

Chapter 1 : Whitney Houston

Remembering Whitney. 13 / Back Next. Back. Two of the largest distributed Chinese language newspapers show a headline of the death of pop legend Whitney Houston in Hong Kong on Feb. 13,

Thanks so much for the reviews and [insert high pitched scream] reviews! You guys are truly spoiling me. You guessed second and you now are going to have an OC in either this story or the sequel, a one-shot specify if you want it to be in the sequel or separate and a shout out. Qwerty and The Daughter of Wisdom and Music congrats, you are both the third place winner! And you are going to have an OC in either the sequel or Remembering, a shout out, and a chapter or memory dedicated to them. I hope you enjoy this chapter. I do not own Rise of The Guardians or any of the familiar occurrences that took place in both the book series and the movie. This is purely for my entertainment. No copyright infringement intended. Read at your own risk. Bella walked up to Jack from behind, leaned down to his ear, and whispered, "I hope you know, that whether you like it or not, you are going to tell us the truth about those Summer Sprites and why you lied. It was obvious to anyone that knew them that Bella looked at Jack as a little brother. It was annoying at times but it was also a very nice feeling to know that somewhere, someone always had his back. It was daylight out; the sky was clouded with gray clouds with tiny flecks of blue as the sky poked out. Tooth gasped at the tears. She had a stern but gentle look on her face. Two, why were you crying? Jack stuttered out a reply that sounded like, "â€¦find outâ€¦memoryâ€¦okayâ€¦" Tooth seemed to hear his words perfectly and she nodded before surprising the winter spirit by wrapping him in a hug. Then, they turned to the memory. There was a slip of ice left on the road and the family had skidded across the road, crashing into a tree. There was only one survivor and it was a one-year-old child who would never grow up with the love of a mother, father, and siblings. Jack let out a sob as grief clouded his vision. Everyone, minus Jack and Sandy who gasped silently, as they heard his thoughts and understood what happened. Out of no where, Bella took out a notepad and a pencil and started scribbling onto the paper. Jack leaned against a tree, gasping his breaths, and clutching the front of his shirt as he slid down until he was sitting on the heels of his feet. Maybe I should die. Her hands were on her hips and she had a smirk on her face. Her quiver was on her back filled to the brim with arrows and she had her bow in her hand. Merida was still waiting for Mother Nature to give her the okay to strip them from their powers. Quite personally, Merida never really liked Seva and Heath. A-a one y-year old w-who w-w-would n-never grow up w-with th-the l-love o-of a m-mother, f-father, o-or s-siblings. Iâ€¦I killed her e-entire f-family. She gathered Jack in his arms as he cried heart wrenching sobs. A few tears were gathered in her eyes, whether she wanted to admit it or not. Trust me, I would know. He stood at a height of six feet, with tousled brown-reddish hair, and large green eyes. He was very handsome and looked to be around nineteen-twenty years of age. He was wearing Viking like clothing and he also had a metal, fake leg. Most just call me the King of Fall or the King of Autumn. Nice to finally meet you," Jack nodded and sniffled again, "N-Nice to m-meet you too. Some people die in Autumn, others in Summer, some, even, in Spring, and others in Winter, your own realm. It is simply the natural order of life and death. At first, it made Jack weary but he then realized that Hiccup meant no harm and was simply sharing his wisdom to him likeâ€¦an older brother would. Though, Jack was lost. Before Jack knew it, he was tackled to the ground by someone hugging him tightly. Merida rolled her eyes. He picked up his staff and dusted off his clothes, huffing. I thought Hookfang was under control-," another click-"seriously? Oh, where is that bloody man, anyway? I have a Crisis in Taberna incident. Jack nodded but then he stiffened as he heard the familiar laughter. Rapunzel furrowed her eyebrows together in confusion and she tilted her head to side. The voices were getting closer, getting clearer. His head raced with lies to tell but the damage was done, they already knew. North sighed heavily and pinched the bridge of his nose. Of all Seasonal Spirits? Everyone stared at them and Jack just laughed. Everyone shared short chuckles before another memory appeared. Your review has been posted.

Chapter 2 : Remembering Stanley Fafara, "Whitey" from Leave it to Beaver! - Tony Dow

King's POV I flew fast through the air, catching Gemminia right before she hit the large body of water. A small splash of water hit my face a bit but I didn't care.

