



THE ART OF

DANNY JALIL

WRITER/ARTIST

CONTENTS



MASH-UPS

DISNEY

ROCK STARS

MOVIES/MONSTERS

SCI-FI/FANTASY

SEQUENTIAL ART

ABOUT

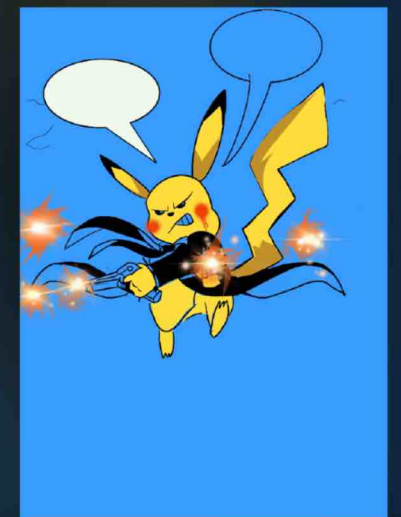
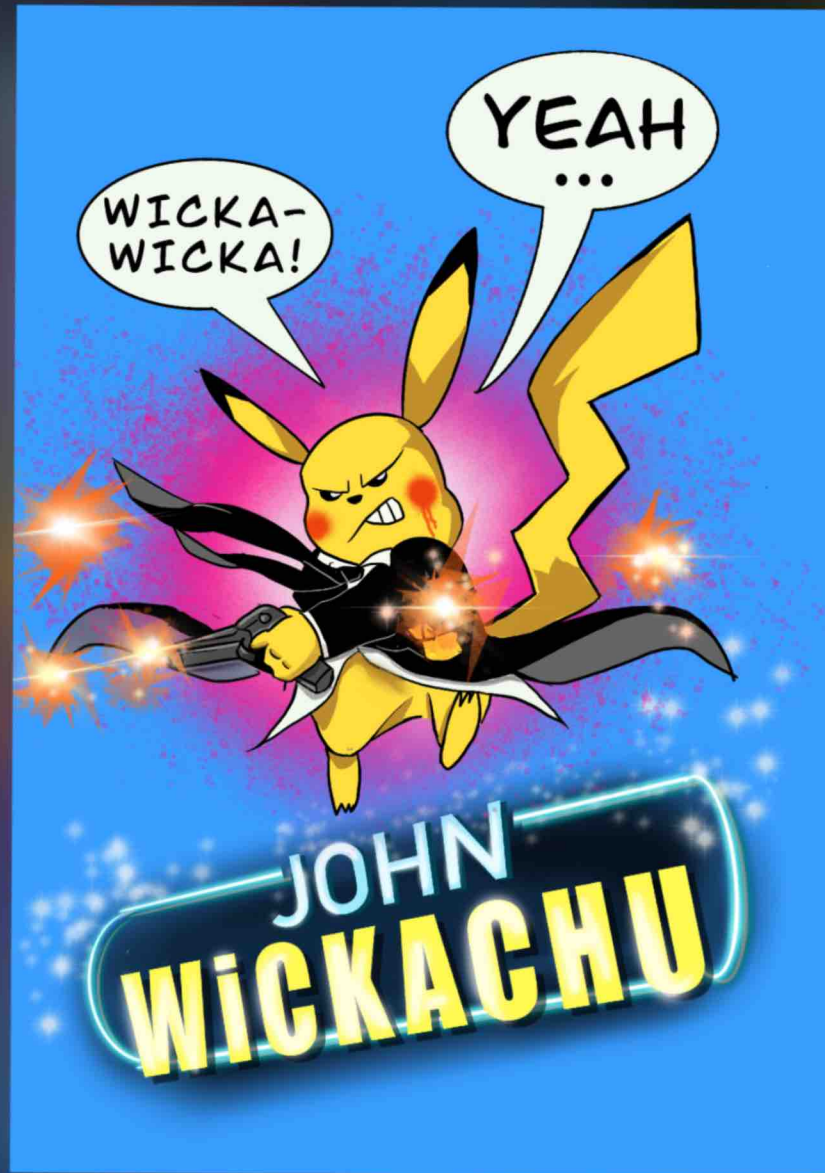
MASH-UPS

PIKACHU+JOHN WICK
LADY MARMALADE+MARVEL
STITCH+2
VENOM+3

PIKACHU + JOHN WICK

WHAT IF PIKACHU
BECAME JOHN WICK?

