

*An adventure publication crafted for those wanderlusting, thrill seeking, mountain lovers who want to build a location independent lifestyle. 30 Never miss a story from Adventure In My Veins.*

Three year anniversary post Wow, you guys! One hundred and thirty reviews. I decided, after thinking about it, to break it down into a few categories. But when they were available, I ate a bunch of them. The first item is something that I have had for breakfast multiple times this past week: Man, these are still so good. Well, 30 seconds in the microwave, and then 3 minutes in my toaster oven. Piping hot with a nice crunchy biscuit. Hard to go wrong with this breakfast. Once again, rather than sacrifice quality by cooking it in the microwave, or take lots of extra time by baking in the oven, I do a combination - about 30 seconds in the microwave, just to get it started, and then about 3 minutes in the toaster oven to crisp it up. I do usually just eat this on a plate with a fork, but the last time I ate it last week I melted some mozzarella on it and ate it with some leftover linguine and tomato sauce. I ate a lot of these back when I could get them, and I still pine for them. But at least if a major corn dog craving hits, I know where to find these. The first thing in this category would be Lightlife Smart Deli Pepperoni. We make a lot of pizza at our house - usually about once a week. On the rare occasion I get a hankering for pepperoni, this is what I generally use. Now, just to clarify - my own personal preference is for real-meat pepperoni. These are sort of the best-in-show items for their respective categories, at least so far. The final category I decided on is items that I would or should eat again. First up would be a couple items by the same brand: However, they were still quite tasty, and I think I enjoyed them even more the second time. And when I think back on it, I kind of wish I had more. For the drumsticks, I gave them a crappy score. I savored the heck out of each one of the patties from the original box, and whenever I think about them, my mouth waters. I really want more of these. This was not only a tasty recipe, but it helped clarify the entire purpose of fake meat for me, so it has a special place in my memory. I meanâ€¦ making your own pepperoni is really something special.

**Chapter 2 : Adventure in My Veins : Allan Brodie :**

*Adventure In My Veins. 41 likes. An adventure blog crafted for those wanderlusting, thrill seeking, mountain lovers who want to build a location.*

If you missed any of the presentations, I finally got around to putting a list at the end of my own presentation post, which you can find [HERE](#). Thanks for joining us in this epic event! The more the merrier, of course. And one side of me is chuffed as chips that this coincides with Realm Makers--how appropriate! Last year I presented a small smorgasbord of Lord of the Rings stuff--quotes, pictures, musings on what the books and movies and soundtracks mean to me, etc. Today I wish to broaden my view with a reflection on my reading history, and fantasy as a genre. See, I grew up in a family that treasured stories. My parents read to me copiously as a child. I remember learning to read. I remember my parents telling me that books were like picture windows. When one learns how to read, one can go through those windows into another place. I remember grade one, when a beloved teacher taught me the bare bones of crafting a story: She unlocked the first of many doors into a world of making my own magic. The moment I mastered beginner readers with stories like "The cat sat on the mat," I reached for bigger books with longer sentences. As I outgrew animal stories about puppies and horses, I discovered the mystery genre. The Boxcar Children, Jigsaw Jones, Nancy Drew, and Mandy Shaw books held me in suspense and piqued my fascination with the unknown, with secrets to be discovered and trails to be followed. But the moment a young classmate recommended The Chronicles of Narnia to me was the moment that changed the course of my reading years. I distinctly remember climbing to the second floor of my school library and hunting down the name C. I was rather young at the time, perhaps eight years old. Yet another clear memory: There was no looking back. I had found a world that entranced me, inspired me, kept me captive and set me free all at once. The idea that another world might be as close as the next wardrobe nestled somewhere deep inside my heart. Here was a genre that deepened my understanding of reality by stretching my vision into realms beyond my own. I very quickly exhausted their supply of age-appropriate fantasy, plagued my mother with cries of "I have nothing to read! She eventually managed to help me stretch my horizons, and I found enjoyment in a collection of other genres as well. Older horse stories took me to Thoroughbred races and equestrian shows. Frank Peretti took me to wild jungles with the Cooper family. Melody Carlson immersed me in the elitist ranks of drama-loving high school girls. Countless other authors introduced me to all sorts of wonderful things. But fantasy remained my One True Love. From the beginning of my teenage years, Bryan Davis and Wayne Thomas Batson pulled me into worlds of dragons, slayers, quests, and swords. And so many other authors in between have done the same. But fantasy is where I feel most at home. Fantasy is often where I experience the greatest joys and deepest sorrows as a reader. The Chronicles of Narnia, C. In the actions of Billy, Bonnie, Professor Hamilton, Sapphira, and their friends from the world of Dragons in Our Midst, I see what great warriors of the faith are capable of doing. In the waters of Elyon from the Circle quartet, I find transformative joy. In the courage of hobbits, the strength of men, the wisdom of elves, and the determination of dwarves in Lord of the Rings, I see treasure hidden in jars of clay. I see what happens to the small and insignificant when committed to the hands of One much greater. I escape into fantasy not to avoid the trials of this life here on earth, but to find wells of inspiration that bolster my faith to face them. And that, my friends, is why I call fantasy my homeland. Yes, the unseen is more real than the seen. Yes, I AM greater than you yet know. Yes, I have hidden jewels of wonder in the crevices of your days, and the final treasure trove awaits beyond the veil of this life. Yes, I am here. Yes, I am present. Yes, I am the One who compels you to a quest of your own, the One who charts your best path, the One who infuses your weary limbs with strength, the One who promises a crown to all those who stay the course. Perhaps I stray too close to the ditch of exaggeration, but I think not. Whatever mouthpiece will speak the loudest, the clearest, is different from person to person. For me, fantasy is woven into the song of my Father.

