

1: Two Minds - ScreamingViking - Final Fantasy VII [Archive of Our Own]

Both of the two have separate powers of reading minds and able to change where they are. At the wedding both the princess and prince are pulled to a land of which they never knew was there. They start on an exciting adventure where they don't know what will happen next.

Symphony of Two Minds Director: Valere Amirault Production Company: Mecanique Generale Benoit Berthe talks with Valere Amirault about experimenting with different methods of directing animation. What was your trigger for making this short film, Symphony of Two Minds? Trying to find a mix between totally different influences and making it work has always been a big passion of mine. This time I really wanted to experiment with a different style of direction, trying to find inspiration in a different kind of movie. More experimental ways of approaching dialogue scenes, camera motion or actor direction; most of the time we tend to rely on tropes that we know work, and that has to do with the way we produce these films. My idea was to find a different way to interpret the references we use in animation, bringing the random nature of traditional editing back. Doing animation is so much work that it usually leaves little room for experimentation with direction. In a live action movie there are buffers between what the screenwriter originally intended and the final result. There is a lot of randomness that comes into play so directors end up filming a lot more takes than they need. All those takes are then brought together and a new interpretation of the film is done during editing. Lots of famous scenes came out enriched from this process. Whereas in animation every shot is pretty much settled in early layout, so every cut and editing idea too subtle to make it on a storyboard usually gets thrown away. My approach was to skip the storyboard phase and skip directly to a 3D previs. I put a lot of emphasis on letting mistakes and randomness happen with my animation, stuff that you can reinterpret afterwards in a different manner. I then recorded myself saying different lines of dialogues, and at that point I could make actual editing again. Sometimes you find yourself using footage in a totally different way to what you intended. I really enjoyed that part of the process. It started as a much longer project about two people traveling through time, fleeing from a giant robot with an important focus on the seemingly unimportant scenes, the day-to-day part of the trip, the little gestures that make a relation between two characters feel real. At some point we did realize that such a project would be too big for the quality we were aiming for, so we decided to focus on one of the scenes and find out if that style would be working at all. We traded a more traditional short movie storytelling for a stronger statement in favor of a different feel of animation. Please tell us more about your background and what brought you to animation and CGI? I then worked abroad in London and New York for a couple of years before coming back to Paris. Mainly my work is to find an angle on a project and do previs from that, but I like to be involved in a lot of the different parts of the process, from animation to compositing. Are you already thinking of a new short film? For this short I went with a very high end 3D with lots of details. When you deal with so many technical details, you tend to lose focus of the movie as a whole. What I really want to do now is find a way to produce content much faster, so that I can try different approaches and get feedback.

2: NPR Choice page

Of Two Minds (Point Fantasy), books, textbooks, text book Compare book prices at online bookstores worldwide for the lowest price for new & used textbooks and discount books! 1 click to get great deals on cheap books, cheap textbooks & discount college textbooks on sale.

