

Chapter 1 : Hunt the Hunter Chapter 1, a castle fanfic | FanFiction

The screech of tires was deafening as the Ford Crown Victoria police cruiser slid practically sideways onto Laurel Lane. Its engine roared as the black and white car sped to catch up with the dark red Ford Taurus racing ahead.

Aalon Set at the end of Season 5, this story picks up four days after the end of The Wonder. If you have not read that story, please do so, first, as it sets this AU into place. This story begins four days after the end of The Wonder storyline. Her only ally left is Special Agent Jordan Shaw, and she is some seven hundred miles away in Chicago. She has left Richard Castle behind in New York, their relationship in tatters. She has also left Detectives Esposito and Ryan under similar circumstances. And William Bracken is beginning the next step in his nefarious plans that ultimately will end with the White House, if he is successful. It will be up to a newly disarmed Kate Beckett to stop him. None of these characters are mine, but they are memorable. Tuesday, July 23th, in Washington, D. It was a relatively quiet "and lonely weekend" for Katherine Houghton Beckett. She is only now coming to grips with the reality that her storybook romance with Richard Castle is actually over. She has beaten herself up time and again over the weekend for her current state of events, knowing that she has only herself to blame. Yes, she has been played, and played expertly. By Meredith, by Eric Vaughn. But in the end, it was her own doubts, her own foolishness that even allowed a crack in the armor for either to slither in and drop their poisonous venom. How could she allow this to happen? Now, a year later, a job offer had suddenly vaulted itself over the writer, her lover, in importance. And just as he had to learn of her first lie under awkward circumstances outside an interrogation room, he also had to learn of her hidden plans to move to Washington D. Yeah, the tears spilt over the weekend were vast and voluminous. Yet here she sits, back at her new desk that seemed so damn important a couple of months ago "alone with her new reality, waiting for her next assignment. An assignment that "evidently" is getting ready to be handed down to her. Her desk phone chatters and she picks it up on the first ring, seeing the internal call coming from her boss, Deputy Director Anthony Freedman. I know it is lunch time, but this really cannot wait. You will understand why shortly. She stares at the handset for a second or two, frowns, and then stands, straightening her dark blue jacket and pants before heading out of her office. Seconds later, she is standing in front of the Deputy Director, who looks none too happy at the moment. Kate idly wonders what could be the cause of his clear discomfort. It is rare that he calls her by name. His indifference to her since her arrival has taken on near legendary status. Immediately the black screen goes blue for a few seconds. Kate starts mentally preparing herself for a jaunt to the Midwest, as the Deputy Director continues. They are just begging for trouble. I know that upward mobility often has its price. Kate finds herself clenching her fists, trying to compose herself. The man really does know how to push her, already getting inside her carefully constructed barriers within half of minute "and on video tape, for crying out loud. He can see the highly visible reaction of his agent, and right now he genuinely wants to know if she is up to the task. Senator Bracken is an experienced expert at this game, at the covert operation. The Senator knows that the best covert operation is one where the players are oblivious to their participation. They simply do what they do, every day, and their predictable actions are accounted for. All to say, that is the position that Deputy Director Freedman find himself in this morning. Yeah, he has done his homework this morning, researching the serial killer after watching the video earlier. But he has no idea that Dunn is working for Senator Bracken. Yes, he knows the history Kate Beckett has with Scott Dunn. He just does not realize that this history was "in fact" orchestrated previously by the Senator. This fact is not known by Kate Beckett either. And obviously, neither realizes that this is yet another plan on the part of the master politician. His words snap her out of the horrific trip down memory lane she has been freewheeling for the past few seconds. In her mind she sees her apartment blown up, Richard Castle giving her his coat to cover her nakedness as she climbs out of the protective cocoon of her bathtub. In her mind, she sees Scott Dunn standing over her with the drop on her, and Richard Castle getting off "what he admits was "a lucky shot to disarm the killer. It brings "yet again - front and center what "no, make that who - is missing in her life right now. Just a bit surprised. Dunn is supposed to be in jail. They should have thrown away the key. Immediately, he mocks her with his monologue. I find them tedious and boring.

