

Chapter 1 : Fog Quotes - BrainyQuote

*Fog Drift Morning [Deborah Kogan Ray] on calendrierdelascience.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. The beauty of nature and the value of sharing become apparent when a mother and daughter go out one morning to pick blueberries together.*

Yulara, Northern Territory, Australia "I had heard a lot about how beautiful Uluru could look when it rains. But I never believed that I would see it with my own eyes because the red centre of Australia is a very arid area. If it rains, the water fills up the reservoirs around the rock, the only water source for several kilometres. Visibility was down to almost zero, but then I found this single tree right next to a snow drift and knew this would be my shot. The horse seems a little agitated due to the sound of the eruption. Flash flooding occurred near Rapid City. Death Valley, California "This photo was shot shortly after sunrise at mesquite dunes. George Lucas chose this location for some scenes of Star Wars. The blue background is not the sky. These are mountains in the distance. Swakopmund, Erongo, Namibia "Springbok in front of a dune in the Namib desert. Standing there alone in the fog, I was waiting for the view to become clear. And then it happened, the fog disappeared and though it was 1am already, a car came slowly up the steep serpentines. It was my dream for a long time to take a photo of light trails like this in Norway - and it was just an awesome feeling that it worked out on the most beautiful and famous road. A few minutes later the fog returned, even thicker than before. Utah "Long drive and long hike but it was truly worth to see this scenery. The shutter sound was echoing around. It was my pleasure to frame this moment. The lions were actually play-fighting and gave some opportunity to photograph interaction. Minobu, Yamanashi, Japan "Cherry blossoms like a Japanese painting. The smoke of the bonfire of old paper charms has brought a fantastic effect. Antarctica "Last December i sailed to Antarctica on a feet long-haul steel vessel. As we entered the Polar Zone this was one of the first icebergs we saw. Sculpted by the wind and waves, majestic in scale and with a dazzling white colour with layers of deep blue. The sun made a quick appearance through a hole in the clouds, just in time for this shot. Lapland, Finland "A cold night on the top of this hill in Lapland, near the Russian border waiting for the dancing lights in the sky. All around, snow ghost are watching, standstill. Guizhou, China "Captured this image early morning after waiting for a week until I got the right mood of light and fog.

Chapter 2 : The best weather pictures of

Fog in the morning reminds me of something I read that always makes me laugh: "Most of us live in a fog. It's like life is a movie we arrived to 20 minutes late. It's like life is a movie we arrived to 20 minutes late."

December Outside my bedroom window the trees are wrapped in fog. Silvery threads of rain coat the glass. I rub my eyes, pulling the sheet closer around my shoulders as I sink back into bed. And then I remember: I push aside the covers, grab my glasses, and glance at the clock: In less than two weeks my brain has learned to anticipate the 3 AM and 5 AM treks down the stairs to make sure that you, who are allowed to sleep only on your right side in the hospital bed in the living room, are OK. I yawn, pausing at the top of the stairs, and gaze out the window into a pale grayness. Who cares if the plates pile up in the sink? I in the leather recliner, and you, who cannot sit because of the still-healing incision in your buttock, standing with one hand on the back of a chair for balance. Though the living room is dim shades and curtains drawn, lights off I can tell right away that your bed is empty. This morning I prowl the house, calling your name. I climb the stairs and open the door to your study, expecting to see you at the computer, hospital gown hanging below your down vest. But the room is empty. I flick on the lights and call your name as I descend the steps. Several times this winter a police car and an ambulance have arrived at that address, sirens blaring. We began locking the door. When I step outside, the trees glisten with rain, and the wind blows their limbs against the roof. The light is soft and ghostly, and a spooky fog rises from the earth, erasing boundaries. Still in my pajamas, I walk toward the street. The hostas are poking their noses through the dirt along our front walk. Softly I call your name, feeling like the heroine in a thriller when something awful is about to happen. Just yesterday in the bathroom your face grew clouded with fear, and you insisted I get inside the shower with you to dry you off. I race back inside and upstairs to your study. Your camera, which usually sits at the far end of your desk, is gone. Anxiety floods my veins, followed by anger: I glance out your study window and imagine I see you on College Street, leaning forward, your eye to the camera as you frame a shot. You stumbling over an uneven sidewalk. You moving in to get a photo of an oak tree and then backing up too quickly on the damp grass. When you fit the camera to your eye, you become oblivious to everything outside the scope of the lens. Back downstairs I turn on the porch light and step outside. I call your name a little louder and with insistence. My jaw is clenched. I try to relax it. Why would you do this to me? The policemen approach, asking you to step toward them, to put down your camera, to provide identification. Again they ask for identification, and you give them your address. Will you hike up your gown and show them the big smiley-face incision on your butt cheek with its two teardrop-shaped drains? I sit down on the front steps. I should go looking for you, to protect you, but behind my worry and fear lies a silent fury. Now I cradle my head against my knees as the dark mess of my resentment tumbles out: The idea of you being pulled by inspiration while I sit here, anxious and empty, makes me angry. How dare you venture out into the world and get happily lost while I wait and worry? How dare you indulge your creative life while mine is buried in errands and laundry, appointments and bills? More than thirty years ago, after I finished an MFA in art, you and I put all our art supplies and furniture in storage, sold your car, packed up my Honda, and fled the chaotic bustle of Los Angeles. Then we boarded the Black Ball Ferry from Port Angeles to Vancouver Island while sheets of rain slapped against our ponchos and flooded our shoes. Only our books and snacks held beneath our ponchos remained dry. So I continued reading Burr. But when I glanced over a few minutes later, you seemed absorbed. You looked at Burr and saw that I still had a sizable chunk left to go. You said you would read the Sartre while I finished the novel. But then, just as suddenly, you came back and stepped close to me. In a low voice only I could hear, you said I was just too competitive to share. Humiliated by such transparency, I began to cry. Miserable, I ate my beef jerky. Twenty minutes later you returned carrying two cups of coffee. You gave one to me as if nothing had happened, your hand briefly touching mine. As much as you want. You appear in the kitchen, looking self-absorbed and happy, oblivious to any complications caused by your early-morning jaunt. I had to capture the light. Your body softens as you come closer and try to hug me. At first I resist, my arms stiff by my side, but then I let you draw me in, my nose to the hollow of your neck, and I remember how last year, your body

