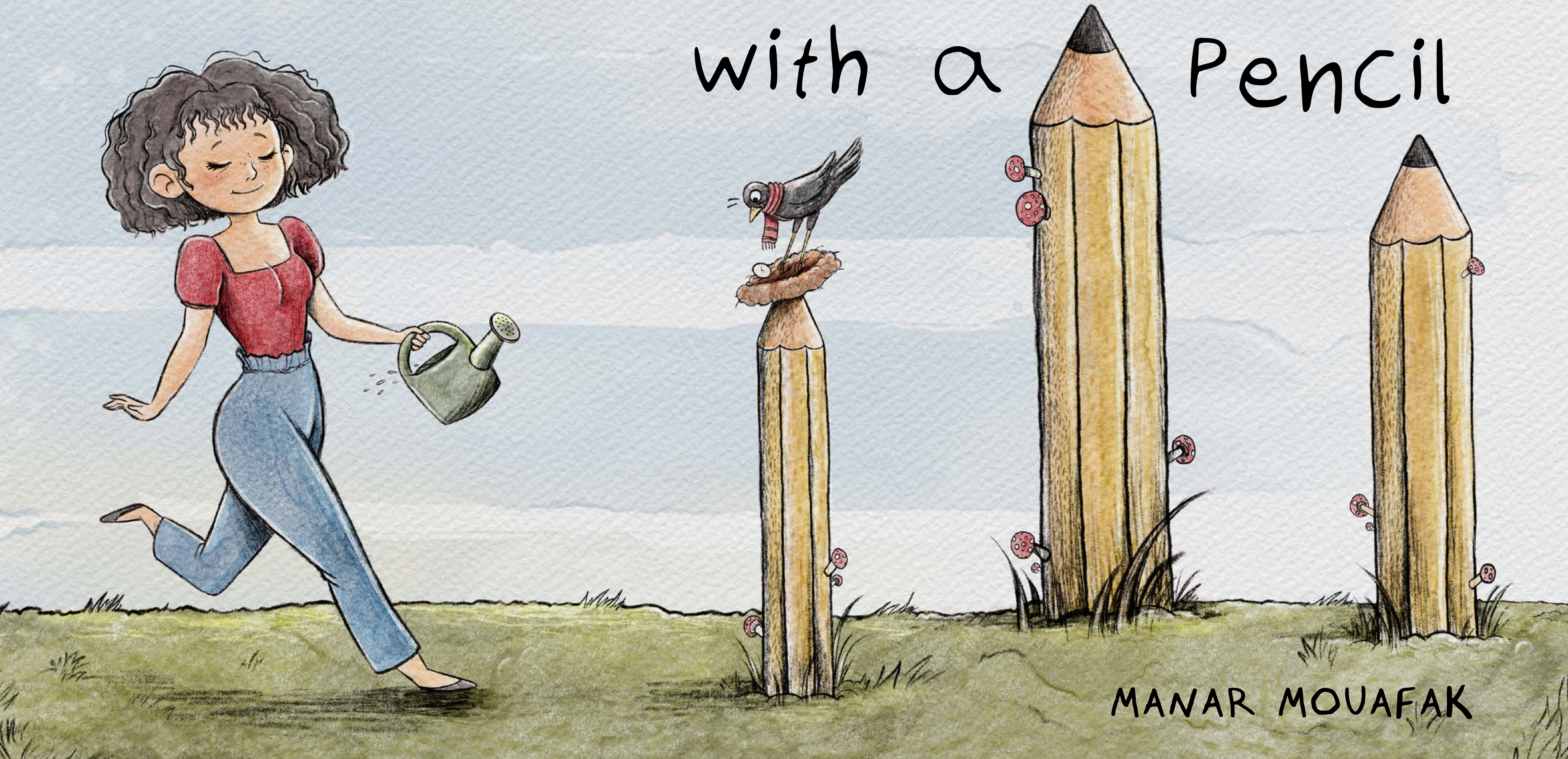


It All Started with a Pencil



MANAR MOUAFAK

Once,

a little girl drew to feel less alone.

Now, she illustrates and writes so no child has to feel that way again.

I'm Manar, illustrator, writer, and a book designer.

My passion for children's books goes back as far as I can remember; they've always been a part of my life.



Illustrator

English: Fluent



Author

Arabic: Native



Book Designer

German: B2





 **MANAR
MOUAFK**
ILLUSTRATOR

Contact

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HI@Manarmouafk.com
Lärchenhof 1, 99427 Weimar, Germany.

Skills

Illustration ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●
Indesign ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●
Storytelling ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●
Writing ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

Languages

English	Fluent
Arabic	Native
German	Good "B2"

Education

VOCATIONAL TRAINING
IN COMMUNICATION DESIGN
KW Design Academy
Hamburg
2022 - 2026
GERMAN VOCATIONAL PRIVATE
PROGRAM COMBINING THEORY AND
PRACTICE IN VISUAL DESIGN,
ILLUSTRATION, AND EDITORIAL.

Experience

CHILDREN'S BOOK ILLUSTRATION

I specialize in illustrating children's stories with a focus on emotional depth, charming characters, and imaginative scenes. My illustrations aim to capture the hearts of young readers while supporting the narrative visually and expressively.

