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EVIE’S DREAM KIT
THE INTERPLAY OF WORDS AND IMAGES IN PICTURE BOOKS

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ABSTRACT

The association of words and pictures is a practice as old as recorded history. From prehistoric cave drawings to illuminated manuscripts to Sunday morning comics, the combination of the verbal and the visual is a primary form of human communication, and more specifically, of storytelling. For many people, the process of telling stories is a reciprocal one: a group of words or phrases can conjure an image just as an image can evoke a narrative. While the verbal and visual often physically exist independently of one another, they are often inseparable in the mind, especially when relating or listening to a story. In children’s literature, this fusion of the senses is especially prominent. This thesis will explore the difference between child and adult readings of fairy tales, the balance of words and images in the picture book, and the process of writing and illustrating an original children’s story entitled *Evie’s Dream Kit.*
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Introduction

“Suppose we have only dreamed, or made up, all those things—trees and grass and sun and moon and stars and Aslan himself. Suppose we have. Then all I can say is that, in that case, the made-up things seem a good deal more important than the real ones. Suppose this black pit of a kingdom of yours is the only world. Well, it strikes me as a pretty poor one. And that’s a funny thing, when you come to think of it. We’re just four babies making up a game, if you’re right. But four babies playing a game can make a play-world which licks your real world hollow. That’s why I’m going to stand by the play-world. I’m on Aslan's side even if there isn't any Aslan to lead it. I’m going to live as like a Narnian as I can even if there isn't any Narnia.”

-Puddleglum to the Green Witch in C.S.Lewis’ *The Silver Chair* (181-182)

The books that we love as children often prove to be unforgettable in adulthood. When asked about a favorite childhood book, most can name one that made an impression for a certain reason, though perhaps no one else has even heard of it. For me, that book is *The Twelve Dancing Princesses* written by Marianna Mayer and illustrated by K.Y. Craft. My mother read this adaptation of the German fairy tale to me when I was four, and from then on I became enamored with the narrative and its illustrations. It details the story of twelve princesses locked in their room at night and a young man who invisibly follows them into their secret world. It had it all: mystery, romance, royalty, magic, and beautiful illustrations. I loved to examine the intricate borders, detailed figures, ethereal fabrics, and soft curls that Craft so elegantly designed. As I grew older I developed a love not only of books, but also of telling stories with pictures. I would cover sheets of paper with pencil drawings of mermaids, princesses, and landscapes with castles.

Though picture books continued to hold a certain allure for me, I moved on to novels as I neared adolescence. Although I tried a variety of genres and series, none ever captured my imagination as fully as *The Chronicles of Narnia* by C.S. Lewis. From the first time I read *The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe*, I became enamored with the series. The characters were so relatable, the story was so exciting, and Narnia was so heartbreakingly beautiful that I wanted to
read for hours. In an essay in which he discusses his opinions about writing for children, Lewis says of the child reader, “… fairyland arouses a longing for he knows not what. It stirs and troubles him (to his lifelong enrichment) with the dim sense of something beyond his reach and, far from dulling or emptying the actual world, gives it a new dimension of depth. He does not despise real woods because he has read of enchanted woods: the reading makes all real woods a little enchanted” (215). I have found truth in this statement in my own life. Developing a love for reading allowed me not only to succeed in school but also to view the world around me with a boosted imagination. Some of the books that I read as a child have never left me; and I realize that even though I am an adult, the themes and ideas that inspire me have remained the same. I still love art that tells a story, whether it is John William Waterhouse's painting *The Lady of Shalott* or Kiki Smith's lithographs. I still love literature that references the fairy tale or that offers a bit of magic.

