

**Chapter 1 : Lost Dogs in California - Fido Finder**

*Misty the Freeway Foxhound was so named, because it was on a cold misty November morning that she was first sighted. Looking like a discarded old plastic milk jug to passersby, the dog had curled up to sleep in the mud and snow near a lightpost beside a busy interstate. The science.comation had it that Misty had once been someone's pet.*

I have translations in the end notes for you. See the end of the chapter for more notes. He had looked at the clock on his dash and rubbed the sleep out of his eyes before pulling off the highway to find a motel he could crash in. He had gotten a pitiful four hours, though he had been in the motel for almost double that. She hurried off to answer the phone while Keith moved further into the house, carrying a bag in each hand and moving slowly as if they each weighed a ton. Something could have happened to you! Underneath it all, he had heard the raspiness, the way Shiro had talked around a lump in his throat. We were friends before we were boyfriends. No calling, no texting, no letters. No correspondence at all. He had tried to keep his eyes open, to prevent his tears from falling, but he remembered the wetness falling onto his cheeks. I have to go. He had stood there long enough for the dogs to come yapping in the room, looking for him. When he had stood up straight, he had wiped his face hastily and started to turn around to go silently to his room when he had seen his aunt standing in the doorway. Even afterwards, she had only asked him what he wanted for dinner and left it at that. That had been how they had acted around one another for the next week, almost normal except keeping one topic completely off limits. He had complained the entire time it took to drive to the mall, the entire time it took get in a chair, the entire time it took to cut, and the entire time it took to get home, but his aunt managed to get his head shaved down to regulation. He had been pouty about it, well into walking through the academy doors. He had an average personality. Keith had taken to making up a name, and since the guy answered it, he continued to call him that. He either spent the time lying awake, tears spilling down the sides of his face as he stared at the dark ceiling, or doing as many pushups and crunches as it took to wear his body down and force himself to fall asleep for a few hours. It came as a total shock to him when he was told he was being given a new roommate. He was immediately greeted by a kid much taller than him – Taller than Shiro, too. No, stop that right now, Keith! His bright smile was a big contrast to his tan skin. All this, Keith recognized in the time it took the boy to shoot his hand out into the space between them and loudly proclaim that his name was Lance McClain, and that he was twenty-one years old. Do you want to talk about your ex? But I also want to, like, completely forget about him? We can tell each other everything and then – Whatever we say does not leave this room. Do you wanna go first, or me? Since I basically – Told some? Keith took another very deep breath and held it for a few moments before he started to spill. He told Lance everything. He spared nonessential very private details, but told Lance everything else about his relationship with Shiro. He told him how they met in elementary school, how even though Shiro was technically a year older than him, they had always been in the same grade. How up until middle school they had even been in the same class every year. A kiss that lasts for more than a second? Tears started to show up when Keith told Lance how he had finally blurted out that he was in love with Shiro. Right before prom, in fact. How he saw Shiro in his tux – his tie knotted all wrong and crooked and the tail longer than the front, his cummerbund too high and upside down, and his shoes untied – almost ready to go to prom with the prettiest girl in the senior class, and he had just blurted out that he loved him. How he had walked a half mile in the most uncomfortable shoes in his life and walked right into his house and up to his room to hide for the rest of the night. Keith got quiet after that, wringing his hands together before reaching up and pinching the bridge of his nose, trying to quell off his tears. Shiro climbed through my window while I was sleeping and just – Curled up with me in bed? Apparently, he woke me up and kissed me, but I only remember waking up in the morning, wrapped in his arms and scared as shit. I had just confessed how I felt for him like some idiot and skipped out on something we promised each other we would go to. But he was just acting like everything was normal? He likes – Liked running his fingers through my hair. And then he just kissed my temple? And then he said that he loved me too. I am in gay-love with you. I gay-love you too. In hindsight, yeah it was kind of cute, but living in that moment had been terrifying and confusing all at once. He shrugged and kept talking. I