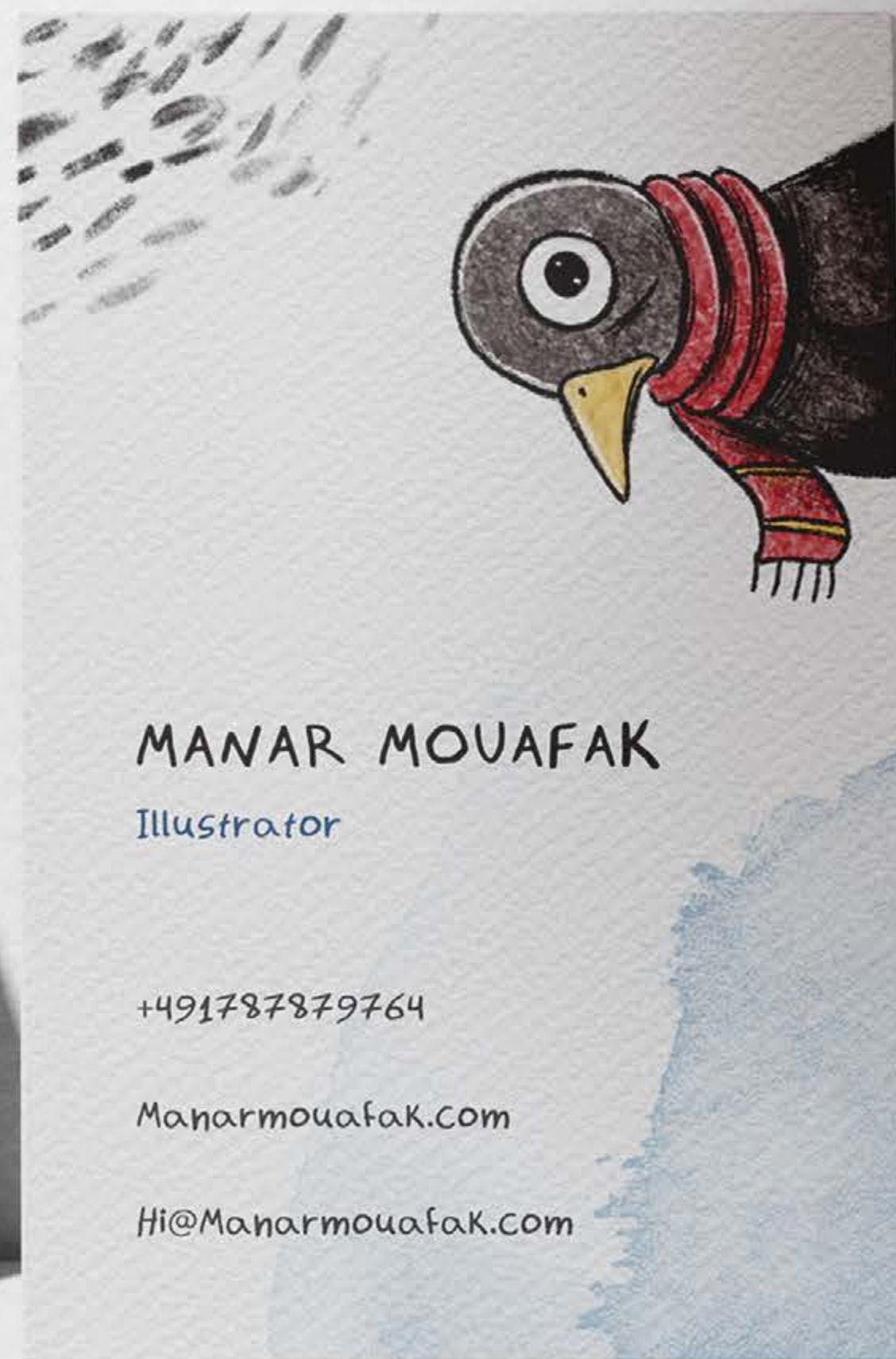
CHILDREN'S BOOK LAYOUT DESIGN

I have hands-on experience designing complete children's books using Adobe InDesign. I handle everything from page layout and text integration, ensuring a smooth balance between illustration, text, and white space.

MULTILINGUAL AND CROSS-CULTURAL ILLUSTRATION PROJECTS

As a trilingual illustrator, I work across languages and cultures, creating illustrations that resonate with diverse audiences.

Call
me!



MANAR MOUAFK

Illustrator

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Hi@Manarmouafak.com



one...
Two...
Th...

APRICOTINA

only
for
~~Grandpa~~
Abby

Tools
Box

APRICOTINA

During his visit, he always took
care of it,



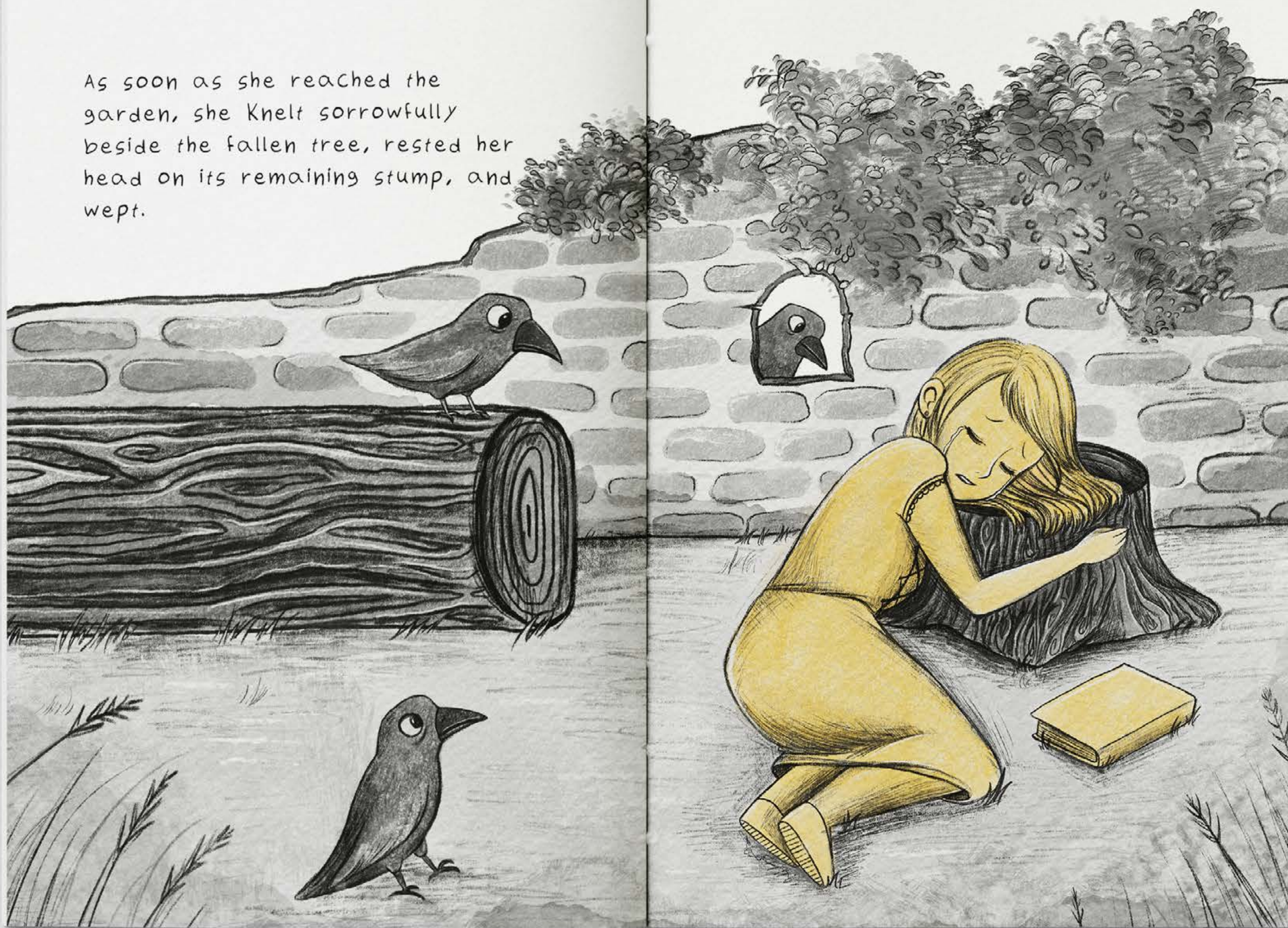
played around it,

and kept anything that could
harm it away from it.





