

Chapter 1 : Dead cat in my yard

Sep 05, Â: *"This seems like a rat jumping off the ship to try to land a book deal," one user wrote, before the conversation turned toward whether the op-ed constituted treason worthy of the death penalty.*

February 22, - July 21, "I was an introvert in an extrovert profession. By most accounts, he was a terrific guy. He also sold Sanka coffee on TV for 5 years. In , he suffered a nervous breakdown. He recovered for four years on his ranch outside LA. This was something he could never quite shake and he would often struggle with his representation of someone who was always calm and together, when in his private life demons were plaguing him constantly. According to his costar on Father Knows Best, Jane Wyatt, "Though we never socialized off the set, we were together every day for six years and during that time he never pulled rank and always treated his on- screen family with the same affection and courtesy he showed his loved ones in his private life. Young tried to off himself by running a hose from his exhaust pipe to the interior of the car. The guys shows up and notices the pipe. This was on January 12, Robert had a problem with the drink as well. He was unsuccessful and was admitted to a psychiatric hospital for observation. At the same time, his wife was near death in bed from an alcohol overdose. Eventually they both "recovered. It was odd that the address of the house was written on it three times. In , his wife Elizabeth passed away. Robert was in the rags again shortly afterwards, because he took weekly jaunts to a local restaurant in his Westlake Village Community. According to one published source, Robert reveled in these appearances when people would flock around him. I mean, who would? He got up occasionally, but was mostly bedridden. Robert turned 90 in and apparently a few friends helped celebrate the occasion. Robert was apparently according to one rag devastated. I choose to believe this. I choose to believe that Streisand had snubbed Robert and it should be on her conscience for many years. Brolin said that he was sorry and that he will be upset about it for quite some time. Tell it to the bitch. On Tuesday, July 21, , at 9: He was 91 years old. Roddy McDowall showed up.

Chapter 2 : Dorchester was buzzing for Anonymous Festival | Dorset Echo

Maumbury Rings came alive with music with the return of Anonymous Festival. The event, which is now in its tenth year, boasted an exciting line-up of performers, including bands, dancers and actors.