See the end of the work for notes. It was a beautiful January morning, and while Harry would have liked nothing to do but fly on the Quidditch grounds all day or spend time with Hermione and Ron in the common room, he had double Potions with the Slytherins and was in danger of not making it to the classroom in time. As he and Ron hurried through the corridors, turning corners quick and cursing Peeves for making their route an obstacle course, a snide voice behind Harry called out to him. Snape snatched the opportunity to deduct ten points apiece from their House, while letting Malfoy and his cronies slip into their seats without so much as a displeased remark. He rather felt the same way. Harry shrugged, extracting his book from his jumbled-up mess of a bag. Ron sheepishly put it away. Five points from Gryffindor for such a poor attempt. Ron seized the opportunity to vent his anger by soundly bashing Snape and his methods as they made their way to the Great Hall for an early lunch. He did what he had gone there for, and was washing his hands at the sink, ignoring the grime on the corners of the mirror, when Malfoy and the other two stepped in. Harry grimaced at the sight of the three. His command was meant for Crabbe and Goyle, who left without complaint. He finished rinsing and drying his hands and attempted to leave quickly, not wanting to waste time insulting Malfoy when he could be insulting Snape with Ron, when Malfoy stepped into his way with a smirk. Kissing trolls would be a step up from Parkinson, though. Harry was too startled to step back. There was a stunned silence. What the hell was that? Focus on things that actually matter, Harry told himself. Focus on how Malfoy was an utter idiot for making a mountain out of the Buckbeak molehill. Their classmates were staring and listening to every word of this unusually civil exchange. Harry turned away from him, suddenly sickened by the fact that he both abhorred Malfoy and felt attracted to him. Harry was taken aback; he had expected a jibe from the outset. This your idea of a compliment? Hermione frowned with Harry. Once Ron got past the initial astonishment, he said, "I reckon someone jinxed him as a prank, and now he goes around saying halfway-nice things to all the people that hate him. Must be killing him to do it, did you see his face as he left? He, of course, got the troll reference - which is why, later in the day, he entered the same bathroom as last time and found Malfoy waiting for him. It was empty as before. And why did you kiss me that day? Have you forgotten that you hate me? Despite all his feelings of intense discomfort, he was the one that initiated the kiss this time. It went beyond a peck he recollected soon afterwards that saliva was involved, but was equally embarrassing. He wanted to forget this moment and relive it at the same time. He was torn, confused. Harry wanted to hit himself. He was disgusted with himself. This was the boy who, last year, had called his best friend a slur, who had laughed cruelly with his teammates when his other best friend had started vomiting slugs. This was the boy who had no qualms about calling Hagrid an oaf and ruining things for him, who disrespected Professor Dumbledore and sucked up to Snape. How could he have done this? He was soon going to perfect it - the ignoring act. Fourth year, and the Triwizard Tournament began. Harry did really loathe Malfoy, especially after he tried to attack Harry from behind and was subsequently Transfigured into a ferret by Professor Moody. Malfoy kept his distance after that. However, he sometimes caught himself wondering if Malfoy remembered that they kissed twice last year. He caught himself looking out for the next troll reference Malfoy would make in his daily insults, if any. He took a step toward him as if to physically attack Malfoy. Malfoy stepped forward, too. To an outsider, it looked as if they were staring each other down. They were both aware that teachers and everyone else in the Great Hall had trained their gazes on them. They had to be careful. They both turned away from each other without another word. Hermione asked him, later, as she and Harry settled into comfortable seats in the Gryffindor common room, what he had said to Malfoy that made him smile like that, complacent, self-satisfied. Hermione remained suspicious who would be happy at getting told something like that? The urge was too great to resist. That night, once he was sure everyone in his dormitory was asleep, he put on his Invisibility Cloak and snuck to The Bathroom. That was what he was going to call it. He pulled the

Cloak off once he was inside, and waited. He decided not to wait any longer. It almost felt like a betrayal, Malfoy not turning up. Not that this was any sort of commitment, of course. He did, however, extinguish his wand and tread carefully, ensuring his footsteps were too light to be heard. After all your righteousness last year, here you are, begging for the touch of my lips and willing to wait for hours for me. Touch of my lips. No one used phrases like that, except pompous git like Malfoy. Malfoy raised an eyebrow. This was fun, bye. There was no innocence in these kisses; these were no chaste pecks. It seemed like Malfoy had brushed up on his knowledge of kissing over the summer, and perhaps in Hogwarts, too meanwhile, Harry had remained ignorant. He had, in plain words, taken things a step further. Harry was not an abysmal kisser, and he felt Draco shiver every now and then not from the cold. Then, it registered in his brain - he had begun calling Malfoy Draco. He stopped at once. They separated for a second time. Harry looked at him. He looked different in wand light than he did in sunlight. As if he was a different person. That was not the reason, however, that he refused to acknowledge Malfoy in the train, not rising to any of his usual childish baits. It was a pointless exercise; he was cornered by Malfoy in the train restroom on the day the train left for Hogwarts. Malfoy looked taken aback. There was a silence thick between them. He waited for them to turn up in the compartment he was sitting in with Luna Lovegood and Neville, and then went with them to find an empty one. Thankfully, they found a deserted compartment. Ron laughed, but Hermione looked as if she had her worst fears confirmed. Ron took one look at her face and stopped laughing. They listened silently and with trepidation as Harry told them how it had begun, and how they had been meeting in a certain alcove behind a tapestry for many months. Then, he told them of the exchange that had occurred in the train. He never stopped being an arse to all of us while he was He should have known Snape would find out, though. Snape glared at him. You will not react to him, you will not go near him. Snape said, "You are dismissed," in the most contemptuous tone he could use, and left the room in a whirl of robes. Harry knew he had gone to find Malfoy and berate him. He reluctantly got up, not wanting to return to Gryffindor Tower and relate the events to his friends. He wandered around the castle instead, for hours and hours avoiding Peeves and his traps expertly. He simply shrugged and turned to leave, inserting a hand inside his robes and clutching his wand in case Malfoy decided to dishonourably attack him like last year. Harry did not want to break into a run, but he did, feeling quite stupid as he started jogging away from Malfoy, who probably was laughing even then. He breathed a sigh of relief - The prat was lurking with a Disillusionment Charm on himself. Malfoy grabbed hold of him and pushed him into the very niche he had come out from, tapping himself on his head with his wand to remove the charm. Trying to kill him with a single stare.

