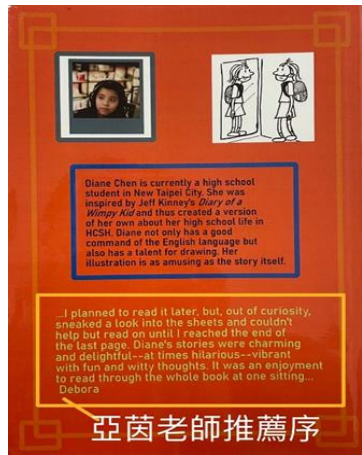
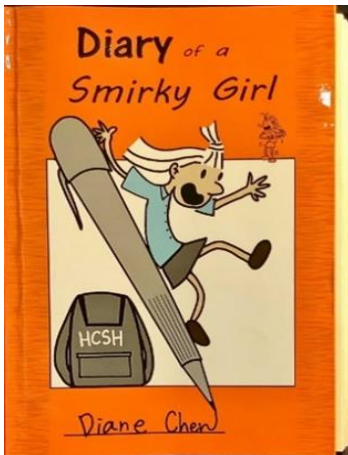


新北市立新莊高中 陳岱安 自主學習作品 及省思

Part 1: 英文日記小說創作

Part 2: LINE 貼圖創作及販售

Part 1 : 英文日記小說創作



## 計畫動機

起初構思自主學習的作品時，我就朝「小說仿寫」的方向思考。碰巧我讀了六本 *Diary of a Wimpy Kid* 系列，加上我對英文相當有興趣，願意接受英文創作的挑戰，因此便決定要模仿該系列寫一本有關「我」的生活的 *Diary of a Smirky Girl*。

### 學習面向一：構思插畫人物風格及造型

一開始我的插畫深受 *Diary of a Wimpy Kid* 影響，要構思出有自己特色的風格很挫折，甚至一度淪為仿造。所幸，在多方的嘗試和失敗後，我成功地建立了故事中主角、師長

及親友的形象。這些人物充滿我的個人風格，但具有 *Diary of a Wimpy Kid* 插圖的簡潔畫風。

### 學習面向二：英文日記創作每週穩定進行

幸好要發掘生活中的趣事並以搞笑的文筆描寫對我而言並非難事。在奮鬥了一學期後，長達 6500 字的作品完成了。在過程中，我除了字彙量增加了不少外，還學到許多的比喻法，以及如何將瑣事描述得活靈活現、令人大笑不止。為了找尋題材，我更仔細地觀察週遭事物並感受生活。文中我最喜歡的一篇日記是描述一位班上的女同學向暗戀的

老師告白。在那段劇情中，我練習如何把那  
同學的羞澀、害臊以英文描摹得淋漓盡致，  
也將老師及其他人的驚訝描寫得躍然紙上。  
我在創作的過程中體會到作家的創作歷程，  
尤其是在我感到江郎才盡的時候。我曾經因  
為想不到吸引人的劇情而自己「編」造故  
事，心想畢竟是小說而非自傳，有些杜撰無  
傷大雅。寫完後我發現編出來的故事反而更  
有趣、更吸引人，因此，我在往後的劇情裡  
皆放了或多或少的想像，整個故事也因此變  
得虛實相間。此外，在書中，有些事件主角  
其實並非我本人，而是朋友或家人，或甚至

是在很久以前發生的。例如蜜蜂飛進嘴裡那  
段的主角其實是媽媽，而且是發生在多年前  
的事。為了有更有興趣的素材，我努力地觀察  
周遭親友的互動，並回想過往生活的趣事。  
在印成實體書之前，熱情的亞茵老師非常有  
興致地閱讀了全書，並為我寫推薦序，我相  
當感謝她的大力相助。同時我請外籍老師協  
助校閱，他們給了我許多實用的意見，包括  
文法、遣詞用字、流暢度，都使作品改善了  
許多。我前後做了數次修改，因此內容愈來  
愈豐富，字詞也愈來愈有深度。

### 學習面向三：完成封面，交付印刷

本書的封面、封底及書脊皆是用電繪板繪出的。封面的主角因為上了色，變得更加鮮明。過程中因為使用了電繪板而讓繪畫更加順利，我也因此熟悉了電繪板以及繪圖程式 CLIP STUDIO 的使用。

### 困難及解決

過程中我遇到了兩個挫折：首先是找尋適當的黑筆為插畫描粗邊，一直無法控制手部力道，以致線條粗細不穩。第二是需將圖片轉為相片檔並上傳電腦，但拍照時極易產生黑影，所以費了不少力氣調整亮度及明暗對

比。最後我赫然發現應該從一開始就以電繪板畫插畫，因為它不但可以省去手繪線條的瑕疵，還免去拍照上傳及黑影的問題。

### 收穫及省思

完成作品後，我得到一個感悟，就是要三思而後行。如果我一開始就使用電腦繪圖，整個過程將會更快速有效率。同時我也瞭解了一本畫的製程：從寫文章、畫插畫、設計封底、封面、書背，到校稿、找老師寫推薦序，甚至選內頁紙張磅數、書籍尺寸、封面材質，最後送交書商、印刷廠。過程中，我的英文能力也精進了不少，因為在寫小說

的過程中我常常遇到不熟悉的單字須上網查詢用法或與外籍老師討論，因此學習到許多相當生動的字彙及措詞。

### 未來進一步學習方向

未來希望再做一本續集，將我高二及高三在新莊高中和師長同學相處的快樂瘋狂回憶寫成書籍，甚至希望能 Amazon 的自主出版平台將我的作品上市。

[https://kdp.amazon.com/en\\_US/](https://kdp.amazon.com/en_US/)





## January 20

We had a four-day summer camp called "Microfilm Workshop" held by the school's Medium Service Team.

Being a member, I signed up for the workshop.

However, I was confused with the date and was thus late to the camp on the first day. The moment I arrived, I was told that I was assigned the position of producer.



Well, the thing is: all the participants at the camp were divided into four teams. Each team consisted of 5 members, a director,

a producer, a sound reception guy, a camera man, and the editor.

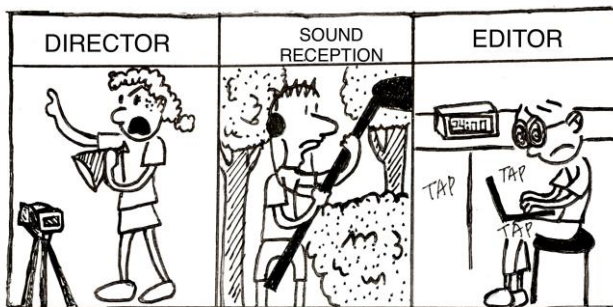
Each team was required to produce a 5-minute microfilm within the four days for a presentation at the end of the camp.

Well, it sounded fun but quite tiring.

"Luckily, I was the producer!" I told Mom when I went back home.

I felt it was a great honor to be a producer, who was supposedly the representative and the boss of the whole team.

I felt sorry for the director, who had to keep yelling at those incapable actors and actresses; I despised the sound reception guy, who needed to hold the heavy microphone stick the whole time.



And I pity the editor, who needed to come up with an interesting story five-minute long and adjust the plot according to whatever resources we could lay our hands on.

But Mom looked at me with a puzzled look.

"What do you, as a producer, have to do for the film?"

"I don't know...but I was the most respected, relaxed, and powerful producer," I smirked.

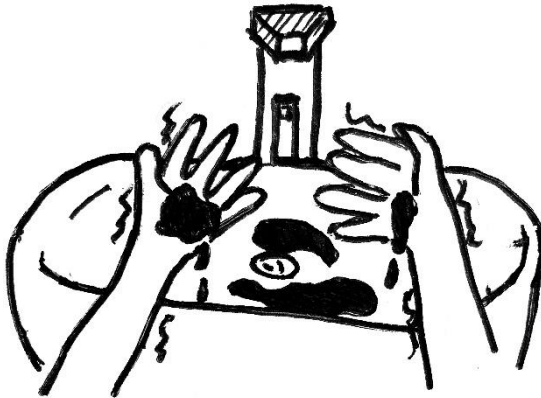
Our film was titled "The Substitute," which described how a girl that was neither beautiful nor popular killed a pretty, well-liked girl, whom she was jealous of.

Before the murder, she drank some

potion and turned into the victim.

When she finally awoke from her madness, she quivered at the sight of her hands, dripping with blood.

We cut and edited the film almost without resting. Imagine this: to



complete a movie that was watchable in three days! It was really hard work.

During the four days, I came to the realization that I was wrong about being a producer.

When we started to shoot the movie, I found that, making a short and simple film like this, we didn't need to raise funds and obviously everything that a producer was



expected to do for a movie was already settled.

"Maybe I could just relaxed and perhaps boss around," I thought.

But the truth was I was totally marginalized, left with nothing to do and nobody to talk to while everyone else was enthusiastically involved in the shooting.

I just stood there taking care of

their backpacks like a watchdog. I felt as though I was transparent, and nobody even bothered to pay attention to me.

Finally, our microfilm was done. The camp administration required us to invite at least three people to our presentation. Who else would I invite? Mom, Dad, and my little brother, Brian, of course.

Among all the microfilms, my team's movie received the most acclaim and the five of us went up the stage to be awarded with a prize.



To be honest, I didn't learn much during the production of the film, but I did learn a lesson: Never be late to a camp, especially on the first day.

## **February 11**

Finally, the longest winter vacation in history was over and school began today.

Due to the spread of novel

coronavirus, we students were required to wear masks and to sanitize our hands with alcohol-based sanitizer when entering school.

This morning, I went to school quite early, and was shocked to see a whole line of teachers blocking our way, waiting to check our temperature.

