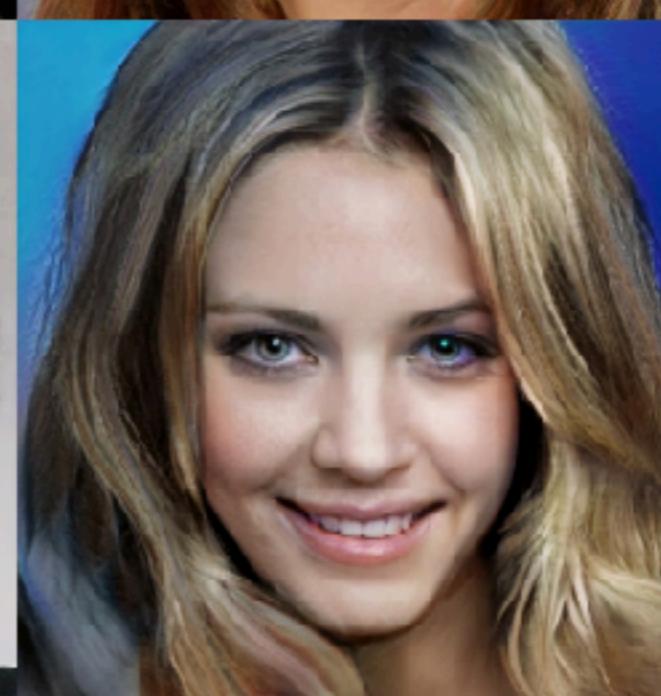
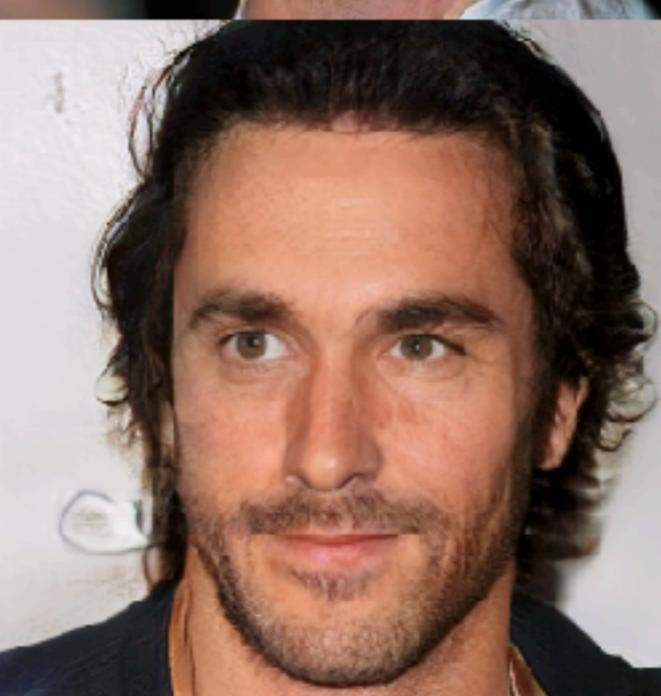
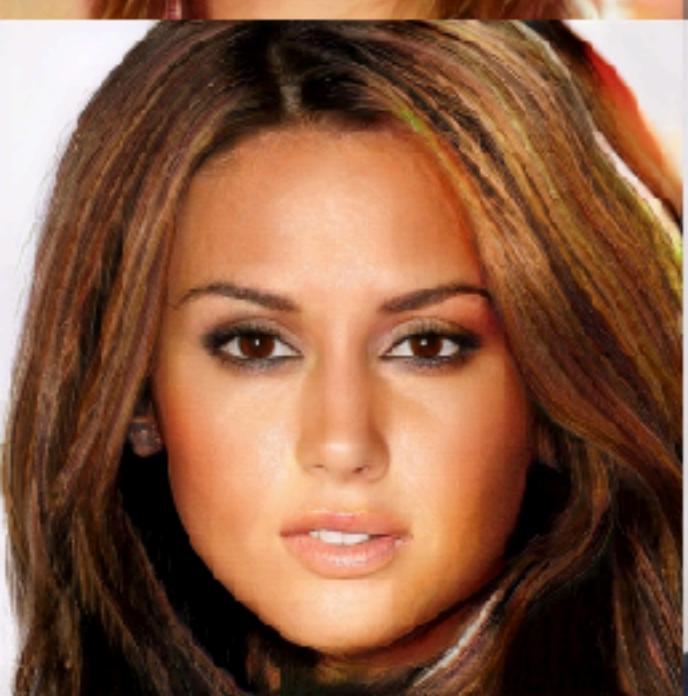
