

1: MISSED LOVE RAGSAN (Part 2) LAST SHOT 5 EPILOGUE - Tellyupdates

And thus ends Pirate Land! NO MORE VOTING! THE POLL HAS ENDED ALREADY.

The four of them were in the army from the start and survived unscathed for almost three years until July . They were a close family, and in age too – Dorothy had been born in , twin boys Christopher and Noel in , twin girls Marjorie and May in , Bernard in and Aidan in . She and her sister Esme my grandmother were about to set off for Paris to be closer to Noel and prepare for the wedding, possibly under a special licence. She was buried in the family crypt at Bromsgrove, Worcestershire. Christopher remained in the Church after the war and he and his wife Beatrice had five children, three boys and two girls. He returned to Oxford where he and Noel had been born and attended Magdalen College school, and later their University years as well, and he established St. Christopher became Bishop of Rochester in and later officiated at the marriage of my parents. Bernard, the third son, became a leading ophthalmic surgeon in Liverpool and stayed on as the medical officer for the Liverpool Scottish in the Territorial Army. When the Second World War broke out Bernard was offered a post supervising all ophthalmic work in the Middle East with the rank of Colonel, but he was dissuaded from doing this because of the need for services at home. Sadly, in July , he was driving back from London with an RAF man, and was killed when he overturned his car near Warwick. Her husband lived until he was 90, but even he was outlived by his sisters-in-law, Marjorie and May. Marjorie carried on from her Red Cross work at the Worcestershire hospital run by her Aunt Frances Lady Chavasse, my great grandmother , in addition to helping both her parents, by having a successful career with Dr. Serving as a nurse in both the First and Second World Wars, and in between, May notched up no less than nine medals. Marjorie and May celebrated their hundredth birthday in and while Noel and his twin brother were remarkable for their efforts, their younger twin sisters also made a huge contribution, and were recipients of a rare double telegram from Her Majesty The Queen. Marjorie passed away peacefully at Windsor the following year, and May at Gerrards Cross in , aged . Poor Arthur, my great uncle and another Chavasse doctor, died at Le Havre in . Great aunt Gwen Chavasse married Alfred Holder before the Great War and they had two girls, who both married, and three boys, one of whom died young and another aged just 22 in the Second World War. She was to outlive grandfather Quinney by nearly twenty years, dying in at the age of . They had three boys – my uncle John, now in his nineties, late uncle Robin and my father Jeremy Chavasse Alden Quinney, who died aged 76 in . With his first wife, Diana, they had Lucinda and Rosanagh, with me, Gavin Charles Chavasse Quinney, sandwiched in the middle, and then with my stepmother Geraldine, my father had two more girls, Anabelle and Emily. This is sent to friends on our mailing list.

2: Centenary commemoration for Captain Noel Chavasse, double VC – Part Five. Epilogue. | Gavin Quir

The introduction to High School Mathematics at Work begins by asserting that today's world provides rich and compelling examples of mathematical ideas in everyday and workplace settings.

The Thoughts of a Father: I kind of wish I had continued for another six months or so because so many wonderful things happened in that time period. As I look back, the reason I think I stopped writing is because once Brian came home, our lives became consumed with learning how to care for him and the lifestyle changes that come with the needs of a quadriplegic son. Brian came home in a wheelchair, a manual one that was loaned to us by Magee until Brian got his own chair. As it turns out we made the right decision. Brian never needed the power chair. When it came time to order this manual wheelchair, Brian had his choice of colors. Of course, in keeping with his personality, Brian ordered a special lime green, almost fluorescent colored one, with all the coolest stuff. It really was impressive looking when it arrived. It looked fast, which is why I think Brian liked it. Brian would go there sometimes five days a week. They had an arrangement for drivers – mostly retired men – who would come to our house every morning, pick Brian up and bring him back home after a day of therapy. It was wonderful, because so many good things happened during his time at Riverfront. He had a lot of occupational therapy there – learning how to write, type, pick things up and hold things like a cup or a pen. Brian never regained the full use of his hands, but he has learned to adapt and can type faster than me and his handwriting is probably still better than mine! Early walking on his own, Summer It was at Magee Riverfront that Brian really began to gain the muscle strength and the ability to walk using arm cuff crutches. By the time summer came around Brian was walking pretty well with those. It was a wonderful sight to behold, to see him walking, without the Arjo, without therapists working to move his legs, or holding him up with a belt. Through the summer we also had a teacher who came to our home and worked with Brian to help get him caught up on the big chunk of his junior year of high school that he had missed. He found out pretty quickly that he had a lot of work to do to get caught up, but he was eventually able to accomplish all the needed make-up work. The summer flew by and before you know it, his senior year began. I watched him walk into the building then I went inside to take a few photos of him heading down the hall. He was back to being a normal school kid again. He had to leave his classes a few minutes early in order to get to the next class on time. But other than that, he was just one of the guys again. The school year was far from normal, though. One of the highlights was that Brian was elected homecoming king during the Fall semester. No one thought twice about the fact that it took much longer than normal to make that trek. Those spectators, along with all our family, were much more focused on the beautiful sight of seeing this young man upright and putting one foot in front of the other – on his own. Entire text of the article is here: The staff there helped Brian to continue to work on both his strength and dexterity. At Good Shepherd he took part in actual road training in how to drive a car with hand controls. Brian breezed through that class in record time I think he was pretty motivated. Eventually we were able to get him his first vehicle with hand controls, a Jeep Cherokee. Now Brian truly was mobile. And he was a happy boy – no more relying on us to take him everywhere. And yes, just as she promised, our friend Betty did lead the standing ovation, and the thunderous applause. Again, no dry eyes in the house on that evening. When Brian came home to us in early May, , our housing situation was still a big question mark. We were living in a very, non-handicapped accessible, three-story Victorian house. The stair glide was a helpful temporary fix and the many work parties had helped to get our house in selling condition, but we were reluctant to put it on the market without a place to go. An amazing set of circumstances occurred that not only solved our housing problem, but was perhaps one of the most powerful examples of the countless ways a community came together to love and support our family. A realtor friend had made some contact with a gentleman not far from where we lived, who had several acres of wooded land that adjoined his property. After hearing our story he agreed to sell us a piece of that land – more than an acre and a half – for a significantly discounted price. A builder she also knew came to us with a plan for an accessible home with a first floor bedroom and bath for Brian that even included a deck outside his bedroom. And the builder said he would build the areas of the house dedicated to Brian, at cost!

