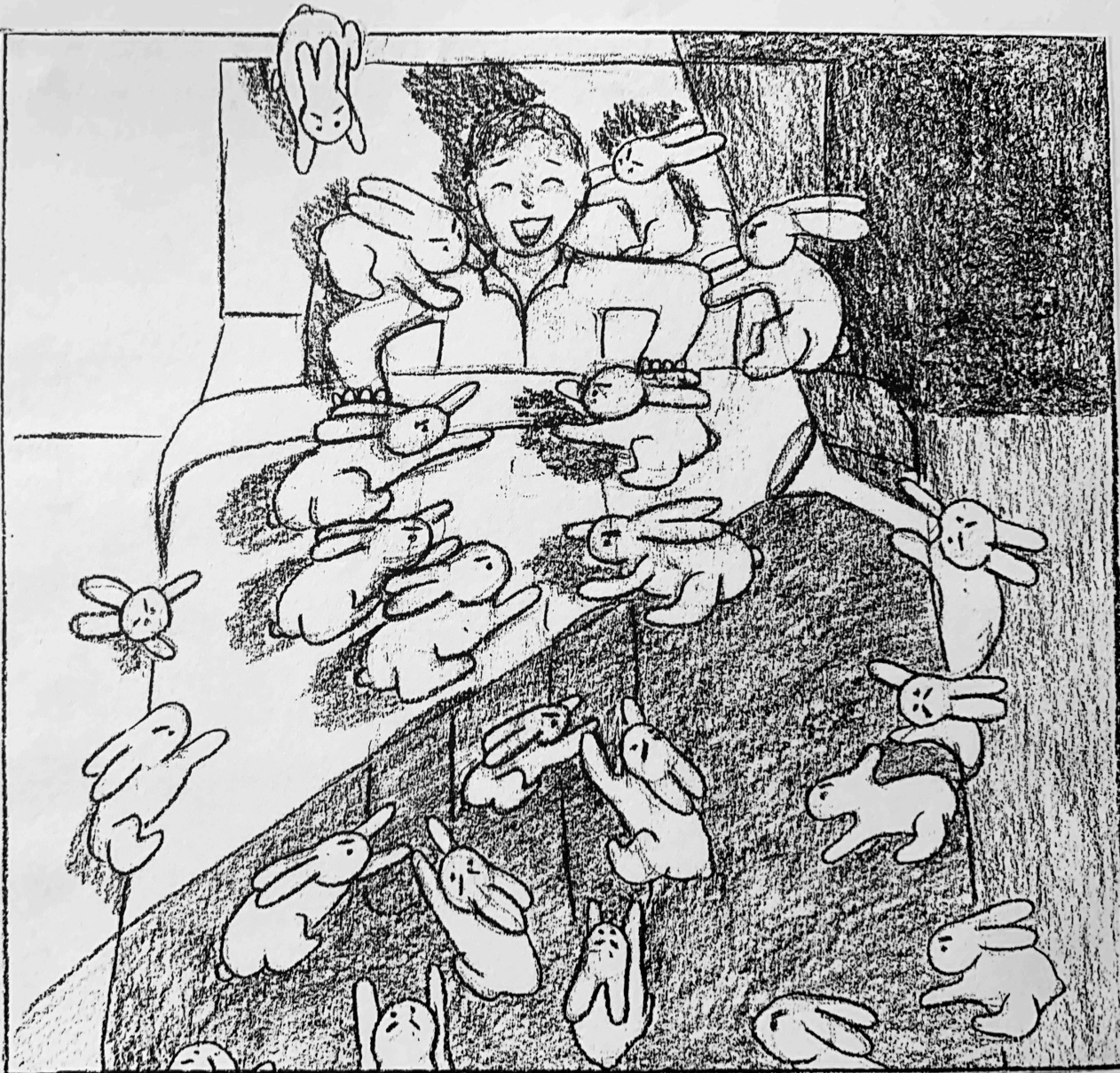
Dust Bunnies

On the following night, Cris waited and waited. He listened for the bunnies.

Sure enough, when everyone was sound asleep, the bunnies came bounding out from under the bed. This time they jumped up onto his bed and tickled him while laughing their happy little laughs.



Dust Bunnies

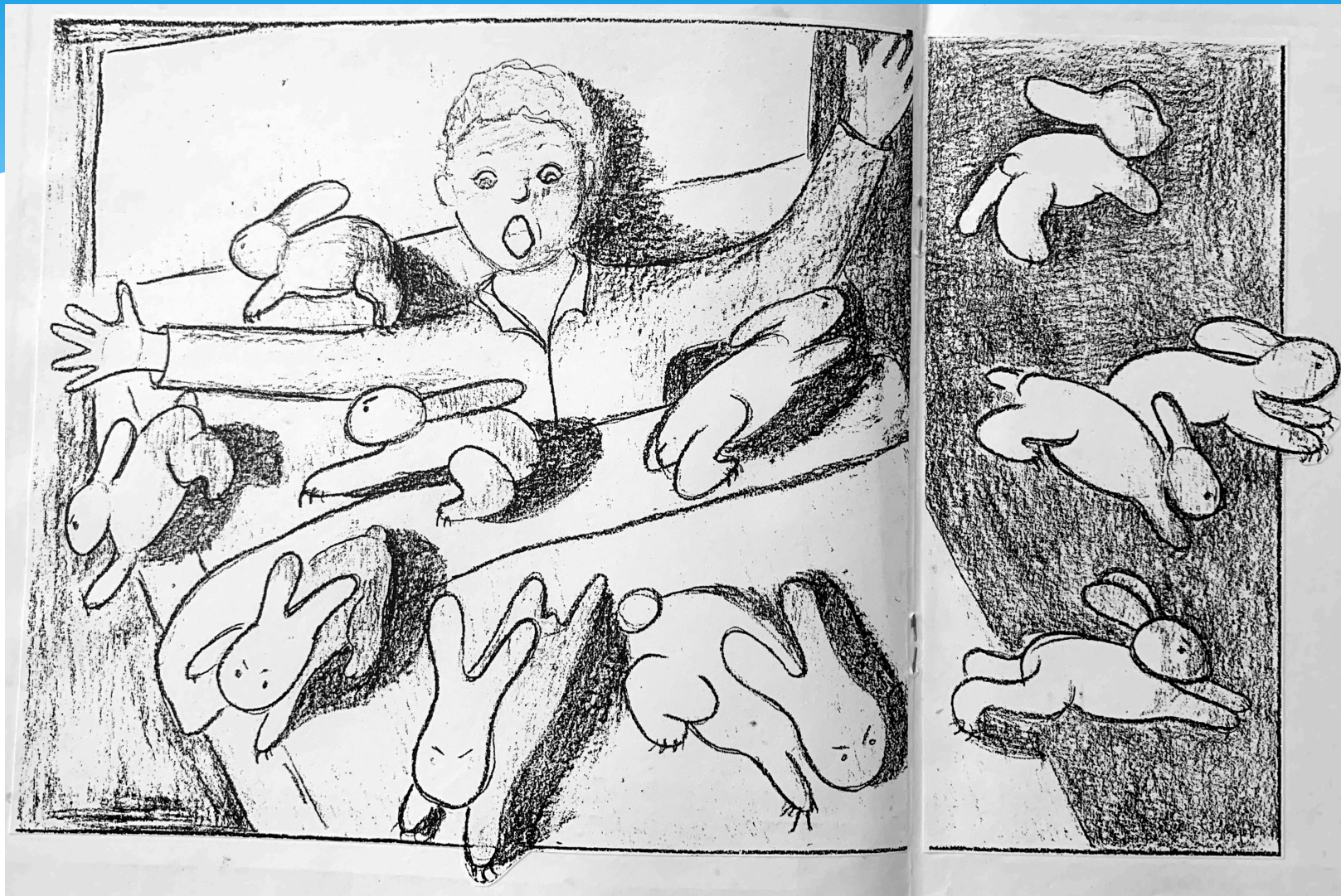


Then they started tickling him too much. Even though Cris was scared, he couldn't stop laughing.

"Stop! That's enough!" he yelled, pushing them away.

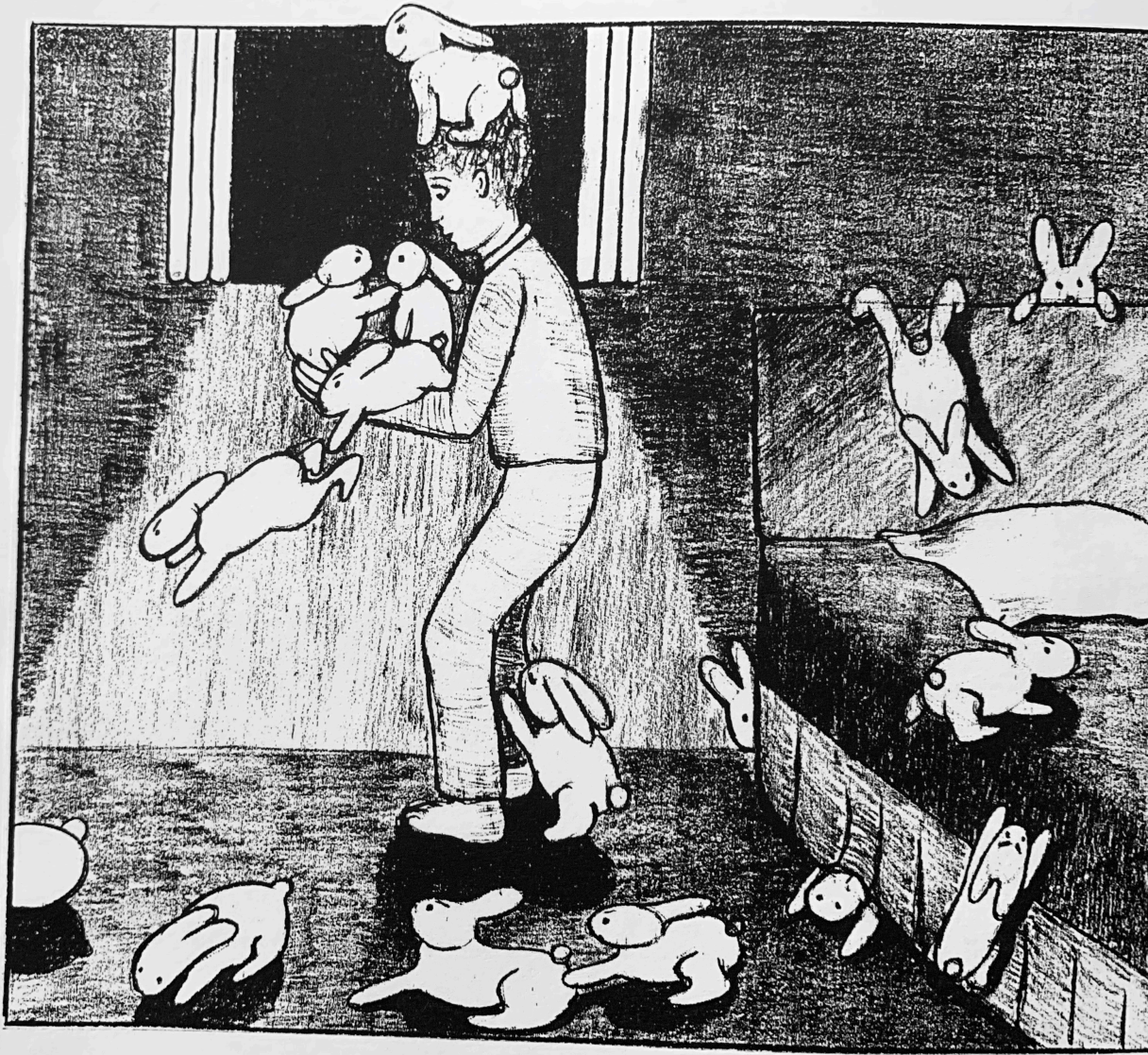
But they wouldn't go away. They kept tickling him.

Dust Bunnies



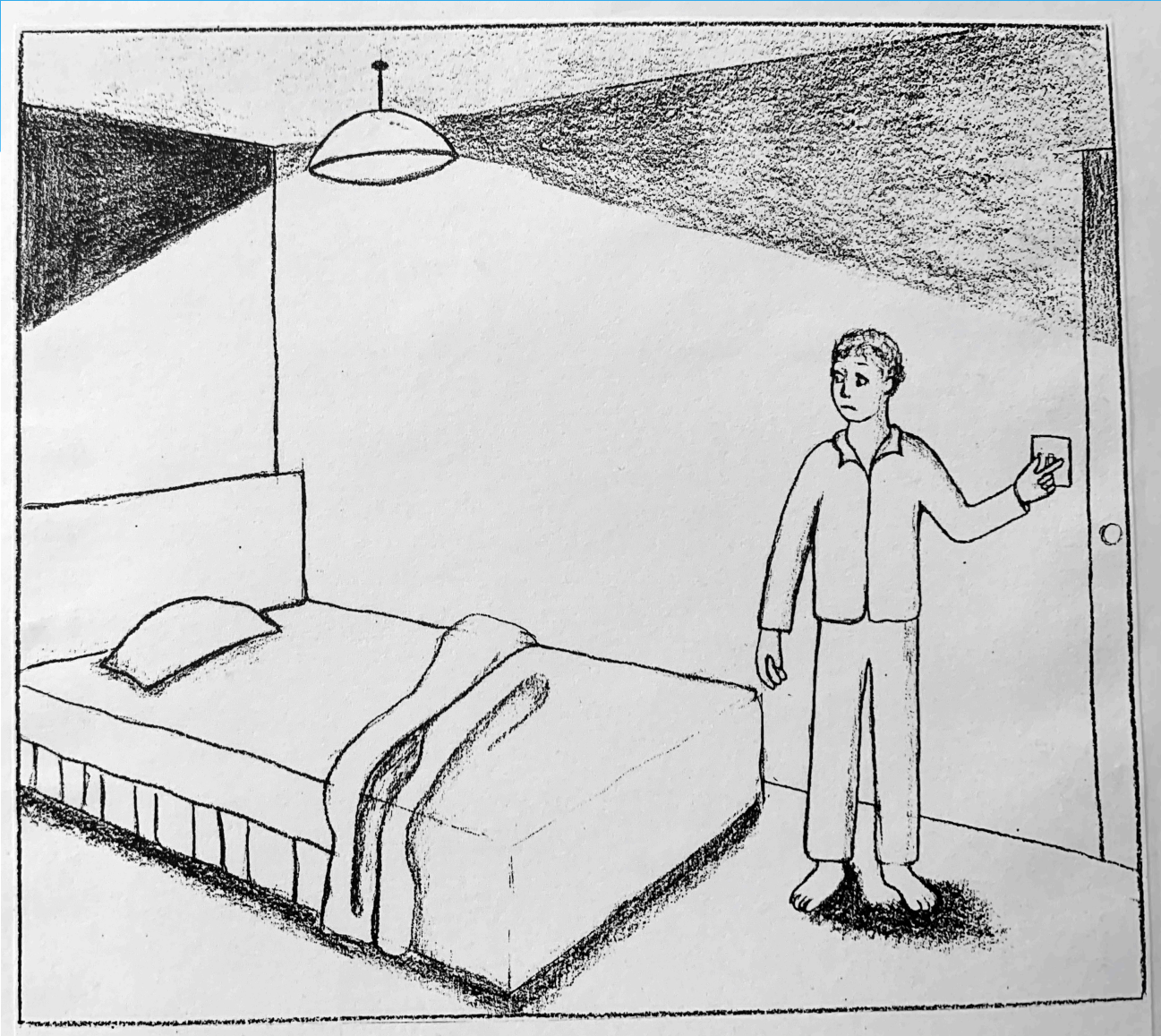
"Go away, bunnies," he yelled, leaping up from his bed.

