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LEAD: THE ILIAD for Homer. Translated by Robert Fagles. Introduction and notes by Bernard Knox. Maps. 683 pp. New York: Viking. \$35. Homer's ILIAD. Translated by Robert Fagles. Introduction and notes by Bernard Knox. Maps. 683 pp. New York: Viking. \$35. Translating Homer is one of those activities that is easier to pontificate on if you've never tried it for yourself. I recently translated several hundred lines of the *Odyssey* for BBC Radio, and I know what passion it is, a delicious infatuation with the ineradicable aftertaste of clumsy and failure. This induces a sense of solidarity with other artisans, and I admire the achievement of Robert Fagles as I feel sympathy for his inevitable shortcomings. Those who don't know can be easy. For example, "A beautiful poem, but you don't have to call it Homer": this resumption of Alexander the Pope in 1715 of masterful scholar Richard Bentley falls into the depths of pedantic banality. Of course it wasn't Homer; Pope called it "Homer's *Iliad*, translated by Mr Pope." Homer remains, translations come and go. Only the best, like the Pope's, survive their own age as literature in their own right. Another is Johann Heinrich Voss' translation into megakitic German about 60 years later; However, it is eons away from the Pope's strings of polished gemstones. And it is that, as pope said, "a translator owes so much to the Taste of the Age in which he lives" that each new translation is better measured not in itself, but compared to those that are current at the moment. There have been hundreds of translations of the '*Iliad*' into dozens of languages since the 18th century. In English in the second half of the 20th we were lucky enough to have had two translations in exceptional verse (in addition to at least six more I will not mention). Both are from Americans who were poets. Richmond Lattimore in 1951 chose a long, free six-beat line; Robert Fitzgerald in 1974 went looking for a narrower iambic blank verse, the traditional narrative meter of English. For either two lines of Greek they will come up with something very different. Take, for example, the moment When Hector realizes that he faces certain death and embraces to accuse Achilles (his wish is granted whenever those words are heard or read). First Lattimore: "Let me at least not die without a fight, gloriosa, / But do something great first, let the men who come in know." And Fitzgerald: "Still, I wouldn't die without delivering a stroke, / or I would die inglorily, but in some memorable action for men in the next few days." For all their differences, they are in the long run both fighting for much the Homer himself. Both stick close to Greek, especially Lattimore; both avoid language unrelated to actual discourse - although Lattimore come up with some peculiar phrases. Both have claims to meet the famous epithets created by Matthew Arnold Arnold of those who pontifical without really trying by itself): "Rapid . . . simple and direct . . . noble.' Lattimore is more direct, Fitzgerald more noble - but they are poetic cousins. There is always room for something different in Homer's translation. Something softer and more sophisticated would be a possibility, something more like Daddy. You have to admire him: "Then welcome destination! It is true that he loses, but he loses me very well: However, in a powerful action I will expire, Let the future ages hear it, and admire it!. Or something more primitive, more colorful, making use of English's potential for illiteracy, for example? Here's my own shot at Hector's determination: "I wouldn't die effortlessly, I would vanish without a trace; / Let me leave my mark with a feat to feed future stories." You may not like it, but you have to admit it's different. So how different is Robert Fagles, poet and professor of comparative literature at Princeton University? "Well, let me die - but not without a fight, not without glory, no, in some big gun clash that even men to come will hear from the years!" Even this brief capture reveals at first glance that we have here a son or nephew of Lattimore and Fitzgerald - and an unworthy of family resemblance. In free, cadnical lines, most of them with six beats (at most seven, at least three), are couched in the spoken, but not colloquial, language; it is simple and direct, noble, especially fast. This is perhaps where Mr. Fagles is at his strongest. His