Clockwise;
Final art, pencils,
flat colours
Digital



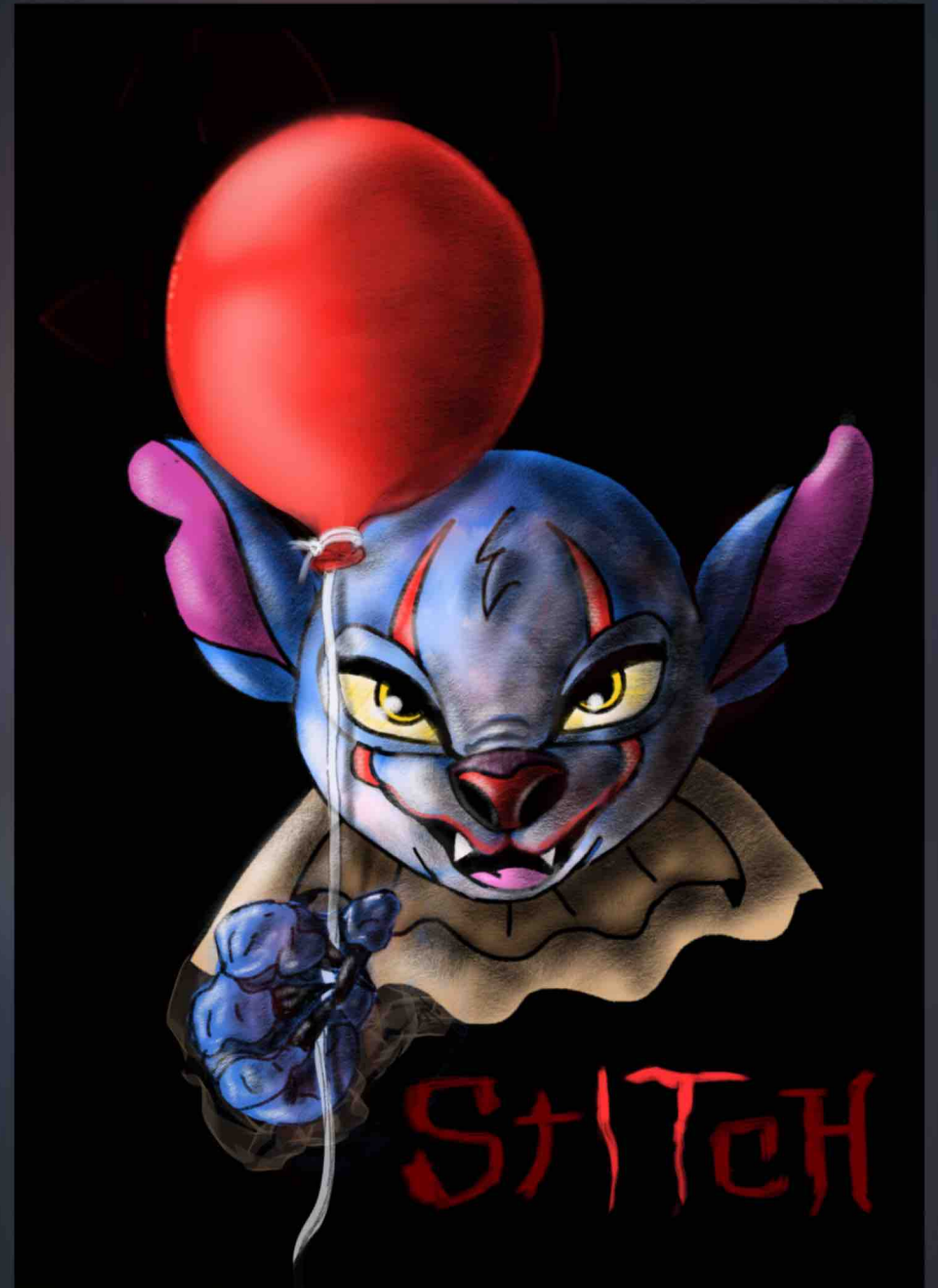
LADY MARMALADE + MARVEL



From left clockwise;
Final art, pencils, Digital

STITCH +

Right: Stitch + Pennywise
Digital Pencil/Paint



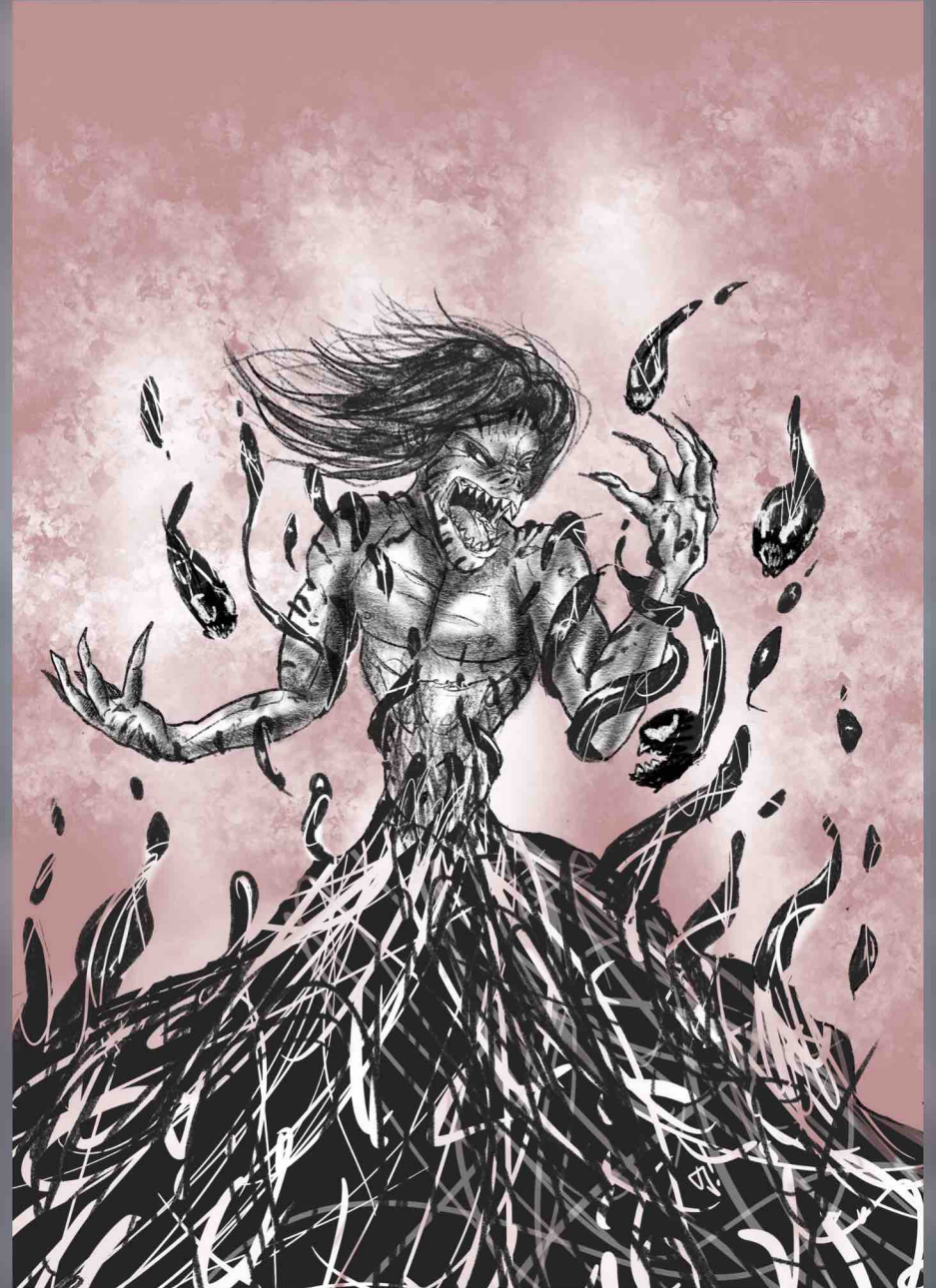
STITCH +

Right: Stich + Venom
Digital Paint



VENOM +

Right: Venom + Morbius
Digital Pencils/Inks



VENOM +

Right: Venom possessing Spidey

Digital Pencils/Inks



VENOM +

Right: Venom/Spider-Ham

Digital Pencils/Inks



DISNEY

T'CHALLA+BABY THANOS

BABY POCAHONTAS

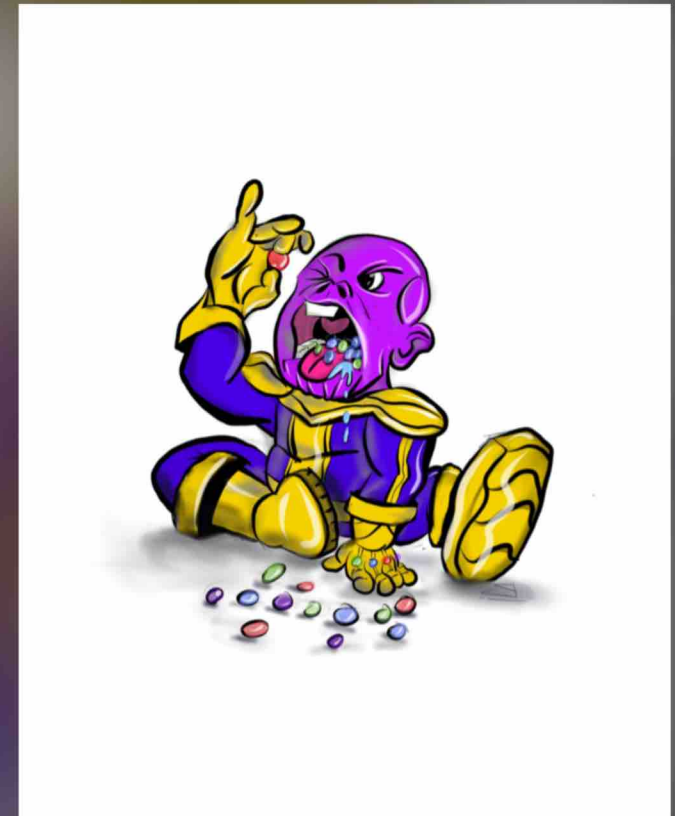
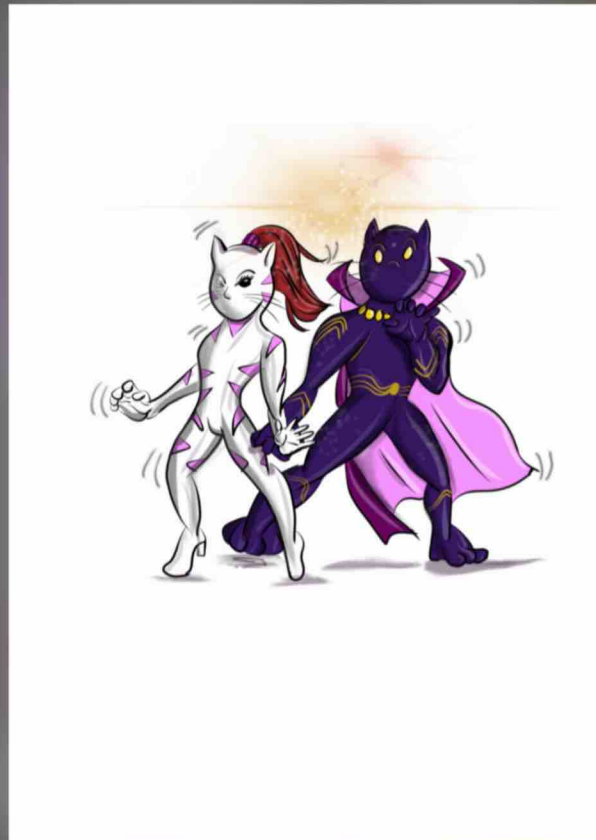
STITCH SWIMMING