Dust Bunnies



He tried to shove them out the window, but they wriggled from his hands. More and more bunnies kept coming out from under the bed.

Dust Bunnies



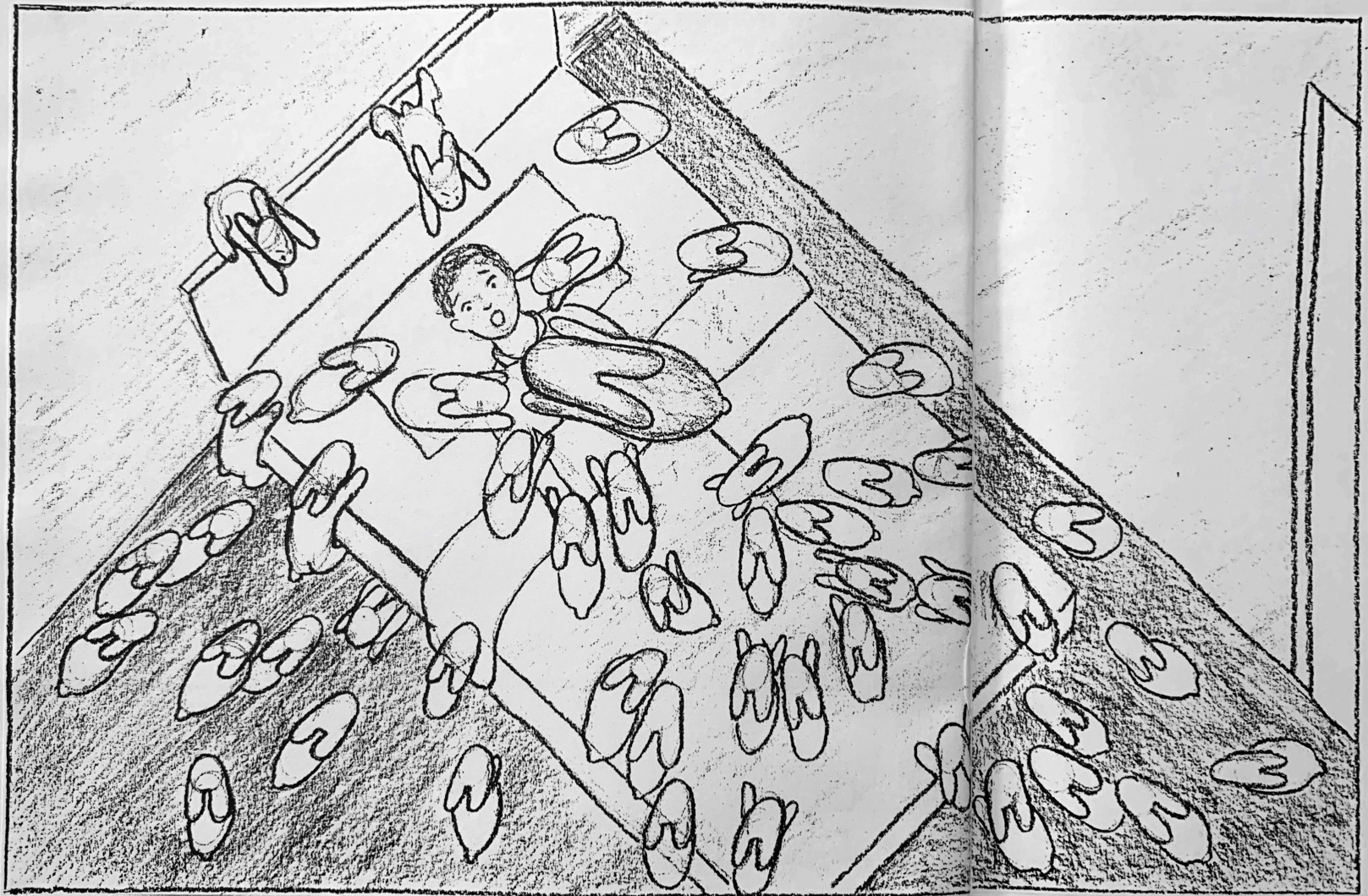
When he turned his light on to try to figure out what to do, all the bunnies disappeared.

Cris decided to go to bed with the lights on. But he couldn't sleep, so he turned them off.

After a long time, he started to doze.



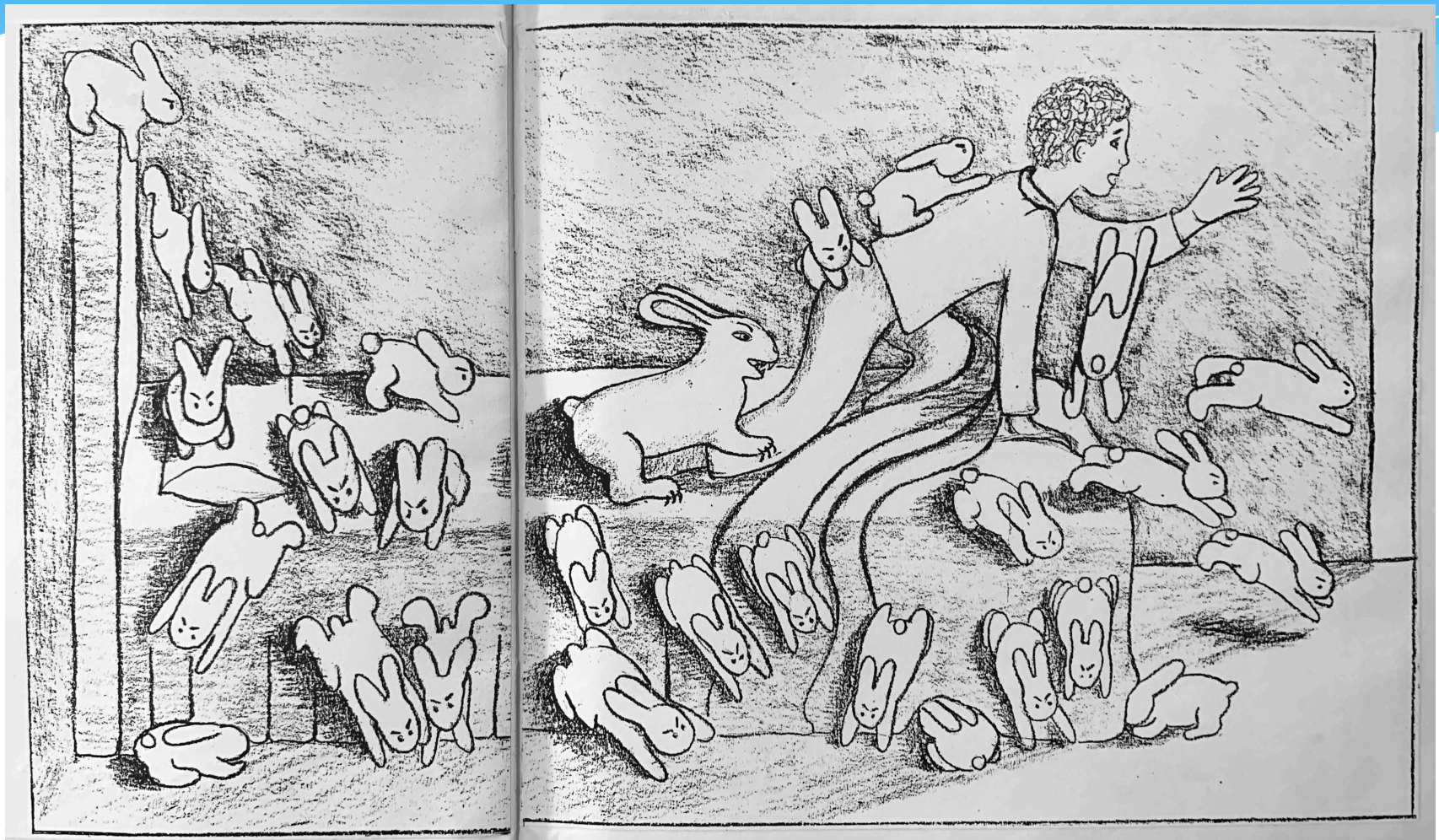
Suddenly he felt a heavy thump right in the middle of his chest.
When he opened his eyes, he saw a big, mean dust bunny sitting on top of him. And this time it had long, sharp teeth.



It gave a little scream, and all the other dust bunnies jumped on him and tickled him until he could hardly stand it. Their laughs turned into a frantic cackling.

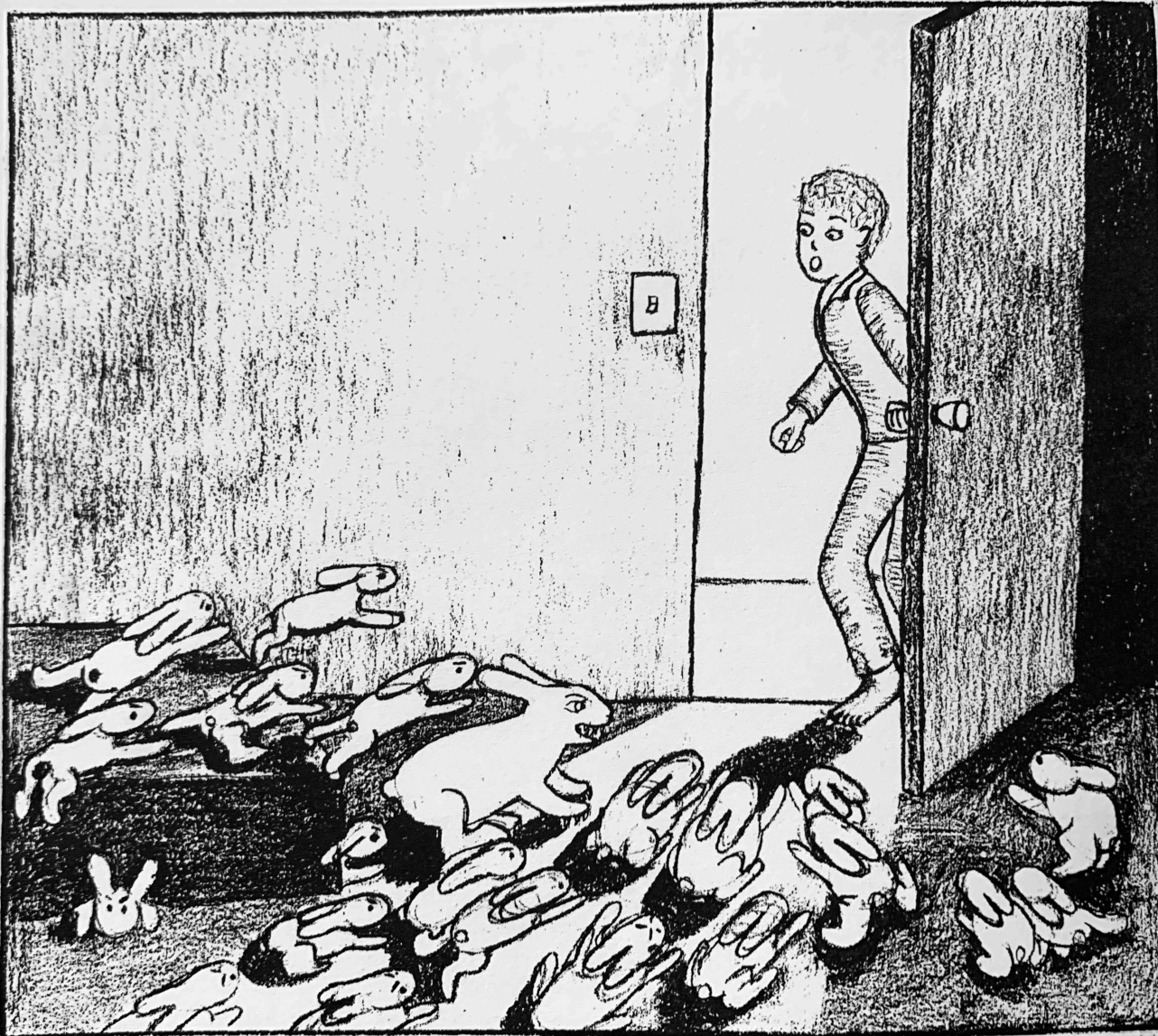
"Stop! Stop!" He shouted. They were holding him down with their claws.

Even though he didn't feel a bit like laughing, he couldn't stop. He gathered up all his strength and shook them off.



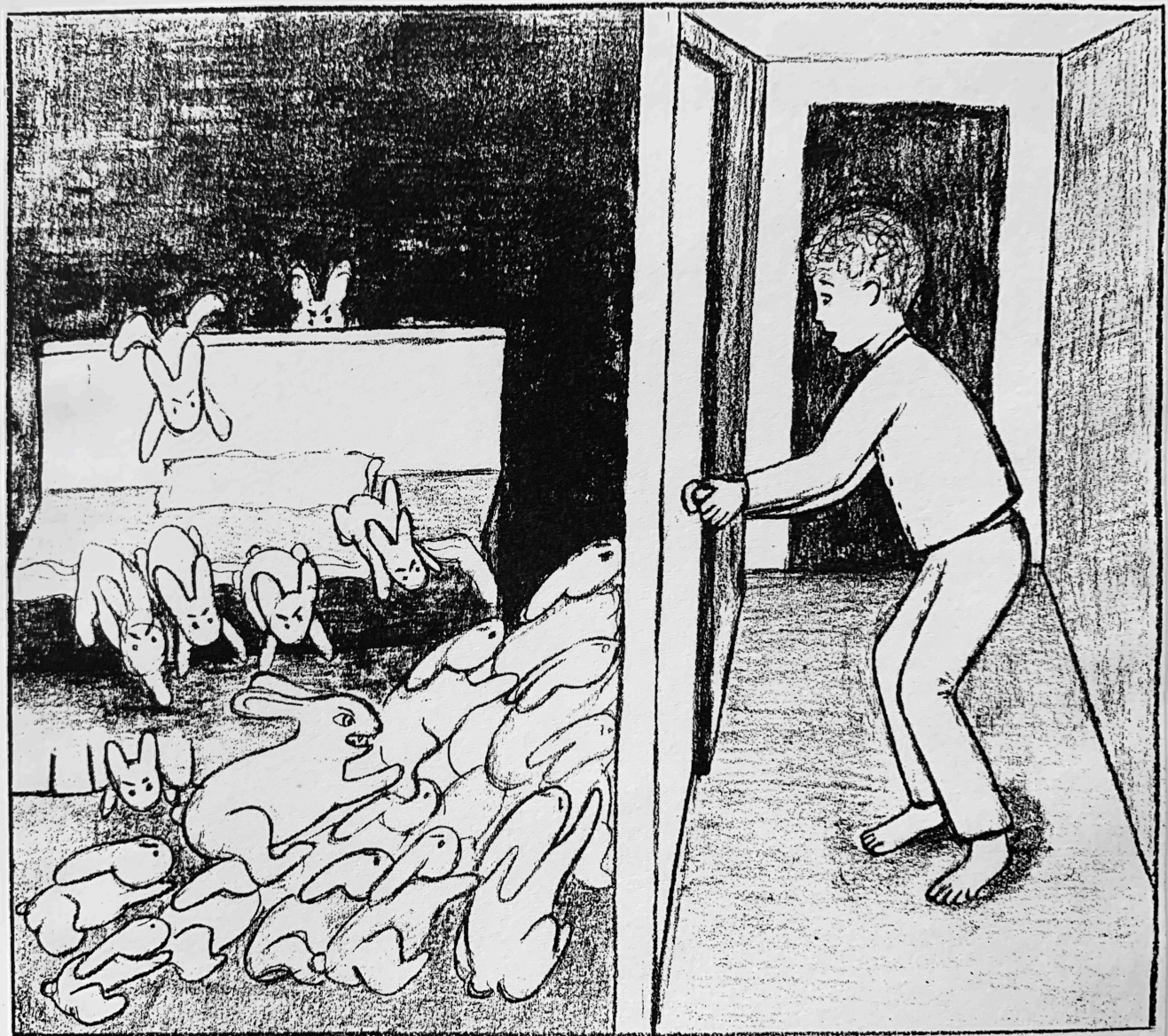
Dust Bunnies

Cris
ran for the
door.



