

# Description

“LITTLE WOMEN, NOVEL FOR CHILDREN BY LOUISA MAY ALCOTT, PUBLISHED IN TWO PARTS IN 1868 AND 1869. HER SISTER MAY ILLUSTRATED THE FIRST EDITION. IT INITIATED A GENRE OF FAMILY STORIES FOR CHILDREN. MEG, JO, BETH, AND AMY MARCH ARE RAISED IN GENTEEL POVERTY BY THEIR LOVING MOTHER, MARMEE, IN A QUIET MASSACHUSETTS TOWN WHILE THEIR FATHER SERVES AS AN ARMY CHAPLAIN DURING THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. THEY BEFRIEND THEODORE LAWRENCE (LAURIE), THE LONELY GRANDSON OF A RICH OLD MAN NEXT DOOR. THE VITAL FORCE OF THE FAMILY IS JO, A HEADSTRONG TOMBOY WHO IS THE EMOTIONAL CENTRE OF THE BOOK. IN THE COURSE OF THE NOVEL, BEAUTIFUL, VAIN MEG MARRIES LAURIE’S TUTOR, JOHN BROOKE, AND STARTS HER OWN FAMILY; QUIET, SICKLY BETH DIES FROM SCARLET FEVER; ARTISTIC AMY MARRIES LAURIE AFTER HE IS TURNED DOWN BY JO; AND JO MARRIES PROFESSOR BHAER, WHOM SHE MEETS WHILE LIVING IN A BOARDINGHOUSE, AND TOGETHER THEY SET UP A SCHOOL FOR BOYS... THE NOVEL HAS TWO SEQUELS: LITTLE MEN: LIFE AT PLUMFIELD WITH JO’S BOYS (1871) AND JO’S BOYS AND HOW THEY TURNED OUT (1886). LITTLE WOMEN ALSO INSPIRED NUMEROUS MOVIES, INCLUDING THE 1933 CLASSIC, WHICH STARRED KATHARINE HEPBURN AS JO, AND A 1994 FILM DIRECTED BY GILLIAN ARMSTRONG. IN ADDITION, DIRECTOR-SCREENWRITER GRETA GERWIG’S ADAPTATION EARNED WIDE ACCLAIM IN 2019” (“LITTLE WOMEN.”).

## Works Cited

“Little Women.” Encyclopædia Britannica, Encyclopædia Britannica, inc., 18 Jan. 2024, [www.britannica.com/topic/Little-Women-novel-by-Alcott](http://www.britannica.com/topic/Little-Women-novel-by-Alcott).

# *Target Audience*

THE TARGET AUDIENCE FOR LITTLE WOMEN SEEMS TO BE THAT OF YOUNGER WOMEN. THE LORE OF THE BOOK DRAWS THE ATTENTION OF YOUNGER WOMEN. HOWEVER, THE STORYLINE IS VERY LOVABLE AND RELATABLE TO WOMEN OF ALL AGES. THERE ARE SO MANY DEEP EMOTIONS FELT BY EACH DAUGHTER WITHIN THIS BOOK, EMOTIONS THAT RESONATE WITH WOMEN OF ALL AGES. THE NOSTALGIC FEEL AND STORYLINE BRING ITS READERS BACK TIME AND TIME AGAIN TO RELIVE THE FEELINGS FELT UPON FIRST READING.