DUMBO

ZOOTOPIA

T'CHALLA AND THANOS

Right: T'Challa doing
The T'Cha cha!
Digital Inks/Colour



Above: Baby Thanos and
The Infinity Gummies
Digital Inks/Colours

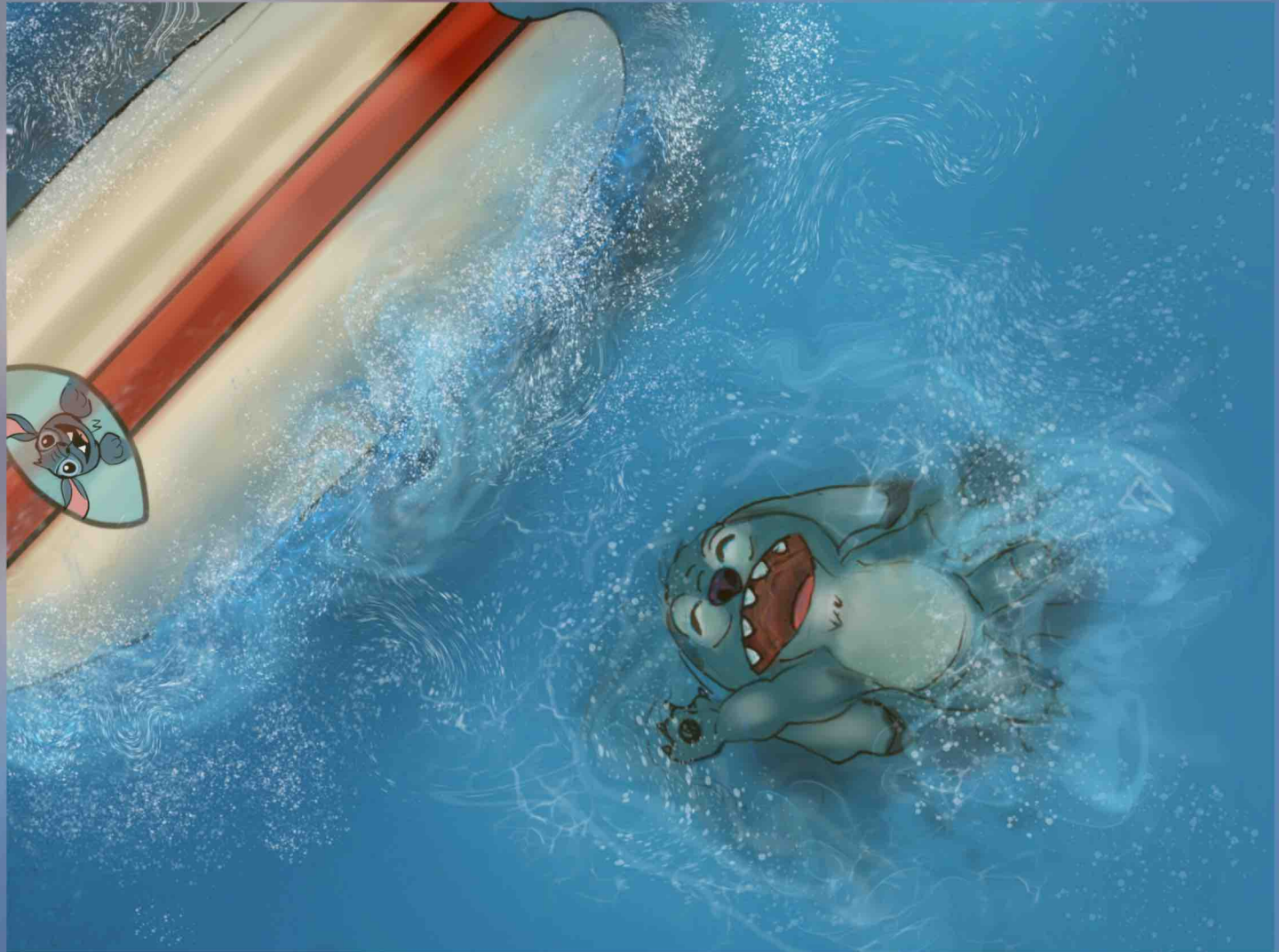
POCAHONTAS

Right: Baby Pocahontas
Digital Paint



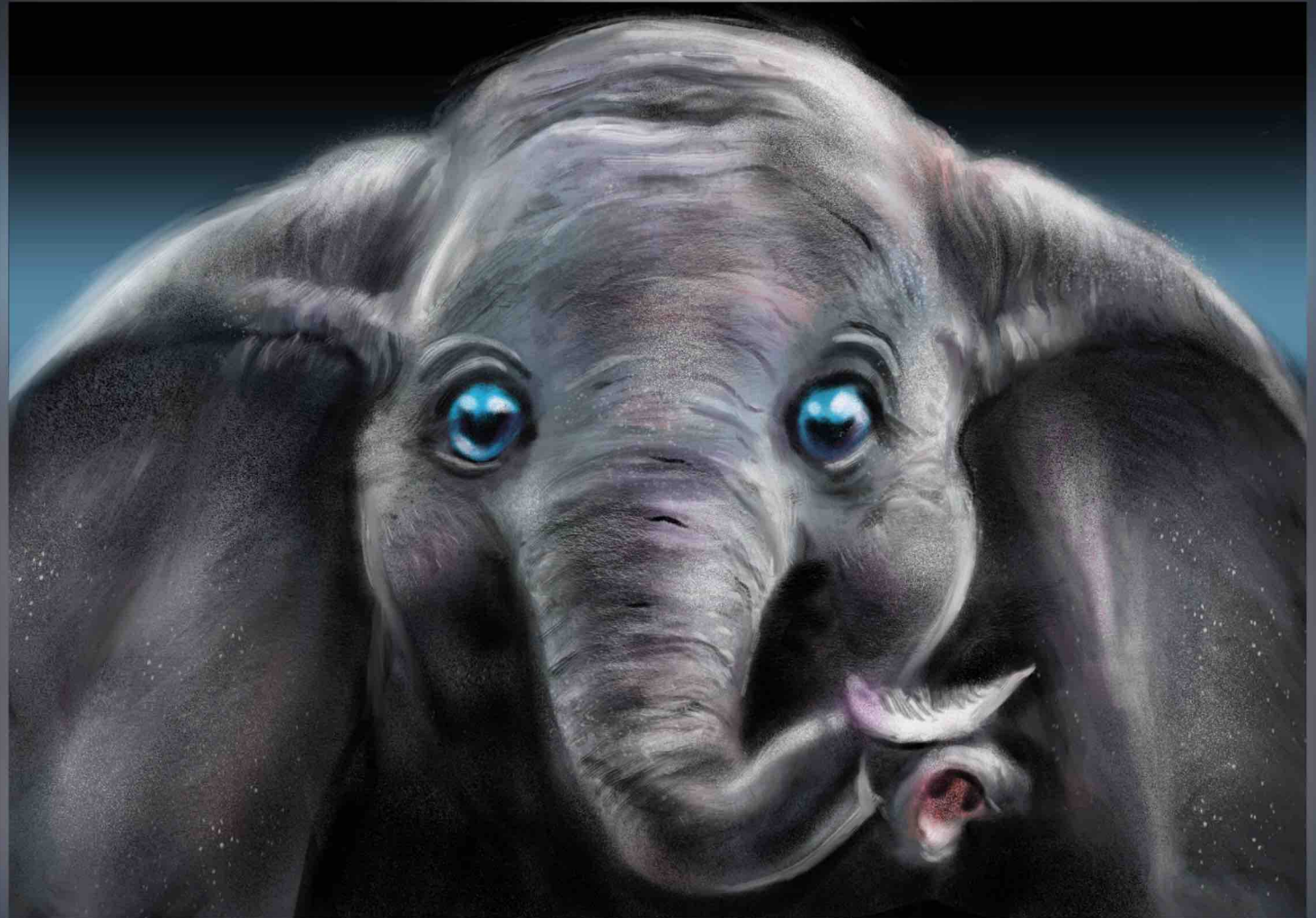
STITCH

Right: Stitch swimming
Digital Paint/Manual Pencil
and Ink



DUMBO

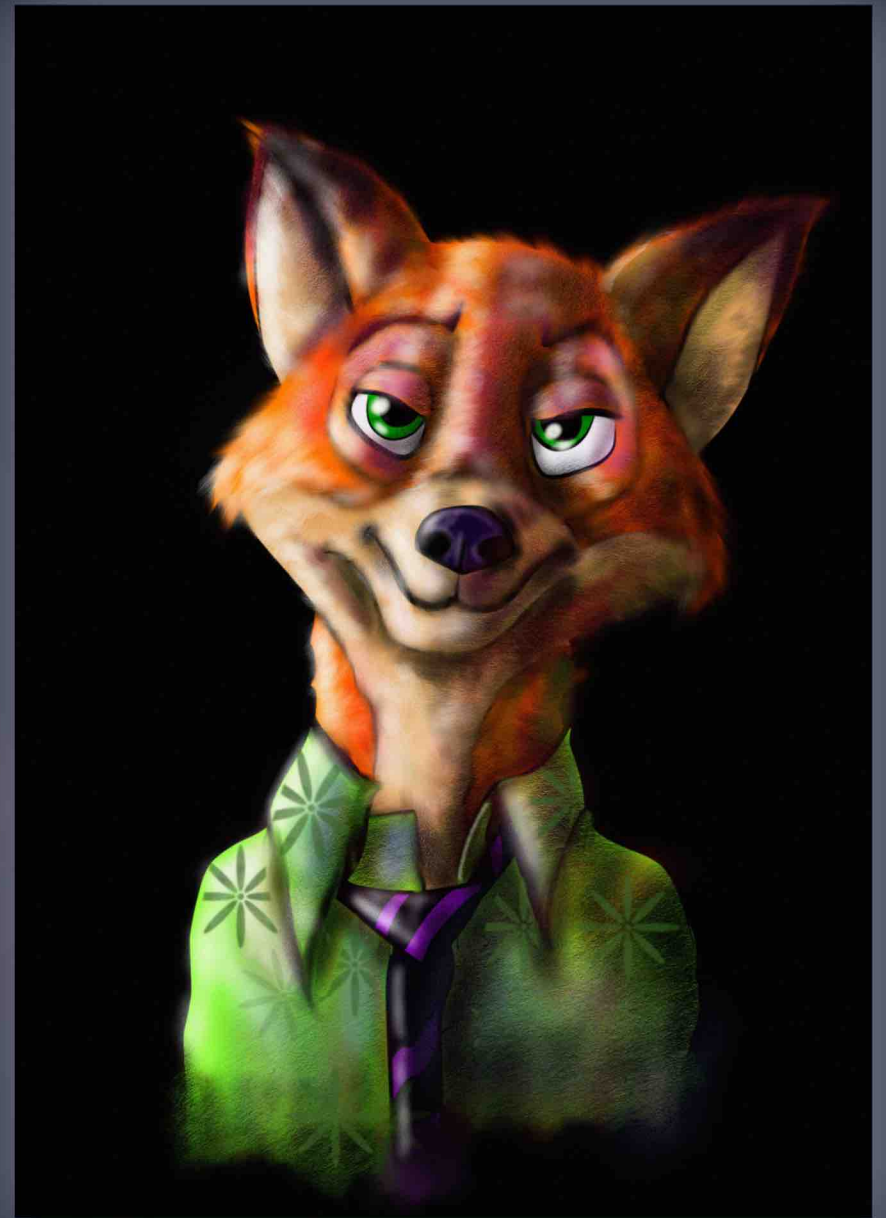
Right: Dumbo
Digital Paint



ZOOTOPIA



Above: Judy Hopps
Digital Paint



Right: Nick Wilde
Digital Paint

ROCK STARS

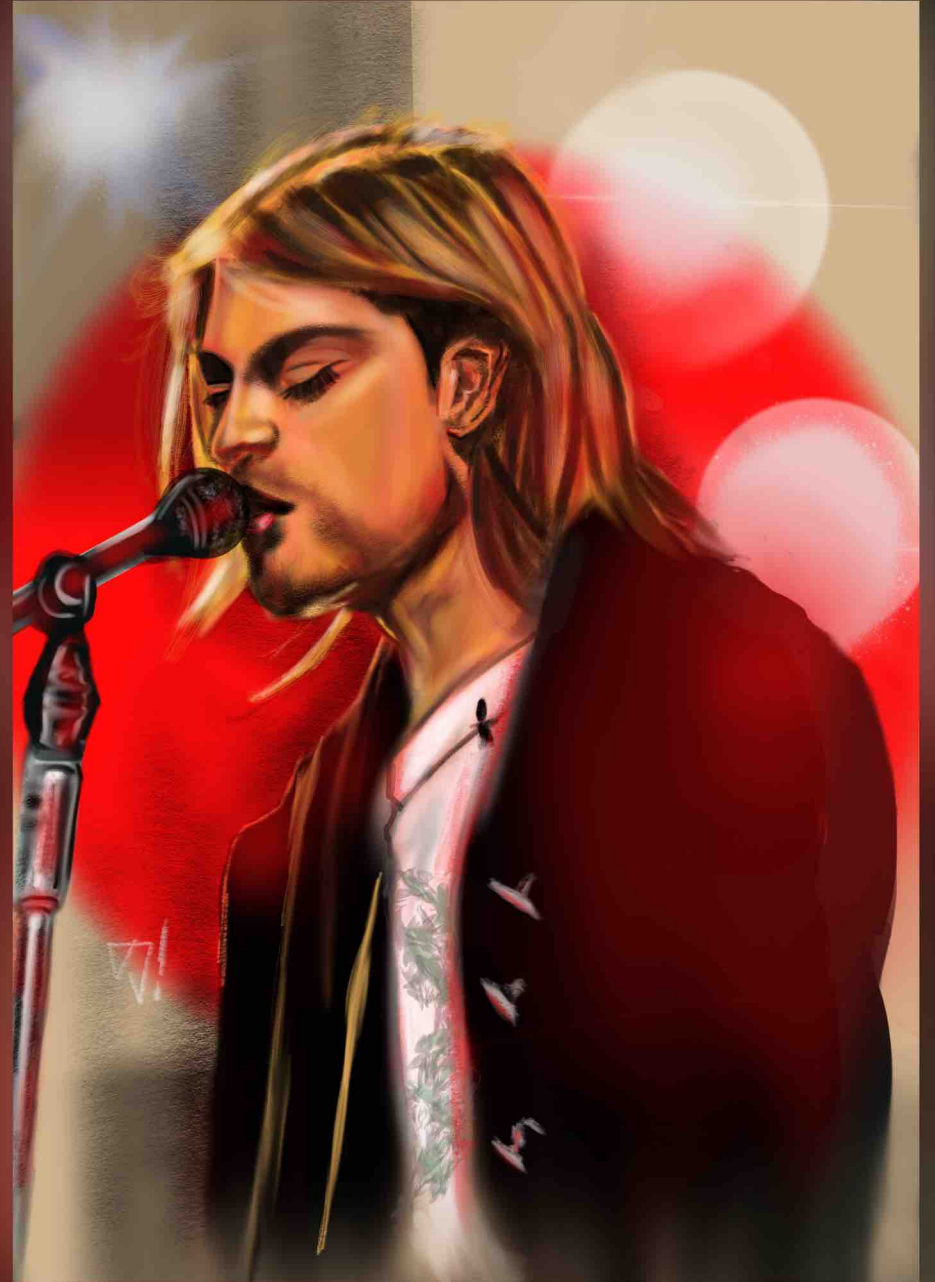
COBAIN

BOWIE

PRINCE