Our existing home was sold. We moved into a brand new, Brian-accessible home just before the end of Both of our realtor friends who helped us on either end of the sale, did their work gratis. We praise the Lord for this wonderful provision. Brian is no longer living at home and we have since moved from that new home. But for over 5 years that house enabled Brian to have freedom of access and mobility and to continue to learn how to live a life of independence. Before his accident, Brian was never much of an artist, not necessarily because of a lack of talent, but he would never have the patience to sit still long enough to create something. A few years ago he came up with the idea for a way of painting that has become his signature style. He has been creating beautiful artwork using nothing but various colored Sharpie markers. The unique thing is how he uses those markers. No coloring, just dots. Here is an example of one of his first large paintings that now is matted and framed and hanging in our home. It was estimated there are over 50, dots that make up this painting. I know that must be true because he spent a good part of a several weeks working on this piece. I could fill pages upon pages with the adventures and episodes that have taken place in the life of my son Brian in the days since his release from the hospital in May, and finishing up high school in June, Brian has been back on a ski slope doing mono skiing, lived in Hawaii for over a year. He has played harmonica yes he taught himself to play with travelling blues bands and toured throughout the West in a band called Dot Nation where did that name come from? That was something he pretty much decided on his own. If you ever talk to Brian you can ask him about the creative way he chose to get rid of his crutches and at the same time make what he considered to be a symbolic statement. Suffice it to say that if you ever run into someone who was hiking in the bottom of the Grand Canyon and saw what they thought were flying silver sticks, it might actually have been something else altogether. Brian on a mono ski Oh, and that spiffy lime green wheelchair? It now sits collecting dust and spiderwebs in the garage. He is moving too fast on his feet now to be slowed down by a wheelchair. He is a musician, artist, world traveler, free spirit, and the last 10 years my son has lived and continues to live life to the fullest and is one of the most positive people I know. One thing I have never, ever seen Brian do in these 10 years is pity himself, or ask for pity from anyone else. In reality except for when looking for those good seats at a concert , Brian has never considered himself disabled, and neither do we. I remember those words I recorded in my journal when Brian watched a video at Magee of disabled people doing all kinds of things and he said it made him realize he could still do anything. He truly believes that and his life shows it. A couple years after his accident, Brian got a tattoo on his back at the base of his neck, which he designed. He is as full of life now as he was before February 19, , probably more so. Brian has never been defined byâ€”nor limited byâ€”his disabilities. Here is the latest photo. Yes those gray things behind him are alligators. I count at least 10 of them. What is he doing there? Hopefully staying far enough from the alligators. They can definitely run faster than he does! Where he is currently residing, he has intermittent cell phone connections so I only talk to him sporadically. I called him some time ago and asked his permission to write up this story. He was very excited about this project. He is too busy living to have a Facebook account but if you would like to send him an email it is brian. You may not get an answer right away. If you do, tell him Dad says to call home. What have I personally learned from this experience with my son? Everyone in our family has learned so many things there is not space here to recount all the lessons. Let me say the one thing I have learned, as a person of faith, is that God does indeed do miracles, but not always the same miracles in everyone or in the same time or the same fashion. Quite frankly, I think we are all miracles in many ways. But Brian realizes and so do we, that his situation is not always replicated. Many spinal cord injured persons do not walk again. Many remain in a wheelchair but still have active, full, wonderful, positive, hopeful lives. That in itself may be a miracle. I met many of those miracles at Magee Rehabilitation Hospital. People prayed for me and I am walking.

3: The Thoughts of a Father: my journal from 10 years ago . . .Part 5 Epilogue | dave delozier

Part Eight may have explained some of the events that happened in part seven, but it introduced some new ones to take their place. In the beginning, Rudy's family was playing dominoes, and I noticed that dominoes are on the cover of the book.

After gathering the greatest of the treasures from the dungeon as well as the bodies of the two wizards, Kalbe and Mitt, the band returned to their quarters in the dungeons of the War Tower. That evening the band disposed of the bodies of the two wizards with the same method they had used for the other wizards – by dropping them into the river of lava. They then told their henchmen and the dwarves about their latest battles and exploits as they celebrated their victory with food and drink. The following day, the band gathered their most recently acquired treasures and they and their henchmen returned to the City of Greyhawk. After checking up on things in town, most notably their pawn shop, they made their way back to their house where they then presumably entered the sewers below and passed through the portal there, entering the realm of Prism Keep and their home. It is also presumed that they would have spent some time there, dividing up their spoils, attending to other matters there and perhaps even spending some time there to study and train. All of this, however, is only presumption, because the fact of the matter is: They simply vanished mysteriously and never again returned to the city or its surroundings so far as is known. It was a complete mystery, that is, to the general population of Greyhawk. But research, coupled with a number of divination spells, has revealed to a handful of scholars such as myself, a very plausible explanation: It is quite likely then that the two of them returned to seek out the assistance of their lich ally who still resided somewhere beneath the city. Now, one might think that this would only be a minor or temporary setback for the band, since one would assume that the band had some means of solving this problem – for example a wish spell from a ring of wishes to restore the gateway. But for some unknown reason, this did not happen. Whether the band was prevented from returning or simply chose not to return remains a mystery. The dwarves continued to mine the mines in the dungeons of the War Tower for many months afterward – but having no one to give the gold to they kept it for themselves. And there were several places in the dungeons of the Power Tower they had yet to explore, not to mention the gold dragon that could make magic items and all the other fountains and rooms there that could continue to be of use. And then, of course, there was the Tower of Zagig. Who knew what wonders might have been found within that dungeon? But for whatever reason, these things would be left for someone else to try and discover. As for what likely did happen to the Company of the Green Dragon, I would like to think that after having made several failed attempts at returning to Greyhawk, they eventually turned their attention to the realm of Prism Keep and the Kingdom of Kelant over which the keep hovered in the sky. With as much power as these young men possessed, they could have easily carved out a kingdom or two of their own and ruled there for the rest of their lives. And as for what happened soon afterwards in Greyhawk; well that is a tale or two for another time. But there is little doubt that the city could have used the assistance of the Company of the Green Dragon.

4: MISSED LOVE RAGSAN (Part 2) LAST SHOT 5 EPILOGUE - Telly Updates

Graceland - The Letter Part Five - Final Chapter - Epilogue AU! Set after Mike is stabbed in 'Smoke Alarm', the end with Briggs and Juan did not happen. Mike leaves Graceland after writing a letter explaining what happened with Juan.