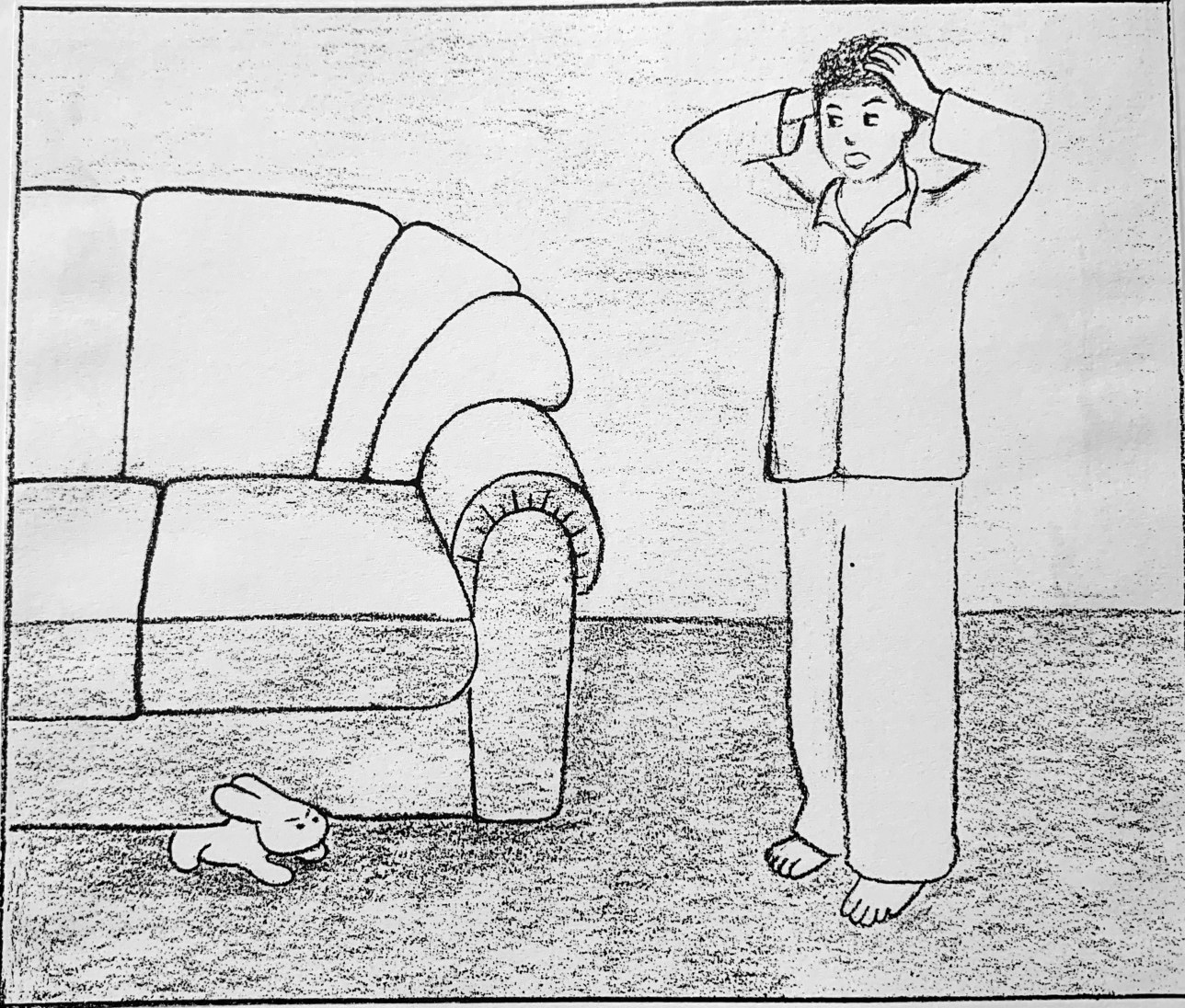
Dust Bunnies

When he reached the hallway, he slammed the door behind him, trying to catch his breath.



Dust Bunnies

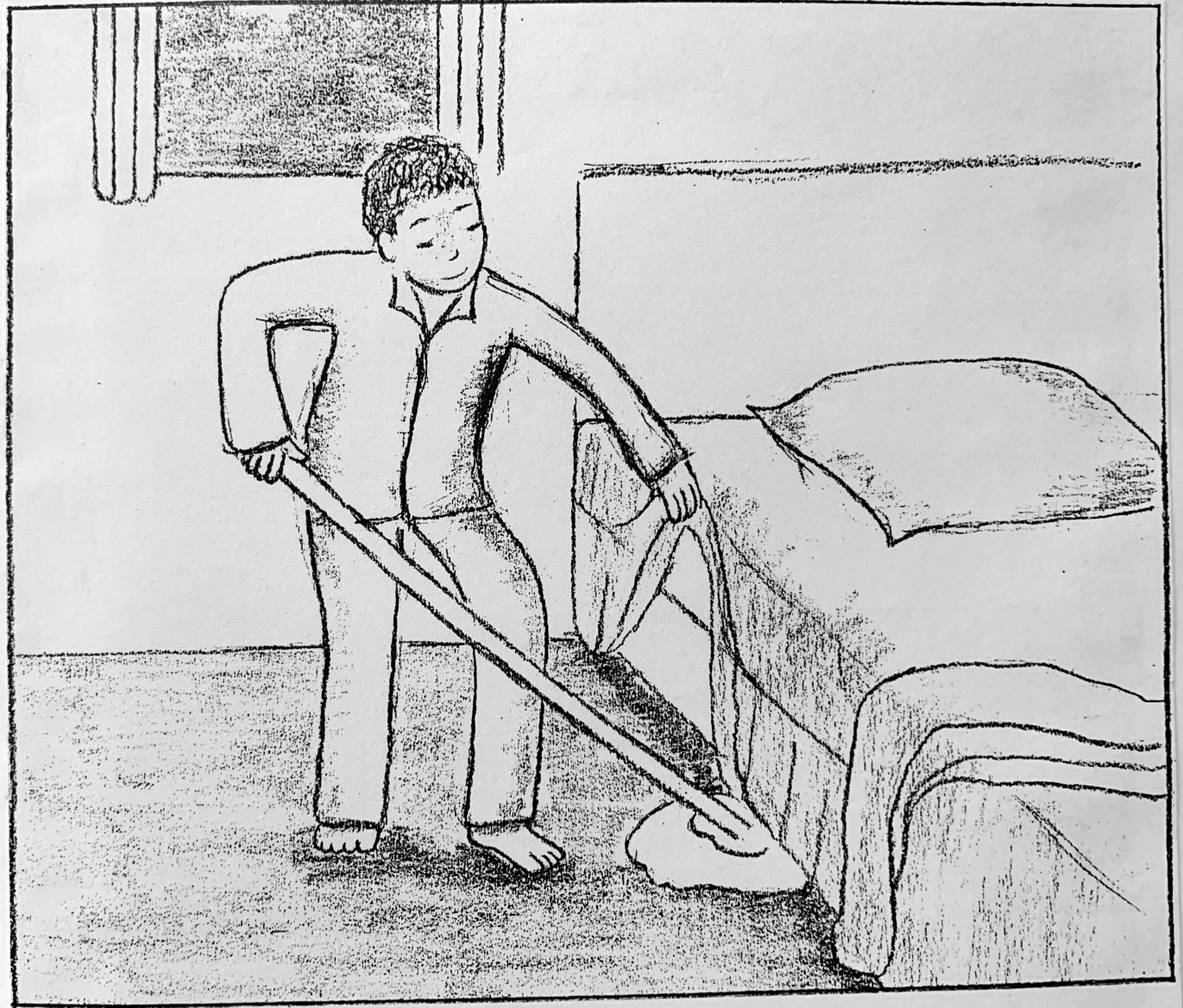
He went downstairs. "Oh no," he said as he watched a dust bunny poking its nose out from under the couch. "Now they're in the living room."



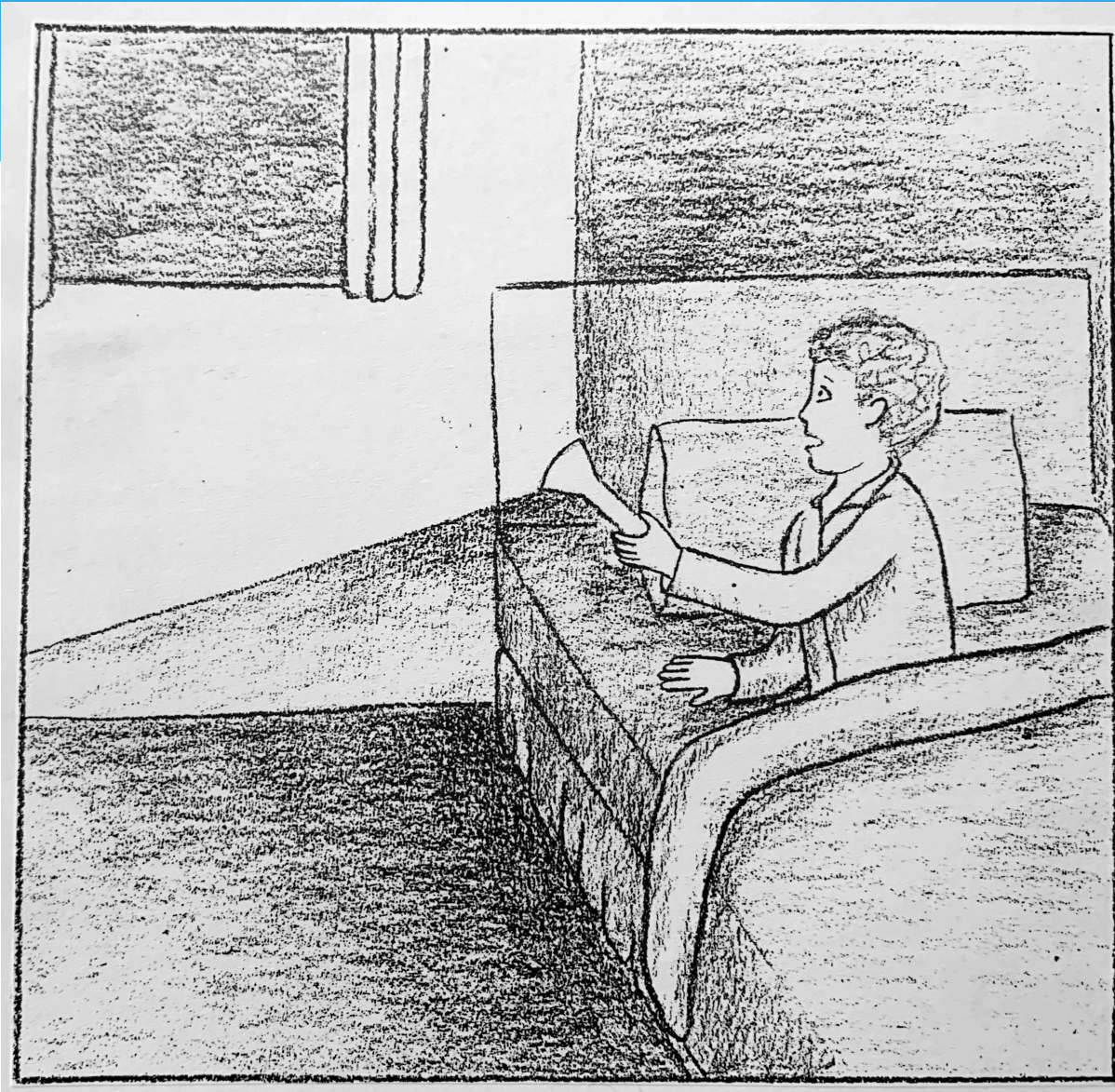
Dust Bunnies

Cris quickly grabbed a dust mop and ran up to his room. He turned the light on to make the bunnies change back into dust.

Leaning under his bed, he mopped up every ball of dust, went outside and shook the dust into the garbage can. Then he dusted under every piece of furniture in his house and shook his mop outside again.



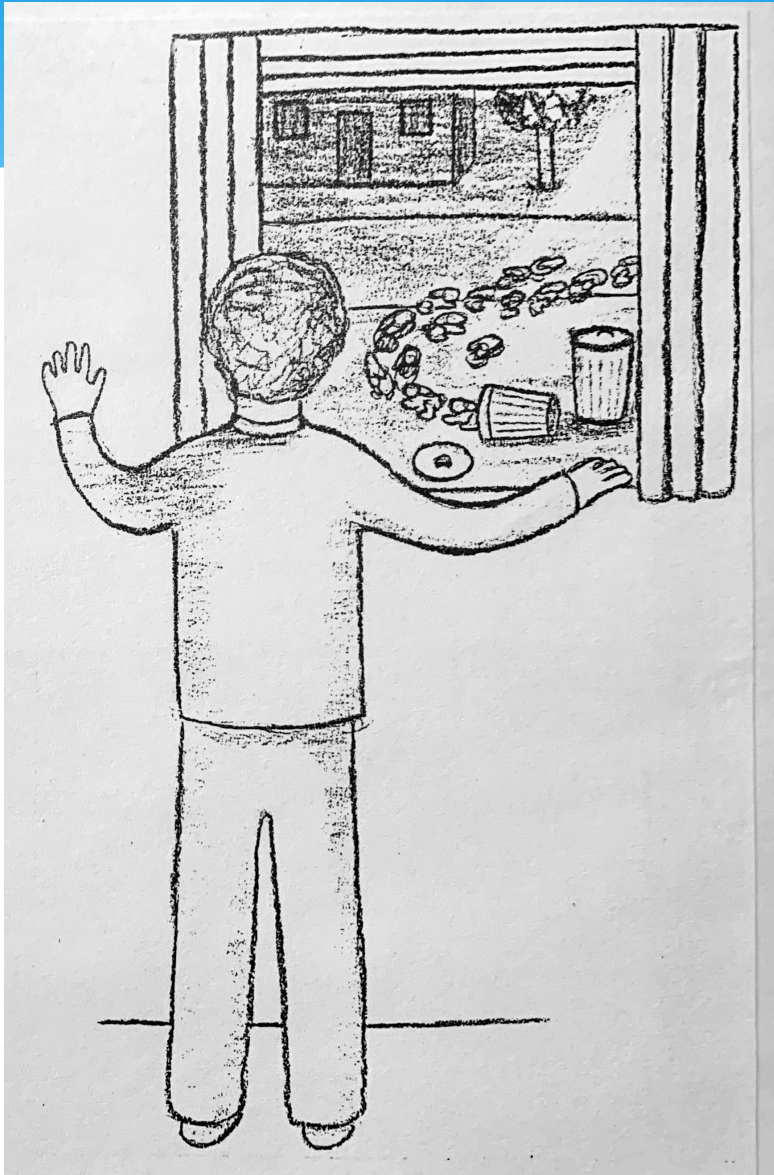
Dust Bunnies



After he had gotten rid of every speck of dust, he peacefully settled into his bed.

