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PROF PEPI

Harry Potter: Story Summary

Do you know which summary matches with which book? Try to match the back page summary to the title of the book. Work with a partner and help each other.

Harry Potter is a wizard. He is in his second year at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Little does he know that this year will be as just as eventful than last ...

The summer holidays are dragging on and Harry Potter can't wait for the start of the school year. It is his fourth year at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, and there are spells to be learnt, potions to be brewed and Divination lessons (sigh) to be attended. Harry is expecting these; however, other quite unexpected events are already on the march ...

Harry Potter thinks he is an ordinary boy - until he is rescued by a beetle-eyed giant of a man, enrolls at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, learns to play Quidditch and does battle in a deadly duel. The Reason: HARRY POTTER IS A WIZARD!

Harry Potter is a wizard! Along with Ron and Hermione, his best friends, Harry is in his third year at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Who knows what will happen this year? Read on to find out and immerse yourself in the magical world of Hogwarts ...

Harry Potter is waiting nervously in his bedroom at the Dursleys' house in Privet Drive for a visit from Professor Dumbledore himself. One of the last times he saw the Headmaster was in a fierce one-to-one duel with Lord Voldemort, and Harry can't quite believe that Professor Dumbledore will actually appear at the Dursleys' of all places. Harry's sixth year at Hogwarts has already got off to an unusual start, as the world of Muggle and magic intertwine ...

Harry is waiting in Privet Drive. The Order of the Phoenix is coming to escort him safely away without Voldemort and his supporters knowing - if they can. But what will Harry do then? How can he fulfil the momentous and seemingly impossible task that Professor Dumbledore has left him with?

Harry Potter is due to start his fifth year at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. His best friends Ron and Hermione have been very secretive all summer and he is desperate to get back to school and find out what has been going on. However, what Harry discovers is far more devastating than he could ever have expected ...

Apology for a borrowed book

Dear Jacinta,

I am so sorry I lost your book which you lent me 2 months ago. I had promised to give it back to you after I am through reading it but unfortunately, I lost it. I just moved in to my new house, I was getting my books arranged when I discovered that I had misplaced this book when moving out.

I am well aware how much you value your books and how you keep them well. I know you wouldn't want to lose this book and would do anything to have it back in your book shelf. I went to the book shop today to look for this book so that I can replace it but it is out of stock. I contacted some online store and they have promised to get the book delivered as soon as they get it. I hope they do it soon so that I can get it back to you.

Next time I borrow a book from you, I promise to be very careful not to lose it and I have learnt from this mistake. I look forward to having you come for some snack as you see my new place. It is a lovely place with the best environment.

