

International
competition
for up- and -coming
illustrators



Illustration Chuck Groenink

Jungle BOOK

poems and stories
for the stArt Award
competition 2017

closing date
for entries
1 March 2017



How to enter the stArt Award

The assignments for the *BoekieBoekie Jungle Book*

To enter the stArt Award you have to create at least five illustrations by two or more texts especially written for the competition. The titles of the text of your choice should be handwritten.

Assignment 1: Choose two or more texts and create two or more spot illustrations

Assignment 2: Illustration for the fly leaflet

Assignment 3: Full page illustration. This illustration can be the same illustration as for the cover of the magazine.

Assignment 4: A5 landscape illustration for the BoekieBoekie Calendar 2017-2019. This illustration can be one of your series made for the magazine.

Note:

The illustration for the cover is an extra great assignment!

Do not forget the logo and the handwritten title *Jungle Book* has to be integrated into the illustration for the cover.





Content

Children's jury prize
Kristina
Prokhorova

ЕЖЕГОДНОЕ Jungle Book

Assignment 1
Choose two or more
texts to illustrate ...

... and create two or more
spot illustrations with
handwritten titles.

- 🐾 Mowgli's Song
- 🐾 Grey Brother's Song for Mowgli
- 🐾 The Jackal
- 🐾 When the Elephants Dance
- 🐾 Baloo the Brown Bear's Song
- 🐾 The Song of Mowgli's Mother Mesua
- 🐾 The Law of the Jungle
- 🐾 Jungle Party
- 🐾 The Jungle in All Things



For inspiration and awesome examples see:
[This is the stArt Award](#)

Mowgli's Song

I'm Mowgli, ruler of the jungle
and a child, with human kin.
I sometimes wonder where one ends
and the other begins.

I can hear you with my hands,
I can smell you with my teeth,
I can whistle through my nose,
believe me, it's the honest truth,

no animal can meet my eye,
I groom without a hairy chest,
I know the jungle laws by heart,
outsiders always give their best.

*I know the way a panther prowls
around the noises of the night,
the howl of wolves, the one-legged dance
that snakes perform before they bite.*

I speak with all the animals,
I know the sound of cracking bone,
I howl along with men as well,
I know the softness of a stone.

I'm not afraid of any bear
and I can lick a tiger, too.
I pick red flowers from the guns,
I'm not afraid of you.

*But when you're always on your own,
the only odd one out,
it's hard to feel that you belong -
and harder not to doubt.*

I wish that you would say:
it's not that black and white,
cheer up, you may not be the same,
but different is just as right

as a house of many rooms,
with tables, chairs, a bed inside,
four arms wide and two heads high,
exactly jungle-sized,

different gives you space to dream
beneath a starry dome,
different is the perfect place
to disappear and come back home.

Gerda De Preter

Grey Brother's Song for Mowgli

Human arm has cradled you,
human voice sang you to sleep,
red flame-flower kept you warm
Mowgli, until tiger came.

You were reared on wolf milk after
searing flower's scorching heat
bit into the tiger's feet:
when we suckled, there was room
to feed you too.

Father wolf and mother wolf
licked you clean with velvet tongues,
living in our cave among us
you became our brother cub.

Mowgli, funny naked frog
without furry coat or tail,
short of snout but nimble-fingered,
panther (who knows humans) paid
a bull for you.

You are not like other creatures:
red spark-flower in your stare
makes us all avert our eyes
Mowgli, master of the fire.

Bear took care of you, he taught you
all the laws and master words,
languages of beasts and birds
and our jungle wisdom, too
as you grew.

All (except some monkey folks
who even kidnapped you one time)
respect you now as one of them
Mowgli, funny naked frog.

For a while you lived with humans,
learned to quack the way they do.
No one understood you there:
frightened of the magic things
you did and knew.

But we jungle-dwellers never
will forget how you came back
after you defeated tiger –
with me, grey brother from your pack.

Mowgli, Mowgli, which are you:
funny wolf or feral man?
Both are true.

Judy Elfferich

My bushy tail may hang down limply, I'm scrawny and I'm slight,
but I'm no gangly-legged beggar, no gutless yellow mutt,
and nor am I a scruffy scoundrel, a mangy parasite.
They call me Dog who Licks the Dishes, but I am Tabaqui,
the restless quadruped.
The little jackal. Check, that's me!

There are no flies on Tabaqui, I skulk, I crawl and yap.
My vocal cords are made of rubber, I jabber on and on
until my pointy ears are ringing; and even then won't stop.
I'm never flavour of the month here, I am just who I am:
the little jackal – who is he?
Tabaqui, Tabaqui, Tabaqui!

The Jackal

It's true, I like to visit graveyards, and abattoirs as well
and if I find a bone to gnaw on, I'll whine with gratitude,
but I'm no garbage scavenger, no zombie dog from hell.
They call me body-snatching mongrel, but I am Tabaqui,
the never-very-picky-one.
That's right! The little jackal, me!

Mary Heylema

When the Elephants Dance

I, when I was known as Little Toomai,
went to ask my dad one day:
'How much longer am I Little?
When will I be fully grown?'
He grinned a toothy grin
ran his fingers through my hair
and told me, 'When you've seen the elephants dance.'
'Where,' I asked him, 'do they dance?'
'In your dreams!' he answered, and I slunk away,
until the trunk of Kala Nag
curled around my shoulder.
That moment made me feel a day,
weeks, no... decades older.