For this thesis, I wrote and illustrated a picture book entitled *Evie’s Dream Kit*. The story follows a young girl as she travels through a series of her own dreams armed with a bag of tools. I completed the illustrations in watercolor, pen, colored pencil, paper, and tissue paper collage. As this was my first endeavor in creating a picture book, I encountered two main challenges: Firstly, I struggled with the narrative voice. I did not know the degree to which my writing should change when creating a story for children versus writing for an adult reader. I will explore this concept in a brief investigation into the different ways that children and adults read fairy tales. Secondly, I struggled with finding the balance between words and pictures. I will explain this in a section reviewing the purpose of illustration in relation to text. I will then detail the process of creating this particular book and include the full text of the story and images of the illustrations.
Child and Adult Readings of Fairy Tales

“I feel sure that the question 'What do children need?' will not lead you to a good moral. If we ask that question we are assuming too superior an attitude. It would be better to ask, 'What moral do I need?' for I think we can be sure that what does not concern us deeply will not deeply interest our readers, whatever their age.”

C.S. Lewis, “On Three Ways of Writing for Children” (218)

When thinking of children's stories, the great tradition of the fairy tale almost immediately comes to mind. Fairy tales offer the most well-known tropes and characters: the reversal of fortune and victory against odds, the unlikely hero and the evil stepmother, and so on. Behind all of the magic spells and imaginary creatures exist the universal truths and desires explored in centuries of literature. That fairy tales are generally categorized as children's literature therefore appears incongruous. When discussing children's literary preferences, it is tempting to view the mind of a child as though it belongs to a different species. As author Selma Lanes says, “To be an adult … is to view childhood at a great distance, through the wide end of the telescope, and possibly to invest the state with idealized abstractions” (Lanes 6). Every adult was, of course, a child at one time; but arguably too many years have passed with too many experiences to remember what it was like to be a child. Indeed, it is impossible to view the world with the same outlook with which a child does; but when it comes to experiencing literature, do the child and the adult really differ all that much? By exploring the shared interest in fairy tales, the boundaries between adult literature and children's literature become less and less defined.

It is often asserted that children enjoy fairy tales because they are more easily able to achieve a “suspension of disbelief.” The typical story-time scene comes to mind: a group of children sit in a circle, their attention raptly focused on an adult who reads a fairy tale with great emotion and in a wide range of voices. The children experience fear, anger, sympathy, and joy as they gasp and laugh at all the right moments. Certainly, some enjoy the story, but probably not
because they believe that it is true. The same applies to “dress-up” or games of pretend. Many children play games during which they pretend that they are somebody else: a princess, orphan, Indian, mermaid, animal, and forever on with the boundless imagination. For that duration, they are another person in another world or time. But how often does a child truly believe that she is Pearl, the most beautiful mermaid in the sea? She needs only to look around her and see that she is swimming in the local pool, not basking on the sands of an enchanted island. The same type of belief occurs while reading a story. In an essay examining the relationship between children and fairy tales, J.R.R. Tolkien maintains that children do not suspend disbelief while reading or listening to a fairy tale, but rather have the ability to believe in a certain context. They believe not that the story exists in the “real world,” but that it exists in another world, the world of the story:

… the story-maker proves a successful “subcreator.” He makes a Secondary World which your mind can enter. Inside it, what he relates is “true”: it accords with the laws of that world. You therefore believe it, while you are, as it were, inside. The moment disbelief arises, the spell is broken; the magic, or rather art, has failed. You are in the Primary World again, looking at the little abortive Secondary World from outside. (Tolkien 114)

The success of a story depends on its ability to incite belief, not in the sense that the reader believes that it is true in real life but that it is true in the story. For an adult this presents a seemingly obvious truth: One of the joys of reading occurs when the reader allows him or herself to become engrossed in a story, as though he or she is playing a game of pretend. The same applies to children. A child does not have to believe that Cinderella was a historical figure in order to enjoy her story, just as an adult does not have to believe that Elizabeth Bennet really
lived in order to enjoy hers. It is enough that Cinderella and Elizabeth exist in their own worlds, separate from ours but accessible nonetheless.