But then a thumping noise outside his window woke him up. He got out of bed and looked out onto the driveway.

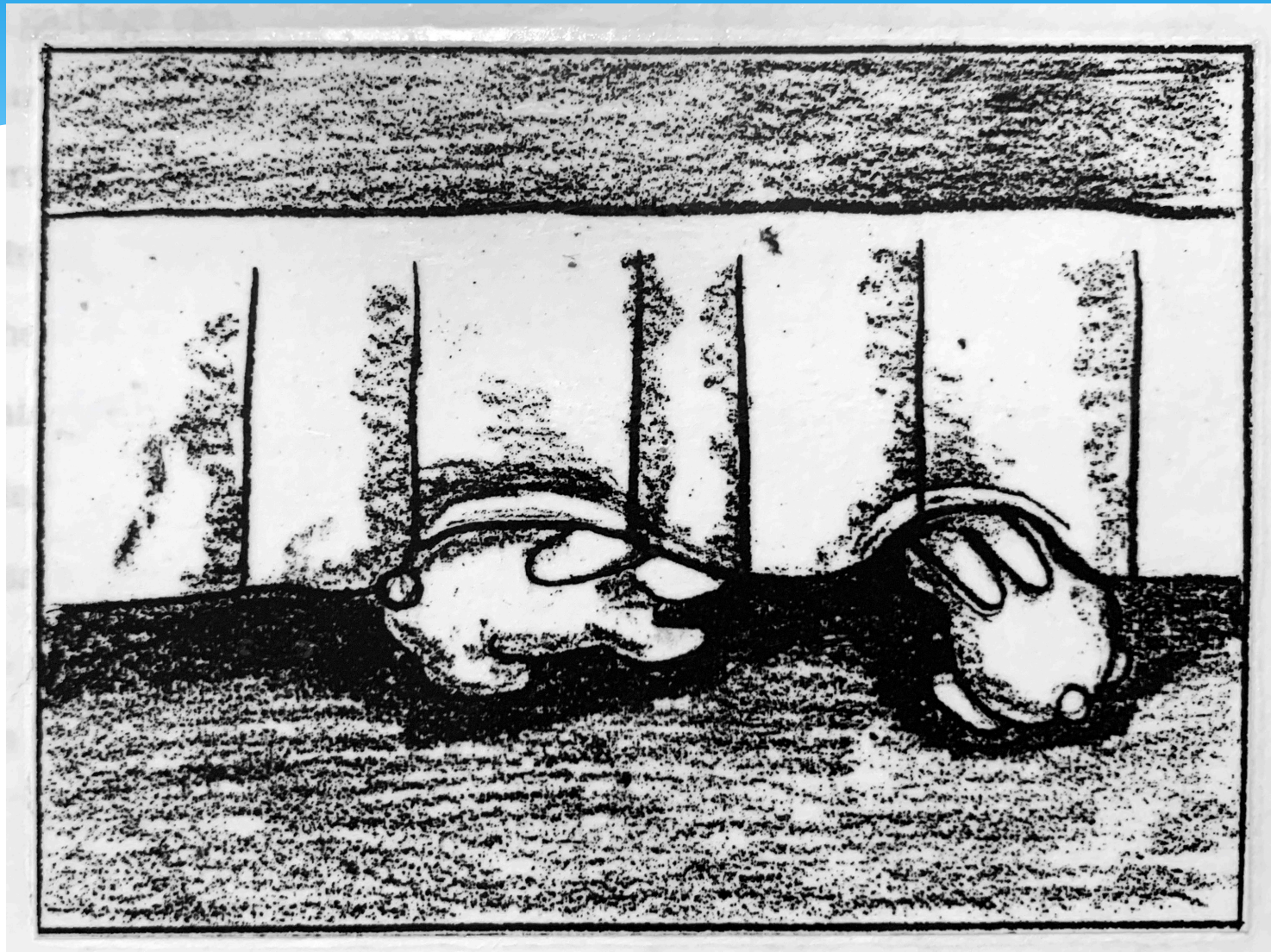
Dust Bunnies



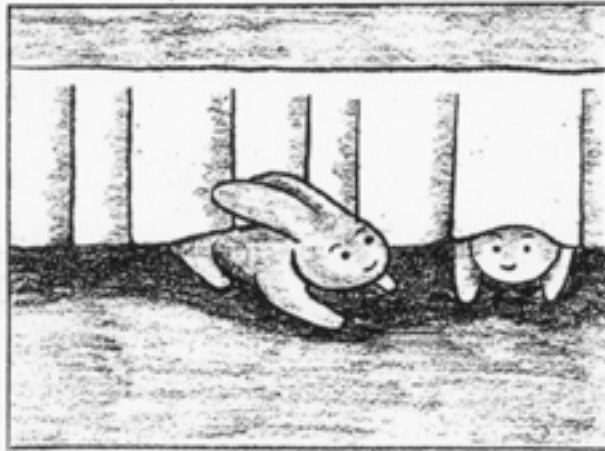
The garbage can had turned over and bunnies were skittering down the street. That should be the last of them," he said to himself. "What a relief."

Cris sank down into his bed, ready for a good night's sleep.