In that black and sticky night
as I lay among the huge grey beasts
I heard a distant trumpet call.
Just a dream, I thought.
Till I was woken up by Kala Nag
Who lifted me onto his back
and at an elephant's fastest pace
trampled through the jungle night.
Mosquitoes buzzed and branches swished,
flowers spread their sweet and heavy scent
at the place where eighty elephants gathered.
There they danced, they heaved and swayed
all those clumsy bodies side by side
like a stormy sea of slate-grey waves.
And me? I sat on Kala Nag's broad back.
I was there as well, that night.

No man had ever seen the sight.
Till Kala Nag, our wise old Kala Nag
took me through the jungle night
to show me where the elephants dance.

'Dad, oh dad! Now I'm grown up!
I called when we were back at camp
shouting out above the tramp
of Kala Nag's exhausted feet.
'Had a pleasant dream, my son?'
my father laughed at me.
But Kala Nag just picked him up
and lifted him onto his back.
And there we went, back down the track.
Mosquitoes buzzed and branches swished,
flowers spread their sweet and heavy scent
at the place the elephants' dance had been.
'Look! Look there!' I pointed out
when we reached the scene,
the dance floor grass still freshly trampled
and I watched as all the doubt
vanished from my father's eyes.

No man had ever seen the sight.
Till Kala Nag, our wise old Kala Nag
took me through the jungle night
to show me where the elephants dance.
I, who now am known as Toomai of the Elephants.

Linda Vogelesang

Baloo the Brown Bear's Song

I'm Baloo, I know the jungle laws.
I'm Baloo, I teach the wolf cubs to be good.
I may be slow but I'm not thick.
So watch out: I don't miss a trick!
Teaching runs in brown bears' blood.

I'm Baloo, the teacher of the cubs.
I've taught young wolves for many years.
I'm a slowcoach, bears are made that way,
but make sure you remember what I say,
and do as you're told, or I'll box your ears!

I'm Baloo, the brown bear, and I'll teach you.
In my wise lessons, cubs learn what they need to know.
Each jungle beast has its own call
and language – and I know them all.
A human cub has joined my class, not long ago.

A human cub, I kid you not!
He's the cheekiest of the lot.
A naked frog with no idea as yet
of who we are and what we do,
and though he's sweet, and plucky, too,
I will teach him jungle etiquette.

I'm Baloo, I know the jungle laws.
I teach the human cub respect for jungle ways.
We all have the same blood.
I'll teach him to be good,
and who we are, and how he should behave.

The Song of Mowgli's Mother Messua

Mowgli's human name was Nathoo

Now that I am old,
my health and beauty gone,
I feel my former grief
still burning in my bones.

A hole filled with the tears
I cried for my Nathoo.
I lost him to a tiger.
My son, I miss him so.

I'd call into the jungle
'Nathoo, where have you gone?'
The jungle is a deadly place
for children on their own.

Until today, years later,
this wolf-child, wild, dark-skinned,
appeared – he has my eyes
but also smells of the wind.

I'm very happy all the same,
the jungle's let him go.
My son, does he remember me?
He can be surly, though.

How tall he has become,
he looks just like a man.
And I am his old mother,
he protects me when he can.

He whines and growls and roars
like something still untamed.
He cannot speak and doesn't even
seem to know his name.

His callused feet have never
walked in shoes before.
Like paws of jungle animals:
full of scars, and raw.

He doesn't want to sleep
indoors – is he afraid?
He leaves his bed and goes
to sleep outside instead.

Who is he now, a human?
A member of the pack?
He walks upright, but leaps
like a tiger on the attack.

Then one day, as quickly
as he appeared, he's gone.
But deep inside me, he's still here.
and I'm no longer alone.

Jungle Party

A party can be a success
even though the tree hall is an eyesore
not a ray of light reaches the forest floor
and the guests aren't properly dressed.

A party can be a success
even though all the bunting is sagging
the selection of fruit is found lacking
and the young ones are making a mess.

BECAUSE

Mowgli has trained the fire moths
and glow worms to take flight.
At a fluttering pace
they flap to their place and...

there is LIGHT!

Lida Dijkstra

The Jungle in All Things

Combed your hair? Ha!
Made your bed? Ha!
Scrubbed the stairs? Ha ha ha!

There's a jungle in all things,
a jungle in all things
trying to get out...

Listen, hear it crawl
and whisper in the wall,
peeling off the paint.

The jungle in all things,
you can hear it sing,
wriggling its way out!

Mopped the floors? Heh!
Oiled the doors? Ha!
Done your chores? Heh ha ha hoo!

*Feel it squirm and writhe –
you'll know what creatures thrive
underneath the rug.*

*What's creepy-crawling round,
what's growing underground,
what's buzzing in the tree?*

*A jungle in all things,
it bubbles and it burns,
bursting to break free!*

A jungle in all things,
a thingle in all thungs,
a lundle in all glings,
bargle,
blee!