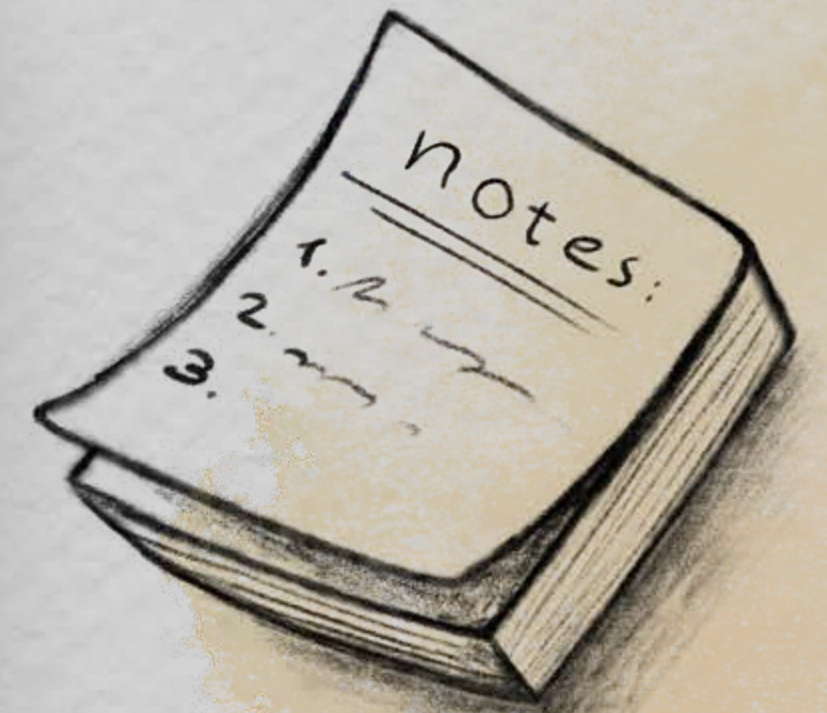
As soon as she reached the garden, she knelt sorrowfully beside the fallen tree, rested her head on its remaining stump, and wept.

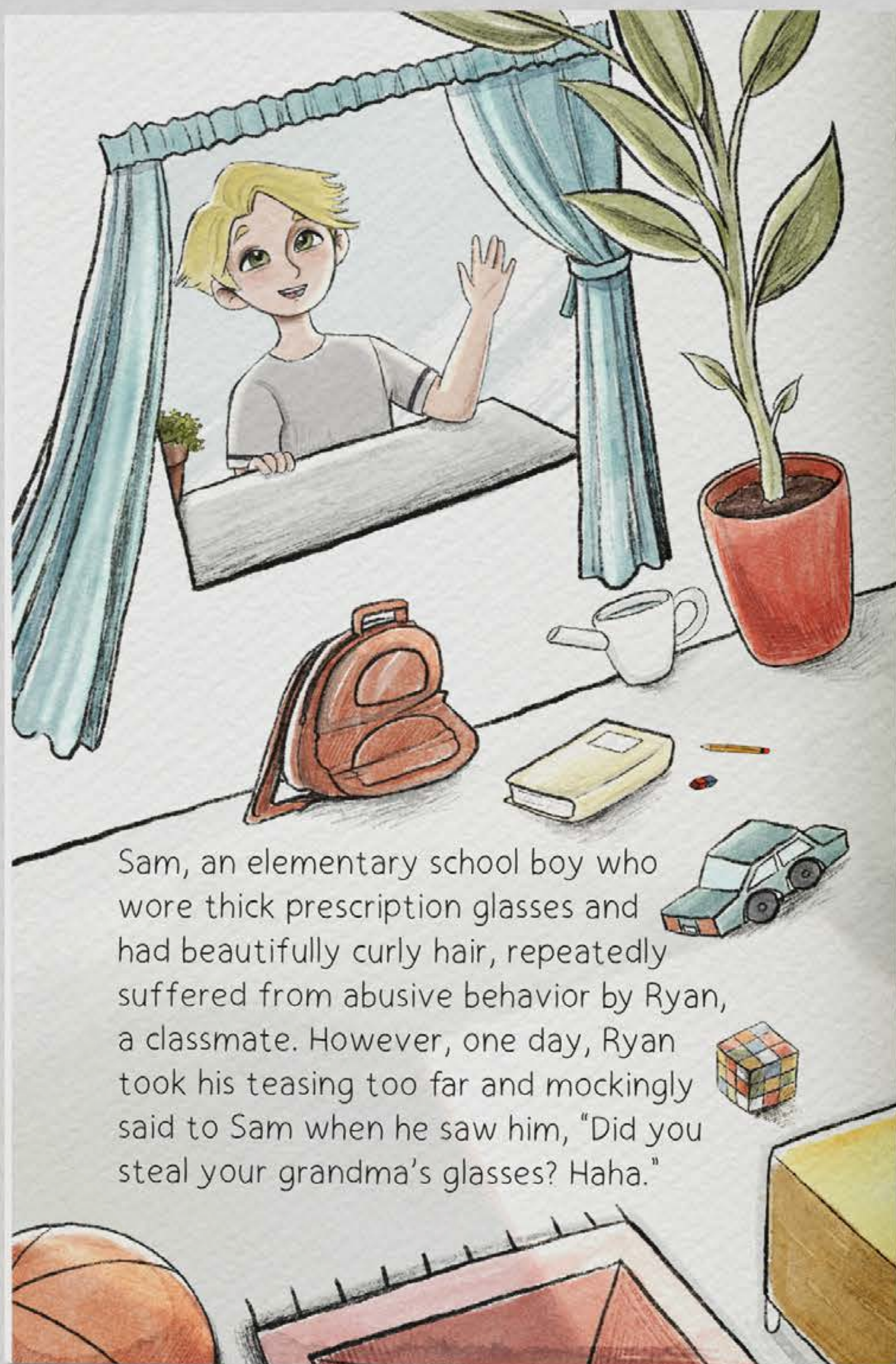


When Ryan said things like, "Can't you hear me, turtle lookalike?" or "I know you can hear me, broccoli head," Sam acted as if Ryan wasn't sitting beside him at all. This made Ryan furious, and his face turned red.



He eventually shouted at Sam, desperate for any kind of reaction. The teacher overheard him, called Ryan over, and sent him to detention for disturbing Sam.





Sam, an elementary school boy who wore thick prescription glasses and had beautifully curly hair, repeatedly suffered from abusive behavior by Ryan, a classmate. However, one day, Ryan took his teasing too far and mockingly said to Sam when he saw him, "Did you steal your grandma's glasses? Haha."

Sam felt he had no choice but to return home and lie on his bed, crying. Suddenly, he heard a soft tapping on the window. He turned excitedly and whispered, "Nathan! You finally came! I've been waiting for you ..."







He sat beside Ryan in the lunch hall.
It was their first meal together and
certainly not their last.



Sam returned home bursting with
joy, eager to tell his window friend
everything. Nathan was waiting for him
by the window as he arrived, and Sam
excitedly began recounting all that had
happened.



Suddenly, there was a knock on the
door. Sam opened it, it was Ryan.
"Your mom let me in. I was wondering ...
can we study and play together?"
Sam hesitated and then said, "Maybe we
can play together, the three of us ...
this is my friend, Nathan."
He pointed toward the window.