# *Rationale*

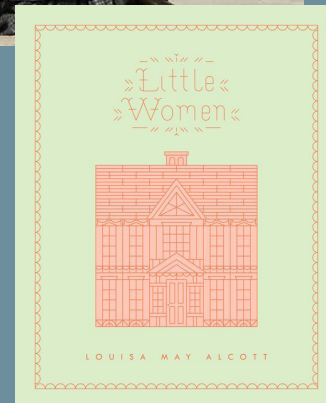
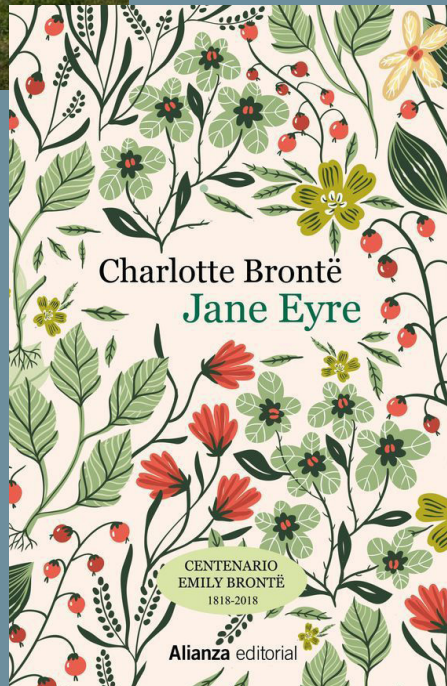
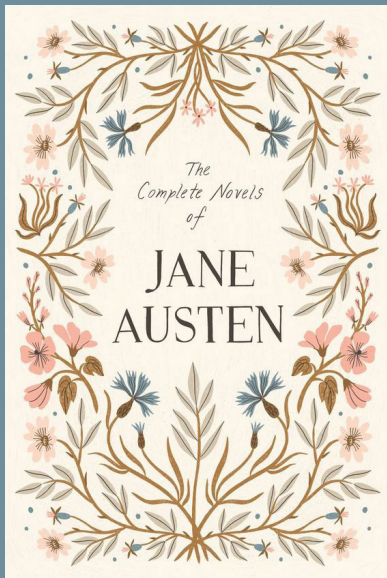
THE REASON I HAVE CHOSEN THIS BOOK IS BECAUSE OF THE NOSTALGIA THAT SURROUNDS IT. LITTLE WOMEN HAS BEEN A COMFORT BOOK AND MOVIE FOR SO MANY WOMEN, YOUNG AND OLD ALIKE, FOR MANY YEARS. THIS STORYLINE IS ONE THAT I FIND MYSELF RETURNING TO REPEATEDLY. I HAVE ALSO CHOSEN THIS BOOK BECAUSE OF THE AURA AND EMOTIONS THAT ARE GIVEN OFF THROUGHOUT THE BOOK, IT MATCHES THE STYLE OF DESIGN THAT I ADMIRE THE MOST AS WELL.

# Cover Inspiration

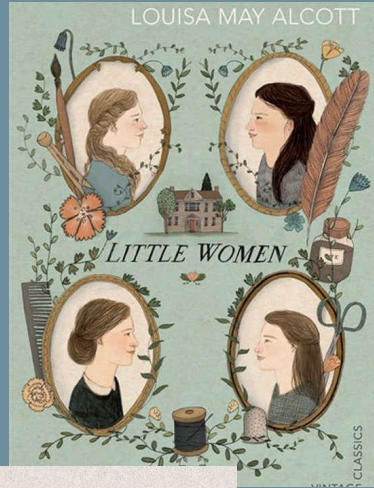
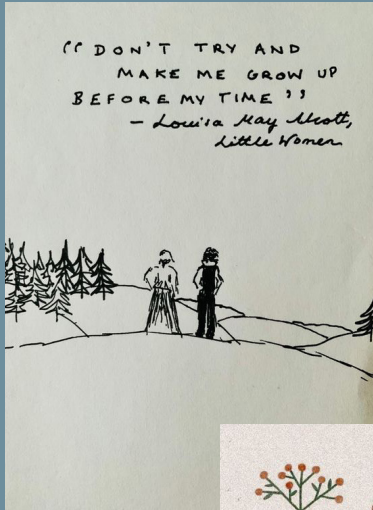


## LITTLE WOMEN

directed by GRETA GERWIG  
written by GRETA GERWIG  
produced by DENISE DI NOVI AMY PASCAL ROBIN SWICORD