The Law of the Jungle

WhatsApp

Written by Daan Remmerts de Vries

Man, Spiderman!
You know that women make you lose your superpower! It's the law of the jungle! NO women! They just don't get it. So what's this all about? We were planning an awesome afternoon, just us superheroes among ourselves. I've already positioned my Dragon Ball armies in the gorge of the black overlords. An EPIC battle! Just come, OK?
See ya, Superman

Spider!
I totally agree with Super! Dumping us for a woman is just not on! The law of the JUNGLE, remember? It goes: Only the strongest wins! The black overlords are getting more powerful! So get your ass over to the Batcave! We'll go to Super together, it'll be awesome!
JUST DO IT, OK?! Batman

Yo, Superman,
Want to come round this afternoon? We can watch a DVD or play on my new PlayStation! I'll get crisps and Coke. We'll have a wicked time!!!!
Later, Batman

PS Nice job catching those bank robbers the other day!

Hi Batman,
Actually, I'm a bit tired. Feel like chilling at home today. My mother's out (she's at her flower arranging group – blergh). So why not come over to my house. I'll let Spiderman know, too. The three of us can hang out! The whole superpower club together – cool or what?
See you, Super

PS The way you made mincemeat of Sidewinder wasn't half bad, either. Did you get all the water out of your ear?

Yo Batman & Superman,
Thanks for the invite. There's just one thing... I've got a date with Chantal! That's right, the Chantal Versluis! I think we're going to Burger King... Afterwards, maybe? Not sure yet.
Later superdudes! Spiderman

Yo Bat & Super,
I think you two are jealous (super jealous, ha, ha). I'm not surprised, because Chantal is SOMETHING ELSE!!!! As you well know (we were checking her out together only yesterday). You two have fun playing with your armies in the jungle – I'm going to use my superpowers on Chantal.
Byeeee, Spider

Super,
I suggest we kick Spiderman out of our club. Let's be honest: he's a loser. I noticed it at the recent Las Vegas earthquake – he acted like he didn't give a toss! Fat lot of good that did us. Let's forget about him. He can go to his poxy Burger King all he likes.
So you're coming over this afternoon, deal?
Later, Bat

Hi Bat,
I agree: Spider's out, starting now! But hanging out at your place: I don't think so. Sorry. Like I said, I'm just too knackered to leave the house. Come over to mine, dude. And this time, try to be on the ball! Cos, um... That bank robbery... could have been a bit more, um... heroic, know what I mean? OK, so it ended well; but really only because the bank robbers tripped over a passer-by in a wheelchair, remember? (Hilarious, I admit.) And then you finally turned up, shouting, 'Gotcha!' Yeah, well, bra-vo bro. Next time, just keep your eyes peeled, OK?
Welp, see ya, I'm in the jungle (cos I've already left without you – SOMEONE has to save the world!) Super

Yo!
What the hell are you on about? A win is a win, Super! Anyway, you're one to talk, after your epic fail with the escaped elephant herd, remember that?!!! Shouting 'Help, help!' just doesn't cut it sometimes, Super! It's actually pretty s-a-d!
So here's the plan: you go ahead and chill out on your lonesome. Or you know what? Join your mother. Flower arranging. Maybe you can pick some in the gorge of the black overlords.
Byeeee, Super! See if I care.

Hey, Bat. I'm back. The black overlords have won, I think. Because YOU lost! Know what the REAL law of the jungle is? You don't let down your bros! I'm through with you two, I've joined the black army. From now on, my name is CHOLMOK! (Cholmok the magnificent.) And FYI, you're both doomed. If Cholmok gets his hands on you, he'll annihilate you with his thunder hammer, ha, ha, ha!

Chol-mok?!!!!!!! Jeez, how childish can you get!
Have fun banging your ickle hammer.

Yo, Cholmok. I'm back. Why you not answering?
Dropped the hammer on your toe, or what? ;)

Cholmok, you all right? Drop us a line.

Cholmok. Come on. This is totally not cool.

Cholmok. Drop us a line from the jungle.

LAST chance, Cholmok!

Cholmok! You still alive?!!!!!!!

[Empty text box for user input]

Hi, Bat. Relax. I was in the garden.

[Empty text box for user input]

The garden? Is that some kind of underworld
or something?

The back garden, thicko. Behind our house.

Huh? What were you doing there?

Huh? What were you doing there?

Nothing special. There was a cat. I stroked it.

You stroked a cat????????????????

Nice-looking animal. Black, with patches of white.

Cholmok, I've completely lost track of who you're
supposed to be. Are you under the spell of an
arctic tiger with laser beam eyes, or something?

No, just a cat. I'm about to check if it's still there.
Maybe it's hungry. THAT is the real law of the
jungle, BTW: when you're hungry, you have to eat.

[Empty text box for user input]

Cholmok. Don't go! My bat senses are tingling:
it's a trap!

Cholmok! Cholmok! Cholmok!

Hi, Bat. I was outside in the garden with a slice
of ham, calling 'Here Kitty, Kitty, Kitty'. Don't
think it's coming back, though.

Cholmok, you listen to me now. We've got to do
something about Spider. He's hanging out with
Chantal as we speak! Let's go to Burger King.
Law of the jungle, man! The law of the jungle
says: help a friend in danger.

Welp. Have to admit: chill idea, Bat

That's my man! Two superheroes fighting EVIL
(Chantal Versluis)! Awesome! Now I'm sure of it,
it's going to be a wicked afternoon!!!!

