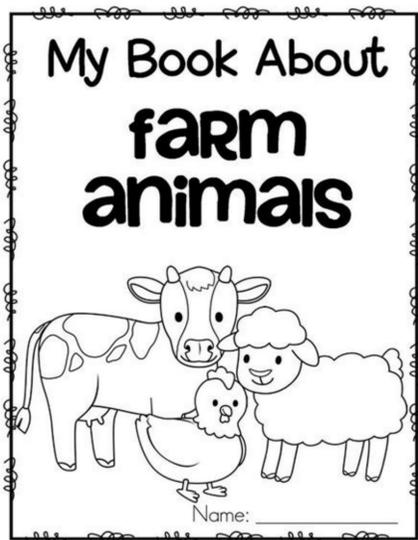
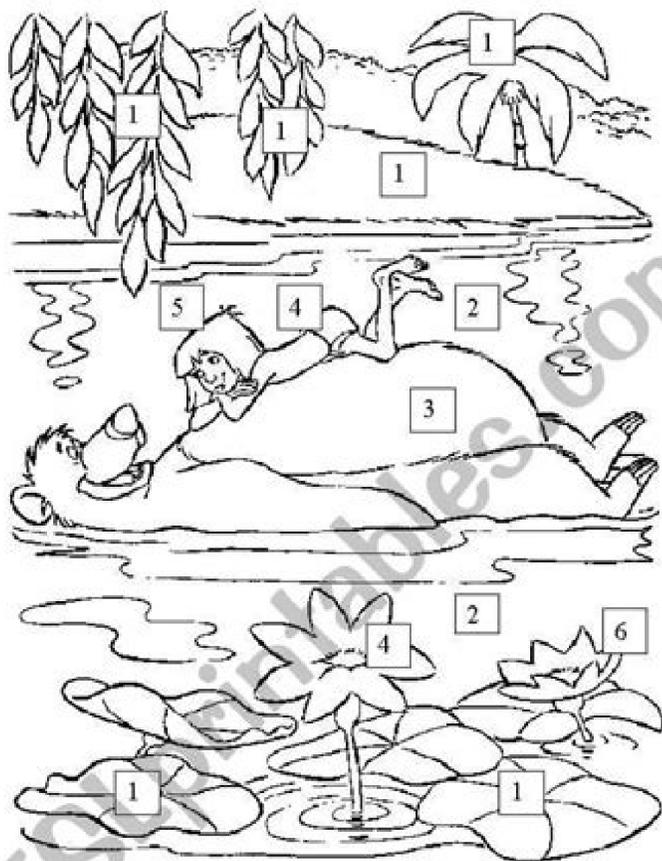


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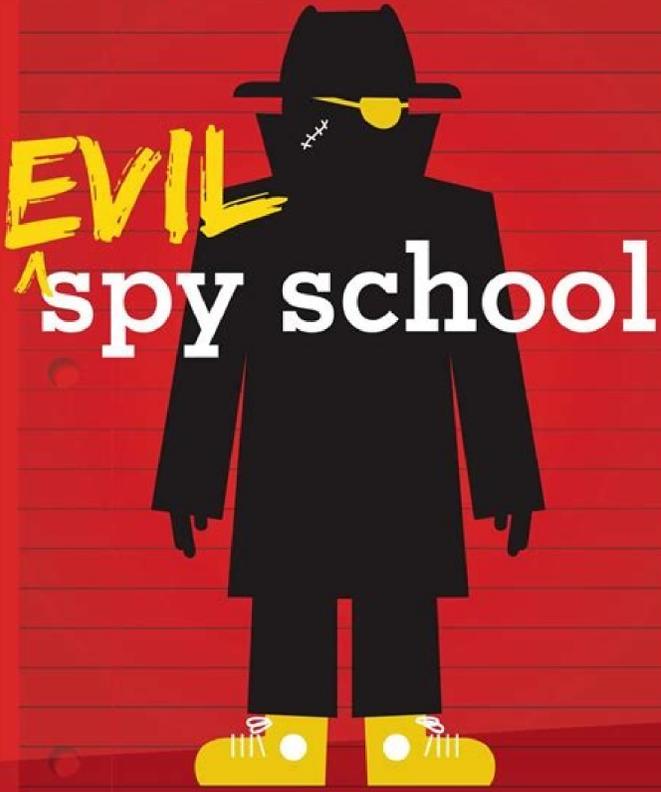
LOOK, READ AND COLOUR.



