

A stylized, abstract graphic in shades of green and black is positioned on the left side of the page. It features organic, flowing shapes with some circular, spiral-like patterns. The background is a dark brown with a subtle, textured pattern. The entire composition is framed by a thin white border.

# Portfolio

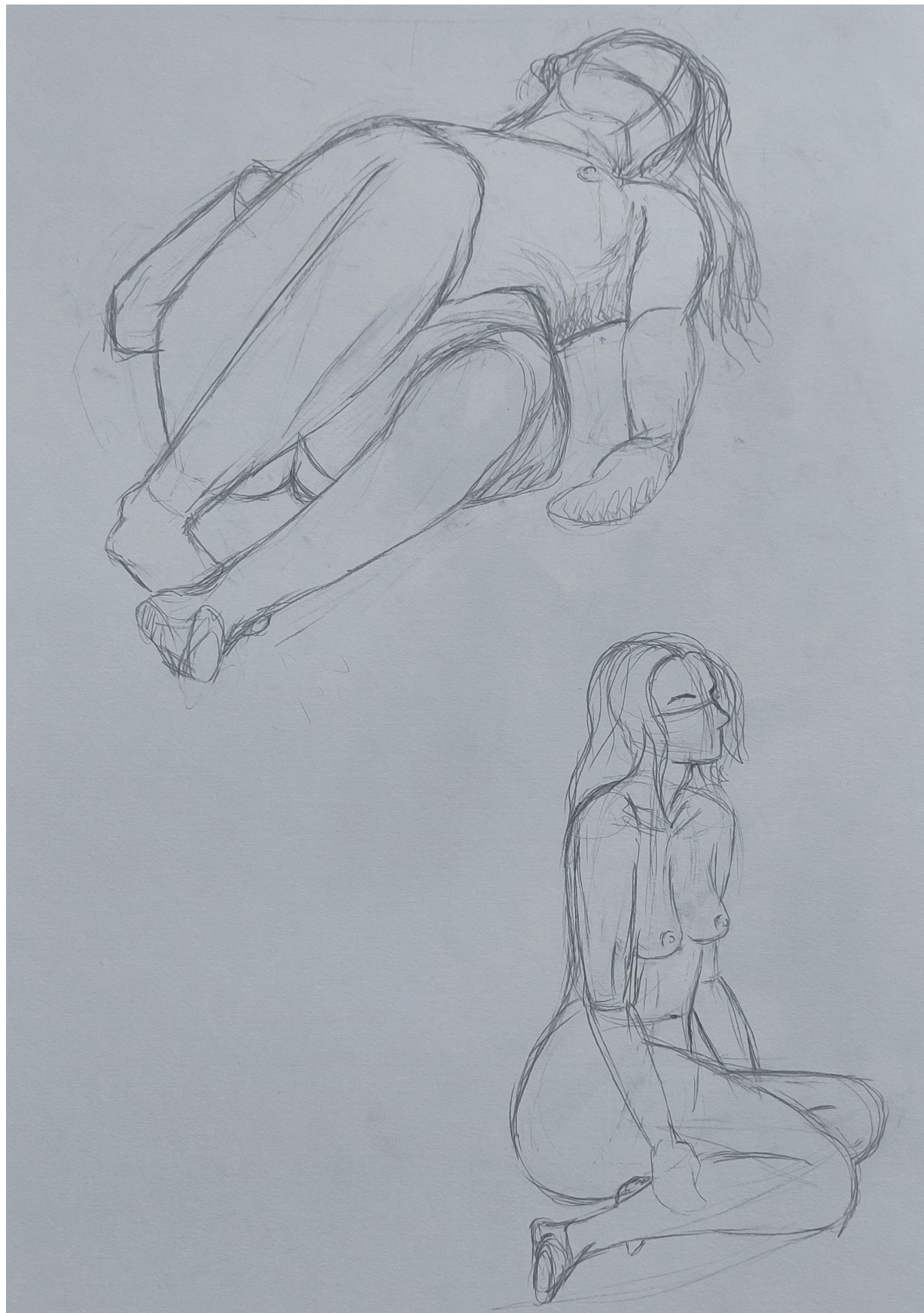
Penelope Buol

Schule für Gestaltung Basel

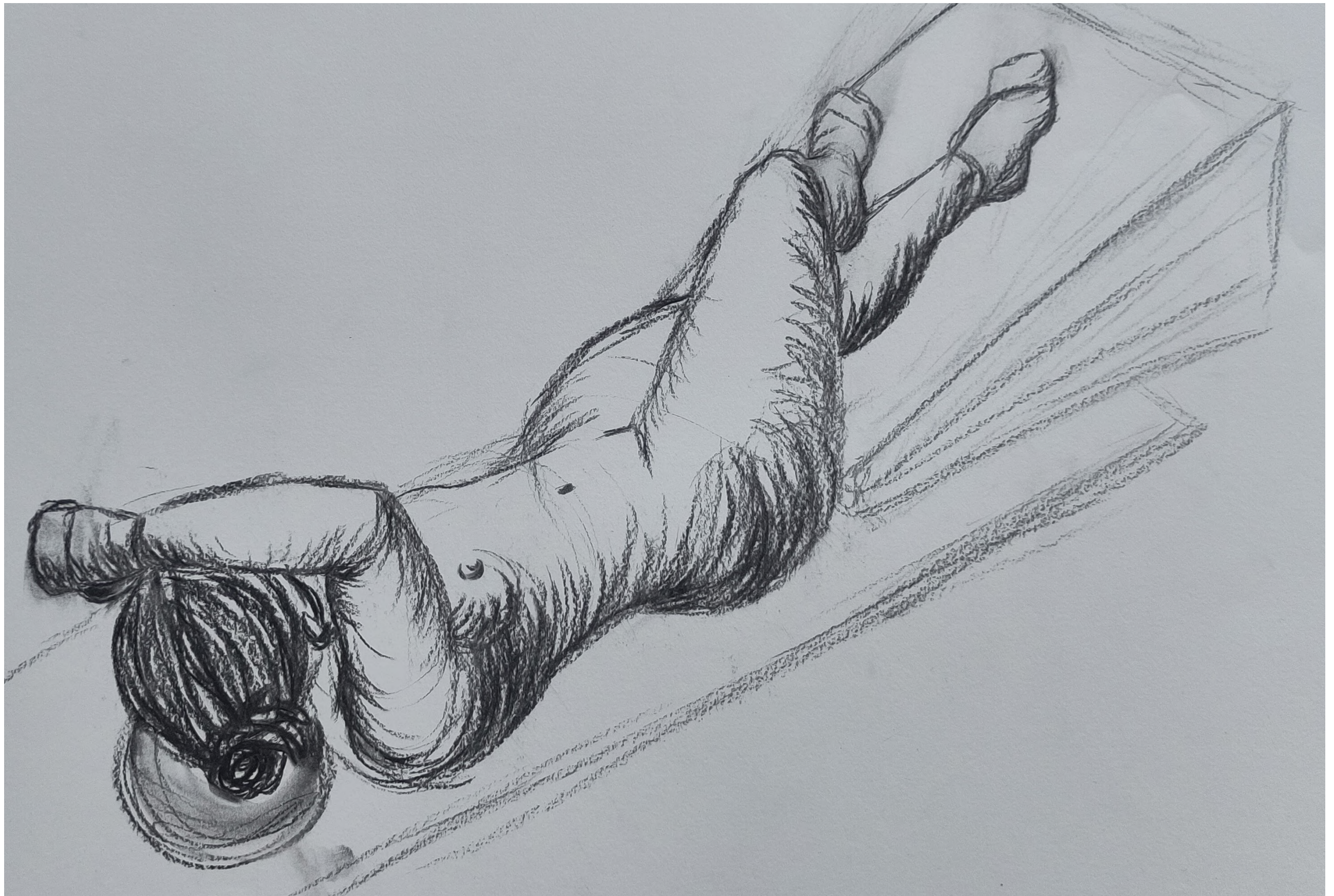
Vorkurs Plus 23/24

# Aktzeichnen





























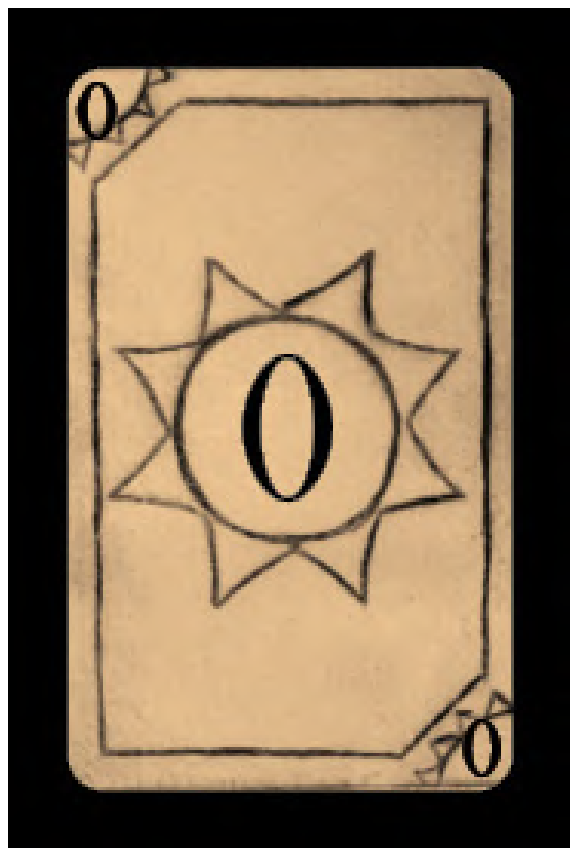


# UNO Karten

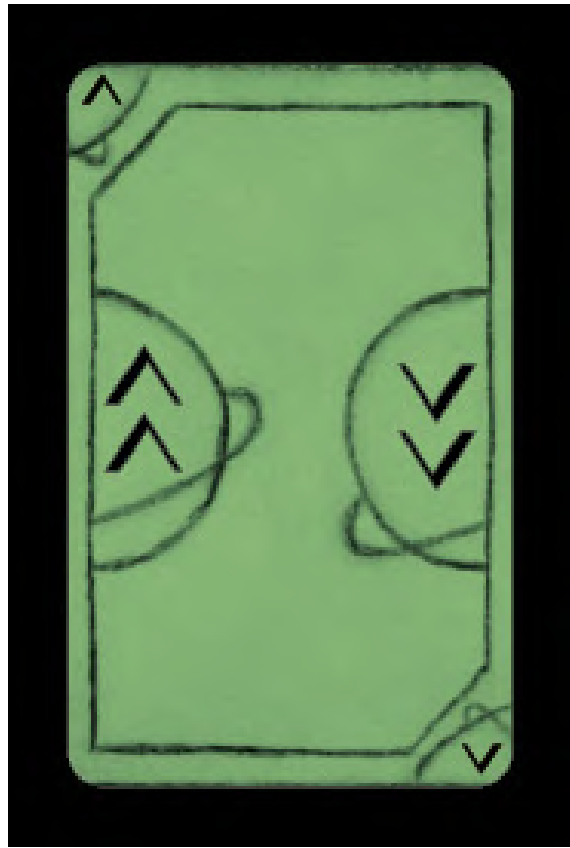














# Geschichten mit verschiedenen Drucktechniken





## This is Halloween

Boys and girls of every age  
Wouldn't you like to see something strange?  
Come with us and you will see  