OK. See you later.

[Empty text box for user input]

 Note: These mock-up pages of The Law in the
Jungle is to inspire you. You can play
around with this WhatsApp design.

Assignment 2
Character for the fly leaflet



Example of a character on the fly leaflet

A spot illustration:
make a drawing of one of the characters of the Jungle Book.



Sketch #2

Sketch #1

Sketch #3

Sketch #6

Sketch #7

Sketch #8

Sketch #4

Sketch #5

Assingment 3
**Free full page
illustration**
or / and
cover illustration



barcode has to be somewhere
in the bottom

BOEKIEBOEKIE

for awesome adventures

Volume 26

101 = 002

BOEKIEBOEKIE

Do not forget: the logo and
the handwritten title *Jungle Book* has
to be integrated into the illustration.

Assignment 4
**A5 landscape for the
calendar**

Example of the calendar



be aware of the hole here



be aware of the holes here



How to start?



De wolf met de zeven gaatjes
Van geschiedten en sprookelentales,
vertaald door Mieke Buijs

Ik heb eenmaal een wolf gezien, maar hij was
niet zo groot als de verhalen vertellen. Hij was
niet zo wild als de verhalen vertellen. Hij was
niet zo slim als de verhalen vertellen. Hij was
niet zo...
[The text continues with the story of the wolf and the seven kids]

**FRANK
& ANTON
SABATINI**
Aankomst op het strand

1 Try several lay-outs and make sketches by hand.

De wolf met de zeven gaatjes
Van geschiedten en sprookelentales,
vertaald door Mieke Buijs

Ik heb eenmaal een wolf gezien, maar hij was
niet zo groot als de verhalen vertellen. Hij was
niet zo wild als de verhalen vertellen. Hij was
niet zo slim als de verhalen vertellen. Hij was
niet zo...
[The text continues with the story of the wolf and the seven kids]

**FRANK
& ANTON
SABATINI**
Aankomst op het strand

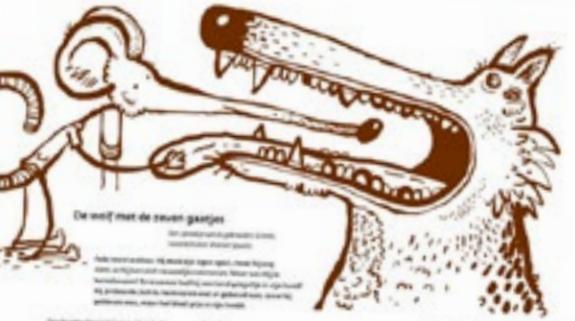


2 Look & See:
• Which sketch should be used?
• What is the story?
• How will the story end?

De wolf met de zeven gaatjes
Van geschiedten en sprookelentales,
vertaald door Mieke Buijs

Ik heb eenmaal een wolf gezien, maar hij was
niet zo groot als de verhalen vertellen. Hij was
niet zo wild als de verhalen vertellen. Hij was
niet zo slim als de verhalen vertellen. Hij was
niet zo...
[The text continues with the story of the wolf and the seven kids]

**FRANK
& ANTON
SABATINI**
Aankomst op het strand



De wolf met de zeven gaatjes
Van geschiedten en sprookelentales,
vertaald door Mieke Buijs

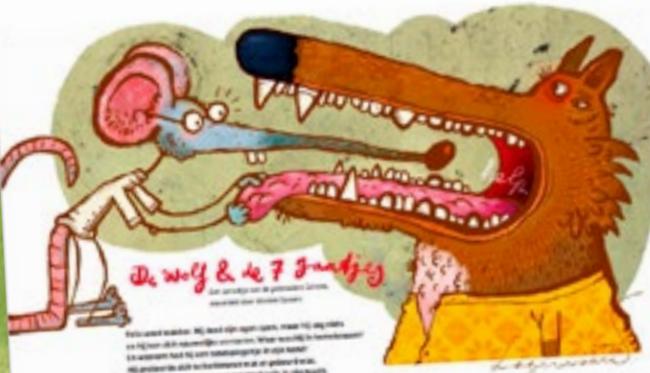
Ik heb eenmaal een wolf gezien, maar hij was
niet zo groot als de verhalen vertellen. Hij was
niet zo wild als de verhalen vertellen. Hij was
niet zo slim als de verhalen vertellen. Hij was
niet zo...
[The text continues with the story of the wolf and the seven kids]

**FRANK
& ANTON
SABATINI**
Aankomst op het strand

De wolf & de 7 Gaatjes
Van geschiedten en sprookelentales,
vertaald door Mieke Buijs

Ik heb eenmaal een wolf gezien, maar hij was
niet zo groot als de verhalen vertellen. Hij was
niet zo wild als de verhalen vertellen. Hij was
niet zo slim als de verhalen vertellen. Hij was
niet zo...
[The text continues with the story of the wolf and the seven kids]