When Seung-Gil receives a text message that he flags as a porn bot, he decides to do what any college student bogged down with exams would do: Fortunately for him, "for better" just happens to involve a certain caring boyfriend of his. To my dearest shifty recipient Jus, I hope this fic is able to bring a smile to your face! Let me know soon, okay? Seung-Gil Lee squints as he lifts his phone closer to his face, the letters slowly blurring before his eyes. Are these the porn bots that Phichit has been telling me so much about? His fingers hover over his screen, the blinking indicator seeming to match every throbbing pulse of the vein in his temple before he drops his head onto the cool surface of his desk with a groan, his itchy eyes screaming in relief when he clenches them shut. Of all times, why now? As if summoned, the fan in his laptop whirls to life, the fluttering pages of textbooks as deafening as a campus bar concert to his ears, equations flashing before his very eyes. Beneath him, Hoppang grumbles from her place beneath the desk at the sudden noise, her sides rising and falling in a drawn out huff against his socked feet before she rolls over with a whine. Seung-Gil snorts, his foot already drawing patterns over her soft stomach. Well that was good while it lasted- His phone vibrates in his hand, its notification chime drowned out by the meat of his palm, and Seung-Gil lifts his head fast enough for a wave of nausea to run down his throat, the effects of his last mug of coffee already draining away as he taps at the screen, his exhausted muscles screaming with every shaky fumble. Message me back anyway! Only the advertisements displaying the prices for the newest brand of smartphone keep him from crushing the device in his hand. Of course I get a porn bot of all things. But the probability of it being a wrong number is also fairly high, especially if you take into account that a lot of phone numbers- Seung-Gil shakes his head, wincing as a headache blooms once again in his temples, the skin of his palm tacky with sweat as he reaches up to rub at his eyes. What am I doing wasting time like this? With a sigh, he tosses his phone onto the bed, its vibrations muffled by the thick cotton of his blankets, before turning his attention back to the blue glow of his laptop. All thoughts about porn bots and spam would have to wait until then. Before Seung-Gil can even stretch his arms above his head, the lock on the front door rattles and clicks, the whistling ending abruptly, replaced by quiet huffs and curses and the sharp jangling of keychains. On the bed, Hoppang huffs, before curling closer into a ball as the door slowly creaks open. Even dressed in a casual jacket, hoodie, ripped jeans, and a lowered surgical mask, and standing in his mess of a living room, Phichit Chulanont still manages to take his breath away, and Seung-Gil barely has enough time to open his arms before his boyfriend lowers the hand pressed to his ear to wrap him into a tight hug. And I took Hoppang outside an hour ago to answer your question. Phichit squeaks, plastic boxes clattering against one another as he jerks it out of her reach, laughing as Hoppang jumps onto her back legs to paw at his thigh. You should be listening to me! I finished that pack of jerky we bought last week You must be even more exhausted than I am; taking an all-day shift during study vacation. Plus, all my exams are in the final week; yours are in the first. Now am I serving us this bokkeum-bap or not? I asked for an extra large serving. I got japchae instead. Recent research has shown that taking a break between studying does help to maximise what you remember. Exams are painful enough without potential serial killers in the mix. Cleaning up the aftermath of some very wonderful orgasms? We could do with a bit more relaxing. Maybe less if I can straighten it out, but judging by how deep the crease is, that might not be entirely possi- Hoppang yips, bouncing on her paws, scratches appearing on every paper-based material beneath her feet, and Seung-Gil winces as her tail sweeps across his bed to knock even more pages to the floor. Seung-Gil sighs, giving the husky another push. The blue of the messages burn his retinas, and Seung-Gil stifles his groan with a bite to his bottom lip as he reaches up to rub at his eyes. Maybe I should show this to Phichit. Seung-Gil shrugs, dropping the phone back onto the dresser in a manner that would have made Phichit screech, before turning his attention back to the pages and notebooks strewn haphazardly across the floor and rolling up his sleeves. We had an agreement before. Next time that is! The corners of his mouth stretch up into a barely repressed grin. Definitely made the right decision to tell him later.

On the screen, Arthur drops into another low bow to the stone-faced King, but the tightness in his chest has nothing to do with the swelling of music whatsoever. About a possible shift? Seung-gil gulps, the sound echoing through his ears, cutting through sounds of the teary love confession playing on the screen. You have to tell me now, Seung-Gil! Who did you think it was? He pitches his voice to a low grunt, tracing the patterns of dog hair on the floor as warmth blooms all over his face and pools in his ears. You seriously mistook my writing side for that of a porn bot? Did it finally break? And no, it was the portable charger.

Chapter 3 : Anastrozole Tinnitus Reports - DrugInformer

Confetti Death by Typoe is an intricate and intriguing installation from his amazing collection of artwork. The piece features a floating skull that appears to be hurling multi-colored shards of spray can caps.

