

Creating a picture book dummy

A picture book dummy is a mock-up of a picture book. It's a tool that authors and illustrators use during the planning and submission process and helps to visualize the LAYOUT and PACING and FLOW and how ILLUSTRATIONS/TEXT work together.

Steps to make a PB dummy

Write summary

Add dashes

Select key scenes

Draw thumbnails

Create dummy

Share with industry professionals

32, 40, 48 page count

Low resolution digital

InDesign, Photoshop, Procreate, paper

Some finished spreads mixed in with sketches



Little Red Riding Hood **Brothers Grimm**

Summary:

Little Red Riding Hood is a fairy tale about a girl who visits her grandmother, encounters a wolf, and faces danger due to her interactions with the wolf.

The story emphasizes caution when dealing with strangers and disobedience.

Once upon a time, there was a little girl loved by everyone, but most of all by her grandmother. She gave her a little cap of red velvet, and she would never wear anything else. So, she was called Little Red Riding Hood.

One day, her mother said, "Come, Little Red Riding Hood, here is a piece of cake and a bottle of wine. Take them to your grandmother; she is ill and weak. Set out and when you are going, walk nicely and do not run off the path, or you may fall and break the bottle. And when you enter her room, don't forget to say good morning, and don't peep into every corner before you do it."

I will take great care, said Little Red Riding Hood to her mother.

The grandmother lived out in the woods, and just as Little Red Riding Hood entered, a wolf met her. Little Red Riding Hood did not know what a wicked creature he was and was not afraid of him.

"Good day, Little Red Riding Hood," said he.

"Thank you kindly, wolf."

"Where to so early, Little Red Riding Hood?"

"To my grandmother's."

"What have you got in your basket?"

"Cake and wine. My poor sick grandmother is to have something good, to make her stronger."

"Where does your grandmother live, Little Red Riding Hood?"

"Farther on in the wood. Her house stands under the three large oak trees; the nut trees are just below," replied Little Red Riding Hood.

The wolf thought to himself, "What a tender young creature; she will be better to eat than the old woman. I must act craftily to catch both."

He said, "See Little Red Riding Hood, how pretty the flowers are here. Why do you not look around? Little Red Riding Hood raised her eyes, and when she saw pretty flowers growing everywhere, she thought, suppose I take grandmother a fresh bunch. And so she ran from the path into the wood to look for flowers. And whenever she had picked one, she fancied that she saw a still prettier one farther on and got deeper and deeper into the wood.

The wolf lifted the latch, the door sprang open, and without saying a word, he went straight to the grandmother's bed and devoured her. Then he put on her clothes, dressed in her cap, laid himself in bed, and drew the curtains.

Little Red Riding Hood, however, had been picking flowers, when she remembered her grandmother and set out on the way to her.

She was surprised to find the cottage door standing open, and when she went into the room, she had such a strange feeling that she said to herself, oh dear.

She called out, "Good morning," but received no answer. So she went to the bed and drew back the curtains. There lay her grandmother with her cap pulled far over her face and looking very strange.

"Oh, grandmother," she said, "what big ears you have."

"The better to hear you with, my child," was the reply.

"But, grandmother, what big eyes you have," she said.

"The better to see you with, my dear."

"But, grandmother, what large hands you have."

"The better to hug you with."

"Oh, but, grandmother, what a terrible big mouth you have."

"The better to eat you with."

And with one bound, he was out of bed and swallowed Little Red Riding Hood.

The wolf lay down again in the bed, fell asleep, and began to snore very loudly. The huntsman was passing the house and wondered how the old woman was snoring. I must see if she wants anything.

So he went into the room, and when he came to the bed, he saw the wolf lying in it. "Do I find you here, you old sinner," said he. "I have long sought you."

Then, just as he was going to fire at him, it occurred to him that the wolf might have devoured the grandmother and that she might still be saved, so he did not fire but took a pair of scissors and began to cut open the stomach of the sleeping wolf.

When he had made two snips, he saw the Little Red Riding Hood crying, "Ah, how frightened I have been. How dark it was inside the wolf."

And after that, the grandmother came out alive also but scarcely able to breathe. Little Red Riding Hood, however, quickly fetched great stones with which they filled the wolf's belly, and when he awoke, he wanted to run away, but the stones were so heavy that he collapsed at once and fell dead.

Then, all three were delighted. The huntsman drew off the wolf's skin and went home with it. The grandmother ate the cake and drank the wine that Little Red Riding Hood had brought, and revived, but Little Red Riding Hood thought to herself, as long as I live, I will never by myself leave the path, to run into the wood, when my mother has forbidden me to do so.

The End!

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