



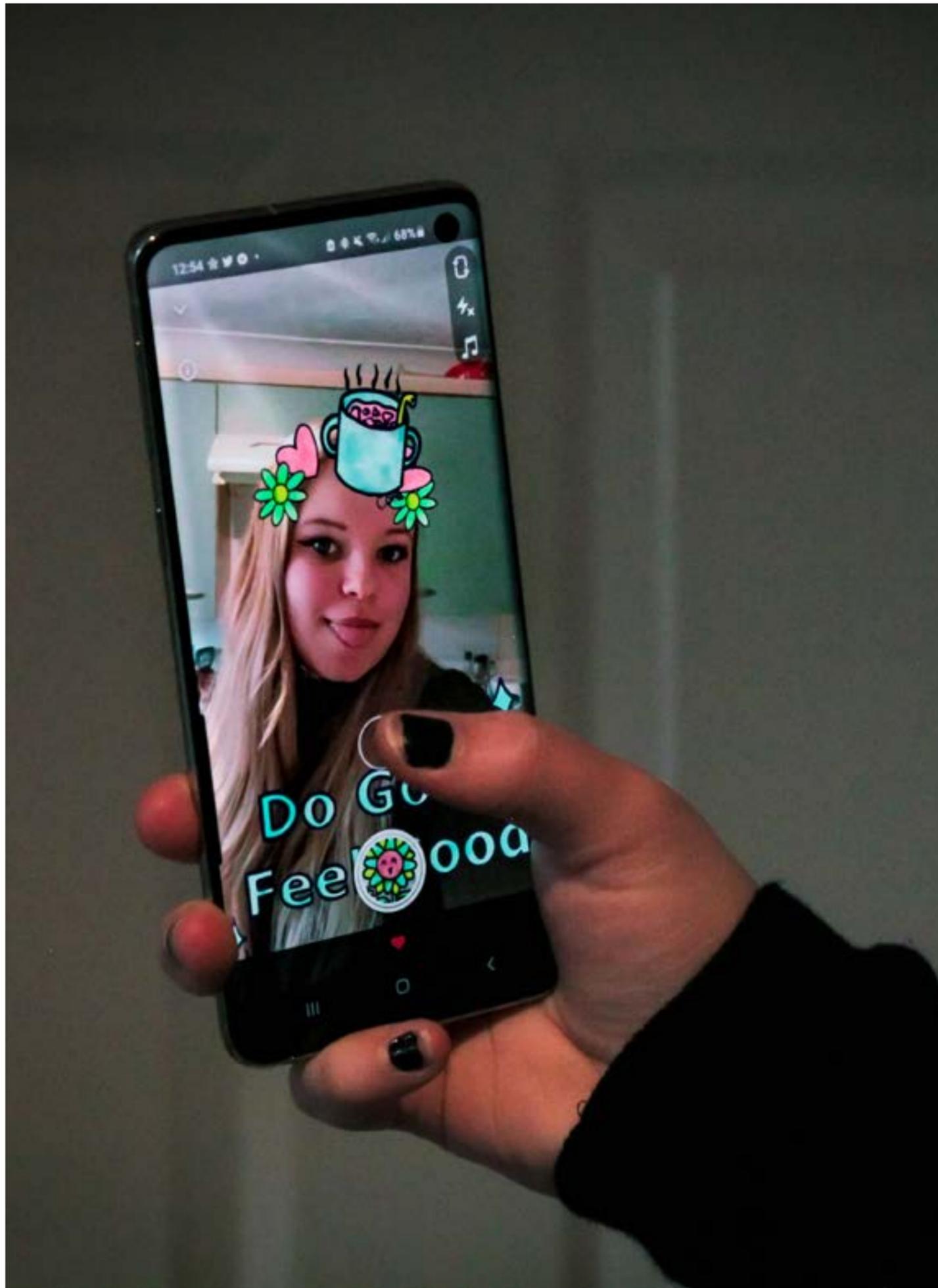
ISABELLA BOROWSKI

B O D Y O F R E S O L V E D P R A C T I S E

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- 2-5 D&AD NEW BLOOD AWARD
- 6-9 UNIQUE COASTER SETS
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- 21&22 EQUALITY NOW CAMPAIGN