On "I heard a Fly buzz--when I died--" Gerhard Friedrich T his poem seems to present two major problems to the interpreter. First, what is the significance of the buzzing fly in relation to the dying person, and second, what is the meaning of the double use of "see" in the last line? An analysis of the context helps to clear up these apparent obscurities, and a close parallel found in another Dickinson poem reinforces such interpretation. The obtrusiveness of the inferior, physical aspects of existence, and the busybody activity associated with them, is poignantly illustrated by the intervening insect cf. Even so small a demonstrative, demonstrable creature is sufficient to separate the dying person from "the light," i. The last line of the poem may then be paraphrased to read: The only portion of a man not properly "assignable" may be that which dies and decomposes! The sudden fall of the dying person into the captivity of an earth-heavy skepticism demonstrates of course the inadequacy of the earlier pseudo-stoicism. What seemed then like composure, was after all only a pause "between the heavens of storm"; the "firmness" of the second stanza proved to be less than veritable peace of mind and soul; and so we have a profoundly tragic human situation, namely the perennial conflict between two concepts of reality, most carefully delineated. The poem should be compared with its illuminating counterpart of the Second Series, "Their height in heaven comforts not," and may be contrasted with "Death is a dialogue between," "I heard as if I had no ear," and the well-known "I never saw a moor. Friedrich says of the fly: I understand that fly to be the last kiss of the world, the last buzz from life. Any number of poems illustrate her delight in the special significance of tiny living things. She mastered her themes by controlling her language. She could achieve a novel significance, for example, by starting with a death scene that implies the orthodox questions and then turning the meaning against itself by the strategy of surprise answers. Instead of a final vision of the hereafter, this world simply faded from her eyes: In structure, in language, in imagery it is simply an ironic reversal of the conventional attitudes of her time and place toward the significance of the moment of death. Few poets saw more clearly the boundary between what can and what cannot be comprehended, and so held the mind within its proper limitations. Before the age of powerful anodynes death was met in full consciousness, and the way of meeting it tended to be stereotype. It was affected with a public interest and concern, and was witnessed by family and friends. They crowded the death chamber to wait expectantly a burst of dying energy to bring on the grand act of passing. Variants there were, of course, in case of repentant and unrepentant sinners. Here in this poem the central figure of the drama is expected to make a glorious exit. The build-up is just right for it, but at the moment of climax "There interposed a fly. How right is Mr. Gerhard Friedrich in his explication. And how wrong, I think, is Mr. She could not possibly have entertained any such view of a blowfly. She was a practical housewife, and every housewife abhors a blowfly. It pollutes everything it touches. Its eggs are maggots. It is as carrion as a buzzard. What we know of Emily Dickinson gives us assurance that just as she would abhor the blowfly she would abhor the deathbed scene. How devastatingly she disposes of the projected one in the poem. Higginson Letters, , II, Sharon Cameron We must imagine the speaker looking back on an experience in which her expectations of death were foiled by its reality. In a poem very much concerned with the question of vision, it is perhaps strange that the dominant concern in stanza one should be auditory. But upon reflection it makes sense, for the speaker is hearing a droning in the background before the source of the noise comes into view. The poem describes the way in which things come into view, slowly. She is acutely conscious that there will be a struggle with death, but she imagines it is the people around her who will undergo it. Her detachment and tranquility seem appropriate if we imagine them to come in the aftermath of pain, a subject that is absent in the poem and whose absence helps to place the experience at the moment before death. Her concern with her audience continues in the third stanza and prompts the tone of officiousness there. Wanting to set things straight, the speaker wishes to add the finishing touches to her life, to conclude it the way one would a business deal. Even at this point her conception of dying may be a preconception but it is not one founded on