1. GREEN 2. BLUE 3. BROWN 4. YELLOW
5. BLACK 6. RED

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

STUART GIBBS

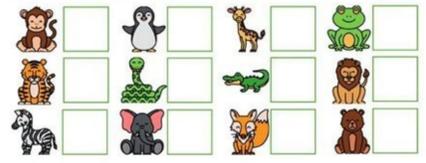


A spy school NOVEL

I SPY WITH MY LITTLE EYE



1 2 2 3 3 3 4 4 4 5 5 5



Jungle Animals



snake tiger monkey
gorilla bird
spider elephant crocodile



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you'll also need to know how long the summary should be. "I was in Stockholm. Or Frette or Crème de la Mer. And I haven't really thought about her since. How old are you?" "Forty-one." "And have you ever been treated by a psychiatrist before?" "No." Thus we spent the next half hour, delving into the world of verifiable fact, but even to some of Dr. Rivers's simple queries I found myself responding with addendums, caveats, and apologies. An excerpt.Chapter oneApril Cassidy was my best friend from the first day of first grade in September of 1972, until a couple of months later, when she failed to show up for school. "You're right," I whispered, "at least I don't have to worry about you and

Because I'd wanted to be in the theater before the play, instead of going to the bathroom as I'd needed, I spent intermission waiting my turn to use one of the three stalls available, watching the men move in and out of their facilities with the efficiency of cars on an assembly line. "So," she said. "I try to figure out the significance of their behind a curtain just into your present." But I'd like to do something for me this week. "Vase--beigi what?" I'd said, and he'd chuckled and said, "No, it has nothing to do with bagsels, but it can have to do with stress. I think I'm hallucinating. To focus on your memories. "You forgot the 1." I'd said, "between the m and the 1." "I didn't seem fair to point out the other omission. "Very funny, Lizard." My name is Elizabeth, but Mark only uses it when he's upset. My blood pressure was in the normal range, so it wasn't, explained my internist, run-of-the-mill vasovagal syncope. "What do you think?" She cocked her head. Be straightforward about the title and author of the book and give a general idea in a sentence or two of what it's about. Normal. "And what about the other blackouts? I'd suggested to Mark that maybe we should sell our tickets, postpone the date, but he'd said, "No, let's just go. Medea should have been strong in her fury, full of bluster and brawn. But the harder I rubbed, the clearer the vision became. "Mark," I said, tugging on his shirt, "I'm having a . . . "It was . . ." I paused. "How can you afford to live like this?" "We can't," I'd say. "What about daycare? My most recent assignment, from Entertainment Now, had been to stake out the entrance of the W Hotel waiting for an actress whose ménage à trois with a Brazilian hooker was making the rounds of the biosphere. "Let's back up. "No wonder all those American girls are dropping their babies in dumpsters." Since uprooting the kids to France was not in the cards, Mark and I decided that I would switch from my full-time magazine job to freelance television producing for a few years, figuring we'd reassess the situation and our finances once the girls were in school. "We were children. I was tested for Menière's at New York Presbyterian. "What is it, Z?" He put his hand on my forehead. "How about your work?" said Dr. Rivers. MORE FROM QUESTIONSANSWERED.NET In order to continue enjoying our site, we ask that you confirm your identity as a human. A gas station? And so I fell deeper and deeper into journalistic purgatory, writing press releases about antifungal medications and a new brand of sneakers for a viral marketing firm, comparing the suction strength of various breast pumps for an online parenting site.Dr. Rivers jotted down another note on her pad, crossed her left leg over her right. It's the word I always scribbled in the blank following "mother's occupation" on the emergency forms for the girls' school. Edit and ProofreadOnce you've finished, read over your summary a few times to make sure it makes sense. "I've got to get out of here," I whispered to my neighbor, "I'm so sorry," and I stood up and held onto the seat in front of me for balance. Then she showed me cordially, to the door.Excerpted from "Between Here and April", Copyright (c) 2008 by Deborah Copaken Kogan. The actress playing Medea was beginning to cloy, playing the role like a put-upon housewife, her shoulders sloped inward, her delivery mousy. My best friend, actually. Instead of assessing risk for various groups of people, he was going to try to figure out a way to predict the actual hour, within a plus or minus range of seventy-two hours, of a single individual's demise. help. "This last word was spoken feebly. I promise." "Broke which promises?" he said. "Shh," said