SNAPCHAT ACTS OF KINDNESS FILTER

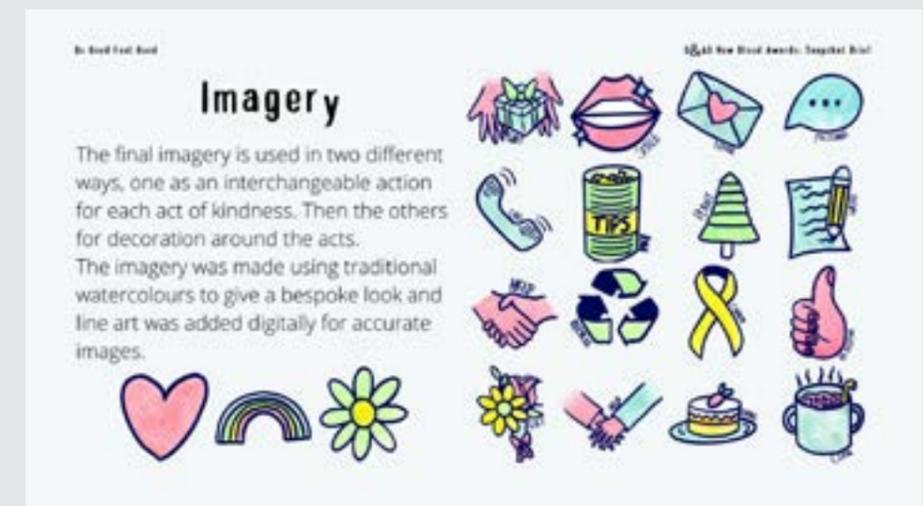
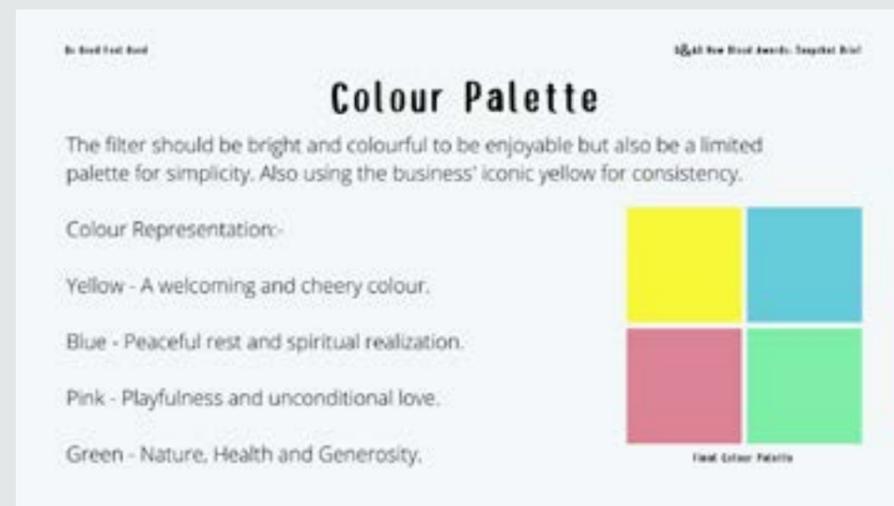
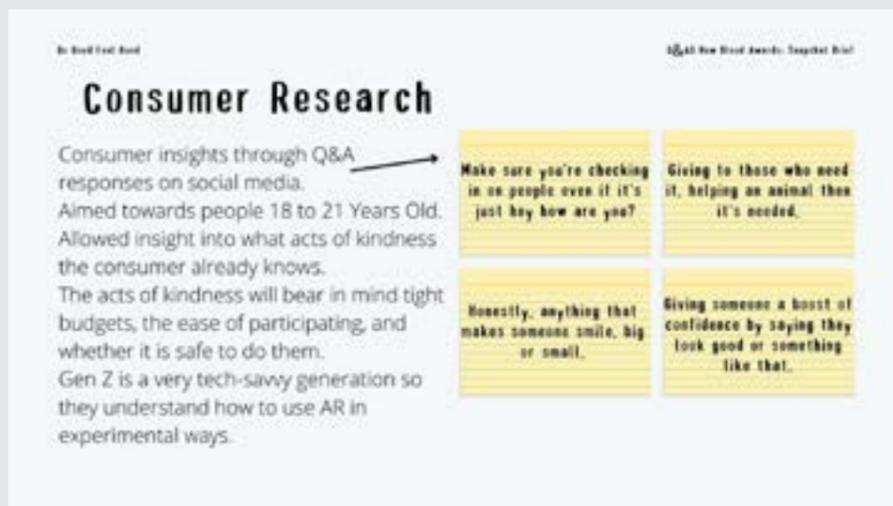


As a challenge for myself I created a response to one of the D&AD New Blood Award briefs. The most fitting with my practice and working with XR technologies was the snapchat AR brief.

The task was to create an AR lens that would entice people to take on an act of kindness mindset through the AR. This would then be communicated to the board through a pitch presentation, which was made using Canva.



Acts of Kindness Imagery.
Watercolour and Digital Outline.
D&AD New Blood Awards 2022.



Do Good Feel Good Campaign.
Final Pitch Presentation.
D&AD New Blood Award 2022.

Final AR Filter

The outcome is a filter that uses head tracking and a watercolour text overlay. It was made using the lense studio, with no prior experience.

The user can use the tap mechanic to change the act of kindness they may undertake and share to friends and family. Filter can be promoted through means such as an animation send out, or a collectable sticker (Example shown below)



Scan the snapcode in snapchat to see the filter.

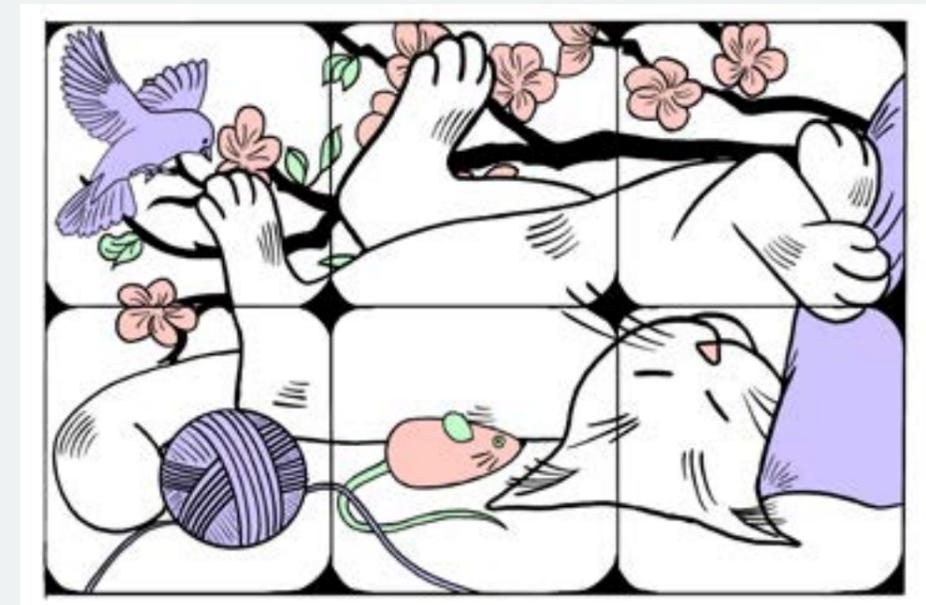
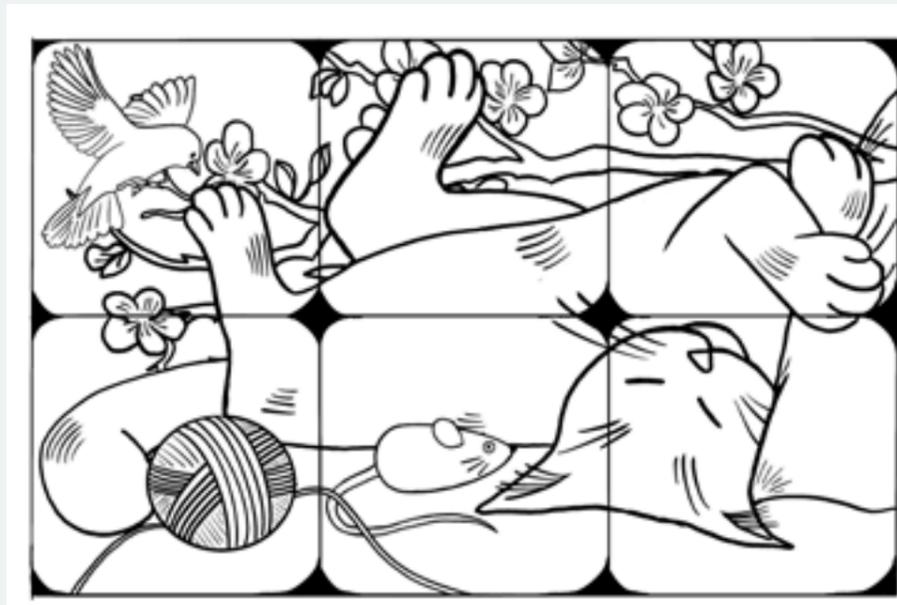
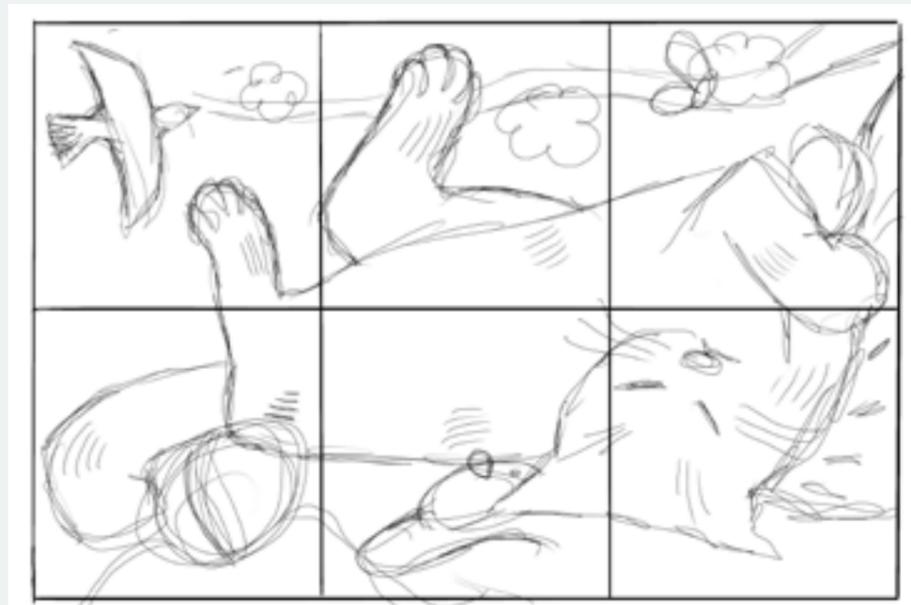
Do Good Feel Good Campaign.
Final Pitch Presentation.
D&AD New Blood Award 2022.