total ignorance. The speaker has been imagining herself as a queen about to leave her people, conscious of the majesty of the occasion, presiding over it. She expects to witness death as majestic, too, or so one infers from the way in which she speaks of him in stanza two. But the conflict between preconception and perception takes place inside. Or rather preconception gives way only to darkness. For at the conclusion of the third stanza the fly "interpose[s]," coming between the speaker and the onlookers, between her predictive fantasy of the event and its reality, between life and death. The fact that the fly obscures the former allows the speaker to see the latter. Perspective suddenly shifts to the right thing: It is from a perspective schooled by the fly that she writes. As several previous discussions of the poem have acknowledged, the final stanza begins with a complicated synesthesia: The fusion would not be so interesting if its effect were not to evoke that moment in perception when it is about to fail. As in a high fever, noises are amplified, the light in the room takes on strange hues, one effect seems indistinguishable from another. Thus flies when they are about to die move as if poisoned, sometimes hurl themselves against a ceiling, pause, then rise to circle again, then drop. At this moment the changes the speaker is undergoing are fused with their agent: It is her observance of that fly, being mesmerized by it in a quite literal sense now, since death is quite literal, that causes her mind to fumble at the world and lose grip of it. The poem thus penetrates to the invisible imagination which strengthens in response to the loss of visible sight. I mentioned earlier that the poem presumes a shift of perspective, an enlightened change from the preconception of death to its perception. In order to assume that the speaker is educated by her experience, we must assume the fact of it: But the fiction required by the poem renders it logically baffling. For although the poem seems to proceed in a linear fashion toward an end, its entire premise is based on the lack of finality of that end, the speaker who survives death to tell her story of it. We are hence left wondering: How does the poem imagine an ending? If it does not, what replaces a sense of an ending? How does it conceive of the relationship between past, present, and future? Dickinson and the Limits of Genre. John Crowe Ransom And since this was a strange poet, I shall begin with two of the stranger poems; they deal with Death, but they are not from the elegiac poems about suffering the death of others, they are previsions of her own death. The transaction is homely and easy, for the poet has complete sophistication in these matters, having attended upon deathbeds, and knowing that the terror of the event is mostly for the observers. In the first poem a sort of comic or Gothic relief interposes, by one of those homely inconsequences which may be observed in fact to attend even upon desperate human occasions. The other poem is a more imaginative creation. It is a single sustained metaphor, all of it analogue or "vehicle" as we call it nowadays, though the character called Death in the vehicle would have borne the same name in the real situation or "tenor. Paula Bennett Like many people in her period, Dickinson was fascinated by death-bed scenes. How, she asked various correspondents, did this or that person die? In particular, she wanted to know if their deaths revealed any information about the nature of the afterlife. In this poem, however, she imagines her own death-bed scene, and the answer she provides is grim, as grim and, at the same time, as ironically mocking, as anything she ever wrote. This kind of distortion in scale is common. But here it is horrifying because it defeats every expectation we have. Death is supposed to be an experience of awe. It is the moment when the soul, departing the body, is taken up by God. And hence the speaker assigns away everything but that which she expects God her soul or death her body to take. They are a background noise we do not have to deal with yet. In projecting her death-bed scene, Dickinson confronts her ignorance and gives back the only answer human knowledge can with any certainty give. While we may hope for an afterlife, no one, not even the dying, can prove it exists. I believe that to Dickinson it was a position that reduced human life to too elementary and meaningless a level. Not just God, but we ourselves are reduced--a fact that has become painfully evident in twentieth-century literature. From Emily Dickinson, *Woman Poet*. Reprinted by permission of the author. Ironically, although the final, haunting sentence has to do with sight, "I could not see to see--," at no time in the course of the poem can the speaker maintain an ordered visual grasp of the world. We hear after we see. In the first stanza, the "I" can still assert straightforward utterances of fact in a comprehensive manner; however, the faculty of sight has already begun to slip away. The speaker no longer retains either an autonomous "I" or the physical power of eyesight. The speaker formulates thought in increasingly strained synecdochic and metonymical tropes. It does provide a means of "Looking at Death"; in addition, however, it strives to define both death and life in

unaccustomed ways. Thus it is centrally concerned to posit "seeing" as a form of power: Death robs us of all bodily sensations; more important, however, it wrests this autonomous authority from us, the final and most devastating wound, "I could not see to see Moreover, the poem even suggest that some ways of engaging with the world during "life" may be no more than forms of animated death. Thus the poem offer a counsel to the living by strongly implying the crucial importance of daring "to see" while life still lasts, and one way in which the poet can be Representative is by offering a model of active insight that is susceptible of emulation.

Chapter 4 : FACT CHECK: Did a Young Woman Deliberately Infect Men With HIV?

This is a sad story of the death of a bicyclist in St. Johns County that still has no conclusion. Last April, a year-old student from the University of St. Augustine, who had been riding a bicycle on County Road , was found dead.

