

# Art Directing for the Web

Five minutes with CSS Template Areas

by Andy Clarke

@malarkey





1



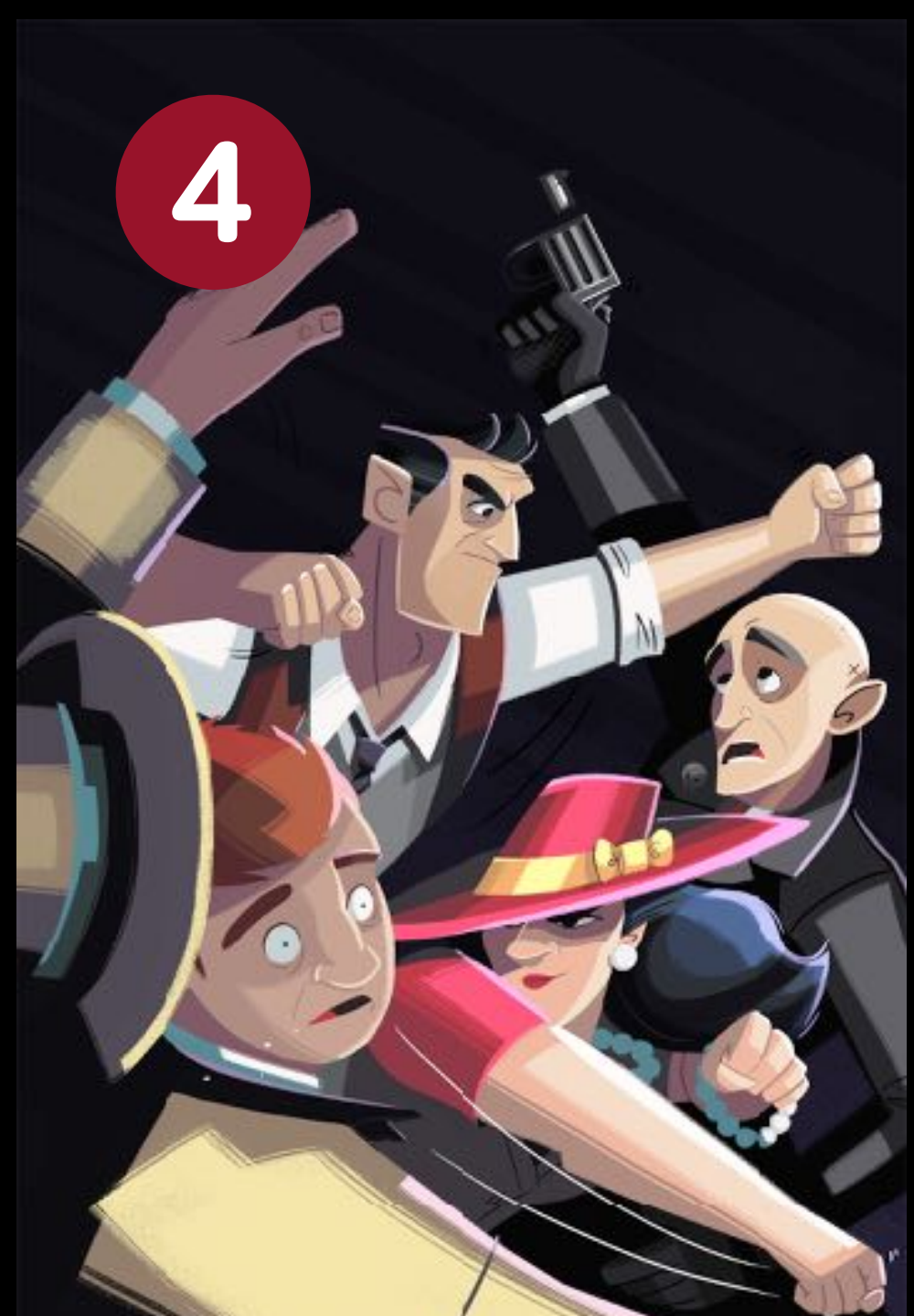
2



3



4



5



# My Gun is Quick



When you sit at home comfortably folded up in a chair beside a fire, have you ever thought what goes on outside there? Probably not. You pick up a book and read about things and stuff, getting a vicarious kick from people and events that never happened.

You're doing it now, getting ready to fill in a normal life with the details of someone else's experiences. Fun, isn't it? You read about life on the outside, thinking of how maybe you'd like it to happen to you, or at least how you'd like to watch it. Even the old Romans did it, spiced their life with action when they sat in the Colosseum and watched wild animals rip a bunch of humans apart, revelling in the sight of blood and terror. They screamed for joy and slapped each other on the back when murderous claws tore into the live flesh of slaves, and cheered when the kill was made. Oh, it's great to watch,

all right. Life through a keyhole.