What, then, is the difference between a child and an adult reading a fairy tale? Tolkien argues that no difference exists in the act of reading itself. He maintains that fairy tales are categorized as children's stories for a variety of social reasons, none of which legitimize their designation as a genre specific to children:

They are associated with them: naturally because children are human and fairy stories are a natural human taste …; accidentally, because fairy stories are a large part of the literary lumber that in latter-day Europe has been stuffed away in attics; [and] unnaturally, because of erroneous sentiment about children …

(Tolkien 118)
The original versions of many fairy tales were not created specifically for children, but rather for general entertainment. For example, the original version of Little Red Riding Hood is more of a bawdy bar tale complete with a striptease than a quaint nursery story (Orenstein 92-106).

Children love fairy tales for the same reason that adults do: “There is an eternal impulse in human nature to enliven the actual working life by the invention of tales of another kind of life, recognizable by its likeness to ordinary life, but so arranged that things happen more dramatically and pleasingly—which indeed is the familiar world in a glorified and idealized form” (Buchan 221). As stated by author John Buchan, this arguably reaches the heart of a love for fiction. Today, many adults prefer to think of reading fiction as an intellectual pursuit, but at its core, much of the enjoyment really stems simply from the innate desire to tell stories and to play pretend.

While it is true that children and adults both can enjoy the same text, they most likely
experience it differently in certain respects. In Michael Hornyansky's essay “The Truth of Fables,” he explores the Freudian themes present in fairy tales. For example, he identifies Jack and the Beanstalk as a struggle between father and son over possession of the mother (Hornyansky 127-129). While it is true that such themes may exist, Hornyansky's assertion that the appeal of fairy tales is based on a child's subconscious desires perhaps disregards the simple fact mentioned above that children desire above all a good story. For example, a popular reading of C.S. Lewis' *The Chronicles of Narnia* is that the books are allegories of stories from Christianity. However, as a child I read *The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe* several times before realizing that Aslan represents Jesus Christ. My enjoyment stemmed from the plot, characters, and setting that Lewis created, not from my recognition of his various references to the Bible. While recognizing and examining allusions and subtext often form a significant portion of the reading process for adults, children often do not necessarily concern themselves with such insights. This is arguably the main difference between child and adult readings of literature: that children content themselves with plot, character, and setting while adults, though also interested in these basic elements of the story, often search for a meaning beyond the story itself.

By examining the different ways that adults and children read fairy tales, it becomes clear that the differences between the two readings are not so great. In fact the difference between “children's literature” and “adult literature” may not be so great either. Both depend on the author's storytelling ability. Admittedly, most children would struggle to read Shakespeare, and an adult often will have little interest in a work that captures the attention of a child. However, some of the most enduring and well-loved stories, such as Mark Twain's *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* and and Lewis Carroll’s *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland* have great cross-
over appeal between children and adults. When writing for children, admittedly a different level of language should be used, as children and adults do not share the same language abilities. However, content and structure does not have to be “dumbed down” in order for children to understand a narrative. As Lewis says, “Nothing seems to me more fatal, for this art, than an idea that whatever we share with children is, in the privative sense, 'childish' and that whatever is childish is somehow comic. We must meet children as equals in that area of our nature where we are their equals” (219). According to Lewis, condescension has no place in the process of creating a piece of children's literature, because in the end, the writer must believe in his work himself if he expects a child to do the same.
The Function of the Picture Book

“The writing and the picture-making are merely a means to an end … To discuss a children's book in terms of its pictorial beauty—or prose style—is not to the point. It is the particular nugget of magic it achieves—if it achieves. It has always been a means—a handle with which I can swing myself into … the place I'd rather be.”

- Maurice Sendak

For child, adult, and even author, the picture book offers an escape into a fantasy world of words and illustrations. The picture book is unique in that it combines two forms of art and often two artists in the creation of a single work. Picture books are generally geared towards small children who first have the story read to them and then acquire enough reading skills to read to themselves. However, people of all ages enjoy picture books, and particularly popular ones such as Beatrix Potter's *The Tale of Peter Rabbit*, Sendak's *Where the Wild Things Are*, and Dr. Seuss's *The Cat in the Hat* consistently capture the imaginations of multiple generations. The balance of words and images can prove complicated, and a focus on one over the other is sometimes unavoidable.