A dubious story is based on a baseless, unverified, and anonymous Facebook post. Published 6 April Claim A year-old college student in Kenya purposefully infected men with human immunodeficiency virus in an act of revenge. Rating False About this rating Origin During the s and s, at the height of the HIV and AIDS crises, rumors ran wild about people deliberately spreading the virus to their clueless sexual partners. She targets before the year ends!!!!!! However, the anonymous message driving this story has been preserved by a number of questionable web sites: I joined this college a virgin though I have had boyfriends before,my parents are strict so having sex was never on my mind. September 22nd, , is a day I will never forget,we went clubbing in town and got drunk with some senior students then went back hostels for party around 2am I remember waking up naked to a guy called Javan with my private part painful and I realised he had sex with me when I was drunk. I only asked if he used a condom and he said yes. However, when taking bathI noticed sperms down there,i wanted to commit suicide,i feared getting pregnant and HIV, I took drug and hoped i was HIV free. I confronted the guy and he insisted he was clean that I got it from somewhere. I was so depressed and took alcohol to die. I even bought poison,the pain was just unbearable. How was I gonna face the world? I let my parents down. I gave up on the world and just wanted to end my life. Something came up in my mind that I should revenge. My future had been ruined, somehow someone had to pay. After a private therapy sessions, I gained strength not even my parents,friends knew of my conditions even up to now. I accepted my fate and promised to make all men I come across suffer. I buried the good girl in me and became the bad girl. My goal was to infect as many as possible. So far, since December up to now, I have infected men and I make sure to note down there list which I secretly keep. I plan to release it when I will be on my death bed. I know I have nothing left to do on earth but to wait for my death but before i do, men will get it. My target is over by the end of the year, pregnancy is out of question because I am on contraceptives. So I just do raw which most men here love. Out of the I have infected so far, about are students here at the college, the remaining are married men outside, lecturers,lawyers,some celebs and 3 politicians. Not a day passes without me having sex, mostly four people per day. This is an unverified story from an anonymous author that was posted to a Facebook page seemingly dedicated to scandals and rumors. The story itself is also rather preposterous. For one, how does this woman know how many people she infected? After all, having unprotected sex with someone who is HIV-positive does not automatically mean that the disease will spread: A heterosexual person infected with HIV will transmit the virus to their partner once in every times the couple has unprotected sex, according to a new study conducted in Africa. In her story there are some gaps and misinformation that gave us an impression she was lying about everything. If you add up the days you will end up with 90 days exactly. And the lady said she has infected men from December. If you divide you will get 3. You will ask yourself is she a prostitute or what? Problems With Subsequent Postings There are several other factors that point to this being a fearmongering rumor, as opposed to a genuine story about sexual revenge. For one thing, as this rumor was passed from disreputable web site to spurious blog, the accompanying photograph seemed to change. Another clue that this rumor is based more on fear than facts is that it receives minor updates with each passing year. In addition to changing the photograph, these sites have also altered the number of men reportedly infected with HIV by this woman, as well as her goal date for completing her revenge. According to the report, her aim was to infect 2, men with the virus. Her vengeance was met with horror and much criticism over social media. According to her, she already infected men and wanted to finish with the 2, mark. To Sum Up The claim that a woman in Kenya infected men with human immunodeficiency virus over the span of a few months and that she plans on infecting hundreds more by the end of the year is based entirely on a years-old anonymous Facebook post filled with inaccurate statements, fearmongering rhetoric, and unsubstantiated claims.

Chapter 5 : FBI, Philly police seek serial armed bank robber after alleged suspect strikes again - Story | W

Focusing on the universality of death, the About Dying series keeps the identity of the recently dead anonymous for a powerful purpose. The Danish photographer, Catherine Ertmann, elaborates, "It deals with the incomprehensible fact that life ends and hopefully remind the audience that our time here is precious and what things really matter.

