

Written Analysis

The Lost Pyramid

Documentary directed and produced by

The YouTube channel “Yes Theory”

The “Yes Theory” YouTube channel was created and stars three men with different cultures, experiences, and values. They came together however, through a common goal; to experience life to the fullest and say yes to every opportunity they faced. Their first ‘Yes’ was to create the channel, meaning sacrifices for all three. Thomas, originally from Sweden, sacrificed his career as an entrepreneur. Matt, a Frenchman, invested all his savings into the dream. Ammar, who grew up in Egypt and sacrificed his full-ride scholarship in Montreal, Canada. The latter, Ammar, had a dream since he was a child to climb the Egyptian pyramids he visited with his Father. After months of dedication, hard-work, and desperation, he and his friend were the first to ever have an official document allowing them to climb the Egyptian pyramids. Unfortunately, due to difficulties within the Egyptian government, their documents were revoked at the base of the pyramids, and all hope was lost.

This documentary is the fulfillment of Ammar’s dream, and a restoration of hope. It is an inspirational tale, and a representation of finally living one’s dream. It gives the viewer a push to want to do better, to chase their own dreams, because dreams can come true. It is a representation of how their life could be if only they said ‘Yes’.

The production of this documentary came to be by a team of videographers and youtubers. Not only did this cause a larger audience to watch the documentary, due to each youtuber’s fanbase, it allowed different angles and types of videography to be used. Andreas Hem, a Red Eye Camera expert was able to capture shots from the ground, making the viewer feel as though they were on the trip. Johnny Schaer is a drone flyer, able to capture views and experiences, such as following chimps swinging from vines, or the staggering height of the Lost City of Mirador. These cuts catch the intensity of the journey, a 4-day long trek in the Guatemalan jungle. The clips create swells of positivity, and tension, and a viewer is completely captivated. Along with voice-overs, cuts to individual interviews, and animated maps describing the journey, one is completely inspired.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-mt8aNy1M00>

Sketchbook Concept

The Eye of the World

Book one of The Wheel of Time Series

Written by Robert Jordan

Notes on How I Would Adapt the Story to Film

Character Design Notes:

Rand al'Thor, son of Tam al'Thor--- Tall (a head taller than all the men other than Lan), Red hair, Grey eyes, Outlandish compared to the others in Two Rivers. Sword on his hip that was preowned by his Father. Very sharp, long, heavy, and engraved on the hilt with a Gold heron.

Moiraine, A Sister of the **Aes Sedai**, 'Breakers of the World' (Protectors of The Wheel of Time against the Dark One*), after Lews Therin Telamon, formerly known as Lord of the Morning, now as the **Dragon** (who turned himself into a mountain to escape Elan Morin Tedronai, Betrayer of Hope and the consequences of his actions), created despair by cutting down the tree that symbolized peace.--- Creamy cloak, with a light blue dress underneath. Blond hair framing her face, loose (contrasting the typical hairstyle of a woman in Two Rivers who wear their hair in braids upon womanhood).

Mydraall---Black Cloak that 'doesn't ripple in the wind', on a black Stallion. No Face. Under the Dark One's orders. Eerie calm surrounds them, and a smell of pungent earth and dirt wafts from them.

Lan, The Warder, Guard of Moiraine---A Cloak that blends into his surrounding, with a sword on his hip. Sword is simple in design, but well-crafted. Eyes have gold specks, and a mix of green and brown like a forest dappled with sunlight.

Nynaeve, The Wisdom, also known as the healer and prophet of Harvest, Winter and Spring outcomes. --- Girlish, and very young looking but with a temper and seriousness to her brown eyes. Brown Dress and dirty apron, but with a bright cloak to distinguish her in the towns people. Face makeup inspired by plants and henna tattoos (See Author's timeline for more explanation on inspiration for costume designs).

Egwene, The **Mayor's** Daughter---Potential romantic interest of Rand al'Thor.- Long thick braid of dark brown, brown eyes, yellow dress with grey cloak.-On the journey green dress and cloak and hair unbraided to mark her training as an Aes Sedai.

Master Merrilin, The Gleeman, Entertainer for Beltine (The Arrival of Spring) --- Colourful patchwork cloak, white beard and hair, hook nose. Brown eyes and weathered skin.

The Trollocs, followers of **The Dark One**, Half-breeds between Men and Animals (Wolves, Bears, Goats...etc.).