Illustration has been employed as a means of storytelling for thousands of years, and for most of which, it was one of painting's primary function. From the Ancient Greeks and Romans with their illustrations of myth and daily life to the depiction of battles and genre scenes in the nineteenth century, painters primarily sought to tell stories with their art. In a speech about the history and nature of illustration, illustrator Robert Duvoisin distinguishes between painting and illustration. He compares the different battle paintings by two nineteenth century French painters, Detaille and Delacroix. Detaille, Duvoisin maintains, with his extremely detailed depictions of figures and costumes paints a battle scene with the purpose of telling a story. In contrast, “the battle scenes [Delacroix] chose to paint were but subjects on which to work out abstract problems of painting” (Duvoisin 181). Instead of existing to tell a story, “painting is the
independent, abstract creation of an artist—abstract whether the subject which started it on its way remains or disappears in the process of creation, or whether there was any subject to begin with” (Duvoisin 181). A painting stands alone, no matter what its subject, as an investigation of forms and techniques, while an illustration relies on its successful depiction of a story. Before the nineteenth and twentieth century shift towards abstraction and away from representation in painting, the distinction between painting and illustration was at times nebulous. Most paintings featured a subject that told some sort of story. Today the border between the overlapping genres can be just as ambiguous. However, the main distinguishing factor between illustration and painting is that an illustration's primary goal must be to tell a story.

Drawings, prints, and paintings have been used to illustrate stories since the inception of the book itself. The modern picture book is a partnership between text and pictures. Some rely more heavily on images to tell the story, while others depend on text. No matter the balance, the success of a picture book depends on both components that together form a single piece of art. A compelling story becomes less enjoyable with dull illustrations and vice versa. The importance of one over the other is, of course, debated by authors and illustrators. Author Selma Lanes laments the modern emphasis on the visual over the textual in children's books, specifically in illustrated retellings of fairy tales: “The stories are assuredly still there, but one scarcely notices the richness of the words any more or the subtle and economical twists of the narrative thread. Text now serves simply as captions for oversize, overplentiful, and often overpowering illustration” (Lanes 56). She continues to argue, “More and more, the picture book has become a vehicle for the illustrator's uninhibited self-expression. In indulging the pleasure of his own heart, he must often expect to be appreciated more by the adults who buy than the children who read his books” (Lanes 57). Lane asserts that increasingly larger and more elaborate images often
replace the text of a story in the modern children's book. It is true that modern children live in an increasingly visual culture where television and movies have taken over many storytelling roles. Reading for entertainment may become less and less desirable for a child with access to these other visual formats.

However, that its pictures communicate visually does not indicate that a picture book is a less valuable reading tool for a child. The association between words and images is complex and sometimes so strong that one becomes indistinguishable from the other. Images often dictate the manner in which thoughts are processed. For C.S. Lewis, images dictated the direction of his narrative:

I have never exactly “made” a story … I see pictures. Some of these pictures have a common flavour, almost a common smell, which groups them together. Keep quiet and watch and they will begin joining themselves up … I have no idea whether this is the usual way of writing stories, still less whether it is the best. It is the only one I know: images always come first. (Lewis 217-218)

In his essays, Lewis places a great deal of importance on the image. In fact, he attributes his entire process of creating narratives to images. The images present themselves as a series, sometimes seamless but more often requiring the author to connect them, the step at which the writer’s creativity enters. Award winning illustrator Uri Shulevitz calls this process “visual thinking” and finds that it has crossover appeal among the different arts: “The visual thinking essential to picture-book making can be extended to writing for people in the visual arts and can increase the ability to visualize in writers without an art background” (Shulevitz 10). Picture books themselves can foster this “visual thinking” in children because children must interpret the story through both pictures and words. Instead of limiting, as Lanes suggests, the child’s ability
to increase his or her literary skills, books with prominent illustrations can actually enhance it.