Dust Bunnies



DUST BUNNIES



Written and Illustrated
by Sally Bosco

The
End



ART MEDIA



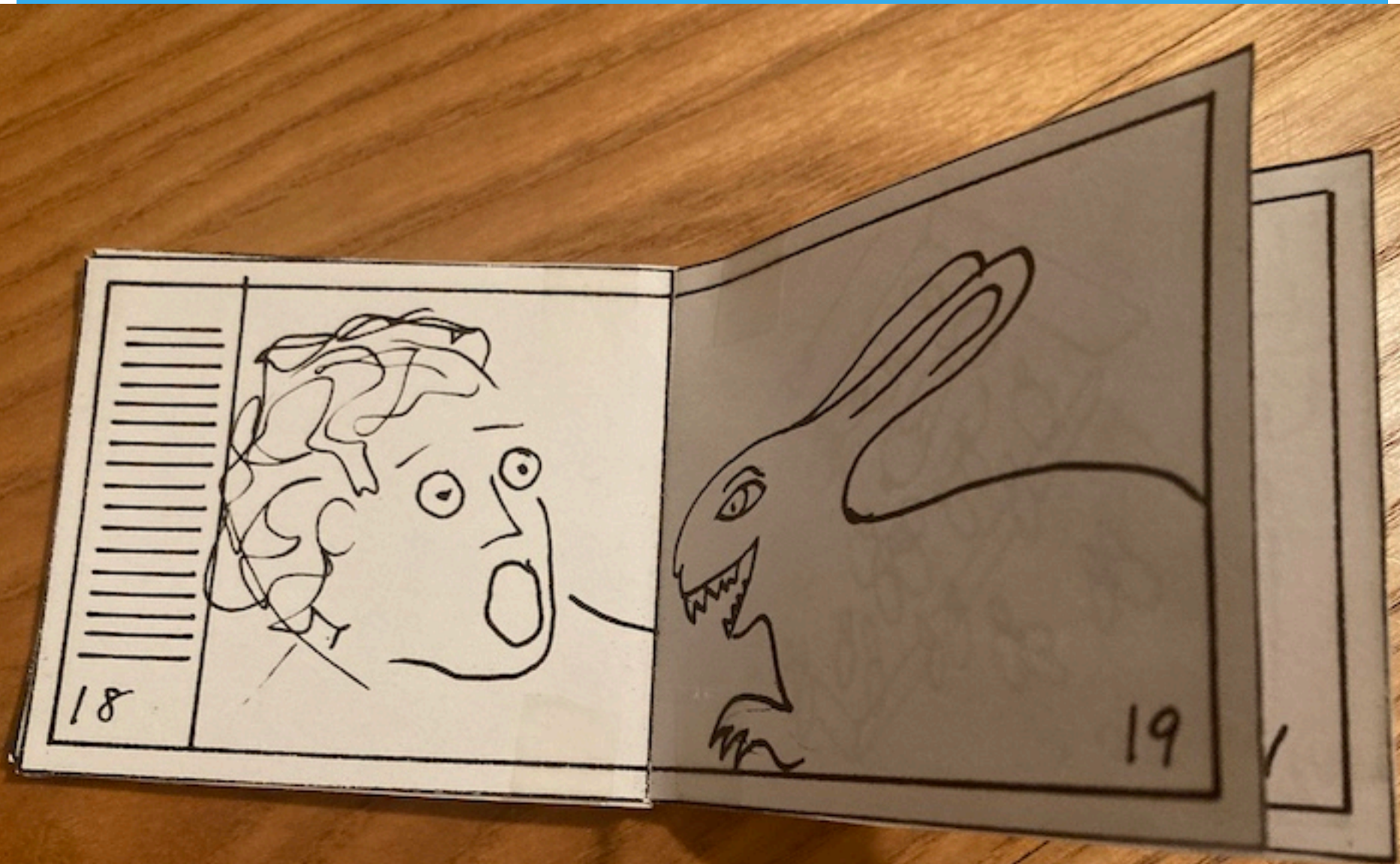
Different Illustration Technique



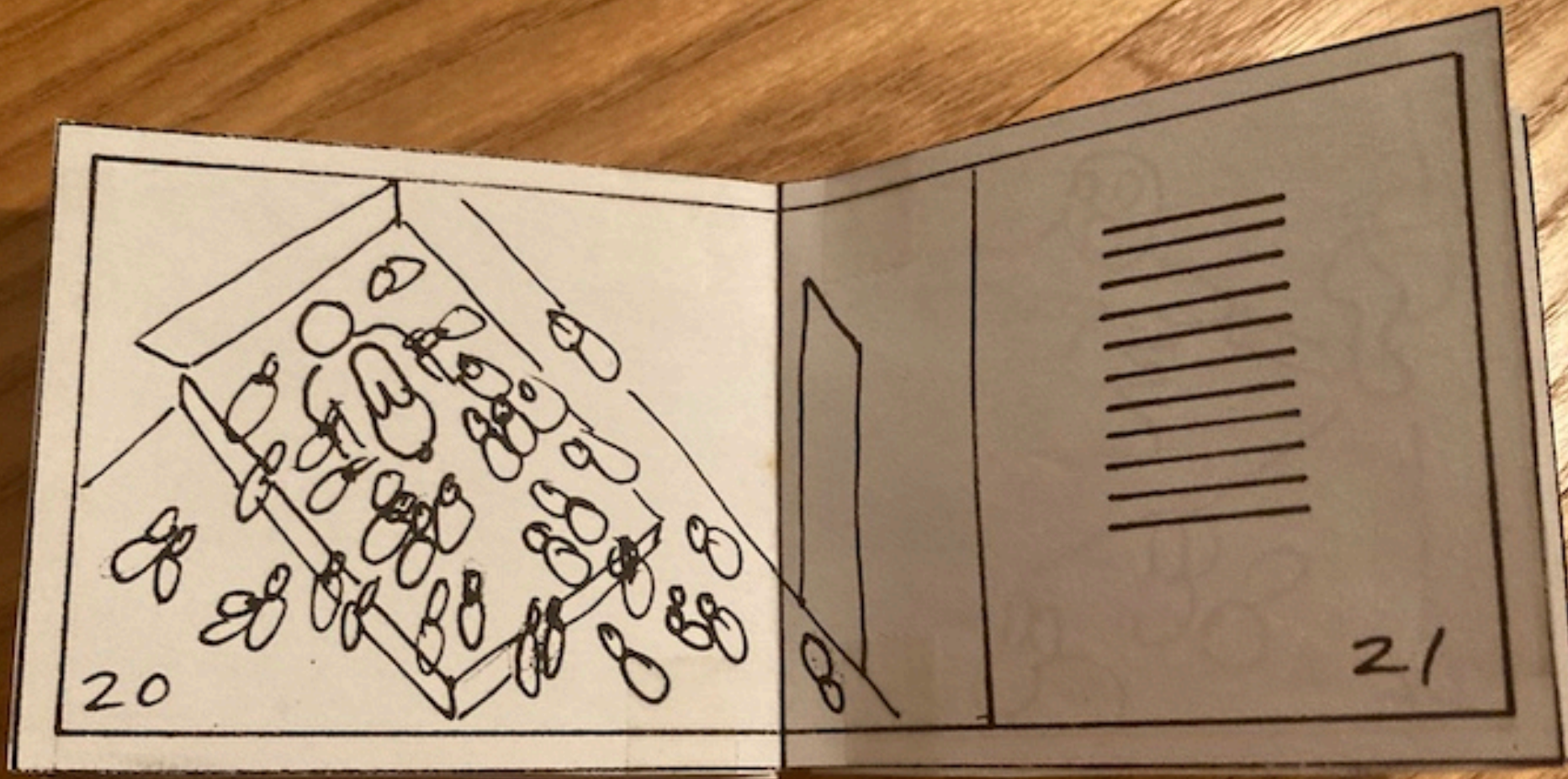
ART MEDIA



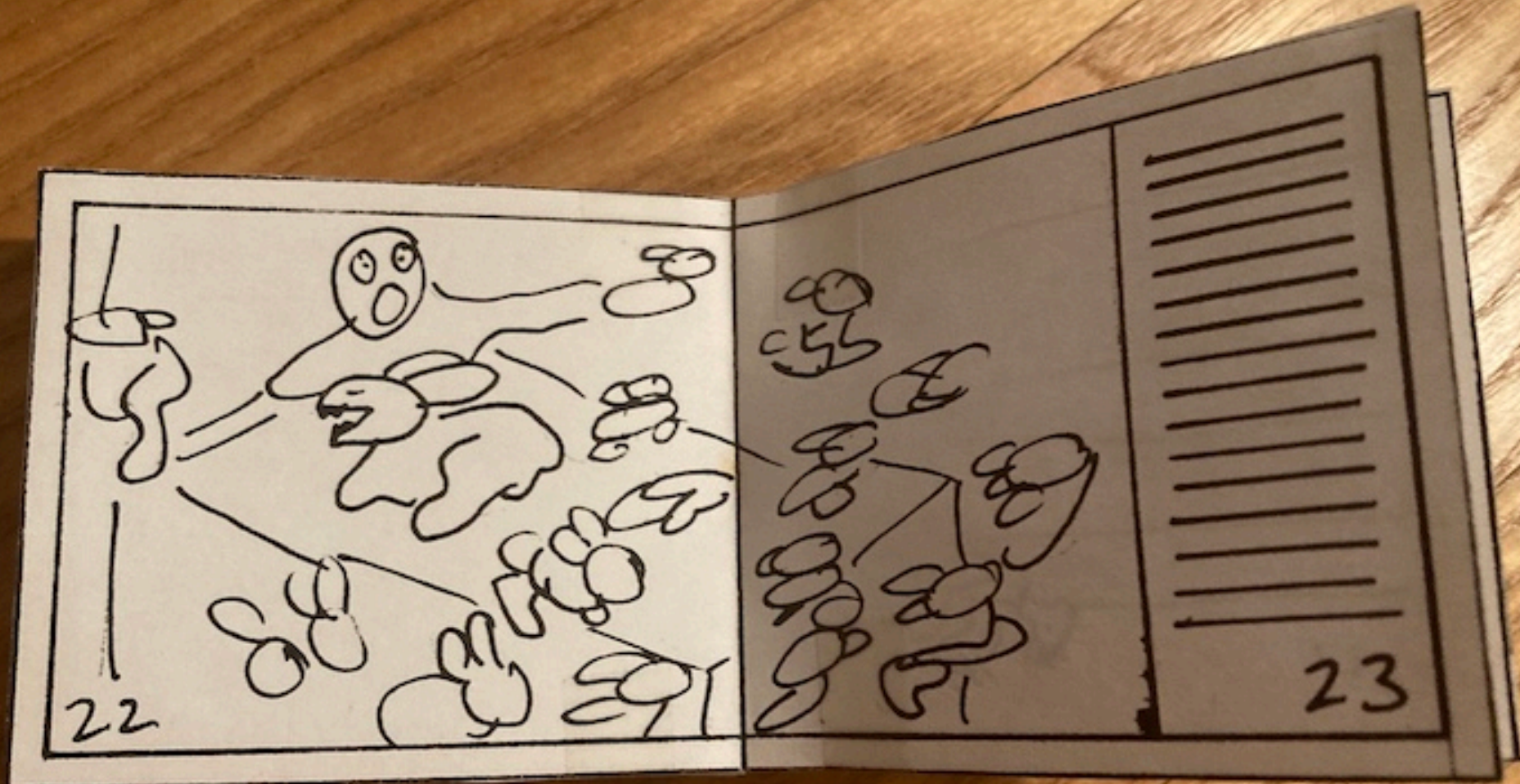
Dummy Books



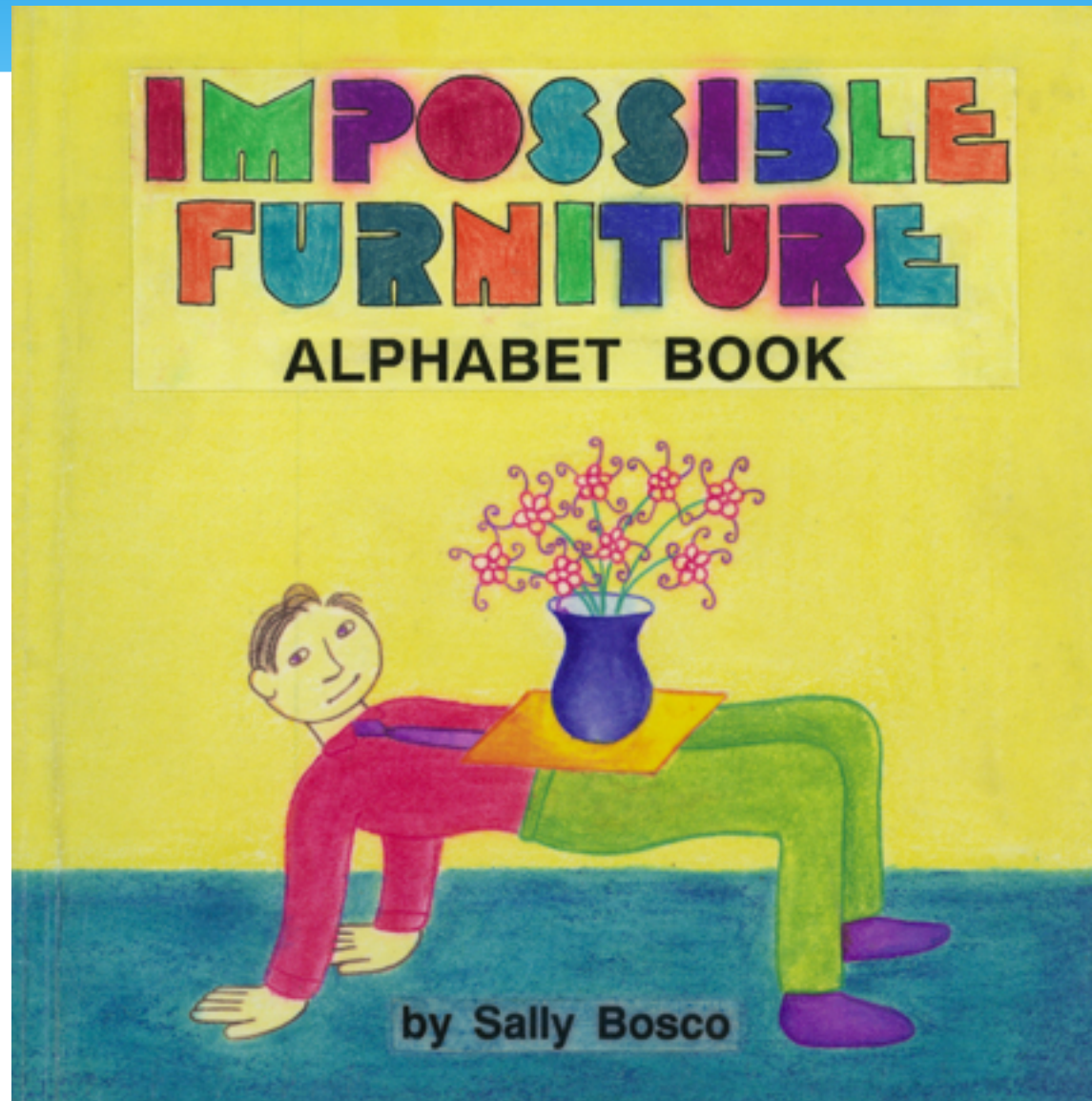
Dummy Books



Dummy Books

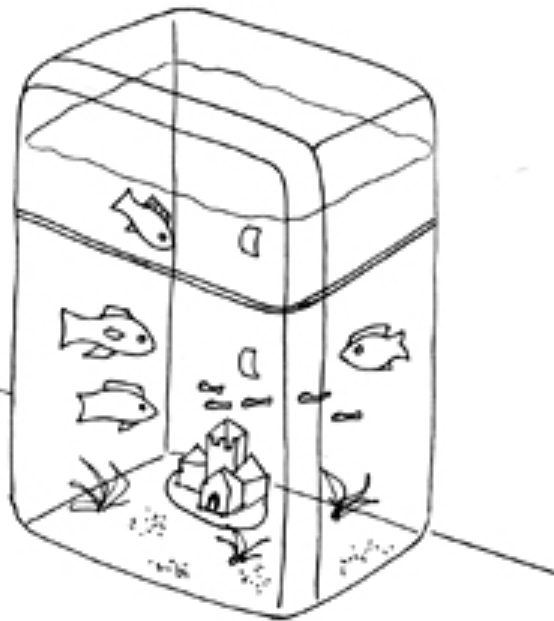


Impossible Furniture



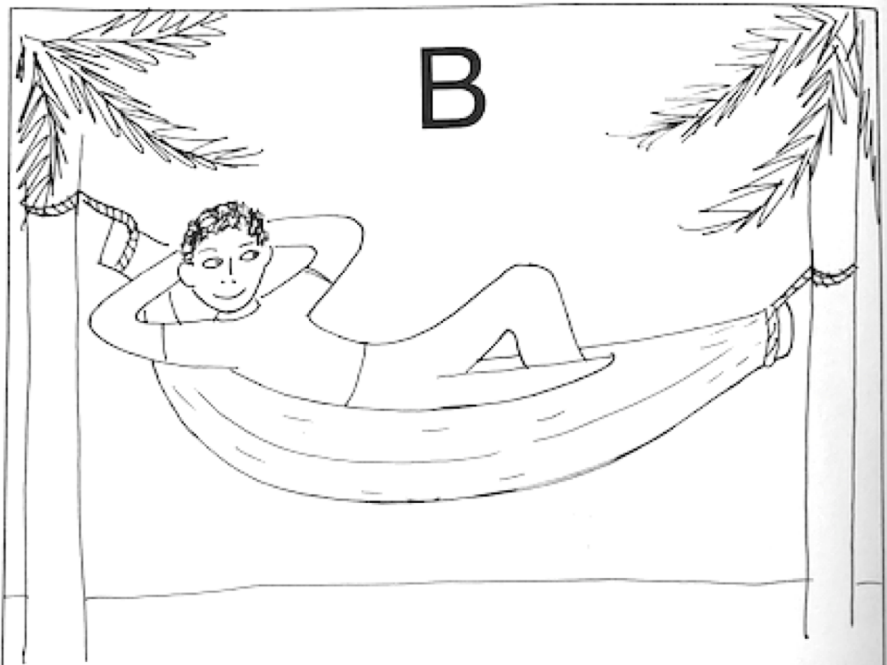
Impossible Furniture

A



**AQUARIUM
REFRIGERATOR**

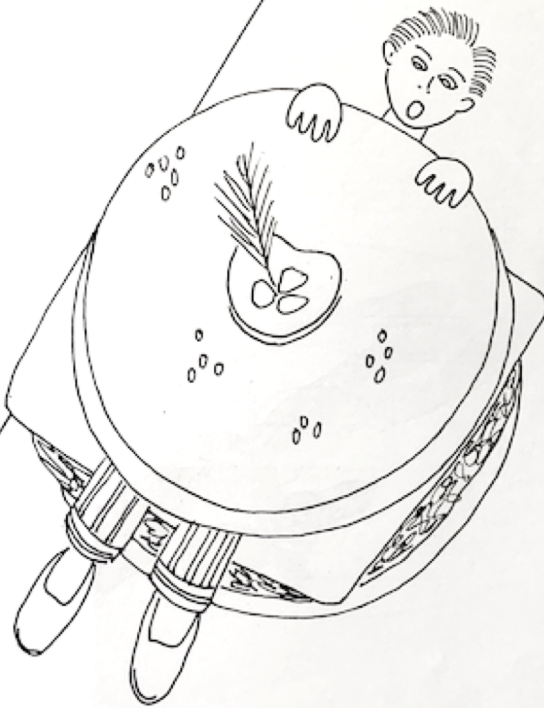
B



**BANANA
HAMMOCK**

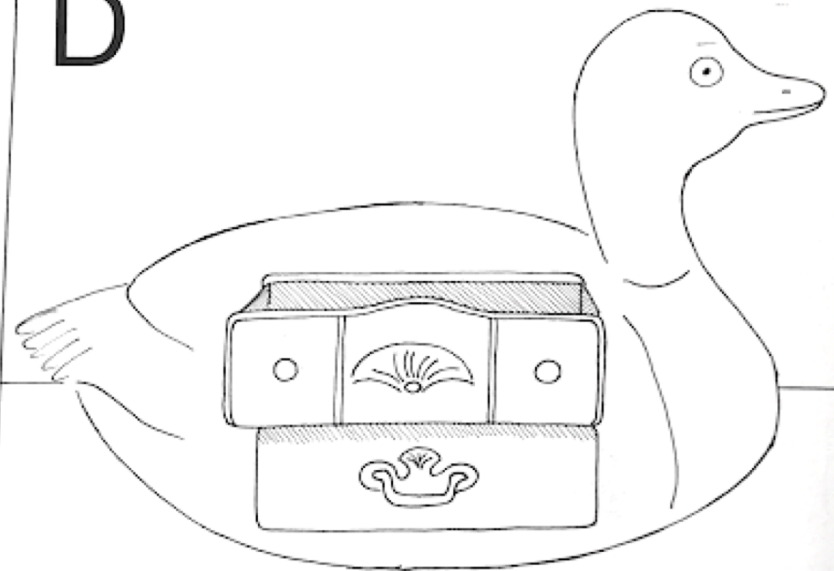
Impossible Furniture

C



**CHEESEBURGER
BED**

D



DUCK DRESSER

Impossible Furniture

E



EGG RECLINER

F

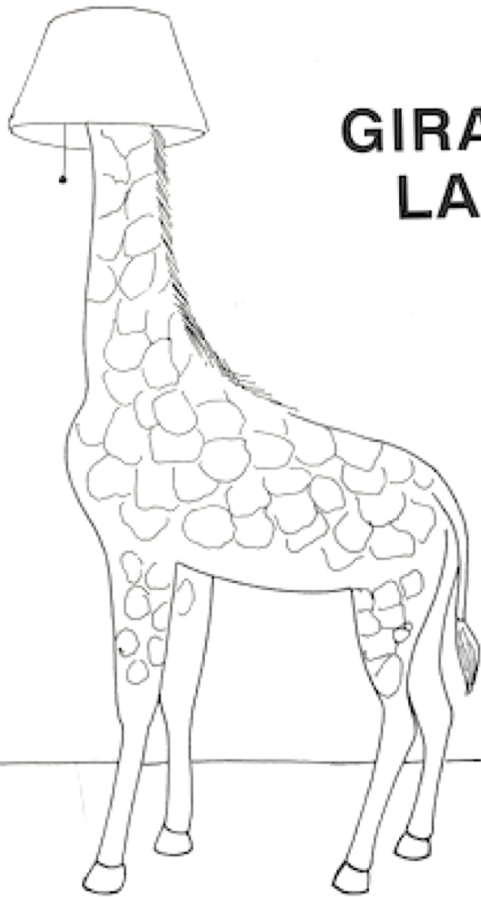


**FERRIS WHEEL
CHANDELIER**

Impossible Furniture

