

Chapter 1 : As Large As Alone () - IMDb

"As large as alone" is not grammatically correct because "alone" is an adverb and sometimes-adjective, while the phrase calls for a noun. But again, the writer is trying to indirectly say that the state of being alone is something very large whatever he means by that.

We were not a house of taboo places. I was only a boy. There was a white paper, folded many times, with a poem typed on it: It was the only poem I can name that she liked. Decades later I would commit it to memory for my own sake. Decades after that, it is still there. I can recite it, but never recall his exotic punctuation with any precision. It is not at all clear why that poem and that piece of paper have been circling my mind and my attention this week. Each of the girls goes to the same beach, for the same purpose, on the same day, in the same company. Maggie finds elegance, relaxation and escape. Millie finds a creature, both inert and alive, on which she can beam her empathy. Molly becomes frightened by a threat that is no threat and May finds transcendence in the simplest of things. And then it closes with a couplet: I was thinking of all that as I drove to work yesterday, counting down the hours until I would walk out of work Thursday afternoon, forward the on-call phone to someone else, and just be David for a day. It so moved me, inert and blocked as I was by a red light, that I contemplated pulling into a parking lot to compose myself. Instead, the light turned green. They sit at the same table, having the same conversations, but their essential natures color the experience into four perfectly different narratives. More than 20 years ago, I had my eyes closed tight, trying to find some sleep on a coach bus headed out of Paris to some forgotten abbey or chateau. It was she, unsuccessful in finding dashing company, who was sadly romantic. She and I went to the same beach; one found a shell that sang. I never managed to ask if it was what I loved. If it was the notion of holding a smooth round stone as small as the world and as large as alone. Or the perpetual center and renewal the ocean offers to any who will take it. What part of her inner life came to life in the words. Or maybe, like so much of life, she loved it all.

With his older sister, May, trapped in a coma and their parents caught at an impasse concerning her fate, Noah must act as the bridge between their two worlds to make his sister's final wishes heard. With his older sister, May, trapped in a coma and their parents caught at an impasse concerning her.

He shuffles over to the door with a sigh will he ever be able to get a snack without being interrupted? The script is old-fashioned and flowing and it takes Dean a moment to figure out exactly what it says: Who addresses a letter like that? Better question, who would be writing to Dean? It has to be a trick. He walks over to the windows that border the front door, peers through them. He half expects to find Conrad Barns, the school bully, staring back at him, just waiting for him to do something embarrassing. But the yard and street beyond are empty. The only movement comes from the leaves, shivering in the late afternoon breeze. Dean lets the curtains fall back again and steps away from the windows. He heads to the kitchen, letter in hand. Sets it down on their round dining table, and pulls the fridge open. Dean keeps forgetting to tell Dad that they need to go grocery shopping. He pulls out the almost-empty orange juice carton, pencils in OJ on the shopping list stuck to the freezer door, and pulls out a plastic cup from the cabinet above the sink. Pours himself some juice while he stares at the letter, wondering, wondering. How do they know which bedroom he has? And Dean would be a little shocked if Conrad had asked Dad and Dad had actually told the kid. Dean frowns at the letter. Now that he thinks about it, whoever delivered the letter made a mistake. What is he thinking? Dean tussles with this idea for a moment. He really, really wants to open it. No one has sent him a letter before. He sets down his cup with a firm thunk and pulls the yellowish envelope toward him. The seal is strange, like a "coat of arms. A coat of arms from some medieval castle, or something. Jeez, someone really needs to get a reality check, Dean thinks as he tears the envelope open, pulls out thick sheets of paper. He unfolds the first and reads: Winchester, We are pleased to inform you that you have a place at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Please find enclosed a list of all necessary books and equipment. Term begins on 1st September. We await your owl by no later than 31st July. He has the strongest urge to laugh. Someone is seriously off their nut. He unfolds the second sheet of paper too " this one has a list of supplies and books. It is the craziest list Dean has ever seen " whatever happened to erasers and sharpeners? This lists the need for black robes, a pointed hat, a wand, of all things, and books with titles like, The Standard Book of Spells, Grade 1. And what the hell kind of name is Newt Scamander? There, on the window ledge, just outside, sits a large, brown owl. The owl taps again, and Dean jumps off the chair and wrenches the cutlery drawer open, pulling out a gun. The owl simply gives him a long look. It just stays there, outside the house, perching on trees and following Dean. If he looks outside the living room window, there it is. In fact, even when Sam finally spotted it and yanked his window open to check it out, the bird just sat there. Dean has no idea what to do. The stupid owl seems to think it belongs to Dean now. That night, after dinner, Dean locks himself in his bedroom and opens his window. You got a death wish, or something? Dean stares at it, nonplussed, and then recalls something from the letter: Nutcases wanted a reply, Dean would give them one. Not the pointy hat kind, anyway. He folds the page four times and holds it out warily at the bird. The owl hops off the headboard and snatches the letter away from Dean, before leaping out of the open window. Dean walks over and watches it flap away, into the moon. He shuts the window with a snap. Marlette give you this worksheet? What if the teacher asks you what three times three is? He hands Sam a spoon and says, "Eat. And there, on the carpet, in front of the door, sits a yellowish envelope. Dean can see the emerald-green ink on the top this time. Why do you keep" Dean stops listening about then. He grabs the letter, runs up the stairs and slams the door of his room shut. He stands with his back against it, and rips the letter open. What kind of psychos is he dealing with? He wishes Dad had come home the previous night " what if this is some supernatural" serial killer or something? Winchester, I assure you, this is not a joke. Please, look outside your window. Yours sincerely, Albus Dumbledore Headmaster Dean automatically looks out the window. Next-Door is waving at him from the window adjacent to his. The light engulfs a chair and turns it bright, blinding pink. He looks at the window again. Next-Door gives him another smile and a wave before ducking back into her own