UNIQUE COASTER SETS

After a couple of inspiring workshops about producing batches of work to sell to our target audience I created coaster sets using MDF and transferring the image using UV Printing and finally cutting the MDF through Laser Cutting.

All the coasters are unique with slightly misaligned prints then finished with a sealant and then ribbon to tie the sets together.





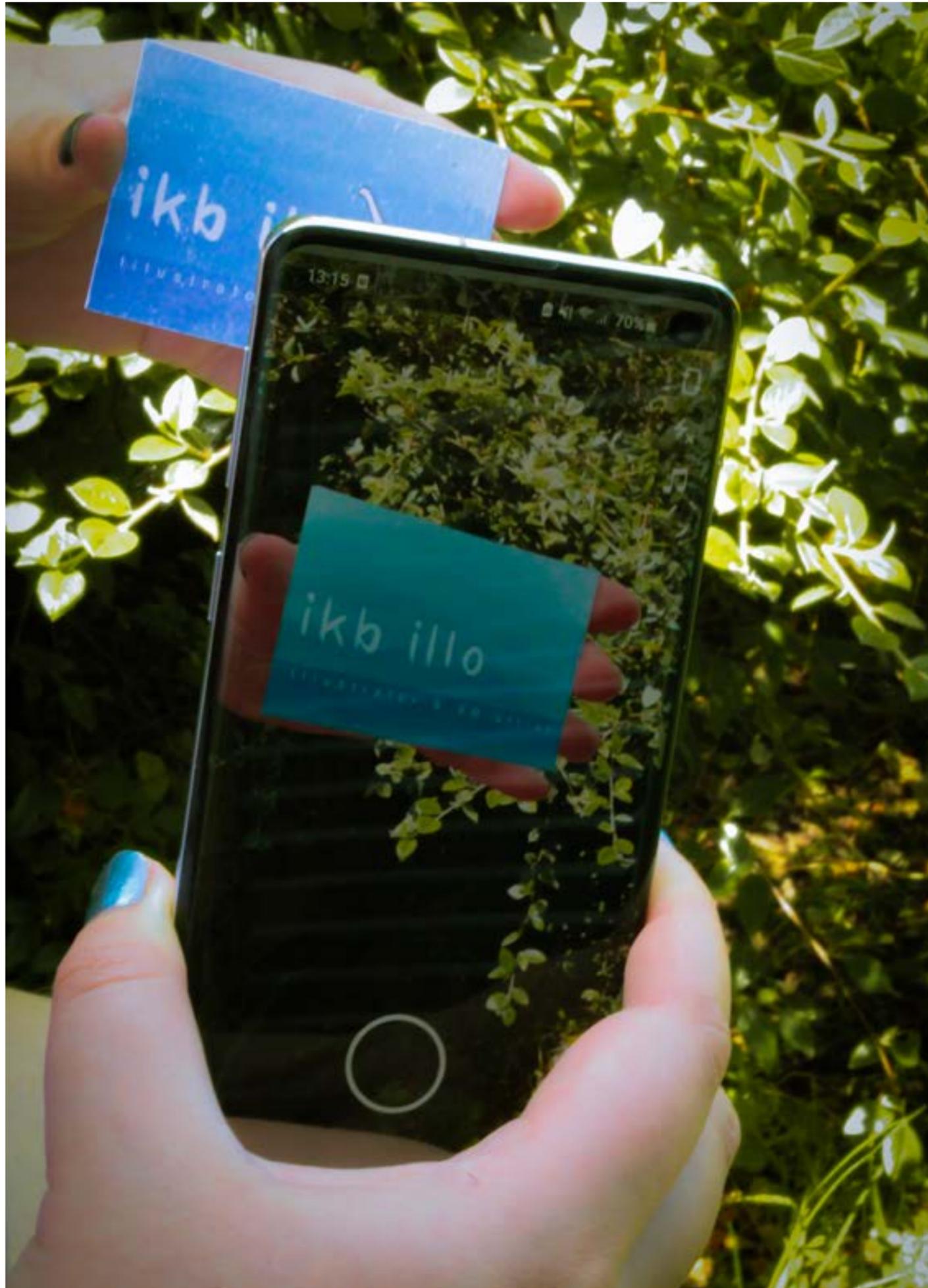
Unique coaster sets - Design Process.
Drawn Digitally using Procreate.
UV Printed onto MDF and Laser Cut.