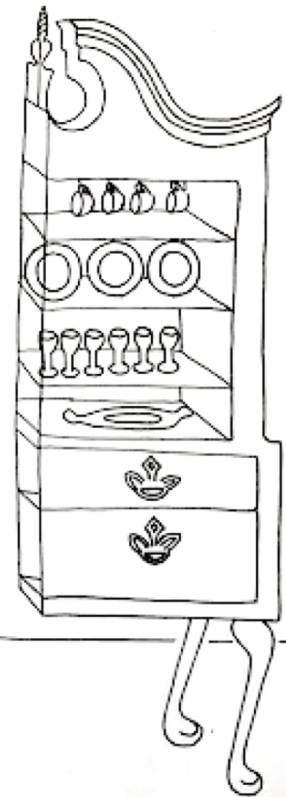
G

**GIRAFFE
LAMP**



H

**HALF
HUTCH**



Impossible Furniture



J



JUMPING VASE

Impossible Furniture

K



KANGAROO ROCKER

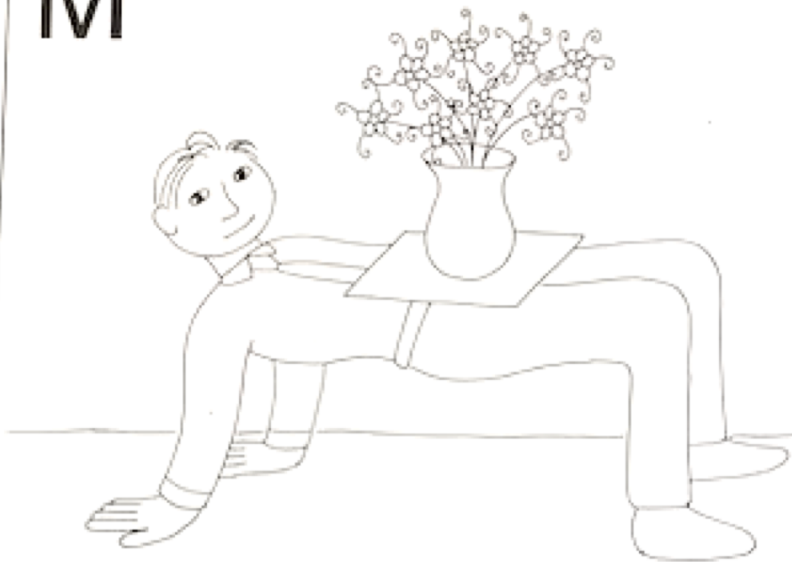
L



LADY CHAIR

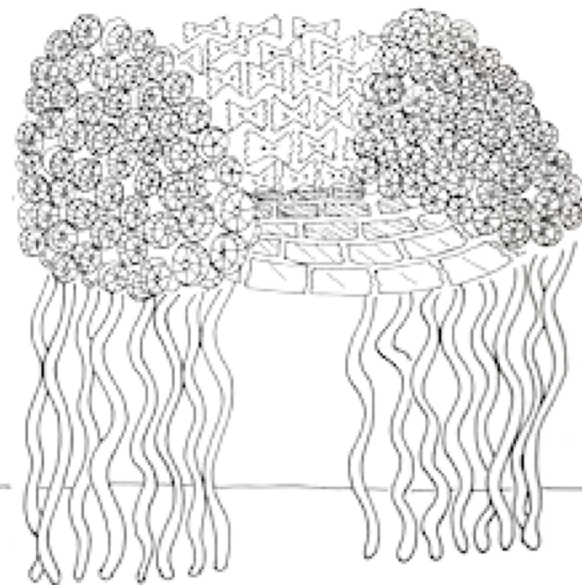
Impossible Furniture

M



MAN TABLE

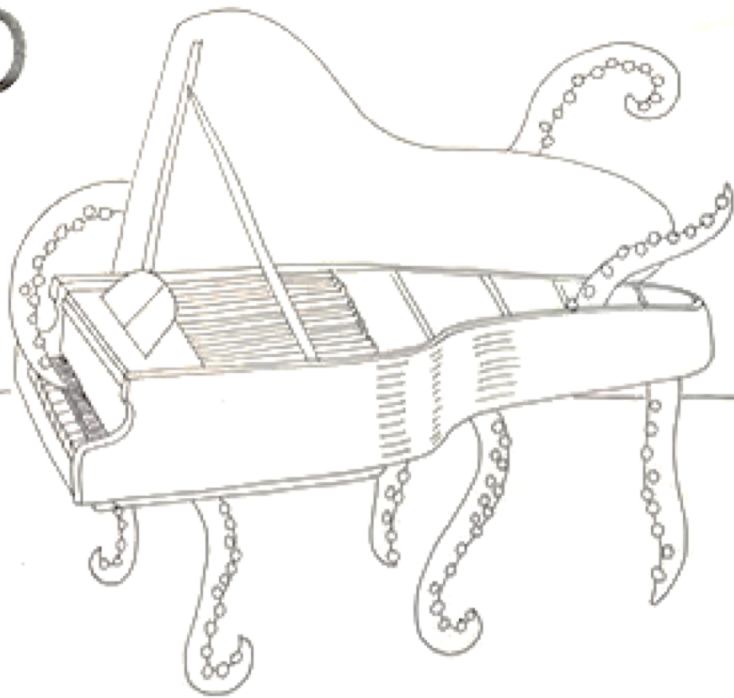
N



NOODLE SEAT

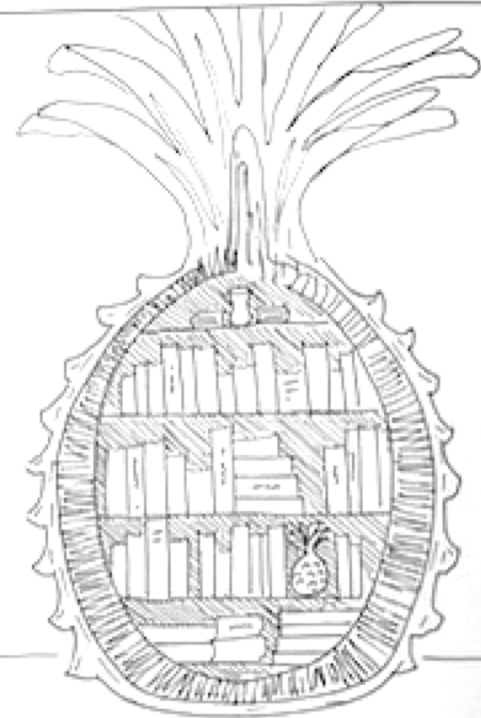
Impossible Furniture

O



OCTOPUS PIANO

P



PINEAPPLE BOOKCASE

Impossible Furniture

Q



**QUESTION MARK
CABINET**

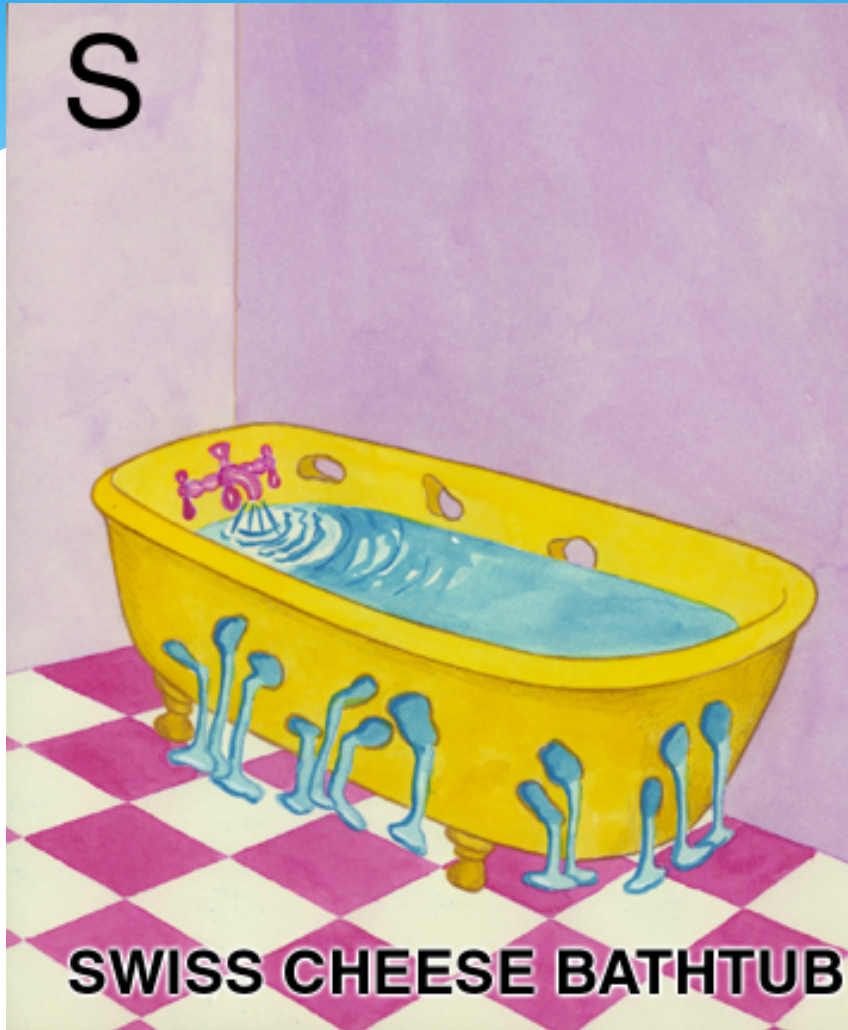
R



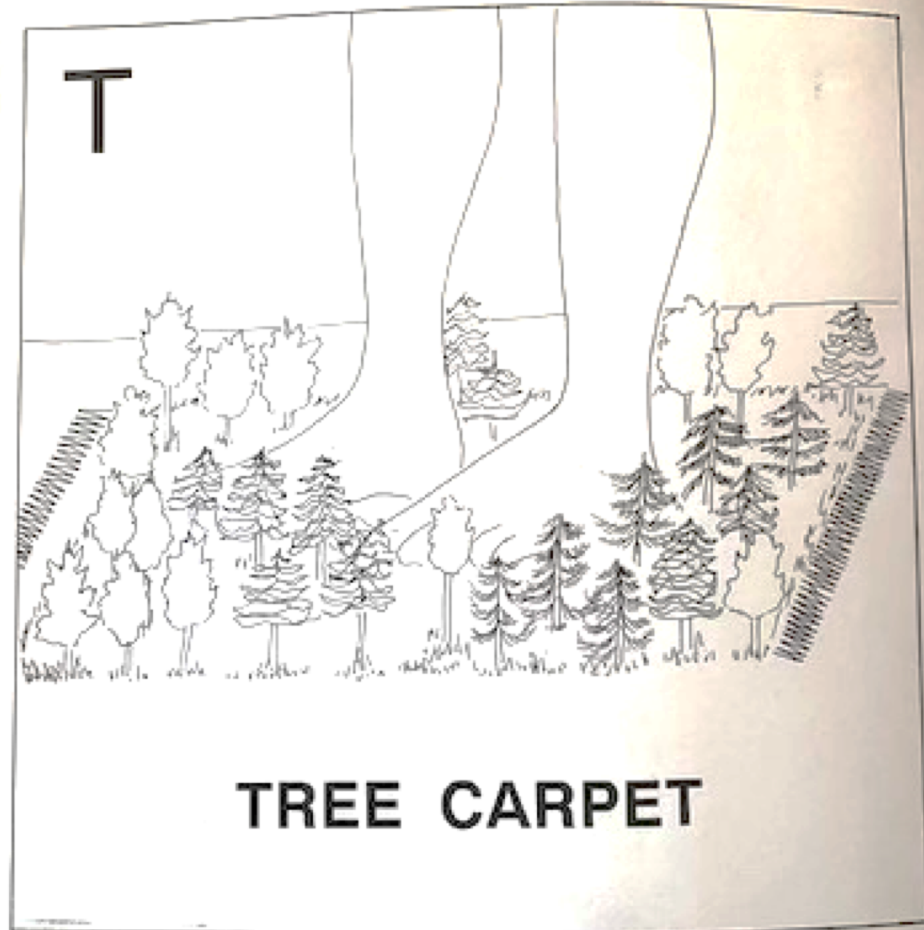
RISING SINK

Impossible Furniture

S

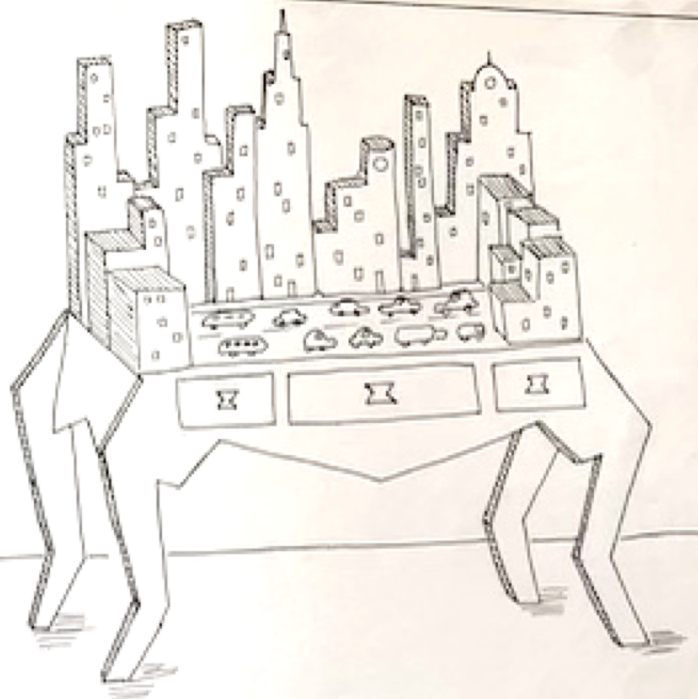


T



Impossible Furniture

U



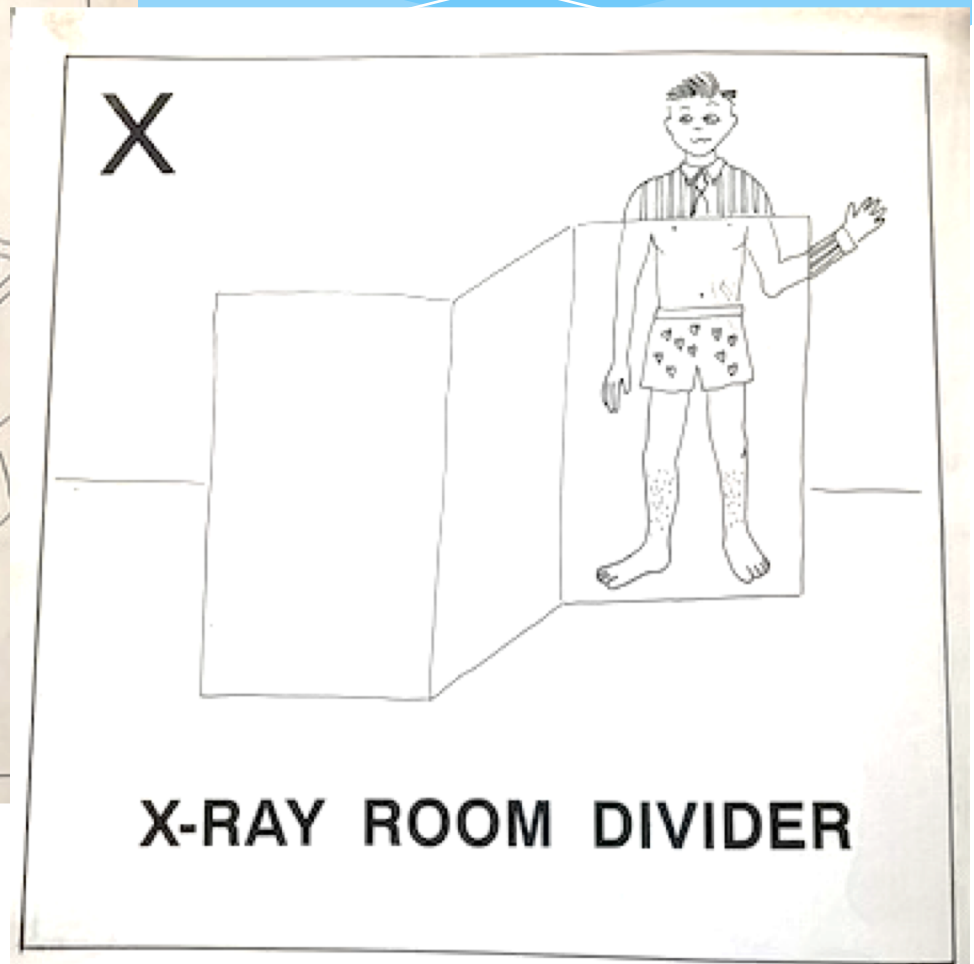
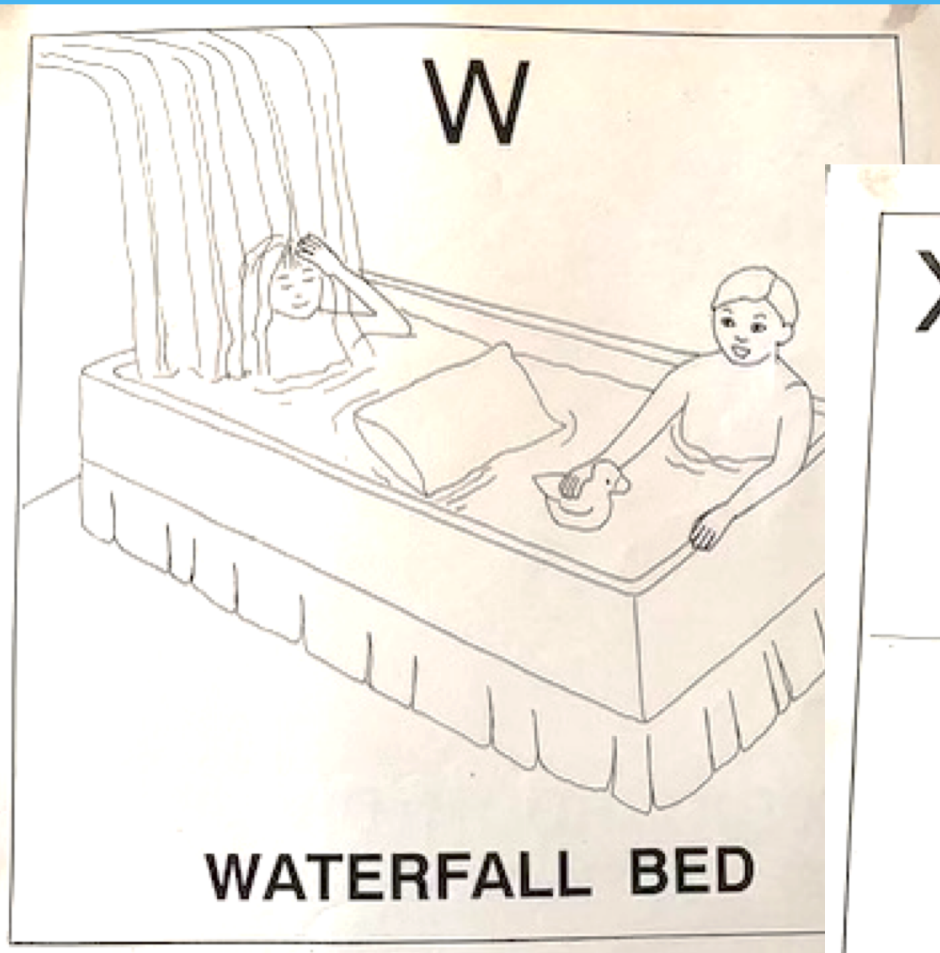
UPTOWN DESK