No extra-curricular help for you this time. Of course, your boss needs to know. Agent Shaw remains out of it, or I go killing with no clues. The writer stays out of it, or I go killing with no clues. And no other agents, police officers, coffee shop waiters," he chuckles again. I go killing with no clues. And trust me, Nikki, you want these clues. And I want to give you these clues. The game is no fun without these clues. But this has to be just you and me. Or is he telling her that he realizes she has burned her bridges and that "even if she wanted to" she is unable to pull them into the game this time. He continues speaking, and she snaps herself back to the present, listening intently. You have two weeks to stop me and catch me before I disappear again. A worried frown creases the face of Deputy Director Anthony Freedman. Lives in the city dependent on Kate Beckett and her detective abilities? The very thought troubles him. He is no fan of Kate Beckett. But this was not his decision. This is Washington, D. The people here are. A death in New York City is mourned by their family. There is a nice little funeral," he continues, his voice taking on a small, childlike mocking tone, allowing his head to flop from side to side. Young sexually active and attractive interns," he says, and he actually giggles with this last inclusion. Just you and your little, teeny, tiny, inferior brain," he mocks her, smiling all the while. You will get a new video for each. Got your pen and paper? We who are about to die at dusk enter willingly into the place of emancipation. Kate is already in thought, rushing through the initial riddle. Perhaps I can use that against him again. A test to see how I will react. They will just be there, willingly, of their own accord, at sunset. Great work, Agent Beckett. We have plenty of time to pull together " "No, sir," she corrects him. There are very important people here. That phrase speaks of gladiators. Tonight at sunset at the Lincoln Memorial. It is the first time he gets to see " first-hand " the ingenuity of his newest agent. More, the speed in which she has come to these conclusions simply startles him. For the first time, now, he sees the adversary that his colleague " his invisible boss " Senator Bracken has warned him about. We will pull together a small team to go with you later today to the Memorial. She walks out the door and he waits a few more heartbeats for before commenting out loud. Your review has been posted.

Chapter 2 : Hunting the Hunter | Fallout Wiki | FANDOM powered by Wikia

If the green creature an opponent controls is an illegal target when Hunt the Hunter tries to resolve, but the green creature you control is still a legal target, the creature you control will get +2/+2, but the creatures won't fight.

Its engine roared as the black and white car sped to catch up with the dark red Ford Taurus racing ahead. She dropped the radio receiver and gripped the steering wheel again as the Ford ahead made a mad swerve around a parked delivery truck, and she followed suit. Then came the voice on the radio, "Base Station. The chopper is in the air. Keep on him until then. Charlie and Mary-9 are on their way to you. They were heading down a fairly busy street, with pedestrians and cross traffic, at speeds close to miles per hour. Even here in LA the chases rarely got up to that speed. A helicopter typically kept the suspect in site while other officers closed down the area, or he ran out of gas. The driver, whoever he was, was good. He timed the turn perfectly onto Fifth. Biloath followed close behind. She reached for the radio to call in the change in direction when the rear window of the Taurus disintegrated in a shower of glass, followed by star shaped patterns on her own windshield. She ducked lower, keeping most of her head below the dashboard, but never lost pursuit. She shouted into the radio, "Shots fired! There were at least five bullet holes in the windshield. She felt the funnel of wind blowing into her face from a few of them, and a few flecks of glass pelted her sunglasses. The radio came on again. There was no telling what this guy might try. There was a line of cars on the eastbound side waiting for a red light to change, and a lot of cross traffic. Mary-9 slid into position blocking the westbound lanes. There were two large buildings on either side of the street. The suspects only real option was to stop or risk slamming into one of the buildings by taking the sidewalk. He chose option three. The red Ford suddenly sped up, quickly going more than miles per hour, and aimed straight for the cruiser blocking his path. Sergeant Bell seemed to realize it at the last moment himself, and Biloath saw the rear wheels spin madly as he floored the cruiser in a vain attempt to get out of the way. It was too late. It had effectively been split into three major chunks, with the engine being thrown fully feet through the front window of a furniture store. The shattered bits of red and blue plastic that had made up the flashing light bar on top ended up scattered all over Biloath's cruiser as she slammed on the brakes. The stolen Taurus fared little better. It flipped into the air, spraying bits of engine, undercarriage and glass all over the intersection before coming to a halt against a light standard. It fell to the ground upside down, its roof crushed under the force of the blow. Neither car caught fire. Biloath yelled into her portable radio as she jumped out of the car, "Send EMS! Intersection of Fifth and Centennial! Almost as an automatic motion, she drew her gun and started over to the crushed Taurus. Several bystanders were beginning to approach the car. She looked around the car quickly. The roof was crushed low, and the doors jammed shut. It was going to take the jaws of life to get the two people out of this car, dead or alive. The rear passenger window was still off the ground high enough to look inside. Carefully leading with her gun, she crouched to the ground and peered in. She saw the body of a middle aged woman resting on the roof of the car. Since she already knew that her suspect was a man, this had to have been the car's owner. She was dead, her neck twisted at an odd angle. But there was no other occupant. Biloath stood and looked around furiously as the sound of other sirens started to come closer. The intersection was littered with bits of both cars, but no other bodies. She raced into the center of the intersection and looked around in a circle. No sign of him. She looked at the nearest witness. She cursed and clicked on the radio again. The suspect may have gotten away. She slammed her fist into the side of the smashed sedan out of frustration when she realized that she heard a familiar sound. Looking up, three helicopters were circling the intersection. Looking fast between them, she saw a light blue chopper with a large white "5" on the side, another with a "7" in a large circle, and another with a large "4" situated above a multicolor peacock. But if the suspect had managed to flee, then should be keeping him on tape. Why were they still over the intersection? Lisa was sure that some of her superiors wanted to blame her for what happened. They had a dead officer, five more dead civilians and the suspect had apparently vanished into this air. They needed a scapegoat. All three local news stations had caught the crash on tape, and even from three angles, no one could see what happened to the man wanted for so much death. Chillingly, the brake lights were not on at that moment. He was up to 49 now. Men, women, children, it