COBAIN

"Pennyroyal Me"
Digital Paint



COBAIN

"About a Kurt"
Digital Paint



COBAIN

“The Man Who
Smoked The World”
Digital Paint



BOWIE

"Ziggy Reprise"
Digital Paint



BOWIE

"Ziggy Blackstar"
Digital Pencil/Colours



PRINCE

“Purple Reign”
Digital Paint



MOVIES/MONSTERS

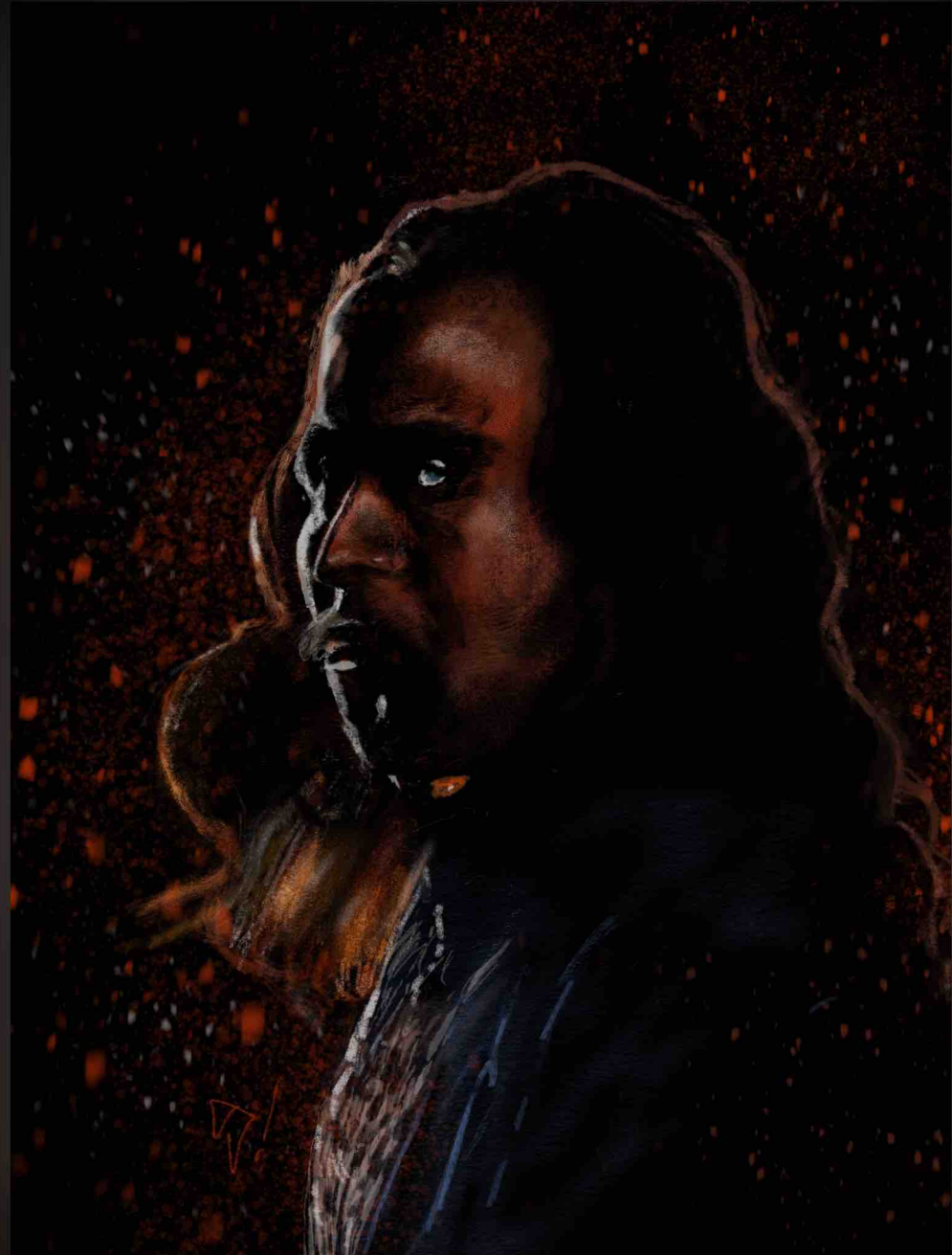
DRACULA

FRANKENSTEIN

CHURCHILL

DRACULA

Gary Oldman
Young Dracula
Digital Paint



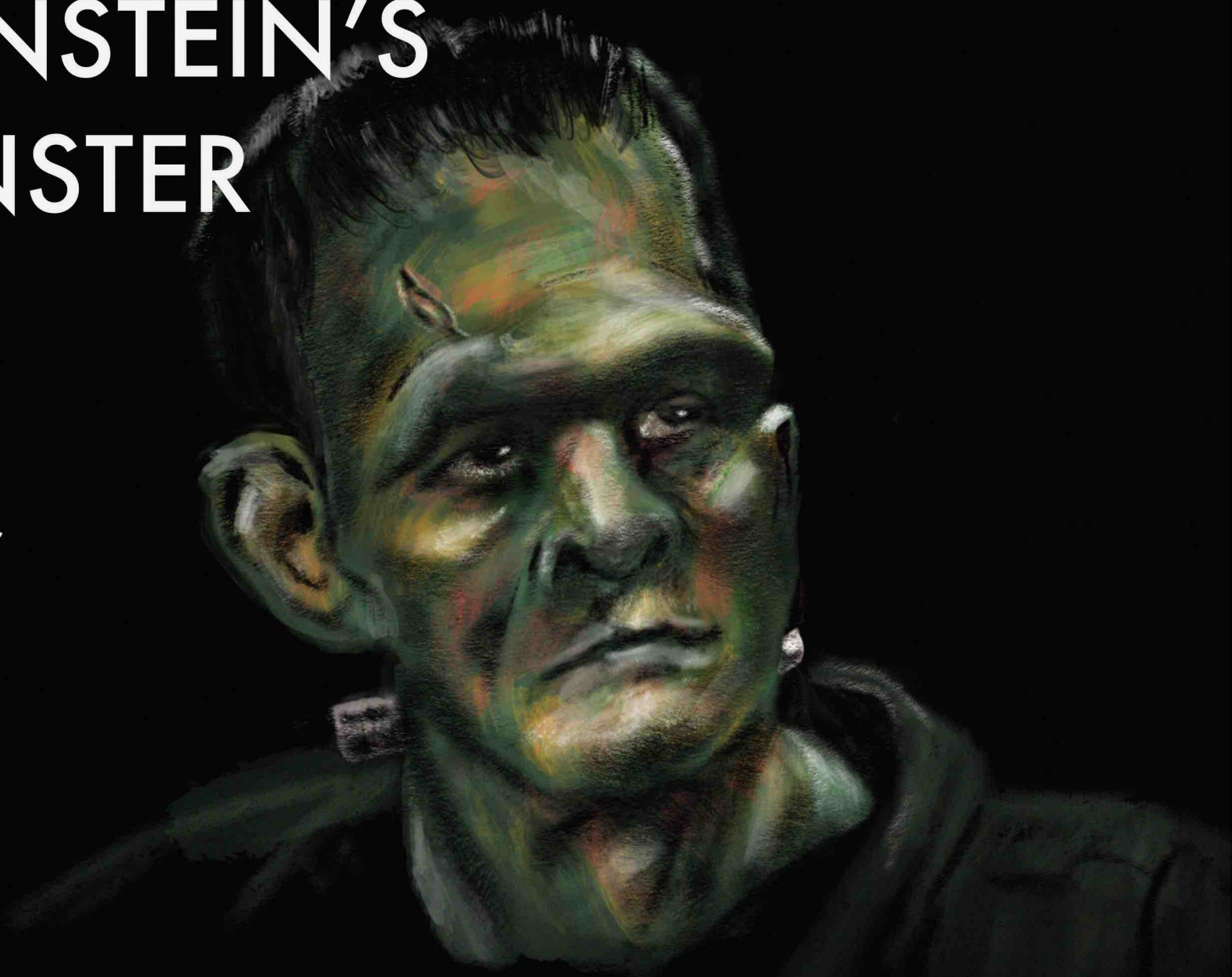
DRACULA

Gary Oldman
Old Dracula
Digital Paint



FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER

Boris Karloff
Frankenstein's Monster