This, our town of Halloween  
This is Halloween, this is Halloween  
Pumpkins scream in the dead of night  
This is Halloween, everybody make a scene  
Trick or treat 'til the neighbors gonna die of fright  
It's our town, everybody scream  
In this town of Halloween

I am the one hiding under your bed  
Teeth ground sharp and eyes glowing red  
I am the one hiding under your stairs  
Fingers like snakes and spiders in my hair

In this town, don't we love it now?  
Everybody's waiting for the next surprise  
Round that corner, man hiding in the trash can  
Something's waiting now to pounce and how you'll scream  
This is Halloween, red and black, slimy green  
Aren't you scared? Well, that's just fine  
Say it once, say it twice  
Take a chance and roll the dice  
Ride with the moon in the dead of night  
Everybody scream, everybody scream  
In our town of Halloween

I am the clown with the tear-away face  
Here in a flash and gone without a trace  
I am the who when you call: „Who's there?“  
I am the wind blowing through your hair  
I am the shadow on the moon at night  
Filling your dreams to the brim with fright  
This is Halloween, this is Halloween  
Halloween, Halloween  
Halloween, Halloween  
In this town we call home  
Everyone hail to the pumpkin song

*Text: The Nightmare Before Christmas*

*Technik: Kaltnadelradierung*





## Space Oddity

Ground Control to Major Tom  
Take your protein pills and put your helmet on

Ground Control to Major Tom  
Commencing countdown, engines on  
Check ignition and may God's love be with you