He was looking at himself in mirror, dressed in a blue uniform, with an X shaped sash. Bright Blade was currently trying to hook the other end of the sash so that it could form an X, but was having a little trouble using his telekinesis, probably due to the fact that he was shaking like a leaf. "What happens if I trip in the middle of the ceremony, or I accidentally bust open the palace roof," asked Bright Blade panicked. Shining Armor shook his head and went over to see who was at the door. When he opened it the unicorn stallion was relieved to see somepony who could probably snap Bright Blade out of his nervousness. Her BBBFF pointed to the ceiling as he let her walk in, Twilight gave a slightly annoyed sigh as she saw Bright Blade hanging upside down on the ceiling, flapping his wings quickly to keep himself glued up there. Shining Armor and Twilight deadpanned upon hearing the lame attempt at a joke. Twilight then used her telekinesis to completely immobilize Bright Blade; she then levitated the young stallion all the way down to ground level. After a couple of minutes of Bright Blade gathering his courage, the ponies began their trot. The three of them were walking through a hallway, rows of large windows let the warm sunlight in as they passed through them. The entire hall echoed with their hoofsteps, making the already nervous Bright Blade even more nervous. It was then that the white unicorn stallion was struck with an idea. "Which one of them caught your fancy," asked Shining Armor. At this both Twilight and Bright Blade stopped in their tracks, both with blushing faces. The lavender mare only sashayed away, her tail swinging from side to side in a playful way. The whole time she wore a devious smile. Shining Armor looked down to the young alicorn, who was in the process of trying to say something but could not find the right words to plead his case to the strong, blue maned unicorn. Serious words to discuss. Confetti was floated down from the many pegasi that flew through the air, the Canterlot citizens lined the sidewalks as they cheered and stamped their hooves in celebration. Just then, from around the corner, came a chariot pulled by two strong Royal Guard stallions. Riding within the chariot was Twilight Sparkle and Bright Blade, the two of them waving their hooves to the roaring crowd of earth ponies, unicorns, and pegasi alike. Some threw confetti from the crowds, others from the shops and buildings nearby. As the chariot containing Twilight and Bright made its around another corner, a second chariot appeared. Inside was Rarity and Spike, they gave a nod to Twilight and Bright as they rode passed and followed after them. In the sky two other chariots zoomed low and over the two chariots on the ground, joining the procession. The pony citizens cheered as the full team, the Elements of Harmony, were now all assembled, making their way towards the Canterlot Palace. Along the way they two other chariots joined them. The first one was sky chariot, inside was the Captain of the Guard, Shining Armor, and his wife, the beautiful alicorn of love, Princess Mi Amore Cadenza or Cadance for short. Inside this chariot were Sweetie Belle, Apple Bloom, and Scootaloo, each one dressed in a cute little dress. Once all six chariots arrived at the front of the palace, the occupants disembarked and began trotting through the grand halls of the palace. There were just as many ponies inside as there were outside. Hanging from the ceiling were banners, each one displaying the cutie mark of the seven ponies who were now present. A six pointed star, a sword and halo, a rainbow lightning bolt, three red apples, three diamonds, three pink butterflies, and three balloons. The doors to the grand hall opened slowly inwards, revealing a crowd of finely dressed ponies. Further up ahead were Princess Celestia and Princess Luna, the group of thirteen continued to trot along as the other equines cheered them on. White and red rose petals gently floated down from above, their lovely scent filling the air of the room. Once all seven of the Elements of Harmony were near the throne they bowed. To their left was their family members and friends, Big Macintosh was there, with a giggling baby Clay on his back, along with Granny Smith who was watching the Cake twins. Spitfire and Soarin, along with Ballista and Broadside, were also among the group of family and friends. Shining Armor and Princess Cadance then separated from the Harmony bearers, joining the others. Once the music had ended, Princess Celestia flared her wings, signaling all assembled to lower their voices. The room quickly fell silent, as all seven of the Elements rose up from their bow. Bright

Blade skittishly separated from the group and trotted forward, keeping a two foot distance from the Princesses. With a deep sigh Bright Blade put on a strong, yet stern face. Shine your light upon the land! Let evils wrath be undone, mystic sword Excellion! The orb shot down to Bright Blade in the form of a lightning bolt. All the gathered ponies gasped; surprised by the phenomenon, but those who knew exactly what this was did not flinch. The lightning bolt stopped between Bright Blade and the Princesses, taking the form of the magical sword, Excellion. Princess Celestia and Princess Luna laid their horns on the guard of Excellion, closing their eyes as they did. Excellion shined, as if acknowledging the request of the two royal sisters. Celestia and Luna wrapped the sword in their telekinetic auras, raising the ancient weapon up and holding it between them. As soon as Bright Blade did so, it began. Princess Celestia and Luna looked to Bright Blade and smiled, to which he returned the smile, knowing what came next he took his place at the right side of Princess Celestia. Nervously, they obeyed, having an inkling of what was about to happen, but not quite sure if they were prepared mentally for what the Princesses were going to say. Now it is time we reward such achievements, for here we also bestow to you fine mares the title of Knight! Shining Armor gave a wink at Twilight as well as a nod to Bright Blade; Princess Cadance was beaming with happiness at the mare she once sat for. Big Macintosh and Granny Smith were equally as happy, with the old mare wiping a tear from her eye upon seeing her granddaughter receive such an illustrious title, baby Clay giggled and laughed, knocking his hooves together along with Pumpkin and Pound Cake, applauding their respective mothers. But it seemed that the festivities were far from over. The four walked up in the same fashion as the ones before them. The Princesses made a motion for the four of them to bow their heads. If it were possible for the crowds outside and inside to cheer any louder than they already were, it was done here today. The choir and horns started once again as the Princesses lead the entire team down the path between the crowds; they continued their walk until all of them were outside the palace doors. They waved to the numerous ponies that had gathered outside Canterlot Palace. Fireworks were going off left and right, painting very colorful images in the night sky. Apparently the unicorns in charge of the fireworks had gotten help, in how to prepare and maximize the effect of such wonderful explosions, from some silver maned unicorn. Unfortunately said unicorn had sadly disappeared before anypony else could ask who she was, but thankfully for them she had left behind some notes and instructions to answer any latent questions. Twilight was happy upon hearing this news, and wondered when she would see the no-named unicorn. She suddenly heard the approaching hoofsteps of somepony, Twilight turned her head and saw that it was Bright Blade, apparently looking worse for ware, with his head hung low. Twilight was only slightly worried, knowing exactly where the young alicorn stallion had come from. Did it not, Sir Bright Blade? The wind was cool but not cold, just the right temperature to keep everypony comfortable. The golden alicorn would occasionally glance over to Twilight, her profile made even more beautiful by the flashing lights of the fireworks. Just one more thing he was happy to see again. Bright quickly snapped out of his hypnosis and regained his composure. Rainbow Dash and Applejack raising that colt Clay, together! Big Mac and Fluttershy going out, as colt friend and filly friend! Bright Blade chuckled a bit as he returned his gaze out towards the party grounds below, and to the fireworks still blossoming in the air. It took me awhile, but I finally understand now. How much I care about you, how much I love you," said Twilight, her face blushing a bright red. Now, he finally knew, and he was overjoyed to hear this news. She then brought her forehead close to his, allowing their horns to cross. They both closed their eyes, the whistling and crackling of the fireworks became clearer to them, as well as the breathing of the other. Their horns started to glow with gold and purple auras, swirling together and mixing at the point of contact. All around the ponies looked up to the sky as the fireworks were reaching the climax, blasting off and canvassing the sky with their radiant colors and shapes made of light. This was the beginning of a new time for all of them, with changes great and small, and a future filled with hope for both the old and new generations. A brave new world! Join our Patreon to remove these adverts!