Chapter 13 My gaze trailed upward and met what I could only describe as a dragon. Its sharp spines were yellow and its menacing claws were a dark, charcoal black. The scales were red, and big enough to protect at least three people huddling together behind them. And its head, which was giving me the most malicious glare, was five times larger than I. But the most interesting out of the observations I made was only half its body was in the room. From where I was at the main entrance, I could see that the room in front of me looked like a massive oval ballroom. Along its walls were tall, thin, stained-glass windows and large, marble structural supports that ran up the walls. I assumed the idea for the room was for housing oversized rowdy teenagers or dragons. My eyes now travelled down to a large white oval table located only a few meters from the door I just came out of. This was likely to give the large, rowdy teenagers adequate space to party while the smaller more delicate party goers remain closer to the exit in case the teenagers get angsty. I also noticed the impressive amount of subspecies equally flanking the table. Flanking the right side of the table was surprisingly little to no difference in species of ponies. Four pairs of delegates were on the right and each looked like they were differing forms of pony. The pair farthest from me on the right was the Princesses wearing their normal attire. Beside them was what looked like two purebred race horses flaunting lavish harnesses. Next to them were two ponies both without horns or wings. They almost looked French, with one was sprouting a curly mustache and the other a baby-blue parasol. Both were wearing stylish clothing matching their accessories. The one with the parasol was wearing a baby-blue hat and a baby blue frilly dress. To their left were two ponies, another unicorn and one with both a horn and wings. The blue haired white coated stallion was wearing purple armor while the pink, lanky pony was wearing a small gold tiara and necklace. Pony with wings and horns? Pegasus Unicorn half breeds? I looked over to the left side to see a pair of creatures that looked like an eagle and lion mixed sitting closest to me. I immediately recognized them as griffins from mythology. Just like the close encounter I had with one at the hospital. They both looked dressed in black military uniforms with red capes. Both, however, looked different enough for me to tell they were two genders. The female, who sat closer to me than the male, had dark feathers on her head and a small red beak. The male had a large black beak and white feathers on his head. Next to them was a pair of Minotaurs. I did a double take upon seeing them, finding it strange that a race from my mythology made it into this room. Mentally shrugging my shoulders, I dismissed it when I remembered unicorns. The two Minotaurs stood proudly with their chests puffed up, but one was taller than the other by a good two feet. The largest one was wearing a red cape with no shirt and black pants, his coat was black. The other was much older and wearing nothing, but he sported reading glasses and held several documents in his hand. His coat was brown and he had a long, grey beard that reached below his chest. Yeah I feel a little more comfortable working this crowd. This place has pretty much every mythical beast that I can think of. Unicorns, Dragons, Griffins, oh my! Hell even a Minotaur! I was in a hedge maze earlier. Although later than I would have hoped. I quickly reminded myself of my strategy of warming up the room with humor before I responded. Almost dozed off six or seven times. Raising my arms, I spoke up again, addressing everyone this time before anyone else could speak up to stop my momentum. It comes with pockets, colors that blend in with the forest, and the ability to make anyone look homeless. My joke earned me a giggle from the pink pony to my right and some polite smiles from the male griffon and most of the right side of the room. My joke also made the larger Minotaur facepalm slowly and shake his head disapprovingly. The female griffon however just remained stoic. I felt my heart sink some, but I hoped I could hook them to my energy long enough for me to finish. I stopped at the head of the table which was vacant of seats. This was probably to keep individual countries from seeming more important than others. The first thing that was brought to my attention, was the fact that there is a powerful magical being living in Equestria, other than me. His name is Discord. And with me, that makes two powerful magical creatures living in Equestria. Everyone seemed to be listening very intently, but they maintained stoic and