In the art world, illustration is sometimes seen as a “lesser art” not quite up to the level of fine art. Some say that illustration does not require as much innovation and that the illustrator merely regurgitates the information presented to him in another form. However, illustration provides the artist with a whole new set of challenges. Collaboration is a major part of illustration, particularly in children’s books. A writer and illustrator must work closely together in order to create a cohesive work. An artist’s preferred medium or style may not work well with a story, and much effort may be required to achieve an adequate balance of text and pictures. In the end, a unique work of art is created that represents, more than any other type of art, the connection between words and images.
**Evie's Dream Kit: The Creation of an Original Children's Book**

“The elemental questions raised in a picture book or more elaborate tale will be comfortably resolved before the last page is turned, and no matter how black a given day has been for grownup or child, something has turned out right if it closes with a good bedtime story.”

-Selma Lanes, *Down the Rabbit Hole* (7)

*Evie's Dream Kit* tells the story of a little girl who packs a bag with tools to take with her as she dreams. In her first dream, she meets a lost goose whose family she agrees to help find. The story follows Evie as she travels through her dreams and uses her tools to problem-solve. The book is 34 pages long with 14 full-page illustrations completed in watercolor, pen, colored pencil, paper, and tissue paper collage.

When I first started this project, I had a completely different story and concept. For that first story, my plan was to create a painting for each page of illustration. However, after I completed a few paintings, I was not happy with the direction of the illustrations, so I had to stop and brainstorm again. An image came to my mind of a little boy in pajamas carrying a bag and looking out into space. The concept was initially simple: the book would follow the little boy through a series of his dreams. Quite early on in the process, I changed the protagonist from a boy to a girl because I wanted to break out of the stereotypical “boy goes on an adventure” plot. I then focused the story on a cohesive plot that explored the themes of innovation, imagination, and compassion. I introduced the goose to create a reason for the dream travel and problem-solving. I wanted to create a story that children not only would enjoy but also one in which they could find a role model.

I developed ideas about the story and the illustrations simultaneously. It became apparent immediately that collage would work well with this plot and setting. I wanted a definitive dream-
like feel to all of the sequences, so I identified watercolor as one of the main mediums I should use because of its fluid appearance and colorful properties. When I finished writing the story, I separated it into sections and designated one illustration for each section. I then sketched a scene for each illustration. When I started the actual illustrations, I began with the bottom layer of the collage. I created colorful watercolor washes with undefined edges to function as backgrounds for the collages. The edges represent the lack of borders in dreams and the infinite boundaries of the imagination. For the figures and objects in the dreams, I wanted to reference a more traditional look, so I decided to create ink drawings that I later colored in with colored pencil. Strict realism did not fit the story, so I concentrated on incorporating some abstract elements to work with the realistic ink drawings. I achieved this mostly with the use of tissue paper and printed card stock collage to represent landscape features in a less representational way. Lastly, I decided to create a jarring distinction between the dream scenes and the two illustrations that take place in waking life. The first and last illustrations are plain black and white ink drawings. The first drawing depicts Evie falling asleep in her bed. The illustration is small, centered, and contained within a thick border. The last illustration is a single feather on a plain white background. This great contrast between styles represents the endless power of the imagination over the set rules of reality.

The last steps of the process involved formatting. I used MyPublisher.com, a website designed to print photo books, to create the book. The process was fairly simple. I organized the story onto different pages and placed the corresponding scanned illustrations on the pages facing the text. I chose a soft blue background color on every page of text to unify the whole story. I used cropped portions of three of the illustrations for the inside flaps, title pages, and back cover in order to display the different textures of the collaged illustrations. For the cover, I chose what I
believe is the most attention-grabbing illustration. It depicts Evie and the goose standing on a small planet and looking out into space. The cover is also the image of the story that I imagined when I first thought of the story.
Evie loved bedtime because she loved to dream. Every night before her mother tucked her in, Evie packed her Dream Kit. During the day, she collected things that she thought would be useful in a dream. Most grownups would say that her collection was junk. Why did she need that dusty magnet from underneath the refrigerator? What purpose could an old shrunken t-shirt have? But Evie knew that dreams didn't work the way waking life did. She never knew what she would need during a dream.
Figure 2

One night, Evie fell asleep quickly. As she got sleepier and sleepier, her bedtime thoughts began to jumble together until she arrived in her first dream.
She found herself in an old-fashioned room. A goose blinked at her from inside a golden cage.