Setting Design (First 150 pages):

- 1) Al'Thor Farm: Main log house, stable for Bela the Cow, sheep pen and chicken coop. Vegetable garden that is very sparse and snow still covering the ground in many areas. Main road at the front of the house with the woods behind the house and beyond the Main road.
- 2) The Attack: Trollocs break and enter the Log house of Al'Thor Farm destroying windows, upturning the table with stew, destroying Tam's (the Father) reading chair in front of the fire. Sheep skin rugs are ripped entirely through, the tableware that Rand carved is thrown and chipped. (This will also be taken into detail when Rand sneaks back to the house to find it in disarray). Potatoes are spilled and smashed, iron cauldron for stew spilled over and smashed, coals of the fire white with heat but no longer with flame. Wooden figurines Tam carved for a young Rand are broken, and sketches of plants and birds by his mother have been stepped on by muddy boots or hooves.
- 3) Rand pulling his father in the Litter (name for a wagon): His exhaustion, his anxiety in being heard by the Trollocs and hearing the Trollocs. His Father's fever creating delusions, and his moans after each bump caused by a stone, roots, or twig. Moonlight filters through the trees but beyond Rand the forest is dark and full of rustling sounds and hooting owls. The caw of a raven is heard in the distance. (Ravens are spies for the Dark one and his followers).
- 4) Nynaeve's Hard Truth: Telling Rand his Father cannot be healed. It is beyond her capabilities. Rand's hearing is muffled, and his eyes barely open due to exhaustion. He wants to collapse, but he must take Tam a little further to the inn where Moiraine is. She is his last hope in healing his Father through One Power. However, every deal with an Aes Sedai comes at a cost.

Camera Angles and their Reasonings:

Opening shot: A close up on Rand's fingers rubbing the line of his bow with an arrow at the ready. It pans up to his face, showing his height and letting the Audience know this is an important person to the story. Now for a shot behind Rand who walks beside their horse Bella pulling the litter, with his strong but aging father on the other side. Now just Rand from the front, turning behind to see nothing there. The previous shot then seems to be the point of view of someone watching Rand. He mutters under his breath and then looks up annoyingly as a raven swoop over the two of them, cawing loudly. Tam remarks how many damn crows there have been this year, and Rand nods in agreement, distracted by something out of the corner his eye. Nothing is there.

- 1) Al'Thor Farm seems very bare and brown, with muddy snow still littering the ground here and there. Chickens peep their heads out occasionally, and sheep look lazily as Rand walks in. Cut to him busying himself with raking the ground and uprooting any vegetables they have. Close shot on how small and weathered they are in a basket, showing the difficulties they are having in Two Rivers

- 2) The Attack. Described above, the importance in the filmmaking here would be to do quick cuts and close ups on faces to show exertion, and shots with length to create a sense of fear when trollocs are at one end of the house and he is on the other. When the trollocs first break through the window pan from the bottom to the top showing the shattered glass and the trollocs hooves, panning up to his goat/human legs, human but hairy torso, and finally his goat face with his flaring nostrils breathing heavily like an animal ready to attack. Show the destruction of quilts and sheepskins, figurines being crushed under foot and sketches being stamped on...
- 3) To create anxiety and fear quick cuts to the forest, Rands exhausted and frightened face, the sweat rolling down his temples, the strain in his arms, the catch of his breath when he hears something. The fog from his exhale is the only sound, as no trollocs or Myddraal's come crashing through the bush. Tam's groans and feverish mutterings, Rand trying to ignore what his father his saying (show him shaking his head after turning back to stare after Tam starts talking to his dead Mother about finding Rand as a babe and bringing him home) Rand's face twisted in trying to justify what he heard by excusing it for delusions of the fever. However, this cut also brings highlights to his grey eyes and reddish hair unlike anyone else in Two Rivers.
- 4) Nynaeve's worried face coming in and out of focus as she tries to console Rand after she told him she cannot heal Tam. Rand breathing heavily, leaning weakly on the litter. His determination becoming visible on his face as he grits his teeth after looking at Tam and hearing his Father's ragged breathing. The moan that escapes his teeth when he starts pulling the litter again, the popping veins in his necks and arms. The calluses on his hands rubbed raw and red.

People looking up from the wreckage of their own houses to stare at Rand who looks very heroic and even more outlandish here. Townspeople and farmers with tan faces, dark hair and dark eyes stare at rand with soot stained faces, watching as his yellowish pale undertone of his skin becomes red with exertion, and his reddish hair is slicked on his forehead with sweat. His eyes crinkled with pain and determination are greyer than ever, and his tall proud form straining against the litter looks more handsome than ever, emphasized by Egwene's casual glance up then double take. Rand does not see this as his main focus is the Inn where Moiraine is standing, with a face of pondering as she watches Rand come to her in need of aid.