narrative has a real rhythm, presses forward, bringing the reader forward with an irresistible flow. It succeeds, among other ways, by going for relatively short words that accumulate pace in long, slightly punctuated sequences. He also contrives a lot of parallel phrasing - "you know, you know," "he rips it, screws it up" - and likes regulators of spoken rhythm like "yes," "no," "please," "look," "you know," "do you do?" These intensifying fillings work well, supplying urgency and color. Just as it is difficult for a fellow medical convict, it is difficult to praise him without reservation. My main discomfort is, perhaps, about the patchy use of archaism and strange phraseology in the attempt, I suppose, to overcome the point that Homer's language was not a natural spoken language, far from it. But when Agamemnon says to the prophet Calchas near the beginning: "Now, again, the will of the divine god for armies, / bruit it out, as a fact, why the mortal archer / multiplies our pains." the verb "divine" is too peculiar. And what is "bruit"? (1) A kind of bear? (2) A synonym for "vomit"? (3) A kind of homemade beer? However, I think Mr Fagles is generally more readable than or Fitzgerald, and more performable. Another advantage is the collaboration of Bernard Knox. Your annotations at the end can be but the 60-page introduction is The Voice of His Teacher, taking the best of contemporary scholarship and giving it a special and vivid point, as only Mr. Knox can. I would take issue only with his description of the dispute between Achilles and Agammon as private. I would say it's also very political. MR. KNOX fought in the Spanish Civil War, and behind the lines in Italy and France in 1939-45. War has his mortal fascination with those who have grown up in its service, he writes, and one feels the authority of a man who knows how to kill in armed conflicts. It evokes with unmistakable authenticity the deep impression of the landscape on a soldier who may well be about to die, and the unpredictable currents of aggressive courage or panic that sweep armies. Alexander Pope is too genteel to reflect this side of Homer's blood and flesh; and Richmond Lattimore was too soft (to his credit as a man). Fitzgerald has some toughness, and so has Mr. Fagles. At the same time, his version is steeped in humanity - a very homely tension. In an era when so many (males, at least) live both in stereo-sounding car capsules, when meat is so heavily disguised as packaging, and when the war on TV news is indistinguishable from films, Homer still has a way of putting himself under our guard. When Achilles comforts Priam for the loss of his son, whose death he inflicted with his own hands, he somehow speaks to all who are puzzled: "We put our pains to rest in our own hearts, scratch them no more, raw as we are with grief. How good is it to earn from tears that cool the spirit?" Mr. Fagles's monosyllables, with only the two dysllables to close the lines, seem to me to attack at home. It may not be such a beautiful poem, but it might well be called Homer. HELEN ON THE WALLS So they waited, the old trojan heads, as they sat on the tower's rise. And catching the sight of Helen moving along the walls, they murmured to each other, soft, winged words: 'Who on earth could blame them? No wonder the men of Troy and Argives under her arms have suffered years of agony for her, for this woman. Beauty, terrible beauty! A goddess without death, so she hits our eyes! But still, puzzling as she is, letting her go home on long boats and not being left behind . . . for us and our children over the years an irresistible sadness.' From "The *Iliad*". Load... OCTOBER 30, 2012 SINCE THE 16th century, English translators have endeavored to do justice to the *Iliad*. It's a poem of brutal and relentless violence, but it's unhurried violence. The action takes place in an unlimited and ingohtaustible present. The warriors die, but they don't The time hangs at dawn, dusk, noon or night, without transition. Opponents gather in the countryside, amid the chaos, but there is time to exchange pedigrees or insults without And Homer's hexameters, with their state break at every halfway line, come with an Olympic rhythm that fits the detachment of their source of god. The unhurried