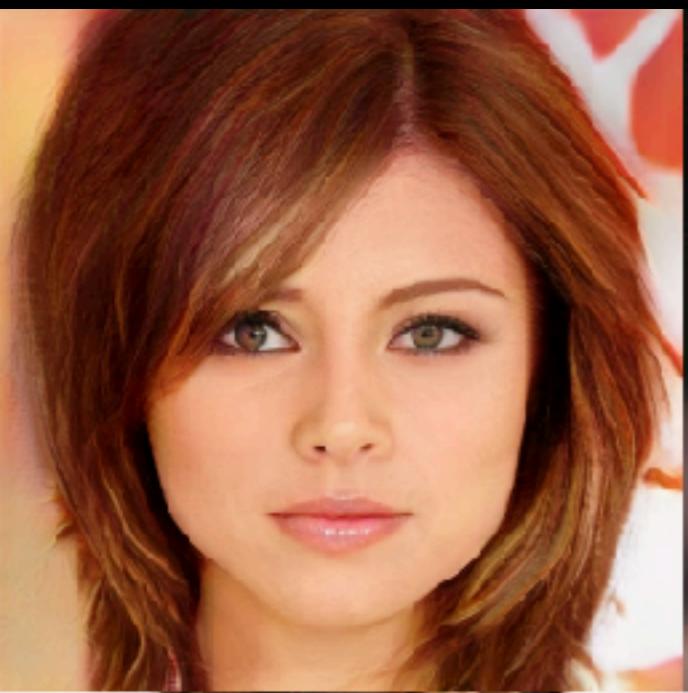
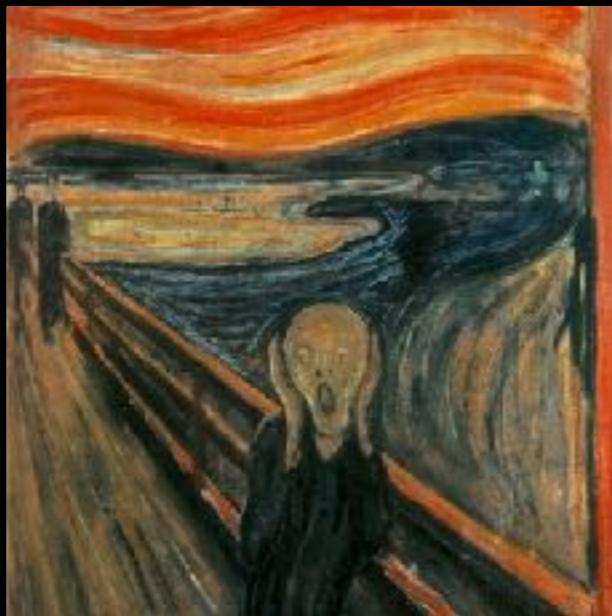