**FRANK
& ANTON
SABATINI**
Aankomst op het strand



3 And the final Illustration!

DON'TS... and DO'S



Do: small free-standing illustrations



Don't: small full-background illustrations



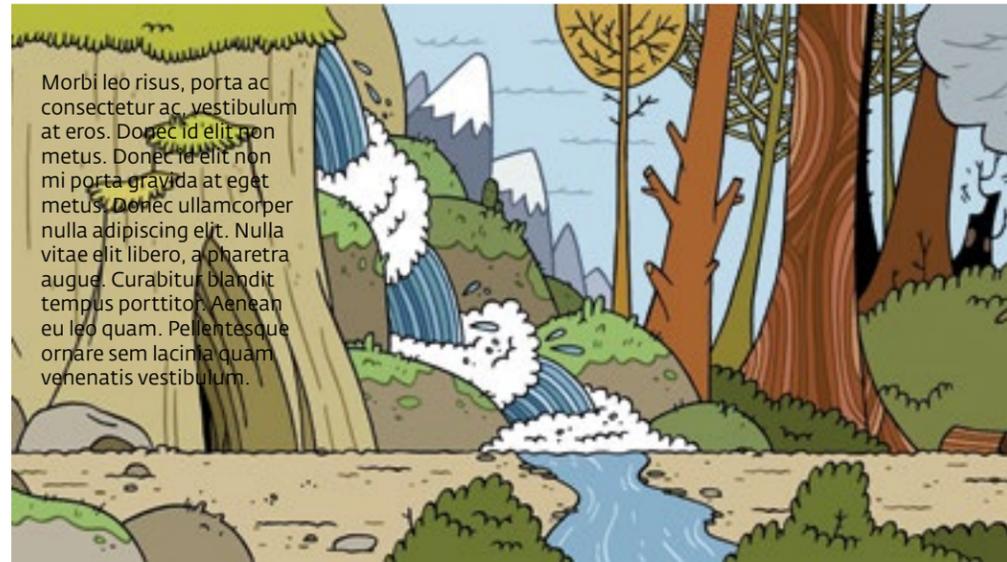
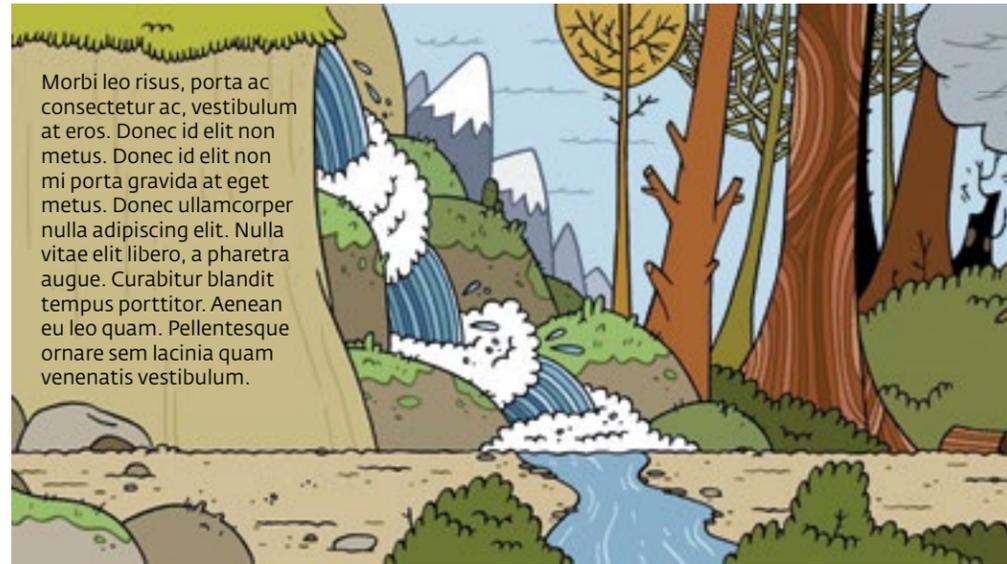
Do: Personal style and hand-written letters and titles: fits with *BoekieBoekie*.