“Hello, I'm Evie,” Evie politely introduced herself. During the day, she would not have bothered to talk to a goose. Animals never spoke to her when she was awake, but they were usually quite chatty in dreams.

“Hello,” replied the goose in a sad voice. “I've been taken from my pond and my children. Can you help me get out of this cage and find them?”

“Of course,” said Evie. She looked around the room, but could not find a key to unlock the cage. She searched through her Dream Kit for something to help her.
“Aha!” she said. She pulled out an object and began to spin in a circle. Soon, a golden key shot from a shadowy corner right into her hand. The goose honked happily as Evie unlocked the cage.

“How did you do that? Do you have a magic wand?” the goose asked.

“No, I used a magnet! Magnets stick to metal, you know,” Evie said as the goose flew out of the cage.

“Come on,” the goose exclaimed and flew up towards the ceiling. Evie ran up a staircase until she reached a door. She pushed it open and stared at a wonderful sight.
Figure 5

All around them stood giant flowers as tall as trees.

“Do you think that we are near your home?” Evie asked.

“No,” said the goose. “The flowers near my pond are much smaller than these.”

Evie looked around for the door to another dream. Suddenly, she saw a large ladybug walking towards them. The ladybug had no spots, and Evie saw that she was crying.

“What's wrong?” Evie asked as she patted the ladybug's head.

“My spots have fallen off and I can't find them,” the ladybug sniffled.
“I have an idea,” Evie said. She opened her Dream Kit and pulled out a black marker. She drew large spots on the ladybug's wings.

“Thank you!” The ladybug smiled. “I'll show you the door to another dream.”

Evie and the goose followed the ladybug around giant stems and over huge roots until they reached another door.

“Thanks,” they said to the ladybug as they went through the door.
Figure 7

Evie and the goose looked over a countryside covered with snow. Everything was still and quiet. Evie's teeth chattered, and her breath came out of her mouth in small puffs of fog.

“There!” Evie pointed to a round pond in the distance. It was completely frozen. “Is that your home?”

“It looks like my pond,” the goose replied. “But where I live, the grass is green and the water is warm. That is not my pond.”
“Can you help me?” A voice twittered from behind them. Evie and the goose turned around and saw a little bird on a branch. “My children are very cold. Do you know of a way to keep them warm?”

“Hmm,” Evie murmured. Once again, she opened her Dream Kit. She pulled out a shrunken old t-shirt.

“Here, use this as a blanket,” she said.

“Thank you,” said the bird as he fluttered down to her to take the fabric with his beak. “There is a door behind that tree.”

Evie and the goose came upon a door in the snow.

“I hope the next place is not so cold,” the goose said as they walked through the door.
They found themselves on a road in the middle of grassy green field. The sun shone brightly and the air was warm.

“Hello,” a squeaky voice reached them from the ground. Evie looked down and saw a tiny person with a tiny bicycle.

Evie crouched to the ground, and the goose lowered her head to better see the little person.

“Hello,” said the goose. “I am looking for my children and my home. Is there a round pond around here?”

“No,” the little person shook his head. “But I do know where there is a door to another dream. Maybe it will lead you to your home. I would show you the way there, but I have lost my helmet and can't ride my bike without it.”

“Oh no,” sighed the goose.
“Wait, I have just the thing!” Evie pulled an acorn cap from her Dream Kit. She placed it snugly on the little person's head.

“It's a perfect fit!” said the little person with delight as he hopped on his bike. “Follow me!”

Evie and the goose followed the little person until he stopped in front of a door on the side of a small hill.