professional expressions. Some even nodded their heads politely to show they were paying attention. I continued with a smile. This brought all the eyes back to me. Honestly, my friends tell me I can get annoying with how eccentric I get. Princess Celestia stood cleared her throat to speak. This cut me off from continuing further. Her soft voice rose clearly throughout the room. And since this is your first time Blake, I will explain the process of introductions to you while I introduce myself. Their speaker Badland Brood-Mother Chrysalis has chosen not to attend. The tall brown horse next to them with a yellow mane stood up. His ceremonial clothes fully visible to the room. His pink associate stood up with him, her clothes were a royal purple. Next to them the two French ponies stood up. King Childeheart the first and Co-ruler, Queen Clover the first. They sat down too. The ones next to them stood up. A pink pegacorn and a white unicorn. Then looked toward me expectantly. Princess Celestia spoke up. I froze with fright. Should I not say anything? Okay wait calm myself. I closed my eyes to control my breathing and allow myself to think deeply. But give me a moment. Maybe my inventory will have a clue. I had my toolgun, physgun, and a lightsaber. Well I can be a Jedi. I can be a Jedi! And my lightsaber can be proof of the order. But why would I be here if I were a Jedi? I looked around frightfully but I still spoke. I felt my face flush with color and heat. Knowing it may have left a bad impression. Although I calmed myself when I realize it made sense that I was an Exile. I looked back at everyone. They seemed disappointedâ€ no they were unsure and some looked like they pitied me. But the thought train broke down as a new voice to my left spoke up. The big beaked white headed griffon with black feathers and brown feathered black headed griffon were standing up. Then the large black Minotaur who was already standing spoke up. To their left the orbs made a loud noise. Leaf Windsheer with wife and Co-ruler, Pedal Coldbreeze. I jumped with fright from the booming voice that came next.

Chapter 3 : Remembering Whitney - Photo 13 - Pictures - CBS News

The music I work out to varies day to day. Today, a song popped up that I hadn't heard in quite a while - Whitey Morgan And The 78's cover of "I'm on Fire" by Bruce Springsteen. That song has been covered so much over the years; actually too much if we're being honest. It's a great.

Click here to submit your thoughts and recollections. We will post as many as we possibly can, but please be patient. It may take some time before your post appears. Our deepest sympathies to his wife and family. Edie and Bob Patterson, Richmond Va. What fond memories we have of Whitey: I know that dad and Whitey are now trading stories up there about Princeton and covert operations, Manhattan Project for my dad and the CIA for Whitey. His wonderful smile and wry sense of humor will be greatly missed. He always had an encouraging word to say. If I was going through something tough he would challenge me to look at the situation from a different point of view. I like how he was always involved in Nantucket politics, even when he was not one of the selectmen, he still got involved as a neutral voice. Whitey, I miss you, we miss you, say hello to Bill and Bob for me. It was his intrinsic instinct. Long after the age at which most of us fall into the abyss of narcissistic retirement, Whitey was constantly creating novel approaches to his lifelong goal of an even better Nantucket. And what an interviewer he was! With his Cheshire Cat smile and Oslerian imperturbability he would disarm anxiety and apprehension in his interviewees, always achieving an engaging and productive presentation. We already know how much we will miss Whitey. We just hope that the passage of time will let our wonderful memories of Whitey overwhelm the pain of our loss. My mum "and many of those he knew through the skiing world - thought the world of him, not only as a friend but as a ski-industry colleague. Rest in peace Whitey and may you enjoy some great runs down those snowy hills with my mum who is up there waiting for you with a stiff drink in one hand and alot of great stories and "remember whens" to share. Knowing Whitey as a friend has greatly enriched my own life, and I feel privileged to have joined him on some of his many efforts to benefit Nantucket. Whitey, I will miss seeing you every morning on Madaket Road going to work. May you rest in peace. Although on his own without Leslie, he enjoyed himself tooting around on his moped, watching racing every day on Crocodile with good friend Harry Madeira NEH , regaling all of us with his wonderful stories and sharing his knowledge of so many facets of life. A more brilliant mind is hard to find! He touched the lives of so many friends in Bermuda both young and old and was loved and respected by all. We will miss his quiet wit, his recording of all the IOD fleet positions as they rounded every mark on the course and then having their scores figured out long before the official notice board posted them. Thinking of you all. It seems strange to accept that Whitey will no longer be scooting around town in his blue Smart, coming from the gym or some wonderful off-island destination; going to one of many volunteer-based meetings, all the while waving hellos to pedestrians along the way. No doubt I am merely at the tail end of a long list of those he befriended and encouraged to get involved within this community. And, I shall miss him. If only we could all be so fortunate to have plus years so full of life. We know your immediate family will miss you and so will a good many Nantucketers. Our prayers are with all of you. I had a long talk with Whitey after the yearly Saltmarsh luncheon at The Faregrounds which he always attended to honor senior citizens. He told me he was feeling out of sync. I told him at our ages it was a given. I will miss his humor, wisdom, sarcasm and his contribution of many years to the Energy Study Committee and his many other committee and BOS endeavors on Nantucket. Hea, Whitey, " Bravo Zulu " to you from one sailor to another. He was a truly remarkable man who led a truly remarkable life. His passion, intellect and warmth were all unmistakable. Nantucket is a better place for the time he spent there, and I feel fortunate for the all-too-brief time in which our paths crossed. While sailing Whitey was a fierce competitor but was always a complete gentleman. Whitey enjoyed camaraderie with fellow sailors and would talk to anyone about mostly anything with a variety of interests and perspectives. His contributions to the International One Design IOD sailing fleet both locally in Nantucket and internationally in Bermuda and beyond will be remembered for a long time. Whitey also had a great smile and sense of humor, he enjoyed a good joke, and entering into political discussions. Whitey was a great sailor but quite simply a great guy and will be missed by the entire

