



# Selected Editing Samples

BIOGRAPHICAL STATEMENT

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LETTER OF REBUTTAL

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SHORT FICTION EXCERPT

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Preface

The following pieces have been selected with the writers' permission. They are kept confidential with respect to their writing.

**NADIA F. ALAMAH**  
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This book highlights some of the art I've created during my student program; for professional commissions; and a few personal projects. These examples were selected not only because they represent some of my most interesting work, but, because they also include a glimpse into my development as an artist. So, the format of this book will occasionally shift between projects from the past and projects I've recently completed. This book is a great starting point for anyone wanting to see what I've accomplished, and, how I develop as an artist, as I plan to compile an entirely new book every year. The artwork may be stimulating, but this is also meant to be a story of artistic growth.

My first talent was drawing. By the age of 13 I could adeptly conceptualize and render illustrations (some of my pencil drawings from 1998 are pictured on the opposite page). I had a practiced hand and was encouraged to continue if I wanted to draw comics and cartoons in the future.

Then, something else happened - I discovered music. And, consequently, I devoted several hours a day, for 10 years, to my second talent. I excelled in music well enough that I eventually wrote and self-recorded several albums. There comes a time in every musician's career when we need artwork for our limited-release CD, and we are at the mercy of a Graphic Designer. Frustrated with the lack of credible Designers who would do my bidding at no cost, I decided to revive my long-dormant illustration skills and attempt to design my own album art. Much had changed since I had drawn in the 20th century - now, in the 21st century, I would require Graphic Art tools of advanced application. I bought software and a graphics tablet, and I set out to continue my untended artistic journey.

I was confident in my direction after I did a few personal and freelance projects, but I knew I had to catch up on so much. Shortly after, in 2013, I enrolled in my academic program soared through campus with fervor and self-esteem. I picked up occasional freelance projects; I photographed food; I toured the local Design studios; I even earned straight 4.0s, (something lacking in my High School transcripts); and, here I am now.

So, an updated book will be compiled every year to measure and compare my progress. People can share and relate to my journey; it's a story about direction and development. I consider myself a lifelong student even if I'm not enrolled in a formal academic setting. Every project I take on will necessitate learning new things, or what we commonly refer to as "conducting research". We should endeavor to always learn new things and we should never underestimate autodidacts.

Without further exposition, I invite you to take a look at what I've been up to. Remember to visit my website at [www.dMediaDesigner.com](http://www.dMediaDesigner.com) to see up-to-date completed projects and to experience my audio & video work also.

Sincere thanks,

-Darrol



Charcoal drawing in class at LCC, 2013.

This book highlights art that I've created during my student program, professional commissions, and personal projects. Along the way, you'll see a wide range of examples—including 3-D graphics renders, logo designs, and various categories of photography—the results of enthusiastic explorations into multimedia design. This collection of artwork may be stimulating, but this is also meant to be a story of artistic growth.

By the age of 13, I could adeptly conceptualize and render illustrations (some of my pencil drawings from 1998 are included on the opposite page). I had a practiced hand and was encouraged to develop my skills further if I wanted to draw comics and cartoons in the professional field. However, not long after, I discovered music. I devoted several hours a day, for 10 years, to my musical activities—excelling well enough to write and self-record several albums. My music led me back to art when I needed to design my own album covers and merchandise materials. What started as an efficient solution became a rekindled interest in long-dormant illustration skills and the discovery of digital graphic art.

I was confident in my direction after a few personal and freelance projects, but I knew I had much to learn. In 2013, I enrolled in the Multimedia Design program at Lansing Community College to build professionalism and strengthen my communication skills as an artist. Between studying, I picked up occasional freelance projects, photographed food, and toured local Design studios—in short, I did as much as I could to immerse myself in creativity to become a better Designer.

As I publish annual new editions of this collection, you can witness my direction and development, and hopefully share and relate to my journey. I consider myself a lifelong student, even if I'm not enrolled in a formal academic setting. Every project I take on will necessitate learning new techniques, new skills, new processes. We should endeavor to learn constantly, and we should never underestimate autodidacts.

Without further exposition, I invite you to take a look at what I've been up to. Visit my website at [www.dMediaDesigner.com](http://www.dMediaDesigner.com) to see up-to-date completed projects and to experience my audio and video work.

Sincere thanks,

-Darrol



Last week we met and discussed my Annual Performance Review. I appreciate that I was recognized the energy and enthusiasm I have for my work and acknowledged my dedication to IT Services with a couple of my accomplishments listed. However, I was surprised and disappointed to receive a developing in overall performance level. Though out my career and during my time at IT Services I have looked for ways to make the organization more effective and \_\_\_\_\_, and always take pride in my responsibilities. I truly believe I am always looking for ways to develop in many ways but not feel like I a least meet the expectations of my job is difficult to understand. With this in mind I have taken the time the past couple of days to talk to co-workers, directors, contentions at HR and across campus staff that I work with on a daily bases to get a better understanding. During these conversations I found that most value and appreciate work I have done in the past and present. Of course during the past year the work load was heavy, with little or no direction given, changes have occurred in leaders and almost everything seemed to be a rush. With this in mind taking this into consideration I was still very e and effective in performing the duties. I will admit I have made some mistakes along the way but have also learned and continue to learn in many ways. I do believe that the it is a plus to the HR team as well as IT Services to have an additional member to the team and look forward with the additional help to finally be able to develop the team as whole.