The Authors' Timeline (ie. What century is this book placed in?):

The Age of Legends was the time period The Dragon cut the Peace Tree. Rand al'Thor's adventure is three millenia later.

Main Philosophy: **Time** is a circle, so the characters in the books dimly remember things from our time, and we dimly remember things from their time. There are seven ages, and our time is one of them. The **Dragon** according to the stories of The Gleeman will be reborn, and the Battle between Him and The Dark One will resume.

Olivia Niquidet Portfolio Documents

*The Shadow vs. The Light. --- The Shadow is connected to the Dark One, Shaitan: Arabic word Devil → Inspires Outfit Ideas and Jewelry. Hence the woman's covered heads, face make up for the wisdom, and jewellery for Egwene and Moiraine.

Portfolio Sample Two – Additional Chapter

Setting:

The passage you are about to read is an additional chapter I wrote for the novel, *A Handmaid's Tale*. The first section is from the point of view of Offred who speaks of her daughter who was taken when their new society was created.

The second section is her daughter's life with her 'adopted' family, unknowing to her. She is lonely, living in a world without books, or other children. Her only companion is The Lady, a painting of a woman in her 'Mother's' drawing room.

Many references to old sayings and fairytale stories are through-out, including the daughter's faded memory of Offred reading *Snow White*, where they lived happily ever after,

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My Daughter

The Commander has just left, for a strange call he recently received, rudely interrupting our scrabble game. I don't mind. I glance over at the game. Yes, I am glad he was called to whatever he does, because I had been losing terribly. If truth must be told, I have been absent of mind. Or maybe, I am overflowing with it. My thoughts jumble, and run haywire. I try to cut their offshoots, with the same military ferocity of Serena Joy in her budding garden, her shears like Luftwaffes, swooping down, again, and again... But I am hell-ridden, as they are fictional so they grow back at alarming rates, faster than I can handle. The strongest of the swirling vines is the thought that Nick will never have his child. Our child. This vine, this thought, encompasses my brain and squeezes it, forcing me to pay attention to it, to try to pry it off and cut it at its' roots. But it comes back stronger then ever, with an offshoot of its own. Her. Her again and again. Her face whips around me, swirling tendrils of golden hair whip behind her, and her pretty

feet hang gracefully below the hem of her white dress, which is rippling with the wind she creates. She is older now, and her eyes know nothing of me. I pray to god that she will say she does, she does remember me. But she doesn't. She flashes a smile, one of a tormentor and not my little girl, and flees to the recesses of my mind.

I am back in the Commander's office, and the pieces of scrabble still stare unblinkingly back at me. I am alone, and I am washed with relief. I am alone. I silently weep into the night, waiting for the Commander to come back.

...

I sit in Mother's room, with her fancy mirror, her hard wooden chairs, and the Lady. The Lady is my friend, but I like her only sometimes. Sometimes she doesn't want to talk to me, like Mother or Father, and I have to find Lola to talk to, which can be boring because she is very quiet when it comes to Mother. I like Lola, but she is a scaredy-cat. Or is it a scaredy-dog? I forget. I want to play when I'm with Lola, because the Lady can't play with me. We can play on our own, and sneak glances at each other, but we can't do anything together. She is trapped. Uh huh. She is trapped inside of a mirror, and can't come back, no matter how hard I try. But I don't give up.

Night

I lie in bed, staring at the canopy above me. I think of clouds, and flying through them. I do this every night, trying to reach Ever After. I don't remember where it is, but there is another Lady there. She knows how to get out of the mirror, I've heard her. "Mirror, Mirror, on the wall...". I don't remember anything else, that's why I need to find her. I asked Lola one time, if she knew the Lady who got out of the mirror, but Lola said she didn't know, and I need to stop with my imaginings. I don't know what imaginings are. There are a lot of words that Father and

Mother use that I don't know either. The one I hear the most is 'Angel'. I asked her one time at supper, right after grace before I got too scared, like a chicken. Chickened out, I heard Lola say once to the Guardian outside. I don't know exactly what she meant, but I like to say it. It's for adults only, I guess.

-“What is an Angel, Mother?” I blurted, rather blatantly.

Mother glanced at Father before saying, “ Don't be impertinent dear.”