Eleven years after the war, Draco Malfoy leads a quiet, boring, and perfectly respectable life, thanks very much. Or, at least he does, until a sudden and very unexpected veela awakening causes him to throw soup all over Harry Potter in the middle of the Ministry cafeteria. Big thank you to my beta, D, for helping me edit and plot this behemoth--love you most. Also, big thanks to the mods for organizing and hosting this wonderful Food Fair! And to evening12 for the awesome prompt! This is a Veela fic. I think it is a bit atypical for veela fics? It hits some of the classic veela tropes but not others. See the end of the work for more notes. He was a former Death Eater, for one. He still bore the twisted, scarred blemish of a Dark Mark on his left arm, for another. He had been raised and indoctrinated by incurable racists, espoused pureblood supremacy ideals, participated in torture and plots of murder, and followed a megalomaniacal nose-less madman to near doom. All things worth knowing about Draco Malfoy. But really, the most important thing to know about Draco Malfoy, the one fact that made him comprehensible and worth knowing at all, was this: Eleven years after the war, at age twenty-nine, Draco Malfoy was no longer a Death Eater. No longer a racist pureblood supremacist. It was the one fact about him that mattered. It was also the one fact about him that no one particularly cared to notice, learn, or acknowledge. And yet, much as the drudgery of it all pained and exhausted him, he was determined to put that essential part of himself on display nevertheless. As he did every weekday at noon on the dot, Draco heaved himself up from his stiff desk chair and set aside his quill and parchment forms. His lower back ached, so he stretched it, cracked his neck with a pop, and rubbed at his eyes. He was a tax man. That was something worth knowing, too. Draco Malfoy, son and heir to the richest wizarding family this side of the Atlantic, brilliant prodigy child in Potions who excelled in all academic subjects, rebel with a dark and violent past, made his living as a tax man. Rather embarrassing, he had to admit. More embarrassing, that he was quite good at his job. Most embarrassing, that he actually rather enjoyed it. After Draco pulled on his gray, thoroughly respectable work robes over his matching trousers and crisp white button-up shirt, he drew in a breath, straightened his spine, and readied himself for the quiet, humiliating battle he faced daily: With a flick of his wand to turn off the desk lamp, he strode out of his tidy little cubicle. A low susurrus of murmured voices, whispers of shuffling parchment from enchanted memos that flew overhead, beeping from the message alert systems, and the click of heels on tile filled the Revenue and Customs work hall with a soft chaos of noise. Snippets of conversation from within each cubicle floated out to him as he walked past, his robes billowing gracefully behind him, his head held high. A few steps onward and Lavender Brown popped her curly head out of her cubicle door, looked around for someone, and startled when she saw Draco. He smiled, nodded a greeting, and continued on his way. In the lobby of the department, a few decorative potted plants made a valiant effort at cheer but ultimately fell short of their noble goal. With dusty old carpet, eggshell paint peeling off the walls, and failing enchantments in the window illusions, the office was less than welcoming. The only redeeming aesthetic detail was the photo and placard that hung on the wall beside the door: The Draco in the picture lifted his chin and gazed out at the room with regal detachment, severe and serene. But hard earned, by God. With perfect punctuality, long hours, and an unparalleled track record for identifying threads of tax abuse, Draco had earned this spot on the wall six times over his seven years working for the department. The other aesthetically pleasing detail of the front office was Margery, their colorfully dressed octogenarian secretary who guarded entrance to the floor like a dragon wrapped around a precious horde. Her bright pink, bejeweled spectacles magnified her round eyes and gave her the appearance of a strange bird, some sort of owl-flamingo hybrid. She never wanted anything. Malfoys loved a good tradition. That, and Margery was the one person in the office who seemed to actually like him a bit. On his walk through the long, twisting Ministry hallways, people clipped past him, kept to the opposite side, kept their gaze down, avoided acknowledging him at all. For the most part. In the lift, when Draco squeezed his way into the crowded car