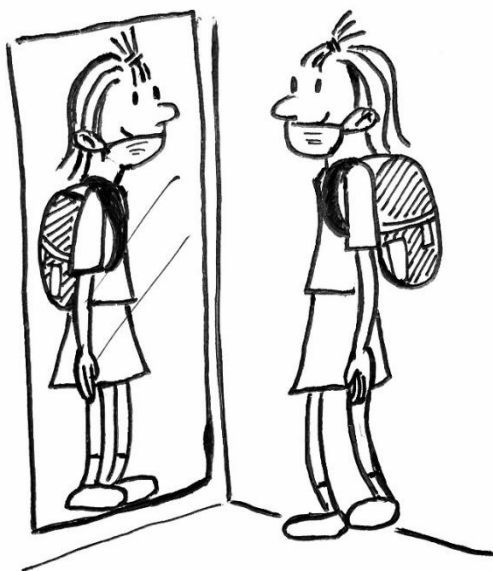
As I walked near a teacher, about 5 meters away, I heard her whisper to another teacher beside her, "Here comes a pretty one."



While the teacher took my  
temperature, I sneaked a look  
around me to see the "pretty one".  
But there was nobody beside me!

"A pretty one?" I repeated in my  
mind. "Sure enough, I AM the  
PRETTY ONE!" But how did she  
know? I was wearing a mask with  
only my eyes and a little bit of my  
nose showing.

However, after thinking and staring



at the mirror for a long time, what  
the teacher commented totally  
made sense to me.



I wasn't too surprised actually,  
because I knew that I was indeed  
one of the prettiest girls in the  
world.

All in all, today I got off to a good  
start.

Not long after I sat down, our  
homeroom teacher started to give  
us our transcripts. To be honest

with you, I'm really bad at math  
and, like some other poor wretches,  
I took a make-up test during the  
winter vacation.

Now, we were about to know our  
scores and whether we needed to  
retake our courses or not.

I was quite nervous and only took a peek at my paper. There was a 60 beside the blank that had the word "math" on it.



It was such a huge relief that I

almost burst into tears. But when I looked around, I noticed that one of my best friends looked petrified. Her face was stiff. She hadn't passed the test.

My other friends and I all gathered beside her, trying to comfort her. Though she looked calm, we couldn't help but mourn for her.

At that second, it dawned on me

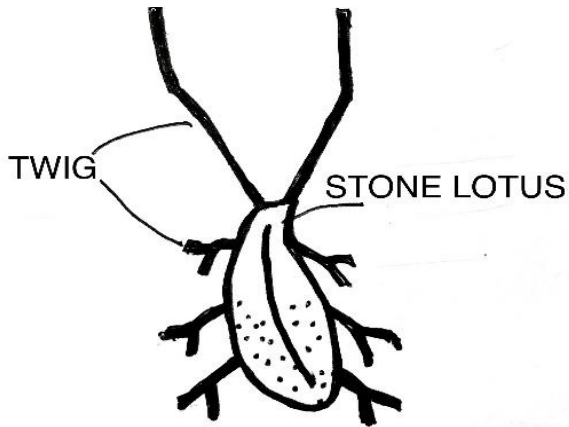
that my math was only a little below average, not the worst.

### **February 15**

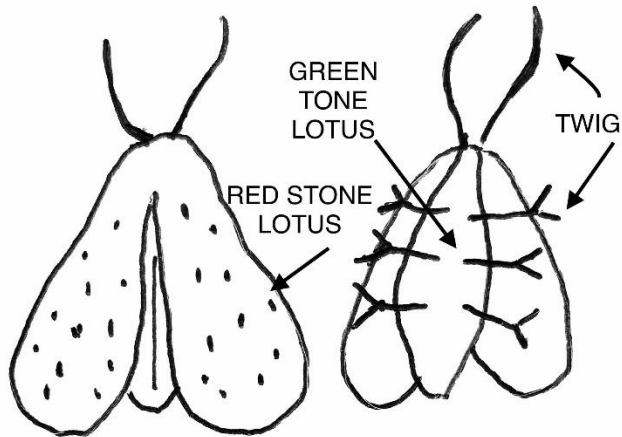
Today after school, I went to the balcony of our apartment for relaxation. Suddenly, I felt that I could make artifacts out of the various plants my parents grew.

First, I made a beetle out of twigs and a green stone lotus' leaf. A

stone lotus is a succulent, so it is pretty fat and juicy, looking exactly like the body of an insect. I pricked two twigs on the front to serve as its antenna.



Second, I made a ladybug out of some twigs, a red leaf of a stone lotus, and a flower petal.



I thought it was fabulous, and I showed the two insects to my parents. They were freaked out at first sight,





but soon found out that they were  
fake.

I took the two insects to my



brother's room and placed them on his desk. The moment he saw the creatures on his desk, he let out a loud scream, which must have rattled the windows, and shot up from his chair like a rocket

I explained to him that they weren't real, but it didn't look like he was

going to recover anytime soon.



**February 18**

I took my two artificial insects to school today. Some water had evaporated away from them, which made them even more real.



I put one on my teacher's desk and waited at my seat for something to happen. We were going to have our homeroom teacher's class - Chinese.

I'm not sure how to explain my peculiar feeling of excitement to you, but I assume that you understand.

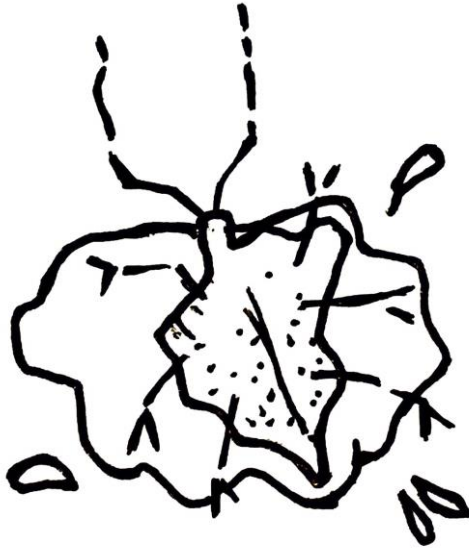
After about three minutes, our teacher came in. She looked at the teacher's desk. My heart skipped a

beat. Then, surprisingly, she just put her water bottle on the desk and started the class.

It was like she hadn't seen it at all! After class, while she was talking to one of our classmates, I took advantage of this moment and went to the teacher's desk to examine the great handiwork of mine.

Yet, I couldn't find it! I searched

desperately and, when I lifted the  
teacher's water bottle, lying there,  
was my squashed beetle....

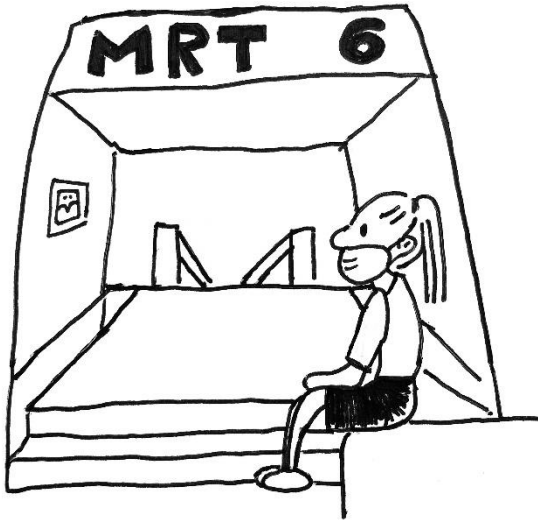


## February 22

Today I hung out with my old friends from junior high. We planned to meet each other at the MRT station at 9 o'clock, and then go to the KTV parlor. When I reached the station, I didn't find any of them.



I called Cherry, one of my friends,  
but it turned out that she was  
already there! So I looked around  
and saw a girl wearing a mask. She  
looked familiar, but I wasn't sure if  
she was really Cherry.



Then, that girl seemed to notice a weirdo looking at her and cast a glance back at me.

Then, we just stood there, staring at each other for about five minutes, and, suddenly, this girl started to wave her arms up and down slightly like a hen

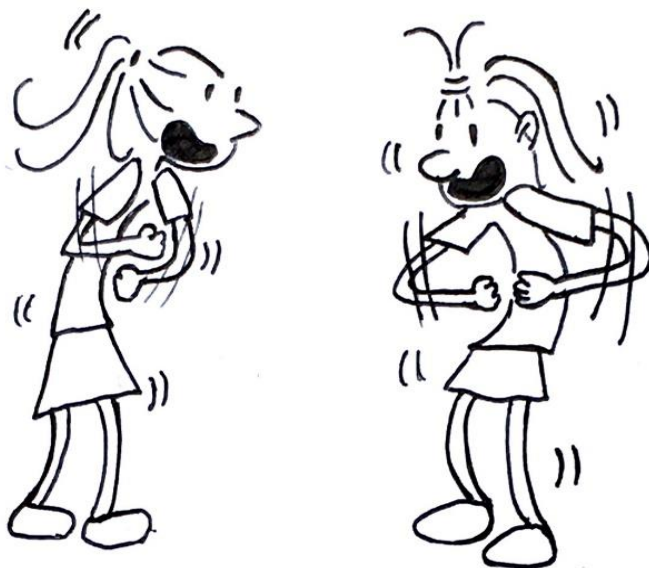
At that second, I knew exactly who she was! She WAS Cherry! The "hen

movement" was invented by us and we often made that movement back when we were in the same class.

With a knowing glance, we ran toward each other and I laughed.

The whole thing was so awkward and dramatic and hilarious that I couldn't stop laughing until we arrived at the KTV parlor.