house. Dean gapes at the pink chair. Birthday presents are the least of his worries right now. His teacher calls on him three times, but Dean has no clue what the question is. After school, he almost forgets to pick Sam up from the other side of school, almost starts walking home by himself. Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. How is it possible? Hello, will you listen to me? Yeah, sure," replies Dean, fingering the paper that wraps the box. There are faint lines on the paper, and Dean traces them with his fingers. His jobs never last long. At home, he sits at his desk and opens the box Sam gave him. Inside is a life-like model of a car, one that Dean had admired in a store a few weeks back. Dean wonders how Sam got the money for it. They never have money for anything. He sets the model on his bedside table, and falls asleep looking at it, thoughts of witches and schools running around in his mind. He tells her to go home afterwards, says that he needs to do something. It only takes one knock to bring someone hurrying to the door. Next-Door peers through the lace curtains. Dean watches recognition dawn on her face, before she pulls open the door. He wonders if he should be worried about strangers. Then he realizes this woman is a witch, and feels like slapping himself. He should have brought a gun. She has a British accent, Dean notices. I justâ€¦ I wanted to ask you some questions. She leans against the doorframe. Dean steps further into the shadows of the porch, and watches as Sam heads indoors, before turning back to the woman. I just thought they were all evil.

Chapter 3 : AS LARGE AS ALONE – G&S all-istudenti: tarcisio zarb

"Life is an opportunity, benefit from it. Life is beauty, admire it. Life is a dream, realize it. Life is a challenge, Take it. Life is a duty, complete it.

What is Happening to Writing? However, in terms of comprehension and organization, there is a definite move toward progress. Verboseness is generally frowned upon and concision is the goal in most writings. A reader wants to get to a point with as little difficulty as possible, with important ideas highlighted, and unnecessary platitudes kicked out of the equation. The culture of the 21st century America is that of speed. But how does writing do so, or, how has it? The genesis of the written language was a response to the desire to record important data: As the scope of writing grew, however, stories were written. Emotion and humanity began to be placed into what was once a medium of mere information. This gave life to fiction writing and the use of writing as a medium of persuasion, and a written language of proper sentence structure and formatting was born separate from the language of speech and thought. Writing had rules and sequence. Respect was given to writers that knew and respected said customs; it showed education. However, these rules are merely constructs of tradition, and not natural or particularly conducive to the comprehension of the reader. Moving now to the present, the digital age has offered an entirely new venue from the book, or codex, or scroll. While computerized word processors may just be the electronic translation of such forms, web pages are an entirely new language, and the nature of writing and what it should be is brought into question more than ever, and addressed in a variety of novel ways. Our class has looked through an incredibly wide scope at what is being said, yelled, shown, and written about writing. Essays, news articles, performance pieces, lectures, and the writings of peers have opened up the possibilities of what writing can do and the effect that it can have. It has also shown that there is a great deal of writing about writing. This sort of meta-writing proves the consistent impact which writing has on society. In his poem, he comments on the use of metaphor and the power that a writer has when the reader is in the grips of the text. He writes on the actions of a particular tree, using metaphor and personification. At a certain point however, he begins to have difficulty with this. This commentary shows that writers are not just thinking about what they should write now, but what can be written, and the style and innovations that writers are becoming more fearless in employing. Hass is a good example of one who is aggressive in his review of what poetry can do. The commonly held idea is for poetry to enchant, specifically. However, Hass realizes the limitations of words, and for a poet to reflect on what words cannot do as opposed to what they can is a pioneering effort in the modern explorations of writing. Mali While it is certainly a written poem, the presentation style of it is not through text but through voice. In fact, when read off of a page, it has little of the impact it is destined to and loses much of the meaning. The sentences can be fragmented and choppy, and it offers more strength to the words and the message without discrediting the poet as uneducated in proper syntax. Computers, Hypertext, and the Remediation of Print is a foray into the digital age that we are now living in. Hypertext and the Remediation of Print, it became apparent that writing is nowhere near as stagnant as many have assumed. The constant reworking of ideas and mediums gives writing the distinction of a living medium. It is working hand in hand with science and experience to find ways to make writing more accessible to the average individual. Jay David Bolter describes Hypertext as thus: One page can be linked electronically to many others. Often, however, it can start a chain of distraction, opening page upon page of new information branching in all different directions instead on offering a plain, to-the-point page of information. While this might be distracting, it is conducive to knowledge retention and understanding in a way that the physical text on paper is not. It allows for instant definition of words or phrases that one might not be familiar with and breaks up the linear form of most perceptions of writing. After the presentation we gave on Chapter 3, our peers went to their blogs - online forums for writing and thought - to respond to the chapter and ask some unanswered questions about writing through the scope of this medium. One such peer, Alex Breen, asked: The way that our brains are wired is hypertextual. We speak and digress into other thoughts and fragment our sentences and backtrack to the initial point much the way we might do on a web page. But this linguistic formula has always been this way.