think they knew, though. He told Lance how his cat loved Shiro a hell of a lot more than she loved Keith. He glossed over the fact that he left her with Shiro and instead focused how much of a traitor she was. He told Lance how amazing it was being in a relationship with Shiro, how they would try to out-do each other with surprise dates. How they immediately moved into a quaint apartment together. How Keith took a year off from school so that he could save up enough money to start taking classes. How Shiro immediately became a firefighter. How, even if he was on call, he would go out of his way to see Keith and get dinner with him. And how he would leave Keith a sweet note if he was called out in the middle of the night. Keith stopped again, rubbing his hands over his knees hard as he tried to psyche himself up for the next part. He told Lance how they found the perfect house about a half hour away from the apartment, how Shiro had saved up money to surprise Keith with a key to the front door, but understood that Keith wanted to keep the apartment because it was almost walking distance to campus. He told Lance how Keith would drive to the house after class to have dinner with Shiro. He told Lance how Red would alternate weeks between homes. He told Lance how living in separate homes was probably the worst decision they had made. He had to stop and restart a few times as he tried to tell Lance about Allura. He told him how Allura had just started off as a work-buddy for Shiro. He told him about the night he walked into the front door to see Allura, effortlessly beautiful with her perfect skin and long hair, sitting on his spot and flirting with his boyfriend and how his boyfriend was blatantly flirting back. He told Lance how Shiro had stopped paying attention, stopped surprising him, stopped making time for Keith. He told Lance how he saw them together and how it had made him sick. He told Lance that Shiro said that he had never cheated on him. Hands shaking, he whispered that even after everything, whether Shiro had or had not cheated, he had admitted to having feelings for her. Heart thumping in his chest, Keith took a shuddery breath and scrubbed his cheeks with the back of his hand. He told Lance everything about his relationship with Shiro. And by the end Keith was sobbing, clutching his chest, and just trying to get through telling Lance how he had left Shiro. How he would have stayed if Shiro had told him to the first time because even after everything he still wanted Shiro to choose Keith first. It hurts so bad and I just want it to stop! It hurts, it hurts, it hurts, it hurts! Keith needed a lot more attention than he did. It was a fruit neither of them enjoyed, but they both somehow liked on pizza? They had caught hell about it when the squadron celebrated passing the first year with a quick pizza party. Almost every night had them speaking. Complaining about the food. Complaining about the other members of their flight. They bonded over complaining and soon enough they were almost best friends. You can have some of mine. They were officially pilots. After four long years at the academy, they were pilots. They were inseparable, and their commander must have realized that, because when Lance put in to be stationed near his hometown in Florida, Keith was allowed to be stationed there as well. When they landed in Florida, Lance immediately perked up and started looking around. A bed and a bowl of food? But, no, it was funnier to watch you run in circles. They were all basically clones of Lance – the same tan skin, brown eyes, and dark hair – and they were staring. That means you have to be nice to him and give him a lot hugs and ask him a lot of questions! Why are you lying! Keith flinched when he felt a small hand grab his own and he looked down to see a boy, about five or six years old, looking up at Keith with wide brown eyes.

### Chapter 2 : West Highland White Terrier - Wikipedia

*Misty the Freeway Foxhound was so named, because it was on a cold misty November morning that she was first sighted. Looking like a discarded old plastic milk jug to passersby, the dog had curled up to sleep in the mud and snow near a lightpost beside a busy interstate highway.*

We are looking for short films of all genres to be submitted, but as it is near Halloween and our judges are made up of actors and industry professionals from well know horror films we would appreciate a smattering of short horrors as well. Here is a link to a short promo video recorded by Henry D. Each of the winners will receive an engraved trophy. Each of the finalists will get a chance to meet the judging panel on the night. Please note The Festival is not obliged to view entries received after the Submission Deadline. Requirements for eligibility for selection: We do not have 3D capability. Please do not change the link address or password. If you do, please notify us immediately or you risk your film not being previewed and thus considered for the festival. Films in a language other than English must be subtitled in English. The filmmakers are responsible for the accuracy of all submitted materials. The Festival accepts no liability in the event that its publications reproduce errors or omissions in submitted materials. All enclosures are mandatory and must be included for an entry to be complete. Their reports and decisions are final and confidential. In addition, the entrant grants MMIFF the right to exhibit the selected film twice during the Festival, in addition to daytime Press and Jury screenings closed to the public. Please do not contact the Programming Department regarding the status of your submission before that date. Upon invitation, participants will be contacted via email by MMIFF with specific shipping instructions. Short films must arrive by the 20th October Incoming shipping costs are the sole responsibility of the participant unless otherwise negotiated. Invited films must be shipped pre-paid, with all the necessary commercial invoices and customs paid, with return or next festival shipping information including the name of your preferred courier company and your account number. Accepted formats for exhibition: For cultural purposes only.