### Chapter 3 : Adventure Awaits: Fantasy in My Veins (#SilmAwards)

*Adventure in My Veins is all about helping you find the balance between work, life and travel without having to tie yourself down and let another day at the crag pass you by.*

Christine Young Blood Veins: A black wave of terror has passed over the thriving kingdom of Larista. Mysterious invaders have swept over the land, laying waste to everything in their path. He even made the bad guys real and helped you understand them also. Sometimes I wanted to stop reading because I had things to do, or because I wanted to prolong the story, but I also wanted to know what was really going on and how it would end. Then, more than halfway through the story, I found out something very significant about this strange world and just what it really was. It made the story even more exciting. This book has the feel of a movie with vivid descriptions, exciting plot and a cast of interesting characters that I truly cared about. I give this book a 4 flower rating.

Blood Veins A black wave of terror has passed over the thriving kingdom of Larista. Mysterious invaders have swept over the land, laying waste to everything in their path and leaving ghost towns in their wake. No one knows where they came from and no one knows their purpose. Tasting nothing but defeat after defeat, the light of hope is fading in the kingdom; but the guerilla forces resisting the invasion have received new information. The news has provided a small glimmer that could possibly spark into something more. Captain Maximus Rex leads a daring rescue mission deep in the Laristan forests to save the lone surviving member of the royal family. Once freed, Prince Alexander Novelle, along with his friends and comrades, face a perilous journey deep behind enemy lines. Their destination is Castle Varanasi. The once proud Laristan capital, gateway to heaven and salvation, lies in ruins under Dolus occupation. Mysterious assassins, underworld savages and renegade Dolus survivors stand between them and the answers they seek. What they find there will shatter their perceptions and lead to unknown perils none of them are ready to face. Maximus had brown eyes and raven black hair. His face was weathered and rugged with a distinguished long nose. A small white scar on his left cheek marked where the tip of a sword had nearly taken his eye. Percival, on the other hand, showed no signs of the burdens the two men had shared. Wide eyes and a small nose framed his face. They both were wearing green and brown camouflage, full-body armor. It was valuable and rare and could easily deflect a blade; could even deflect a firearm and was extremely lightweight. Most soldiers were wearing plate armor made from steel. This stuff was made of a composite containing ceramic and metal. The results were much stronger and lighter plates. They also had full helmets that completely enclosed the head and face. The visors were brand new with motion detectors, full zoom, night vision and a host of other functions. Are you ready to get out of this rain yet? All humor drained from Maximus as he turned and glared at Percival. Do you talk to Lord Bran that way, Lieutenant? The movement only seemed to make it tingle more. Percival had been grinning before, but now that smile split his face, turning it from rugged soldier back to the baby-faced, optimistic look he managed to maintain despite years of fighting. My sword is stuck in its sheath. We better trade spots. Maximus waited for him to make some kind of comeback, and at first thought Percival had conceded the argument. Percival started to whistle and Maximus had to strain his ears to pick up the tune. He instantly recognized it once he heard a couple notes. It was a song about the events that had given Blood River its current name. This one happened to be about a cowardly captain who had abandoned his men on the eve of battle and the lieutenant who had taken over and rallied the men to victory. Maximus snorted and turned away to hide the smile on his face. He had been upset about the current mission, thinking about scrubbing it before Percival came out here. Somehow, like always, Percival had been able to read his mood and turn it around. They had been friends for a long time and while Percival had never shown any inclination to lead, Maximus suspected he would make a damn good captain. Continuing to look out towards the rushing river, Maximus decided to get to the point. No signs they spotted us. Maximus nodded as he listened to Percy, his mind focusing on the reason they were out here in the first place. Percival squinted into the distance, a habit he had when he had a mixed opinion about something. Troops, packages, troops, packages€ more troops. They had suffered heavy casualties their last time out and for what? The few people they had saved had fled to their homes. Most likely to be picked up again and sent back to the mines. Your

men are good shots, but nobody is that good. Tell Richardson, Davil, Willks and Klivos to hang back and use their bows. Richardson and Davil will take the front of the column. Willks and Klivos will take the back. Both pair will stay on the hill as snipers and backup. Everyone else, swords or their beat sticks of choice. They had hit several prisoner convoys based on reliable information and had failed every time. They could only hope this one would be different. The general population and most of the army had already written Alexander off as dead. No one had seen Alexander killed at the battle of Valhalisa, and there was still the occasional report of someone sighting a man matching his profile. Maximus gave Percy a nod and a grim smile. They run off to hide and die. Eventually the conquerors are going to start guarding these convoys better and changing the routes. We are only going to get so many more chances at this.

### Chapter 4 : widened, flooded veins - akissontitan - the adventure zone [Archive of Our Own]

*Adventure in my veins [Allan Brodie] on calendrierdelascience.com \*FREE\* shipping on qualifying offers. Some are born with a natural talent for danger, excitement and adventure.*