Sam said, "Alright, I'll try this tomorrow. Thank you for your advice."

The next day, Sam began his daily journey to school, feeling nervous. He kept repeating Nathan's words in his mind, afraid he might forget something. When he reached the school gate, he took a deep breath and walked in.

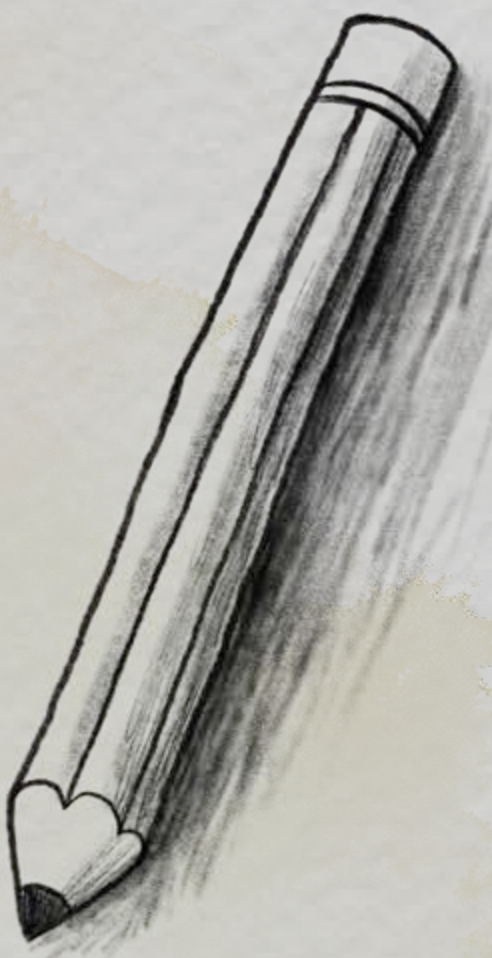
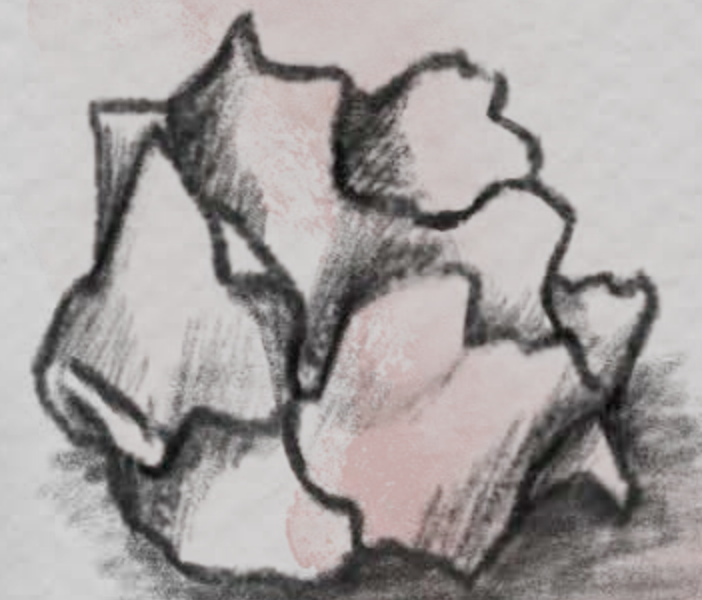
As Sam passed by Ryan without looking at him, Ryan smirked and said, "Hasn't your grandma noticed yet that you stole her glasses? Hahaha!"

Sam confidently laughed at Ryan's comment, which confused Ryan. He asked, "What are you laughing at? Is there something I don't understand?"



Sam replied exactly as Nathan had taught him, "Actually, I borrowed my glasses from a genius scientist. Maybe if you tried them on, you'd become smarter and understand!"

The other classmates around them burst into laughter at Ryan, embarrassing him. He lowered his head and walked away.

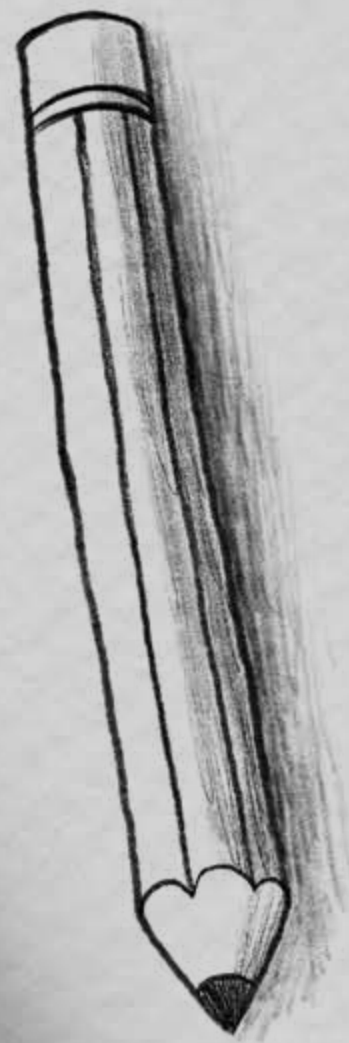




Or maybe he'll start thinking of you as a friend instead of an enemy. However, if he keeps saying the same sort of things without stopping, you can show him that you can respond with confidence, calmness, and strong body language. Perhaps say, 'Actually, I borrowed them from a genius scientist. Maybe if you tried them on, you'd become smarter!'



Sam laughed loudly but then suddenly stopped and asked, 'But what if this answer provokes him, and he attacks me? Wouldn't that make things worse?' Nathan replied, 'That's possible, but in that case, the bullying would shift from verbal to physical. If he pushes you, you must immediately regain your balance and not show him that you're weak or scared. Instead, look straight into his eyes steadily and strongly. Never



Ryan frowned and asked, "Where exactly is he?"



Sam turned toward the window and saw Nathan standing there. He said, "He's right there! Don't you see him?"

Ryan shook his head and replied, "You're scaring me ..."
Nathan signaled for Sam to come closer. Sam noticed Nathan's body blending into the sunlight.





"It's time for me to leave," Nathan said.
"You don't need me anymore."
With a gentle smile, he closed his eyes,
ready to disappear. Tears streamed
down Sam's face.
"Maybe I solved my problem, but now,
you won't play with me anymore!"



Nathan reassured him, "You have a real
friend now. I was never truly here. I was
just an image in your mind, created by
you for a single purpose, which I have
fulfilled. But don't worry, whenever you
need me, I'll always be there in your
subconscious. Now, it's time for you to
live a real life with a real friend. Goodbye
..."



Nathan vanished into the air, leaving
nothing behind but his memory.





As Nathan had promised, he never truly disappeared from Sam's mind. He remained ever-present, his voice echoing in Sam's thoughts whenever he needed guidance.