IOD sailing community both on and off the water. Dan Faria, Newport, R. And he was a lifelong friend who had an extraordinary influence on our family. He was literally a "life-saver" for some of us. We will always remember him with love. May he rest in peace. Love and sympathy to Will and Skip and their families. As a selectman, as president of the Nantucket Shellfish Association and in many other roles, he dedicated himself to making this wonderful island a better place for all of us. With him gone, the mold is broken. He is not easily replaced. His passing leaves a big hole in the fabric of Nantucket. I treasure the memories we have shared sailing IODs with a fine crew, skilled competitors and great memories. I knew Whitey as Mr. Willauer as a child. I am glad to say as an adult I knew him as Whitey, a friend. Nantucket has lost a fine gentleman and I know I will miss his presence. A great conversationalist and listener, a caring individual who was dedicated to serving the people of Nantucket. He was the "quintessential nantucketer" and a very fine soul. Rest in peace, Whitey. It was an honor to have known such a wonderful man. He will be missed greatly. Nantucket was always first on your "to-do" list. Such a dear person with a great sense of humor and life stories to make you weep with laughter – He was one in a million. We here in Bermuda will certainly miss you at the Worlds here in October and in the future. Thank You Whitey for your dedication and service to this community we are all better for it. Your family is in our thoughts and prayers as they go through this sad time. I loved his sly and friendly way. There is a hole in something with him gone. God bless you Whitey. I was lucky to know you! As a scientist, a government employee, a skier, sailor, community leader and friend – he looked at issues from every vantage point to get a full perspective before taking action. Even as an octogenarian, Whitey was forward-thinking and planning community projects in which he knew would surpass his lifetime. His dedication to planning and protecting Nantucket for the future was his gift to all of us. These are the acts of a most noble and generous person, and a valuable lesson for all. Those of us who live here are a lucky bunch to benefit from such good deeds. Those who knew him as a friend are even luckier. Digital access or digital and print delivery.

Chapter 4 : Remembering Whiting "Whitey" Willauer - News - The Inquirer and Mirror - Nantucket, MA

The definitive account of Whitney Houston's astonishing life, ground-breaking career, and tragic death — complete with never-before-seen photographs — from the only one who truly knows the story behind the headlines: her mother, Cissy Houston.