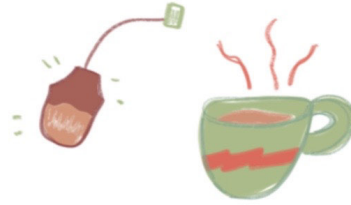
# Element Inspiration



# Milestone 1



# Milestone 2



# Milestone 2

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women  
Louisa May Alcott

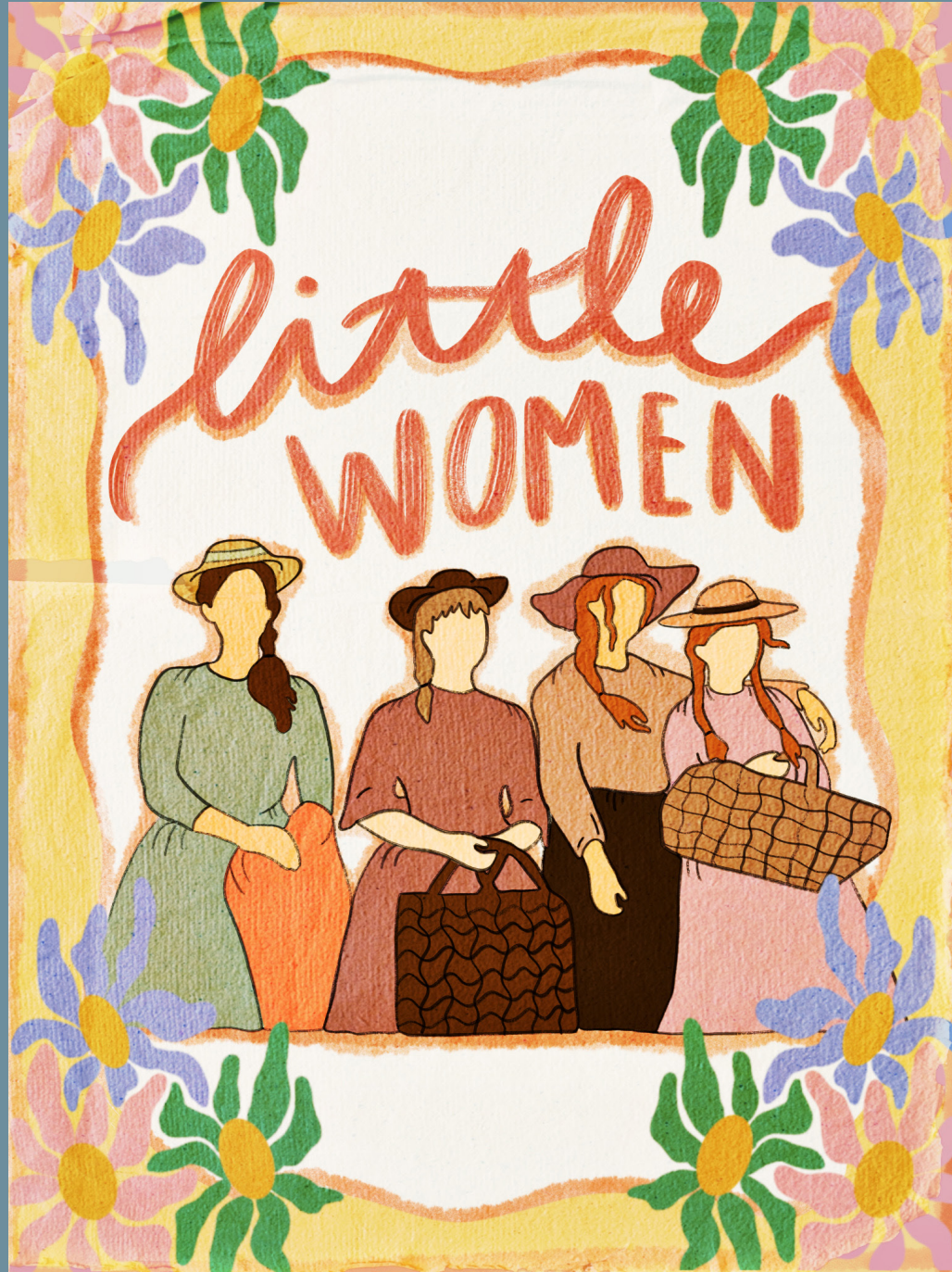


little  
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Louisa May  
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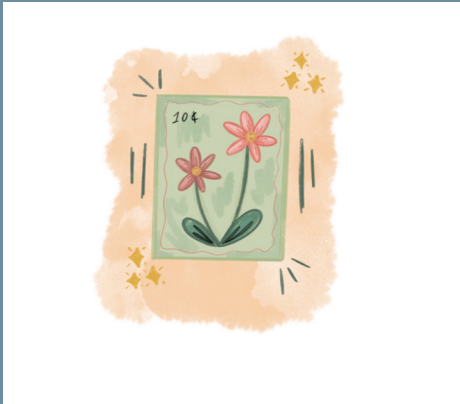




