

So! All of you readers, follows, favorites and reviews have inspired me to write another chapter! Tada! EDIT 1/12/ This story now has a beta and with this note, what you are reading is the beta'd version.

Her heart sank as she approached. Everyone in the camp was dead. She screamed out in rage and pain, "Noooooo! Alania fell down on top of her mom and whimpered, "Why do I keep losing family.. She walked up to a mammoth and invoked the spell. It was as if she was seeing through the eyes of the mammoth. There had been what looked like a man and a woman attacking the giants. The woman wore regal looking clothing and the man was dressed like a warrior. After the battle, the two walked away. As the vision ended, Alania dropped to her knees, trembling with sadness and rage, her mind racing around what to do now. He gave her his condolences and offered her a place to stay for the night. The next morning, she met with the archmage. It only took a few days for the stone walls to get to Alania. She felt confined and caged. She had never been in a building for so long at a time. She was also still getting used to wearing the college robes. Alania jumped, "How long have you been there!?! Great secret of college. It will make your troubles melt away. She needed something to make her stay here bearable. Are sure this stuff is? Each time, her high got a little better. She kept wondering why he was just giving skooma to her. If this one remembers correctly, you have a birthday. This one must be going, enjoy your present, this one used a spell to amplify it. She was already very relaxed when the effects started. She thought of home, her real home from when she was a young child. In front of her, a jungle started to take shape. She saw a giant, but not a normal one. This one looked like a nord but massive. She was carrying a small child with her as she made her way through the jungle. Alania desperately tried to remember more but the effect of the skooma had worn off and she was especially tired. In her dream, she was being carried by the unusual giantess. It was like a memory. I will give of myself to seal the portal and keep the dark one out. I will be with you in spirit and you can return again when the dark one is no more. Alania was set down on the ground in front of her father and a large seal. She was puzzled because her dad seemed shorter than he should be and there was a crowd of people around who all seemed to be sad. There was a brilliant flash of light and she was standing on top of a seal by an ocean and the air was cold. The jungle had vanished entirely. Alania woke up in a cold sweat and went straight to the library to look up the seal.

Chapter 2 : Lashley Sends a Harsh Reminder to Galloway Following Eli Drake Match - Video Dailymotion

March 31, pm I have had a promo toy of the "Blue Flame" LSR car in my collection since I was a kid. That car set a record in , so that type LSR racer has been around for several decades now.

Do you think you can handle the pain, sorrow, and loneliness that forms in the pit of your stomach? What if fate unexpectedly sends you back to the place that caused your grief. Can you live somewhere that is a constant hateful reminder? Hope you enjoy this chapter! I approached the table slowly, glancing at the perfectly laid out tea set that presented itself before me. The silver chair dragged across the floor board as pulled it out from underneath the tall metallic coffee table. The purple cushion that surround the sitting area of the chair sunk at my weight as I try to make myself as comfortable as I can. However, I knew that nothing could have stopped the nagging feeling in my stomach of anticipation and nervousness until the cause of this sensation had passed. He poured a clear liquid into my cup, waves of steam silently floating to the ceiling. Does he expect me to drink just water? I waited a while to see if he was going to add any other ingredient, or herb, but Reiji just stared at me. His eyes twinkling with mischief and pride, as if forcing me to drink it just with shifting his orbs to look at mine. I raise the porcelain cup to my mouth, and before I took a sip, I figured out what Reiji was trying to do. I know that he has always wanted to test out his experiments, however, trying to make me take in such a dangerous substance was totally bonkers. My eyes widened, so was he trying to kill me deliberately, or does he just not care? I know that you are fully aware that if it even touched my tongue I could have been dead in less than 24 hours right?! For a human such as yourself, it is your job to cater to our needs. How stupid can you be! Only after a minute or two had passed had I recognized my error. Reiji stared at the floor, his purple strands shadowing his eyes from my view. I proceeded to walk to the door, trying to get myself out of the mess that I had just made. Just before the tip of my fingers could even brush the doorknob, I felt his hard grip drag me back to his bed. Thrown onto the bed like a sack, I look at Reiji appalled, but not surprised. I dug my nails into the purple coated comforters, as I swiftly crawled backwards, my spine hitting the head of the bed, its metal structure pushing against my skin. He was toying with me, bringing himself onto the bed, and swiftly moving closer to me, until I was buried beneath his well-built figure. His hand on both sides of my head, followed with legs pinning my knees down. How unattractive, at least he could have been cuter about this whole thing, instead of having that eternal frown etched on his face. My eyes stared into his soul for a moment, before swiftly removing myself from his bed. Giving him one last glance, I marched towards the door, head held high. Though, before I could get out the door "Who do you think you are? I could have felt the hostility and the angered built up inside of him. But, I also felt the sadness that he kept burden with him. Well, since he got me by surprise, might as well leave him, since he is going to release in 3â€2â€1â€ The sharpened object that was engraved into my neck had suddenly disappeared, and now the cold and harsh grip that had placed itself on my shoulders, now became a warm embrace. He turned me around in one swift motion, locking his eyes with mine. Why does she have to come back andâ€. This might cause a slight problem in the future, but no matter, we would just have to wait and see how it plays out. And here I thought I was the one who needed to learn manners, tsk tsk tsk. Even though currently, he was the most heartless person I had ever met, there was still some love buried somewhere. I know that he caredâ€at least I hope he still did. I raised my hand to the back of his neck, creating an energy bolt, and zapped him with it. I levitated him back to his bed, and lay him to rest. Such a peaceful face. Jumping out of his bedroom window, I landed in the garden below. Finally walking into the house, and then entering my room, I throw myself onto my bed. Inviting the king of darkness to take over and send me to the land of dreams. Two down, four to go. Your review has been posted.