Your sincere friend,

Carol

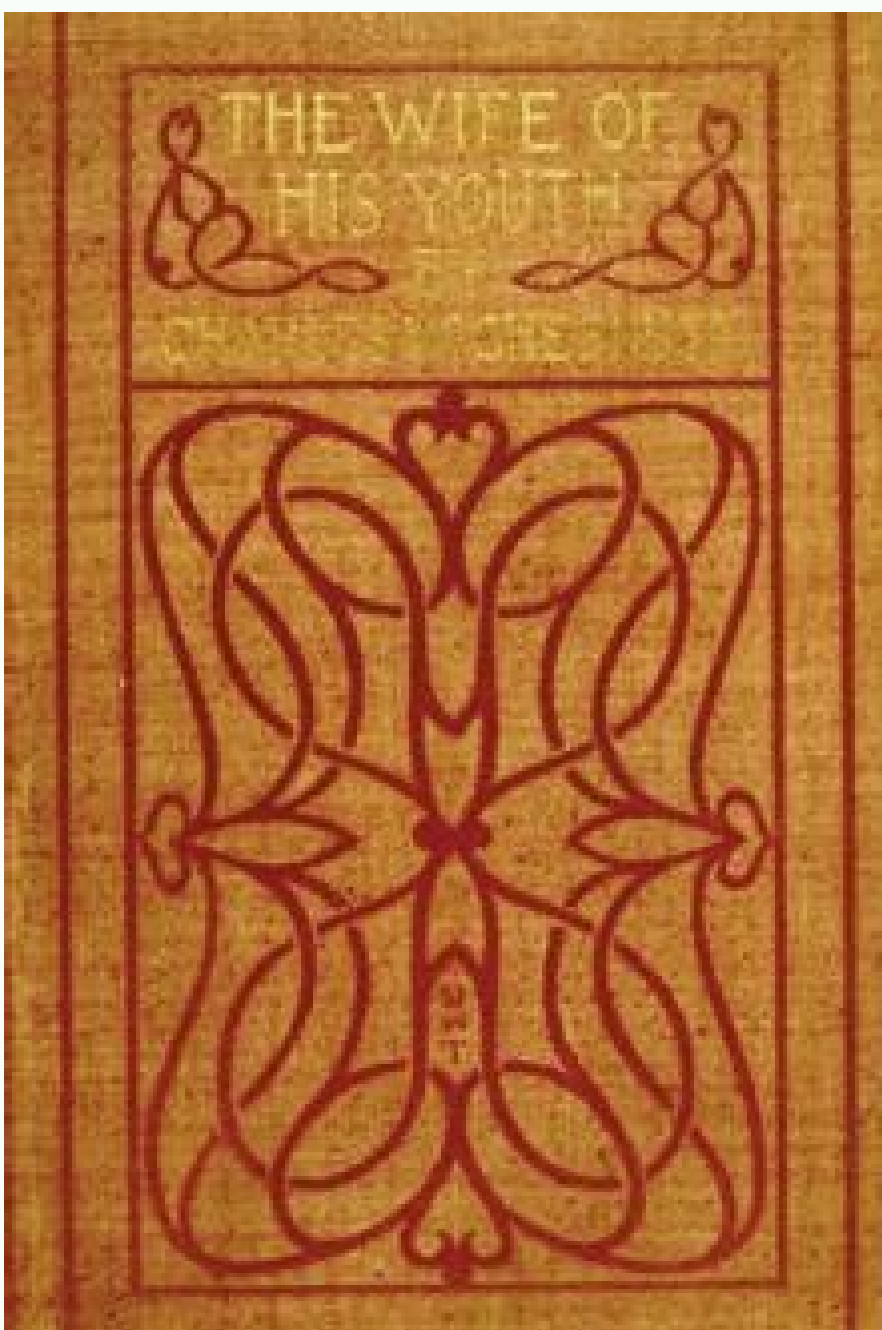
Author's Post-Pub Version: Cover Page

Less Elusive, More Explicit: The Challenge Of 'Seeing' Creativity In Action

Erica McWilliam, Shane Dawson & Jennifer Pei-Ling Tan
National Institute of Education, Nanyang Technological University

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McWilliam, E., Dawson, S. & Tan, J. P-L. (2010). Less elusive, more explicit: The challenge of 'seeing' creativity in action. In P. Thompson & J. Seflon-Jones (Eds.), *Researching Creative Learning: Methods and Issues* (pp. 113-125). Abingdon, England: Routledge.