and reached to push the button for his floor, a large man in purple robes refused to budge out of the way. No one said anything, though. No one had in years. Not to his face, anyway. Of course, there were still complaints behind his back but even those had faded to nothing more than malcontented grumblings. Draco was determined to keep them that way, and to lessen them if he could. He was determined to make something of himself in this world, to earn a place here. His father would have blasted and charmed his way up the rungs of the Ministry, bribing and blackmailing his way back to the top. But his father was in prison, so that told Draco more than enough about the efficacy and staying power of such a strategy. That was another thing worth knowing about Draco Malfoy: No, Draco knew that the only way to the top, the only path worth anything in the long run, was a slow, inexorable climb, with diligence and dues paid every step of the way. They might not like him. They might want an excuse to be rid of him. Which was the purpose of this daily charade, this unpleasant routine, this public self-martyring. His least favorite part of the day. The part that made him want to step out in front of the Knight Bus rather than face it once more. A wave of sound blasted against Draco in a rush as he pushed open the cafeteria doors. At least a dozen pairs of eyes pinned on him and followed his deliberate steps up to the food queue. He fought down the urge to fidget and straighten the front of his robes. Perhaps he could just go out and get something different today. Maybe, from now on, he should pack a lunch and eat at his desk. Or out front, with Margery. Or in the park across the street, with the pigeons. Or down in the sewers, with the rats. Literally anything would be better than this: He joined the end of the queue, ordered a bowl of soup and a breadstick, and thanked the canteen staff. With his tray balanced in both hands, Draco turned and peered out over the wide room. Clusters of Ministry employees talked and laughed and ate together. A gaggle of barristers and law clerks, a few of them still wearing their ridiculous wigs, argued back and forth over a stack of sandwiches. Very few tables remained open, but Draco snagged one near the front of the canteen, close to the queue. He set his tray down on the wooden surface with a thunk, and then sat himself down. He was a fully functioning adult, for goodness sake. But still, he felt the pressure of eyes on his solitary figure. It prickled the back of his neck, set his spine on edge as he dipped his spoon into the thick soup. Even now, as an adult, he felt the sting of embarrassment and loneliness that came with eating alone in a public space, like he was fourteen again and desperate for an audience to prove his worth in the Great Hall of Hogwarts. Probably, he only felt this way because the ministry had a cafeteria, wide open and echoing with hundreds of loud conversations, with his table visible from every sight line. Awful, rather like the soup. The thick, creamy orange concoction slopped in the bowl as he stirred his spoon through it and then took a bite. An attempt at some sort of spiced sweet potato. Not to his taste or standards, but it was well. Some people liked it. Some people would call it their favorite thing on the menu. Some people looked forward to Tuesdays in particular, because this was the soup du jour. Some people had no taste, but still Draco found himself ordering this same bowl of gritty, under-seasoned slop every Tuesday in the hopes that it would improve with age. He forced another bite, though it was thick in his throat. Though half the Ministry watched and waited for him to dribble orange goop down the front of his white shirt. He gulped another bite and patted the corner of his mouth with his napkin, his movements precise and deliberate. That was exactly why he forced himself through this public display every day: It had been years since the war, years since the hunting torment, years since anyone had treated him badly or spit on him or attacked him for walking down the street. But he still had an undeniable sense, an intuition, that insisted if ever he decided to hide, if ever he ducked his head too low, then the whispers behind his back would grow too loud. Draco had traveled a bit after the war, just for a while, just so he could teach himself how to breathe again. In America, hiking in the Pacific Northwest, he had read a survival guide with advice on what to do in the event that a hiker ran into a mountain lion. Stay still, it said.

Chapter 6 : Anonymous Post-Mordem Portraits : About Dying

When my father knocked on my apartment door and told me of my mother's death, the pain seared. That day changed my life forever. For months, I walked around in a fog.