But day after day goes by, and nothing like that ever happens to you, so you think that it's all in books and not in reality at all and that's that. Still good reading, though. Tomorrow night you'll find another book, forgetting what was in the last, and live some more in your imagination. But remember this: there are things happening out there. They go on every day and night, making Roman holidays look like school picnics. They go on right under your very nose and you never know about them. Oh, yes, you can find them all right. All you have to do is look for them. But I wouldn't if I were you, because you won't like what you'll find. Then, again, I'm not you, and looking for these things is my job. They aren't nice things to see because they show people up for what they are.

2



**My Gun Is Quick** is Mickey Spillane's second novel featuring private investigator Mike Hammer. The story starts with Hammer meeting a red-headed prostitute in a diner. The next day she is found dead, the victim of an apparent hit-and-run accident.

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3

Kiss Me, Deadly is Mickey Spillane's sixth novel featuring private investigator Mike Hammer. True to the tradition of Mickey Spillane novels, Kiss Me, Deadly ends in true Mike Hammer fashion.



# Kiss Me, Deadly

4



1

All I saw was the dame standing there in the glare of the headlights, waving her arms like a huge puppet and the curse I spit out filled the car and my own ears. I wrenched the wheel over, felt the rear end start to slide, brought it out with a splash of power and almost ran up the side of the cliff as the car fishtailed. The brakes bit in, gouging a furrow in the shoulder, then jumped to the pavement and held.

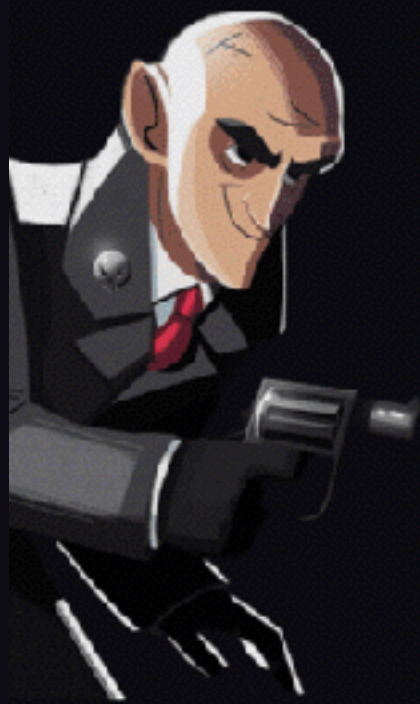
Somehow I had managed a sweeping curve around the babe. For a few seconds she had been living on stolen time because instead of getting out of the way she had tried to stay in the beam of the headlights. I sat there, and let myself shake. The butt that had fallen out of my mouth had burned a hole in the leg of my pants and I flipped it out the window. The stink of burned rubber and brake lining hung in the air like smoke and I was thinking of every damn thing I ever wanted to say to a harebrained woman so I could have it ready when I got my hands on her.

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# One Lonely Night

Mickey Spillane's fourth novel featuring private investigator Mike Hammer.

Nobody ever walked across the bridge, not on a night like this. The rain was misty enough to be almost fog-like, a cold gray curtain that separated me from the pale ovals of white that were faces locked behind the steamed-up windows of the cars that hissed by. Even the brilliance that was Manhattan by night was reduced to a few sleepy, yellow lights off in the distance.

Some place over there I had left my car and started walking, burying my head in the collar of my raincoat, with the night pulled in around me like a blanket. I walked and I smoked and I flipped the spent butts ahead of me and watched them arch to the pavement and fizzle out with one last wink. If there was life behind the windows of the buildings on

either side of me, I didn't notice it. The street was mine, all mine. They gave it to me gladly and wondered why I wanted it so nice and all alone.

There were others like me, sharing the dark and the solitude, but they huddled in the recessions of the doorways not wanting to share the wet and the cold. I could feel their eyes follow me briefly before they turned inward to their thoughts again.

So I followed the hard concrete footpaths of the city through the towering canyons of the buildings and never noticed when the sheer cliffs of brick and masonry diminished and disappeared altogether, and the footpath led into a ramp then on to the spidery steel skeleton that was the bridge linking

two states.

I climbed to the hump in the middle and stood there leaning on the handrail with a butt in my fingers, watching the red and green lights of the boats in the river below. They winked at me and called in low, throaty notes before disappearing into the night.

Like eyes and faces. And voices.

I buried my face in my hands until everything straightened itself out again, wondering what the judge would say if he could see me now. Maybe he'd laugh because I was supposed to be so damn tough, and here I was with hands that wouldn't stand still and an empty feeling inside my chest. He was only a little judge.