Digital Paint



CHURCHILL

Gary Oldman
Winston Churchill
Digital Paint



SCI-FI / FANTASY

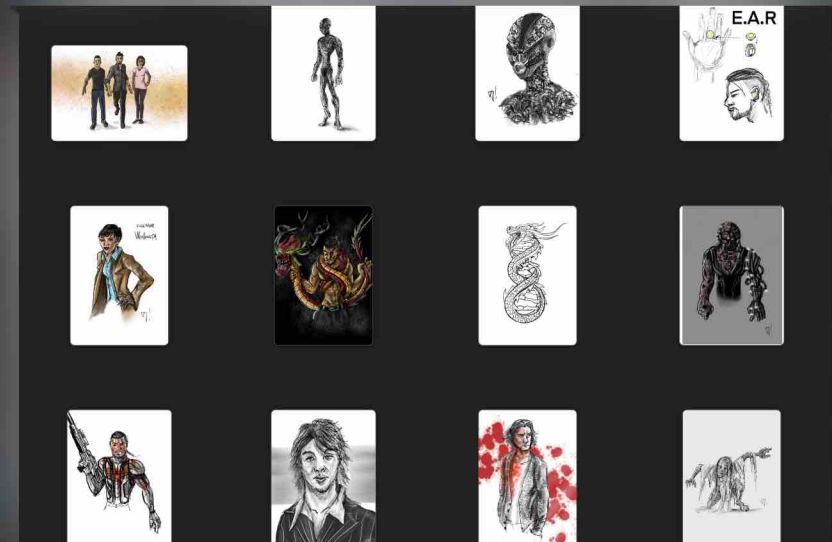
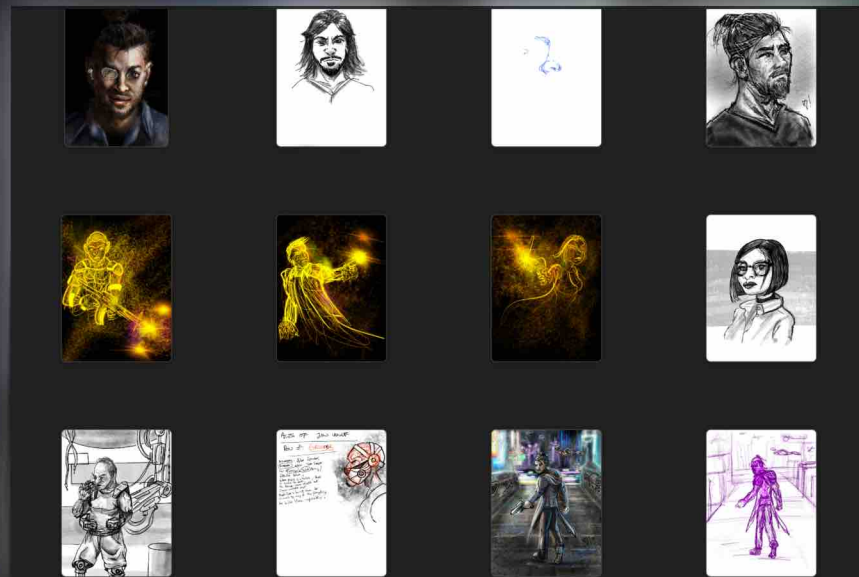
CONCEPT
ART
FOR
NOVELS

JON WULF

A DISTANT
MOON

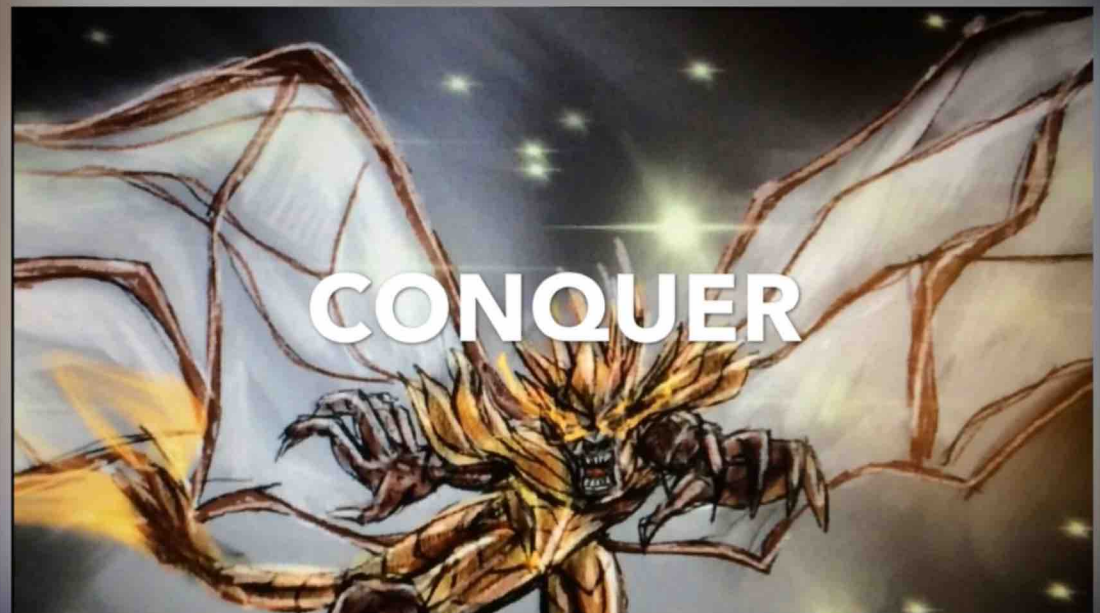
SCI FI

Digital Concept art for
Novel in Progress:
JON WULF



FANTASY

Digital Concept art for
Novel in Progress:
A DISTANT MOON



SEQUENTIAL ART

SCRIPT TO FINAL ART

WHY BATS















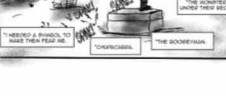
EVE OF YESTERDAY

JON WULF PROLOGUE

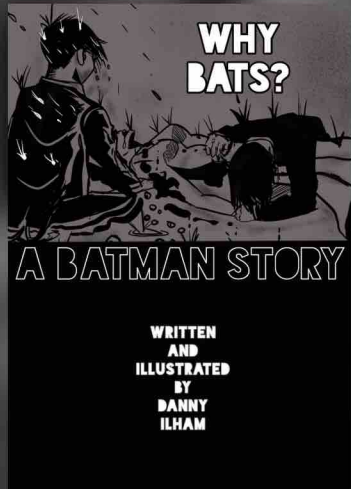
SCRIPT TO FINAL ART (WHY BATS)

