# **Project**

**Data source** – RSS site <a href="http://www.economist.com/sections/obituary/rss.xml">http://www.economist.com/sections/obituary/rss.xml</a>

Back End WCF or ASMX or WebApi

Front End - html, CSS, JavaScript, JQuery

### **Back End Description**

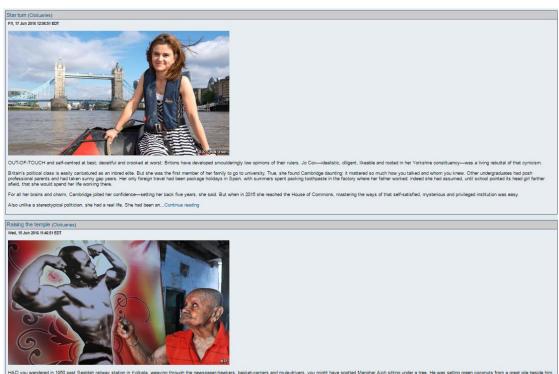
Pull data from RSS feed and expose as **ison** format for the client (Front End)

## **Frontend Description**

Build web site that include 2 html pages (index.html and item.html)

Index.html page

Page incudes all articles from feed. When click on title page item.html will be opened with data from selected article.



their tops chopped off to expose the white meat. You might have haggled with him, as with any street merchant. What you could not have ignored, if you came close, was the 45-centimetre biceo that rippled under his shirt, and the perfect V-shaped chest that gleamed as the scale the waste rind saide. For Mr Aich had started his day at the wrestlers' training ground, doing thousands of press-ups, sit-ups and leg-raises, and the rupees he was now accumulating were to pay for his trip to the Mr Universe contest in London—which, in 1952, he won.

in the short-height category, to be sure. He was only 4 feet 11 inches (1.5 metres) tall, and weighed seven stone (44.5kg); but he could break a spring of 275ib tension, and rip up a 1,500-page book with his small bare hands. After winning the Mr Hercules title 1960, he had become the pocket Hercules." He was need for a bodybulker on christing featish. Confirming realisting. Confirming the surface of the confirming the surface of the sur

### Item.html page

# Page include single article

# The greatest (Obituaries) Wed, 8 Jun 2016 12:25:53 EDT

PURE skill was much of it. The brutal delicacy of the ring-craft, so rare in the heavyweight division. Among the lumbering sloggers he dodged and danced, floating like a butterfly, stinging like a bee. Faced with a solid, flat-footed opponent, as all seemed to be compared with him, he would circle, torment and mesmerise, throwing short punches at speed. All that weaving, skipping, leaning leisurely away, before coming in for the kill. Flooring Sonny Liston once with a punch so fast that no one quite saw it (see above). Taunting George Foreman to exhaustion by sinking into the slack ropes, just letting him punch himself out while his own fine, hard body absorbed the blows. He always knew when his rivals would topple. He would mimic their shuffling desperation and his own artistry, pummelling the air with fast, precise, furious firsts. Let the old guard complain that he ducked and dipped too much, held his hands too low and his chin cocked too high; he won fights.

And what fights. Fifty-six of them in his career, and only five defeats. One against Liston in 1964, when he was 22 and the odds were 7-1 against him, that left the world heavyweight champion...Continue reading