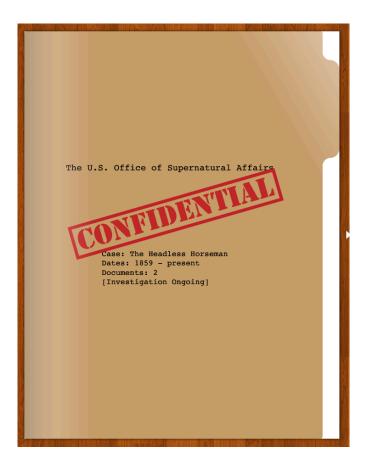
The Headless Horseman Nick Allen



Friday, October 17th, 1859

The schoolhouse where I spend my working hours is rather rudely constructed, though I suppose it will do until something statelier can be conceived. I am sure that after only a few weeks here, my presence will introduce knowledge as the townspeople's highest concern, rather than laboring and drinking. It is made of logs and rests at the foot of a woody hill near a small brook.

My students are bright enough, though in constant need of some reprimand for their rulgar behavior, as they have never been taught better. I never inflict chastisement without following it with some gentle word to console the smarting child. I am sure that through my efforts, every child will remember every lesson I teach with alacrity and lucidity, thanking me for them the longest day that he shall live.

Monday, October 20th, 1859

My week-nights are as pleasant as I could imagine them. Many nights I am invited to sup with the families of my pupils, and I have become intentionally friendly with the women of the village who cook the largest portions of the finest victuals. Indeed, hardly a night passes when I am forced to prepare my own meal. I have fostered a good many relations as the singmaster of the town as well. The most drab night is ever increased by wooing the women with my bold tenor and imparting upon them my vast knowledge of the opera and other aspects of high vocal culture.

My weekends are pleasant as well. I often figure among the country damsels in the churchyard, between services on Sundays—gathering grapes for them from the wild vines, reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones. The more bashful bumpkins hang sheepishly back, envying my superior elegance and address. I hardly think I have a rival among them save Brom Van Brunt, and his appeal lies only in rude pranks, his love of hearty laughter at another's expense, and his hulking, formidable figure.

I am esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for I have read several books quite through, and I am a perfect master of Cotton Mather's 'History of New England Witchcraft.' At the risk of pretentious self-knowledge (for what is life without risk, friends?), I must say that my appetite for the marvelous is extraordinary, even among such superstitious folk as these. Although, I would hold that my appetite is of a less archaic, more academic nature; I would hardly call myself easily spooked. Indeed, as I pass my long winter evenings, sometimes

A new perspective Engage Ichabod Crane in a new way Enhance the "spectral twist"

The U.S. Office of Supernatural Affairs

TO: Washington Irving FROM: Nick Allen DATE: Dec. 1st, 2014

SUBJECT: Results of the Sleepy Hollow Investigation

CASE: The Headless Horseman

Mr. Irving,

After a 6 week, in-depth investigation of Sleepy Hollow, I have gathered the two documents enclosed in this folder.

I discovered the diary of Ichabod Crane buried in the basement of the local library and the letter by Brom Bones in the ashes of the abandoned Van Tassel estate.

I believe the meaning and significance of these documents to be self-evident.

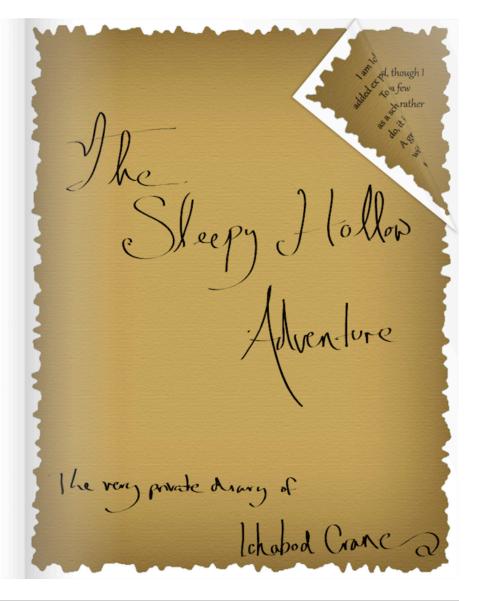
Ichabod's diary, while self-indulgent and foolish to epic proportions, conveys a valuable account of the Horseman. The fact that Bones's letter was scrawled to a priest on his deathbed speaks to the deep conviction he felt and the way the experience had haunted him his entire life.

I believe Sleepy Hollow has nothing else to offer as evidence for the time being, but the place reeks of a somber aura and should be kept in mind.

I am closing the books on the case for now.

Regards, Nicholas Allen

V. Du



Challenges

Successes

Changes

Audience

Genre

Design

Modes

Fans of Washington Irving

Fans of Sleepy Hollow

Traci Gardner

Successes

Changes

Audience

Genre

Design

Modes

Challenges

Web flipbook (flipsnack.com)
Framed as a "secret government file"

Changes

Audience

Genre

Design

Modes

Challenges

Successes

Text/font choices

Document types

"Aged" look

Sketches

Audience

Genre

Design Linguistic

Modes Visual

Challenges Spatial

Successes

Changes

Genre

Design

Modes

Challenges

Successes

Changes

Audience

The "feel" of the finished product

Integrity of the story

The framing device

FlipSnack/Adobe

Design

Modes

Challenges

Successes

Changes

Audience

Genre

Appearance

Plot cohesiveness

Ichabod's character

Modes

Challenges

Successes

Changes

Audience

Genre

Design

FlipSnack

Brom's story

Aural mode