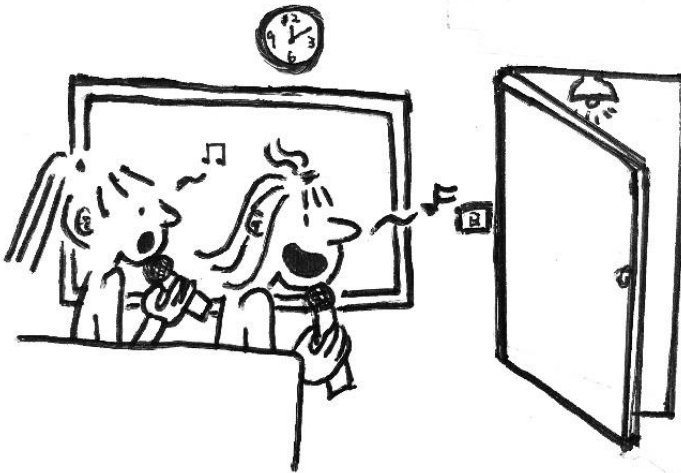
We ordered a big plate of fried



food for lunch. We were almost  
drooling over it, but I insisted that

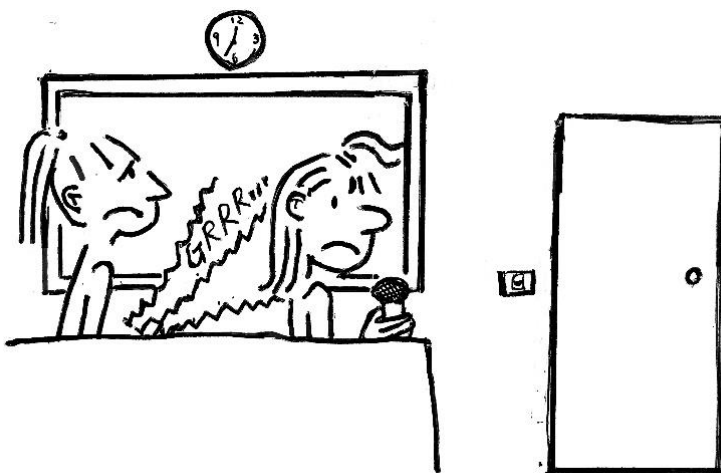
we should not touch it until 12:15, so  
we waited.

After a while, one of my friends,  
Lucy, said she HAD to use the toilet  
for a while, so she went to the

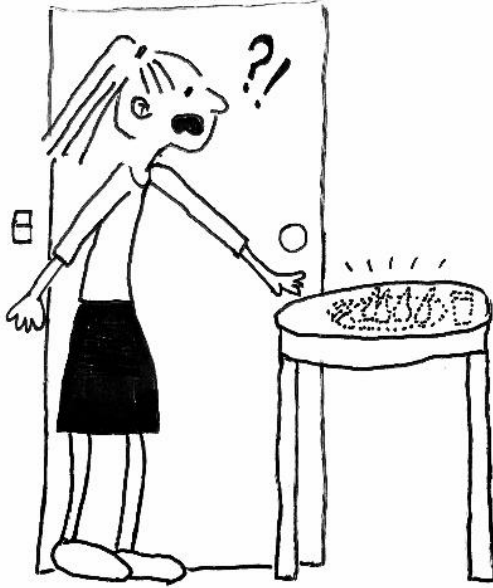


bathroom.

It was really a long time waiting for her to come out, so we decided to keep singing, but soon, Cherry just couldn't stand her hunger any longer.



She went to the little table where  
we had put the plates of food, and  
what she saw totally took her aback.



But it didn't take us too long to discover who the culprit was.





## February 24

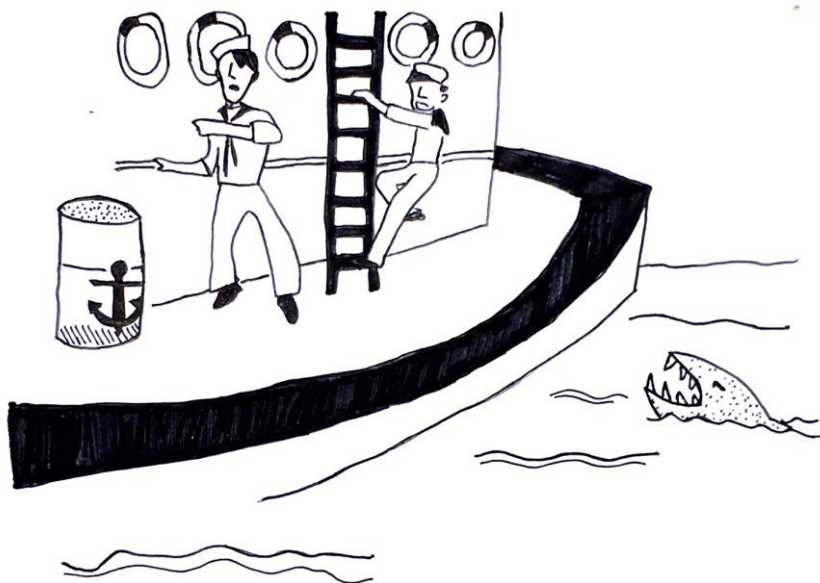
Since that KTV incident, I had been thinking about the happy memory of us singing together, especially

singing Jay Chou's rap songs. They were very fast and none of us was able to sing them well. But I believed, with some practice, I could!

I not only like songs that have rap in them but I also have a talent for singing them.

After that day, I started practicing "Sailor Afraid of Water," "Cowboy

On the Run," "Bedtime Stories", and then "Eunuch with a Headache".



The last one, Eunuch with a Headache, has a truly high-speed rap in it. The two sections of the

rap both have over 100 words in it, and need to be finished within 15 seconds. I have a quick tongue, and so it wasn't very hard for me to learn it.

After some practice, I could do the rap part at such a high speed that my parents couldn't even figure out what I was singing!

Mom said I was very gifted and she

really admired it. Being encouraged,  
I started to look for more songs  
from Jay Chou that had raps in  
them.

I found some, but they weren't fast  
enough! I was a little disappointed  
because I was prepared to face the  
challenge of another speedy one.

Then, I found that somebody had  
made a list of the top 10 fastest rap  
songs by Jay. I clicked in, and the

result was depressing: Eunuch with a  
Headache WAS already the  
FASTEST rap song!

That means, I have no more high-  
speed-rap songs of Jay's to  
challenge.

I told Mom so. Somehow, she looked  
delighted!



Obviously, she was secretly relieved, believing I could finally shut up.

### **February 28**

Today is Friday but we have the day off because it is February 28. Mom said I needed to take more exercise instead of sitting at home and eating cookies.

Well, it wasn't really my fault to eat those cookies. Mom and Dad go to



the mall once or twice a month and every time they come back with their trophies, including those yummy snacks, I just couldn't stop myself.

As for exercise, well, I admit that perhaps I do need to exercise once in a while. But neither jogging nor jumping ropes is interesting. I believe there must be a better way to exercise.

I told Mom that I could sing raps to strengthen my fat cheeks and chin, but she didn't buy my story.

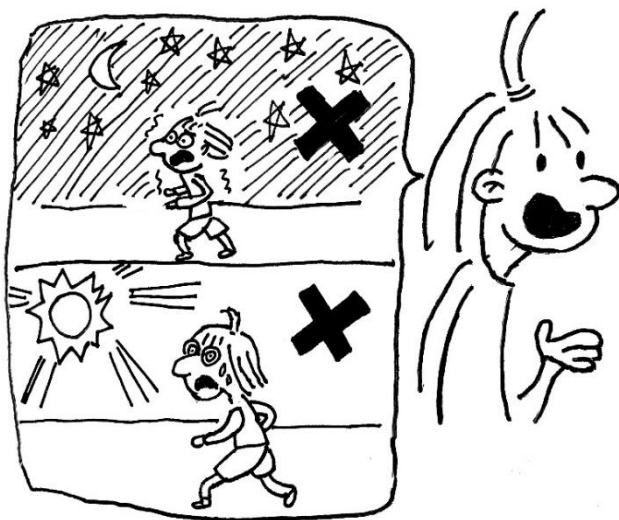
Tonight, mom seemed very insistent and threatened to kick me out of the apartment.

It was already night when we went out, and the air was quite cool. I must say that my logic for the best exercising time is somehow

different from Mom's.

Mom said that it was better to jog at night when it was cool, so you wouldn't feel so hot. But the way I think is totally different: You sweat when you exercise and sweating is beneficial for health, so exercising at night when it is cool does your

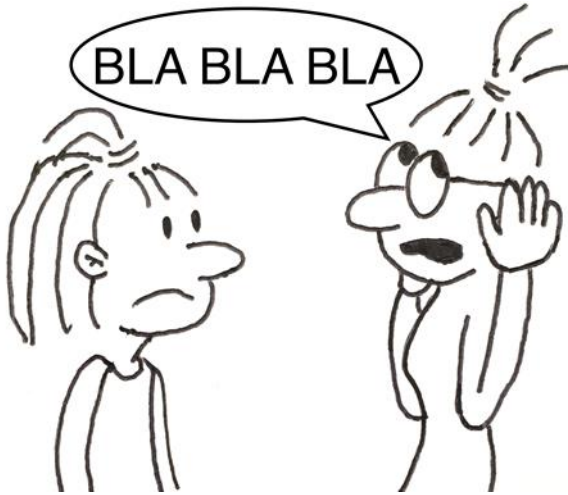
health no good.



On the other hand, jogging under the hot sun makes you sweat like a waterfall but it is likely for you to

have a stroke. Therefore, the conclusion is obvious: there is no good time that you should jog, and neither should I.