Speaking in full sentences and paragraphs without creating a sort of vocal hypertextual web is only practical in terms of rehearsed speech. Most modern playwrights have realized that the linguistics of the English language as spoken differ vastly from the English language as written. Writers such as David Mamet have begun writing in the way that people think and speak, and it is more natural sounding to an audience than long blocks of thought without pause, retracing, repetition or defining. So, the new hypertextual landscape of writing should have no effect on the linguistics of our culture, present or future, but, in fact, mirror it more accurately. As impressively adept as the human mind is at establishing connections and finding meaning, it is also known for difficulties in focus. On a personal level, hypertext has distracted me almost in equal parts to the good it has done me. If the first question it is being asked from the perspective of the writer, then hypertext absolutely can weaken an argument. If a writer attempts to make an argument and does not know how to effectively manipulate the writing space which they inhabit, i. That is the same as using any tool, however: Hypertext is not something that all writers should shove into their otherwise linear and meaningful texts: However, if the writer can weave it into his or her piece without adding confusion or distancing the reader from the true meaning, hypertext does its job. Much like writing itself, there is certainly an artistry involved in the shaping and formatting of an online text, not unlike any other text, but with more possible tools and higher risks of failing. A writing form with such spontaneity and possibility also has its drawbacks in the context of the limitations of us as people. There are surely innovations to still be made, and hypertext is not a perfect creature, but from where we are technologically, these problems of focus fit snugly into the discourse. In conclusion, the time we live in is a fortunate one in the sense that we are living during a technological revolution. The way that we see the world is altered daily by new advancements and technologies instead of reading a magazine to find out about what is going on in, say, the theatre world. I can now read articles online sent directly to me through an RSS feed. Information is constantly coming at us from all sides and the scary thing is when we are overloaded, will we know? What is happening to writing is that it now needs to shout louder to reach us over all the white-noise written words we receive. It needs new organization and research to find the most appropriate formatting for our thinking patterns. Works Cited Breen, Alexander. Summareponse to Chapter 3 presentation. Computers, Hypertext, and the Remediation of Print. Lawrence Erlbaum Associates, The Problem of Describing Trees.

Chapter 4 : As large as alone – willwriteforfood

If it was the notion of holding a smooth round stone as small as the world and as large as alone. Or the perpetual center and renewal the ocean offers to any who will take it. What part of her inner life came to life in the words.