V



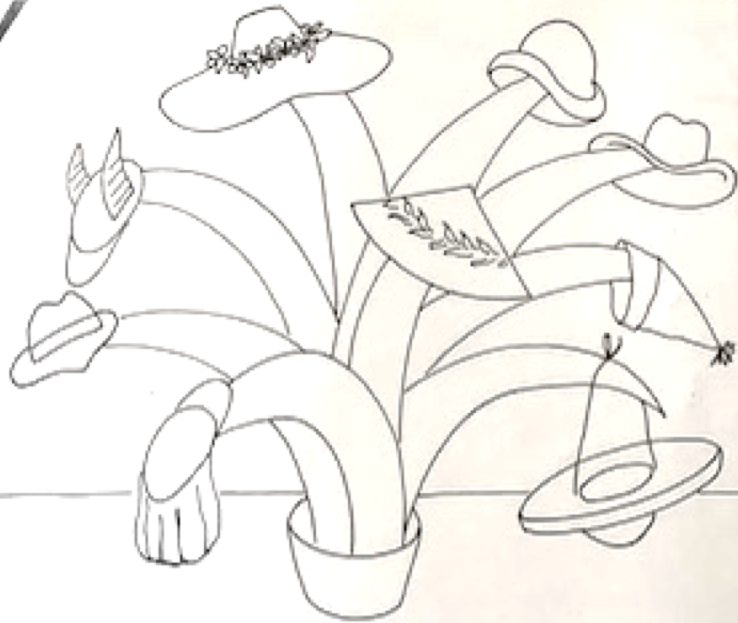
**VOLCANO
NIGHT
LIGHT**

Impossible Furniture



Impossible Furniture

Y



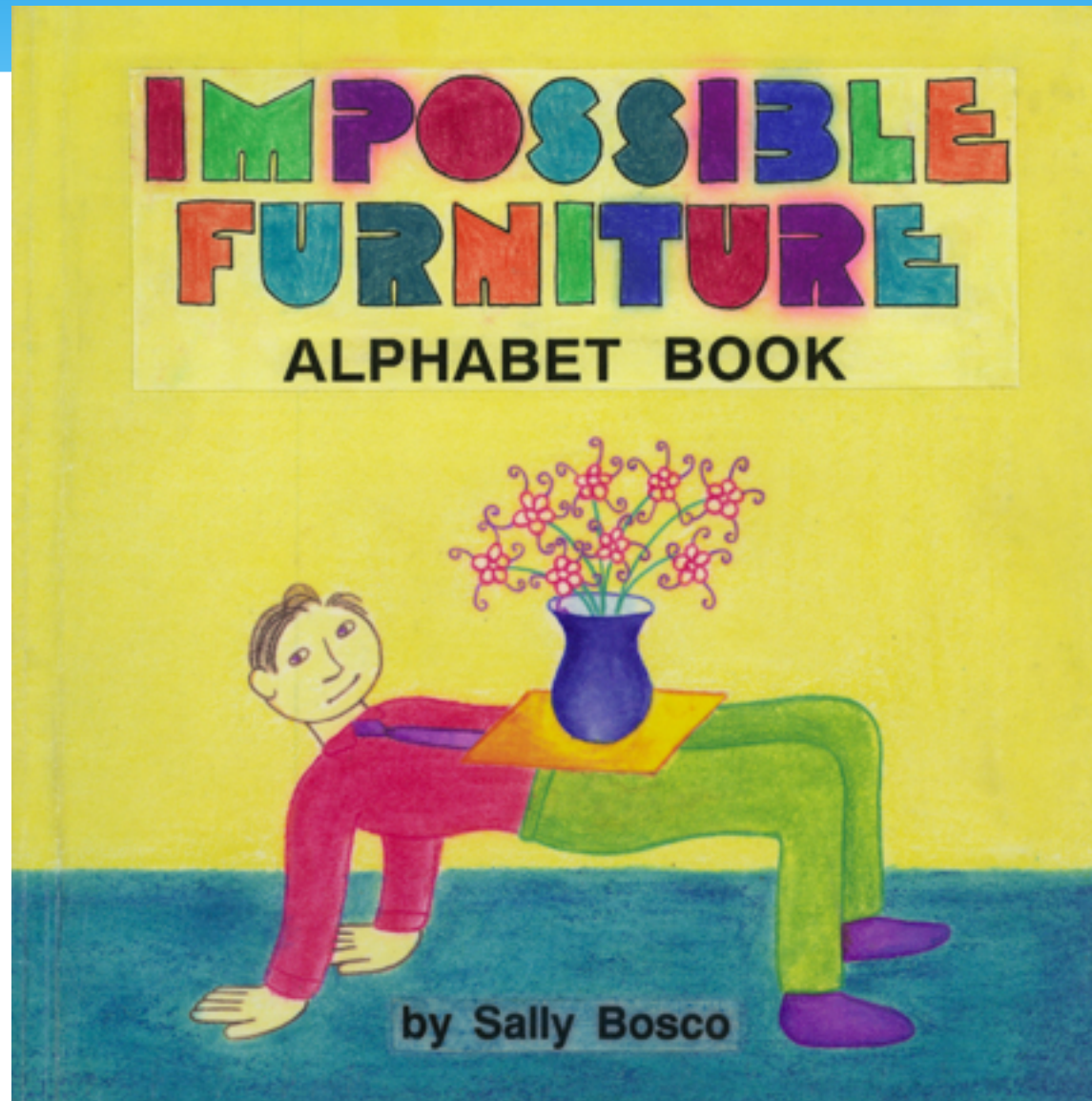
**YUCCA PLANT
HAT RACK**

Z



ZIPPER DOOR

Impossible Furniture



THE
END

ART MEDIA



The Cubist Zone





Frankie was in front of the class demonstrating her science project. "My dad brought me two special rocks from South America," she told the class. "When you pour white vinegar over them they grow crystals."

Since Frankie didn't have white vinegar at home, she brought in apple cider vinegar and poured that over one of her rocks.

All of a sudden there was a big boom which knocked Frankie off her stool.



Spinning around and around, she felt like she was being turned inside out.



She must have
fainted, because
when she awoke
there were several
strange faces
peering into hers.

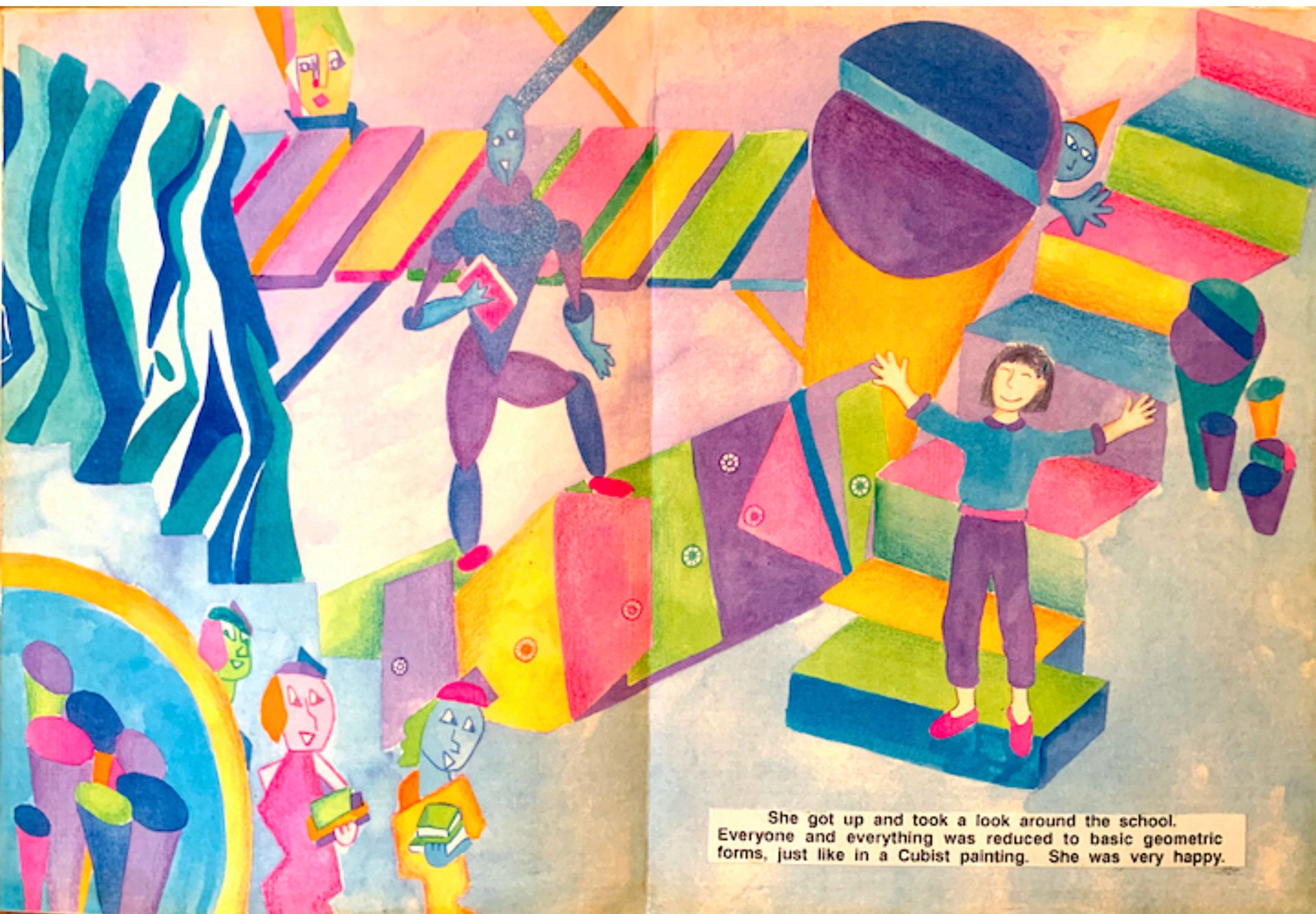
"My gosh,"
she said rubbing
her eyes.

"Everything looks
like circles, boxes
and triangles . . . I
must be in the
Cubist Zone. What
hit me?"

"Rocks rocks it was was rocks
it rocks was it," one of the Cubist
creatures said.

"Wow!" Frankie said. "They even talk Cubist.
How nice of you to imitate my favorite artistic period."





She got up and took a look around the school. Everyone and everything was reduced to basic geometric forms, just like in a Cubist painting. She was very happy.



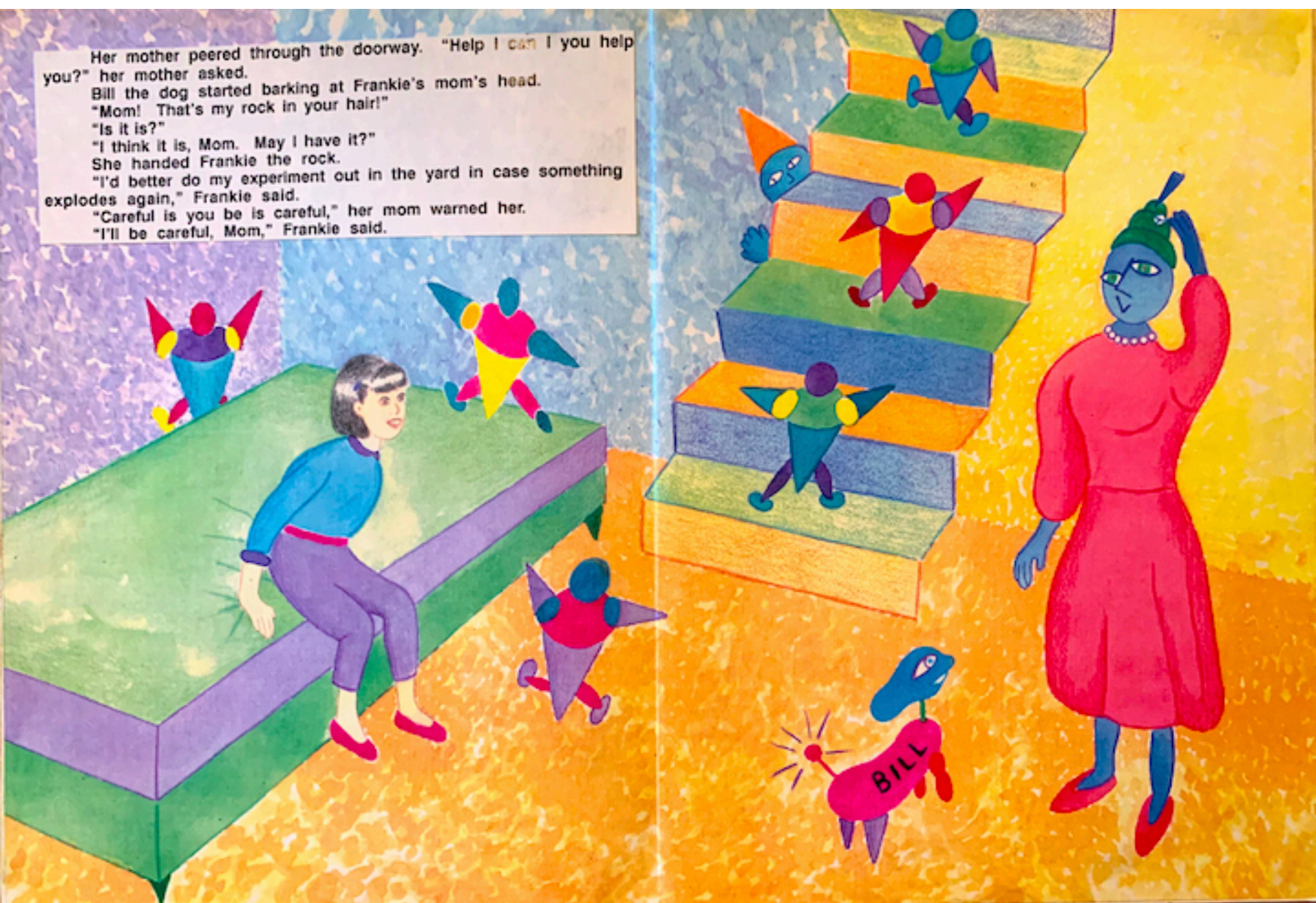
Frankie walked home through the bustling streets. The cars and buildings were Cubist. Even the people were Cubist.



