

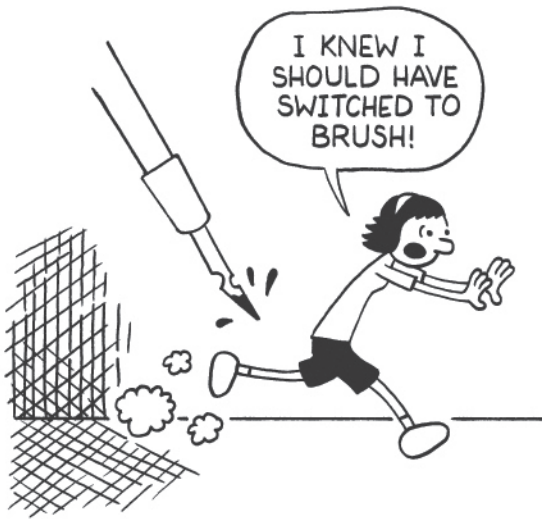
# DIARY of a CCS Student



The Center for Cartoon Studies  
Appeal 2012

Monday

I had that awful dream again last night. The one where I'm being chased through a maze of crosshatching by a massive crow quill nib.



I guess I have been pushing myself pretty hard lately. I barely finished the three-page comic due today, and next week's assignment is six whole pages!

Between my job and all the homework from my other classes, I don't know how I'll ever get it done in time.

But no one ever said making comics would be easy. Well, I mean, my grandma said that. But she also told everyone I was throwing

away my money to go off to clown college.

What most people don't realize is how badly I want to make something DEEP and MEANINGFUL.

The next comic I make has to be the BEST thing I've ever done.

I have this great idea for a story where a character wakes up on another planet and has her head examined by a pair of giant, disembodied Popeye arms.



I just hope it's not too subtle for everyone.

Tuesday

I fell asleep at the studio again, which has been happening a lot lately. As I was heading to class, I noticed that the sealed container of mystery food is still right outside the door. Everyone at school is obsessed with it.



One of the second year students told me that it's been there since she arrived in White River Junction last fall. She tried to convince me that a magical cartooning genie is trapped inside.

Then one of the school's alumni told me that the container has been there since the village was a booming railroad hub. But that can't be right. Did they even have plastic in 1931?

Wednesday

There are panels I saw before I could read that are permanently burned into my memory. But whenever I tried to imitate them, my drawings never looked as good. I used to wonder if comics were made by wizards.

It wasn't until I got older that I realized comics don't just magically appear out of thin air. They are drawn by REAL people. People who dedicate their lives to cartooning.

Who knows? Maybe one day some kid will think my comics magically appeared out of thin air.





Later, I tried working on my beefy Popeye-arm story after class, and it went nowhere.

This happens all the time! I get a GREAT idea, but when I finally sit down to draw the thing, it just doesn't work.

Then I start to panic.

Then I start to feel like a great big failure.

Then I spend the next nine hours watching season two of 'I Can't Believe I Ate the Whole Cake'.

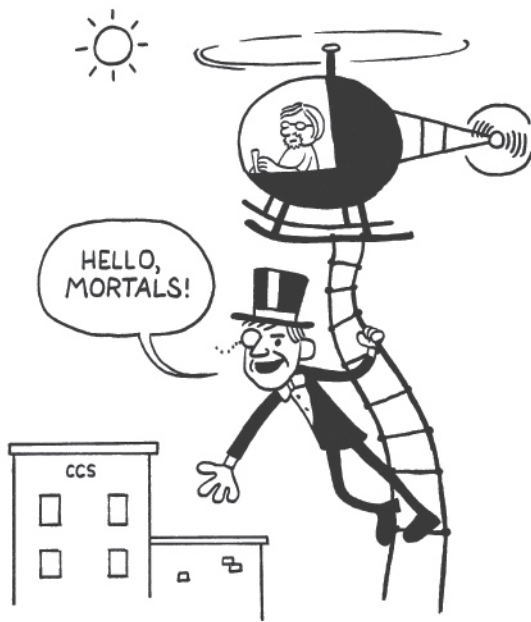


To be honest with you, I'm starting to get nervous. What if I'm not good enough to do this? I came here to become a better cartoonist, not to reach new levels of self-doubt. Now the fear of embarrassing myself in front of my more talented classmates is starting to paralyze me.

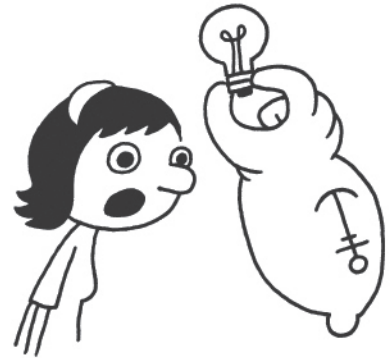


Thursday

Every week a different artist visits our school to give a presentation. I've met everyone from Alison Bechdel to Garry Trudeau. Today Jeff Kinney is visiting. His books were made into movies, so I wondered if he would show up in a helicopter piloted by Matt Groening or something.



Jeff passed around his sketchbook and it was filled with MILLIONS of ideas that he uses for his Wimpy Kid books. I was amazed at the way he pays attention to all the little day-to-day things that most people don't notice. It was like a light suddenly went off in my head!



But Jeff Kinney wasn't what I expected at all! No helicopter. Not even a monocle. He was just a normal guy. A normal guy who's had dinner with the president, but a normal guy nonetheless.

When the lecture ended, I bolted from the room determined to look the world straight in the eye and unravel its mysteries.



And I know exactly where to start.



Friday

My roommate found me the next morning, face down in a bowl of cat food. I'm not sure what happened, but it's the best sleep I've had since school began.



My sketchbook was filled with a bunch of crazy drawings too. What could it mean? Could it be some sort of message from the cartooning genie?



Saturday and Sunday

I was in the school lab all weekend. And I wasn't alone either. I've never seen so many people so collectively focused! It was like everyone had a personal code they were trying to crack, while at the same time trying to make something great to share.

Monday

I got my homework done on time and didn't embarrass myself in front of my classmates! But most importantly, I feel like I broke through into new creative territory. I can't wait to keep exploring it. I guess I'll have the chance to delve back in immediately.





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This brochure was drawn by  
Dakota McFadzean (CCS '12).

For more of Dakota's work go to:  
[dakotamcfadzean.com](http://dakotamcfadzean.com)

Although Jeff Kinney did visit CCS, he had nothing  
to do with the making of this brochure, but he was  
cool enough to give us permission to print it. The overall  
design and layout of the Wimpy Kid series book jacket is  
the exclusive trade dress of Wimpy Kid, Inc. and is used  
with permission. Diary of a Wimpy Kid by Jeff Kinney is  
published by Amulet Books, a division of ABRAMS.