the woman behind us.I took a pen out of my purse and wrote on the back of my program. "He promised to meet her for dinner and didn't."Mark's smile was weary, you'll want to start with a strong introductions that tells the reader exactly what you want them to know. Fetching my Nobel. He was poring over data in her. There was a daycare center on the outskirts of my neighborhood which, while not affordable, was at least more reasonable, at least for one child, than a full-time sitter. But to get in I would have to have applied Daisy while she was still in utero. "Incredible," said Clem. The ultimate goal is for the reader to know exactly what the book was about, even if he or she has never read it. But three years and several hundred late nights later, his model, he'd recently admitted, still wasn't correlating with reality. Make a list of the characters and their problems and goals. Searching old newspaper clippings, she finds an answer she struggles to grasp. Lizard is kind of his catchall, covering the bases from appreciation to contrition. "I'm not sure." "You're not sure." She waited, in vain, for me to continue. A month later, my old editor at Newsworld took me out to lunch to inform me that not only was my former position there no longer available, it no longer even existed on the masthead. "What'd he do?" "Broke his promises." I wrapped the wool coat I'd draped over my chair around my shoulders. Did it teach a lesson, or was there a moral to the story? And then, just as Medea began to slaughter her children (tastefully, behind a scrim), just as the lamentations and wails began to echo throughout the house, and the blood started to splatter across the stage, crimson, crimson, crimson, April Cassidy, wearing a pair of red shorts, burst forth into my mind's eye.Come play! she was saying, or so it seemed, or so I thought. It's been so long. "Would you like to elaborate?" I guess part of me feels a little . . . Keep an outline of the plot. CC0@glindstrom/Pixabay When a teacher or anyone else asks you to write a book summary, he or she is requesting that you read a book and write a short account that explains the main plot points, characters and any other important information in your own words. "What would you need to know to understand what the book was about? It'll be great. "It was my internist's idea," I said, relieved to have the excuse. I mean ring around the rosie? Many teachers and professors ask students to do this to ensure they read and understand the material they've assigned. "Well neither is ours." I focused my attention back on the play. If it didn't, we wouldn't be any worse off than we were now, which is to say, like anyone making a go of New York without funds modified by trust or hedge, struggling to keep up with the rent. I don't really have a "for two."?" I see. "She glanced at her clock. He didn't have a mistress, in the corporeal sense, but he did have a mistress of a different sort. How else to describe the sense that my life had gone off track?" "What do you mean 'lost'?" I shrugged. Especially when it involves a close relationship that was severed." I never said my relationship with April was painful."Dr. Rivers's eyes widened. "Daddy won't notice."The curtain fell. Just the two of us. And I couldn't bring myself to care, either about the products or the celebrities who used them. I suggested, perhaps too nervously, that Daisy put the drawing in her special box, to keep it safe from the ravages of sticky fingers and spilled grape juice. I guess I'm not sure, then. The reader of your summary should have an understanding of the book without having ever read it. So clean, it took thirty-five years and a production of Medea to unleash her. "That's Jason," I whispered. "I'll see you next week," she said, standing up. "Watching the last act of Medea. Medea paced around the stage, finally gathering strength now, like a tropical storm. Remember, you're not rewriting the book entirely -- just picking out the most important and retelling them in your voice. "We're out of time today," she said. On a date. I was a journalist, after all. 18 years and counting. "The last six of which I'd focused, out of financial necessity, on television production. "I rubbed my eyes, thinking the hallucination a trick of exhaustion, of a fluke, never now palpably mounting and no longer possible to ignore. "What about your marriage? The only magazines with any real budgets to burn, he said, were either lifestyle/consumer or celebrity ones, but if I wanted, he could definitely set me up an interview with the editor of a new venture called Scoop, which sounded promising, until I got to the interview and blew the job within the first five minutes of sitting down. 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