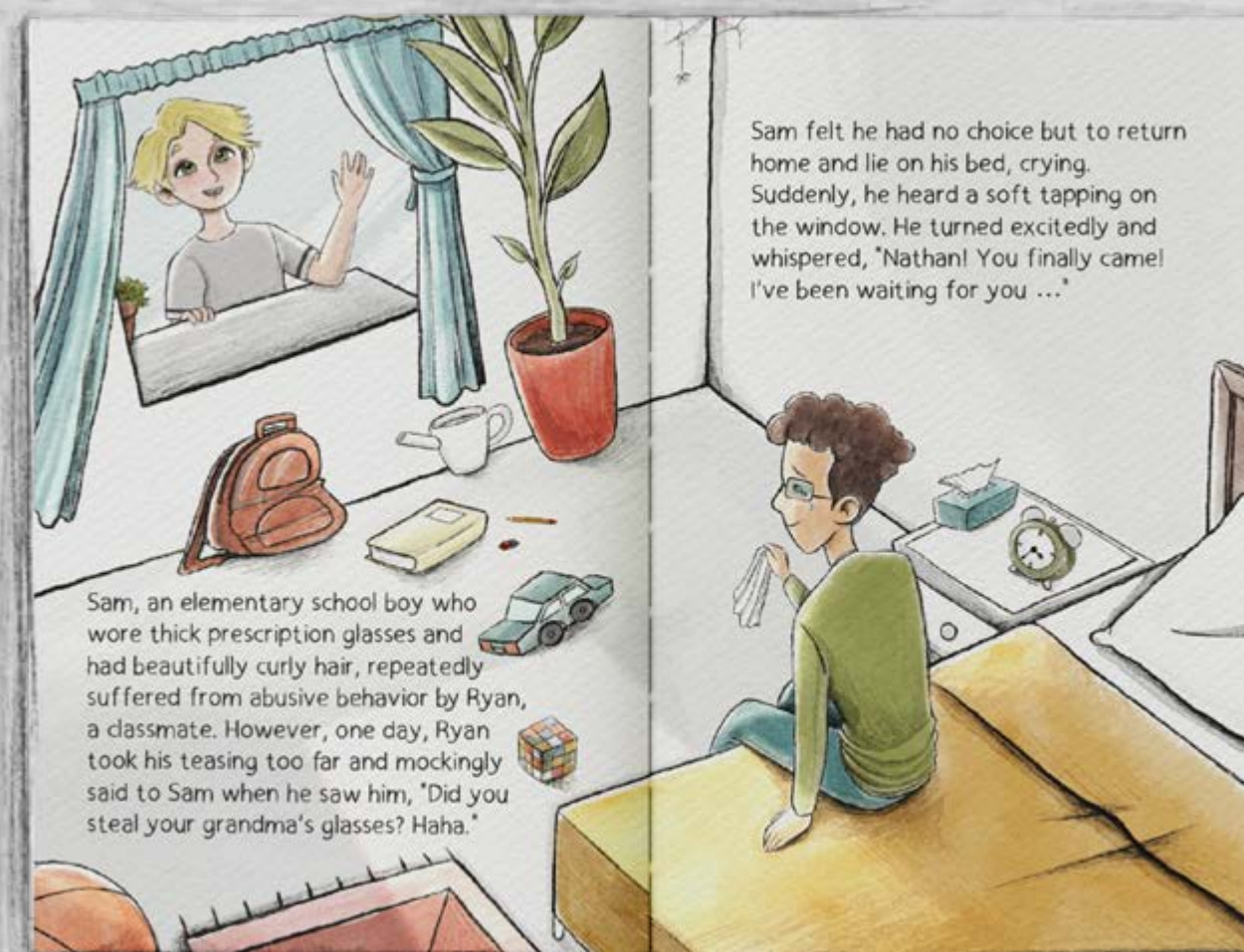
Only then did Sam truly understand. Nathan hadn't vanished; he had merely transitioned from being an imaginary friend to becoming Sam's inner voice, one that would stay with him forever.

The Friend by the Window



He sat beside Ryan in the lunch hall. It was their first meal together and certainly not their last.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. Sam opened it, it was Ryan. "Your mom let me in. I was wondering ... can we study and play together?" Sam hesitated and then said, "Maybe we can play together, the three of us ... this is my friend, Nathan." He pointed toward the window.



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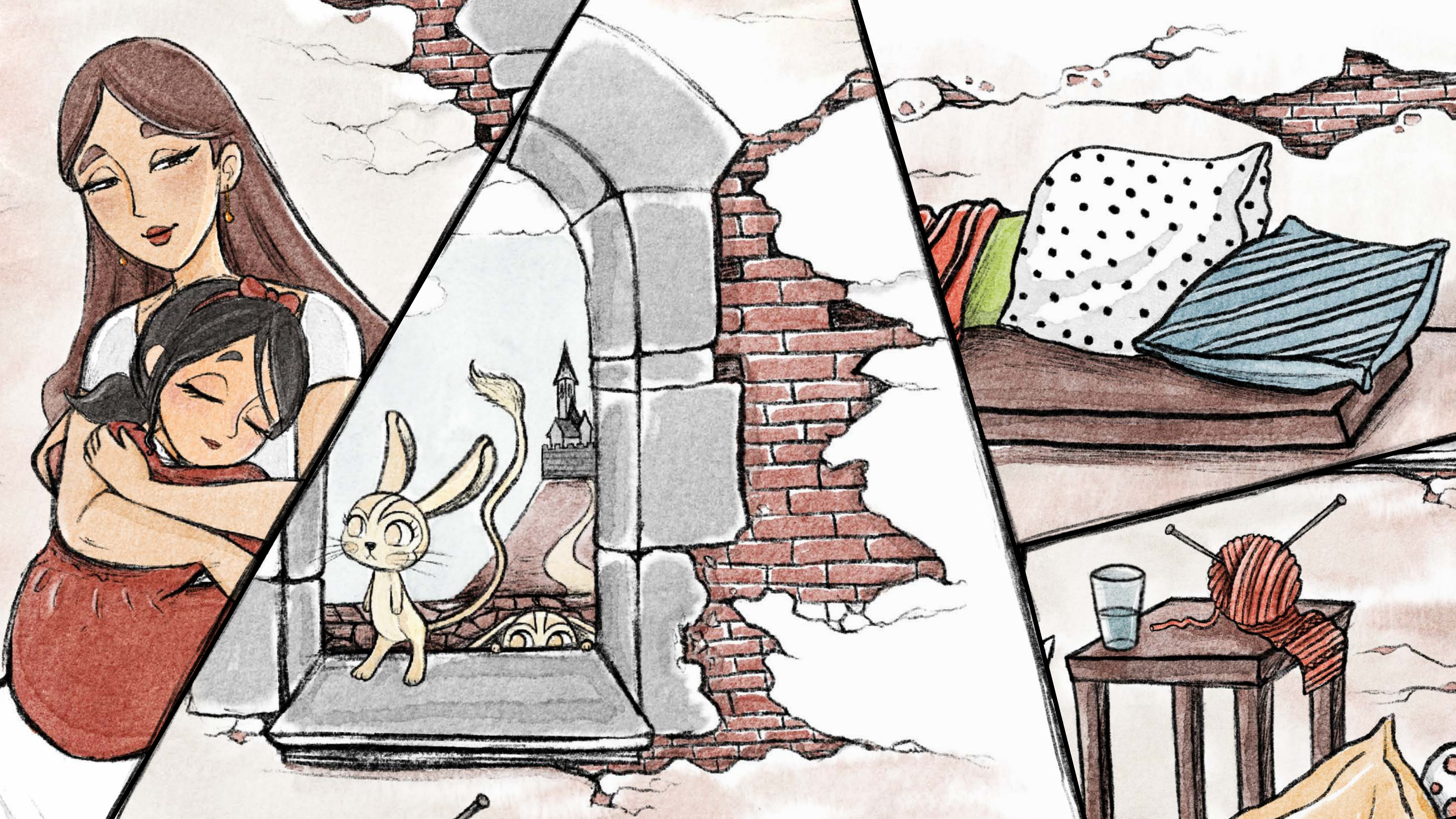
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مملكة الرماد