Saying all this, I could see that Mom didn't have a big interest in understanding my brilliant logic.



So, today I went jogging with my parents and my little brother, Brian, as Mom wished. It wasn't fun.

I tried to bombard my mom with my

raps while jogging with her, hoping to make her decide to go home early, but I couldn't catch my breath even after a short while.

I decided that next time when Mom pushed me out to jog, I would hide in the restroom.



## March 2

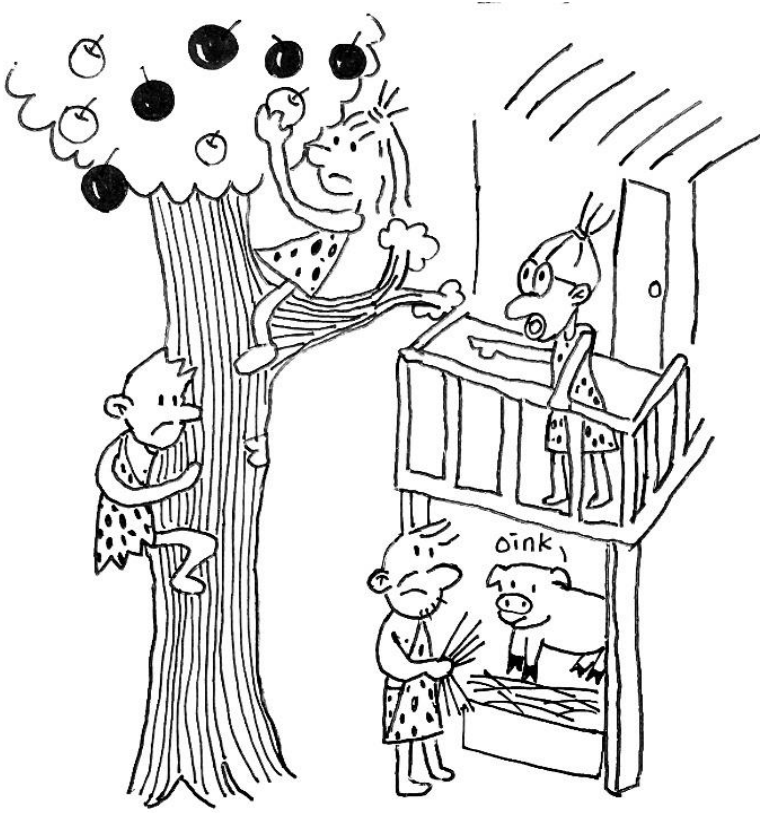
This morning, when my alarm clock rang, I didn't get up right away. I was intoxicated with my dreams. Guess what I dreamed about. My



dream was like this:

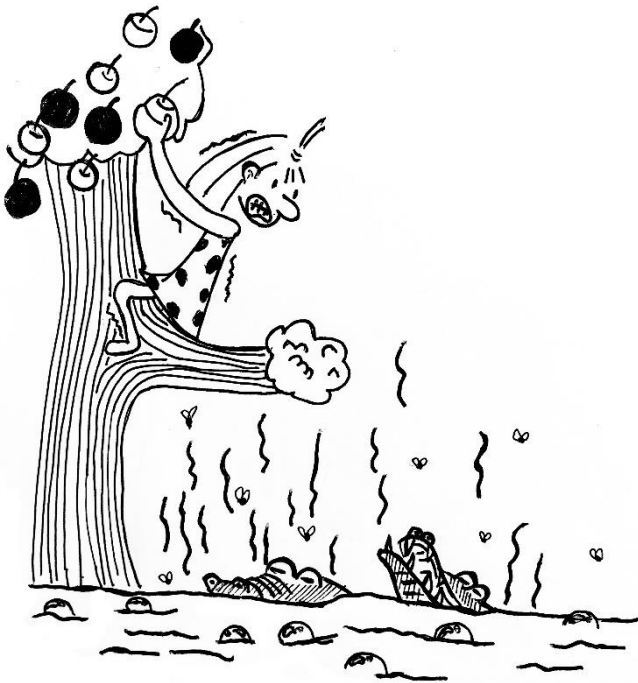
My family and I moved to a tree  
house in a tropical forest.

The aborigines in the tribe grew all  
sorts of fruits, such as bananas,  
pineapples, watermelons, and apples  
(yeah, APPLES. Don't think I don't  
know apples grow in the temperate  
zone.)



Dressed like any aborigines there, I

was picking the apples in a tree with everyone else. All of a sudden, under my apple tree appeared a lake! And there were crocodiles floating in it.



I was terrified and so I threw down  
at them the apples I had picked.  
Some crocodiles were killed and  
others were badly injured. Just  
then, I woke up, wondering what this  
dream might mean to my life.

### **March 5**

We have a class this semester  
called Applied Technology and we  
were required to make flower pots

out of cement.

They looked quite cool on the Internet, but when we heard some news from classes that already had made theirs, me and my classmates realized it might not be as easy as we had thought.

Today, our homeroom teacher, Mrs. Zen, asked us what we were going to do with those cement flower pots

we made.

Planting flowers?

There was a long silence until  
somebody answered in hesitation.



Finally, it was time for our Applied Technology class. I brought to the class my cement and plastic model, which was a head with eyes and a mouth as well as a 3-dimensional nose and ears. On top of the head would be some ivy and bean sprouts dangling down.

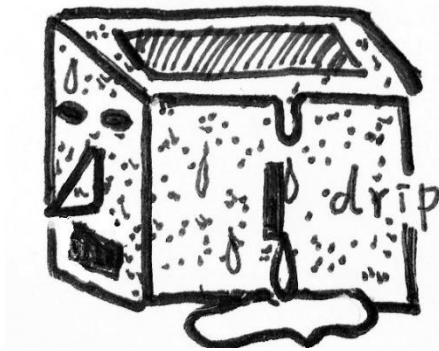
My delicate design made my classmates' containers seem boring and even worthless, and, no doubt,

won me a lot of admiration.

However, when I poured the cement solution into my model, to my dismay, my delicate head completely COLLAPSED. "My head!" I cried.







It turned out that the glue I had used on my head model was too thin. I tried again, using as much glue as I could. Then I waited for it to dry. Five hours passed. Most of my

classmates' works were dry and done. But mine was still a lump of wet mud.

Those who once showed their admiration came to show me their condolence. "I am sorry your remarkable head look like that," one of them said.

Needless to say, my model ended up in the trash can.

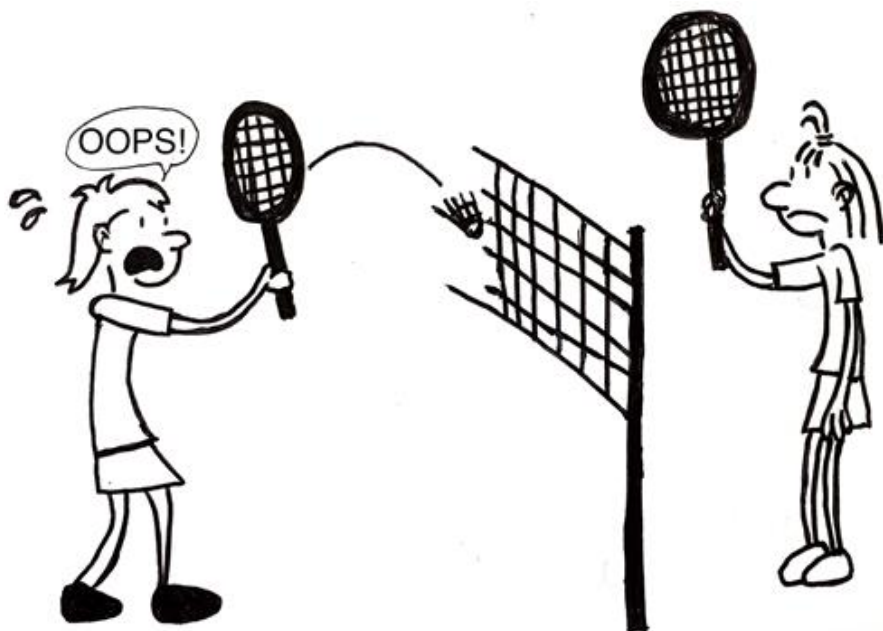
## March 12

This afternoon, we had our club class. I am in the badminton club, where there are only a few girls but a lot of boys. I am quite sure that I am one of the best players among the girls.

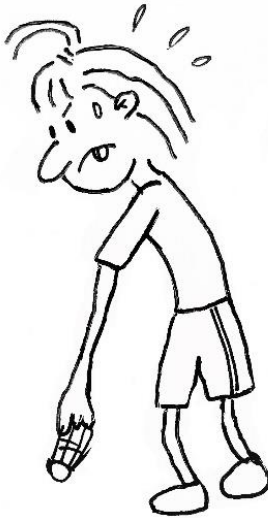
I like badminton, and unlike some other girls in the club who only want to make friends or to fool around, I

take my club classes seriously.

Today, I paired up with a girl in my grade. To be honest, playing badminton with her was like HELL.



I had no choice but to keep playing  
with her, and it was actually quite a  
good workout!



There was one court where you could challenge the teachers to a competition. So, I asked my partner if she wanted to compete with the club teachers. After she finally agreed, we stepped onto the arena.



## STUDENTS **V.S.** TEACHERS

Without a doubt, we lost the game.

The score was 11:1, and about NINE  
birdies DIED in my teammate's  
hand.

Despite all the torment I had  
suffered, somebody finally saw my  
effort and talent. The vice club  
leader came to talk to me. To my  
astonishment, she asked me,

"You're quite good at badminton!  
Would you like to be the vice club



leader next year?"