How could I deny so many close to my vein world the nominally priced opportunity the Honduras vein trip provides? All the elements of the perfect educational experience: However, I cannot resist sharing my experience, and hopefully, I can explain why others and I gravitate back year after year. We first meet up in the food court in the San Pedro Sula airport – all 50 of us! We are easily identified by the orange and green tape we previously had been instructed to tie on our luggage. The newbies are in nicer travel attire, looking slightly bewildered, but are quickly given a warm welcome by Rick, Mary and other veterans. Every type attends and are welcome from modest to wealthy and shy to extroverted. All come together with a common goal to learn, to help, to experience and to have fun! Education Educationally, I gained far more than I have learned at any medical meeting. Then, Ted, wearing cargo shorts and flip flops, climbed on a table so Giovanni could apply a short stretch bandage to his lower leg. Using a pressure meter, results were compared to compression gained from a traditional elastic stocking. We then divide into three groups. When so many phlebologists come together for seven days, with little in common but veins, most of the conversations are about just that – veins! For one week, in the comfortable, relaxed camplike environment, the attendees are immersed in exchanging and sharing everything from practice pearls to marketing. Countless discussions and stories on practice experiences, complications, outcomes, ideas, marketing, management, anecdotes as colleagues become friends with a unique bond. Even after the trip is over, the Honduran physician attendees continue to collaborate through a large email list, exchanging questions and sharing treatment and management ideas. HHF has over 40 years experience with medical expeditions to Honduras and Central America for patient care, physician teaching, and cultural interchange. In , Jeff approached Dr. Soon after, the Honduras vein trip began. Mary volunteers countless hours each year making sure every aspect of the vein trip is organized from collecting and distributing supplies to assigning rooms. The Venous Disease The clinics only treat venous insufficiency of the legs. The severity of venous pathology we see and treat would astound most and require years of busy phlebology practice to encounter. For first timers, it is hard to image the extent of venous disease that awaits them. The patients are seen by severity, not first come. Experienced nurses triage the patients and leg ulcers are seen and treated first. It helps you understand why these patients would travel so far and wait so long for treatment. CEAP Classes 4, 5 and 6 are commonplace, as local leg care is virtually nonexistent. The Patients Local radio stations and churches broadcast announcements, while area clinics and hospitals post notices that doctors treating varicose veins and leg ulcers are coming to Honduras. Patients travel from all over Honduras to the makeshift vein clinics. Communities donate money to provide buses for those who have the worst leg veins and many travel 12 hours or more and wait three days just for a coveted minute vein treatment. The Makeshift Clinics Three makeshift clinics are set up. My first year, I requested Olanchito, because I wanted my teenagers to experience a Third World country village with poverty, unpaved roads, and farm animals roaming the town. Each clinic has treatment stations. Each site is staffed with a mix of veteran and novice phlebologists, and each participant acts as both learner and teacher at various times during the week. The shared educational experience is both interactive and collaborative. I have discovered that each clinic seems to have its own personality. It appears city slickers prefer La Ceiba, with a nearby Starbucks, Duncan Donuts and a hotel swimming pool. The comparisons are only in fun, as all work hard at each site treating hundreds of patients. The Treatments Many of the volunteer physicians and team members are highly skilled and accomplished phlebologists. Others come with limited or no prior experience. The experienced are teamed with inexperienced for direct, hands-on teaching of ultrasound diagnosis and treatment. Duplex ultrasound exams are performed on each patient using portable ultrasound machines. Physicians and RVTs who have their own machines bring and use them. Sonosite loans many portable ultrasounds so all physicians have access to a machine. Most all the treatments are ultrasound guided, foam sclerotherapy injections using polidoconal into incompetent truncal and tributary varicosities. During