Unique coaster sets.
Drawn Digitally using Procreate.
UV Printed onto MDF and Laser Cut.



Final Packaging and Product photos.
Sealed with laminate.
Photos taken and edited by myself.



AR BUSINESS CARDS

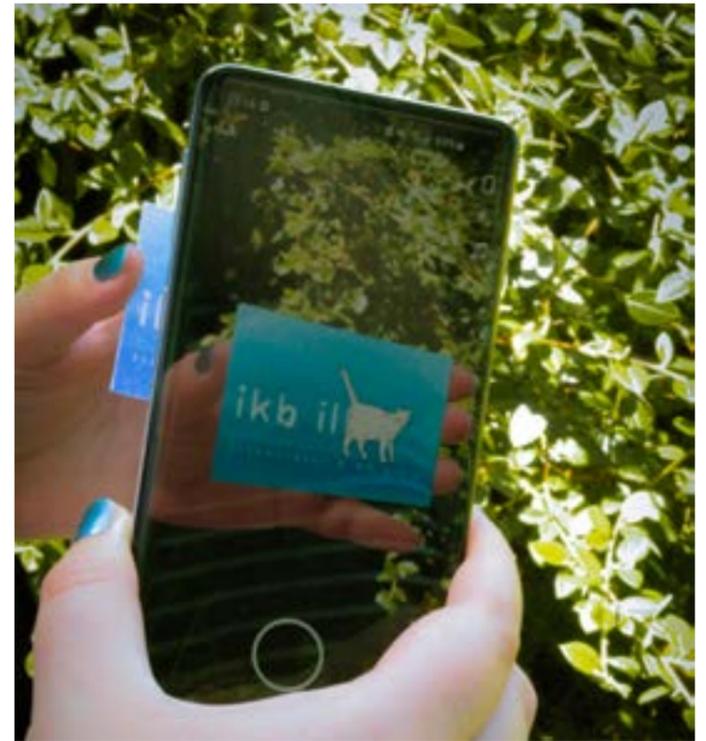
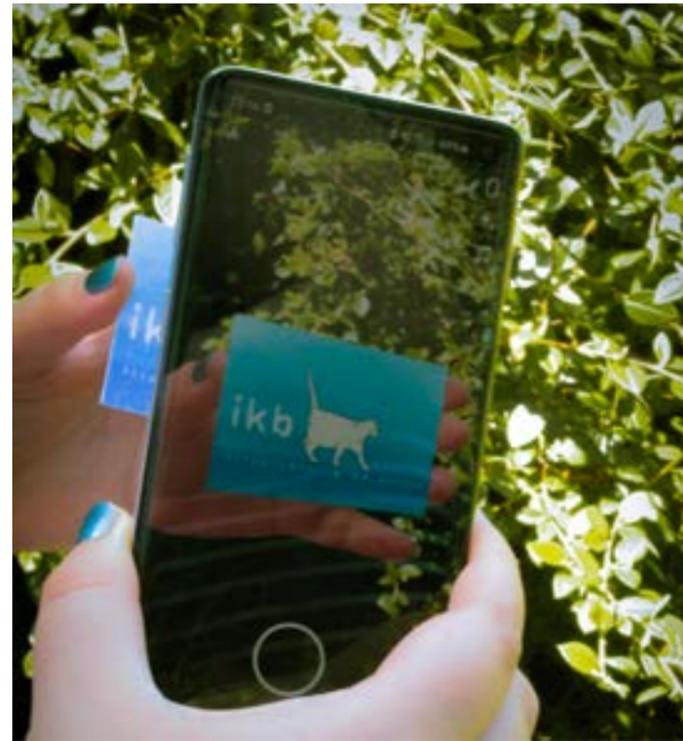
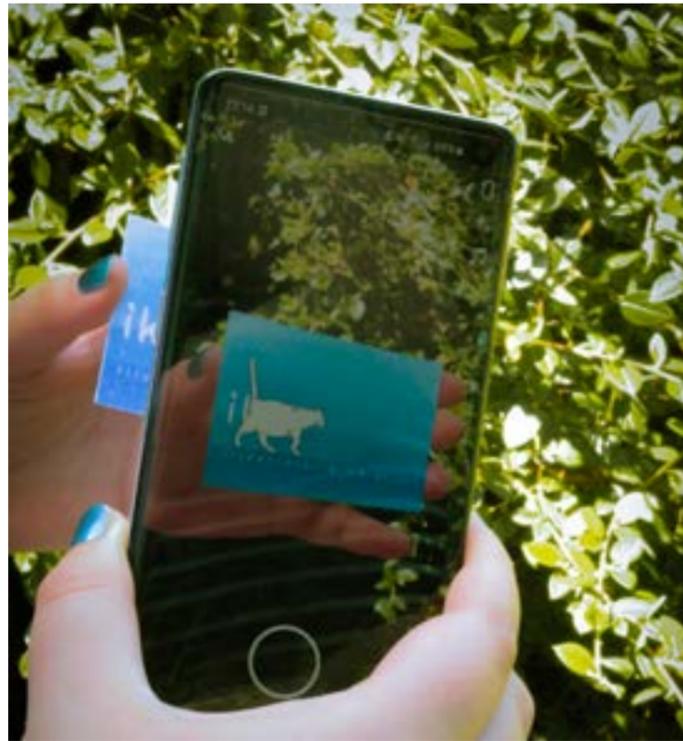
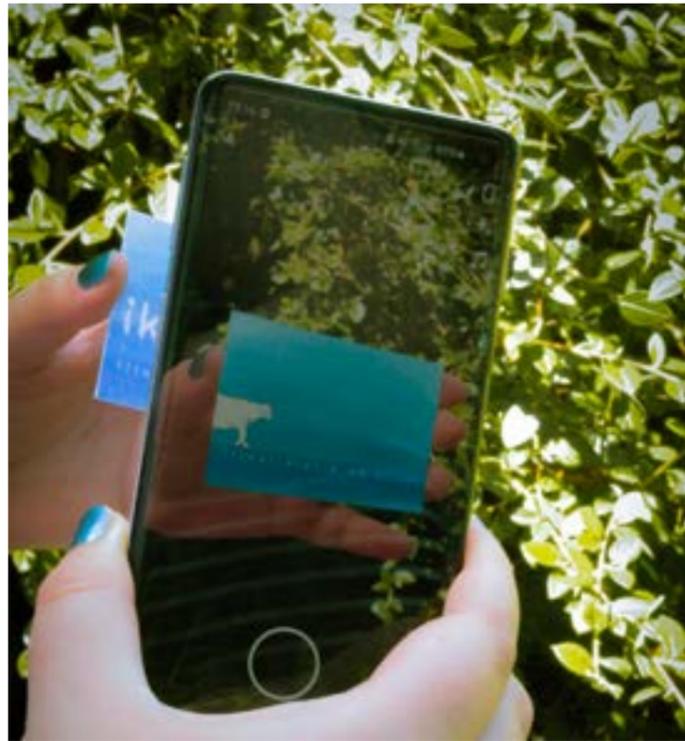
A business card should be memorable and enticing to the viewer which is why I created these AR business cards. They get across my practice in the best way through encouraging the viewer to scan the card and "bring it to life".