seemed to mean little to him. The majority of them were shop keepers or clerks, but there were people from all walks of life, from all races. This guy seemed to show little favoritism. Or at least, a single living witness. Whatever he did, he was fast. He seemed to know what places had their surveillance equipment on battery back-up, and so far had avoided those. Then he would enter and apparently kill anyone inside. He typically seemed to use a gun, but sometimes he killed more than one way. A knife, a blunt object, and a couple others. He would leave with whatever loot was handy. The closest thing to a witness at this point was the grainy pictures taken by a nearby ATM machine one evening. It had so far been one of his only mistakes. The machine had been able to get a basic description of him out, he was male, about 6 foot 1 inch and weight about pounds. That narrowed it down to about 3 million people in the LA area. But the Hunter had gotten unlucky this time. Officer Bilroth had happened to see him leaving a small convenience store right after the loss of power had triggered a silent alarm. He ran as she came into sight and jumped into a nearby car, apparently killing the occupant and pushing her out of the way. She had guessed that this was the monster they were looking for, and the investigation that followed confirmed that. But, it seemed that he vanished off the face of the earth. With the help of some other officers, who distracted the press, she managed to get to her car and leave without being followed. She had a feeling that someone may be waiting for her at home, so she decided to stop for a little while at a coffee shop and gather her thoughts away from her superiors and the press. She sat in a out of the way booth and ordered coffee and asked for a menu. She eventually decided on a blueberry muffin. She stared out the widow while she ran over the chase in her head again. Perhaps an hour later, a voice brought her out of her funk. She found herself looking at a middle aged man in a poorly pressed, but apparently relatively new, brown suit. He had a wide face and thinning hair. He was carrying a tan raincoat with him, but it was draped over one arm. Something about him screamed "cop". Mind if I sit down? What brings you to this coast, detective? Do you at least have some ID? Lisa looked it over. All types of stores were hit, there seemed to be no correlation between them. Different amounts of money, sometimes property, were taken.

Chapter 3 : The Hunt - THE MUSHROOM HUNTER

This is a horror where you must hunt down a bloodthirsty monster chasing you. Oh wait, it's the other way around. YOU're the bloodthirsty monster.

I always have had a sort of wanderlust as best I can describe. Although my family was not one vested in the hunting traditions, I knew very well the sense of the forest. I had nothing more than a pocket knife, some snacks in a pocket, a walking stick and a fresh water spring to reach for hydration to be my long summer days companion. No longer a wishful pretend play of a child as I unknowingly but willingly gave my very sense of happiness and peace to the forest I knew as my comfort. Choosing as I grew the more minimal aspects and necessities, reveling in my abilities to create with my hands. I enjoyed spring breaks tucked in the woods off a creek by a fire instead of a sandy beach somewhere in south Florida. Even choosing abnormal meat cuts and picks as an adult in the effort to personally display my ability to prepare for my family whatever my mind could think of as abnormal to most. Moving forward to the present, I no longer dream of being the able hunter, swift and silent through the forest. The most amazing part of this, is the fact that my dreams and ideas have been far surpassed by what I have found in the forest in reality. I can never forget my first time walking the forest in the dark, alone, seeking a tree to climb. I was scared in my mind, but realized, that was false chains placed on me. Breaking my mind and body free, showing my inner child that she was right, she was extraordinary just as her childhood self-believed. Knowing I am anxiously awaiting the kick off date to go through this all over again. Every tear, cut, blister, cramp, frost nipped digit and rain-soaked clothes, I long for once again, like an addiction unlike anything I have seen in my years as a nurse. I know why I go to sleep thinking about it, wake up working towards it, succumb to obsessing over it. In unison with my personal life finding new joy, I came across an underlining yet not hidden idea of female hunters. Over time as well as recently I came to know of various shows with odd titles to say the least. I choose to not specify as I am in no way attempting to discredit the women who were involved and in fact are validated and proven hunters. The women you can look across any social network and see a display of knowledge, effort and ability to hunt and harvest. Yet at times some women may be in fact exploited in way that are not in effort to bring respect to the community of women who hunt. These women are simply used to be viewed for like, shares, comments. This is a multidimensional problem being faced by the female population of hunters. Like the chicken and the egg ancient question, which came first? Many, many times I come across stories, posts, comments of women in outcry for their right to be respected and seen as equals in the hunting community. This being an example of how but a few can bring negativity to the whole flock. It brings me sadness in my own short time as a hunter, which makes me even more saddened for woman who have lived the life of a hunter since childhood. Now to be questioned at any given time in regards to legitimacy thanks to a hand full of others and ill driven companies losing site of what pays their checks. The hunter can never be replicated, only imitated and those who matter sees this, and by all accounts are increasingly growing weary of it, cutting ties to the companies that continue to fuel the flame. I write to you today to say to every woman who has taken the time to build my spirt, inspire my ambition and feed my soul. I write to every mother, daughter, sister, young, old, new and experienced, new generation and old. I write to say. The thought of needing to prove on a camera what should have been evident in a lifestyle insane. Being a hunter should be easy to see from the attitude, an unmistakable way of life, a distinguishable knowledge and more, should have been displayed to the public. Taking a step back and asking ourselves, if false presentation was the reality, why anyone felt they had to falsify themselves to be accepted. Many failures have lead us here, evident to me in a very short time. So, I say this in hopes of remedy in the future. Remember, each of us was once a beginner, waiting various lengths of time to harvest our first wild game, be kind to those you know are making their best efforts to hunt. It is like black and white to those who truly know the meaning in the word hunt, which women are true and which women are decoys. After all, why would anyone buy or use product from a person with no display of hunting experience, or knowledge in the area. I have seen individuals unable to simply tell another hunter what type of deer populated the state just north of home, not even 4 hours away. Yet that individual was being approached to represent