This is Ground Control to Major Tom  
You've really made the grade  
And the papers want to know whose shirts you wear  
Now it's time to leave the capsule if you dare

This is Major Tom to Ground Control  
I'm stepping through the door  
And I'm floating in a most peculiar way  
And the stars look very different today

For here  
Am I sitting in a tin can  
Far above the world  
Planet Earth is blue  
And there's nothing I can do

Though I'm past one hundred thousand miles  
I'm feeling very still  
And I think my spaceship knows which way to go  
Tell my wife I love her very much she knows

Ground Control to Major Tom  
Your circuit's dead, there's something wrong  
Can you hear me, Major Tom?  
Can you hear me, Major Tom?  
Can you hear me, Major Tom?  
Can you...

Here am I floating round my tin can  
Far above the Moon  
Planet Earth is blue  
And there's nothing I can do

*Text: David Bowie*

*Technik: Collage*





## The Game Begins

Empty your mind of any theories  
'Til all the facts are in  
Start at the end of all your queries  
To learn where things begin  
You analyze by working backwards  
Effects reveal their cause  
For even perfect crimes have perfect flaws

The calculus of a solution  
While changing, stays the same  
The stronger mind of evolution  
Determine who wins the game  
I poke and prod to find a weakness  
Where the bend becomes the break  
And make the most of Kira's first mistake

The game begins the same way  
I look for patterns on a screen  
Connecting bits of data  
Until I find out what they mean  
The game begins  
A kilobyte of information  
And soon a corner's turned  
Anticipate his adaptation  
By using all you've learned  
Some little thing, some minor detail  
Will draw you in, and then  
Another one will draw you out again

The game begins the same way  
I look for patterns on a screen  
Connecting bits of data  
Until I find out what they mean

The game begins the same way  
The chase is on, the die is cast  
I sift a thousand pixels  
Until I chase you down at last...  
The game begins!