orientation, all are instructed to utilize very simplified treatment protocols which have previously been shown to be safe and effective. Maverick treatments are discouraged. Appreciation Exchanged Treating the Honduran patients is phenomenally rewarding. Literally hundreds of patients arrive each morning to the clinics in hopes of being treated. The patients are grateful, appreciative, patient and trusting. They rarely ask questions and willingly receive injections, in hopes that their quality of life improves. How could they know we felt the same towards them? As they waited and gained, we all learned, gained and were rewarded, too. Being in Honduras, I saw venous disease far more severe than I see in my daily practice, and I collaborated with colleagues on interesting cases, as we compared and discussed veins at the end of each day. Although exhausted, we all felt rewarded for the lives we touched, and hopefully changed, with only a few injections. The Data Years ago, the wealth of data available was apparent. Carl Black created a program to collect the data, then Bill Zimmerman, an expert computer programmer and husband of Tatiana, an RVT, collaborated with Carl. Now, with the help of data sheets on every patient, an enormous amount of information has been collected. Food The food is remarkably good and plentiful. Purified water is always available. The food is typically Honduran with lots of fresh fruits and vegetables. It is carefully prepared by previously approved kitchens so our tender, gentle and very susceptible stomachs will have minimal exposure to the endemic gastric pathogens. For those who enjoy more flavorful, savory foods, they may find the Honduran preparations relatively bland. Thankfully, Elizabeth brought a huge jar of Tapatio to Olanchito which provided extra zest to the food for those who desired it. Snack foods, while abundant on the bus rides, are scarce during the day, however the several boxes of Pop Tarts my daughter brought provided afternoon relief to many in Olanchito. For those with food preferences, like me, a low carb fanatic, the cooks were happy to accommodate me. For several years, Kreussler Pharmaceutical has donated the polidocanol. Sigvaris has also provided literally hundreds of compression hose for aftercare. Compression bandages have been made available at cost. The Standard Fruit Company donates the transportation of a large shipping container filled with clinic supplies annually. Many attending volunteers stuff their suitcases with collected and donated supplies from their practices. Not surprising, large and XL compression stockings seem to run out first. Teenagers Teenaged family members are welcome, especially the Spanish speaking ones, as there are never enough helpers in each clinic. In fact, teenagers can earn over 50 hours of community service for their participation. The value the teenagers and the rest of us gain from this Third World medical service mission is inherent, life changing and truly unforgettable. Even typically lazy, unappreciative teenagers have become hard working, grateful converts by the end of the week. Usually 10 or so teenagers attend this trip with their parents and within hours of arriving, the friendships begin. Old friends from previous Honduran trips reunite, and by the end of the trip, all attending teenagers have become fast friends. In the end, they all exchange phone numbers and become Facebook friends. Experienced phlebologist physicians wanting to learn more and RVTs are always welcome. Volunteers pay their own travel expenses, plus their share of room and board. For information on the upcoming Honduras vein trip, visit [www](http://www).