Script Comparison
 Pages 1-4
 Of
 "Why Bats"
 Story/Art
 By Danny Jalil

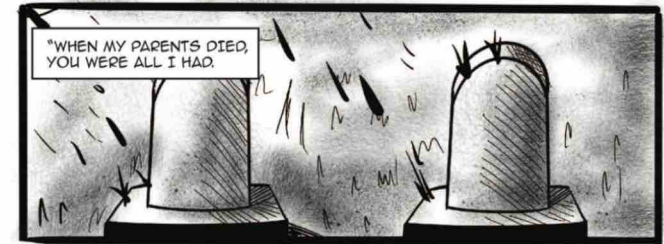
A more sadistic take
 on Batman's origin,
 done with a more
 traditional script to
 final art style

<p>WHY BATS, MASTER WAYNE?</p>     <p>"WHY BATS, MASTER WAYNE?"</p> <p>"THERE IS BEEN SOMETHING THAT'S BEEN TROUBLING ME"</p>	<p>DANNY ILHAM</p> <p>Page 1 of 8</p> <p>We see pearls dropping on the floor in slow motion. The pearls transition into the shape of a bat, and then of a gun that looks suspiciously like a phallic object. We see Joe Chill running away.</p> <p>CAP: WHY BATS, MASTER WAYNE?</p>	<p>WHY BATS, MASTER WAYNE?</p>     <p>"WHEN MY PARENTS DIED YOU WERE ALL I HAD."</p> <p>"BUT THEN, YOU WERE ENOUGH YOU WERE MY WORLD."</p> <p>"YOU WERE MY WORLD"</p>	<p>DANNY ILHAM</p> <p>Page 2 of 8</p> <p>Alfred drapes a blanket over a young Bruce Wayne. It rains over them as they stand over the tombstones of his dead parents Thomas and Martha Wayne.</p> <p>CAP-BRUCE: WHEN MY PARENTS DIED, ALFRED WAS ALL I HAD.</p> <p>CAP-BRUCE: BUT BACK THEN, HE WAS ENOUGH. HE WAS THE WORLD. HE WAS MY WORLD.</p> <p>CAP-BRUCE: ON THAT NIGHT, I MADE A VOW.</p>
<p>WHY BATS, MASTER WAYNE?</p>     <p>"I HONED MY BODY TO PHYSICAL PERFECTION."</p> <p>"I TRAVELED THE WORLD."</p> <p>"I FOUGHT SHADOWS I COULDN'T GRASP."</p> <p>"BUT SOMETHING ALWAYS TROUBLED ME. A FEELING, A PHANTOM I COULDN'T GRASP, LURKING BEHIND THE CURTAINS OF MY MIND."</p>	<p>DANNY ILHAM</p> <p>Page 3 of 8</p> <p>Montage of a young Bruce training to be the man he is going to be. He is troubled by a memory he struggles to recall but can't.</p> <p>CAP-BRUCE: I HONED MY BODY TO PHYSICAL PERFECTION.</p> <p>-I TRAVELLED THE WORLD.</p> <p>-FOUGHT IN LEAGUE WITH SHADOWS.</p> <p>-BUT SOMETHING ALWAYS TROUBLED ME. A FEELING, A PHANTOM I COULDN'T GRASP, LURKING BEHIND THE CURTAINS OF MY MIND.</p>	<p>WHY BATS, MASTER WAYNE?</p>     <p>"SOMETHING ABOUT MY PARENTS' DEATHS STILL GNAWED AT ME. BUT I CHANNLED THAT RAGE INTO THIS VOW THAT I'VE MADE."</p> <p>"THEY WERE NOT AFRAID OF ME. I NEEDED A SYMBOL TO MAKE THEM FEAR ME. CHUPACABRA. THE BOOGEYMAN. THE MONSTER UNDER THEIR DEATHBEDS."</p>	<p>DANNY ILHAM</p> <p>Page 4 of 8</p> <p>Bruce is fighting crime in a suit that looks suspiciously like a BDSM costume, beating up thugs by the docks. He laments to himself that criminals don't fear him and that he needs an image to scare them.</p> <p>CAP-BRUCE: SOMETHING ABOUT MY PARENTS' DEATHS STILL GNAWED AT ME. BUT I CHANNLED THAT RAGE INTO THIS VOW THAT I'VE MADE.</p> <p>Thugs fire at him. He ducks away.</p> <p>- THEY WERE NOT AFRAID OF ME. I NEEDED A SYMBOL TO MAKE THEM FEAR ME. CHUPACABRA. THE BOOGEYMAN. THE MONSTER UNDER THEIR DEATHBEDS.</p>

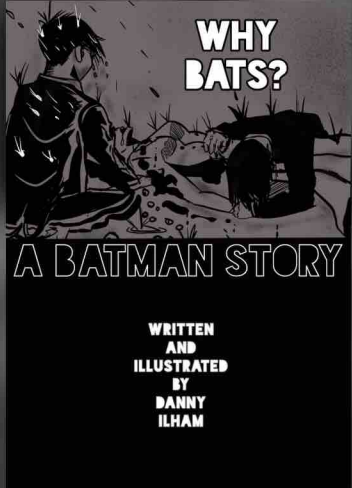
WHY BATS?



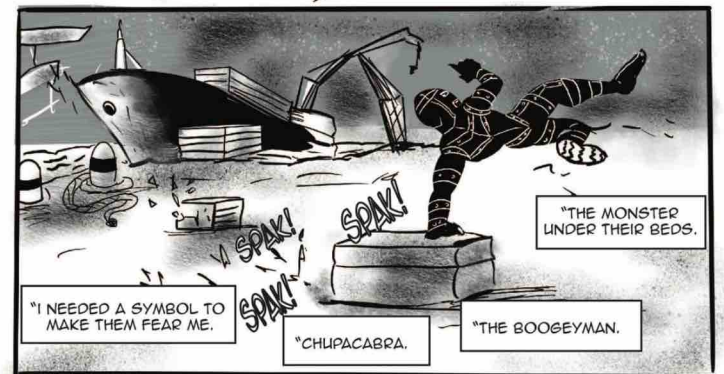
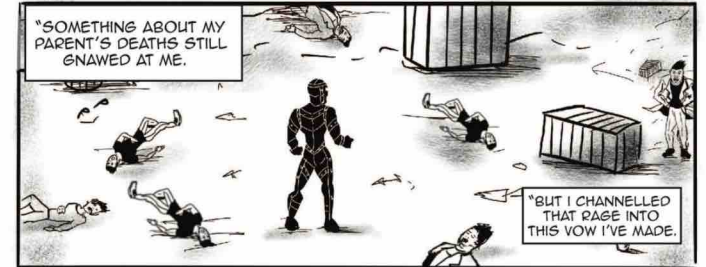
Pages 1-2
Of
"Why Bats"
Story/Art
By Danny Jalil



WHY BATS?



Pages 3-4
Of
"Why Bats"
Story/Art
By Danny Ilham



SCRIPT TO FINAL ART (EVE OF YESTERDAY)

Eve of Yesterday 500 words / 8 page comic

Page 1

You told me that time was a circle, but when I think of you all I can see are straight lines.

I think of how the hands of a clock rotate and meet at noon and midnight, and it is between these rotations that I find myself trying to catch up to you.

It feels like the first time and yet it feels like the hundredth, the past a distant train slamming against me.

I see you on the other side yet you only see glimpses of me, surprised you are able to call my name, and then my name becomes the only sound that fills my head.

Eve.

Eve?

Eve!

Page 2

You look worried, yet you seem like a man obsessed.

I call out your name in turn, until my throat is sore, and it is only then do you perk up, as though my voice finally reaches your ears.

Page 3

The date on my watch is the 31st of December. It is New Year's Eve, but now I can't tell if it's day or night.

The debris around me swirls into things they once were.

Localized temporal reversion. We argued it could never be done.

The time on my watch moves backward. Everything does around me.



Page 4

"I'll get you back."

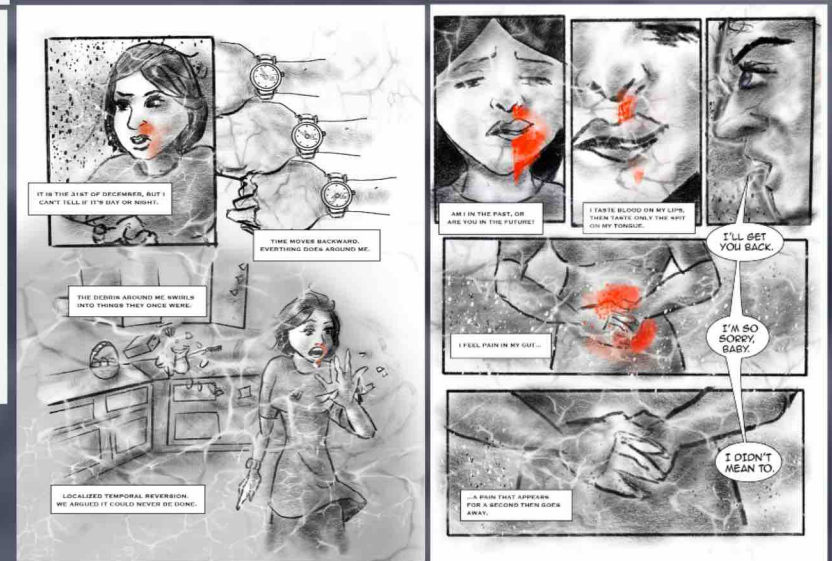
Am I in the past or are you in the future?

I taste blood on my lips then taste only the spit on my tongue.

"I'm so sorry baby."

"I didn't mean to."

I feel pain in my gut, a moistness that appears for a second then goes away.



Left:
The original prose
version of the story

Above: The comic page
breakdowns, written
in Eve's dialogue.
Panel breakdowns
were done later.