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His brown leather shoulder bag was huge, old and suffocated; from it treated Joanna's packages of drink based on breakfast powder and soup mixture, a toy-size box of non-polluting detergent, a discount book slides well to twenty-two local shops, two soap pies, a folder of deodorant tablets— Enough, enough, Joanna said, standing in the door with both hands full. Wait. Thank you. Ms. Welcome Wagon put a colony vial over the other things, and then she looked in her purse... No, really, Joanna said, and she brought pink-frame glasses and a small embroidered notebook. I do the 'Notes on Newcomers, she said, smiling and putting glasses. "For the Chronicle." He dug on the bottom of the bag and invented a pen, clicking on its top with a red carved thumb. Joanna told her where she and Walter came from noc noc osserni'd atrop alla ~Al odnats, avalrap ertnem etnemeteizapmi 'Atsops iS .itadna onare retlaW e iel egelloc ilauq a e atiscan orol allied amirp ottaf aveva ehc 'Aic ;mik e eteP id Àte el e imon i ;oiduts elauq noc e ecef retlaW ehc 'Aic ;issom Full hands and Pete and Kim out of the ear. Do you have hobbies or special interests? He was about to say a no who saved time, but she hesitated: a complete answer, printed in the local newspaper, could serve as a sign for women as herself, potential friends. The women she had met in the last few days, those in nearby houses, were quite pleasant and helpful, but seemed completely absorbed in their domestic duties. Perhaps when she met them better, she would find that they had more distant thoughts and worries, but it could be wise to put on that sign. So, yes, different, she said. I play tennis every time I have the possibility and I am a semi-professional photographer—Oh? The lady of the welcome wagon said, writing. Joanna smiled. Cié means that an agency manages three of my photos, she said. And I am interested in the politics and movement of women's liberation. Much in this. And so it's my husband. "Is he?" The lady of the welcome wagon look at her. Yes, Joanna said. Many men are. She did not go in the explanation of the benefits for sexes; instead, she leaned on the head in the entrance and listened to; a television audience laughed in the family room, and Pete and Kim supported but below the level of intervention. She smiled at the Welcome Wagon Lady. She is also interested in boating and football, she said, and she collects the first American legal documents. She the met of Walter's cartel. The lady of the welcome wagon wrote and closed her notebook, click on her pen. Okay, Mrs. Eberhart, she said, smiling and taking off her glasses. I know you will love it here, he said, and I want to wish you a sincere and abundant "Bunco a Steppford. If there is information that I can give you on local shops and local shops and on local shops and on shops local services, do not hesitate to The number is right there on the front of the discount book. Thank you, I will, and thank you for all this. prove them, they are good products! the Wagon lady said. She turned away. Good-by now! Joanna said good-by to her and watched her go down the curving walk toward her battered red Volkswagen. Dogs suddenly filled its windows, a black and brown excitement of spaniels, jumping and barking, paws pressing glass. Moving whiteness beyond the Volkswagen caught Joanna's eye: across the sapling-lined street, in one of the Claybrook's upstairs windows, whiteness moved again, leaving one pane and filling the next; the window was being washed. Joanna smiled, in case Donna Claybrook was looking at her. The whiteness moved to a lower pane, and then to the pane beside it. With a surprising roar the Volkswagen lunged from the curb, and Joanna backed into the entrance hall and hipped the door closed. Pete and Kim were arguing louder. B.M.! Diarrhea! Ow! Stop it! Cut it out! Joanna called, dumping the double handful of samples onto the kitchen table. Shec's kicking me! Pete shouted, and Kim shouted, Ie's not! You diarrhea! "Now stop it, Joanna said, going to the port and looking through. Pete lay on the floor too close to the TV set, and Kim stood beside him, red-faced, keeping from kicking him. Both were still in their pajamas. She kicked me twice, Pete said, and Kim shouted, You changed the channel! He changed the channel! I did not! I was watching Felix the Cat!" Quiet! Joanna commanded. Absolute silence! Utere's completec's totalc's silence. They looked at her, Kim with Walter's wide blue eyes, Pete with her own grave dark ones. Race c's to a flying finish! the TV set cried. No electricity! A, youc's are too close to the set, Joanna said. B, turn it off; and C, get dressed, both of you. That green stuff outside is grass, and the yellow stuff coming down on it is sunshine. Pete scrambled to his feet and powed the TVc's control panel, blanking its screen to a dying dot of light. Kim began crying. Joanna groaned and went around into the family room. Crouching, she Kim at his shoulder and rubbed his pajamas back, kissed his soft silk curls. Ah, let's go now, she said. Don't you want to play again with that nice Allison? Maybe you will see another chipmunk. Pete approached and raised a strand of hair. He looked at him and said to him: "Don't change channels on her." Oh, okay, he said, wrapping a finger in the dark wire. "And don't kick," he said to Kim. He rubbed his back and tried to take kisses to his twisted cheek. It was Walter's turn to take the dishes, and Pete and Kim were playing quietly in the Room of Pete, so he made a nice fresh shower and put himself on shorts and shirt and his sneakers and touched his hair. He crashed on Pete and Kim while he bound his hair: they were sitting on the floor playing with the Pete space station. He moved away silently and went down the stairs again. It was a good evening. The deduction was finished with, finally, and it was fresh and clean, with a few minutes free-ten or fifteen if she had been lucky-foiled sitting out with Walter and watching their trees and two two points acres. She went around and already for the corridor. The