*Adventure in my veins [Allan Brodie] on calendrierdelascience.com \*FREE\* shipping on qualifying offers.*

His heart gave a laborious and entirely unnecessary thrum in his chest. Nothing unsafe or negative wrt sex happens in this fic but check the tags anyway to make sure the kinks are cool for you. This was a commission! That was an emotion he was growing more and more familiar with, embarrassment. If he were honest with himself, Kravitz might admit he was kinda into it. Regardless, dead-but-still-alive he remained, heat blooming on his cool cheeks as Taako touched him. Taako was still mostly dressed, looking very cute in high-waisted shorts and a lacy blouse, but Kravitz was overwhelmingly nude, unless bondage ropes counted as clothing these days. His tongue began to poke out of the corner of his mouth, deep in concentration again as soon as he finished talking, which. Kravitz shifted, testing the resistance. It was fantastic, and made his lazy blood shift under his skin in anticipation. Kravitz chuckled, and raised his arms so Taako could reach lower. We can unravel you quick-smart, any time, if you want. He was definitely still good, achy and nervous but in the nice way. In the way that was becoming increasingly familiar, increasingly addicting, when he and Taako were intimate. The elf moved behind him to finish the rope tie, and for a moment, Kravitz wondered if his hands were left free for the purpose of touching himself. It was tempting to raise a hand from his side and palm himself, especially with the addition of knotted ropes resting either side of his balls, and the one Taako was tying to sit against his asshole. Before he could decide, Taako gave a playful slap to his ass. The deep red ropes wound around his midsection, showcasing his body in a way that left him feeling somehow more exposed than nakedness. A row of diamonds from his breast bone to his pubic mound shifted with him when he moved, and suddenly he was quite glad for Taako insisting on pulling his long hair in a bun, because the straps over his shoulders seemed the most intricate of all. Licked his dry lips. Already he felt himself slipping to that somewhere-else space in his brain, where words were harder to form. Do you like it? No one could ever accuse Taako of being an open book, or bursting with genuine compliments, but when they got like this, something felt a little different. The reassurance was always right there when Kravitz needed it. An adoring if lecherous smile was never far from his vision. He felt taken care of without having to ask, and he was so glad, because asking was the hardest part. The elf looked more than a little worried, and Kravitz scrambled to explain. The restriction is-" he squeezed his eyes shut, "very appealing to me. He recognised it, too. High-sheen black silk, with stylised bird wing embroidery fanning from the widest point. Something his Queen had magicked for him a great many years ago, before he knew how to dress himself proper. And now Taako was clutching it in both hands, spreading it taught, and returning to the bed with it. He nodded his consent, and Taako took his head in his hands and wound the silk around his mouth twice, before tying it pleasantly tight at the back. What kind of terrible, evil, perfect man was he dating. He shifted his hips, body becoming a little more interested with every moment. And he liked it. When he praised him for how good or tight or attractive he was. Those things affected him considerably more than he would have ever imagined language could. A warm hand on his cock brought him out of his thoughts, and he jolted with sensation. And your skin is so smooth, and such a pretty colour! So it was gonna be like that, then. Kravitz nodded slowly, and the fingers around him began to stroke him again. The rules were becoming clearer. He felt like a live current but Taako was barely hitting the minimum effort for giving a handjob - his unravelling was all because of that voice. That pretty, silly, lilting voice, and the debauched things it was saying. Your dick is fucking bomb. Like, look at this. Kravitz gathered himself, and looked. Whatcha think of that, huh sweetheart? Kravitz groaned, nodded, lifted his hips, anything he could do for more, and thankfully, Taako acquiesced, sinking his mouth down onto him and allowing him to buck into the heat of it for a few blessed thrusts. Kravitz was too far gone to be reserved with the sounds he was making, or the erratic shudders to his body. Taako was saying such lewd things, musing all these dirty thoughts that brought all kinds of images into his mind, and it was so mortifying, and he was embarrassed like nothing else, but that was exactly how he wanted to feel. He asked for this, and he was getting what he wanted, and in this moment there was no denying that he was eager and needy and all the other things Taako had called him. A forearm braced across his hips made his thrusts stutter