3: Fantasy News, Player Stats, Rumors and Rankings - www.enganchecubano.com

www.enganchecubano.com: Of Two Minds (Point Fantasy) () by Carol Matas; Perry Nodelman and a great selection of similar New, Used and Collectible Books available now at great prices.

It was just a hint of something foreign, brushing the edge of his mind. He had noticed it a while ago and brushed it off as a delusion, or exhaustion. It would go away. She might not believe him about this either, even though he was six years old now. It just sat, distant and quiet in the corner of his mind. Weeks passed and nothing changed, so he stopped paying attention to it. He said nothing when Hojo asked if he had anything to report after giving him a new type of Mako bath. He lay on his thin mattress afterwards and found it difficult to breathe. It felt like he had a heavy weight on his chest. He put two fingers on his wrist and counted his pulse. Hojo must have gotten the solution for the Mako bath wrong after all. Perhaps he was dying. That would certainly show Hojo, he thought idly. Spiting Hojo was the most exciting aspect of the situation. He closed his eyes and let out a stuttering breath. The presence in his mind jolted. It sighed around his mind, just on the edge of hearing. It sighed through his thoughts again, stronger this time, insistent. Willing him to get up, do something about it. He sighed aloud in response. Or it felt like it did. Sucking in a hoarse breath, he slid off the bed and staggered to the locked door. He let his head fall against it with a thud. Then he raised his hand and knocked, loud and insistent. He kept going until a guard noticed. The guard fetched Hojo, and the presence subsided. Brandy sat slumped against a wall and felt like crying. It was too hot and her head felt like it was stuffed with wool. Her vision kept going black and blurry. Brett and his friends had chased her out of the shade by the fish and chip shop. It was so hot it gone all the way round and felt cold again. She knew that was bad, because, because— She swore, and sniffled, whipping her nose on her sleeve. She did know what to do, damnit. The heat stung on her sunburnt face. She needed to get cold. The ocean was cold, she could go sit in it. The ocean was in the sun, her hazy mind supplied. Panic climbed up her throat and made her gulp air. Something foreign jostled in the back of her mind. It spread out, overriding the panic and static of her addled mind. Her vision was hazy, but she did know where she was. She was in the alley behind the Pho place on King street. There was a library a block away. They gave away free bottles of water this time of year. In the forced silence of her mind, she knew she might pass out before she got there. If she was on the main street at least someone might call an ambulance. The hospital would probably try to send her back to the foster home, but that was a problem for later. It was still a better option than dying of heatstroke alone in an alleyway. She staggered to her feet and began the trek. Her legs collapsed out from under her. She was going to bloody well make it. It was years before Sephiroth heard the word Soulmate. Not long after they appeared he started having different dreams. Dreams where he was out under a big blue sky, somewhere completely flat. It was always hot and dusty there. Empty and dusty, stretching away forever. He suspected this was where they lived, and felt his hypothesis had been verified when one day, without warning, he found himself seeing a tiny dirty street and feeling too hot. He tried focusing on one, and then the other, and found he could easily distinguish the two sights. He felt—stretched out somehow. Was he a distant presence in their mind too? He liked that idea. Was he supposed to tell them to survive? He tried speaking, squinting his eyes and pushing thoughts at the second set of images, at the humming little connection point. The view changed, they were walking somewhere. The ground was further away than he expected. They must be tall. He tried to take in as much as possible for further analysis later. A building came into view and then the picture drifted away and the sensation of being stretched subsided. He spent the next week pouring over every detail he could remember. It was difficult to reach any concrete conclusions because all the evidence were vague feelings. He smiled a very unscientific smile. He suspected he had been helping his secret friend the way they had helped him. But he must have done something, because they started acting after he felt the connection. He was their secret friend too. It was entirely by accident he learned that there was already a name for the phenomenon. Two of the lab assistants were gossiping at their desks. The nice lady looked upset. Sephiroth suspected this was about sex. It usually was when adults touched each other. Hojo had explained the mechanics of the biological imperative. They could be practising sword fighting as a hobby. Was that what his secret friend was? They were in his

head, and he supposed in a sense he could say they were a part of him. A mate for his soul? It was a little disappointing that other people had their own secret friends too. But it sounded like not everyone got one. He was glad he did. He was glad he had the one he did, out under that big blue sky somewhere. Brandy had refused to believe she had a soulmate for as long as possible. She refused to believe they even existed. She insisted to herself it had just been desperation and heatstroke. The dreams of white lab coats and needles were just weird dreams, nothing unusual there. And they could be really bloody weird sometimes, with what looked like cage fights against warped monsters. It was a bit harder to deny when she had the dreams while awake. There were a hell of a lot of needles, and green gloop inside them. Sometimes all she saw was a sea of green gloop like they were swimming in it. Whoever was on the other end must have been some sickly kid in hospital, tripping on medication. She had never trusted the idea of it. To Brandy it just sounded like a bad excuse for never having any kindness of her own.