Bobby, 45, was married to the year-old pop star for 15 years and shares with her a year-old daughter, Bobbi Kristina Brown. Their relationship and personal turmoil was depicted in the TV film, Whitney, which was made without the blessing of the family of the "I Will Always Love You" singer and The Bodyguard actress, who died in . Check out seven topics he talked about. From the first date Bobby proposed to Whitney in the back of a car. Whitney was "definitely" a Bridezilla, he added. I just started crying. The pop star herself is also seen getting frisky with another man at a club. Stars in Lifetime movies 4. On THAT call.. In , police were called to the home of Whitney and Bobby to investigate a domestic violence report. My niece called the police. She took it upon herself to call the police but it was nothing absolutely nothing. Bobby spent time in jail over the incident and probation violations. Whitney Houston biopic star Yaya DaCosta found it "difficult" to play the singer 5. Bobby gets served at a restaurant Whitney filed for divorce in Bobby told Robinson he was at a Chinese restaurant and got a phone call from someone who told him, "We have this check from such and such. Instead of a check, he got served with divorce papers. I left with my sobriety. The two share a 5-year-old son. Bobby also has three other children from previous relationships. He told Robinson that Alicia is pregnant with their second child. Everybody gets a second chance, they say. On their drug addictions Both struggled with substance abuse throughout their lives. Whitney died at age 48 in a Beverly Hills hotel room in , a day before the Grammys, from accidental drowning in a bathtub. Cocaine use was one of the factors that contributed to her death. Bobby said the first time he saw Whitney doing the drug was during their honeymoon. Bobby said that he himself used to be addicted to cocaine as well as alcohol and marijuana and had also tried heroin. He also denied rumors that said Whitney was the one who introduced him to coke. I make too much for me to ever smoke crack. I laughed so hard. She said crack is cheap. Was he jealous of her success? A groupie even calls him "Mr. Houston" to his face after he rejects her. When asked if he ever felt like "Mr. My Story of Love, Loss, and the Night the Music Stopped, Cissy writes that she thinks "it would have been easier for [Whitney] her to get sober and stay sober" without Bobby, adding, "Instead she was with someone who, like her, wanted to party. To me, he never seemed to be a help to her in the way she needed. I loved your daughter tremendously. He told Robinson that he did so because security guards did not allow his children from his previous relationships to sit with him in the second row, along with Bobbi Kristina. So I just kissed the casket and me and my kids, we left.

Chapter 5 : 14 best Remembering Whitney images on Pinterest

Read Ch. 13 Remembering from the story The Stuffed Wolf by Stiles_Derek_Sterek (Brooka) with 3, reads. peter, derek, symboltattoos. Stiles laid on his.

Laceburner The one thing I wanted - more than anything in my life - was to remember everything. All I want is to be able to answer questions. The only thing is, what exactly is it that I so desperately want to remember? I guess sometimes the thing you should fear most is the one thing you want so badly. SO here you go! And again, Mythic is owned by me and is one of my OCs. She is not in any versions of the Transformers franchise ever before. Then Ratchet walked in with Hot Rod. The flame painted mech walked over and picked her up into his arms, all while she complained and attempted - and failed - to get free, and Ratchet informed Prowl of her medical state and his order for her to stay off her feet. So instead, she tried working at night. She figured that Prowl went to sleep around eleven at night on average, and Ratchet would usually fall into an exhaustion induced sleep around midnight. Mirage left for patrol about fifteen minutes later. She managed to get about four hours of work done, and even made it back before Mirage got back from patrol. However when she slept in for longer than normal, the spy came up with a plan alongside Ratchet to catch her. Using his cloak, he hid in the office and when she finally showed up. Then he showed himself, scaring her almost to death, before Ratchet walked in. In the morning, she and Bumblebee would make their slow, and limp-filled way to the Med Bay so that Ratchet could check their injuries. Turns out, when Mirage crushed Bee on the landing, he did more damage than expected. It also gave her not much to do, which let her mind wander. Why did the TV show Lost have such a bad ending? Where was Cybertron really? What really was the motive behind the war? Especially when the voice decided to pitch her ideas in. Some of it got really She shuddered at the thought. She hated when people called it that. Bumblebee had been hanging with them earlier but when he left she claimed the rest of the couch and spread out. Hot Rod nodded absent-mindedly, going back to watch the movie that was watching - Godzilla. The voice was intrigued by the idea behind it - an ancient being that only surfaced once in forever and caused massive amount of destruction on the society. Hot Rod just seemed to enjoy the action of it all. Yeah, yeah, whatever you wanna believe. The door slid open and Laceburner looked over to see someone looking in. She had bright blue optics that shone somewhat brightly and reflected a glare against her perfect white armor. You mind if I hang with you for a bit? The only pieces of furniture in this room was a three person couch, a small loveseat and a recliner, so Laceburner assumed - and was correct - that Mythic would take a seat next to her on the couch. Mythic let out an amused giggle, but it was cut short when Hot Rod looked at her with complete seriousness. Hot Rod nodded silently. When Hot Rod offered no answer Laceburner stepped in. She knew what it was like to feel scared and alone. She pursed her lips. He narrowed his eyes again. It was his turn to purse his lips. Laceburner shifted to try and put her feet up on the coffee table, and pain shot down through her hip and down her leg. She hissed in pain, her teeth clenching. She nodded, and once her leg was up let out a breath she had been holding in. Forgot for a second. Hot Rod laughed again at her and she grumbled at him. A lot of times they joked about it, but whether it was a statement meant to amuse or not, it was factual. Thankfully, Sunstreaker had Sideswipe on his side, as well as Bumblebee and Smokescreen. The four of them were able to handle the majority of things and gave the other two the small tasks to handle that nobot could mess up. Of course, they somehow manage to screw everything up, but nothing that could cause an injury. What had they done? It was Skids and Mudflap! And he hated how he hated it. Smokescreen looked over at him and opened his mouth to say something, but just as he did, the doors slid opened and Mythic walked in. Smokescreen turned and left the room with a roll of his optics and the door slid shut. Sideswipe huffed and opened a private comm link. Why was he so X-X-X-X-X-X To say the voice hated her for allowing Ratchet to put her under anesthetic and perform a surgery on her while she was completely unconscious was a complete and total understatement. When she finally walked in to the Med Bay, Ratchet led her into a back private room with a berth and a bunch of other medical looking equipment. She sat down on the berth, this one ten times more comfortable than the ones outside, and he asked to talk to the voice. She voiced her concerns, all of which Ratchet did his best to answer and reassure, and when the