5: Part Five - Epilogue | Greyhawk: Gem of the Flanaess | Obsidian Portal

Video walkthrough of The Room. Recorded on my iPad 4. This is the fifth and final chapter: The Epilogue. Recorded using Display Recorder on iOS No audio in video, sorry about that. I.

Without theory there is no revolution. After seventy years of anti-state preaching, the Spanish anarchist movement, without understanding the real nature of power and the state, had come to a historical crossroads where it had to decide whether to advance by the revolutionary road, or collaborate with the bourgeois government of the Generalitat and the Republic in order to defeat fascism. The high level leaders of the CNT-FAI, left behind by the rank and file militants, felt dizzy before their incapacity to manage the victory of the workers insurrection. And they chose to collaborate. The revolutionary situation as it existed in July, characterized by power that was fragmented into hundreds of committees, was throttled by that institution of class collaboration known as the Central Committee of Antifascist Militias CCMA. There was no revolutionary vanguard capable of inspiring the further development of the revolution of the committees. No working class organization, neither the CNT-FAI, nor the POUM, proposed in July the revolutionary road of reinforcing, intensifying, extending, coordinating and centralizing the revolutionary committees that, in the streets of Barcelona and in many municipalities of Catalonia, already exercised all power. And the committees by themselves were not able to do so, either, because they would have had to resolutely confront their own leaders and organizations. In only two months this CCMA, with a predominant representation of the CNT-FAI, successfully weakened the multitude of revolutionary committees which had arisen everywhere, and reconstructed the state apparatus, which the CNT-FAI reinforced by accepting various official positions, first in the Catalanian government, and then a month later in the government of the Republic. The first decrees of the government of the Generalitat, reinforced with anarchist Ministers, ordered the militarization of the Militias and, naturally, the dissolution of the committees that nonetheless resisted their effective forced disappearance for several more months. May was therefore the necessary armed defeat of the proletariat required by the counterrevolution in order to finish off the least trace of the revolutionary threat. The revolutionary committees that had arisen in July were incomplete and imperfect institutions, incapable of transforming themselves into authentic institutions of working class power. They differed from workers councils which had arisen as institutions of workers power in the proletarian revolutions of Germany and Russia in the following respects: They were not institutions that were democratically elected by mass assemblies of rank and file workers and therefore independent of the trade union bureaucracies and the parties; 2. They were not unitary institutions of the working class, and were furthermore incapable of coordinating among themselves, in such a way as to create superior institutions that would centralize the power of the workers. After the victory of the revolutionary insurrection of July 19 two choices were possible: The government of Largo Caballero, despite its working class appearances, was based on the old state apparatus of the bourgeoisie and its purpose was to absorb all the revolutionary institutions and structures in order to gradually neutralize them until, once the bourgeois fraction of the government felt strong enough, they could be openly crushed. The trade unions, by their very nature, were not institutions of workers power. The committees were not yet such institutions of workers power. The committees were not councils and therefore proved to be incapable of coordinating among themselves, and of creating superior institutions capable of centralizing, unifying and creating a working class power that would confront the capitalist state. The irreplaceable and necessary mission of a revolutionary vanguard or party would have been precisely to impel the transformation of the committees into workers councils. This was the principal limitation and determining cause of the rapid degeneration of the revolutionary situation that existed in July, which made possible the sudden recovery of the bourgeois state apparatus. We must therefore make the distinction, as Josep Rebull did in the spring of, 1 with precision, rigor and clarity, between committees, 2 workers councils and trade unions. They were distinct working class institutions with different functions. The trade unions, during a revolutionary period, were supposed to be the economic institutions in control of production and distribution, that is, technical and administrative institutions. But they could not be, nor could they fulfill, functions of political

representation or institutions of working class power. The Councils are precisely those institutions of workers power that, due to their democratic election in assemblies, are independent of the trade union bureaucracies and the parties. The strengthening of the councils means that they will assume leadership functions in every locality, accelerating the decomposition of the capitalist system. They are therefore incompatible with the capitalist state, and their defense is irreconcilable with the parties that participate in the governments of the bourgeoisie. The seizure of power is based on the armed struggle and the destruction of the capitalist state, which is replaced with a government of Workers Councils. The function of a revolutionary vanguard is not to be a substitute for the working class in those functions that only pertain to the class itself: The function of this organization, in a revolutionary situation, is necessarily that of impelling the creation of the institutions of working class power, so that they can exercise their functions of workers power, and thus establish a dictatorship of the proletariat, incompatible with the capitalist state, and therefore without any political collaboration of any kind with the bourgeoisie. Insurrections, revolts or revolutions are almost always violent, but this violence by itself lacks significance. All the insurrections of the past show us that, although they were violent, this violence has always been overcome by the subsequent counterrevolution, which has massacred, imprisoned or deported its enemies on a mass scale, especially after the fighting has ended, when it had already obtained military victory: If the spirit of vengeance has played a certain role in working class insurrections, it has always been paid back with interest by the reaction. We need only consider the Kuomintang in or Francoist Spain. Working class insurrections have for their part been less bloody and ferocious than the anti-feudal peasant revolts, because the latter were the product of desperation. The destruction of property, or murders, which have taken place in some insurrections have generally been the spontaneous result of backwardness and desperation on the part of a lumpen sector that cannot escape from its poverty, or abolish oppression. Rebellions, revolts or insurrections, no matter how violent or socially radical they may be, cannot be defined as revolutionary if they are limited to attacking the local administrators of capitalism, and leave the capitalist economic and social system standing. Revolutions are always struggles for state power and lead to the attempt whether or not it is successful to seize state power by a group, a coalition or a class. The starting point of a proletarian revolution is the destruction of the bourgeois state. Therefore, in order to understand just what a revolution or an insurrection is, how it develops and what it seeks, we need to understand the nature of the state, and especially the nature of the capitalist state. What is the state? It is not the state, or political power, that creates the classes; it is the existence of a society that is divided into classes that creates the state, in order to defend all the privileges of the ruling class. We could find a thousand different definitions of the state. They can basically be reduced to just two, however. One, which is very broad, and that improperly speaks of the state as already existing in the first civilizations, with the development of major agricultural surpluses, of Mesopotamia and Egypt, and then Greece and Rome, we shall not use, as it is inadequate for the study of the capitalist society in which we live. This definition, in any event, requires that the state be defined according to the prevailing mode of production: The other definition, which is more specific, is the one that utilizes the current concept of the state, or the capitalist state, or the modern state, as an absolute sovereign power or as the sole power in each country, which is the one we shall use. What is the capitalist state? The modern, or capitalist, state, is a recent historical form of the political organization of society, which arose about five hundred years ago in a handful of countries, with the end of feudalism and the first manifestations of the system of capitalist production. The emergence of the capitalist state presupposed the disappearance of the feudal forms of political organization. The concept of the modern state is therefore quite recent and arises with the historical emergence of the system of capitalist production. It is the form of political organization that is proper for capitalism. In feudal society sovereignty was understood as a hierarchical relation that mediated a plurality of powers. The power of the King was based on the loyalty of the other seigniorial powers and these royal powers were furthermore alienable, that is, they could be sold or granted to the nobility: Sovereignty resided in a plurality of powers, which could be subordinated to one another or compete among themselves. In capitalist society, the state transforms sovereignty into a monopoly: The modern or capitalist state possesses the monopoly of political power, and as a result also lays claim to the monopoly on violence. Any challenge to the monopoly on violence is considered to be a crime and an attack