Deep Learning

Lecture 1







THE SPELLBINDING NATIONAL BESTSELLER

Harry Potter

*and the Portrait of what
Looked Like a Large Pile of Ash*



CHAPTER THIRTEEN



THE HANDSOME ONE

The castle grounds snarled with a wave of magically magnified wind. The sky outside was a great black ceiling, which was full of blood. The only sounds drifting from Hagrid's hut were the disdainful shrieks of his own furniture. Magic: it was something that Harry Potter thought was very good.

Leathery sheets of rain lashed at Harry's ghost as he walked across the grounds toward the castle. Ron was standing there and doing a kind of frenzied tap dance. He saw Harry and immediately began to eat Hermione's family.

Ron's Ron shirt was just as bad as Ron himself.

"If you two can't clump happily, I'm going to get aggressive," confessed the reasonable Hermione.

Harry could tell that Voldemort was standing right behind him. He felt a great overreaction. Harry tore his eyes from his head and threw them into the forest. Voldemort raised his eyebrows at Harry, who could not see anything at the moment.

"Voldemort, you're a very bad and mean wizard," Harry savagely said. Hermione nodded encouragingly. The tall Death Eater was wearing a shirt that said '*Hermione Has Forgotten How To Dance*', so Hermione dipped his face in mud.

Ron threw a wand at Voldemort and everyone applauded. Ron smiled. Ron reached for his wand slowly.

"Ron's the handsome one," muttered Harry as he reluctantly reached for his. They cast a spell or two, and jets of green light shot out of the Death Eaters' heads. Ron flinched.

"Not so handsome now," thought Harry as he dipped Hermione in hot sauce. The Death Eaters were dead now, and Harry was hungrier than he had ever been.

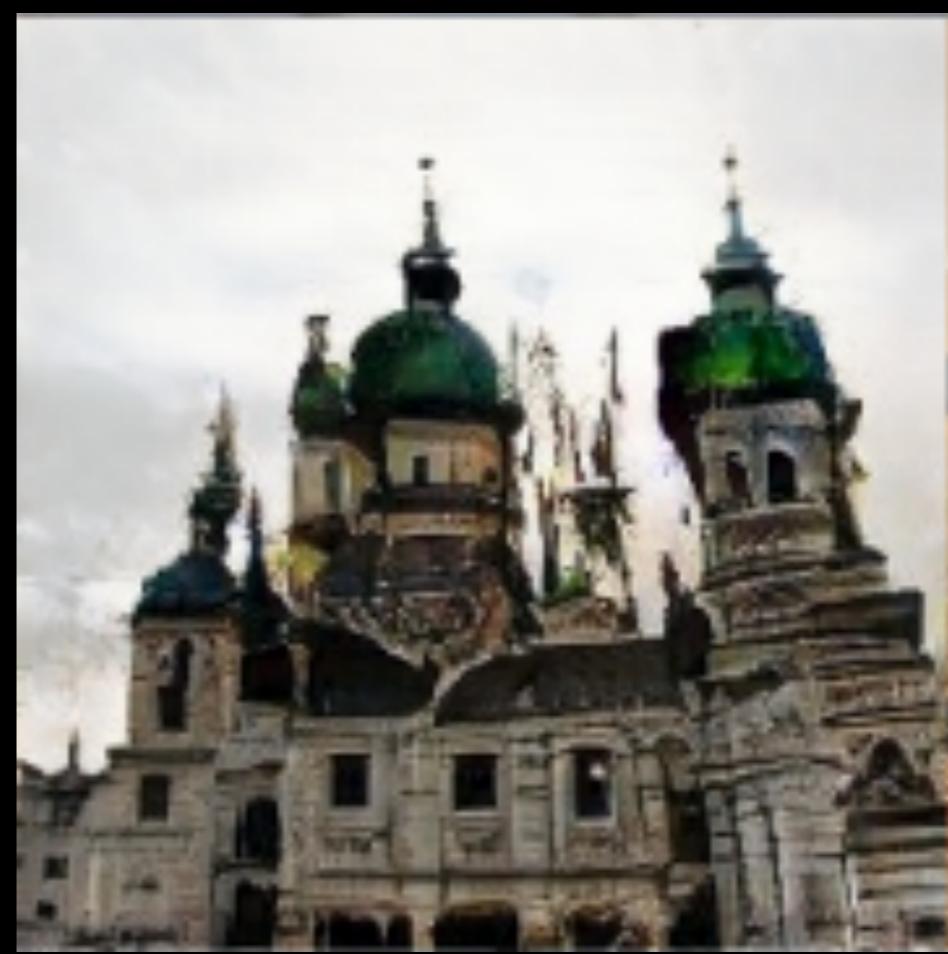
The Great Hall was filled with incredible moaning chandeliers and a large librarian who had decorated the sinks with books about masonry. Mountains of mice exploded. Several long pumpkins fell out of McGonagall. Dumbledore's hair scooted next to Hermione as Dumbledore arrived at school.

The pig of Hufflepuff pulsed like a large bullfrog. Dumbledore smiled at it, and placed his hand on its head: "You are Hagrid now."

"We're the only people who matter. He's never going to get rid of us," Harry, Hermione, and Ron said in chorus.

The floor of the castle seemed like a large pile of magic. The Dursleys had never been to the castle and they were not about to come there in *Harry Potter and the Portrait of What Looked Like a Large Pile of Ash*. Harry looked around and then fell down the spiral staircase for the rest of the summer.

"I'm Harry Potter," Harry began yelling. "The dark arts better be worried, oh boy!"