movement of Homer’s verse plays against graphic assault and the energy of action, intensifying its effect. The sublime passion and urgency made brilliant and hard, without any of the blurring of time. Two generations ago, Homer’s Iliad of Richmond Lattimore—which the University of Chicago Press recently reissued with a new introduction by Richard Martin— captured the majestic rest of Homer’s verse with great fidelity. Lattimore is scrupulously true to the original. It uses Greek spelling for character names, so Achilles is Achilles and Ajax Aias. He gets very close to Homer’s text, keeping the interpretation at least. And with the exception of an occasional archaism, their language is simple and unornied. Lattimore’s fluid, flexible six-beat line is especially suitable for quiet moments and lyrical touches of the poem. He approaches Homer’s voice admirably. Unfortunately, experience as a literature teacher has taught me that even for gifted new readers, Lattimore’s Iliad is slowly going. The 1990 appearance of Robert Fagles’s Iliad offered a new homer experience, which eventually made the emotion of the poem accessible to English readers. Fagles’ Iliad style is a writer, almost novelistic. The action is densely packaged and fast, bohemian, full of energy. Fagles explodes all scenes to get maximum liveliness, taking away almost all of Homer’s lack of deliberate movement. The audacity of his approach is announced in the opening line of the poem, which begins with a keyword: Rage. Homer’s two classic English translators, George Chapman and Alexander Pope, made the first word, eat, as anger. Lattimore toned this down to anger, but Fagles is once again increasing the volume, and justifiably so. Anger does well enough for the disgraced Achilles who refuses to fight to the death of their beloved comrade Patroclus, but the rage does much more justice to the berserker who emerges once Patroclus has been killed. Fagles’ Iliad, however, takes liberties with the text that may be too much for some purists. It does its best, for example, to make Homer’s heroic similes, each of which stands out as a discreet performance, blend less visibly into the fabric of the text. Even more radical is his approach to homer epithets. In the Greek Iliad, epithets are not context sensitive: quick feet belongs to Achilles almost as a part of its name. You don’t have to be running to deserve it; He may be sitting in his tent playing the lyre and still be fast-footed Achilles. But Fagles, in his desire to avoid mechanical repetition, try to make the epithets contribute to the action of the So, for example, in book six, during the great conversation between Hector and his wife, Andromache, instead of simply referring to Hector from the shiny helmet, as Homer does, Fagles repeatedly tells us that Hector’s helmet flashed. This happens so often that the poor Trojan seems to be dazzling in the floodlights of a Hollywood set. Fagles’ experiment with epithets is the only serious stain on what is otherwise a distinguished translation. I once had the opportunity to ask him how he justified his treatment of the epithets, and he told me that he believed that the poet would have inflection in his meaning in acting, an explanation that I find difficult to credit. It was also interesting to hear Fagles insist that his guiding goal was in every way to imitate Homer’s voice, while in my experience the effect of Fagles’ approach - and it is a magnificent effect - is to make homers not so much audible as readable. We now have two new English-language versions of the Iliad, Anthony Verity and Stephen Mitchell. Verity is the anti-Fagles, an advocate of precision and purity, and sets his record from the first word by returning to Lattimore’s election, anger. In his Note on Translation, Verity renounces both poetry and poetization while pledging fidelity to Homer’s numbering lines. Thus, it provides an excellent cradle. Unfortunately, his ear is not as true as Lattimore’s, and there is little sense of rhythm in his work, either fast or slow. So while he’s a useful interpreter of Homer, and editing is rich in information, Verity’s Iliad is far less energetic than Fagles’s and, compared to Lattimore’s, his slightly more modern vocabulary doesn’t like compensating for lost sonority and movement. As an illustration, here’s Lattimore making the unexpectedly beautiful death of Priam Gorgythion’s son, hit by an arrow in his chest. He leaned his head to one side, as a garden poppy bends under the weight of its yield and spring rains; so his head bent to one side under the weight of the rudder.