hunting products as a hunter. Place upset where it belongs or should I say speak boldly with respect to the entities creating these none truthful platforms to use women as eye candy. Not choosing women based on skill, but on appearance as the priority. The more we stand together in making it known that this is not acceptable, the sooner life can return back to respect and for women and role models to our daughters. I am an example as are many, many others of what the heart of humble true sportswomen can produce as we pass on our passion in hopes of a bright future for generations to come.

Chapter 4 : The Deer Hunter () - IMDb

The most realistic hunting experience awaits. Explore 11 huge reserves and hunt 39 unique species, ranging from waterfowl to big game. Over 80 weapons from state-of-the art rifles to bows.

During my life I have heard and read many stories about the Hunts of Hunter. After twenty plus years of family research I have learned that many of these stories did not happen exactly as they were told. My purpose in writing the following is to try and correct, at least, some of these stories. Also, it seems that there has been some who have doubted the fact that Hunter was named for Edward Shannon Hunt. I hope to put this doubt to rest. The Hunt family and Hunter were so entwined in those early days it would be hard to tell about this family without telling a little about the town. He did not serve the entire four years as stated in his obituary and he was never in Arkansas during the time he served in the War. I have also read this story, "During the years when Jackson took the Indians west, a young soldier named E. Shannon Hunt helped build the Old Military Road as they went westward. Hunt found a spot along that road, and decided someday it would belong to him. Jackson was in office during the time of "The Trail of Tears" but Shannon Hunt would have only been three years old when Jackson died. However, I do have reason to believe that Shannon did work on the Military Road in Arkansas but it would have been several years after the death of Jackson and just prior to his having entered the Civil War. It is for certain that Shannon was in Arkansas before he came in and that he was well acquainted with the Military Road. I also believe the following statement to be true, "Shannon found the area to his liking and made a vow to himself that he would one day return and build his house near and facing the Military Road. Edward Shannon Hunt was born December 03, , not as shown on his head-stone. He enlisted for three years but the war ended and he was only in for about a year and a half. His enlistment papers states that he had blue eyes, brown hair, light complexion, was six feet tall and his occupation was farming. Also, that he was to be paid a three hundred dollar bounty, at which time he was paid sixty dollars and was due two hundred and forty dollars. Shannon served under Gen. General William Tecumseh Sherman was to have said, "War is hell. It has been said that Shannon was not proud of having had a part in the destruction and looting during this war. The Civil War total casualty release was; The Union - , dead, , wounded; The Confederacy - , dead, , wounded. Unlike many of the Civil War Soldiers, Shannon did return home, but the war had cost him his health. Shannon was honorably discharged on July 20, , the war was over. He returned home to Warren County, Ohio, and most likely to the sweetheart he had left behind. They were married by Rev. Shannon and Elizabeth remained in Huntington County for about twelve years. There were delays but Shannon did not give up his dream of coming to Arkansas. The war was one delay, another was likely because Union Soldiers were not always welcome in the south right away after this war. Shannon most likely was afraid to bring his family south so soon after the war. I have copies of these deeds, this land was bought in Indiana, in , the year before Shannon and Elizabeth came to Arkansas. We know that Shannon and Elizabeth came to Arkansas in but we do not know the exact date they left Indiana or the exact date they arrived in Arkansas. I do have a copy from an old grocery store ledger from Zanesville, Indiana, which shows the last entry for Shannon Hunt as July 25, Shannon also leaves this forwarding address as; Shannon Hunt, Wheatley, St. Hazel Hunt Lewton told me, "Grandpa Alex told me that Ralph, Shannon and he had always gotten along really well, they never argued, but when Shannon was bringing Ralph to Arkansas they had a big fight. Grandpa Alex told Shannon that Ralph was an old man, too old to go to Arkansas. Hazel said, "Grandpa Alex told me when Shannon and his family were leaving Indiana, family and friends gathered at the Wabash River in Markle to see them off, they sang hymns. Their route was most likely down the Wabash River to the Ohio River. They would have remained on the Ohio River until they got to Cairo, Illinois, where they would have then head down the Mississippi River toward Hopefield, present day West Memphis, Arkansas. A tide of yellow fever was sweeping across the south at this time. This time not as serious as the year before, but to the Hunt family it would prove to be mortal. Ralph Hunt fell victim to the dreaded disease. Not much is know about their trip down the rivers but this is the one story I have heard. Ralph did not recover, he died on the flat boat, we do not know the exact date. The story is that the flat boat was docked on the Mississippi River Bank