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# Milestone 3

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# Milestone 4

## Chapter Two

### A Merry Christmas

Jo was the first to wake in the gray dawn of Christmas morning. No stockings hung at the fireplace, and for a moment she felt as much disappointed as she did long ago, when her little sock fell down because it was crammed so full of goodies. Then she remembered her mother's promise and, slipping her hand under her pillow, drew out a little crimson-covered book. She knew it very well, for it was that beautiful old story of the best life ever lived, and Jo felt that it was a true guidebook for any pilgrim going on a long journey. She woke Meg with a "Merry Christmas," and bade her see what was under her pillow. A green-covered book appeared, with the same picture inside, and a few words written by their mother, which made their one present very precious in their eyes. Presently Beth and Amy woke to rummage and find their little books also, one dove-colored, the other blue, and all sat looking at and talking about them, while the east grew rosy with the coming day.

In spite of her small vanities, Margaret had a sweet and pious nature, which unconsciously influenced her sisters, especially Jo, who loved her very tenderly, and obeyed her because her advice was so gently given.

"Girls," said Meg seriously, looking from the tumbled head beside her to the two little night-capped ones in the room beyond, "Mother wants us to read and love and mind these books, and we must begin at once. We used to be faithful about it, but since Father went away and all this war trouble unsettled us, we have neglected many things. You can do as you please, but I shall keep my book on the table here and read a little every morning as soon as I wake, for I know it will do me good and help me through the day."

Then she opened her new book and began to read. Jo put her arm round her and, leaning cheek to cheek, read also, with the quiet expression so seldom seen on her restless face.

"How good Meg is! Come, Amy, let's do as they do. I'll help you with the hard words, and they'll explain things if we don't understand," whispered Beth, very much impressed by the pretty books and her sisters' example.

"I'm glad mine is blue," said Amy, and then the rooms were very still while the pages were softly turned, and the winter sunshine crept in to touch the bright heads and serious faces with a Christmas greeting.

"Where is Mother?" asked Meg, as she and Jo ran down to thank her for their gifts, half an hour later.

"Goodness only knows. Some poor creeter came a-beggin', and your ma went straight off to see what was needed. There never was such a woman for givin' away vittles and drink, clothes and firin'," replied Hannah, who had lived with the family since Meg was born, and was considered by them all more as a friend than a servant.

"She will be back soon, I think, so fry your cakes, and have everything ready," said Meg, looking over the presents which were collected in a basket and kept under the sofa, ready to be produced at the proper time. "Why, where is Amy's bottle of cologne?" she added, as the little flask did not appear.



# Milestone 4

## Chapter Nine

### Meg Goes to Vanity Fair

"I do think it was the most fortunate thing in the world that those children should have the measles just now," said Meg, one April day, as she stood packing the 'go abroady' trunk in her room, surrounded by her sisters.

"And so nice of Annie Moffat not to forget her promise. A whole fortnight of fun will be regularly splendid," replied Jo, looking like a windmill as she folded skirts with her long arms.

"And such lovely weather, I'm so glad of that," added Beth, tidily sorting neck and hair ribbons in her best box, lent for the great occasion.

"I wish I was going to have a fine time and wear all these nice things," said Amy with her mouth full of pins, as she artistically replenished her sister's cushion.

"I wish you were all going, but as you can't, I shall keep my adventures to tell you when I come back. I'm sure it's the least I can do when you have been so kind, lending me things and helping me get ready," said Meg, glancing round the room at the very simple outfit, which seemed nearly perfect in their eyes.

"What did Mother give you out of the treasure box?" asked Amy, who had not been present at the opening of a certain cedar chest in which Mrs. March kept a few relics of past splendor, as gifts for her girls when the proper time came.

"A pair of silk stockings, that pretty carved fan, and a lovely blue sash. I wanted the violet silk, but there isn't time to make it over, so I must be contented with my old tarlaton."

"It will look nice over my new muslin skirt, and the sash will set it off beautifully. I wish I hadn't smashed my coral bracelet, for you might have had it," said Jo, who loved to give and lend, but whose possessions were usually too dilapidated to be of much use.

"There is a lovely old-fashioned pearl set in the treasure chest, but Mother said real flowers were the prettiest ornament for a young girl, and Laurie promised to send me all I want," replied Meg. "Now, let me see, there's my new gray walking suit, just curl up the feather in my hat, Beth, then my poplin for Sunday and the small party, it looks heavy for spring, doesn't it? The violet silk would be so nice. Oh, dear!"