في مملكة الرماد البعيدة، عاش أهلها دون ملك لمدة عام، كانت الأرض فيها قاحلة تعاني من تربة ممتة وجافة، لا ينمو فيها شيء ولا أشجار، كان سكان مملكة الرماد يشترون خبزهم من ممالك مجاورة بأسعار باهظة، لكنهم رغم ذلك كانوا أرضهم عند تولي ملك ذو قوى فريدة الحكم، ويقوّته العجبة تلك سينقذ تربة أرضهم من الجوع والفقر. كانت مملكة الرماد مملكة قاحلة من الوحشة، وكان يعيش في ذلك المنزل على أطراف مملكة الرماد، وما حوله أرض قاحلة موحشة، ودودة وتحب مساعدة الغير، متصلة الأرض. كان فوقه وما حوله أرض قاحلة موحشة، ودودة وتحب مساعدة الغير، متصلة المنزل على أطراف مملكة الرماد، وما حوله أرض قاحلة موحشة، ودودة وتحب مساعدة الغير، متصلة كانت ليلة طيبة في مستنق الممكة، حيث أنها لا تريد اقتناء أجهزة الكترونية في منزلها. بالطبيعة بشكل مبالغ به، حيث أنها لا تريد اقتناء أجهزة الكترونية في منزلها. ولم تمتلك يوماً تلفازاً أو هاتفاً نقال، فهي لا تريد إزعاج الحيوانات الصحراوية التي تعيش في الأرجاء.





ولكونها رقيقة القلب، قامت ذات مرة بعلاج يربوعاً جريحاً وأطعمته كل الخضروات التي اشترتها بثمن باهظ من مملكة مجاورة. امتازت ليلي أيضاً بصوت عذب وحنون، ودائماً ما كانت تغني لابنتها بينما تمسح على رأسها برقعة. كانت ابنتها تحب تلك الأوقات، خاصة حين تغني لها قبل النوم. كل ما أرادته ليلي هو أن تبقى ابنتها سالمة وسعيدة، فاعتنت بها بكل ما أوتيت من قوة، حتى اتاها المرض فجأة دون سابق إنذار.



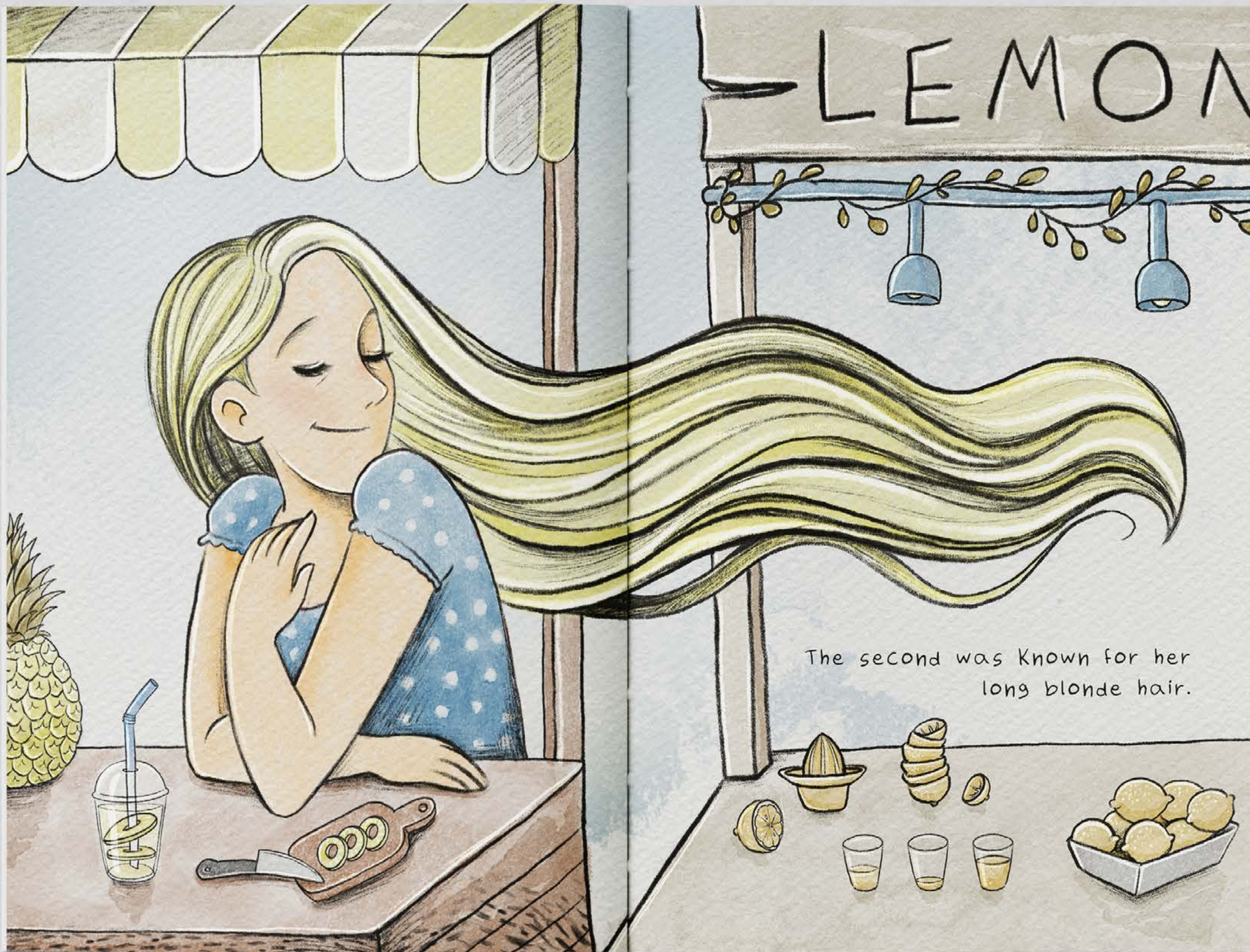
كانت الفتاة الصغيرة تحب والدتها حباً جماً، فانتظرتها أياماً حتى تشفى من مرضها، لكنها لم تتعاف بعد، وقد فرغت ثلاثة الطعام من أي شيء يؤكل. فقررت الفتاة الصغيرة الخروج للبحث عن طعام، لعلها تجد شيئاً تطعم به نفسها.