1

GRAHAM'S GARDEN

Graham Thomas wrote this haiku when he was observing a particular phenomenon that was happening in his lab:

The yesterday room

where petals fall in reverse

time moves backward here

His garden in the lab was now a room of hanging petals, slowly rising in the air and back to the stems from which they fell. Graham stood amongst those petals as they hung around him. He swatted the petals away but they always returned to their swirl, back to their points of origin.

From the ground where the dead petals fell browned and cracked and dry they rose slowly back in the air, the color and moisture in their tiny veins filling in gradient parts, where the floor of the garden held shades of grey and brown while the upper parts where they hovered around Graham were filled with the colours of their original state.

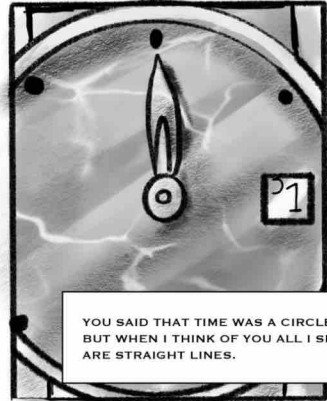
Graham planted his feet firmly in the centre of the garden, where from his waist up shades of the flowers his wife once tended spread out into different colours. He liked to see the colours as they separated. He breathed in the air, swearing but having no scientific basis that the air was fresher, that the air too somehow reverted time-wise. By trailing the theory that the air was reversing and entering his own lungs, would it have made sense that the air was via proxy making him younger?

EVE OF YESTERDAY



EVE
OF
YESTERDAY
A
GRAPHIC
SHORT
BY
DANNY JALIL

Pages 1-2
Of
"Eve of
Yesterday"
Story/Art
By Danny Jalil



YOU SAID THAT TIME WAS A CIRCLE,
BUT WHEN I THINK OF YOU ALL I SEE
ARE STRAIGHT LINES.



I THINK OF THE HANDS OF A CLOCK
MEETING AT NOON AND MIDNIGHT,
AND IT IS BETWEEN THESE ROTATIONS
I FIND MYSELF TRYING TO CATCH UP
TO YOU.

IT FEELS LIKE THE FIRST TIME, YET IT
FEELS LIKE THE HUNDRETH, THE PAST
A DISTANT TRAIN SLAMMING AGAINST ME.



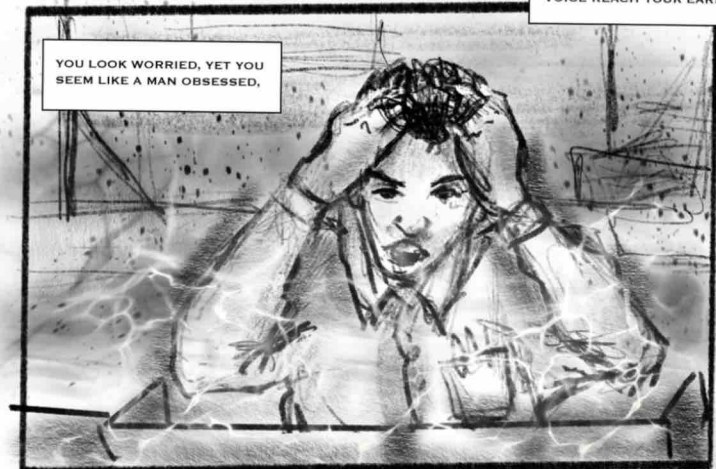
I SEE YOU ON THE OTHER SIDE YET YOU
SEE ONLY GLIMPSES OF ME, SURPRISED
YOU ARE ABLE TO CALL MY NAME, UNTIL
THAT BECOMES THE ONLY SOUND THAT
FILLS MY HEAD.



I CALL OUT YOUR NAME
IN TURN UNTIL MY
THROAT IS SORE.

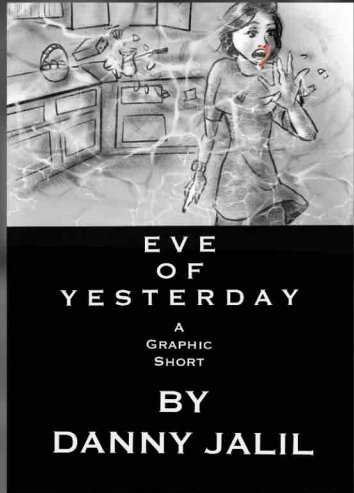


IT IS ONLY THEN DOES MY
VOICE REACH YOUR EARS.

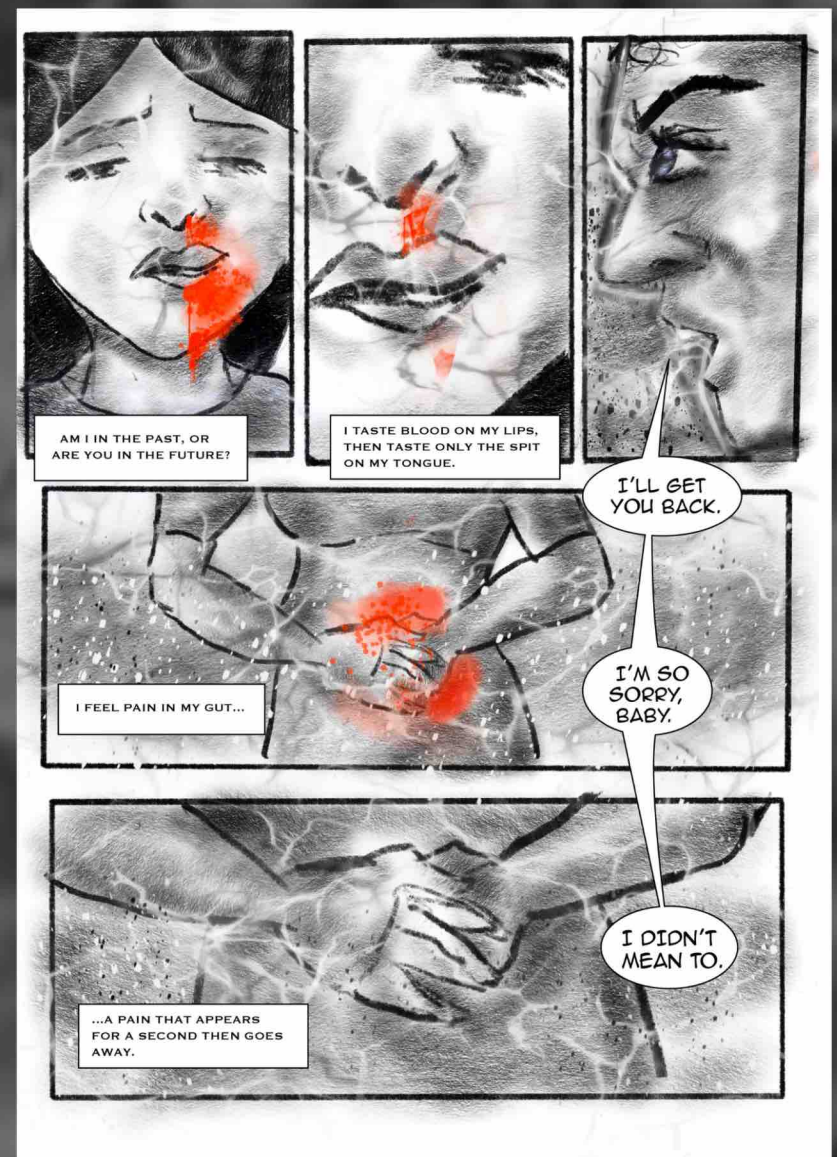
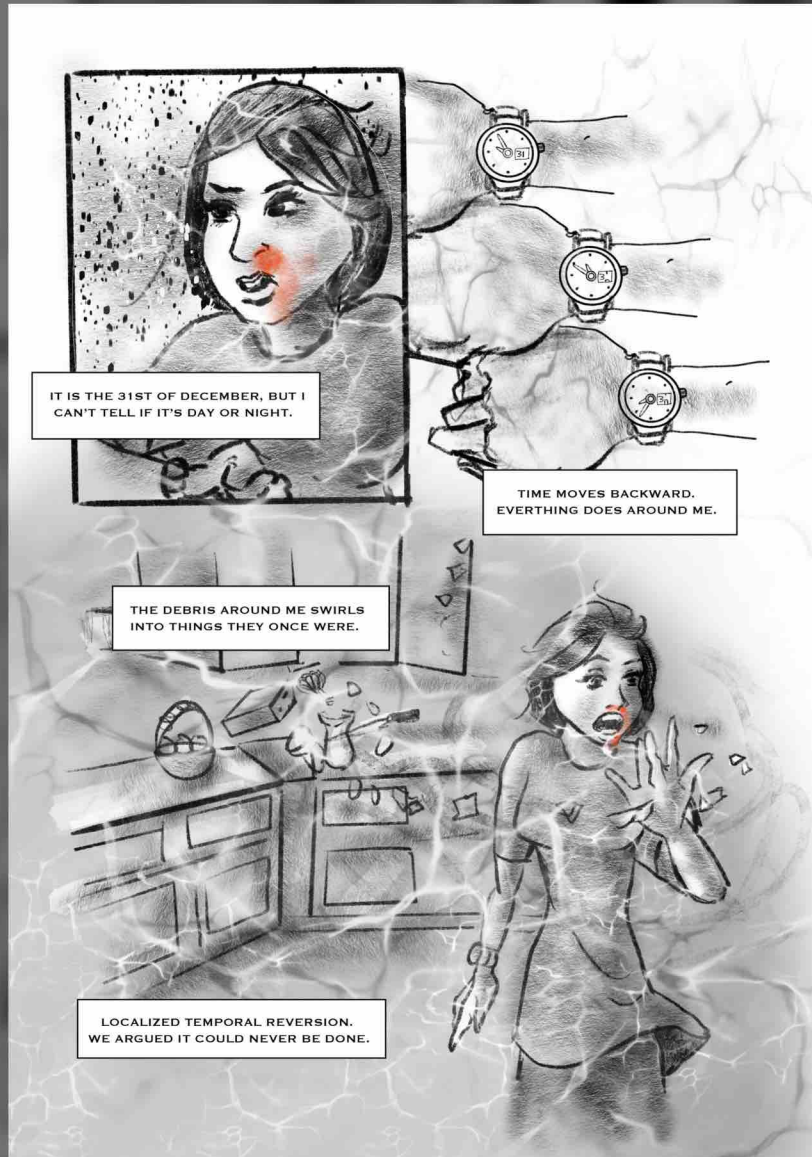


YOU LOOK WORRIED, YET YOU
SEEM LIKE A MAN OBSESSED.