somewhere between present day Osceola, Arkansas and Hopefield, present day West Memphis, Arkansas and Ralph was laid to rest beneath a large white oak tree overlooking the Mississippi River. It is said, "When this Hunt family arrived at Hopefield, Shannon purchased a heavy wagon and a strong yoke of oxen for the remainder of the trip. They would still had seventy to eighty miles remaining before they arrived at their new home, this may have been the most difficult part of the trip. Like the roads their ancestors had traveled, these roads begin as animal paths, later used by the Indians, and yet later by the white man. This Indian trail eventually became the one of many Military Road. This was likely the same road that Shannon had worked on several years before. By the time the Hunt family came to Arkansas this road was known as the Military Road. Even though work had been done on the road, this family would have many bridgeless streams to ford and treacherous surges to swim the animals through. The pioneers walked much of the distance, the forest so near the road they could feel the limbs brush their face as they walked or rode by. The story is, "There were only five families living in the area when the Hunt family arrived at this place. The first thing that confronted earlier settlers was shelter, food, health, and protection, things that were necessary immediately to the individual and his family. I am not sure just where this log cabin sat but I think we can be reasonably sure that it would have been near where they would later built their permanent home. I believe this log house to be the original log house that Shannon built when he first came to Woodruff County in My father went to Arkansas four years straight to hunt with Shannon. He always left at Christmas and came back home on March 4th. Shannon started losing weight and was not well so he stopped going down because he did not want to be a bother. There was nothing but dense forest on either side of the road for miles and miles. Hardly a space could be found which would let the light of the sun pass through to the undisturbed soil. Heavy underbrush formed itself into one continuous mat in this marsh and swamp land. This wilderness swamp land and the dense forest was packed with bears, panthers, wild cats, wolves, deer, squirrels, rabbits, raccoons and other wild animals. The land was well timbered with oak, elm, ash, hickory, wild cherry, maple, black and white walnut, sycamore etc. I have heard my aunt, Annie Hunt Wheeler tell this story; "I remember one time Grandma Hunt called mama on the telephone to tell her that some Indians had stopped by her house and they were headed down the road toward out house. Mama got the children in the house and we all hid. We were in no danger, all they wanted was food and they were curious about what we had in the house and would try to look in the windows. Never-the-less we were afraid. All mama had cooked was a plate of cold biscuits, which she sit on a fence post in front of the house. The Indians took the biscuits and put one on each post and rode on. I guess grandma gave them plenty of food and they were not hungry. The Hunt family had wild game, fish from the creek, wild greens, nuts and fruit, and as soon as a place could be cleared they had a vegetable garden. Shannon did the farming with a home-made, wooden plow. Shannon hunted the animals, not only for food but also for their pelts, which he sold for cash or traded for necessities that the land did not supply. It seems this family had a well-nourished and content life, their only concern was a better cash flow. He was most likely helping with the clearing and grubbing of the land and carrying a rifle beside his father. Hattie and Coot most likely had shores also, perhaps jobs in the vegetable garden and tending flocks of chickens. There were few children in the area and no schools. These children were far removed from the comforts and conveniences that children have today. There were many inconveniencies for new settlers, for the Hunt family there was the inconveniencies of having to go to Wheatley for their mail, much of the time swimming their horses to get there. They also had to go to Wheatley to have their corn ground into meal, and to buy any staples such as coffee, sugar, flour, salt and various items that Elizabeth needed for medical supplies. Elizabeth Ann Hunt was the only doctor, so to speak, in the area for several years. She was a "home country" doctor, no training, just the home remedies and herbal medications. She was also a mid-wife, delivering most of the babies that came into the world in the area, including many of her grandchildren. She kept her "little black bag" well supplied and ready, visiting her patients riding side-saddle, as the roads were often impassable for a carriage. By the time I learned about it, it was gone. Hazel said, "Grandma and grandpa talked about Elizabeth being a mid-wife and taking care of the sick when they were in Indiana. Shannon and Elizabeth were both deceased several years before I was born but their old home place stood for several years. I very vaguely remember this house. At some point and time, the creek near their house became known as "Flat Fork Creek. I have wondered if it were Shannon and

Elizabeth who gave this creek its name and if they had named it "Flat Fork Creek" from the creek in Warren County. A steady cash flow continued to be a problem until Elizabeth noticed that wagons, carriages and stagecoaches were becoming more frequent on the Military Road. She being the keen, determined and energetic lady that she was, decided to open an inn. In , a family by the name of Moreland moved into the area with one-hundred and twenty head of milk cows. As if Elizabeth did not have enough to do, she took on the job of milking twenty head of these fresh cows twice each day for half of the milk. She shipped the cream and had plenty of sweet milk, buttermilk and butter to serve her family and her customers. In the mist of all of this, on Thursday, March 15, , Shannon and Elizabeth was blessed with a new baby daughter. They named her Ella Zazella Hunt.