still whole, you walked out onto our porch in a blue shirt “ only a blue shirt “ and I laughed from the porch swing. I smell the rain on you, a musty dampness in your hair, your robe. When I pull back to gaze at you, you look like a man who could survive anything. We both require solitude and silliness, have fetishes about food “ though never the same kinds “ and prefer a double bed to a queen or a king, our bodies overlapping, entangled, thrown together. You once told me that I needed to protect you from myself. And yet beneath all our habits and quirks and vanities, I secretly believe that what pulls us together is recognition: While you are upstairs, I wander into my study and peruse the bookshelves. Being and Nothingness, pushed between two paperbacks. I never read it. I pull it out. The cover is worn, wrinkled, and water stained. Now I see that, instead of fading away, that feeling of insecurity is my live-in companion. And, of course, that was the problem. I wanted to get lost, too.

Chapter 3 : Climate Fog - CBS News

40 Incredibly Beautiful Fog Pictures and Photography: Feel it Find this Pin and more on Fog by Cindy Jones. My fog drift morning. The story of a girl whose.

Email As Barack Obama prepares to head to the climate change conference in Copenhagen, there are some distressing signs about the drift of public opinion on the issue. A comprehensive Pew poll released in October was even more worrying: There are still bright spots: But how is it, one must ask, that just as Congress has finally begun to address the issue, and the world is poised to focus on it more than it ever has, that Americans seem to be curling up into a ball of denial? There are a number of factors. The past few years have been fairly temperate. The economic crisis has pushed issues perceived as not immediately vital to the back burner. And a good portion of the decline in belief in the climate science comes from sheer partisan polarization: But overall, the public opinion data on climate point to a deeper problem with the way the capping of carbon has been sold, both by Democratic lawmakers and progressive activists--that is, as a bill that seems to have nothing to do with catastrophic climate change. It will create millions of new clean energy jobs in whole new industries with incentives to drive competition in the energy marketplace. Over time, if we stick to it, it will also delink our foreign and military policies from the pursuit of oil. Stopping the planet from melting is. I understand why proponents of a cap in carbon emissions chose this messaging strategy. And prophecies of doom have a strong chance of backfiring and causing paralysis instead of catalyzing support. But in so overwhelmingly focusing their rhetorical energy away from the central argument about climate, the good guys have created a vacuum that the armies of reaction have rushed to fill. This quasi bait-and-switch may seem as if it can scratch out a victory now, but once healthcare reform is finished, and the full wrath of the right wing is brought to bear on cap and trade, that support is going to weaken. There are other ways to create jobs, Republicans will argue. There are other ways to reduce our dependence on foreign oil "drill, baby, drill". What Democrats will have to argue is that cap and trade does all those things and might also save us from global disaster. You cannot pass a climate bill without talking about the climate. Reprinted with permission from The Nation The Nation.

Chapter 4 : Fog Drift Morning. A book | Old Children's Books

Get this from a library! Fog drift morning. [Deborah Kogan Ray] -- Mother and daughter gather blueberries in the misty morning quiet at the seashore.

Chapter 5 : The Fog - Wikipedia

Mental fog rolls in. Ideas and thoughts drift by. Eerily silent. Life. But in the end all it took was an early morning stroll along the river. fog! Here's.

Chapter 6 : Fog - The Sun Magazine

Beautiful pictures from nature. Fog settled over still lake water on a winter morning more on Mist & Fog by Kate. My fog drift morning. nature forest scenery.

Chapter 7 : best Fog images on Pinterest in | Mists, Paisajes and Darkness

"The fog started in the west before sunrise, then we had a burst of rain just afer 5am, creating ideal conditions in the CBD with plenty of moisture for the fog to drift towards the west."

Chapter 8 : How to Drive Safely in Fog: 11 Steps (with Pictures) - wikiHow

As I watch the fog drift, the lilac bushes becoming visible and then veiled, I tell myself that today you won't be cranky from lack of sleep; you won't have leg aches that require me to wrap hot towels around your calves while you stand naked in the shower.

Chapter 9 : February 20, A Little Fog; A Whole Lot of Beautiful | Cloud 9 Flying Life

the fog is shallow radiation fog with low-liquid content. On a cold, calm autumn morning, the formation of fog above a relatively warm lake would most likely be: steam fog.