4: Supergirl Season 3 'Of Two Minds' Review - Sci-fi and Fantasy Network

Of Two Minds (Point Fantasy) by Carol Matas, Perry Nodelman. Scholastic Paperbacks. Paperback. GOOD. Spine creases, wear to binding and pages from reading. May contain limited notes, underlining or highlighting that does affect the text.

The Fantasy of "Balanced Returns" Funding Retirement August 8, Consider how a "balanced portfolio" yielding "balanced returns" worked out for middle class retirees in Venezuela. The fantasy that a "balanced portfolio" yielding "balanced returns" will fund a stable retirement for decades to come is widely accepted as a sure thing: This fantasy is based on the belief that yields will exceed real inflation for decades to come. What few dare ask is: Analysts such as John Hussman have been pointing out that historically, eras of outsized returns such as the past decade are followed by eras of low or even negative returns. So assuming a "balanced portfolio" of corporate and sovereign bonds, growth stocks, index funds, etc. In a few years, the fund will lose half its value. What happens if the current "everything" asset bubble pops, and inflation starts running away from policy makers? Higher rates destroy the value of existing bonds and they strangle speculation and debt-dependent projects and spending. Higher rates means corporations, governments and households must pay more each month in interest, leaving less income for spending and investment. Unfortunately, the global economy is largely dependent on rapidly expanding debt for its survival. As this chart shows, the tiny reduction in debt expansion in very nearly collapsed the global financial system. Never mind what asset mix is considered "balanced"-- bubbles pop, and when the "everything" bubble pops, it means stocks, bonds and real estate will all experience significant declines, and if history is any guide catastrophic declines in some asset classes. That central banks and governments can create endless mountains of new money to fund soaring obligations without triggering a decline in purchasing power is also a fantasy. The grim reality is printing trillions and pumping that newly issued currency into a stagnant, dysfunctional economy reduces the purchasing power of the currency, i. The consequences of systemic sclerosis are non-linear, meaning they pile up unseen until the major organs give out and the apparently disease free individual collapses in a heap. Consider how a "balanced portfolio" yielding "balanced returns" worked out for middle class retirees in Venezuela: Your name and email remain confidential and will not be given to any other individual, company or agency. Thank you, Bryant K. Thank you, Thomas V.

5: Of Two Minds (Minds, #1) by Carol Matas

The Fantasy of "Balanced Returns" Funding Retirement. August 8, Consider how a "balanced portfolio" yielding "balanced returns" worked out for middle class retirees in Venezuela.

Financial assets have been goosed to record highs in the everything bubble. Beneath the surface, the frantic goosing has planted seeds of financial crisis which have sprouted and are about to blossom with devastating effect. There are two related systems-level concepts which illuminate the coming crisis: The S-Curve illustrated below is visible in both natural and human systems. Linear means 1 unit of input yields 1 unit of output. Non-linear means 1 unit of input yields unit of output. In the first case, moving 1 unit of snow clears a modest path. In the second case, moving 1 unit of snow unleashes an avalanche. In a panic, former Fed chair Alan Greenspan pushed interest rates to historic lows to inflate another bubble, thus insuring the next bubble would manifest even greater non-linear devastation. Ten years after the Global Financial Meltdown, analysts are still trying to understand what happened. For example, the new book *Crashed: This is the nature of non-linear dynamics: The vast imbalances created by 10 years of unceasing goosing will unleash a non-linear avalanche of reversions to the mean and rapid unwinding of extremes. Consider the impact on hedges, a necessary function of the financial system. With shorting volatility being the one-size-fits-all hedge, the signaling value of volatility has been distorted. The same can be said of other measures: The interconnectedness of global markets means a small blaze in a distant market can quickly become a conflagration. Put these two together and you get a perfect setup for crisis and crash: Meanwhile, beneath the "best economy ever" the rot is accelerating. Desperate for yield in the near-zero yield world engineered by central banks, investors have piled into commercial real estate and overpaid for buildings as the bubbles in rents and valuations expanded in tandem. These owners are now trapped: Everyone signing a long-term lease today will be declaring bankruptcy in when the recession trims sales but leaves expenses unchanged. The current fantasy is that bubbles will never pop and recessions are a thing of the past; financial engineering can maintain bubbles and "growth" forever. Everything is distorted to the point that those wandering the hall of mirrors believe they know everything they need to know to continue reaping fat returns on capital.*