"Never mind, you've got the tarlaton for the big party, and you always look like an angel in white," said Amy, brooding over the little store of finery in which her soul delighted.

"It isn't low-necked, and it doesn't sweep enough, but it will have to do. My blue housedress looks so well, turned and freshly trimmed, that I feel as if I'd got a new one. My silk sacque isn't a bit the fashion, and my bonnet doesn't look like Sallie's. I didn't like to say anything, but I was sadly disappointed in my umbrella. I told Mother black with a white handle, but she forgot and bought a green one with a yellowish



# Milestone 4

## Chapter Five

### Being Neighborly

"What in the world are you going to do now, Jo?" asked Meg one snowy afternoon, as her sister came tramping through the hall, in rubber boots, old sack, and hood, with a broom in one hand and a shovel in the other.

"Going out for exercise," answered Jo with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

"I should think two long walks this morning would have been enough! It's cold and dull out, and I advise you to stay warm and dry by the fire, as I do," said Meg with a shiver.

"Never take advice! Can't keep still all day, and not being a pussycat, I don't like to doze by the fire. I like adventures, and I'm going to find some."

Meg went back to toast her feet and read *Ivanhoe*, and Jo began to dig paths with great energy. The snow was light, and with her broom she soon swept a path all round the garden, for Beth to walk in when the sun came out and the invalid dolls needed air. Now, the garden separated the Marches' house from that of Mr. Laurence. Both stood in a suburb of the city, which was still country-like, with groves and lawns, large gardens, and quiet streets. A low hedge parted the two estates. On one side was an old, brown house, looking rather bare and shabby, robbed of the vines that in summer covered its walls and the flowers, which then surrounded it. On the other side was a stately stone mansion, plainly betokening every sort of comfort and luxury, from the big coach house and well-kept grounds to the conservatory and the glimpses of lovely things one caught between the rich curtains.

Yet it seemed a lonely, lifeless sort of house, for no children frolicked on the lawn, no motherly face ever smiled at the windows, and few people went in and out, except the old gentleman and his grandson.

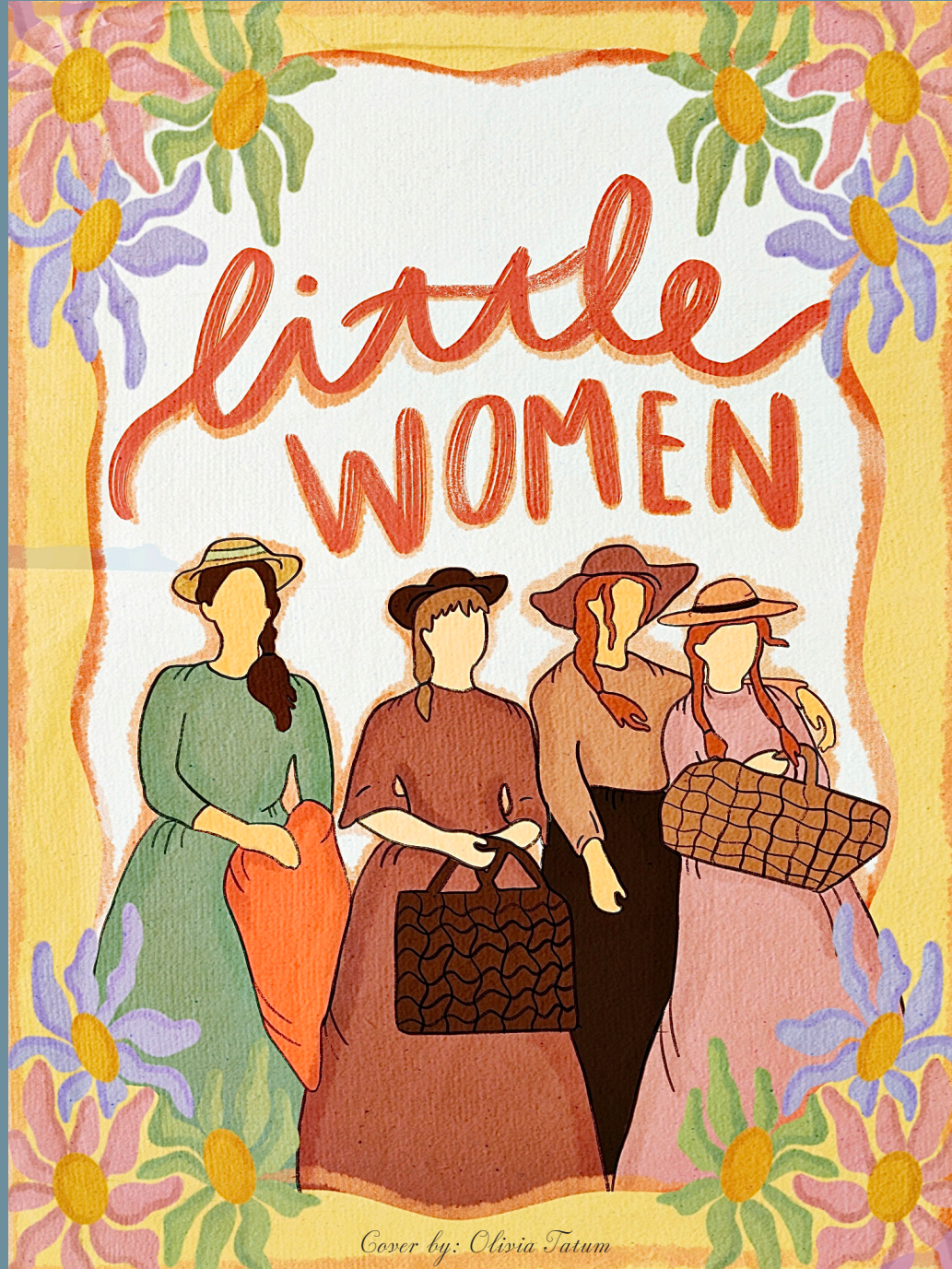
To Jo's lively fancy, this fine house seemed a kind of enchanted palace, full of splendors and delights which no one enjoyed. She had long wanted to behold these hidden glories, and to know the Laurence boy, who looked as if he would like to be known, if he only knew how to begin. Since the party, she had been more eager than ever, and had planned many ways of making friends with him, but he had not been seen lately, and Jo began to think he had gone away, when she one day spied a brown face at an upper window, looking wistfully down into their garden, where Beth and Amy were snow-balling one another.