My visual language and style is also shown through the business card with the use of bright watercolours and of course, cats.



Scan the snapcode and hover over the front image to bring it to life.

AR Business Card.
Drawn and Animated using Procreate.
AR created in Snapchat Lens Studio.



AR Business Card.
Animation of a cat walking across.
AR created in Snapchat Lens Studio.

'BRINGING BACK SNOW' ZINE



A personal project, using text from a short story by writer, Ricky Cohen. The story was found on 'The short story project' website and using references of cats and inspiration from house interiors to create illustrations to go alongside the story.

The zine is also animated with Augmented Reality features to enhance the viewing of the imagery and therefore the story itself. Please scan using snapchat to reveal the animations.



"It's hopeless," her husband told her. "He's not coming back. He's lost. Who knows if he's even alive."

Their son, her firstborn, echoed his father's certainty. "We'll never see him again."

The girl, their daughter, returned to her weeping, same as every morning, noon and evening, every time they returned empty-handed from searching the neighborhood. "He ran off because he wasn't happy with us - he didn't want us," she reasoned. No one had a reply and the girl refused to be comforted.

"He'll be back," the wife protested. "They always come back. Even if we don't find him, he'll just show up one day. Sometimes it takes a month, even two." But her reassuring tone had gradually whimpred into uncertainty.

The boy chortled. "Yeah, sure, one day he'll just come knocking on the door and say, 'Hi, I'm back!'"

His sister glared at him, "You're an idiot!" She ran to her room and slammed the door. The wife went to

the locked door to try to coax her into coming back out.

"He didn't mean it, he was just being silly." She was pleading now. "We'll find him, you'll see - I'll find him, I have ways. I asked people who know how to coax cats out when they're hiding. He must be somewhere close to the house, just waiting for us to find him."



Nothing but silence behind the locked door. The boy and his father exchanged grimaces instead of using myriad words of mockery and disbelief. The wife suddenly noticed it, that petrifying resemblance of her son to his father. People had always said he was a copy of her. Now he was a younger version of the father, and she shuddered under the wave of hatred that welled up in her. She recalled how one



the emptiness that was their routine. And it all manifested from an animal that measured no more than eight inches in length. An animal that spent its days licking its fur, chasing flies, without ever catching any, and, mostly, sleeping.

She decided to go on with the search and marched down a street she hadn't been down before, two streets over from her own. Her husband had said he wouldn't go that far during their nocturnal searches. "Either he's close-by, or he's gone. Cats never go far, they stay close to home. I know lots more about this than you do."

The silence loosened, and she imagined the darkness had become airier and thinner, allowing her to discern the clouds and their various shapes. She began to wonder if it was really her, walking there, awake. Quite suddenly he stood before her. She hadn't even seen where he had come from, his white fur standing on end, radiant in the dark. She shuddered, frozen for a moment. Then she recovered,



went to him and picked him up in a decisive motion, just as she had always done back home when she took him to her room during what the girl called one of her 'gray moods.' The cat did not protest, nor did he utter a sound. As she held him, she could feel his heart beating through his fur. She ran home with him. When she woke up in the morning he was still there. The children were ecstatic



It was one of those endless vacation days, each identical to the last, running into each other to nullify all sense of time. The heat-wave had been blazing for four days, and, finally, the air conditioner faltered. The hours passed like a series of desperate grunts, and they all waited for the cat to entertain them as he had done before with his funny, feline ways.

"Come here for a second," the husband suddenly said. "Look at what I found." The cat stretched, sprawled on his side on the carpet, exhausted by the oppressive heat. She went to him and looked into his eyes. "No, look here," the husband insisted. "At his tummy. He has a black spot on it. It wasn't there before. You've brought home another cat: similar, but different. A cat with a black spot. Snow didn't have a spot like that, right children?" The children stood in front of him, embarrassment clear on their young faces. They looked at her, then



at him, then leaned down to see for themselves. They saw a coal-black spot the size of a plum on the lower part of the cat's tummy. When the boy touched it, the cat seemed suddenly incensed, lashing out with an angry paw to scratch his hand. Blood welled.

"Ouch!" the boy shouted. "It's not him," he cried. "The one we had never scratched. You've brought a stray cat into our house." The girl started weeping in a heart-pinching silence which slowly grew to an unsettling howl.

"Have you lost your mind?" The wife glowered at her husband. "Of course he had a spot, you just don't remember." She was fuming. "You hardly ever stroked him, why would you? But you remember, don't you?" She turned to the girl. "How he never liked to be touched on his



'Bringing Back Snow' AR Zine. Image Storyboard. Created using InDesign and Procreate.



shark. She gazed rebukingly at the cat, scolding him in her heart. "Show him, show him it's you already." She clasped at frail signs and indications: "This is the very same way he used to stretch, or round his back, or scratch," she repeatedly claimed. "It's a sign."

Her husband and echoing son mocked her. They claimed this cat's face was much wider, and he ate three times as much as the real Snow.