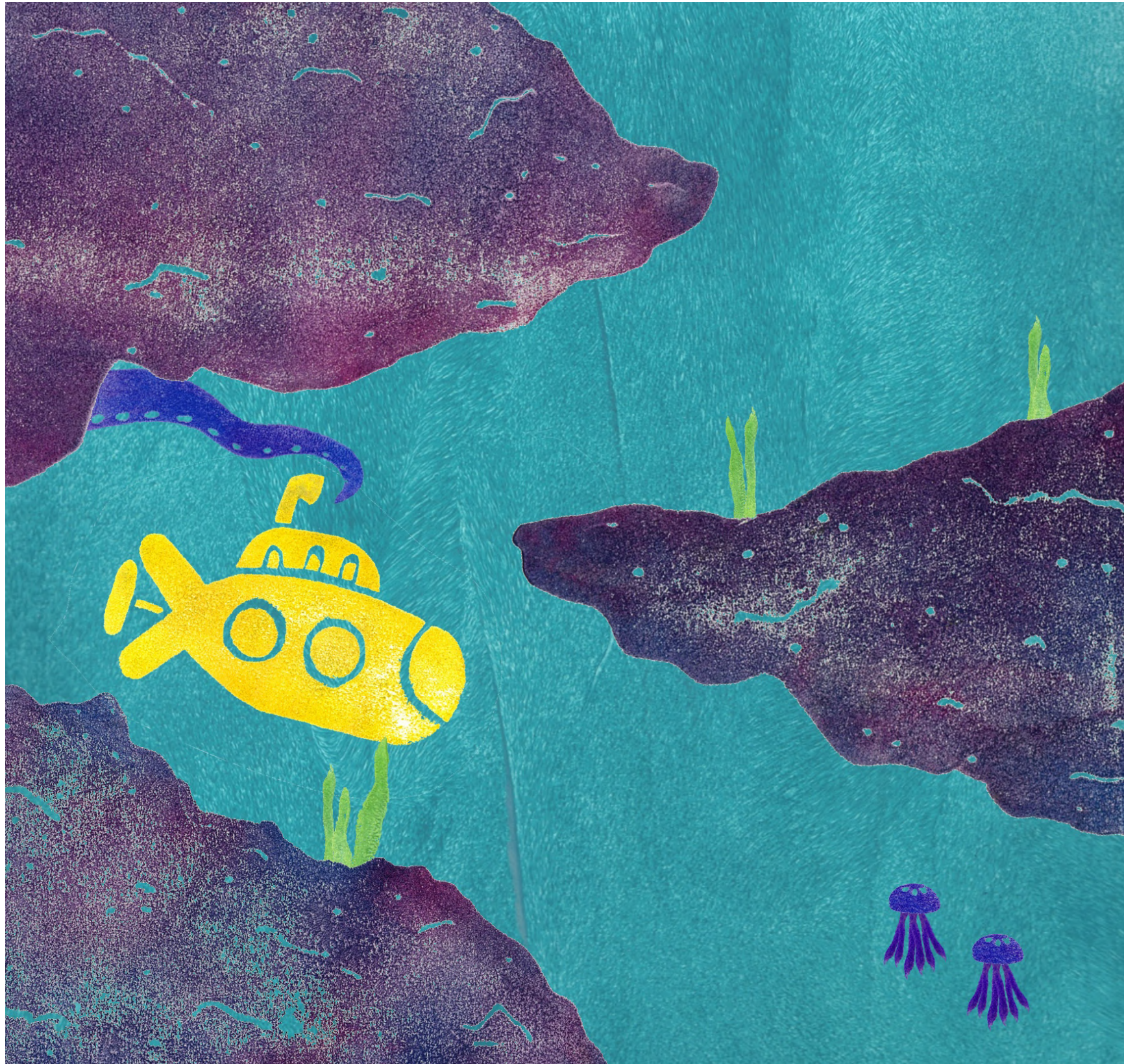
*Text: Death Note: The Musical*

*Technik: Mezzotinto*









## Yellow Submarine

In the town where I was born  
Lived a man who sailed to sea  
And he told us of his life  
In the land of submarines  
So we sailed on to the sun  
Til we found a sea of green  
And we lived beneath the waves  
In our yellow submarine

We all live in a yellow submarine  
Yellow submarine, yellow submarine  
We all live in a yellow submarine  
Yellow submarine, yellow submarine

And our friends  
Are all aboard  
Many more of them  
Live next door  
And the band begins to play

We all live in a yellow submarine  
Yellow submarine, yellow submarine  
We all live in a yellow submarine  
Yellow submarine, yellow submarine

As we live a life of ease  
Every one of us  
Has all we need  
Sky of blue  
And sea of green  
In our yellow  
Submarine

We all live in a yellow submarine  
A yellow submarine, yellow submarine  
We all live in a yellow submarine  
A yellow submarine, yellow submarine

*Text: Beatles*

*Technik: Stempel*



## Cabinet of Curiosities

In a cabinet of wonders, secrets concealed,  
A bird skull dons a hat, a mystery revealed.  
An hourglass crowned in minuscule grace,  
Marking time's dance in this enchanting space.

A broken mirror reflects tales untold,  
Shattered reflections of stories unfold.  
A candle perched on a tooth's solemn stand,  
Illuminating shadows, a curious hand.

A bottle brims with eyes, windows to the soul,  
Each gaze preserved, a collection to extol.  
Two beetles rest in eternal repose,  
Silent companions in this cabinet close.

A mushroom, mysterious, in its quiet reprieve,  
Sprouting amidst wonders, a tale to believe.  
In this curio haven, whispers of the strange,  
A symphony of oddities in a cabinet's range.



Text: Elina Wald

Technik: Linienätzung





## Amy likes Spiders

You know what I heard about Amy?

Amy likes spiders.

Icky, wriggly, hairy, ugly spiders!

That's why I'm not friends with her.

Amy has a cute singing voice.

I heard her singing my favorite love song.

Every time she sang the chorus, my heart would  
pound to the rhythm of the words.

But she likes spiders.

That's why I'm not friends with her.

One time, I hurt my leg really bad.

Amy helped me up and took me to the nurse.

I tried not to let her touch me.

She likes spiders, so her hands are probably gross.

That's why I'm not friends with her.

Amy has a lot of friends.

I always see her talking to people.

She probably talks about spiders.

What if her friends start to like spiders too?

That's why I'm not friends with her.

It doesn't matter if she has other hobbies.

It doesn't matter if she keeps it private.

It doesn't matter if it doesn't hurt anyone.

It's gross.

She's gross.

The world is better off without spider lovers.

And I'm gonna tell everyone.



# Animation