One story we do need keep very close track of is our Visitor from Vega, the distinctly anomalous cylinder with "high metal content" that performed a little fly-by a few weeks after Heaven turned upside down in Las Vegas. And as it happens that may not be the only mass-murder event somehow connected to this War in Heaven that seems to be rolling out this year. Superlatives were flying fast and thick over the Vegan visitor, along with some tantalizingly ambiguous language as to its exact nature. Which raises all kinds of questions ranging from "who knew what about this thing and when did they know it," to "does this thing actually exist or is it part of some weird space ritual we can only guess at? This "high metal content" strikes me a bit suggestive, as does its red color. Here we see it described as "metallic. So yeah, this "Start of a New Era" thing. Maybe they mean something besides Astronomy. If that seems a bit tenuous to you, maybe I should mention what Vega was called in Babylonian astronomy This week also saw a number of suggestive headlines on other space topics. Most of these seemed connected somehow to the overarching narrative one might expect of the return of the Vegas, whether real or imagined. Like this classic example of the Seen-from-Space meme. Hang out the lanterns- the Vegas are coming home! This time for good! Secretly-held Vegan theology, I should add. Oh, and here we go- Jupiter and Saturn need to get thrown into the mix as well. Whoever pays the Piper gets to call the tune. And of course we have the prefab controversy meant to lure in the mildly-disinterested reader. And the project is being coordinated with the Sonar festival, a big rave thing which takes place every year in Barcelona. This year it landed on the weekend of June 17th. Barcelona has been in the news quite a bit thanks to the Catalan drive for independence from Spain. And exactly two months later we saw the Barcelona attacks in which 13 people were killed and injured by a 22 year-old driving a van. Could this tragedy get any more numerological? Sonar is an acronym for "sound navigation and ranging," the underwater counterpart to radar. And speaking of Orion Krause, the Catalan president took to the air and claimed his support for Catalan independence was being driven by a "mysterious force. The Venetian Towers are 47 meters high, eh? Wherever do I know that number from? The site of the August 17 attacks is north-northeast of the Placa, at an incline of Where have I heard that before? Help me out here, people. And the more I look at this inexplicable event featuring Our Lady of Oracles, the more interesting it gets. Note that the tickets for the event- which took place on the first day of Leo-- went on sale on May 19th. Note that the Grand Lodge of England threw their th birthday party at that same venue on Halloween. One hundred days after the Hall was blessed by Our Lady. So it seems that Wikipedia, the "crowdsourced" voice of the Technocrats of Silicylon Valley, has the space-spliff as coming from Vega. Did they call our new phallic friend "Elvis? Oh, it means "reaching out for the advance scouts from the past. The advance scouts from Vega. The foremost soldier or the front rank in battle. A scout; one sent forward before a battle to discover the position of the enemy. Close enough at a distance of 31 years, I might say. Plus, "Little Spacey" and all. And of course, Heaven or La Vega: So, the Romans believed the setting of Vega signaled the start of autumn, eh? Of course, we mark September 23rd as the start of our autumn You may have heard a thing or two about it. Got a little hectic, maybe? Like that whole Texas thing; the one that happened to coincide with the occultation of Aldebaran by the Beaver Moon? It so happens that the Beaver moon took place in the tail of Cetus, formerly known as the Sea-Monster Why does that sound so familiar? By the way, this is how you bring a blush to the snow. Given the track record and all. There are trillions at stake here. And this is coming from NASA, who have never lied about anything. That shot of lower Manhattan looks vaguely familiar, though. Part of this latest round of Apocalyptic alarmism is coming from expeditions to the Ross Ice Shelf, which is reportedly thinning. Of course, this is a bit tricky for the rest of us to verify. You know, given the whole track record and all. Either way, Antarctica is big news this year. Has been for a while now. And lo and behold, it looks as if Piri Reis were onto something: Graham Hancock is accepting mea culpas care of his website. But parapolitical researchers do suspect there may be a bit more behind the overweening interest in Antarctica.

Maybe a stray Nazi or two. And then there are folks like this, who see Antarctica as a theater of battle for the War in Heaven. In this scenario, Antarctica is the fabled Tartarus where the Watchers have been imprisoned. The Watchers will be released in time for the big cage match with Michael and his homies. In other words, Victorialand may have to choose sides, between Heaven or the Vegas. Of course, this all sounds a bit like trying too hard to tie up some loose Biblical ends and square some annoying circles.

Chapter 7 : Vomiting Skullptures : Confetti Death

What is a Near Death Experience? Odd noisesâ€”pleasant or unpleasantâ€”e.g. buzzing or a loud ringing; Submitted by anonymous on April 12, - am.

Chapter 8 : Has anyone ever heard that ringing in the ears foretells death of a loved one? | Yahoo Answers

It's been more than four years since John Avlon, â€” the former columnist and ubiquitous cable news commentator â€” took the reins of the Daily Beast from Tina Brown, its founding editor whose.

Chapter 9 : Among The Hidden: Post #4 Conflict and Resolution

Re: Feel a buzzing sensation/vibration in my lower abdomen It feels like a cellphone vibration, but my cell phone is in my purse on the table. No vibrator jokes please.