

The Illustrated Treasury of Children's Literature

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Capstone – Graphic Design

Department of Art and Art History

Artist Statement:

Many of us are asked what we want to do when we grow up. I thought about how I want to help people be happy. If I make someone's day a little better through what I do, I am successful. My clients happiness is especially important, for it will further reflect to their audience. Design allows me to anchor in these core values.

I strive to create works that balance a fun subject with sophisticated, clean designs, or a serious subject with animated, organized imagery. Colors are one of my most reliable assets for hooking the audience and upholding the mood of the piece. I often add a clever element to my works, whether it be subject, font, or a tagline to be a feature that lighten the composition.

A picture is worth a thousand words, while a thousand words can paint a picture, so I often begin taking note of an idea in sketch or letter form. From there the idea is brought to a digital arena; Adobe Creative Suite. I intermingle several programs to achieve optimal results. After review, I translate the feedback into the original design to best suit the vision of the client. Through pleasing them, I establish more confidence in my practice.

Title	Original Format
Figure 1: Illustrated Book	Photoshop & InDesign, 7 in x 9 in
Figure 2: Spread of Illustrated book	Photoshop & InDesign, 14 in x 9 in
Figure 3: Madame Butterfly Opera Poster	Illustrator, 20 in x 30 in
Figure 4: Bruin Beer Brand	Illustrator & InDesign
Figure 5: Ai Halloween Poster	Illustrator, 11 in x 17 in
Figure 6: Figma Subleasing App	Figma
Figure 7: Figma Subleasing App Wireframe	Figma
Figure 8: CSU Columbine Health Systems Center for Healthy Aging Posterzine Front	Photoshop & Illustrator, 16.5 in x 23.4 in
Figure 9: CSU Columbine Health Systems Center for Healthy Aging Posterzine Back	Photoshop & Illustrator, 16.5 in x 23.4 in



Figure 1: Illustrated Book

The Daffodils

By William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a Cloud
That floats on high o'er Vales and Hills
When all at once I saw a crowd—
A host of dancing Daffodils,
Along the Lake, beneath the trees,
Ten thousand dancing in the breeze.
The Waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling Waves in glee:—
A Poet could not but be gay
In such a laughing company:
I gaz'd— and gaz'd— but little thought,
What wealth the show to me had brought;
For oft when on my Couch I lie
In vacant, or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the Daffodils.



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The Little Match Girl

By Hans Christian Andersen

It was terribly cold and nearly dark on the last evening of the old year, and the snow was falling fast. In the cold and the darkness, a poor little girl, with bare head and naked feet, roamed through the streets.

It is true she had on a pair of slippers when she left home, but they were not of much use. They were very large, so large, indeed, that they had belonged to her mother, and the poor little creature had lost them in running across the street to avoid two carriages that were rolling along at a terrible rate. One of the slippers she could not find, and a boy seized upon the other and ran away with it, saying that he could use it as a cradle, when he had children of his own. So the little girl went on with her little naked feet, which were quite red and blue with the cold.

In an old apron she carried a number of matches, and had a bundle of them in her hands. No one had bought anything of her the whole day, nor had anyone given her even a penny. Shivering with cold and hunger, she crept along; poor little child, she looked the picture of misery. The snowflakes fell on her long, fair hair, which hung in curls on her shoulders, but she regarded them not. Lights were shining from every window, and there was a savory smell of roast goose, for it was New-year's eve—yes, she remembered that.

In a corner, between two houses, one of which projected beyond the other, she sank down and huddled herself together. She had drawn her little feet under her, but she could not keep off the cold; and she dared not go home, for she had sold no matches, and could not take home even a penny of money. Her father would certainly beat her; besides, it was almost as cold at home as here, for they had only the roof to cover them, through which the wind howled, although the largest holes had been stopped up with straw and rags. Her little hands were almost frozen with the cold.

Ah! perhaps a burning match might be some good, if she could draw it from the bundle and strike it against the wall, just to warm her fingers. She drew one out—"scratch!" how it sputtered as it burnt! It gave a warm, bright light, like a little