لسوء الحظ، لم تجد الفتاة الصغيرة أي شيء، فهي تعيش في مملكة ذو تربة ميتة قاحلة، لم تجرؤ الفتاة الصغيرة على الذهاب الى المتاجر البعيدة الموحشة لتشتري بعض الطعام، فقد كانت خائفة ان تضيع وأنها لن تتمكن من العودة للمنزل.

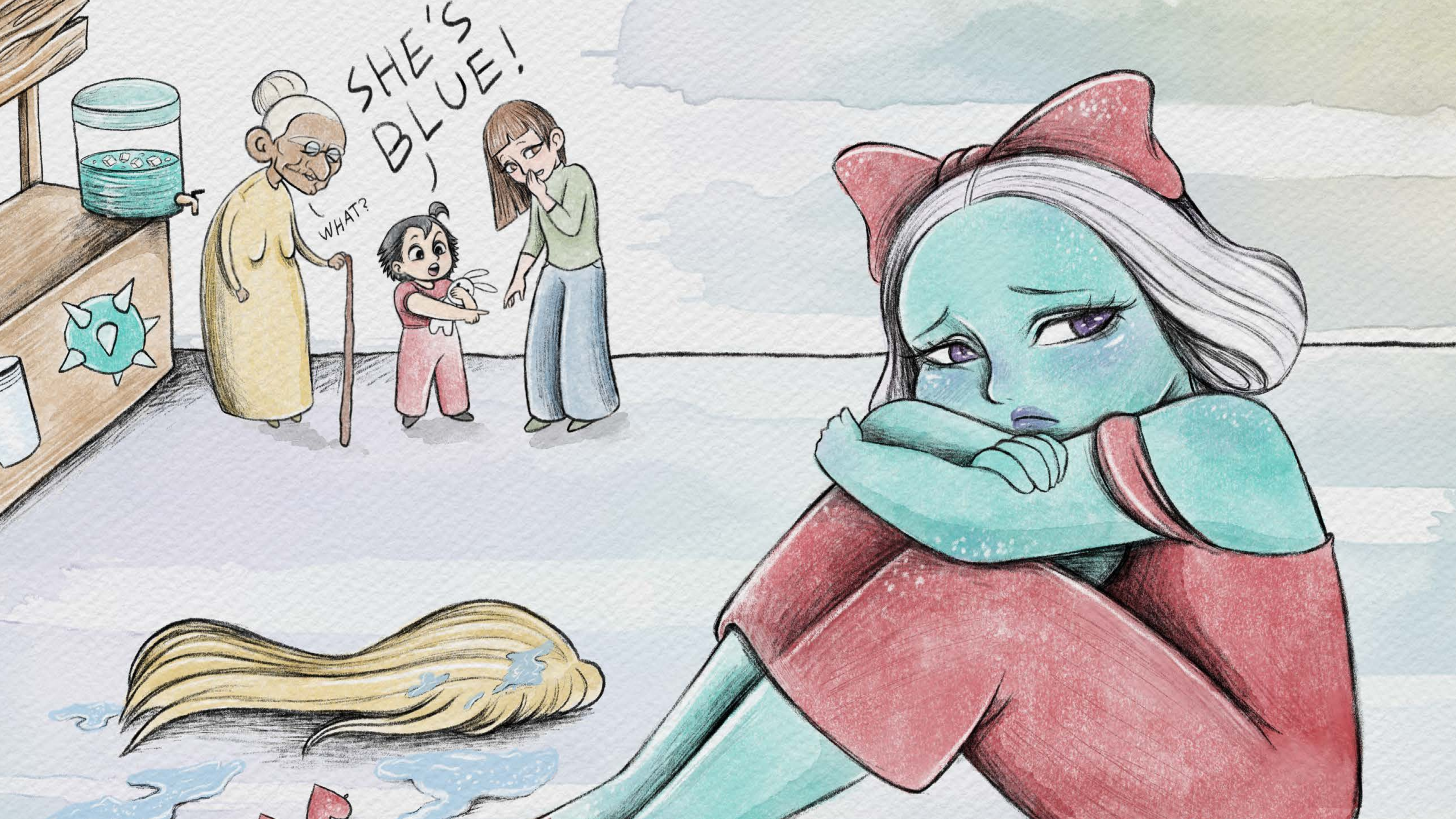
لكنها قبل ان تلتفت عائدة، لمحت من بعيد منزلاً مهجوراً حوله أعشاب ونباتات على الرغم من كونها نادرة للغاية، انتابها الفضول، فمشيت نحو هذا المنزل ببطء.







The second was known for her
long blonde hair.