Uh...Sure!



Well, finally, someone had the wisdom to distinguish me from those rookies.

### **March 15**

Remember the cement flower pot I told you, the one that we were supposed to apply color on this week?

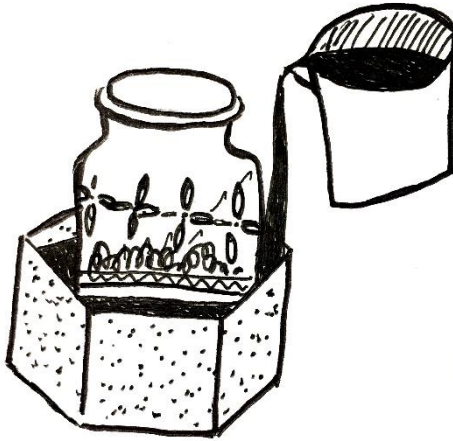
Well, I made another one, with a simpler shape and with my good

care, it looked quite "safe." I put a glass jar in it because I wanted the flower pot to have the glass jar's beautiful pattern. After that, I poured cement around it.

It was truly a big victory. The cement wasn't too wet and the model didn't collapse like last time.

I was quite excited at first but then found that something was seriously

wrong: I forgot to apply oil onto my glass jar, which meant that it was

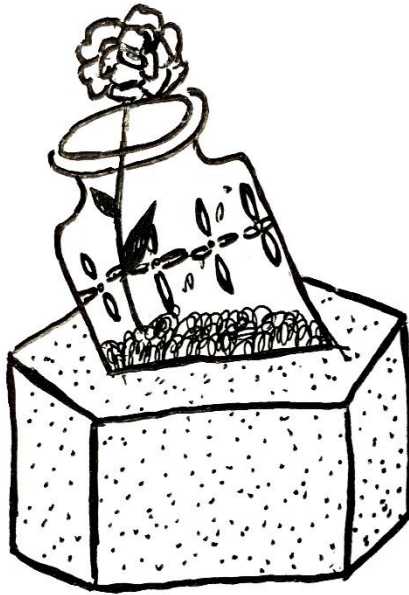


stuck now and I couldn't pull it out!

But that didn't bother a resourceful girl like me for too long. I decided

to turn the glass jar into part of my  
design, something I put there ON  
PURPOSE.

I would name my work "The Fragile  
Rose on Planet B612 with Her Fence"  
and put a rose in it.



Who could resist such a beautiful  
story between the little prince and  
the rose?

By the way, I would definitely keep what my flower pot should have been like a secret from the teacher.

### March 20

Are you curious about how a BEE tastes?

Well, this afternoon, I went to eat hot pot with my friends. We had a good time, but when we were about to pay our bills, an ENORMOUS BEE

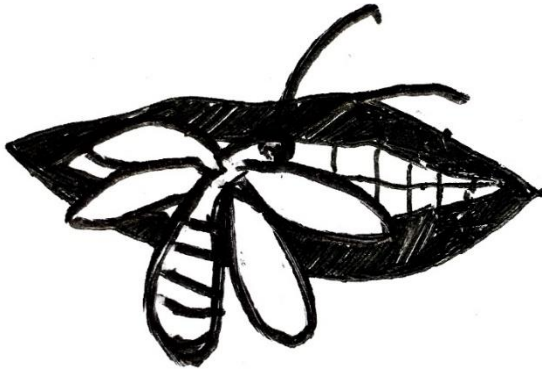
appeared in the shop out of  
nowhere.

It was buzzing around bumping into  
everything. People screamed and  
covered their bowls and plates with  
their hands.

Amazed by the sight, I didn't  
realize that its target was me until  
it flew straight toward my mouth.



I closed my lips right before it could find my tongue, so this undesirable thing got stuck and struggled between my lips.



I tried to spit it out, but it wouldn't budge. I was frightened but couldn't

scream. I wanted to get it out with my hand but was afraid of the bee's sting.

I looked around for tissue near me, but those idiots around me just stared at my mouth with disgust.

At that moment of desperation, I got it out with the one-hundred-dollar banknote I was holding.



Let me tell you a secret: After I got  
the stupid thing out, I wiped the  
banknote on my pants and paid the

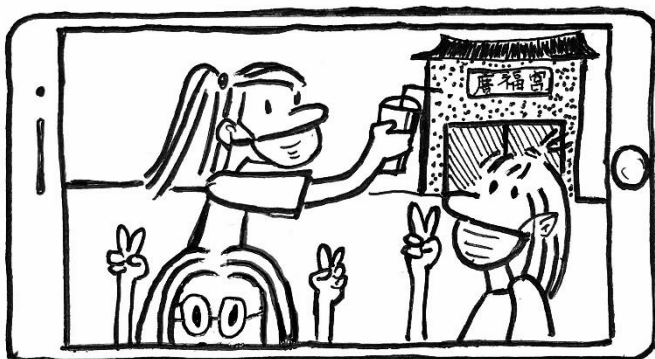
bill just like nothing had happened.

### **March 30**

My friends and I went out together because we had an assignment to accomplish. We needed to take photos of three temples and three cuisines around our school.

The teachers told us to wear masks and, to prove we did, our photos needed to show that we were

wearing masks. Unfortunately, one of my teammates' mask was gone during the tour, so, after that, her face was always half-buried under the screen.



I just hope the teachers won't be

clever enough to notice what was wrong with her.

### April 6

Today was the first time I'd ever been involved in a romance. Well, luckily, the main character wasn't me because the ending wasn't romantic at all.

There was this boy, Jack, sitting beside me. He told me he was in love

with one of MY friends, Lora, a girl who already had a boyfriend. He begged me to ask her whether she would like to have him as a boyfriend.



He also told me not to tell her it was him that was actually asking but only to INQUIRE her willingness.

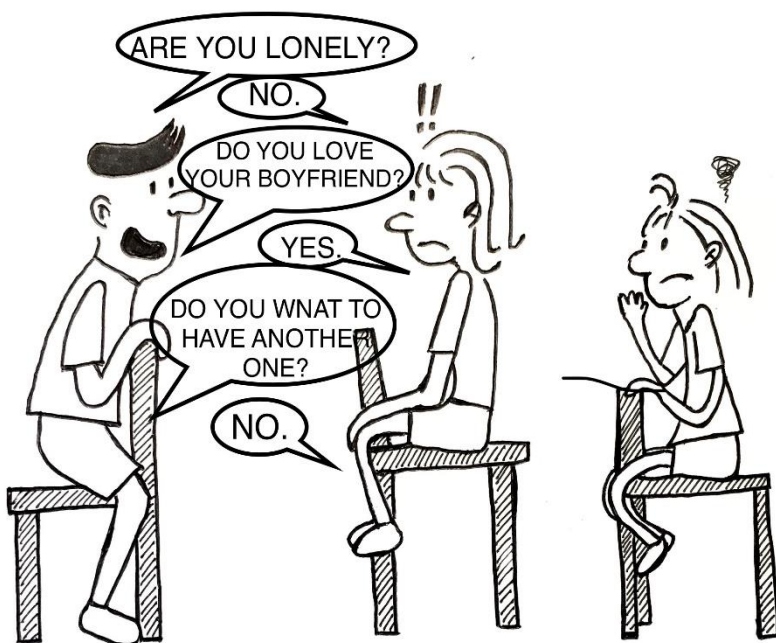
I told Jack that I could, but, to be honest with you, I wasn't very sure if I could play Cupid well because I'd never done that before! So, during the lunchbreak, I asked Lora the questions Jack wanted me to ask.





It all went well at first and my friend Lora didn't guess who the boy was, but then Sam, who was Jack's

best friend, popped out of nowhere  
and JOINED us.



And he asked almost the same

questions I'd asked.

I was stunned because I hadn't expected another person would come and probe about the same thing.

Later, when Lora was walking beside me, it suddenly hit her, "Waaaaaait a second...Oh, my goodness, was it Jack?" I wasn't sure how or what to reply, so I stayed quiet.

Well, Sam was pretty close with Jack and Jack's seat was near mine. It didn't require a genius to make out who was behind all of this.

So, my first time to play cupid was a total failure.

### **April 17**

Today, after dinner, seeing Dad munching on a bag of cookies, Mom

made a comment on how Dad, Brian,  
and I react to food.

“Whenever Diane hears the sound of  
plastic bag, she would dash out of  
her room and ask, ‘What yummy  
stuff is that?’”



and when Dad sees me with a bag of snacks, he says, 'I told you not to buy all these snacks, didn't I?' and then he starts gobbling them up.

By contrast, when I offer some cookies or even chocolate to Brian, he says, 'Eh...I don't feel like it.'

What Mom said was really observant. And I could tell you that Dad and I, who have long stopped growing taller, eat like we are still in puberty, while my little brother, Brian, aged 14, who is thin and growing taller, isn't attracted to

snacks nearly as much.

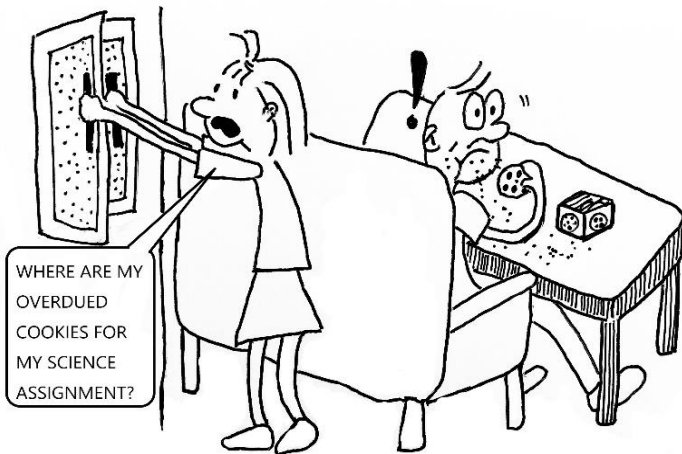
Every time Mom spots me standing in front of the snack cabinet and peeking inside, she would know I must be looking for some "fertilizer" and would shout "Stop eating!"