“Thank you!” Evie said. The little person waved goodbye as Evie and the goose disappeared behind the door.
Evie looked around her with amazement. She and the goose stood on a glowing planet. Other colorful planets hung all around.

“This is wonderful,” she cried. “But what's the matter?”

The goose lowered her head and looked sad. “I don't think that I will ever get back to my home.”

“Don't give up!” Evie pointed below. “Look!”

Far below in the distance, she could see a small green planet.

“Let's go!” The goose flew towards the planet with new hope.

“It's easy enough for her,” Evie muttered, watching the goose soar below. “But I can't fly. How am I going to get down there?”
She rummaged through her Dream Kit and pulled out an umbrella.

“Here I go!” She opened the umbrella and jumped from the star. She floated down until she landed on soft grass.
It was a beautiful springtime place with fresh leaves and warm breezes.

“Thank you, Evie!” The goose stood by her pond. Her babies chirped and hopped happily around her legs.

Evie smiled and walked towards a door that stood alone on the grass. She waved to the little family.

“Maybe I'll see you tomorrow night!” She called and walked through the door.
“Evie, time to get up!”

Evie opened her eyes and rolled over in her warm blankets. It was morning again.

“That was a good dream,” Evie yawned.

She looked around her room and smiled when she saw her Dream Kit on the floor. Next to it lay a white goose feather.
Page Layout of *Evie’s Dream Kit*

Figure 15

Figure 16

Figure 17
Evie loved bedtime because she loved to dream. Every night before her mother tucked her in, Evie picked her Dream Kit. During the day, she collected things that she thought might be useful in a dream. Most dreams would say that the collection was just weak. Why did she need that dusty rug on the refrigerator? What purpose could an old action shot have?

But Evie knew that dreams didn’t work that way—waking life and dream never knew what they would need in a dream.

One night, Evie fell asleep quickly. As the sun shone and glittered, her bedroom thoughts began to collide together until she arrived in her first dream.
She found herself in an old-fashioned room. A goose blocked her path near a goldsmith's cage.

"Hello, I'm Evie," she politely introduced herself. During the day, she would not have bothered to talk to a goose. Animals never spoke to her when she was smaller, but they were usually quite friendly when she was tiny.

"Hello," replied the goose in a soft voice. "You have been taken from my pond and carried far. Can you help me get back to my cage and find them?"

"Of course," said Evie. She looked around the room but could not find a key to unlock the cage. She searched through her Dinna Box for something to help her.

"Well," she said. She pulled out an object and began to spin it around. Soon, a golden key flew from a shadowy corner right into her hand. "The goose locked the cage," she explained.

"How did you do that? Do you have a magic wand?" the goose asked.

"No, I used a special magical scroll," Evie replied. "It's not a real scroll, but it worked for me.

"Come on," the goose exclaimed and stood up to reach the ceiling. "I've got a key and a spell, and we can unlock the cage." She reached a hand and Evie passed it open and passed it to the goose.

Figure 21

All around them stood giant flowers in tall trees.

"Do you think that we are near your home?" Evie asked.

"Yes," said the goose. "These flowers are near my pond are much smaller than these."

Evie looked around for the door to another room. Suddenly, she saw a large ladybug scuttling towards them. The ladybug had no spots, and Evie saw that it was crying.

"What's wrong?" Evie asked as she put down the ladybug's head.

"My spots have fallen off, and I can't find them," the ladybug sobbed.
“I have an idea,” Eve said. She opened her Dream Kit and pulled out a black marker. She drew large spots on the ladybug’s wings.

“You know!” the ladybug added. “I’ll show you the door to another dream.”

Eve and the goose walked over the ladybug toward giant trees and over huge roots until they reached another door.

“Thanks,” they said to the ladybug as they went through.

Eve and the goose looked over a countryside covered with snow. Everything was still and quiet. Eve’s breath formed up in her mouth and the frost made her breath look like small pinpricks of fog.

“This looks like a small pond in the distance,” she said to Nozomi. “Is that your house?”