Chapter 5 : Hunt the Hunter (Theros) - Gatherer - Magic: The Gathering

For Guests with a mule deer license only, I recommend to always start your hunt at The Causeway, never at the SouthCliff Lodge. Mule deer roam predominantly in the northern and middle part of the Whitehart Island; the SouthCliff area usually does not contain them.

His part-time job is Russian troll hunter. No matter his interest, be it videogames or miniature figurine board games, he always wants to be the best. By day, the year-old father of two works as a systems analyst and programmer at Indiana University. Once the kids are tucked in, he spends hours scouring social media to unmask the operatives behind the disinformation campaigns roiling Facebook, Twitter, and other platforms. Russell is part of a growing network of online sleuths using public information to conduct open source investigations into Russian accounts posing as Americans. Officially, their work is called open-source intelligence, or OSINT, and it often identifies trolls before the platforms do. [Read More](#) "I had been consuming alt-right news for three or four years without knowing," he says. That interest deepened a few months later when, in January, the United States intelligence community released a report stating that Russia used an aggressive social media campaign to sow discord and interfere in the in the US presidential election. Authorities later revealed that a Kremlin-backed organization called the Internet Research Agency IRA played a key role in that effort. CNN and other news organizations began unmasking networks of pages on Facebook, Twitter and other platforms run by the IRA; the pages were designed to look like they were created and run by American citizens. In some cases, the Russian trolls even created and promoted real-world protests throughout the US. As journalists started outing Russian accounts, Russell began digging. In one example of his tenacious sleuthing, Russell dove into a CNN report about a group called "Blacktivist," a Facebook page designed to look like it was run by Black Lives Matter but actually run by the Internet Research Agency. Poring over "Blacktivist" posts on Facebook, Russell found more suspicious accounts. He searched for patterns in the posts of confirmed Russian accounts, examining the sites they link to most often and the hashtags and accounts they retweet. That led him down a rabbit hole of additional websites, accounts, and social media platforms. In November, when Twitter gave Congress a list of thousands of accounts it identified as being run by the IRA, Russell identified dozens of others that Twitter had overlooked. He posted the list to Reddit. A few months later, when Twitter provided an updated accounting of IRA trolls on the platform, many of those accounts appeared on it. In those cases, he often turns to journalists. His emails are a familiar sight in the inboxes of reporters at several news organizations, including CNN. Occasionally reporters get a tip from someone else, or independently discover a suspected Russian account and start digging -- only to find that Russell already has posted extensive notes about the account to his Reddit and Twitter pages. Chasing trolls has made Russell a target of his own quarry. Such threats usually come through a private message, and he has a ready reply:

Chapter 6 : Hunting - Wikipedia

Private Mushroom Hunts. Private mushroom/wild edible hunts are available throughout the year, and they can be done on your own private property (in the Akron/Kent area) or at West Branch (or another nearby) state park.

Homo Necans Many prehistoric deities are depicted as predators or prey of humans, often in a zoomorphic form, perhaps alluding to the importance of hunting for most Palaeolithic cultures. In many pagan religions, specific rituals are conducted before or after a hunt; the rituals done may vary according to the species hunted or the season the hunt is taking place. Please help improve this section by adding citations to reliable sources. Unsourced material may be challenged and removed. Even figures considered divine are described to have engaged in hunting. One of the names of the god Shiva is Mrigavyadha, which translates as "the deer hunter" mriga means deer; vyadha means hunter. The word Mriga, in many Indian languages including Malayalam, not only stands for deer, but for all animals and animal instincts Mriga Thrishna. Shiva, as Mrigavyadha, is the one who destroys the animal instincts in human beings. In the epic Ramayana , Dasharatha , the father of Rama , is said to have the ability to hunt in the dark. During one of his hunting expeditions, he accidentally killed Shrivana , mistaking him for game. According to the Mahabharat , Pandu , the father of the Pandavas , accidentally killed the sage Kindama and his wife with an arrow, mistaking them for a deer. Krishna is said to have died after being accidentally wounded by an arrow of a hunter. Jainism teaches followers to have tremendous respect for all of life. Prohibitions for hunting and meat eating are the fundamental conditions for being a Jain. The general approach by all Buddhists is to avoid killing any living animals. Buddha explained the issue by saying "all fear death; comparing others with oneself, one should neither kill nor cause to kill. Many old Sikh Rehatnamas like Prem Sumarag , recommend hunting wild boar and deer. However, among modern Sikhs, the practise of hunting has died down; some even saying that all meat is forbidden. Christianity, Judaism, and Islam Ladies hunting in the 15th century Tapestry with a hunting scene, late 16th century From early Christian times, hunting has been forbidden to Roman Catholic Church clerics. Thus the Corpus Juris Canonici C. Ziegler, however De episc. In practice, therefore, the synodal statutes of various localities must be consulted to discover whether they allow quiet hunting or prohibit it altogether. It is important to note that most Christian, do not observe kosher dietary laws hence most Christian have no religious restrictions on eating the animals hunted. This is in accord with what is found in the Acts of the Apostles In Jewish law hunting is not forbidden although there is an aversion to it. The great 18th-century authority Rabbi Yechezkel Landau after a study concluded although "hunting would not be considered cruelty to animals insofar as the animal is generally killed quickly and not tortured There is an unseemly element in it, namely cruelty. Hunting in New Zealand New Zealand has a strong hunting culture. The islands making up New Zealand originally had no land mammals apart from bats. However, once Europeans arrived, game animals were introduced by acclimatisation societies to provide New Zealanders with sport and a hunting resource. Deer , pigs , goats , hare , tahr and chamois all adapted well to the New Zealand terrain, and with no natural predators, their population exploded. Government agencies view the animals as pests due to their effects on the natural environment and on agricultural production, but hunters view them as a resource. They would be headed by a master of the hunt, who might be styled mir-shikar. Often, they recruited the normally low-ranking local tribes because of their traditional knowledge of the environment and hunting techniques. Big game, such as Bengal tigers , might be hunted from the back of an elephant. Regional social norms are generally antagonistic to hunting, while a few sects , such as the Bishnoi , lay special emphasis on the conservation of particular species, such as the antelope. However, the Chief Wildlife Warden may, if satisfied that any wild animal from a specified list has become dangerous to human life, or is so disabled or diseased as to be beyond recovery, permit any person to hunt such an animal. In this case, the body of any wild animal killed or wounded becomes government property. Safari Explorer and big game hunter Samuel Baker chased by an elephant, illustration from A safari, from a Swahili word meaning "a long journey", especially in Africa, is defined as an overland journey. A safari may consist of a several-days " or even weeks-long journey, with camping in the bush or jungle , while pursuing big game. Nowadays, it is often used to describe tours through African