Chapter 3 : Road-rage shooting on I-5 a harsh reminder

Can you live somewhere that is a constant hateful reminder? Chapter 5. Chapter 6. Chapter 7. and now the cold and harsh grip that had placed itself on my.

Add a personal message: Invalid E-mail address Sending your article Way back when, after the Celtics seemed buried by a blizzard of ping-pong balls, we knew there was a tradeoff. We knew the opening might be brief. We knew that the Celtics got older even as they got better overnight, and we knew there were potential pitfalls. Roughly 12 hours after the Celtics completed a season with a victory over the Washington Wizards last night, no-nonsense coach Doc Rivers made his weekly appearance on WEEI this morning and delivered the news we all feared: No duck boats for the Celtics this year. No rolling rally and no reunion with the Lakers. No opening night ceremony in the fall to celebrate the raise of Banner Added Ainge, qualifying the statement, "It would be a difficult task. We all were due for some humility around here, anyway. From early through the middle of , Boston took home six world titles as if ordering a box of donuts: Since that time, Tom Brady and now Garnett have suffered what proved to be season-ending knee injuries -- or so it seems -- and the Red Sox have stumbled out of the game with a start. In the coming days, there is likely to be a great deal of rhetoric from the Celtics, who are nothing if not professional and determined. They have no choice but to play without Garnett, they will tell us. If Rivers is smart, he will use media and public doubt as a motivator for his team. The Celtics should still beat Chicago in the first round and they might even beat Orlando in the second, but anything after that would be akin to the miracle at Lake Placid. What does this mean long-term? Will Garnett be the same after this? Will the Big Three? The new car had some miles on it. Ray Allen will be 34 this summer, Garnett will turn 33 next month, Paul Pierce will be 32 in October. Ainge being the shrewd man he is, the Celtics are as well-positioned for the long term as they could be, at least at the moment. Assuming the Celtics are under the salary cap following the season -- and right now, they are projected to be -- Ainge will have a maximum contract to offer in what looks like the greatest free-agent class of all time. The Celtics will have every opportunity to extend this luxurious ride of theirs, the one that has produced a stunning combined regular season and postseason victories since the fall of Nonetheless, in the wake of news like the Garnett injury, we cannot help but wonder: Can they really go on forever? Boston went nearly 16 years without winning a world title, from , before the Patriots made their miraculous run in the wake of Sept. No year has seemed to pass without at least one rally at City Hall Plaza. Now Garnett is out and the Celtics have been dealt a major blow, and we all have been reminded just how difficult it is to win. You need good players. You need good management, coaching and leadership. You need luck and you need health, not necessarily in that order, and you need to remember that winning is a reward more than it is a birthright, no matter much you can sometimes take it for granted. They start the playoffs on Saturday. The Bruins begin tonight. The competition goes on and the pursuit of excellence continues, and the games have a way of reminding you that winning is, above all else, an extremely difficult task that requires constant, maximum effort capable of wearing you down, breaking you down, cutting you out at the knees. Just ask the Patriots.

n (Del. Ch.). A Harsh Reminder About the Danger of Pre-Closing Activities in M&A Transactions BY BERNARD "BARRY" A. NIGRO JR. AND MARIA CIRINCIONE.