(Lattimore 8: 306-308) This is how Verity does the same lines: As when in a garden a poppy uprooting its head to one side, heavy with the weight of its seed and with spring showers, so that its head, weighed down by its helmet, sank to one side. (Verity 8: 306-308) Lattimore’s garden poppy is superior to the Verity roundabout in a garden a poppy, and the repeated sounds of bent, curvy, and bent at Lattimore add to the softening effect of the image. Verity, on the other hand, mars the last line with the word sunk, the heaviness of counteracted the softness of the fall of this poppy. While Lattimore excels verity in delicacy, Fagles is stronger amid the fray. In the book Sixteen, Patroclus, just before his own death at the hands of Hector, takes a stone and smashes the head of Hector’s cart, Cebriones, whose eyes fall from his skull as he falls to the ground. Filled with his own glory, Patroclus enjoys a poetic idea, comparing fallen eyeballs to oysters in the background. Fagles’ homer continues: and you tuned in to your corpse, Patroclus or my rider: Look what a spring man, an agile, flashy tumbler! Just think what you would do in the sea where the swarm of fish, why, man might stick a fleet, diving for oysters! Plunging overboard, even into choppy, heavy seas, just as he dives ashore from his war car now. Even these Trojans have their tumblers - what a leap! (Fagles 16: 867-873) Now here’s Verity: Then, Cart Patroclus, turned to him with concern: Well, this is a very agile companion, and an agile diver! No doubt if you were in the fish-rich sea this man could jump off a boat and satisfy the hunger of many looking for oysters, even in very stormy times so agilely that he now dives from his cart on the plain. So, it seems, there are acrobats even among the Trojans. (Verity 16: 744-750) Fagles is much more energetic and alive, though Verity is, as always, closer to Homer’s text. Patroclus’ apostrophe is a striking feature of this scene, Patroclus is the only character in The Iliad to be approached directly by the poet. Verity gets it angry with Charioteer Patroclus, but the beautification of Fagles, or my rider, lends rueful intimacy at a key moment, and rider makes more dolix and reckless patroclus than cart while the warrior moves hubristically towards his conviction. Both translators manage to convey the irony of Patroclus towards Cebriones, but the depiction of Verity, in which the diver could satisfy the hunger of many, can hardly compete with the vividness of hooking a fleet of Fagles. Patroclus de Fagles ends sardonically, commenting on what a jump! - the invention of a translator, but quite in the spirit, if not the letter, of the scene. Readers will have to decide for themselves whether they prefer Verity’s rather bald precision or Fagles’ insightful embellishments. Unlike Verity, who prefers panache accuracy, Stephen Mitchell makes a claim to poetry for his Iliad, and it’s good: he brings homer the fine ear that thanks his magnificent translations of Rilke. Like Fagles, he chooses a flexible, five-beat iamchic line, more than Fagles, or even Lattimore, retains the iambic rhythm. Reading his Iliad, one feels the restriction and fulfillment of the meter and, as in homer’s original Greek, the stability of the verse provides a counterweight to the pressure and energy of the action. So Mitchell’s Iliad offers genuine pleasures not available in any previous English version. It must be said, however, that if Mitchell’s translation is art, it is often an art of subtraction. On the authority of revisional classicist M. L. West, Mitchell rationalizes the canonical text of The Iliad, dropping five hundred lines considered by the West as interpolations, along with the whole of Book 10, which has been regarded as the work of another poet. Unfortunately, in his introduction Mitchell presents West’s speculative theorizing of the composition of the poem as if it were an established fact. (In general, Mitchell’s introduction and notes are quite lower than what Bernard Knox brings to Fagles or Barbara Graziosi in Verity’s translations.) Mitchell also decides to remove most of the epithets and patronymics that accompany the characters’ names, arguing that these Homeric signaures do not add to the meaning of the particular scenes where they occur. Omitting the epithets as deadweight makes more sense than bringing them falsely to life, as Fagles does, but it does make a certain thinness to the identities of the characters not remember ritually at every mention of their distinctive characteristics and the names of their parents. These repetitions may be an artifact of oral composition, but they also reflect the concerns of Homer’s world. However, there are advantages to Mitchell’s minimalist approach. His Homer, like his