2



1





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```
body {  
  display: grid;  
  grid-column-gap : 2vw;  
  grid-template-columns: repeat(5, 1fr); }
```

```
<body>
<picture role="banner">...</picture>
<h1 class="title">...</h1>
<main>...</main>
<aside>...</aside>
<img class="fig-1">
<img class="fig-2">
</body>
```

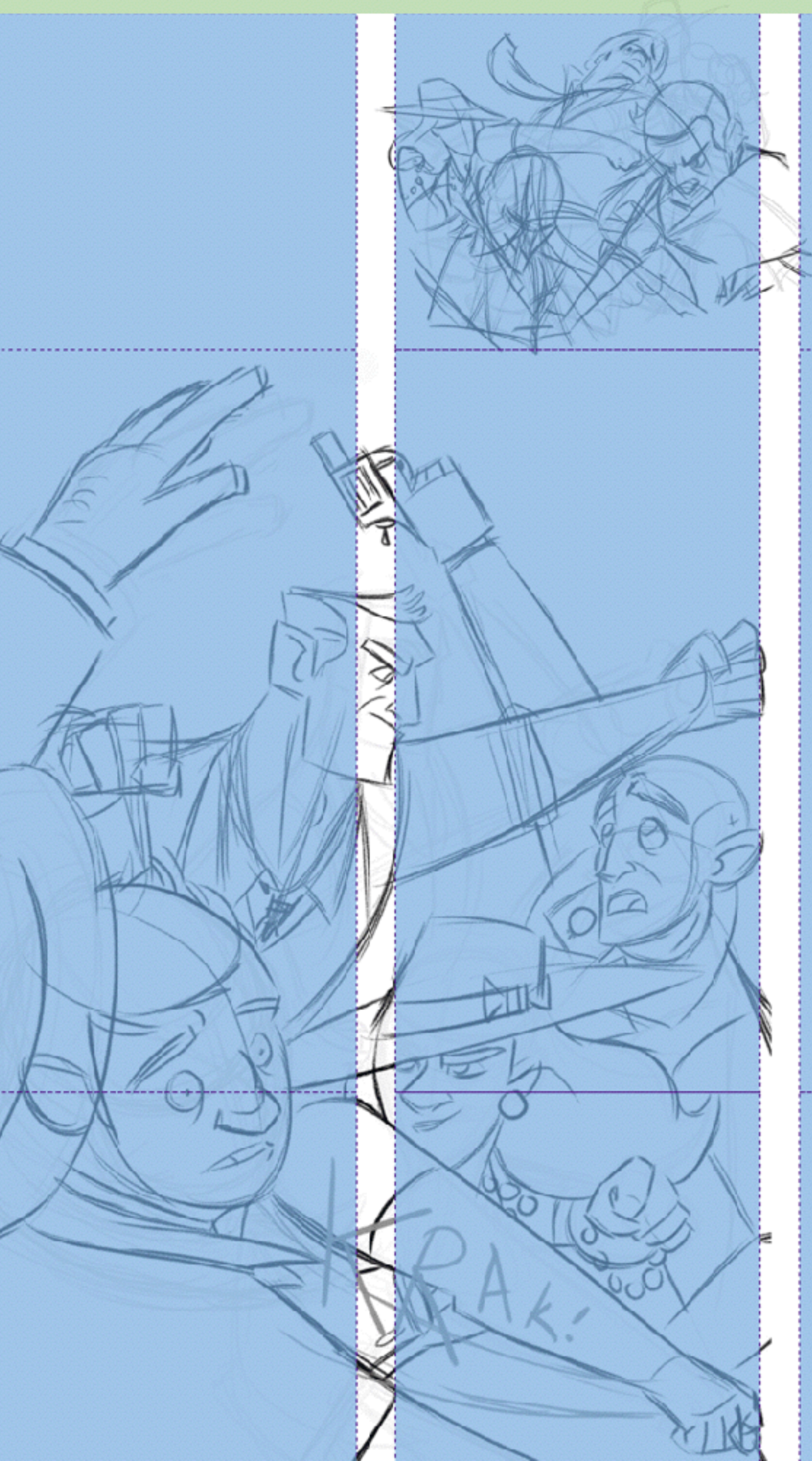
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# Kiss Me, Deadly



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```
[role="banner"] { grid-area: banner; }
```

```
.title { grid-area: title; }
```

```
main { grid-area: main; }
```

```
aside { grid-area: aside; }
```

```
.fig-1 { grid-area: fig-1; }
```

```
.fig-2 { grid-area: fig-2; }
```

```
body {  
  grid-template-rows: repeat(3, auto); }  
}
```

```
body {
```

```
  grid-template-areas:
```

```
  " . . . . "
```

```
  " . . . . "
```

```
  " . . . . "; }
```

```
body {  
  grid-template-areas:  
  ".      aside      .      fig-2  fig-2"  
  "title  title      banner  banner  banner"  
  "fig-1  main      banner  banner  banner"; }  
}
```



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```
body {  
  grid-template-columns: 50px repeat(2, 1fr); }
```

```
@media screen and (min-width : 64em) {  
  body {  
    grid-template-columns: repeat(5, 1fr); }  
}
```

```
body {  
grid-template-areas: [...]; }
```

```
@media screen and (min-width : 64em) {  
body {  
grid-template-areas: [...]; }  
}
```



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**Hardboiled**  
WEB DESIGN

# Available September '18

[stuffandnonsense.co.uk/books](http://stuffandnonsense.co.uk/books)

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