to a stop, effectively pinning him. Matching red panties, like the ropes, Kravitz noted hazily as Taako discarded them. Whatever this was called, whatever magical space he could only seem to access when Taako took control, he was suddenly well and truly there. Kravitz adjusted too, settling himself back against the well-worn, ever-faithful headboard until they were nearly eye to eye. He looked lovely, even better now that he was fully nude too. A pink blush bloomed behind the freckles of his shoulders, and the heat in his ears now extended all the way across his cheeks to meet on his nose. Kravitz was so preposterously in love. His heart gave a laborious and entirely unnecessary thrum in his chest, Taako was just that pretty. He plucked and fingered at each of them, and Kravitz felt so lost in the sensation he barely remembered to nod. When Taako scooted an inch closer and wrapped a hand around both their dicks, he could barely remember how to think. So fucking good for me like this. Kravitz moaned loud, and the motion loosened the gag enough that it fell from his mouth. For Taako to unravel. His entire body felt shaken to its foundations, and in a moment of paranoia he glanced down to check that he did, in fact, still have a corporeal form. Thankfully, yes he did. But it felt like a close one. Neither of them spoke for a long while, as Taako caught his breath and Kravitz tried to remember how to be a coherent person again. Lucidity came back in pieces, as Taako cleaned them up with tissues and unwrapped Kravitz from his confines, but the affection and adoration for his boyfriend held firm in his mind. Taako flopped down beside him, having discarded the crimson ropes in some far corner of his room. Xxx Series this work belongs to:

### Chapter 6 : Honduras & Veins: An Adventure I Wouldn't Miss

*Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.*

### Chapter 7 : Blood Veins #Sci/fi #Adventure - Rogue Phoenix Press

*Find this Pin and more on I've got Adventure in my Veins by r. SÃ,rvÃ;gur is a village on the island of VÃ;gar in the Faroe Islands Oh, it was gorgeously and gorgeously.*

### Chapter 8 : A poem for my grandpa | WordReference Forums

*I joined Maker Studios & so can you! Click here to see if your channel qualifies for RPM Network/Maker Studios calendrierdelascience.com Welcome! The the Hexxit technic.*

### Chapter 9 : Adventures in Fake Meat

*The blood of adventure. It runs in my veins. We were on the road once more. The wheels on the blue jeepney being driven by Kuya Jun kept rolling endlessly along the asphalt roads of the mountains, and The Outing Series group waited eagerly for the next adventure.*