6: - Of Two Minds (Point Fantasy) by Perry. Nodelman

Find helpful customer reviews and review ratings for *Of Two Minds (Point Fantasy)* at www.enganchecubano.com Read honest and unbiased product reviews from our users.

And be prepared for an incredible adventure! Lenora has the ability to make whatever she imagines real. But she is strictly forbidden to do this by her parents and the laws of her land. Prince Coren has the ability to read minds. But everyone else can read his mind—meaning he can rarely keep his thoughts to himself. But Lenora has a better idea. She runs away—only to find Coren still by her side. Their thoughts and fates have intertwined. Together they must fight an evil tyrant and forge a future for themselves—with one spirit, and of two minds. Matas and Nodelman have themselves done a heroic job of melding their two voices to create a kaleidoscope of character, cultures, and events that offers both entertainment and enrichment to young readers. This novel is also available from Scholastic Books in their Point Fantasy series. More Minds Things sure are wrong, and Lenora wants to right them. The headstrong princess craves an adventure, and defeating the giant who has appeared up north would be a great one. The trouble is, no one will let her help. They want her to stay behind and plan her wedding to Prince Coren of Andilla, but Lenora has absolutely no use for color schemes or pew ribbons. Using the power to create whatever she imagines —an ability that all Gepethians have, but have agreed not to use—Lenora imagines a duplicate of herself a duplicate who cares about pew ribbons to stay at home, while she sets off on her mission. Quickly, Lenora realizes that the giant is just a symptom of a larger problem, and as she is joined by Coren and both of their duplicates, her adventure spirals out of control. For the headstrong Lenora, this means a new adventure. She and a reluctant Coren head into the Andillan countryside, where they come across the Skwoes, who have absolutely no imagination whatsoever. Whatever the source, the problems are getting worse: What is more, Lenora has been having a series of nightmares about the evil Hevak. Something has to be done before all of the people in two kingdoms are completely out of their minds. The inhabitants call it the city of Winnipeg. Lenora and Coren, however, have no idea where it is or why they are there. The Winnipeegers refuse to believe Lenora and Coren are who they say they are. Strangely enough, though, they have read about Lenora and Coren in a series of fantasy novels by the authors Carol M. But just who created whom, Lenora and Coren wonder. And how will they ever manage to escape this frightening city, worse than their worst nightmare, so that their long-awaited wedding can finally take place? Why We Wrote A Meeting of Minds In thinking about the imaginative powers of the people of Gepeth, it suddenly struck us that they could have imagined us. After all, the Gepethians have the power to make whatever they imagine real, so why not this entire world of ours, including the city of Winnipeg and everyone who lives there—including us? Lenora and Coren are figments of our imaginations—but we might also be figments of theirs. In A Meeting of Minds, that is exactly what happens. Lenora and Coren and the authors Carol M and Perry N come face to face, as Lenora and Coren find themselves stuck without their powers in the city of Winnipeg and unable to get out. And will Lenora and Coren ever manage to escape this frightening city, worse than their worst nightmares? To write to me, e-mail carol@carolmatas.com.

7: Charles Hugh Smith's Articles | Seeking Alpha

Of Two Minds Carol Matas, Author, Perry Nodelman, Joint Author *Point Fantasy* \$ (0p) ISBN More By and About This Author. OTHER BOOKS. *Sworn Enemies Fantasy*. *Food & Drink*.

8: Fantasy Football Week 3 Trade Values Chart rankings - www.enganchecubano.com

Two minds was one of my most favorite books as a "tween". It's a very unique read for the Young(er) Adult genre when it comes to theme. The story has a little bit of everything fantasy related thrown in to the mix, from "fairyfolk", giants, doppelgangers, mind reading even a type of psychokinesis and of course a dire end-of-the-world scenario.

OF TWO MINDS (POINT FANTASY) pdf

9: More Minds (Minds, #2) by Carol Matas

Point Fantasy. 27 books – 4 voters books I have. 23 books – 1 voter Of Two Minds, many years ago. I discovered that there was a sequel and decided I had to.

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