Don't: a standard or stock image



Do: light colours under a text

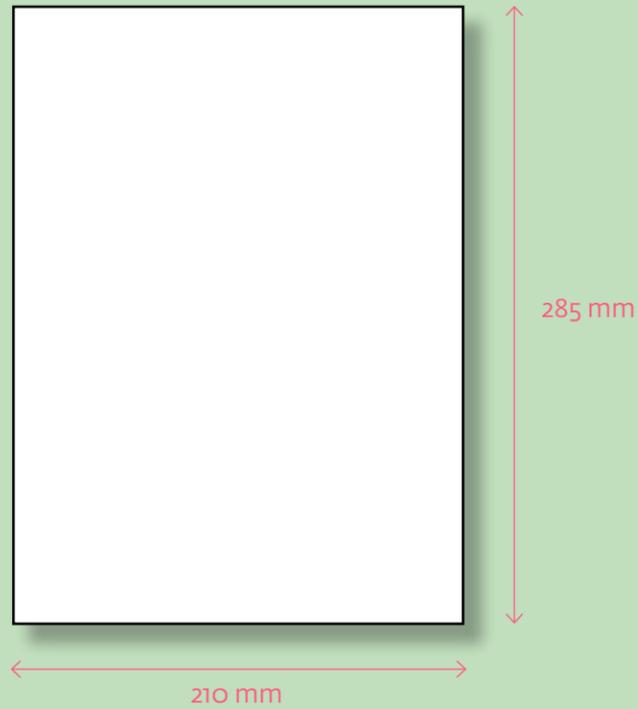


Don't: Illegible text

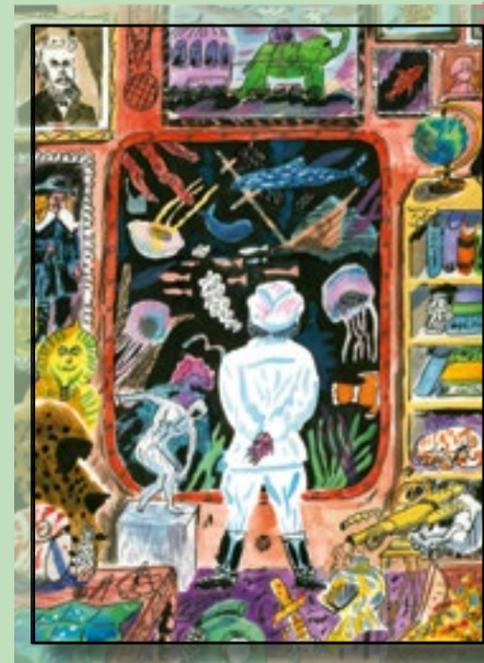


sizes and borders

single page



border

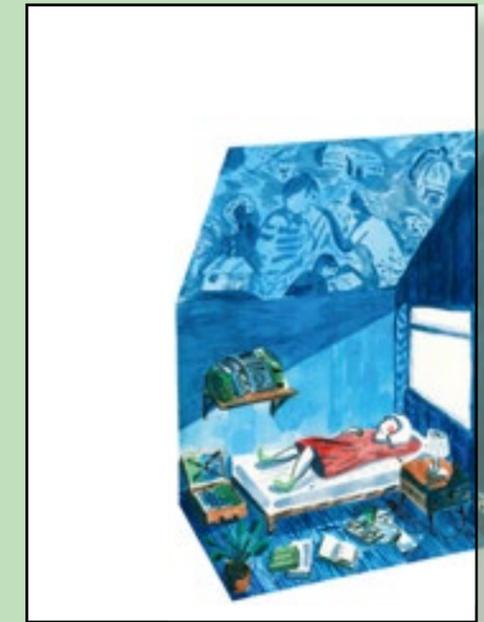


5 mm

5 mm

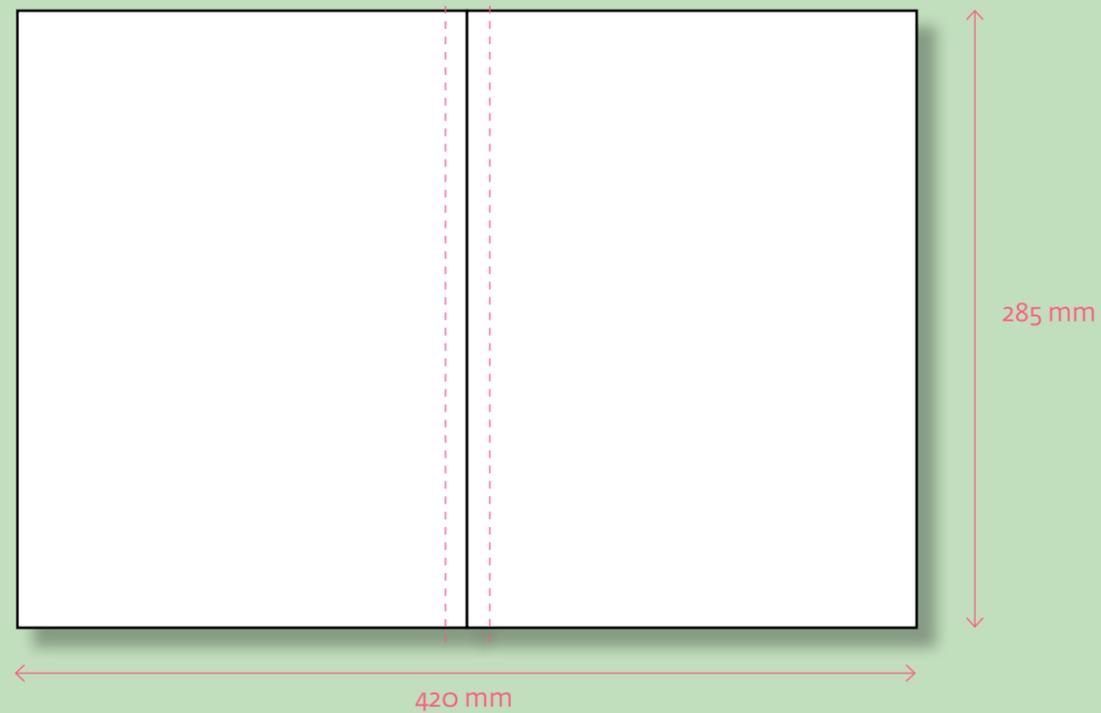
If your illustration fills the page, or runs to the border, give your illustration a 5mm border. This will be cut-off after printing.

5 mm



spread

2x 7 mm will disappear in the fold



cover



ready to submit?

If you are one of the nominees your work will be published in the *BoekieBoekie*. Before submitting your work please follow these instructions.

Step

1

Colour management is very important and the first step for a professional workflow.