INT. SHIP

We see H pull a book from a shelf, flip through it while speaking, and then put it back.

H

In a future with mass unemployment,
young people are forced to sell
blood. That's the first thing I can
do.

H2

You should see the boys and shut
up. I was the one who was going to
be a hundred years old.

H

I saw him again. The way you were
sent to me... that was a big honest
idea. I am not a bright light.

C

Well, I have to go to the skull. I
don't know.

He picks up a light screen and fights the security force of
the particles of a transmission on his face.

H

(continuing)
What do you mean?

C

(smiles)
I don't know anything about any of
this.

H

(to Hauk, taking his eyes
from his mouth)
Then what?

H2

There's no answer.

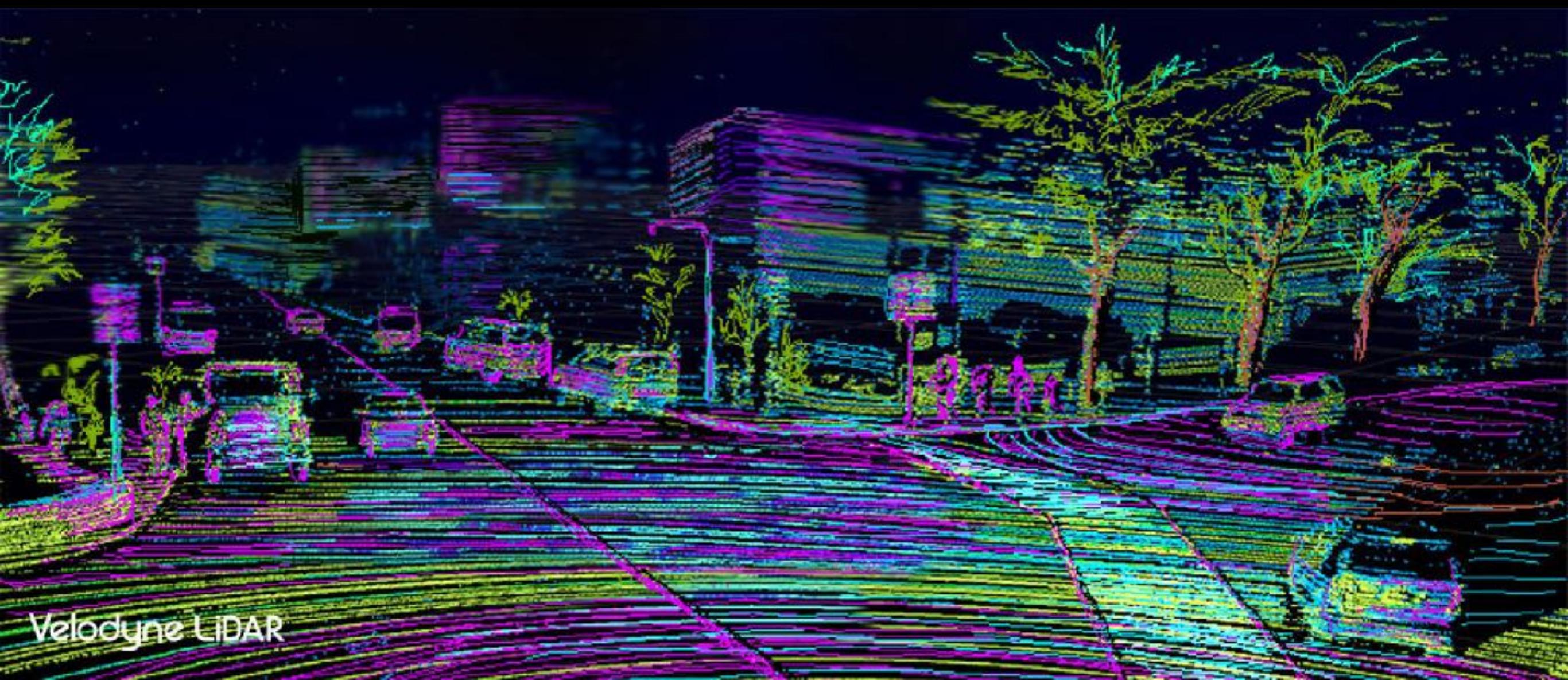
C

(frowning)
We're going to see the money.

H

(reading)
"All right, you can't tell me
that."

Steps back. Coffey is still going through.



Velodyne LiDAR





Course Details