

PAGE 1 – 5 panels

Panel 1:

Smith walking along a long dusty road. Alfri Smith is a dwarf. She appears about middle aged with a weatherworn face. Her skin is tough and always has been. Her hair is black with silver streaks and is bound back in a plait. She is solidly built and her clothes are somewhat shapeless and layered. She's also wearing a backpack. She is a strong woman, willing to smile, but she has seen more sadness than happiness. Right now her face is neither happy nor sad, indeed she's a little bit relaxed. She's walking down a dusty dirt road, a dry semi-rural setting, wide open fields, occasional trees, barbwire fence (or wooden fence if you prefer) flanking the sides of the road.

Panel 2:

Smith picking an apple off a tree next to the side of the road.

Panel 3:

Smith walking along, eating the apple.

Panel 4:

Smith engaged with conversation with a farmer on the other side of the fence. Farmer, a fellow dwarf leaning on the fence/fence post.

Farmer:

Where you headed?

Smith:

I dunno... the mountains maybe, they sure look pretty this time of year.

Farmer:

Why do you want to die so young?

Smith:

We all want to go back there some day, and my life's already spent.

Panel 5: Smith walking on, the Farmer calling out to her back.

Farmer:

Turning back point is clearly marked if you change your mind.

PAGE 2 - 4 panels

Panel 1 – long narrow panel.

A crowded train station, people getting on and off a train, a cross between a shinkansen and the chaos of Bombay. The majority of people are human although there are some elves and jotnar, range of clothing from business suits through to students in jeans and t-shirts.

Panel 2: A Jotnar (term for orc/troll peoples – see history of the world for more detail) in station attendant uniform physically cramming people in so that the doors of the train will shut. Some people's heads and arms are sticking out the windows.

Panel 3 – internal of train

Humans packed in like sardines and one lone dwarf. The dwarf is Alfri Smith but she looks a younger, her face is still careworn and a touch leathery, but the crows feet and silver hair are not so apparent Her hair is tied back into a single plait. Her face is fairly plain, her build is the same as her future self, the clothes and the backpack are pretty much the same as well. Except the clothes and backpack are neater and newer, dressed neatly for work. She's grimly enduring the crush, the crush seem oblivious to her.

Panel 4

Closer in on Smith. The person next to her has turned in the crowd, possibly bend to get something and a pair of buttocks are squishing against the side of her face. The grim look on Smith's face increases (this has happened numerous times before) with a hint of disgust.

PAGE 3 – 5 panels

Panel 1

A backpack on a smaller person whacking into her head on the other side. Smith fending off the backpack, causing her to elbow the buttocks person in the thigh.

Panel 2

Buttocks person turning on Smith

Buttocks: Hey watch it!

Smith: Watch it yourself

Panel 3: Buttocks talking to Backpack over Smith's head as if Smith wasn't there. Smith silently fuming.

Buttocks: Dwarves, they're so insensitive.

Backpack: I know, what's wrong with them?

Panel 4:

An elevated shot might work well for this panel. Smith disgorged onto the street. The bustling of the inner city near a train station, tall shiny buildings, people everywhere. Smith standing as a lone island amongst it. One of the buildings says Helidak enterprises. The mix of people here is about 75% human, 20% elf, 5% other (dwarf, jotnar, niad, piskie etc)

Panel 5: Smith clocking into work, either a punch card system or she bundies in with a finger print scanner. She also has a pass dangling around her neck (with a dodgy photo of her, Alfri Smith written under it –

Alfri in small letters, Smith in bigger letters). The wall the clocking in system is attached to has a sign that says Helidak Enterprises. If there is space it might be nifty to have an employee of the month notice board as a background detail, generic smiling wage slaves – predominantly young humans. Helidak Enterprises is a particularly nasty and narrow minded call centre, gleaming with corporate insensitivity.

PAGE 4 – 8 panels

Because her day is repetitive the word balloons can intrude on other panels as it all sort of flows in together through the power of repetition.

Panel 1: Smith sitting at her desk. The desk is designed for a human, Smith has to stretch to reach anything and her feet dangle in a chair that is also to big. She does not have a headset and needs to use a normal phone, she has a looming computer.

Smith:

Good morning Helidak, how may I help you?

Smith:

mmhmmm

Smith:

Have you checked that it's plugged in?

Panel 2: Smith later in the day, the uncomfortable chair is taking its toll.

Smith:

Good morning Helidak, how may I help you?

Smith:

Have you checked that it's plugged in?

Smith:

Around the back, follow the cord and see what it's attached to.

Panel 3: Smith wilting and somewhat annoyed

Smith

Good morning Helidak, how may I help you?

Smith:

Have you checked that it's plugged in?

Smith:

No I'm not implying you're stupid, it's a very common problem.

Smith:

I assure you sir, it's worth checking

Smith:

Around the back, follow the cord and see what it's attached to.

Panel 4: Smith looking at the telephone in annoyance, a little shock and frustration, the person has hung up, a little bzzzzzt coming from the telephone.

Panel 5-8, small panels, Smith answering the phone saying good morning Helidak, how may I help you. Or fragments of words/fragments of panels.

PAGE 5 – 8 panels

Panels 1-4 can be quite small, just Smith and her phone

Panel 1: Smith looking at the phone with surprise.

Smith:

Yes I am a dwarf

Panel 2: Smith smiling and relaxing.

Smith

First generation born here, yeah the accent still sticks I guess

No, most of my colleagues are human

Panel 3: Smith looking quite angry and a little surprised.

Smith:

I assure you, I'm perfectly capable of..

Just because...

Panel 4: Smith smiling and angry

Smith:

You'd feel more comfortable.

... how about an elf, would you mind talking to an elf? Yeah? Great. One moment please.

Panel 5: Smith with her hand over the mouthpiece of the phone, waiting a moment.

Panel 6: Smith smiling sweetly, speaking on the phone

Smith, the writing now in an elvish font:

Good afternoon, how may I help you?

... yes I know what you mean.

Do you feel comfortable now?

Panel 7: Smith screaming at the phone, a big exaggerated screaming at the phone pose:

Smith:

Well good you'll be in a better position to [Asterix style swearing here] yourself.

Panel 8: Smith sitting demurely, answering the phone

Smith:

Good morning Helidak, how may I help you?