Frankie went to her room to think. "I know. I'll take the other rock and pour white vinegar over it. Surely that will bring us back to our own world." But she couldn't remember where she left the other rock.

She couldn't find it in her room. "I'm starting to get scared, Bill. What if we never get back?"

Her mother peered through the doorway. "Help I ~~can~~ I you help you?" her mother asked.
Bill the dog started barking at Frankie's mom's head.
"Mom! That's my rock in your hair!"
"Is it is?"
"I think it is, Mom. May I have it?"
She handed Frankie the rock.
"I'd better do my experiment out in the yard in case something explodes again," Frankie said.
"Careful is you be is careful," her mom warned her.
"I'll be careful, Mom," Frankie said.






"Good dog, Bill," He wagged his tail, which bobbed like a radio antennae as he followed Frankie outside.

"This time I will add the white vinegar and see what happens. This should return us back. Stand clear, Bill."

Frankie poured the white vinegar over her rock then backed away.



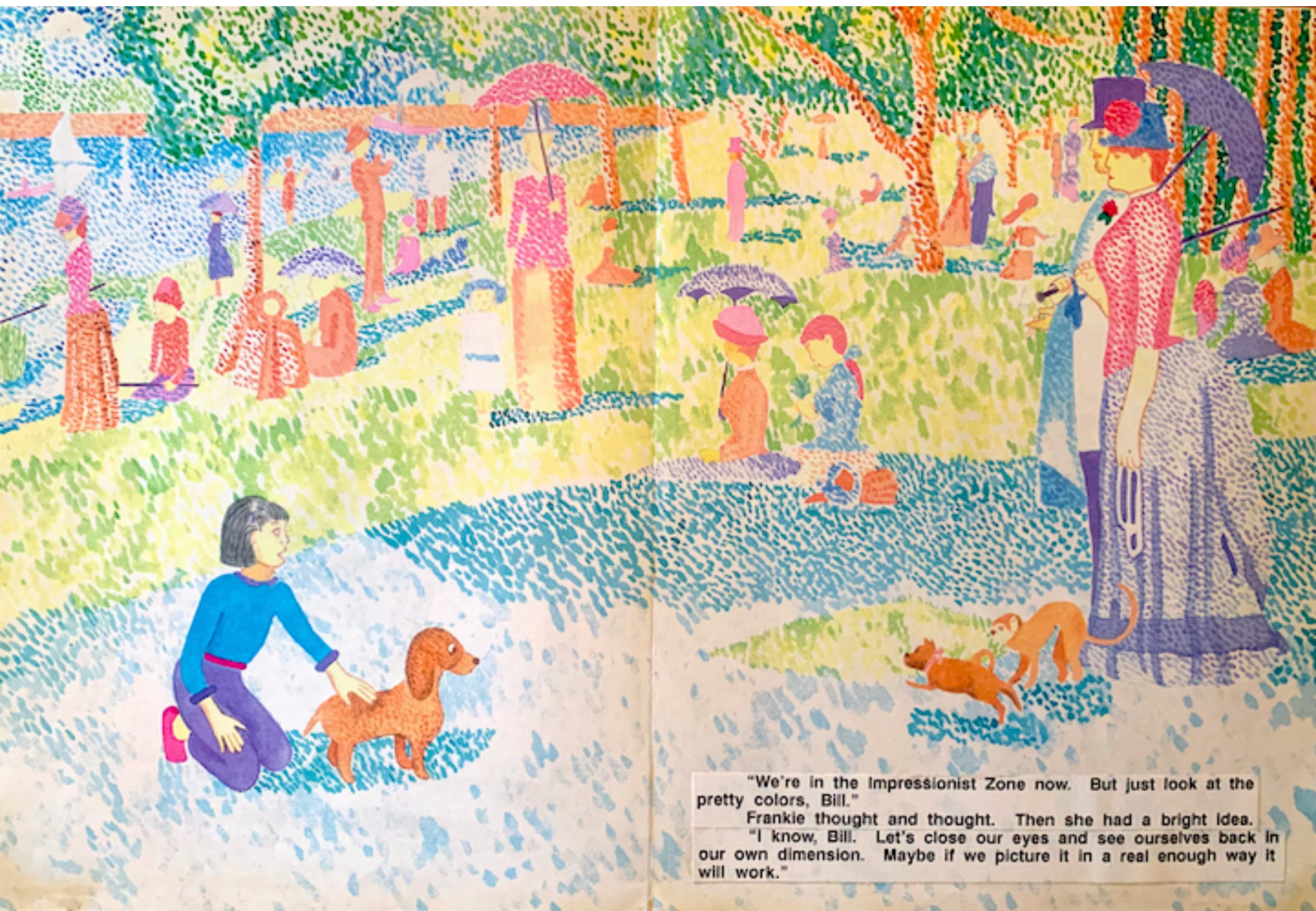
Broooooommmhhh! Frankie dove into the grass as the rock exploded.

She and Bill were whirled around and around by flashes of brightly colored light.

When the swirling stopped, she slowly picked up her head and looked at Bill.

"Everything should be all right now," she said.

Cautiously she looked at the surrounding landscape. "Oh no . . ."



"We're in the Impressionist Zone now. But just look at the pretty colors, Bill."

Frankie thought and thought. Then she had a bright idea.

"I know, Bill. Let's close our eyes and see ourselves back in our own dimension. Maybe if we picture it in a real enough way it will work."

Frankie sat on the ground with her legs crossed, closed her eyes and imagined hard while Bill watched her. Suddenly everything started to spin faster and faster. She was pushed flat to the ground.



Slowly she opened one eye, afraid of what she would see. To her relief it was her own backyard with its normal trees and green grass.

"Whew. I guess this is enough adventure for one day, right Bill?"



The Cubist Zone



The Cubist Zone



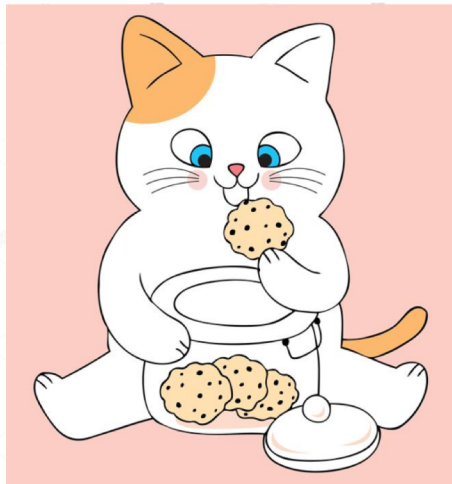
The
End

ART MEDIA



Give a Cat a Cookie

Give a
Cat a
Cookie



Give a Cat a Cookie

1

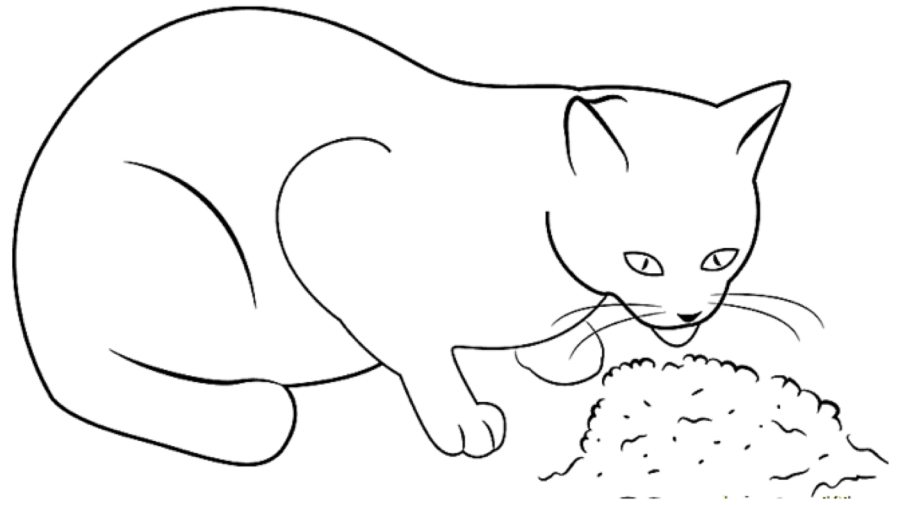
Give a cat a
cookie and he'll
want some
milk.



Give a Cat a Cookie

2

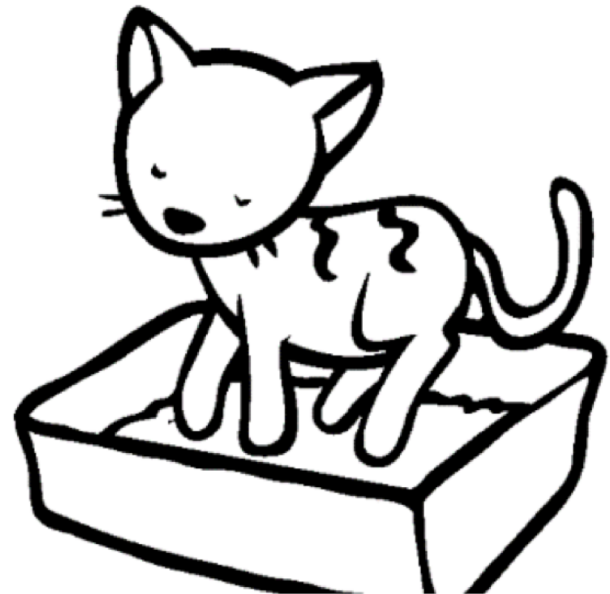
Give a cat
some milk
and he'll want
some food
to go with it.



Give a Cat a Cookie

3

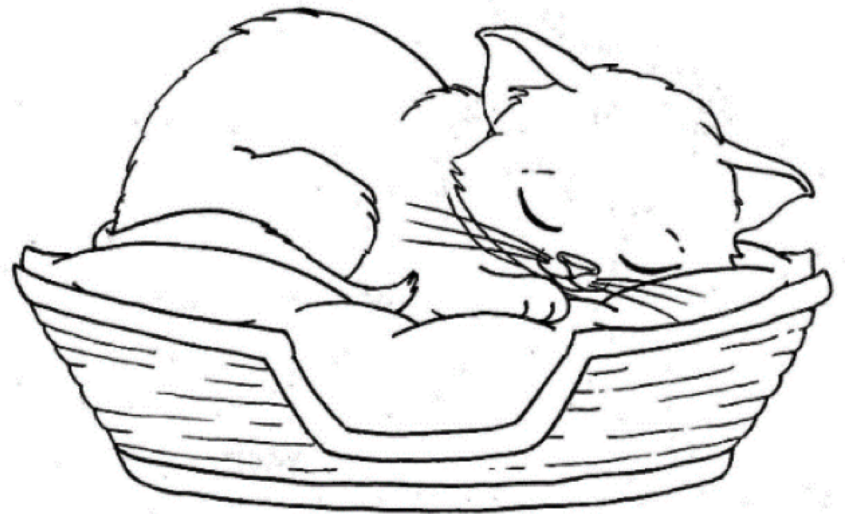
If you give a cat
some food,
he'll have to
use the litter box.



Give a Cat a Cookie

4

After he
uses the litter box
he'll want to
take a nap.



Give a Cat a Cookie

5

When he
wakes up from
his nap
he'll want to
stretch.



Give a Cat a Cookie

6

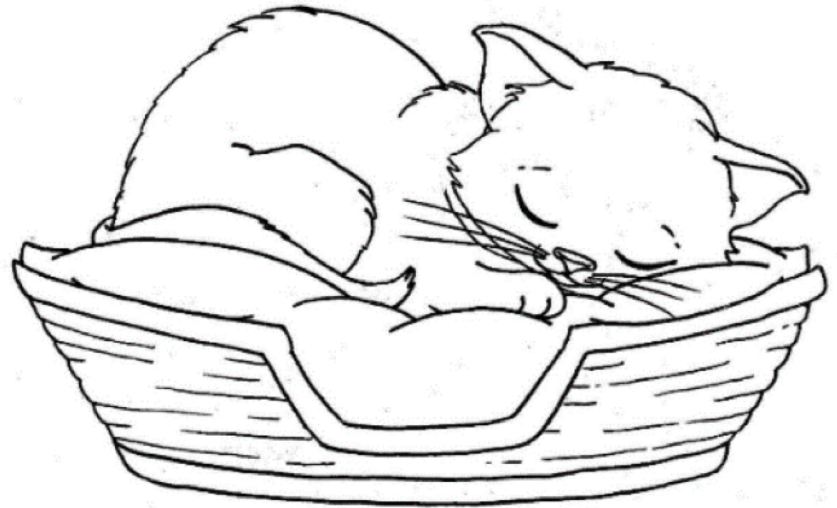
After he
stretches
he'll want to
play.



Give a Cat a Cookie

7

After he plays,
he'll get tired and
want to
take another nap.



Give a Cat a Cookie

8

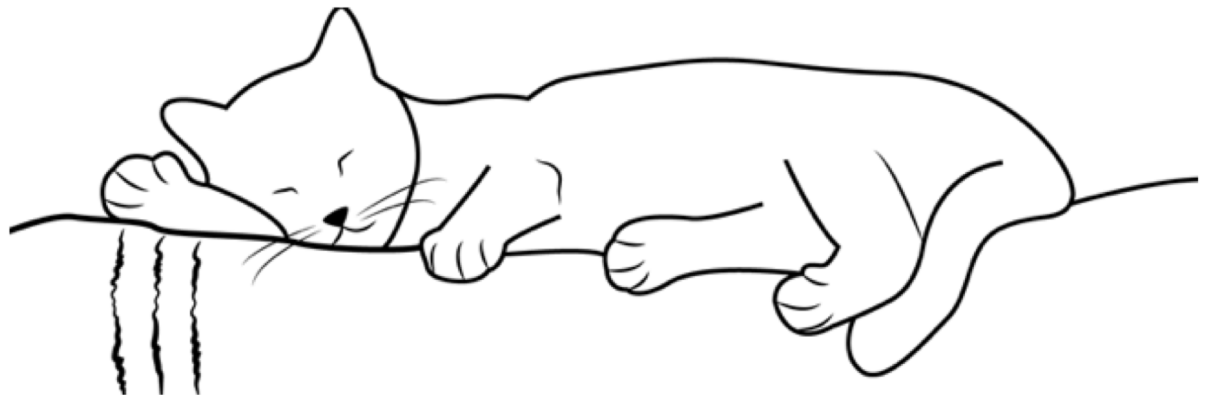
When he's finished
napping, he'll want
to be petted.



Give a Cat a Cookie

9

After you pet
him, he'll be ready to
go to bed for the
night.



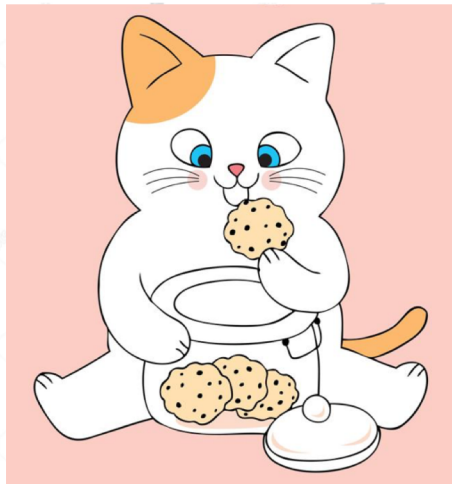
Give a Cat a Cookie



Learn to love reading.
It will enhance your
life in ways you can't
even comprehend.

Give a Cat a Cookie

Give a
Cat a
Cookie





Thank You



Sally Bosco