- Practical information about colour management and profiles (advanced), see www.eci.org
- TIP: Use CMYK preview in Photoshop (key shortcut: cmd Y). You can see what you can expect if printed
- Important use the right color settings
 - Use: Menu > edit > colorsettings
Choose setting: "Europa, Prepress 3" or "Europa, for print"
 - Other option: use "Coated FOGRA 39", (only for preview. Do NOT convert to cmyk, use RGB)

Step

2

Separate layers

Use separate layers for the title or the text, because of the language switch: Dutch, English, German, Russian, Chinese, Polish, etcetera.

Step

3

Professional scan work

- Your image-file has also to be technically ok in order to be printed in *BoekieBoekie*!
- Please use a professional scanner, not your phone and calibrate your computer screen. That what you see on your computer screen is not always the same as the printed version. There can be a big difference between your original art work or digital illustration and the printed publication. See step 1: Colour management

Step

4

Illustration format

Make a choice

- tif (with LZW compression) or psd
- **Please no jpg!**

Step

5

Image format

- Resolution 300 dpi on used image format: output minimum A4
- RGB with included colour profile: sRGB of Adobe 98 of camera-rgb
- Any profile will do, but please include one
- Do NOT convert as CMYK, but use RGB

Step

6

Name your work

The name of every illustration must be as following:

- First-last name
- Title text
- Abbreviation of the academy and country
- Is the work a scan or digital
- Sequence number (when multiple images)

Example: EricSmith-Jungle Law 1- digi-Pars-VS.psd

Step

7

Send your work by wetransfer

- Use boekie.boekie.wetransfer.com only. The files will be available on the internet for a longer period. This is very important for the workflow of the stArt Award.

Step

8

You're almost there

- Before you transfer your work please follow the checklist on the following page!

Checklist

Before you submit your work please follow this checklist.
Note: you can only once submit your work and you have to use boekie.boekie.wetransfer.com

What do you have to submit



Your work

The stArt Award application form



Close-up picture

Click here for the [stArt Award application form](#)



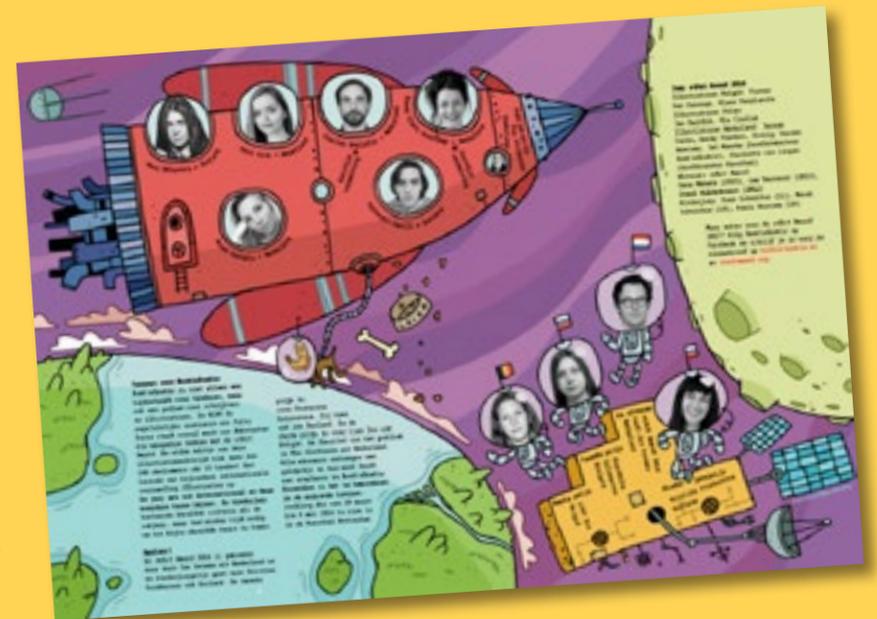
Last step

- Collect all the files and comprise this as one file
- Give this file your name
- Submit all your work in one compromised file.

Last entering time:
**24.00 hours on
1 March 2017**

If you are one of the ten nominees, your picture will be published also.

- Make sure your close-up picture has a white background, is sharp and will be published in black and white. Note: follow the instructions on the previous page.