Figure 2: Spread of Illustrated Book



Figure 3: Madame Butterfly Opera Poster

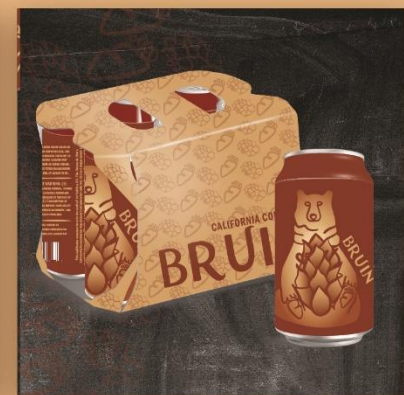


Figure 4: Bruin Beer Brand

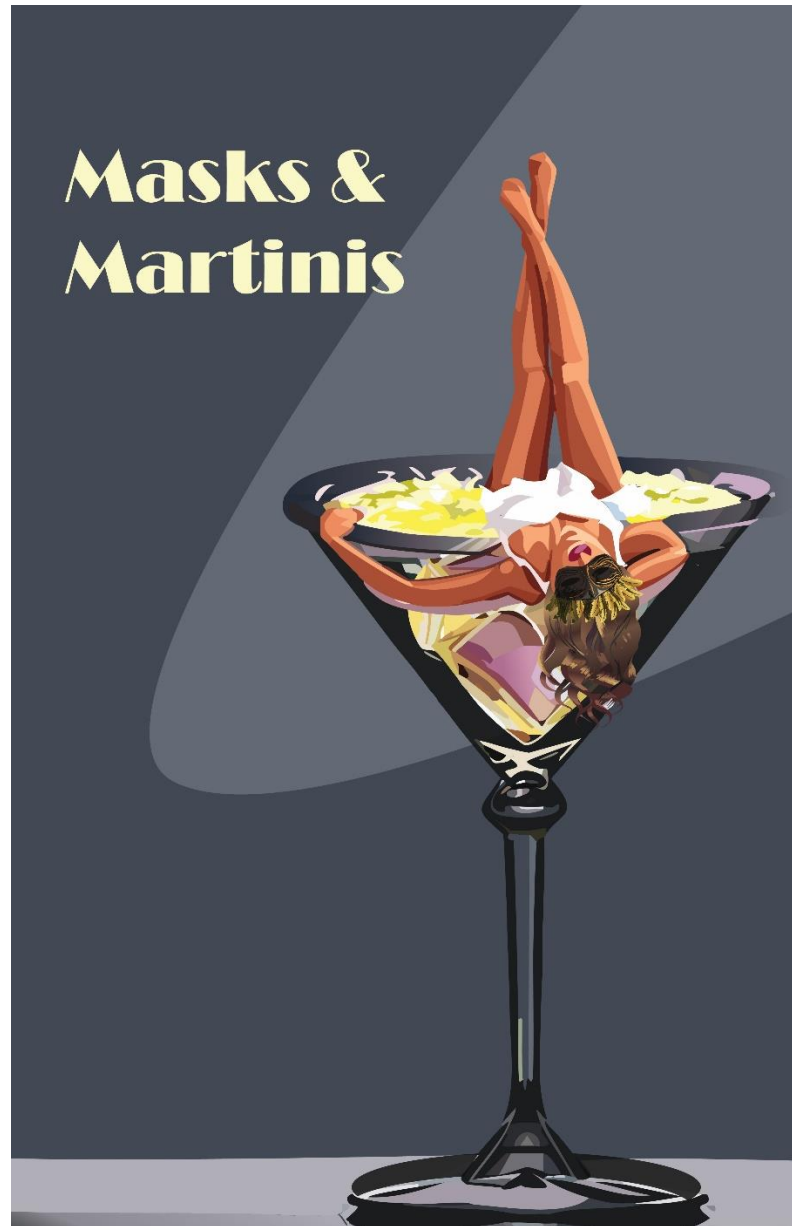


Figure 5: AI Halloween Poster

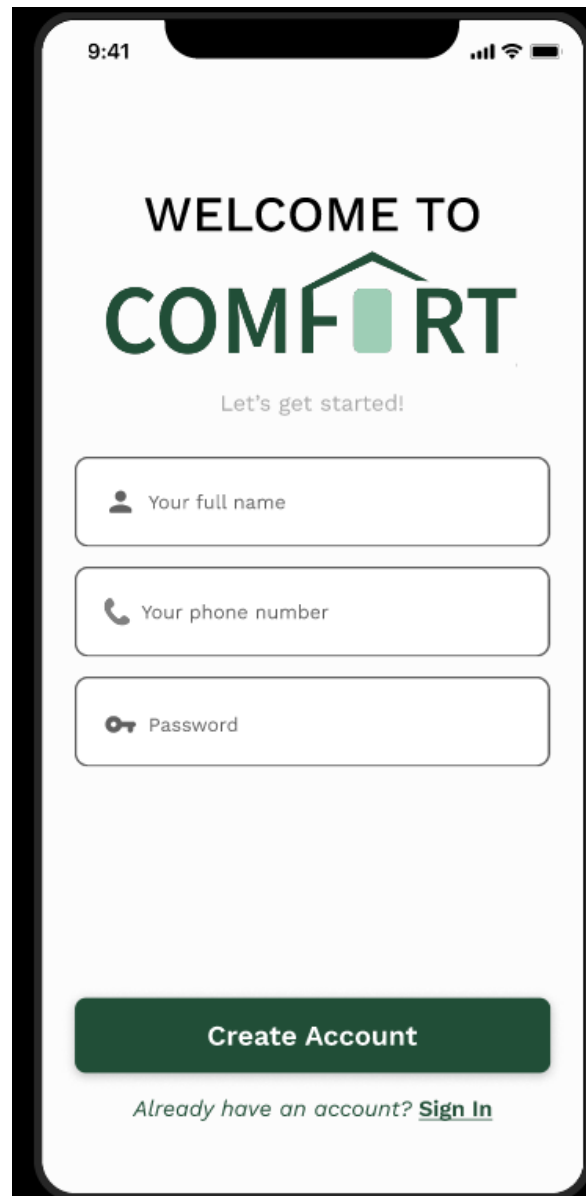