national parks to watch or hunt wildlife. Hunters are usually tourists, accompanied by licensed and highly regulated professional hunters, local guides, skimmers, and porters in more difficult terrains. A special safari type is the solo-safari, where all the license acquiring, stalking, preparation, and outfitting is done by the hunter himself. United Kingdom See also: What in other countries is called "hunting" is called "shooting" birds or "stalking" deer in Britain. Originally a form of vermin control to protect livestock, fox hunting became a popular social activity for newly wealthy upper classes in Victorian times and a traditional rural activity for riders and foot followers alike. Similar to fox hunting in many ways is the chasing of hares with hounds. Pairs of Sight hounds or long-dogs, such as greyhounds, may be used to pursue a hare in coursing, where the greyhounds are marked as to their skill in coursing the hare but are not intended to actually catch it, or the hare may be pursued with scent hounds such as beagles or harriers. Other sorts of foxhounds may also be used for hunting stags deer or mink. Deer stalking with rifles is carried out on foot without hounds, using stealth. These forms of hunting have been controversial in the UK. Animal welfare supporters believe that hunting causes unnecessary suffering to foxes, horses, and hounds. Proponents argue that it is culturally and perhaps economically important. Using dogs to chase wild mammals was made illegal in February by the Hunting Act; there were a number of exemptions under which the activity may not be illegal in the act for hunting with hounds, but no exemptions at all for hare-coursing. Shooting traditions Game birds, especially pheasants, are shot with shotguns for sport in the UK; the British Association for Shooting and Conservation says that over a million people per year participate in shooting, including game shooting, clay pigeon shooting, and target shooting. Shoots can be elaborate affairs with guns placed in assigned positions and assistants to help load shotguns. When in position, "beaters" move through the areas of cover, swinging sticks or flags to drive the game out. Such events are often called "drives". The definition of game in the United Kingdom is governed by the Game Act. A similar tradition exists in Spain. United States Hunting camp with dressed deer at Schoodic Lake, Maine, in An archer with a compound hunting bow Carrying a bear trophy head at the Kodiak Archipelago North American hunting pre-dates the United States by thousands of years and was an important part of many pre-Columbian Native American cultures. Native Americans retain some hunting rights and are exempt from some laws as part of Indian treaties and otherwise under federal law. Examples include eagle feather laws and exemptions in the Marine Mammal Protection Act. This is considered particularly important in Alaskan native communities. Hunting is primarily regulated by state law; additional regulations are imposed through United States environmental law in the case of migratory birds and endangered species. Regulations vary widely from state to state and govern the areas, time periods, techniques and methods by which specific game animals may be hunted. Some states make a distinction between protected species and unprotected species often vermin or varmints for which there are no hunting regulations. Hunters of protected species require a hunting license in all states, for which completion of a hunting safety course is sometimes a prerequisite. Typically, game animals are divided into several categories for regulatory purposes. Typical categories, along with example species, are as follows:

Chapter 7 : The Hunter () - Rotten Tomatoes

Hunting is the practice of killing or trapping animals, or pursuing or tracking them with the intent of doing so. Hunting wildlife or feral animals is most commonly done by humans for food, recreation, to remove predators that are dangerous to humans or domestic animals, or for trade.