I glance down at my lap, trying to hide my hot cheeks. I don't know what impertinent means, but I know better than to ask. Mother says curiosity is a sin, and I know I will get a spanking for sinning at the supper table. That's the worst place to do it, even more so when guests are over. I ate dinner silently for the rest of the night, like I usually do, and then went upstairs for a bath. Like I usually do. I tucked myself into bed, and decided I wasn't going to try and find Ever After. I remember a Lady voice telling me they lived happily in Ever After. That is how I knew it wasn't near home. No one is happy here.

I am giddy. Mother and I finally have an outing that I am able to accompany her to. I rarely get to go past our little picket fence, with the rhododendrons splashing the white with vibrant rose-red petals. When I first arrived here, I adored that little fence, with the pointy tops. I would walk, whenever I had the chance, along its edge and tap each point, or run a stick over the top, causing it to move like little waves. Up, down, up, down. But soon the fence was not fun at all. No, it was a bad fence, it kept me in the yard, from the people outside. I was stuck in our yard for hours on end with nothing to do, and with no one.

Not today though. Me and Mother will get to visit Mother's friend, Mrs. Margaret Dunn. Mother tells me to behave very well today, and exhibit excellent decorum. Mrs. Dunn has

a little boy, who is younger than me, but that doesn't matter. This time I know he will play with me. In the past he hasn't, he has stayed in his room, or ignored me. Not this time, no. He will play. I know he will.

Commander Dunn's Martha opens the door and leads us down the hall. I walk slowly, drinking in the new place. I glance down the hall, and realize that Mother is already almost at the door, and I walk faster, so Mother will not be mad. "Don't dawdle Dear." she would say. We round the corner, and I see masses of blue and white. My senses go numb and I am overcome with a vision. The deep blue sea swirling before me, way down below. And a CRASH, as the water strikes the rocks below, revealing frothy white bubbles. I stand transfixed at what I see, but then things begin to fade. The ocean begins to talk, in female voices, and the waves bring tea cups and saucers in on the tide. The waves reveal smiling faces, flushed with rosee. And then I am back, with Mother at my side. The blue Wives and their white daughters laugh in drunken joy, or girlish giggles. I immediately cower at the sight of all these people. All the girls are bigger than me, and whisper to each other about handsome guardians, and who has snuck a cigarette. Two girls in the corner keep glancing around, and then stuffing their pockets with goodies. But they needn't worry, even I know that. A few weeks ago Mrs. Dunn had a baby, and today is the celebration and christening ceremony.

'They always wait a while,' I hear a girl whisper, 'to make sure it is not an Unbaby.' An Unbaby? I had no clue what she meant. Maybe she had something to drink, without telling anyone. These days are the only chances you get, because all of the Mothers are too drunk and hysterical with happiness that a baby is here. I don't get what the fuss is about, babies are so boring and ugly. They can't play either, just sit around in their mother's arms and howl and wail. I am so glad Father and Mother don't have a baby.

I move to the edge of the room, and that is when I see her. A Lady. Like the one from home, she too is trapped in the mirror. I squeeze my way through the crowd, and even crawl through a Mother's legs, who is too drunk to notice. That is when I finally reach her. She has brown hair, and blue eyes, and her lips are a pale pink. She wears a yellow dress, really poofy and big, just like Mother's Lady at home. I lean in close, near her ear and whisper, "Hello Yellow Lady. I am so glad I found you. Do you know my Lady? She is stuck like you. I am trying to get her out, but I haven't yet. When I do, I will try to get you out too. I am sure you are bored of being in th-OUCH!".

I whip around to see a tall, burly girl. Her eyes are wild with taunting glee, and she grins down at me. Evilly, that is what they call it in Ever After; Evil. I look down at my forearm to see the welt on my arm already begin to bruise, like the strawberries Lola always tries to ripen till the last minute. This meanie just pinched me. She sneers, and says

"Who are you talking to, crazy?"

I ignore her and push my way to my Mother, and cling to her side. I scan the room for Mrs. Dunn's son, but he is nowhere. Just women and girls in blue and white, bustling into each other, guffawing at jokes, whispering with knowing smiles about the latest gossip, and so much munching, slurping, swallowing. The sounds fill my ears, and I close my eyes to shut them out, but it doesn't work. I plug my ears, but they are still there, and my head begins to swim, and a ringing starts from somewhere, and...and..

I wake up in bed, at home. Lola pats my head gently with a damp cloth, and smiles down at me. She silently gets up, turns off the lights, and shuts the door after she leaves. I stare up at my clouds, billowing above me, and begin to drift into a dream, filled with yellow Ladies, and Unbabies, and a voice saying '...and they lived happily ever after'.