Figure 6: Figma Subleasing App

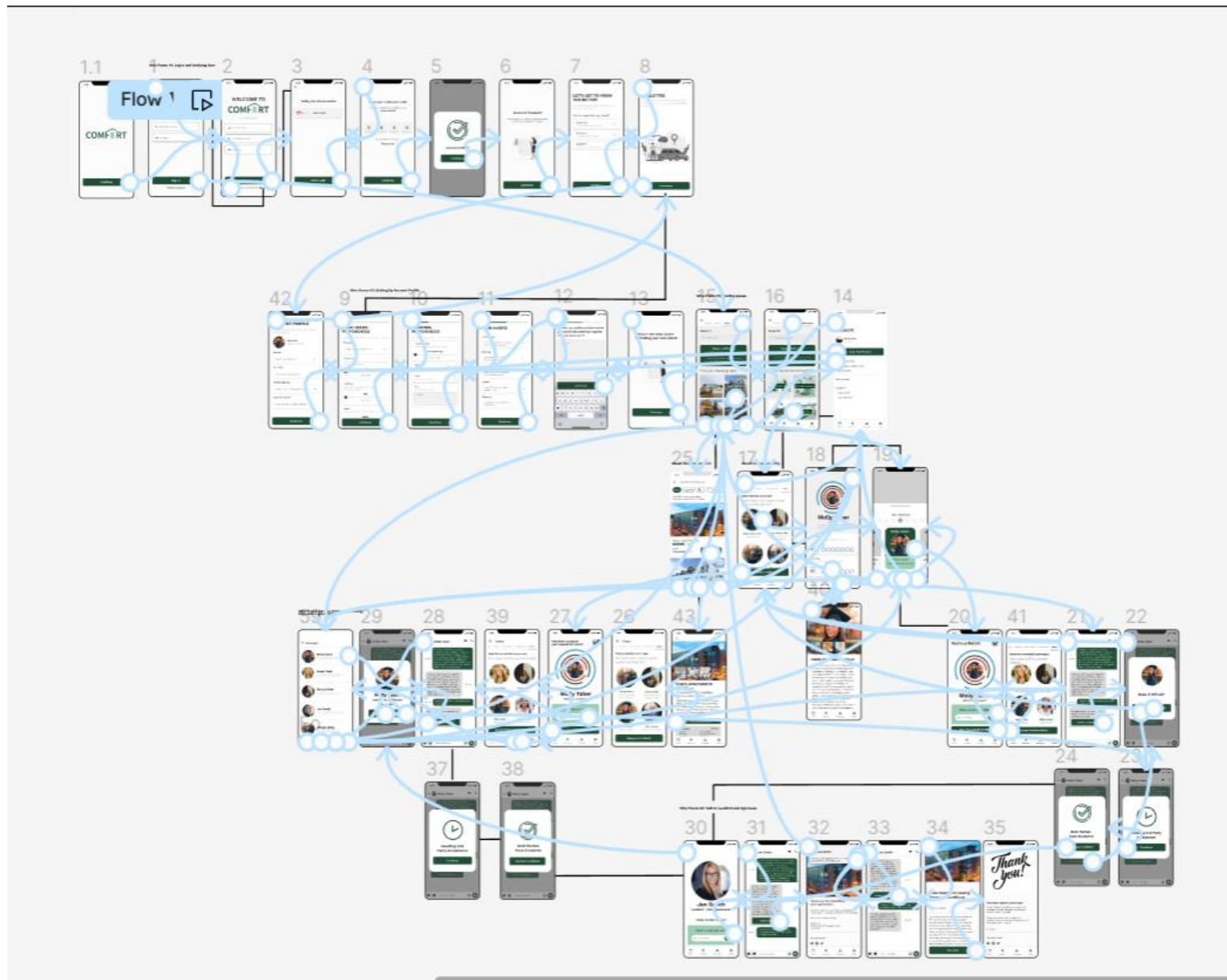


Figure 7: Figma Subleasing App Wireframe



Figure 8: CSU Columbine Health Systems Center for Healthy Aging Posterzine Front



Figure 9: CSU Columbine Health Systems Center for Healthy Aging Posterzine Back