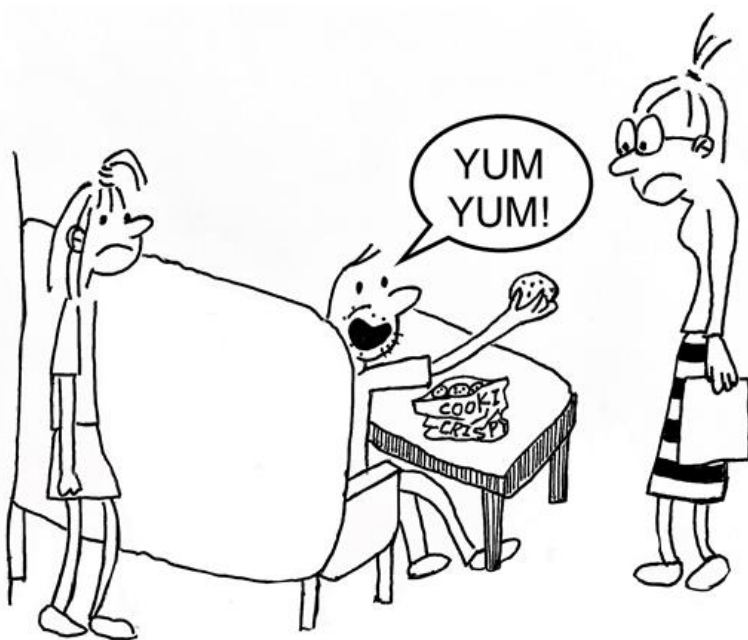
When seeing Dad sitting on the sofa, she would ask, "What have you just eaten?"

The reason is that Dad often gobbled up things that would have soon expired or things that he ASSUMED we didn't like, and when we found that our treasure was gone, it was usually too late.



Because of this, Dad often asks

Mom, "Why don't you eat more?"



It is partly because Mom is slender  
and partly because, I guess, he  
could feel less guilty after  
“accidentally” eats up something the  
rest of us keep for later.

As for Brian, who hardly ever asks  
for snacks and seems to grow  
neither fat nor muscle, Mom often

look at him with concern and say:



Too little? That's not the whole  
truth. Just take a look at Brian's

dinner plate.

One big difference of eating behaviors between me and Brian is that he always has a staggering mountain of food on his dinner plate.

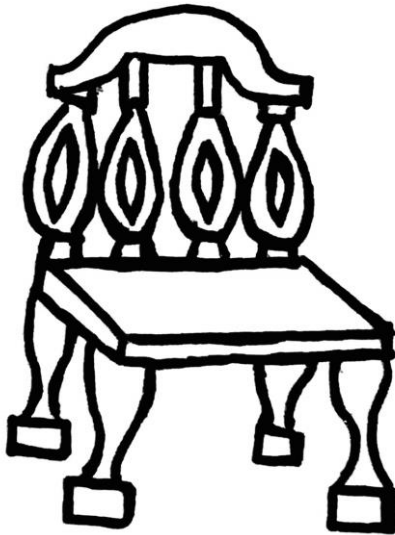
And though I eat little for meals, I never seem to stop eating.



## April 20

In the Applied Technology class last week, we were taught to follow a

video online and make 3D furniture  
models in our computer with an app.



To be honest, I really didn't



understand why on earth we should have this assignment.

First of all, we're not going to turn that design into a real one. Second, our Applied Technology teacher usually only appears in the first and last fifteen minutes. So, when we encounter any difficulty, we barely have a chance to get help from him.

The last and worst part is that

making these furniture models looks like a total waste of time to me. It doesn't seem to be a helpful skill that I am going to need anytime soon.

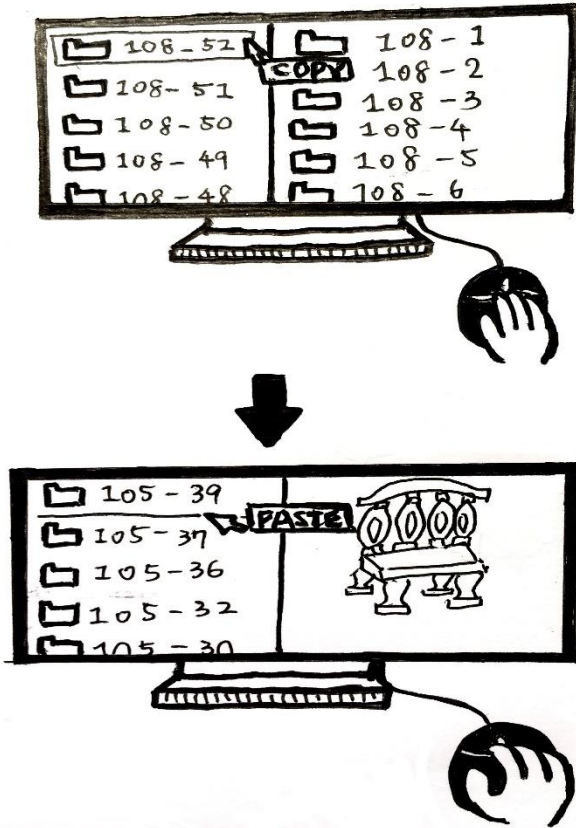
However, an assignment is an assignment. A lot of my classmates decided to complete it at home, but I would rather do it at school.

Finally, at the end of the class, I

uploaded my completed furniture  
model onto my folder.

Today is the deadline of this  
assignment. I asked my friend Lora  
whether she had completed it or  
not.

She led me to her computer, and I  
was shocked by what she had done.



She had copied the work by her

friend from another class. "Oh, you bad student!" I said to her, but she looked at me calmly and said,

"No! You think it's wrong to copy someone else's work? Let me tell you, there must be more than four-fifths of our classmates doing this. Because we are just following the steps on the video, there is no doubt that our works would be the same."

"At first, I believed that I should do it myself, but later, thinking of all the time and efforts I would waste on making this who-knows-for-what assignment, I just couldn't stop myself. So, don't blame me for doing this, OK?"

I shook my head, convinced.

Suddenly, I dawned on me that the

girl standing in front of me was a



genius!"

### Monday, April

During the napping break, I always fall asleep very quickly and don't wake up until class starts. Our civics

teacher usually wakes us up from our nap by broadcasting the song of Teletubbies, a cartoon for children aged under five.



Today, the first lesson in the afternoon was Civics. As the bell

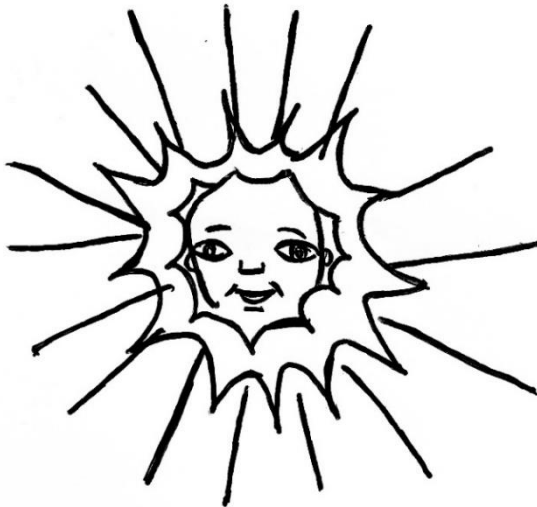


rings, most of my classmates were  
woken up by the noise but I  
remained asleep.

Half asleep, I heard children  
singing, far, far in the distance.  
They sounded so unconstrained and  
carefree! Then, I heard laughter  
and talks. It was a kid, I thought.  
Then, I fell back asleep again.

About ten minutes later, I felt

someone shaking me hard. I opened my eyes. I could hear the beautiful voice from heaven again, louder, this time. I could see the sun in the Teletubbies, looking at me, smiling.



How wonderful it was! I thought,  
and I closed my eyes again. The  
shaking continued. About five  
seconds later, I opened my eyes  
again, and this time, I almost  
fainted. It was the girl sitting in  
front of me!



The teacher was beside me, too,  
holding his smartphone. The music  
from heaven came pouring out from  
it.

The teacher then put his  
smartphone closer to me and the  
sound boomed beside my ear





Okay, for now, Civics began and  
goodbye heaven.



## May 4

For my Applied Technology class  
this week, we needed to make a  
poster all by ourselves with the

computer and poster-designing software.

The teacher also wanted each of us to find a competition to sign up for and design the poster based on the designated subject.

I found one named "Taiwan International Student Design Competition." The subject is "Action" about environmental



sustainability, one of the goals of the UN.

Most of my classmates thought of this assignment as a "mission impossible" because the software was new to us and most of us were not that good at designing. Well, not me. I wanted to design an impressive poster and show my artistic talent.



Mom said it would take me forever  
and the chance for a rookie like me  
to win an award was slim, not to  
mention it was an international

competition.

But after she heard my ideas for my poster design, she said she had a glimmer of hope.



But I had a problem. I was trapped

in the middle of hesitation because I wasn't sure whether I should use the software designated by the teacher, which was really hard to use, or other software I found on the Internet, which was highly recommended by many professional animation artists.