"That boy is suffering for society and fun," she said to herself. "His grandpa does not know what's good for him, and keeps him shut up all alone. He needs a party of jolly boys to play with, or somebody young and lively. I've a great mind to go over and tell the old gentleman so!"

The idea amused Jo, who liked to do daring things and was always scandalizing Meg by her queer performances. The plan of 'going over' was not forgotten. And when the snowy afternoon came, Jo resolved to try what could be done. She saw Mr. Lawrence drive off, and then sallied out to dig her way down to the hedge, where she



# Milestone 5



Cover by: Olivia Tatum

# Milestone 5





# Milestone 5

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# Final Font Choices

## Chapter Forty-Five

### Daisy and Demi

I cannot feel that I have done my duty as humble historian of the March family, without devoting at least one chapter to the two most precious and important members of it. Daisy and Demi had now arrived at years of discretion, for in this fast age babies of three or four assert their rights, and get them, too, which is more than many of their elders do. If there ever were a pair of twins in danger of being utterly spoiled by adoration, it was these prattling Brookes. Of course they were the most remarkable children ever born, as will be shown when I mention that they walked at eight months, talked fluently at twelve months, and at two years they took their places at table, and behaved with a propriety which charmed all beholders. At three, Daisy demanded a 'needler', and actually made a bag with four stitches in it. She likewise set up housekeeping in the sideboard, and managed a microscopic cooking stove with a skill that brought tears of pride to Hannah's eyes, while Demi learned his letters with his grandfather, who invented a new mode of teaching the alphabet by forming letters with his arms and legs, thus uniting gymnastics for head and heels. The boy early developed a mechanical genius which delighted his father and distracted his mother, for he tried to imitate every machine he saw, and kept the nursery in a chaotic condition, with his 'sewinsheen', a mysterious structure of string, chairs, clothespins, and spools, for wheels to go 'wound and wound'. Also a basket hung over the back of a chair, in which he vainly tried to hoist his too confiding sister, who, with feminine devotion, allowed her little head to be bumped till rescued, when the young inventor indignantly remarked, "Why, Marmar, dat's my lellywaiter, and me's trying to pull her up." Though utterly unlike in character, the twins got on remarkably well