Akiko chooses not to interfere with what she remembers of the plot and embrace the traditions of the women of her family and wander the lands. This plan ends in tatters when she meets one Kakashi Hatake, whom no matter how she tries to avoid, keeps showing up. All of you readers, follows, favorites and reviews have inspired me to write another chapter! So, bleeding-roses pointed out that a ninja would want to find out who buried their friends and would look for them thus at the end, I have a little extra! I hope you like it! I do not own Naruto, but I do own the plot! Wandering from place to place has its own unique charm that I must admit. It is the memory of aching joints and muscle cramps that make the movement of travelling, of walking feel so I am free to go where I please, of course there are limits of food and money but I survive how I chose to and if I wanted to, I could easily go with the wind in to nowhere. Going to the town of Yuni was one of those choices. The people there are vibrant; they have that familiar sturdy feeling as those from who are from my home village, where the people endure the storms and crowd together like forests to help each other, if at times they can be a little bit overbearing. The owner of the cafe in Yuni, Sadao is one such man. He bends in the wind to keep himself from breaking, but sheltered the staff of his cafe from the My first meeting of the man was a memorable one, and certainly one I will share with my children should I have any. I had just walked into the cafe on an impulsive decision and came across a most unusual scene that will forever have me in giggles. It is the scene of a short, stout man in a professional dress of suit and tie strong arming a full height man, who was at least two heads taller than me, and successfully throwing him out the door, of which I had sidestepped in time. Sadao, seeing me standing there in silent admiration quickly ushered me inside and sat me down at one of the tables. In a hurry I stood up again, I was there for a job not to be served. His expression smoothed out into a smile and he sat me down again expect this time he sat with me. Throughout that month I had made many new acquaintances and friends too, Sadao was one of the first and later I had asked about the technique he had used to throw out that man, who I was told groped some of the other staff, as it looked similar to some wrestling from my other life and as it turned out it was right. It was a form of wrestling learned from the Land of Earth and the many bars from the Hidden Stone village. Something that I have become well versed in. However I still had to leave as the ache got stronger the longer I had stayed. She had seen the bodies of the deceased elders of her village and the funerals that came after, the unfortunate accidents of those in the logging business, she killed game animals to survive. So death was not a foreign concept. This experience, however, did not stop the retching that occurred when she passed a small scale battle ground two weeks after leaving Yuni to follow the boarder of the Land of Earth. Akiko had come to notice the smell of decomposing bodies that had gotten stronger as she continued to follow the border threading her way between the tall structures of stone that signified the beginning of The Land of Earth. Unable to help her curiosity, she followed the smell weaving her way through the walk able areas of the foot of the mountain range which were shrouded in trees. She came across the bloodied weapons first, the dark red substance staining not just the weapons but the ground below them, various kunai and shuriken littered the ground and embedded in several tree trunks and even in a few boulders. Akiko shivered as a chill ran down her spine, a sudden irrational fear of her surroundings, and felt weary of the lack of bird song in the area. Akiko took a shallow breath to calm her heart before she continued to follow the smell. The closer she got the more signs that a battle took place. Akiko could feel her skin prickle with energy, she could feel it in the air giving the atmosphere an oppressive and heavy feeling, but still she continued on. The trees surrounding the area became darker the closer she got, suddenly wishing she was back on the road. Here she had no comfort as she was confronted with the brutality of this world she had willingly forgot. The mountains that towered above her, some of which were splashed in blood and covered in scorch marks of fires and explosions. There bodies strewn in what would have been considered a peaceful clearing if not for the corpses and stench of death. Each of the bodies had different head bands. The few she could recognize without touching were of the Hidden Leaf. With curiosity that getting the