“It looks like my pond,” the goose replied. “But there I live, the grass is green and the water is warm. This is not my pond.”

Can you help me?” A voice awakened them behind them. Eve and the goose turned around and saw a little boy on a marten. Why children are always cold. Do you know of a way to keep them warm?

“Mama,” he is murmured. Once again, she opened her Dream Kit. She pulled out a shining old timber.

“Fred! The flies are so terribly,” she said.

“Thank you,” said the boy in the beautiful dawn to her and he placed the table on his head. “There is a door behind that tree.”

Eve and the goose came upon a door in the tree. “I hope the next place is not so cold,” the goose said as they walked through the door.
They found themselves on a road in the middle of a grassy green field. The sun shone brightly and there was no breeze.

"Wait!" a squirrelly animal chased them from the ground. Eve looked down and saw a tiny person with a tiny bicycle.

She was rematched on the ground, and the gnome hurried her head to better see the tiny person.

"Hello," said the gnome. "I am looking for my children and my home. Is there a small door inside here?"

"Yes," the little person shook his head. "But I do know where there is a door to another dream. Maybe I could lead you to your home. I would show you the way there, but I have left my bicycle and can't ride my bike without it."

"Oh no," replied the gnome.

"Wait!" Eve yelled, as she rode off on her tiny bicycle. The door slammed shut on the little gnome's head.

"It's a perfect fit!" said the little person who delightedly stepped on his little "buried" feet!

Eve and the gnome followed the little person until she stepped on the side of a door on the side of a small hill.

"Thank you!" Eve said. The little person waved goodbye to Eve and the gnome disappeared behind the door.

Eve looked around her with excitement. She and the gnome stood on a glowing planet. Other colorful planets hung all around.

"This is wonderful!" she cried. But where the center?"

The gnome sawed her hand and looked sad. "I don't think that I will ever get back to my home."

"Don't give up!" Eve pelted below. "Look!"

Far below in the distance, she could see a small green planet.

"It's got!" The gnome flew toward the planet with open arms.

"I'm sorry enough for her," Eve muttered as she watched the gnome soar below. "But I can't fly. How am I going to get down there?"
She reached through her Dream Kit and picked up an umbrella.

"Thank you," Eva said. The girl opened the umbrella and journeyed through the clouds. She floated down until she landed on soft grass.

It was a beautiful spring day with fresh leaves and warm breezes.

"Thank you, Eva," the girl said. Her feathers shimmered and buzzed happily around her legs.

Eva smiled and walked towards a door that stood open in the grass. She moved to the first drawer.

"Maybe I'll see you tomorrow night," she called and walked through the door.

"Time to get up!"

Eva opened her eyes and smiled over her warm blankets. It was warming spring.

"But what a good dream," Eva yawned.

She looked around her room and smiled when she saw her Dream Kit on the floor. Next to it lay a white goose feather.
Figure 33
Conclusion

“No one can possibly tell what tiny detail of a drawing or what seemingly trivial phrase in a story will be the spark that sets off a great flash in the mind of some child, a flash that will leave a glow there until the day he dies.”

-Robert Lawson's Caldecott Medal acceptance speech, 1941

Books can have a profound effect on a child’s mind. I believe that I would not have developed the reading and writing skills that I have today had I not established a love of reading as a child. Throughout my education, I have enjoyed reading and studying literature. I have read many diverse forms and genres and constantly learn as I continue to read. However, although I appreciate and enjoy reading, it does not have the effect that it once did as a child. When I was younger, I read ravenously and became engrossed in books to the extent that it was as though I led two lives: my real life and a life experienced through books. I read my favorite books over and over again without tiring of them. I wish that I could regain that enthusiasm, but I think that childhood is a unique time for absorbing literature. In my experience, there is the potential during childhood for an intensity and power of the imagination that we perhaps lose as we grow older. Writing children’s books offers a glimpse into that state again. Maybe that joy and passion can never be regained, but it can possibly be remembered by attempting to incite it in a new generation of readers.
Works Cited


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