Both were professional but the teacher said clearly that he wanted us to use his software. It was truly

a hard choice to make:

If I use the teacher's software, I might end up producing nothing sophisticated. On the other hand, if I use my software, I could create the great design that I have in mind but end up getting a zero for my grade.

Eventually, I decided to use my software because my desire for a great creation outweighed my fear

of getting a zero for my grade.

AND, I came up with a brilliant idea.

I could paste my poster design onto

my teacher's software so the

teacher would think I had used his

software.

This Saturday, I spent about an

entire morning creating my poster.



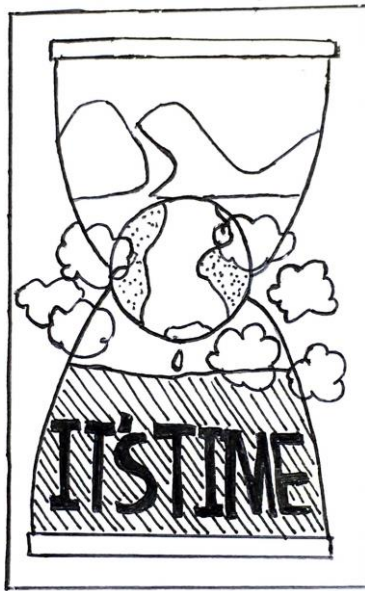
I almost started from scratch. From the class, I had learned some basic concepts from such animation-drawing software, but I was using

this particular software for the first time.

It was really hard work. Luckily, my mom had a drawing board that made the whole thing so much easier.

After staring at the screen for about five hours, my masterpiece was born.

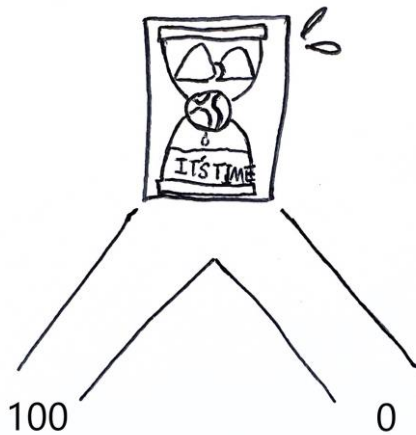




I was 100 percent certain that,  
without a doubt, my assignment was  
absolutely the greatest work ever

made by people of my age.

Now my grade for this assignment  
would be either over 95 or below 60.



## June 7

I am in the Media Service Team,  
which teaches us how to create a  
film and how to take good pictures.

This week, we had a four-day camp,  
which gave us an opportunity to  
connect with the inhabitants in an  
Atayal tribe. This tribe is located in  
a p remote art of Yilan County and  
has a small population of about 500  
people.



The purpose of us going there was to document their life style and to take photographs of their entire family for them. The school team has hosted such an event for five

years, and some of our senior schoolmates even participate every year.

### June 9

Today, before I set off, I took out three big bottles of ice from the freezer. They were heavy and looked reassuring. I couldn't imagine doing all the community service on such scorching hot summer days without cold water. I was sure to

impress everyone with my foresight.

So, today, with everything settled, I  
gladly set out with everybody else.



After we arrived at our destination, I started to sweat like crazy. The weather was as if it would rain any moment, damp, and sticky.

Luckily, I had brought some cold water so that I won't become dehydrated. I must have looked smirky when I showed my three 1-liter bottles of ice to my friends.

But that was also the time when I  
discovered something totally  
disastrous:





I couldn't open any of my water bottles! It was stuck completely!

Panicking, I even asked help from five sturdy aboriginal guys, who were said to be the strongest hunters. Alas, none of them managed to open any of the bottles.

It was as if the ice inside was glued to the lid. I tried melting the ice, hitting the bottles, shaking them

hard, and even banging them on the wall, but none of my attempts worked.

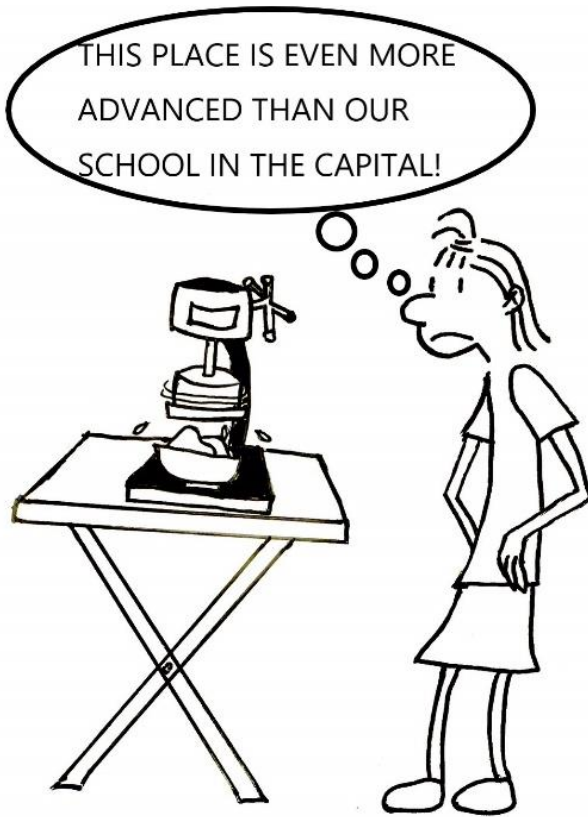


Despite the awful situation of bringing three heavy bottles of ice but being unable to drink it, I still have some exciting news to share with you.

On the second day of the camp, we held a film festival at their small school, displaying some photos and micro films we had taken of their tribe. To be honest, I wasn't sure if

the villagers were thrilled about the festival, but I was!

As I had anticipated, there was a buffet with all sorts of cookies and candies and, above all, a machine that made shaved ice.



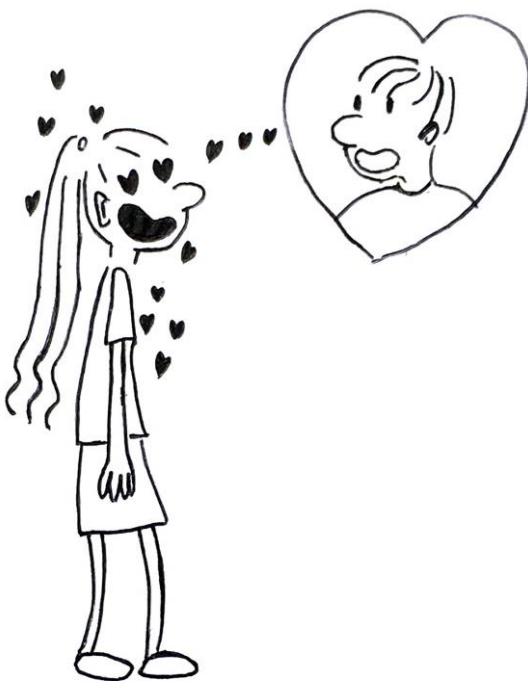
Frustrated by my three persistent water bottles, I was desperate to eat or drink something icy and cold

to quench my thirst, so I didn't really wait until all the guests had enough shaved ice before starting to eat.



**June 8**

A classmate of mine, called Sophia,



is madly in love with our  
GEOGRAPHY TEACHER.

Our geography teacher is a funny,  
kind, and adorable ( claimed Sophia )  
person. Because he is only 24, he is  
just like a big brother to many of  
us, but to Sophia, he's different.

Now, it is about the end of the  
school year, and today we had our  
last geography class. Although our

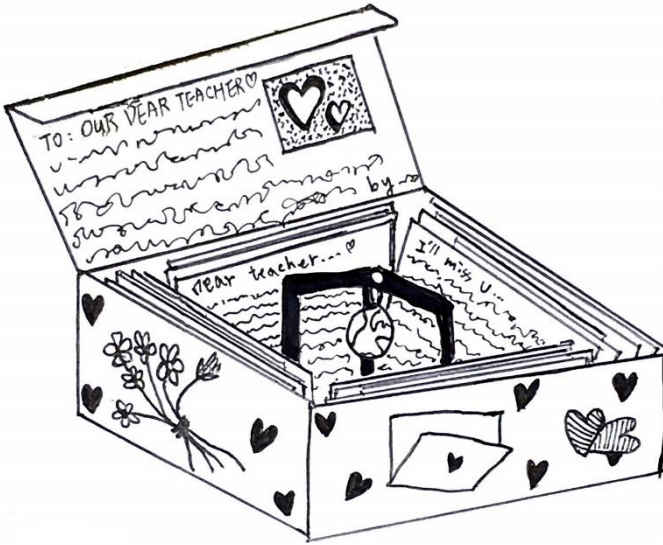


geography teacher has been teaching for one year only, he will "retire" after this year and do other things such as being a travel blogger.

Therefore, my class held a farewell party for him. Who was the organizer? Sophia, of course.



This morning, Sophia carried a hand-made box to school. We were all curious about what was inside, and when Sophia opened it, we really thought she was out of her mind.



Apart from this, she also showed us her water bottle. In it was a kind of funny white alcohol that smelled a

little like Calpico, a kind of drink. I asked her what that was for, and she said it was to help her summon up her courage, and she drank it.



When geography class started this

afternoon, Bella, who sat in front of me, remained asleep. The teacher, as usual, asked a girl near Bella to wake her up.

Suddenly, Bella stood up angrily and started shouting at the girl that woke her up. The teacher was stunned.

After some failed attempts at stopping Bella's temper tantrum, the

teacher wanted the class leader to bring our military instructor over.