voice was much calmer about it, Ratchet had her lay on the berth and administered the anesthetic. The last thing she saw was First Aid and Moonracer entering the room to help Ratchet before she fell asleep. There was no dream, no nightmare, no loud snoring of one of the bots close to her room. Just complete and total peace. Moonracer was the first thing she saw when she woke up. Laceburner moaned out her nonsensical response. Replacing an entire hip servo And in two weeks you can start walking again. Moonracer left the room and right behind her a large, red colored frame walked in. Oh God, kill me. And him, kill him. He chuckled lightly, and an awkward silence filled the room. She wanted so badly to shift into a more comfortable position, but feared that something bad would happen, so she stayed still. It took him another minute or so before he looked up. I just wanted to make sure you were alright. She furrowed her brow; why was this seemingly so hard for him? With one final glance over the shoulder, Sideswipe left the room and walked out of the Med Bay. She might still be uncomfortable until her frame settles. He could see the medic fill with rage as he reached for his wrench. I used to talk to her every day! All I want to do is say hi. Ratchet picked his wrench up. The worst part was Sideswipe knew it. I just want to see her. I will say it one last time. Ratchet saw it in his optics; the fear, the surprise, the shock. Waiting for a punishment. Not in his onlining anyways. They were the first pair that Ratchet had to be nothing but patient with. It taught all three of them something, and since then Ratchet had felt somewhat more Even if he sometimes did want to disassemble them into pieces and put them back into a tram car. Sideswipe nodded without talking his optics off the floor and followed behind him humbly, his processor obviously reeling and dipping into memories he never wanted to see or think of again. Ratchet knocked ever so slightly and opened the door. His Sparkmate looked over. Laceburner lay on the berth, still hazy and tired from everything. They tried to keep it as clean as possible, but when it comes to a surgery that pulls open the protoform and replaces something underneath it, losing Energon is inevitable. When he tried to pull up a mental image of Laceburner, he wanted to see a happy her. Like that one time they caught her fooling around with the Dinobots down by her little beach spot - smiling widely and laughing aloud, her visor a lighter tint than usual allowing you to just barely see the blue from her actual optics.

Chapter 6 : Chapter 13 - Remembering Garry's Mod - Fimfiction

Chapter 13 My gaze trailed upward and met what I could only describe as a dragon. Its sharp spines were yellow and its menacing claws were a dark, charcoal black.

Chapter 7 : Link Ch. 13 "Remembering the case of Falwell v. Flynt | Living in a Media World

Ashanti on Remembering Whitney Houston. Her Memories of the Star and Whitney's influence on Music.

Chapter 8 : Remembering What? Chapter 13, a transformers fanfic | FanFiction

Chapter Thirteen You had so much fun since you were with the boys again, and you completely forgot about the 'incident'. Mainly because you hadn't taken a shower, which meant you didn't see the giant scar on your stomach, and mainly because you were with everyone.

Chapter 9 : Whiskey Riff | The most entertaining country site ever.

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