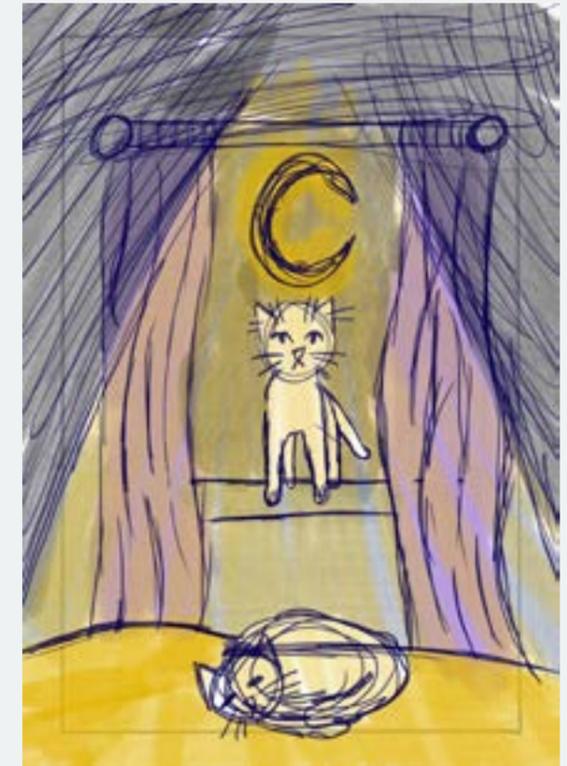
in the center of the cat's body. The purring sounds he produced, and the fact that he had remained motionless, encouraged her. She went on scrubbing at the furry stomach. A few seconds later the cat opened one eye, then the other. He was looking straight at her. The speed of his strike was almost invisible, his paw hitting the back of the hand holding the sponge. She screamed, the sponge fell, and the cat instantly seized it in four claw-drawn paws. Holding the sponge against his belly in a death grip, he ripped and clawed at it until nothing remained of it but crumbs. It had all happened so



fast the woman had had no chance to see whether or not the sponge had changed color.

During the ensuing days, they all spoke of only one thing - Snow's identity. They were divided into two camps, the mother and the daughter defended, with insult-drenched passion, the identity of the original Snow. They wrangled with the father and the boy, who repeatedly pointed out the differences in the cat's behavior. The father began to mockingly call him 'Pseudo-Snow,' or 'Make-Believe Snow.' His belittling laughter chilled the woman's blood.

At other times, doubts rose in her own heart, and, when they assailed her, she felt an existential instability, as if she was suddenly hearing a voice in the back of her head, her dead mother's voice, calling like she used to: 'Deborah, close the windows, there's a terrible draft!' Her reaction was to immediately go back to passionately searching for signs that would prove the cat's authentic identity.



'Bringing Back Snow' AR Zine. Image Storyboard. Created using InDesign and Procreate.



Bringing Back Snow

Written by Ricky Cohen
Illustrated by Isabella Borowski



Scan the snapcode above to make some of the images come to life.



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Their son, her firstborn, echoed his father's certainty. "We'll never see him again."

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Nothing but silence behind the locked door. The boy and his father exchanged grimaces instead of using myriad words of mockery and disbelief. The wife suddenly noticed it, that petrifying resemblance of her son to his father. People had always said he was a copy of her. Now he was a younger version of the father, and she shuddered under the wave of hatred that welled up in her. She recalled how one evening, the whole family had been called to the living room, each from their room where they would usually spend most of their evenings. The girl had happily announced: "I'm going to marry Snow, and you're all invited to the wedding."



She decided to go on with the search and marched down a street she hadn't been down before, two streets over from her own. Her husband had said he wouldn't go that far during their nocturnal searches. "Either he's close-by, or he's gone. Cats never go far, they stay close to home. I know lots more about this than you do."

The silence loosened, and she imagined the darkness had become airier and thinner, allowing her to discern the clouds and their various shapes. She began to wonder if it was really her, walking there, awake. Quite suddenly he stood before her. She hadn't even seen where he had come from, his white fur standing on end, radiant in the dark. She shuddered, frozen for a moment. Then she recovered, went to him and picked him up in a decisive motion, just as she had always done back home when she took him to her room during what the girl called one of her 'gray moods'. The cat did not protest, nor did he utter a sound. As she held him, she could feel his heart beating through his fur. She ran home with him.

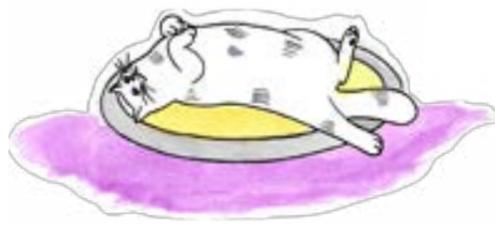


When she woke up in the morning he was still there. The children were ecstatic to see him. "Snow, Snow, where have you been, cutie? It's so good to have you back!" They stood over his regular gray armchair, stunned and excited, while he, curled up like a bagel, lay half-asleep.



Scan the snapcode to bring the images to life

'Bringing Back Snow' AR Zine.
Final Imagery.
Created using InDesign and Procreate.



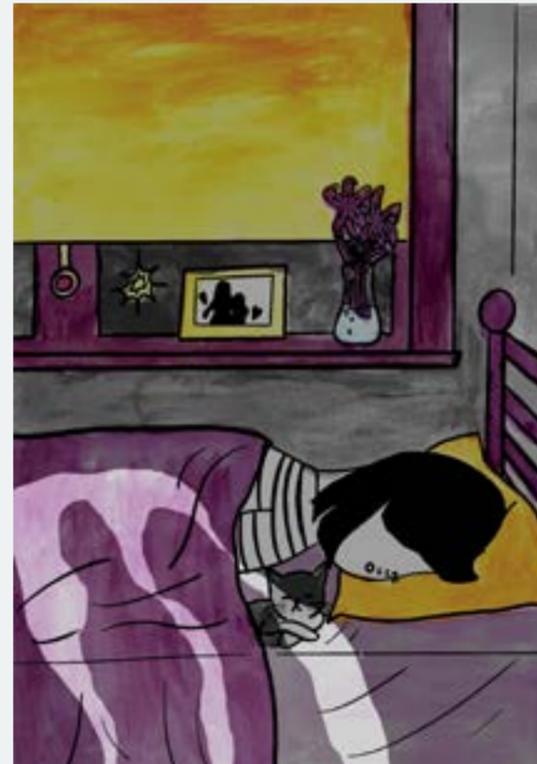
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The children stood in front of him, embarrassment clear on their young faces. They looked at her, then at him, then leaned down to see for themselves. They saw a coal-black spot the size of a plum on the lower part of the cat's tummy. When the boy touched it, the cat seemed suddenly incensed, lashing out with an angry paw to scratch his hand. Blood welled.