Aalon Set at the end of Season 5, this story picks up four days after the end of The Wonder. If you have not read that story, please do so, first, as it sets this AU into place. None of these characters are mine, but they are memorable. Friday Afternoon, August 2nd at a Manhattan Restaurant They both glance down at the same time " somehow " at the near empty plates on the table, as their waiter refreshes their drinks; ice water with orange slices for Kate, and iced lemonade for Castle. They have talked more " and better " than they have talked since. That talk is now reaching its inevitable climax, that fork in the road that determines futures. I know, I heard," Kate tells him, nervously. Yeah, they are really going to talk about this. He sees the confusion on her face, and moves quickly to explain. She can tell he has given this a lot of thought, maybe even practiced this speech. Eloquent, elegant, emotional and engaging. This is not a conversation either of them want overheard. But understand, the covenant comes first. A man gives you a ring because he already feels that covenant is already in place. The ring just makes it official. The ring just tells everyone else what he already knows. But if I give " or if you receive and accept " a ring without this being the case, eventually it all falls apart, unfortunately. We had no covenant with each other, no commitment. And we fell apart. She disagrees, but he holds up his hand, stopping her. His words are warm and flowing. There is no anger in them. We had sex " some really great sex " and a lot of excitement. What we had felt good, and was fun. It was far from boring. But there was no covenant. What did you and I ever promise to each other? What did we commit? What did we pledge to one another? Nothing," he answers his own question. It happens because two people make that decision, sometimes even unknowingly. Then a ring just cements the deal. The emotion begins to well up " again " for her, as he continues. And then I realized, I never talked about them with Meredith. We married because of a child. I never talked about them with Gina. We married for convenience, and companionship. And I never talked about them with you. So this is partly my fault " maybe as much my fault, because I keep making the same mistake with women I care about " again, and again, and now again with you. But it is clear that I was ready for something, a commitment, a pledge, something more than just fun. She knows she needs to get this right, as well. Maybe taken for granted, Castle. I mean " like you said " it was fun. You were into something on television, you were into your video games. You had " for years " told me I was extraordinary. His eyes are sad. But sometimes, I just need to wind down. Sometimes, I just need to chill, to clear my head, to relax. Not from you, mind you, but just in general. She is standing in negligee that she spent a lot of time searching for, just for him. And he never turned his head away from the explosions on the television screen. He laughs with her, remembering the same moment she is thinking about in her head. Not his finest moment, no. I also admit that some men watch porn, others go hang out and get drunk at the local bar. I play video games. For sure, he acts like a little boy sometimes. But has he has so eloquently pointed out, we all have our issues " and his could have been so much worse. Elena will be here soon. Kate had waited a day, spent most of yesterday, actually, just staring at the card that the woman had flung at her feet the previous evening. Then last night, she had called the number, and a very pleased Elena Markov had answered the phone. For both our sakes. We both deserve better. We both deserve someone who will want. Someone who will want that covenant I spoke about. Maybe we try something new. It was wonderful, it seemed like pure fate, like the universe had moved for us. But with each passing month, the further we got away from that life and death moment " well the further we also got away from what we thought was there that night. But what about you? You seem different also. Videotaped him doing it. I had other plans for him. What he has just heard is so. Where is the by-the-book woman he tagged around for almost six years. That really does describe their relationship in a nutshell. I wanted him to suffer, as he has made others suffer. I wanted him dead. She does not have to wait long. I could write your memoirs. The Adventures of the Manhattan Panther. She smiles at his signature, remembering the many signatures on books

he has provided to many people. "C anymore," she replies, and then quickly adds, questioning, "and I suppose moving back into the loft is out of the question. And I doubt you and I even know each other all that well right now. One of their earlier cases together where she got to dress up for the part. I want to see it." "Who is Elena? They are laughing easily now, as Elena Markov walks up to the table. Castle is immediately struck with her exotic look, and the scarily professional way she carries herself. Kate sees the reaction the woman causes, and for a moment, has to fight a pang of jealousy. Elena shakes her head, disappointed, and then offers the words that will stay with her for weeks as she rebuilds her life. Her gaze is unrelenting and seconds later, he is forced to look down at his glass, the table, anything except those unwavering eyes. Elena then stands, offering her hand to Castle. He stands and accepts her hand, shaking it first, then smoothly bending and placing a kiss on her knuckles. Kate stands as well now, and moves toward Castle. Will you be here? She does not understand their dynamic in the least. She finds their dance. It is one of the first lessons she is going to need to teach Kate Beckett in the coming month. The woman has been fixated on her quest for so long that she takes the beautiful guilty pleasures of life for granted. Elena moves away from the table, offering Castle a genuine smile. She finds that she truly likes the writer, and can see the attraction for Kate.

Chapter 8 : Hunter McIntyre (@huntthesherriff) - Instagram photos and videos

duck hunter - hunter of ducks falconer, hawkler - a person who breeds and trains hawks and who follows the sport of falconry fowler - someone who hunts wild birds for food.

Chapter 9 : I Am A Hunter- A Woman Who Hunts - Her Humble Hunt

Hunt: Showdown is a competitive first-person PvP bounty hunting game with heavy PvE elements. Set in the darkest corners of the world, Hunt packs the thrill of survival games into a match-based format.