Last week, we met and discussed my Annual Performance Review. I appreciate that I was recognized for the energy and enthusiasm I have for my work and that my dedication to IT Services was acknowledged through some of my listed accomplishments. However, I was surprised to receive a rating of “Developing” in my overall performance level. Throughout my career and during my time at IT Services, I have looked for ways to strengthen the organization’s efficiency and productive output. I take pride in my responsibilities and what I contribute to my team; being aware of this, I am always looking for ways to develop many of my strengths and characteristics required for HR Personnel to excel. With my fifteen years of dedication and experience to this profession, to be told that I do not at least meet the expectations of my job is difficult for me to understand.

With this in mind, I have taken the time over the past couple of days to speak with co-workers, directors, and staff at HR and across campus that I work with on a daily basis for some fresh perspective and objective insights; as we have worked together for some time, they have seen me at all levels of my performance. Our ability to share constructive insights to build our collective development is one of the qualities that ranks our team as being one of the top collegiate administrative systems in the country. During these conversations, most of my coworkers expressed that they value and appreciate the work I have done in the past and the present.

Of course, during the past year we have also experienced increases in work load, with little or no direction given, as well as changes in leadership, which altogether created a rushed atmosphere. Taking into consideration these changes, I adapted very well and was effective in performing my duties. I have transformed over the years from my successes and growth opportunities into a thorough and dynamic HR professional— learning from past mistakes, contributing innovative approaches, and constantly searching for new growth opportunities that shape me into an invaluable asset to my team, to which I am dedicated. I do believe that it is a plus to the HR team, as well as IT Services, to have an additional member to the team, and I look forward, with the additional help, to see our team improve and develop as a whole.

Skin. Brown, yes, but also red and yellow. The underneath colors. Here and there, darker spots. A long gone mosquito pit stop. A lesson about trees learned the hard way. Under that, where no one could see: a lesson about boys. The thing in her skin admired every part of her.

At three hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit her hair stretched to her shoulders. Then curled up about her ears at eighty percent humidity.

Or rain.

It was pouring. The bus shelter provided shit protection. The rain took it as a challenge, a reverse hurdle to be leapt under. Had been straight strands huddled in close to her ears. She fought them. Won...sort of. Tamed them with black elastic.

A polyester cotton blend clung to her brown, yes, but...skin. Though she was not as much worried about that as she was about the runaway curls that had escaped the elastic and would turn to frizz once she reached her climate controlled destination. She undid and redid the ponytail. Then she did it again.

Gaining ground here, losing ground there.

Across the street a man stood under the awning of an apartment building. She stopped fussing with her hair to watch. He looked up and down the street. Lowered his head and took off into a sprint, coming straight at her.

It seemed he should fall—trip or slip and crack his head on the pavement. But he didn't. A look of surprise met her steely gaze. Dodging puddles and eventually dodging her, he came to a stop within the bus shelter.

He sighed or growled, and shook his head like a dog.

"They didn't say anything about rain."

"Thirty percent chance." Her voice cold, imperfect in its perfection.

"Nah, I didn't hear that." He shook again. Water droplets and raindrops battled midair.

She shrugged, a motion so familiar to her shoulders.

The thing inside watched the man, looking for those tale-tale signs that he was like her.

Skin. Brown, yes, but also red and yellow. The underneath colors. Here and there, darker spots. A long gone mosquito pit stop. A lesson about trees learned the hard way. Under that, where no one could see: a lesson about boys. The thing inside admired every part of her.

At three hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit her hair stretched to her shoulders. Then curled up about her ears at eighty percent humidity.

Or rain.

It was pouring. The bus shelter provided little protection. The rain took it as a challenge, a reverse hurdle to be leapt under. Had-been-straight strands huddled in close to her ears. She fought them. Won...sort of. Tamed them with black elastic.

A polyester cotton blend clung to her brown, yes, but...skin. Though she was not as much worried about that as she was about the runaway curls that had escaped the elastic and would turn to frizz once she reached her climate controlled destination. She undid and redid the ponytail. Then she did it again.

Gaining ground here, losing ground there.

Across the street a man stood under the awning of an apartment building. She stopped fussing with her hair to watch. He looked up and down the block. Lowered his head and took off into a sprint toward the bus shelter. He leapt water-filled potholes and dodged a garbage can that had blown into the street.

It seemed he should fall—trip or slip, and crack his head on the pavement. But he didn't. The thing inside was so fascinated that she didn't notice he was running right at her. Not until he looked up. A look of surprise met her steely gaze. The man twisted sideways, just missing her.

He made a sound somewhere between a sigh and a growl, and shook his head like a dog.

"They didn't say anything about rain."

"Thirty percent chance."

"Nah, I didn't hear that." He shook again, spraying her with water.

She grit her teeth and pretended not to notice.

The thing inside watched the man, looking for those tell-tale signs that he was like her.



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