better of her, Akiko inched closer before promptly vomiting what little breakfast she had this morning. In both her lives, Akiko has never seen violence to this scale. Of course she had seen the news, or watched the television but they were all scripted and she had the knowledge that it was fake. This was different, here, these were real people living their own lives, having their own problems and searching for and living their own happiness. Logically, Akiko knew that even if she intervened with the future that she had seen, there would still be deaths. That was a fact and completely unavoidable for everyone. Of this Akiko held no delusions, knowing that in time she too would die. It was one thing to die of natural causes, or even a quick death, but a whole other matter to die like these people did. The bodies were covered in blood, some still had their eyes open and their faces eaten by maggots, others were missing limbs, burnt skin and melted faces. The smell made her eyes water and Akiko cursed her curiosity for getting her into this situation. It takes her four hours to gather up six bodies in total and as many body pieces as she can. We close their eyes so their spirits can be a peace rather than being stuck in such violence and pain. Shrieking when some of the skin peels off as she moves them, feeling tendrils of disgust which she tries to smother quickly. These were not people she knew and while it may repulse her Akiko would not disrespect these people by reacting on such emotions, firm in her belief, she continues with her self-appointed task. Once the six bodies are in a pile, as undignified as it was, Akiko gathers the dry wood and places it around them something akin to that of camp fire. The small and easily burnt stuff like leaves and bark at the bottom and what large pieces of wood she could hack off with her knife surround the bodies at a tilted angle. With her pieces of flint, she strikes a small spark that slowly turns in to a flame, the gases of the decomposing bodies adding fuel to the fire and soon the bodies began to burn, leaving a long thick spiral of black smoke in the sky. Akiko knows that soon some ninja will come to check the sight but her work is not yet done. These bodies have no identities but their head bands so she gathers twelve sticks and binds them into crosses using the twine of small shrubs and gently hammers them into the ground with the butt of her knife. Once that is done, Akiko takes great care in tying each of the head band to each cross as the only sign of a grave. Three are of the Leaf village and three are of the Stone. Her mind thinks over what she had just seen and done, it served as a harsh reminder that even though her country had been fortunate enough to escape the Third War unscathed, others were not. It reminded her of the tension between the villages that she had seen on screens as a child, that the shinobi world was littered with the dead and hatred was easy to find. It had left her with an uneasy weight in the back of her mind only lightened by the thought that at least those shinobi had gotten a burial and a release of their spirits. X Four stone shinobi quickly travel through the mountain pass, following the large column of black smoke in the sky. When they arrive at the source they are greeted by a still burning pile of bodies, however it is not that keeps them silent, it is the six crosses three bearing the forehead protector of the Hidden stone village and three of the Hidden leaf. Unbiased as whom ever had done this as each cross is seen to be put together with tender care and respect, giving all the shinobi that were in battle a respectful burial. The squad of the Hidden stone send silent prayers to the spirits of their brethren and to the person, their silent thanks. After their prayers were given, the Rock ninja exchanged glances with each other as they were curious about the person who had prepared a burial for their men that would erase the villages secrets. One man with a stern visage nodded to his teammates and they vanished into the trees in search of the mystery person who would do this. It was a woman. A woman with dark orange hair that shifted colours to that of a sunset when she passed under the small gaps of light. She wore a shirt that was a size too big with faint stains of dirt splattered across it, deep brown farmer pants that brushed her ankle as she walked and a pair of black enclosed shoes with only a slit at the top. It was a strange thought of a woman making her way along the boarder, one that had the shinobi frowning slightly. They were sure that she was the one that burned the bodies for the smell of fire, ash and burnt flesh clung to her clothes and wafted to them in the wind, there was also the slightly dazed look in her eyes as she stared ahead. The team leader nodded to his comrades, passing on the command to remain observing this All with the same thought in their minds. And as I said, Akiko is not your typical SI character. Instead of dying at a young age, she has lived a full life and probably slipped away in sleep that is why she seems more mature and speaks of aching joints. In her current body, she is a teenager with teenaged brain chemistry and even through she has the experience of a long life she will still make impulsive decisions which will be mistakes. So there is it. Please leave a review and let me

DOWNLOAD PDF CH. 5. A HARSH REMINDER

know what you think! Your review has been posted.

Chapter 5 : A Hateful Reminder Chapter 5, a diabolik lovers/ãf†ã,£ã,çãfœãfãfã,ãf©ãf`ã,ãf¼ã,º fanfi

Read Chapter Forty-one: A Harsh Reminder from the story Bitterly Sweetly by clararicks1 (Clara Ricks) with 2, reads. drama, love, husband.

Chapter 6 : Kannou Reminder Vol.1 Ch.5

What led up to the fatal road-rage shooting on I-5 at the King-Pierce county line Thursday afternoon remains unknown, but it's a harsh reminder of one simple rule: Don't get out of your car. A.

Chapter 7 : Remove a reminder from calendar - Microsoft Community

The sharpened object that was engraved into my neck had suddenly disappeared, and now the cold and harsh grip that had placed itself on my shoulders, now became a warm embrace. He turned me around in one swift motion, locking his eyes with mine.