By Fewthistle Myka stopped in the middle of the aisle and carefully set down the awkwardly shaped bundle she was carrying. Despite having been neutralized, the damn thing still seemed intent on misbehaving. Artie had muttered an aisle and shelf number around a partially masticated corned beef sandwich, but he had clearly been mistaken, as there was nary a free spot available for what seemed miles of warehouse. Her search had also been hindered by the need to keep stopping and re-wrapping the mower in what amounted to neutralizing purple saran wrap. Still, considering the vicious little thing had a taste for human blood and preferred fingers and toes and feet to grass, it was worth the time consuming effort. She had just rejected another set of shelves when she heard a voice, one with which she was rather intimately familiar, coming from nearby. Pete and Claudia put on a good show, but I can tell. I can see that hint of suspicion still lingering in their eyes. Keeping one eye on the lawn mower, Myka edged along the aisle, peering somewhat unsuccessfully through the breaks in the shelving. She kept glancing back at the mower, quite certain that it had moved a little from where she had set it down, but her attention strayed rather easily to the one-sided conversation taking place in the next aisle. She was sitting on the hard concrete floor, legs crossed in front of her, leaning back on both hands. She glanced back at the lawn mower, absolutely certain now that it had managed to eat through some of the wrapping and inch along the aisle. I swore that I would never do anything to betray her faith in me and I intend to keep that promise. Myka heard what sounded like a series of thuds, followed by a short, humorless bark of laughter from Helena. Has anyone ever mentioned that for a demon you are singularly unimaginative? Not everyone is interested in fame and fortune, particularly at the price of his or her immortal soul. Whatever it was, it was talking back. The chance to save my daughter, to bring my Christina back to life; a feat that no one, not even you or whatever master you serve could accomplish. She had expected to hear Helena admit that she would forfeit anything to have been able to save her child. She stood up quickly, intent on making her way to where Helena was sitting and telling her in no uncertain terms that she did love her, more than she could know. However, as she turned to walk towards the end of the shelf and around the corner to the other, she caught a movement out of the corner of her eye. It had eaten through the layer of plastic and was moving at a good clip down the dingy concrete floor, the click-click-click of the metal against the cement slightly hypnotic, like the snick of tires against asphalt. The mower had sensed easy prey, and was on a collision course with the dark-haired woman. Just as it reached her position, Myka just a few feet behind it, Helena leapt into the air, easily clearing the mower and landing cat-like mere inches from where Myka had slid to a stop, her tennis shoes squeaking against the hard floor. The mower ground to a halt and swiveled, once more identifying the location of its prey. Nor could she stop the rather silly grin that plastered itself on her face at the knowledge that Helena had not only chosen not to abandon her and run away from the mower, but that she had stayed and risked being mowed down, literally, in order to protect her. Apparently the old adage was true: They had reached a section of the warehouse that contained an old desk that had once belonged to Walter Winchell. Helena ordered, "Climb up on it," pushing at Myka from behind, the metallic roar of the mower growing closer and closer. Myka scrambled onto the desk, reaching out a hand and tugging Helena up beside her just as the rabid mower caught up with them. It banged into the legs of the desk, blades churning, spinning and grasping, unable to find enough purchase to climb up the battered metal of the desk. It looked for all the world like a small, infuriated dog who, having cornered its prey, was unable to get to it; a yapping terrier who had treed an opossum, only to have it just out of reach. Myka doubled over a bit, grasping her side as the air tried desperately to fill her lungs. Nothing says love like being chased by a bloodthirsty lawn mower. They parted only after a particularly violent shove by the mower against the battered frame they were standing on caused them to stumble sideways a bit. Looking down, Myka could see that the little machine was even more incensed at having fresh blood so close and yet so far. If it had been a small dog, she had no doubt it would be foaming at the mouth by now. The next moment the truth tumbled out like gumballs from a broken paper bag.

Well, not everything obviously. And why am I talking so much? Myka bent to read it, springing back from the edge of the desk just in time to avoid the mower taking off a few curls, as her hair spilled over the side. Causes anyone who sits at it to be completely truthful and not a little verbose. As you clearly overheard, having my feelings reciprocated is not anything I ever imagined possible. Or ever believed I deserve," Helena responded with a bright shimmer of moisture in her dark eyes. It was the sudden silence that this time roused them from their embrace. They looked down to find that the mower was gone. Only a flash of metal just disappearing around the corner of a far aisle gave away its location. Myka gave an embarrassed smirk. Stop kissing that woman this instant and catch this thing. She jumped down from the desk, reaching up a hand to help Helena to the floor. Helena slipped her hands up under the thin shirt Myka was wearing, her hands ghosting along silken skin.

Chapter 5 : As Large as Alone - Iki_teru - Kingdom Hearts [Archive of Our Own]

As Large As Alone. likes. â™ - It's Good For a Person To Spend Time Alone. It Gives Them An Oppuortunity To Discover Who They Are & To Figure Out.

Chapter 6 : as small as a world and as large as alone - My Tags - My Tags

As Small As A World As Large As Alone features 10 songs. Martin (music) and Percy (vocals) have enlisted a creative cast of guest musicians on the album and contributions on the album include Benito Cortez, Edo Castro and Essence Goldman.

Chapter 7 : Quote by E. E. Cummings: "as small as a world and as large as alone For wâ€•

Listen, I'll go first. I'm lonely a lot of the time. I feel isolated and unseen and misunderstood. I feel like I'm doing life wrong or different from other people and that's why they can't see me.

Chapter 8 : maggie and milly and molly and may by E. E. Cummings - Poems | calendrierdelascience.com

Summaries. With his older sister, May, trapped in a coma and their parents caught at an impasse concerning her fate, Noah must act as the bridge between their two worlds to make his sister's final wishes heard.

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