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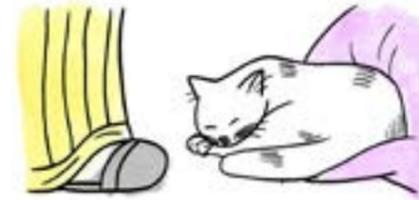
"He did? Yes, I think he did have one," said the girl pensively. "I'm sure he did, yes. He just didn't like to show his tummy to anyone."



"How can there be any pictures if he didn't like to show his tummy?" she replied gruffly.

"All right, if you two say so," he muttered. "Come on Snow." He suddenly seemed happy again as he called the cat. "Let's go to my room." The cat turned his behind to the husband and gently settled onto his cushions.

"He doesn't act like Snow," the boy said, and a thin smile of satisfaction curled the corners of his lips.



"Let's call him 'Make-Believe Snow,'" his father said.

Over the next few days, tension seemed to thrive under the floorboards of the house, like a waiting shark. She gazed rebukingly at the cat, scolding him in her heart. "Show him, show him it's you already." She clasped at frail signs and indications; "This is the very same way he used to stretch, or round his back, or scratch," she repeatedly claimed. "It's a sign."

Her husband and echoing son mocked her. They claimed this cat's face was much wider, and he ate three times as much as the real Snow.

She noticed the cat had become more aggressive. He no longer allowed anyone to stroke him, which provided the husband with a winning argument. "He was cuddly!"



he repeatedly argued. "Not like this one! You've brought a new, much less lovable cat into our house. One that won't even let anyone touch him," he complained resentfully.

"The time he spent on the street must have made him aggressive," she replied. "He's been through a traumatic episode and we need to give him time to recover."

One morning he said, "You could have taken any cat and decided he was Snow. This is almost insulting. Next thing you'll bring a short, black-haired man into the house and decide that he's me!" He laughed and went on shaving his stubble in front of the mirror, the blade that scraped his skin making an irksome rustling sound. "Yes, you'll replace us too one day," he chuckled.



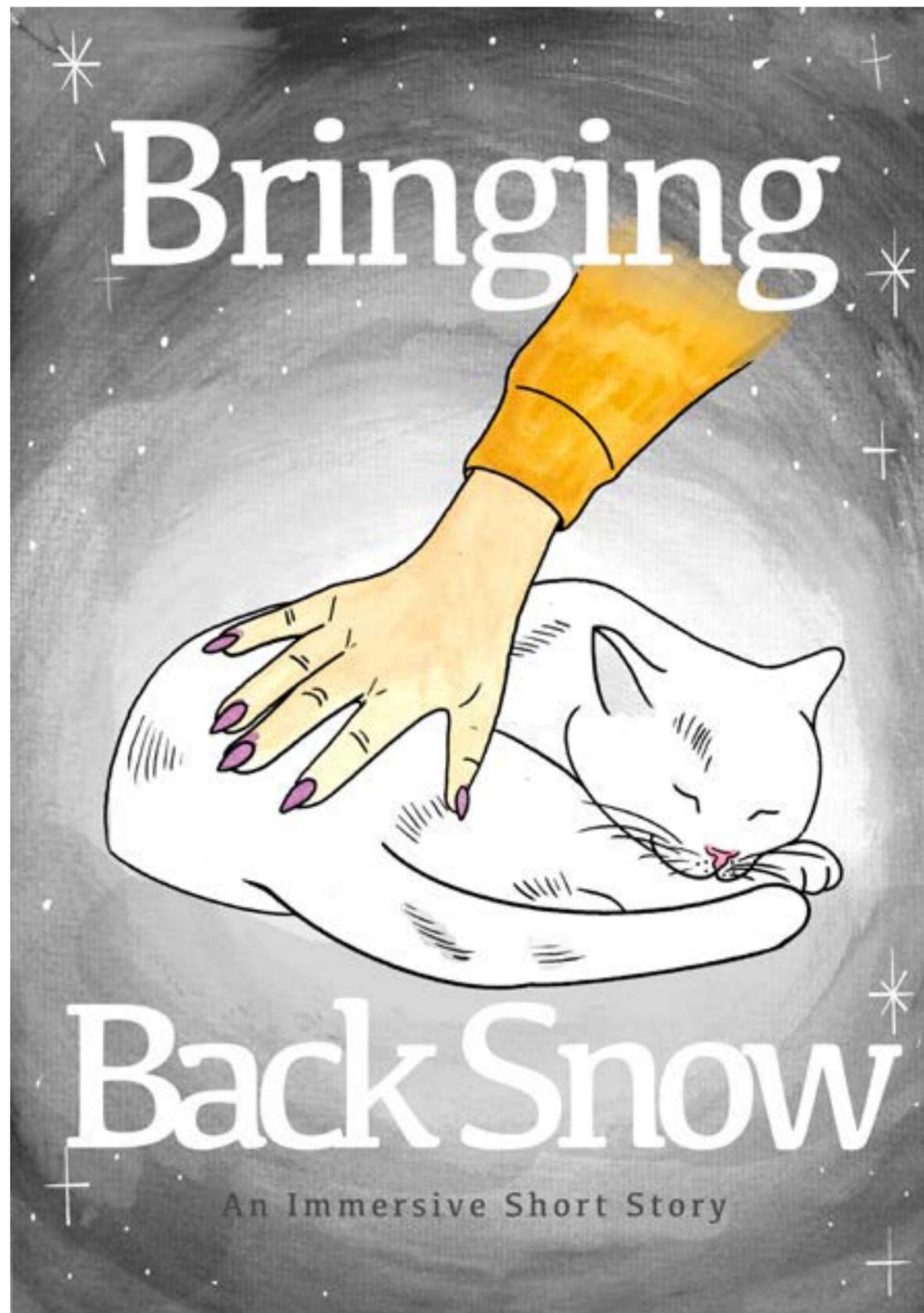
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On the tenth night after his return, just before dawn, she had a dream. The window was open and a fierce wind gusted into the room. Suddenly Snow emerged, the original, lost, spot-less Snow. He stood on the window ledge. Instantly, the new Snow, the spot-stained impostor, pounced on him and they began sparring with feline ferocity. Angry meows and hisses filled the dream with menace. She saw, in the dream, the spectacular whirling in the air of furry, feline, snowy bodies. 'They'll kill each other,' she shuddered, as the yellow-tinged moon hung above them.