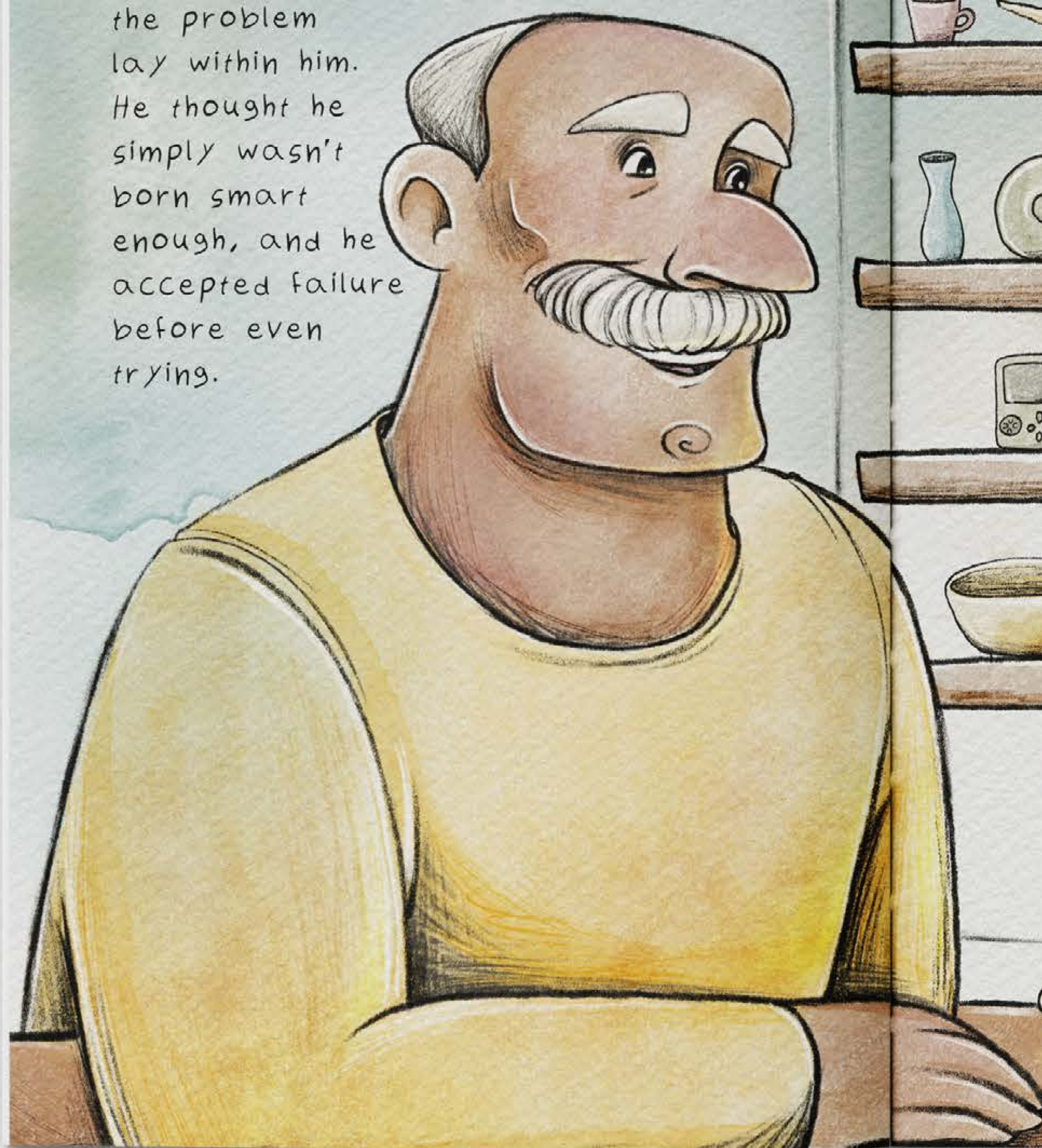




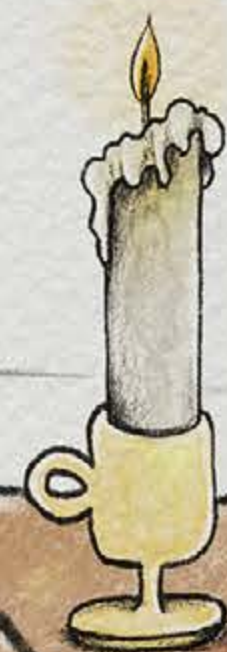
Linik thought it was all over.
She believed she would never
be accepted in this community
because she was different.



He believed
the problem
lay within him.
He thought he
simply wasn't
born smart
enough, and he
accepted failure
before even
trying.



One day, while
visiting a junk shop
in his town, Stefan
searched among the
shelves for a long
time until the shop
owner, Mr. Walter,
noticed him and
asked, "What are
you looking for,
little one?"



Once,

a little girl drew to feel less alone.
Now, she illustrates and writes so no child has
to feel that way again.

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Illustrator

English: Fluent

Author

Arabic: Native

Book Designer

German: B2



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my illustration portfolio

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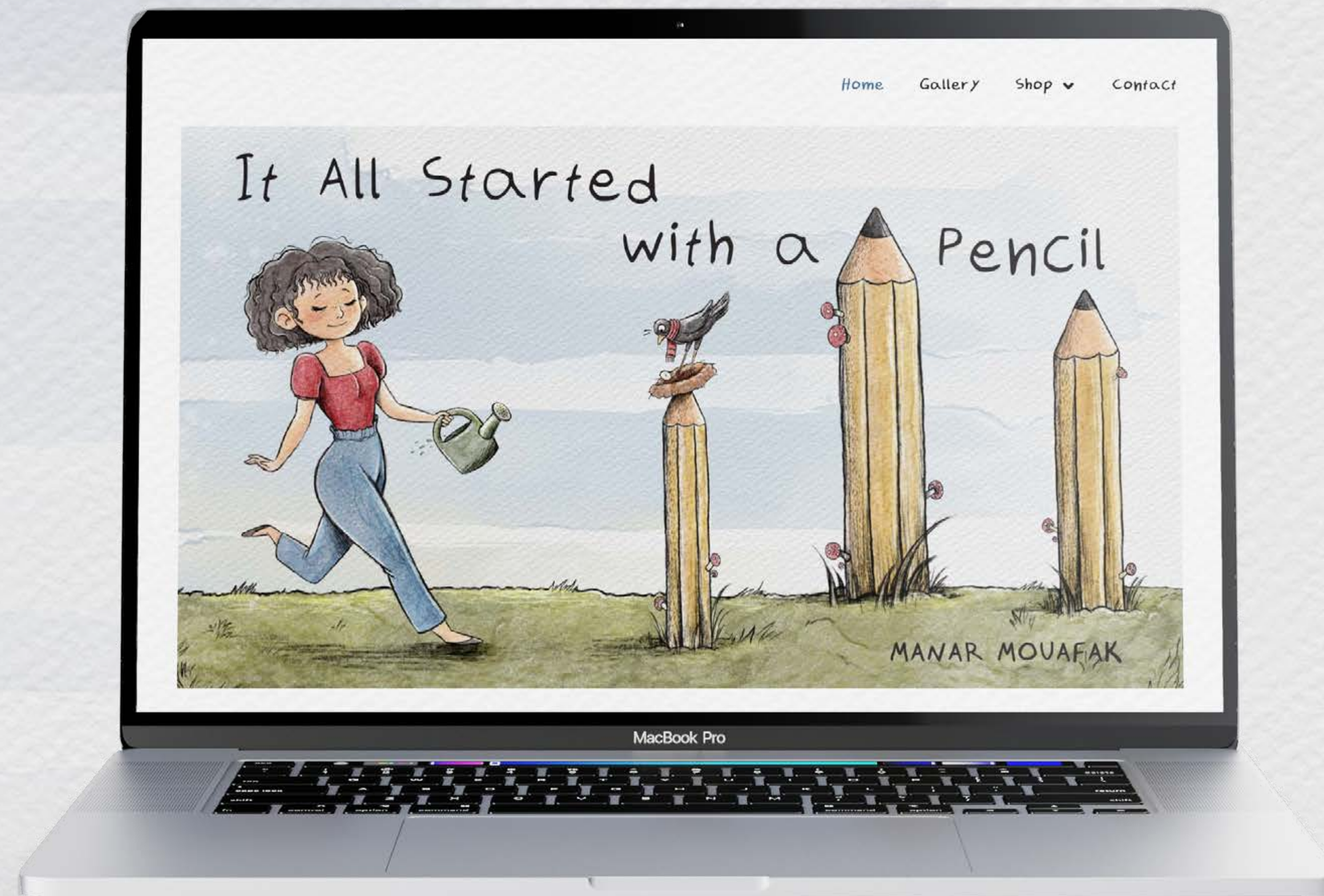
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Please note:

I collaborate exclusively with art or literary agents and publishing houses; I am unable to accept private commissions from individuals. My focus is illustrating children's stories for readers of every age group. Literary agents who would also like to review a writing sample are warmly invited to get in touch, I will be delighted to share excerpts from my completed manuscripts.

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 [youtube.com/@ManarMouafak](https://www.youtube.com/@ManarMouafak)

The End...

Or Is It?

Most stories end when the last word is told.

But this one, might just begin with your message.

Let's make magic together.

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See ya!