Checklist your work

A series of at least two spot illustrations and handwritten titles

1

Choose a minimum of 2 stories or poems

Full page illustration

hand-written title



black/white sketch for an illustration



make at least two spot illustrations

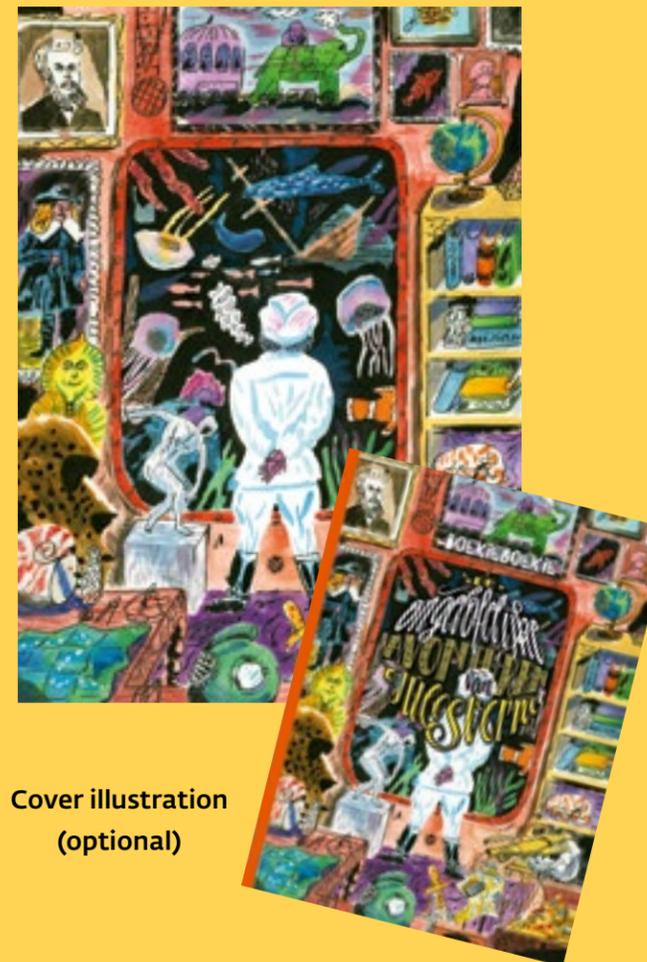


black/white sketch for an illustration



Free full page illustration

3



Cover illustration (optional)

Landscape illustration for the BoekieBoekie calendar

4



Character for the fly leaflet

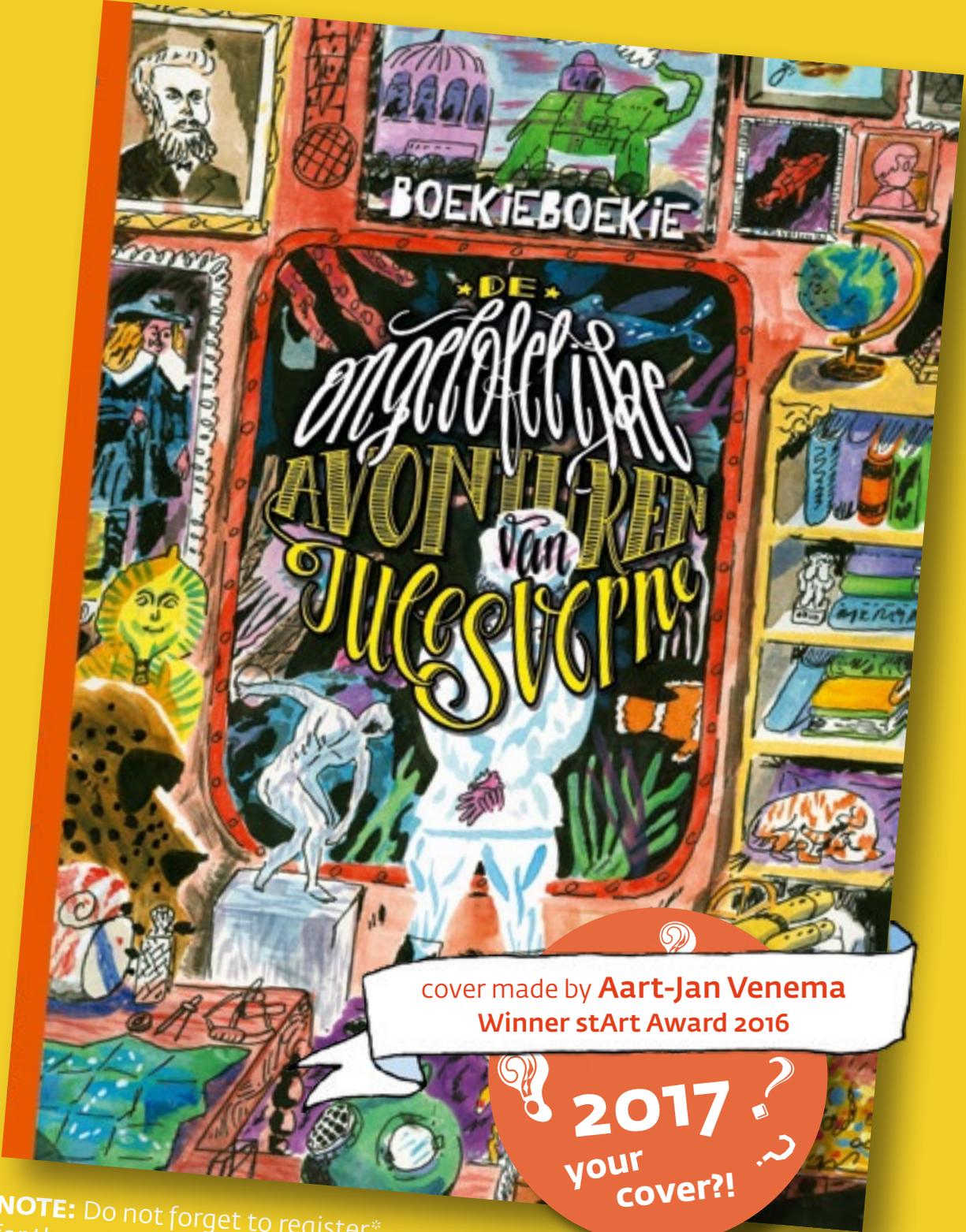
Spot illustration of one of the characters for the fly leaflet

2





this contest
is organized by BoekieBoekie –
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