on capitalist law and order, and is therefore persecuted, punished and annihilated. In feudal society, social relations were based on personal dependence and privileges. In capitalist society, social relations can only exist between juridically free and equal individuals. This juridical freedom and equality not freedom and equality with regard to property is indispensable for the formation and existence of a proletariat that provides the cheap labor for the new manufacturers. The worker must be free, and he also must be free of all property, in order to be available and prepared to rent himself for a wage to the owner of the factory, a business or to the state itself. He must be free and lacking any bond to the land that he farms, any reserves for survival, and any property, in order to be driven by hunger, pauperization and misery to the new industrial concentrations where he can sell the only commodity that he possesses: These new social relations, particular to capitalism, correspond with a new political organization, unlike the feudal organization: In capitalism all individuals are theoretically juridically free and equal and no one is any longer subject to any kind of political dependence on the old form of feudal lords or the new owner of the factory. All political relations are monopolized by the state. In pre-capitalist modes of production the relations of production were also relations of domination. The slave was the property of his master, the serf was bound to the land that he worked or he was directly bound to a lord. This dependence has disappeared in capitalism. The modern state is therefore the product of the capitalist relations of production. The current state is the specific form of organization of political power in capitalist societies. There is a radical separation between the economic, the social and the political spheres. The modern state monopolizes power, violence and the political relations between individuals in the societies in which the capitalist mode of production prevails. The capitalist state has only recently emerged, about five hundred years ago, and it will disappear along with the capitalist relations of production. The capitalist state is thus not eternal; it has a very recent origin and will also come to an end. The political theory of the modern state was born in England in the 17th century, anticipating or justifying that historical process known as the Industrial Revolution, with Hobbes and Locke. Hobbes is not just the first theoretician, from the chronological point of view, but his works already express the present-day problematic of the modern state. From Plato to Machiavelli, pre-state political theory was characterized by its definition of political power and the community as something NATURAL, and by its identification of the civil community with the political community. After Hobbes, state political theory is characterized by its definition of the state as an ARTIFICIAL entity, its separation of the concepts of civil community civil society and political community the state and by its addressing the question of the reproduction of political power. The capitalist state arises from a contradiction, which was its origin and its reason for existence, between the theoretical defense of the common or general good, and the practical defense of the interests of a minority. The manifest contradiction between the illusion of defending the general interest and the real defense of the interests of the bourgeois class. The reason for existence of the current state is nothing but to guarantee the reproduction of the social relations of capitalist production. This fetishization of the modern state ALLOWS the capitalist social relations of production to appear to be mere economic relations, rather than relations based on coercion, at the same time that it also VEILS the oppressive character of state institutions. The necessary split between the public and the private is a necessary precondition of the capitalist relations of production, because only thus can they APPEAR to be free agreements between juridically free and equal individuals, in which violence, monopolized by the capitalist state, has disappeared from the stage. Essence and functions of the capitalist state It is the existence of a society divided into classes that creates the state, in order to defend all the privileges of the ruling class. Proletarian revolts and insurrections always reveal the class nature of the state and its essential repressive function. The capitalist state arises from this contradictory relation between its repressive essence and its apparent function as an arbiter. It attempts to conceal its repressive role, fulfilled as a guarantee of the rule of the bourgeois class by way of the monopoly on violence, at the same time that it seeks to appear to be the organizer of the consensus of civil society, which in turn legitimizes the modern state as a neutral arbiter. By this means the state also reinforces its ideological monopoly and obtains a more complete and disguised domination over civil society. The fundamental institutions of the state are the standing army and the bureaucracy. The tasks of the army are defense of the territorial frontiers against other states, imperialist conquests, to extend markets and obtain control over raw materials, and above all to serve as the ultimate

safeguard of the established order against working class subversion. The task of the bureaucracy is to administer all those functions that the bourgeoisie delegates to the state: The civil servant of the capitalist state, from the schoolteacher to the college professor, from the policeman to the cabinet minister, from the truck driver to the doctor all performed, or still perform, necessary functions for the normal operations of the affairs of the bourgeoisie; where they are detrimental to the latter, they are privatized, as has recently been taking place with regard to jails, police and the army in some countries. The capitalist state is therefore not a machine or a tool that can be used for opposite purposes: It is not a machine that can be conquered, nor can it be manipulated according to the whims of the machine operator. The proletariat cannot conquer the state, because the state is the political organization of capital: The proletariat must destroy the state because the state is the political organization of the economic exploitation of wage labor.

6: Game of Thrones: Vendetta Chapter 5: Part Five and Epilogue, a game of thrones fanfic | FanFiction

Part Five. Snafu's Notes: The final chapter of Vendetta. Everything comes full circle. Plus there is a major twist in the ending and in the Epilogue that no one will see coming.