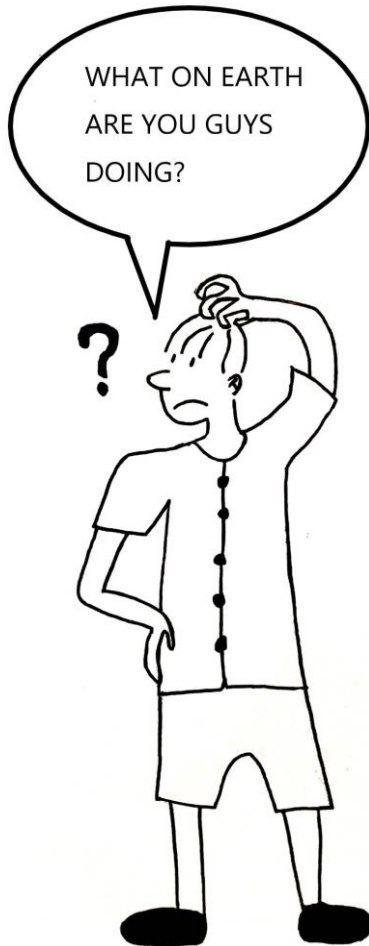
We all knew what Bella did was just a show, and were glad that the teacher was fooled. So, instead of bringing the military instructor, some of us pulled party poppers to start our special occasion.



Then, the music of an award ceremony started to play. And Sophia, slowly and awkwardly, minced up the podium with her box in her hands. Everybody watched

with excitement as she approached the confused-looking teacher. She literally spent about three minutes getting to the podium, which was only about five meters from her desk. The teacher, still baffled, looked at us and asked:





In the most boisterous manner, we

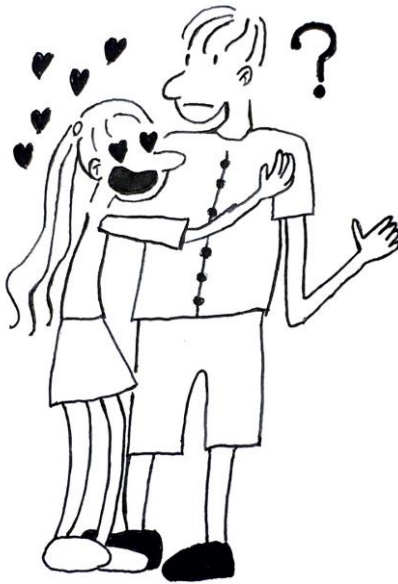
explained everything to him, and,  
finally, Sophia presented the box to  
the teacher.

At that instant, the whole class



started chanting:

Being half forced by us, they  
hugged. As you can imagine, the



whole class went crazy.

Sophia blushed, her face was as red as a tomato. After the hug, the teacher started to read the cards, which were filled with about 10,000 tiny words, and Sophia walked back to her seat, on cloud nine.



After the class, because I am the  
geography assistant this semester,  
our geography teacher gave me a

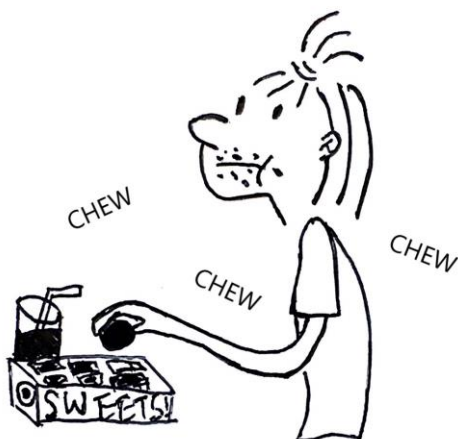
box of sweets and jelly as a reward.

I really wanted to share some with

Sophia and tell her it was from the

teacher; however, I chose to gobble

everything up by myself in the end.



Now, I am sitting at my desk,  
watching the video of the whole  
party, again and again.



**July 9**

It is almost the end of this

semester. We have only about twenty-five days left, including weekends, to be with our classmates. Our homeroom teacher, Ms. Zeng, is also going to leave us because she said it was time for her to retire and to take care of her mother. Because of this, my classmates decided to hold a surprise farewell party for her.

We decided to have a talent show



before the party. We will all write cards and prepare gifts, and I'll draw portraits of her on the blackboard.

We are still working on the plan, but I have an idea that I haven't told anyone: I'll ask everybody, or at least all the girls, to apply lipstick that is bright red, and to give Ms. Zeng a surprise by giving her a sweet big hug and a BLOODY kiss:



But I think we'll all cry a lot that  
day, so it might turn into a total

DISASTER for Ms. Zeng:



Since she is not going to teach at the school anymore, I am going to miss her a lot when I start my next school year.

Having said all of this, I think it is  
also time for me to say to you—

THE  
END

## About the Author...

Diane signed up for my Fun English Storytelling Workshop as she entered senior high, and angelically, volunteered as monitor for our class. She was amiable by nature, passionate about learning, and couldn't be more helpful in assisting me and her fellow classmates throughout the course.

Knowing her love for and proficiency in the English language, I wasn't surprised when she shared with me her own version of *Diary of a Wimpy Kid*. I planned to read it later but, out of curiosity, sneaked a look into the sheets and couldn't help but read on until I reached the end of the last page. Her stories were charming and delightful—at times hilarious—vibrant with fun and witty thoughts. It was an enjoyment to read through the whole book at one sitting!

So—Bravo, Diane girl! Congratulations on taking this successful first step toward authorhood. I would certainly love to be one of your first readers again if there comes a sequel. Please write on and keep enchanting people like me with your unique way of perceiving the world!

English Teacher  
at Hsin Chuang Senior High School  
Deborah Wu

## **About this book...**

I am a big fan of Jeff Kinney' s Diary of a Wimpy Kids series. These humorous books greatly inspired me and motivated me to create a diary story of my own. In fact, I am an immature wimpy kid like Gregory, and, like him, I get conceited and even carried away sometimes. But most importantly, I am also optimistic and fun and can find things to laugh at all the time.

This book is the product of a school project for the self-study class in my first year in high school. It records my life at home and at school. My loving family, friends, and classmates bring me laughter and fun all the time and they together give the soul to this small diary book.

Diane Chen

August 11, 2020



## 自主學習作品 (part 2): LINE 貼圖創作



大柳丁岱安

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## 動機

高一下完成英文日記小說 *Diary of a Smirky Girl* 後，我決定將作品中的插圖延伸為 LINE 貼圖。一方面可以將已有的素材善加利用，二方面可以訓練自己在製作小說封面時學到的電腦繪圖技能。高二下期間，我研究使用繪圖筆搭配全能畫圖版 PRO 應用程式將之前的插畫重製。

## 過程與學習省思

1. 製作過程中，我遇到的第一個困難是尋找一個適合的電腦繪圖應用程式搭配繪圖板，在決定使用「全能畫圖板 pro」之後，便是著手研究其各項功能。基於之前使用電腦繪圖軟體 CLIP STUDIO 的經驗，這次在學習新的應用程式上並沒有花太多時間。其中最重要的一項發現是，我了解到運用圖層的重要性，藉此可大大提升修改作品時的效率。
2. 但為了讓我的貼圖充滿創意並貼近使用者的需

求，我花了許多時間構想搭配文字。我詢問親友們希望什麼樣的表情和心情文字為他們代言，並融合了高中女孩的我內心的淘氣和俏皮，運用在我原本小說的插圖，成就了一套 40 張貼圖的作品。

3. 最後一階段便是向 LINE 公司提出申請。在國中時我也試著販賣貼圖，但卻因未能達到公司的各項標準及限制而未能順利上架。基於先前的經驗，這次我很順利地成功通過 Line 貼圖的審核，將「高中生活碎碎念」上架並販賣。這是我人生中第一次將作品上市，感到無比雀躍。

## 心得與展望

過程中我不但學到如何有效率的做出精緻的圖案，也從中得到無比的樂趣，最後的成品令我感到滿足且驕傲。由於一組貼圖的張數上限只有 40 張，但我仍有源源不絕的靈感，內心充滿了創作的渴望。因此我決定，待高三學測完，將要再製作更多組類似主題的作品，以及英語版、日語版等其他語言的貼圖。

下圖為 LINE 公司寄給創作者之販售資訊及詳細內容：

販售連結：

[https://line.me/S/sticker/16549725?\\_from=lcm](https://line.me/S/sticker/16549725?_from=lcm)

### 貼圖詳細內容

貼圖ID	22784507
貼圖類型 	貼圖
貼圖張數(1組)	40
版本	1
購買網址	<a href="https://line.me/S/sticker/16549725">https://line.me/S/sticker/16549725</a>
貼圖作者網址	<a href="https://line.me/S/shop/sticker/author/1981891">https://line.me/S/shop/sticker/author/1981891</a>
語言	<b>English</b>
標題	bigorange_20210830075932
貼圖說明	These stickers were made in LINE Sticker Maker.
語言	<b>Chinese (Traditional)</b>
標題	高中生活碎碎唸
貼圖說明	「高中生活碎碎唸」終於登場啦！讓這位可愛又癡癡的高中女孩為你的中學生生活發言吧！

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高中生活碎碎唸 >

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說明  
「高中生活碎碎唸」終於登場啦！讓這位可愛又瘋瘋癲癲的高中女孩為你的中學生生活發言吧！ >

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是否使用照片  
貼圖中有使用照片 >

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販售價格  
NT\$30 >

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隱私設定  
顯示於 LINE STORE / 貼圖小舖 >

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銷售分配設定 >

下一步

< 販售資訊 X

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銷售分配設定  
付費下載 / 有銷售分配金額 >

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版權  
© bigorange >

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販售地區  
於選取地區販售 (82/201) >

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風格種類  
可愛 >

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角色類別  
女性角色 >

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LINE 貼圖超值方案  
參加 >

下一步