EVE OF YESTERDAY



Pages 3-4
Of
"Eve of Yesterday"
Story/Art
By Danny Jalil



SCRIPT TO FINAL ART (JON WULF BLOOD IN THE SNOW)

PROLOGUE

The boy ran through the woods, panting. The air was cold and bit against his cheeks. Jon's lungs burned, but he kept on going, because the wolf snarled and locked onto his scent, determined to get him.

The forest was an endless blur in Jon's eyes; dark, infinite and dangerous. Jon looked up for a second but all it did was make him dizzy. Above him the barren winter trees were cold and featureless, with no cover to hide in.

The best thing was to keep running, but he was tired, and no matter how hard he pushed he would soon succumb to it. He stepped on something and it snapped under his weight. A branch. Good, he thought as he grabbed it.

He waited now for the wolf to come. His heart was beating in his ears, but the beating melted away soon as he heard the wolf's paws against the ground.

His father Edward Wulf taught him the value of timing. One split second too soon, dead. One split second too late, regret. Timing had to be just right.

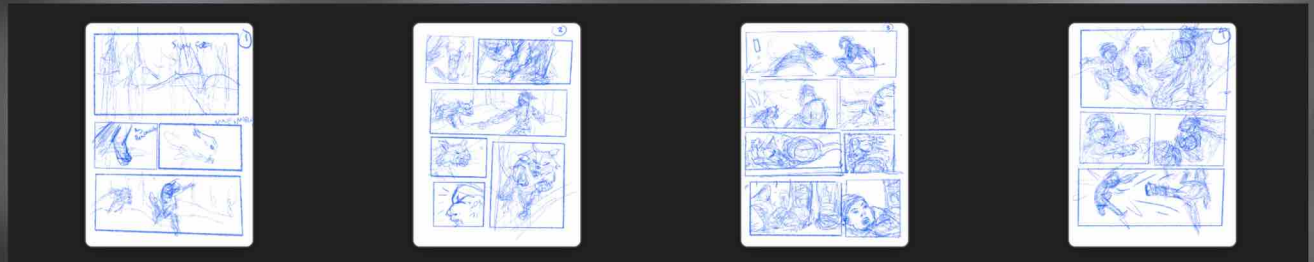
The wolf's paws scratched cautious steps against the snow. Jon barked and snarled to show he was in control. He yelled, then leapt. The wolf did the same, two figures perihelion at sunset.

Edward Wulf shouted a command in Swedish, and the wolf landed half a foot away from Jon. The wolf stuck its tongue out and panted.

"Hey there. Hajū," Jon said to the wolf. Both of them then rolled in the snow as Jon laughed, letting the snow envelope him and the wolf. Jon lost all sense of place, until he bumped into a pair of boots that contained leg muscles hardened by military training.

Jon opened his eyes. A boot pounded into the snow, and Jon rolled away. Soon he was blocking a barrage of kicks, jabs and elbows, but Edward kept on coming. He stopped Jon with a swift side kick that careened Jon head over heels into the snow. Hajū stood by and howled.

Originally a prose prologue in the in-progress novel *Jon Wulf*, I decided to adapt it into a short comic, which has in turn informed me of what I need to improve upon in the next draft of the novel.



Above:
Digital blue pencil thumbnails of
the first four adapted pages



Above:
Final inked pages
Digital

JON WULF: BLOOD IN THE SNOW

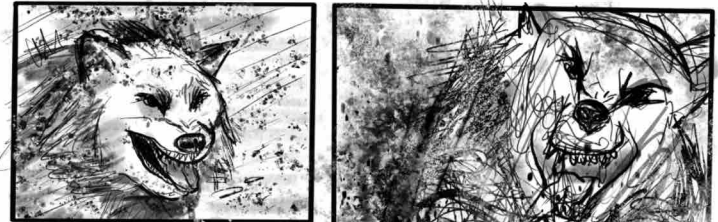
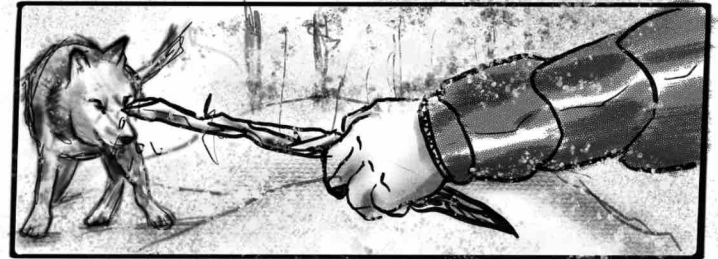
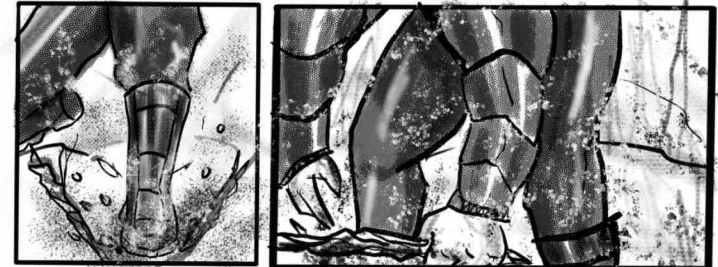
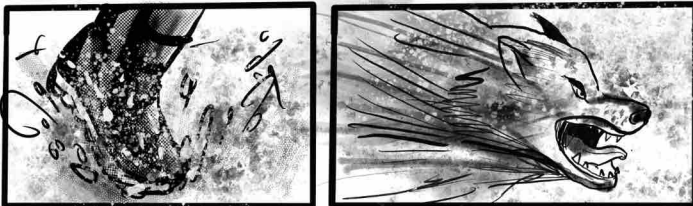
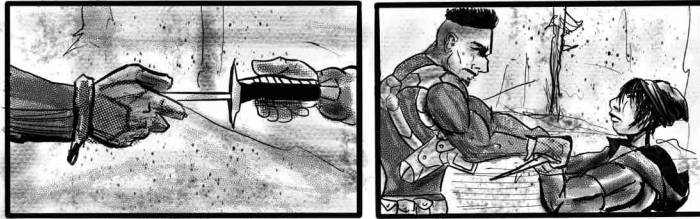
JON WULF



BLOOD
IN THE
SNOW

STORY/ART
BY
DANNY JALIL

Pages 1-2
Of
"Blood in the
Snow"
Story/Art
By Danny Jalil



JON WULF: BLOOD IN THE SNOW

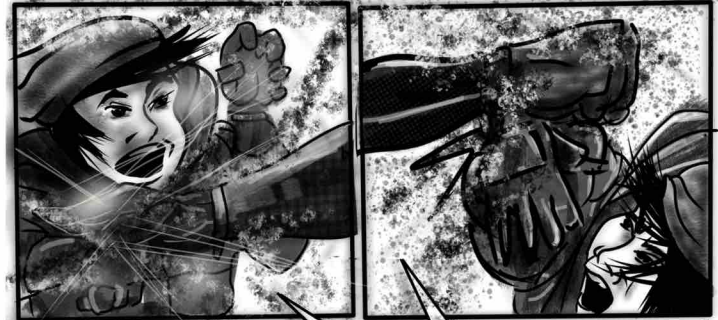
JON WULF



BLOOD
IN THE
SNOW

STORY/ART
BY
DANNY JALIL

Pages 3-4
Of
"Blood in the
Snow"
Story/Art
By Danny Jalil



BIO

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Writer/artist Danny Jalil majored in Multimedia Arts and studied Creative Writing and Screenwriting at LaSalle-SIA College of the Arts. He does a lot of concept art as a means of visualising his story ideas.

His short film comedy "Spun" was nominated the merit prize at the National University of Singapore Student's Union (NUSSU) Inter-Tertiary Video Festival.

He has also written movie reviews and conducted interviews for First Magazine and has had his works published in Singapore's Greatest Comics (Nice One Entertainment) and ACTOR (A Commitment To Our Roots).

His novel The Machine Boy was a winner of NAC's Beyond Words: Young and Younger Award and published by Straits Times Press and he has also written the graphic novel Lieutenant Adnan and The Last Regiment, illustrated by artist Zaki Ragman, published by Asiapac Books.

He is currently working on a new upcoming graphic novel with Asiapac Books.