Ainz sets his sights on the Slane Theocracy! What kind of battle will the Black Scripture put up? Rated T for violence
Rated: As the day progressed, the capital was still in major turmoil due to the mysterious monsters that had suddenly appeared and relayed such a grim message to the citizens. So far the guards had been successful in driving off the creatures but not in regaining full control of the city. In all districts there were signs of looting, murder, arson, and even live sacrifices of people who mated to appease the wrathful god that had come to their land. All the churches in the city were overcrowded as a large part of the citizens had turned to prayer in spite of everything else. It was a good thing that the Slane Theocracy had such a strong religious foundation or else the mayhem in the capital might be too much even for the local garrison to handle. By now a large portion of the citizens had abandoned their logic and reasoning and made way to the gate of the city in order to try and make a break for it. Even if the chances of surviving out there with the Sorcerer King were virtually nil, it was still a chance that many were willing to try and take solely out of desperation. As the soldiers and city guards were having their hands full with keeping the city under control, none but the lookouts and soldiers on the walls saw that just outside the city a group of peculiar individuals had appeared seemingly out of nowhere. Some of the members of this group looked somewhat normal whereas others had a bizarre appearance. The first part of the group was the most normal as it appeared to be a number of humans who wore a somewhat formal attire. They seemed to be extremely scared despite doing their best to keep this hidden from the rest. Amongst them stood a man with a plastered face as he looked towards the capital with anguish. His majesty had dictated he had become an intermediary for the Empire to communicate with the newly founded nation of Nazarick. On the other side of the group stood a man whose age was unclear but he gave off an ancient aura that suggested that a hundred winters had long since come and gone since he was born. In his hand he firmly gripped an intricately carved magic staff that he had been given by his new lord and which he treated as his greatest treasure. He, unlike his former friends from the Empire, looked towards the capital with great expectation and excitement as a mysterious light in his eyes glimmered ever so slightly. Behind Fluder stood his bodyguard, or rather his warden, a monstrous Death Knight who never ceased fixing his gaze on Fluder who stood but three steps away from him. Fluder stood on the opposite side of the group from where Rounel and the others from the Empire were. After all, he was now technically a traitor to the Empire; although he had been borrowed to the Tomb of Nazarick as a pretext, it was no secret to Rounel that Fluder had betrayed them since long before he had made his exit from the Empire. Even if he had become a pillar of the Empire in the process, he had never sworn to stay loyal to the Emperor even if it would obstruct his true path. But one could hardly expect the Empire to see it that way. Further behind him stood six beautiful figures, each a jewel in their own way. The Six Pleiades had naturally been summoned as well. Even further behind stood the lonesome figure of a punkish, thug like man with dark skin and shockingly yellow eyes. Lycan likewise had been summoned to this place by his lord, although probably not as punishment seeing as he was able to restrain himself from killing Zesshi when she was knocked out by Sebas. In the middle of the group stood the most prominent members as all the available Guardians had been gathered. Demiurge, Cocytus, Sebas, Shalltear, Mare and even Victim had all gathered along with some of their aides to come and witness what their lord would do with the remaining humans that were still trapped inside the human city. Not long after they had all gathered did another gate appear with Ainz stepping out of it as he radiated an incredible dark presence that made the weaker members of this group stand stiff from fear. Ainz looked towards the capital for a brief moment as everyone waited in silence for their Lord to speak out, and even Rounel and the others from the Empire would naturally never dare to interrupt the thoughts of someone as dangerous as Ainz. After awhile, Ainz finally turned around to greet the members of the group that had responded to his call as he began to speak in a most regal and authoritarian tone. After all, it is vital for strengthening the bond between our nations. Just once in our entire existence was there a deviation from my

plans that brought great horror and pain to my heart and caused the death of one of my subordinates. After extensive searching, we never did find out who caused that atrocity until today. Wiping out their main fighting force and leaving none but the citizens would have sufficed at first. They all knew that Ainz had the power to wipe humans out like one would step on an insect if he so wished, but to hear him say such things and to see him do it was another. At this time, he already had half a mind to make a run for it as pointless as it may seem. Collecting his thoughts, he finally made up his mind and managed to squeeze out an answer. As for the Kingdom, at this point they no longer have the strength to complain about anything that you would do. If anything, it was impressive that Rouné still managed to produce such a complete and eloquent answer at all. In every single one of those buildings, there were probably humans hiding, praying for salvation, holding their children closer as they cowered in fear and hoped for the storm to pass them. At this moment, Ainz felt a slight regret of his words, in a moment he would be committing a crime that would most likely mean that he tossed off the final remnants of his humanity. The massacre on Katze Plains was a demonstration of his power and an act of war and all the other immoral schemes he had pulled off in the past were all for the sake of Nazarick. There is still time for me to take back my words. All of it had brought Ainz no end of misery and at the end of it all He was still alone in this world. Secretly, he had hoped that he would finally meet another player. Even if he was hostile and his enemy, it would give Ainz peace to know that he is not alone in this strange world. But his hopes had been shattered. With that last wandering thought, Ainz "Let us begin! The formations and letters seemed to constantly change as to Rouné and his men it was hard to imagine what level of spell exactly this was. Since he called it super tier magic, it seemed like it was even higher than 10th, on the same level as the spell he used when he wiped out the army of Re-Estize. As the magic spell was preparing, not a single one of the spectators dared to say a word or interrupt Ainz as if they feared that the next target of his spells would be them. All of them could but look in awe or fear as the spell readied. After some time passed, the spell was finally ready and an air of satisfaction could be felt from Ainz as he spread out his arms towards the city and launched his spell. Inside the capital, mass panic ensued once more. Although chaos was still raging rampant, the army had been at least somewhat successful. But now the entire city had been thrown into chaos once more as pitch black clouds had appeared above the city. Rumors of the Sorcerer King being able to kill entire armies with a single spell had long since reached the capital, and not a single soul was unconvinced that these clouds were the first part of a spell that would wipe them all out. Finally, a thundering sound rang out from the clouds as something began to fall down upon the city. Screams could be heard from every part of the capital as many fled into their homes and began to cower under their beds or in their cellars praying to whatever they believed in at the moment in hopes of surviving the worst possible outcome. The only ones still on the streets were the knights, guards and paladins who were honor bound to stay and protect the citizens. As such, they were the only ones who saw what fell from the sky was none other than "Rain? What had fallen from the sky was indeed nothing more than rain. It began to steadily pour from the sky and into the city as many of the guards were beginning to get quite soaked from the unrelenting downpour. Not a single guard could understand what was going on here. They had been expecting some kind of monster to emerge from the skies or maybe they would be subjected to death just like the soldiers of the Kingdom had on Katze Plains, but instead it just began to rain. None of the soldiers had any idea why the Sorcerer King had decided to summon rain on top of them. It was an unpleasant feeling to have the water pour down upon oneself like it did, but it was hardly comparable to death. The guard captain who presided over guarding the main gate could but stare at the pitch-black sky and wonder what would happen next. To assume that this was ordinary rain would be foolish. Just as he was about to walk back to his private station to report the situation to the higher ups from the Windflower Scripture, he noticed that his steps felt heavier for some reason. Now that he thought about it, his entire body began to feel weird as a dizzy spell overcame him along with a sickening feeling in the stomach. Only now did the guard begin to notice that everyone around him was likewise feeling dizzy and sick as some already began to show signs of losing consciousness. Feeling that the sickness was getting worse, the guard captain bent over as he felt the urge to vomit rise up from within him. It was then that he finally began to understand the reason why he felt so weakened and ill. As the rain touched the ground of the capital, it caused a strange reaction as the earth and stone upon which the rain fell darkened in color and