Sweet Dreams x



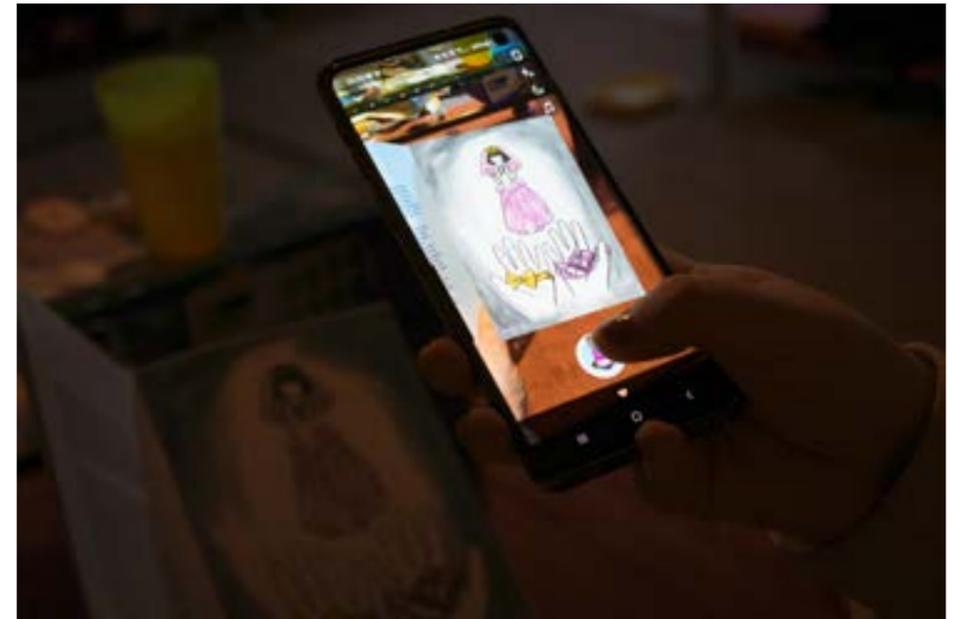
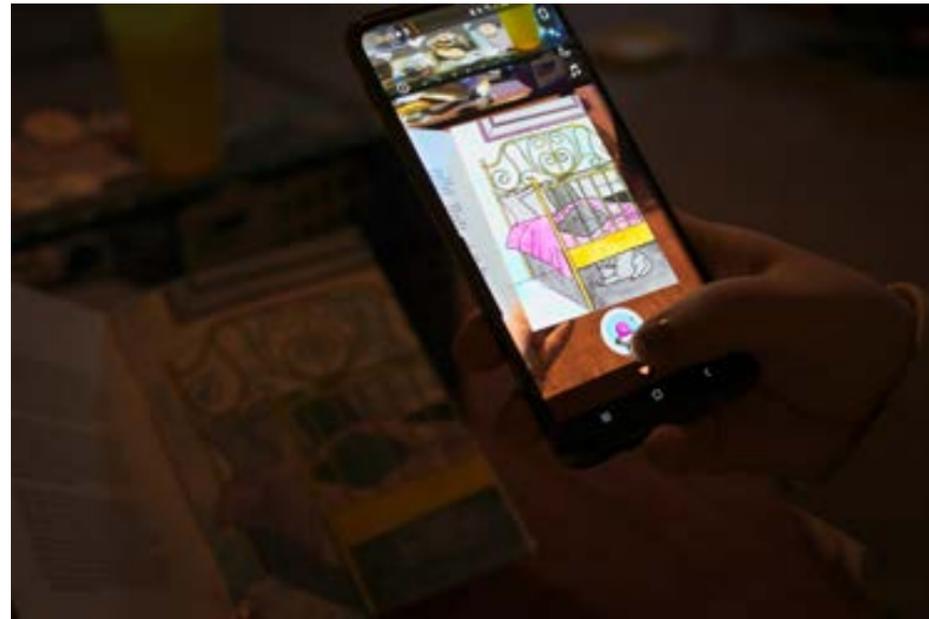

'Bringing Back Snow' AR Zine.
Image Storyboard.
Created using InDesign and Procreate.



'Bringing Back Snow' AR Zine.
Image Storyboard.
Created using InDesign and Procreate.



'Bringing Back Snow' AR Zine.
Final Printed Book.
Slightly Smaller than A5



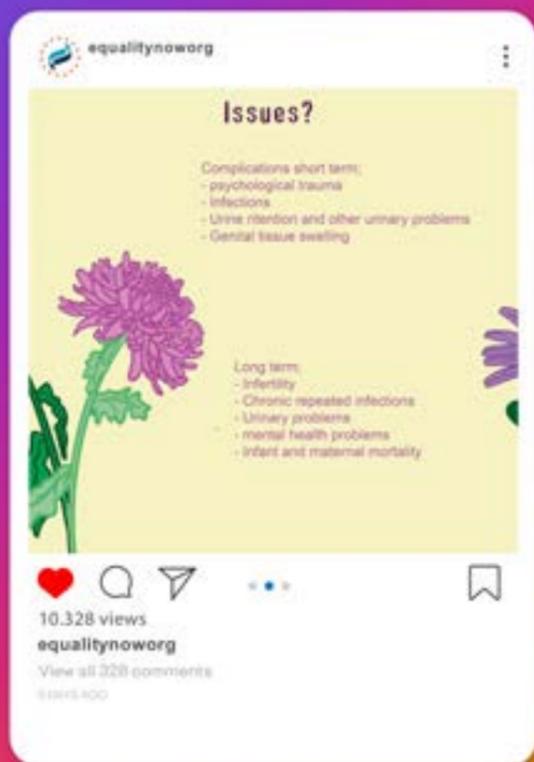
'Bringing Back Snow' AR Zine.
Photos of AR in action.
Created in Snap Lens Studio.

EQUALITY NOW COLLABORATIVE CAMPAIGN



A collaborative campaign working with fellow illustrator, Lucy Taylor. To create an infographic for Equality Now, a charity that is working to protect the human rights of women and girls.

The infographic looks at raising awareness of Female Genital Mutilation (FGM) as a harmful practice.



Equality Now Collaborative Campaign.
Instagram Mock Up.
Including Imagery by Lucy Taylor.