Rilke, has attractive lucidity and direction, and the freedom he gains by dropping Homer’s identity markers helps achieve those qualities. Here, for example, is how Mitchell conveys the Scene in Book Twenty-Two in which Andromache, working on his loom, hears the noise of Hector’s death: But Hector’s wife had not yet heard anything; no one had brought her the news that her husband had stayed outside the city wall. She was working in her chambers, in front of the loom, weaving a purple robe in which she was making a pattern of colorful flowers. He called his maids to put a large three-way boiler over the fire so that the hot water was there for Hector’s bathroom when he returned. Poor innocent, how could I know that far from all the baths Atenea had cut it into the hands of Achilles? (Mitchell 22: 428-438) Compare how Verity represents these lines: Now Hector’s wife had not yet learned what had happened, because no trusted messenger had come to tell her that her husband had stayed the doors. She was on her loom in the inner innert part of the upper house, weaving a red double coat, and working a flower pattern on her. She shouted through the house to her gorgeous-haired servants to put a large tripod over the fire, so Hector could have a hot bath when he returned from the fight - poor innocent he was, and didn’t know that gray-eyed Atenea had beaten him in the hands of Achilles, away from the bathrooms. (Verity 22: 437-46) Mitchell’s depiction has a beautiful intimacy and clarity, although much of the homeric elaboration that appears in Verity’s most faithful text is achieved. Instead of the uncomfortable unseen messenger, Mitchell gives us the white, abstract no one bringing Andromache the news of Hector’s death. Gone are also other details mitchell finds distracting from the main effect: the height or loft of the inner chamber where Andromache works, the double fold of the coat, the reference to precious-haired servants, represented by the beautiful Greek work euplokaemos, and the epithet of Athena, gray eyes; Mitchell leaves them all to concentrate on the growing fear of Andromache. This approach brings Homer closer to us, although something is inevitably lost in the process. However, Mitchell catches the most important poetic effect very well here: the irony of the phrase away from all bathrooms, which, as in the Greek, appears in the middle of the sentence and sets out the mention of Hector’s murder, while Verity saves this sentence for the end, away from the baths. Despite his fine ear, Mitchell’s taste sometimes falls. While Fagles may fall into the diction too colloquial to sound like Homer, Mitchell descends into outright vulgarity, particularly in depicting insults. It is true that these are the challenge of a translator. They must sound fresh enough to be animated without becoming anachronistic. This is a difficult balance to strike, but in some cases Mitchell breaks the scales. His Odysseus, battering tersites with his scepter in book two, warns the soldier that the next time he speaks out of turn he will whip the. There is, of course, nothing elevated about this scene, even if we are meant to admire Odysseus’ energy in maintaining discipline. But a Homeric hero should not be deliberately vulgar. It’s like giving him a gun that hasn’t been invented yet. Similarly, Hera sounds a little too contemporary when she puts Aphrodite as a stupid twit or when she calls Artemis a little sniper bitch before she slaps[s] around her beautiful ears. Despite all her enemies, Queen Hera should not be played by Bette Davis. Perhaps Mitchell’s most regrettable gusty lapse occurs at climate meeting Achilles and Hector when Achilles calls his alaste opponent soon massacred, miserable. Mitchell this gives this as son of a bitch - a terrible choice. Despite these flaws, Mitchell’s portrayal of Homer, while not equal to Fagles’s, is appealing, and will win The Iliad new readers, while Verity’s work will be of great value to students trying to get as close as possible to the substance of Homer’s vision. These days, when the role of poetry in our culture is so unsubstantiated that a lost zephyr could get it out of sight, we should be grateful to these talented scholars and poets for keeping in touch with past hits 📖 Recommended readings: Page 2 Jan 12, 2021 Igor Levit on Music and Politics Dec 22, 2020 Chantal Mouffe on Conflict as a Political Good Dec 08 , 2020 Daniel Kehlmann on Politics, Power, and Populism Nov 24, 2020 Wolfgang Ischinger on Trust, Truth, and Transparency Nov 10, 2020 Dipanjan Ghosh on Digital Democracy Nov 02, 2020 Conny McCormack on Election Mechanics Oct 27, 2020 David Shimer on Superpower Election Interference Oct 19, 2020 Sun Rebeccanit on What

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