seemed to almost rot away as the rain corrupted every patch of ground upon which it fell. As the ground darkened from the downpour, a strange green fog began to rise from the desecrated ground. Too late did the guards and knights realise that exposure to this fog was poisonous. Every one of them had been so fixed on the sky as they anticipated some kind of malicious attack to come from within the clouds, not realising that the true terror lay within the seemingly simple rain that poured from them. The effects of the fog began to show themselves as the soldiers and guards that had been exposed to its vapor began to fall to the ground like puppets with their strings cut. Many of them were either already unconscious or were in the process of vomiting blood as their intestines felt like they were bursting apart. All over the once bustling city now lay corpses of soldiers, priests, and other peacekeepers. Over at where Ainz and his group stood, Ainz has just finished explaining what was currently happening inside the city. It was already quite commendable for Roun and his group that they had not tried to flee in terror like the Imperial army had at Katze Plains. To think with just one spell the entire city has now become a hazardous zone where life cannot exist for a long period of time. Even he himself thought that it was marvellous how he managed to keep his cool, never mind the people behind him. Hearing his praise, Ainz gazed towards the city as he responded with a slight chuckle in his voice. If death by poison was only the beginning, then what on earth could be more devastating still? Inside the city at this moment, the streets were both almost completely deserted and yet there were sometimes dozens of corpses lying on the ground. As soon as the guards began to notice the effects, they barricaded themselves in their posts in hopes of surviving the poisonous fog. Most of them had already been sent away with the other five Archbishops and another part had been guarding the treasury until Ainz and his group came in and exterminated all of them. Despite all of this, there were still approximately fifty paladin guardians that had managed to shield themselves. As they walked mostly alone or in groups of two or three around the capital, they were all without exception at a loss of what to do next. The relatively best plan of action was to go either to the wall and observe both the city and its outside from a higher vantage point to get a grasp of the situation or go back to their headquarters in hopes of receiving orders on what to do. Even if they got a grasp of the situation, there was hardly something that they could do to change it. At this moment, if the enemy had an army of a thousand regular warriors, he could easily take this city down. And it was not like their superiors would have any plan to change it.

Read Part Five: Epilogue from the story RWBY: Bright Lights and Bumblebee (Yang/Blake) by Brightbriar (Briar) with 2, reads. whiterose, fanficfriday, blake.

Photo by Gerard Houghton. I had known Mike Borre since I was about five years old. Mike was always a little older and lot bigger than me. Everyone knew he would be a champ, even when he was six years old. Sure enough, he had a long career as a champion swimmer, locally, regionally, and nationally. Indeed, Mike lived a profound question. No one could have imagined that I would be conducting a dance research and documentation project in the Kingdom of Bhutan in the s, or that I would be compelled to investigate the dances associated with traditional healers. It was a coincidence that I met Mike again around this time, thanks to an encounter with his daughter—he had asked my help finding the best ballet school for her. He laughed and we embarked on a great friendship, marked by frank, fun conversations on difficult subjects. When the idea of bringing him to Bhutan to encounter healers as part of a Core of Culture dance fieldwork project sprang up—of course not knowing how that could happen or what the results would be—Mike and I had already established an ongoing conversation about life and dealing with illness. He was ready for the complete unknown, for sincere action and robust adventure. He would be the ritual test subject, the lab rat, the sacrificial victim, the supplicant. Mike was totally open to the complete unknown of it all, and it turned out to be quite exotic and magical. Seems like a subplot, next to the parade of traditional healers, holy men, and ritual adepts. The upshot was that Mike himself was one of the holy men, now suffering in this world of samsara, brought to Bhutan as part of some karmic fulfillment, one that gave him healing. Mike Borre arriving in Bhutan in From Core of Culture Who could have guessed another of our friends would end up quite successful and wealthy? When he was five years old, we all knew Jeff Costello would be successful and wealthy. But who could have guessed that, decades later, Jeff Costello would offer to underwrite all the expenses involved with bringing Mike to Bhutan with Core of Culture, for one month of fieldwork, meeting with, as it turned out, seven healers? A month later, he had no palsy, had shut off the pacemaker, and had stopped taking the pharmaceuticals. Four of the healers stated explicitly that Mike was formerly a high Buddhist master. Five healers caused the tremors to stop during the healing rites. All of the healers said that if they had encountered Mike earlier in his illness, they could have healed him more completely. I personally witnessed each healing session. We also otherwise documented what we were allowed to document. Photography pollutes the vibratory atmosphere needed for ritual efficacy. Rhythm is a functional element of each rite. Our chief photographer, Gerard Houghton, field director Karma Tshering, production assistant Longchula Dorji and his son, Pema, also witnessed the healing sessions involving Mike. Baba Tulku, who lived on a mountainside, offered to take Mike to see the mountain flowers in bloom. Bhutan is a botanical paradise, so this was a lovely offer for a foreign guest. Mike went alone with Baba Tulku. They returned many hours later. It seems mythic to say, but that was how it appeared: Whatever form the answer took, it consoled and enlightened him; indeed healed and transformed him. Mike looked like a different man by the time he left Bhutan. Baba Tulku and Mike Borre in Thimphu, From Core of Culture Baba Tulku had initiated Mike as a Buddhist, given him a name and a mantra, and offered his lifelong friendship and guidance. The tulku also gave Mike some kind of transmission from his lineage. Mike understood it as a kind of ordination and did not talk about it. Transmitted realities are the materia prima of spiritual lineages, what distinguishes one from another, and one reason that transmissions and initiations possess profound supra-rational significance. Three spiritual and energetic transmissions: He was visibly different in moments. Such was the case when Mike returned home that night with Baba Tulku. Baba Tulku not only gave Mike a transmission, he offered a lifelong connection with him as well. Indeed, opened his eyes to many lifetimes of connections. My parents were devout Catholics and attended Mass every day. My father liked to church-hop, visiting different churches in the area on different days. One day after Mass, an old man approached my father, also an old man: How nice to meet you. He and Jeff go way back. Some nice young men. Ura Lhakhang in the village of Ura, Bumthang. From Core of Culture See more.

8: Dancing, Healing, and Spiritual Realization, Part Five: Epilogue | Buddhistdoor

The Connector is the award-winning, editorially independent student news source for the Savannah College of Art and Design www.enganchecubano.com editorial content is decided by student editors.

Never with her friends. Finishing my first listen through of this album was meaningful to me; I had now listened to, I thought, everything Carly had released to that point. Little weird crazy person notes, yes, but the fact that I had heard it all felt big. I had chosen a task, and I had pursued it exhaustively. My backwards journey of Jepsen ended in Sour Candy, an openly and tearful bum-out about the end of a relationship, felt fitting. Tug Of War had put the last tile on the roof, the last nail in the coffin, the rubber stamp on my theories and conjecture. Why had I done this? Yes, fair point, Carly Rae Jepsen makes good ass music, but what were the notes? I took a look around a few albums. I broke down a Taylor Swift record. Then I tried Britney Spears. It was just Jepsen. This was her thing. Or something else, something darker than stupid. This had become meaningful to me. And surely there were bigger, more obsessive Jepsen fans than myself. Like there were people who woke up in the morning and put on Carly Rae Jepsen t-shirts. There were probably people who wrote her fan mail and tweeted her every day and commented on every Instagram picture and had listened to every song 10, times and gone out of their way to see her live. Not one of them had noticed? It was just me? A person who has only watched two Carly Rae Jepsen music videos? To me it seemed so obvious, but was there not one other person? And during the moment of silence that followed this line of thought, I typed a new question into google:

9: Epilogue Part Five - War in Equestria: The Tale of Bright Blade - Fimfiction

Read Part Five & Epilogue from the story Lemons & Lemonade by lazyakabookworm (www.enganchecubano.com) with 8, reads: indian, story, love. RK walks into Madhu's house an.

Page Share Cite Suggested Citation: High School Mathematics at Work: Essays and Examples for the Education of All Students. The National Academies Press. In short, workplace-based mathematics can be good mathematics for everyone. The volume goes on to explore opportunities and challenges posed by developments in the world outside of the classroom. Several points deserve mention and special emphasis. Because this document is part of a larger reform movement, some concerns must be addressed about the reform movement in general and also about the scope of the tasks in this volume. Once again, the tasks in this volume are not prescriptions for curriculum but examples that are intended to illuminate possibilities.

Mathematics Education Reform At the heart of some of the recent concerns about K education reform efforts are issues of subject matter content: Concerns have been raised, for example, that some proposed revisions of curricula omit important topics and place insufficient emphasis on technical proficiency to promote understanding. Furthermore, technical proficiency and depth of content coverage are not necessarily reduced by inclusion of workplace and everyday applications of mathematics. Of course, a necessary condition for such an outcome is that students have sufficient opportunity for mathematical closure—extracting and conceptualizing the mathematics underlying the problems.

The Scope of High School Mathematics By emphasizing connections between mathematics and workplace and everyday contexts, the mathematical content of this volume emphasizes some topics that have particularly striking, valuable, or widespread applications outside the classroom. High School Mathematics at Work flags places in hospitals, banks, homes, and other familiar settings where important mathematical ideas are used. Many of these settings employ techniques which depend upon and lead to aspects of algebraic, geometric, and functional reasoning that have been and will always be recognized as crucial elements of a high school education. A careful look at algebraic reasoning illustrates this point. Linear programming a subset of algebra, for example, has many beautiful, important, and time-tested applications. That is why many textbooks already contain problems on this subject. More generally, algebraic reasoning is often addressed in High School Mathematics at Work through spreadsheets rules for combining the entries of certain cells to produce the quantity that goes into another cell are just algebra in a new form. That some aspects of classical algebra do not appear more explicitly in High School Mathematics at Work should not be taken as a statement about their mathematical or practical value. Students heading to technical careers of any sort should understand how to use and interpret symbols. In fact, for all students, understanding of core algebraic skills and reasoning continues to be a key mathematical prerequisite. Similar comments could be made about many other mathematical topics not explicitly mentioned in High School Mathematics at Work. Indeed, the Task Force for this volume identified quite a large number of mathematically important and delightful problems that were eventually not recommended for inclusion because their connection to workplace or everyday applications was less apparent than for others. Among the favorites not included were the following: All readers are welcome to see in these tasks potential for strengthening the mathematics education of all students, but no one should conclude that it is enough to teach these tasks or even a collection of exercises inspired by them. Any tasks need to be embedded in a coherent, well-developed mathematics curriculum that provides the mathematical understanding that a high school graduate should have. The act of abstraction is what makes it so powerful. After completing a series of workplace or everyday problems with students, we must always remember to help them understand that what we call mathematics comes from generalizing and organizing the common features among the solutions into a coherent structure. A quality mathematics curriculum is not crafted out of tasks alone but also depends upon how these tasks are knit together and what kinds of opportunities students are afforded for abstraction and deep conceptual development.

NRSV Standard Catholic Ed Bible Anglicized (Tan/Red) First Simenon omnibus Reformed Presbyterian ministers, 1950-1993 Asp.net server controls tutorial Of whom the world was not worthy Essays in bioinformatics Digital filter design matlab Intuition, Dowsing and Divination Skills with Hypnosis Prehistoric art of india Tease Your Brain, Test Your Smarts The New Woman and Her Sisters Practical psychic self defense for home and office Objective physics for iit-jee Nor scarlet but gold Medicine in the making Grapes of wrath study guide questions and answers A Rajpoot Chief Of The Old School 124 Asian Islam in the 21st Century Characteristic #5 : CCM can be identified by its weak, unscriptural message Making a list and checking it twice: the key to safe surgery Outer coast foragers and inner coast farmers in late prehistoric North Carolina Dale L. Hutchinson, Lynet Death Note, Volume 7 Learning through serving second edition 2005 chevrolet trailblazer Is It owners manual Easy-To-Duplicate Certificate Borders Berk demarzo corporate finance 3rd edition How to Write Reports (Qeb How to Write) Thoroughly modern millinery Marilyn Todd Korn Greatest Hits Vol. 1 (Korn) THE DAWN OF A SPORT Case-based hospital payment systems Federal tax regulations, 1989 Natural resources and their management Assessing performance of integrated delivery systems Job opportunities in the border areas of the Orange Free State and Eastern Cape Dark night journey Lewis and Clark lexicon of discovery God in the Midst of the City Nlp the essential guide to neuro-linguistic programming The Iridium Layer_____196