**Chapter 3 : Misty Moon International Film Festival - FilmFreeway**

â€¢ *"Misty the Freeway Foxhound" by Marilyn Sansom (Kanawha) Emerging Writers Poetry ( entries, judged by Chad L. Dayton) 1 st Place - "My Phantom Umbilicus" by Honor McCain (Monongalia).*

Appearance[ edit ] Westies have dense, thick undercoat and a rough outer coat Commonly, Westies have bright, deep-set, almond-shaped eyes that are dark in colour. Their ears are pointed and erect. Some sources suggest that due to their history as rodent catchers, their tails were bred to be thick so that a Westie trapped in a hole could be easily pulled out by the tail. It is normally independent, assured, and self-confident, and can make a good watchdog. It is a loyal breed that bonds with its owner, but is often always on the move, requiring good exercise 15â€”30 min. The Westie is highly social and is the most friendly and jolly of all the Scottish breeds of terriers. A Westie may need to have its training refreshed on occasion during its lifetime. Having a typical terrier prey drive, it tends to be highly interested in toys , especially chasing balls. It does retain the instincts of an earth-dog, including inquisitive and investigative traits, [7] as well as natural instincts to both bark and dig holes. The disease is an autosomal recessive condition, so a puppy can only be affected by it if both its parents are carriers of the faulty gene. The condition appears across many breeds, including several different types of terriers, as well as other unrelated breeds such as the Great Dane. It typically appears in dogs under a year old, and can cause problems for the dog to chew or swallow food. Radiographic testing can be conducted to diagnose the condition, in which the bones around the jaw thicken; additionally, the blood may show increased calcium levels and enzyme levels. The condition often stops progressing by the time the dog is a year old, and in some cases can recede. It is normally treated with anti-inflammatory medications, and the feeding of soft foods. In some cases, tube feeding may be necessary. However, if the animal still cannot eat and is in uncontrolled pain, then euthanasia may be the only medical option remaining. A higher proportion of males are affected compared to females. Affected dogs can suffer from red hyperpigmentation , lichenification , and hair loss. In the initial stages, this condition can be misdiagnosed as allergies or less serious forms of dermatitis. It is not breed-specific, and can appear in Cairn Terriers and other breeds including Beagles and Pomeranians. It is a neurological disease where the dog lacks an enzyme called galactosylceramidase. The symptoms are noticeable as the puppy develops, and can be identified by the age of 30 weeks. Affected dogs have tremors, muscle weakness, and trouble walking. Symptoms slowly increase until limb paralysis begins to occur. Due to it being a hereditary condition, owners should avoid breeding affected animals to eliminate it from the breed. As this condition is most commonly found in Westies and Maltese , the condition was originally thought to be connected to the genes for white coats, but the same condition has since been found in other nonwhite breeds including the Yorkshire Terrier and the Dachshund. The condition typically develops over one to three days, resulting in tremors of the head and limbs, ataxia, and hypermetria. Affected males and females can be affected for different lengths of time, with symptoms in females lasting between four and six weeks, while males can be affected the rest of their lives. It can cause seizures, muscle stiffness, and ataxia , but is more commonly found in Staffordshire Bull Terriers. The king ordered that a dozen terriers be procured from Argyll to be presented to the Kingdom of France as a gift. One such family was the Clan MacLeod , and it was reported by their descendants that at least two Chiefs kept white terriers, including "The Wicked Man" Norman MacLeod , and his grandson Norman, who became Chief after his death. Americ Edwin Flaxman from Fife developing his line of "Pittenweem Terriers" out of a female Scottish Terrier which produced white offspring. He rededicated his breeding program to produce white Scottish Terriers with the aim of restoring it to the same stature as the dark-coloured breed. Flaxman is credited with classes being added to dog shows for white Scottish Terriers towards the end of the 19th century. Malcolm owned terriers used to work game; the story told is that a reddish-brown terrier was mistaken for a fox and shot. Following this, Malcolm decided to develop a white terrier breed, which became known as the "Poltalloch Terrier". The first generation of Poltallochs had sandy-coloured coats, and had already developed prick ears, which is a trait seen later in the modern breed. Cameron, published in A second club was subsequently set up, with the Countess of Aberdeen as chairman. Kennel Club recognition followed in , and the breed appeared at Crufts for the first time in the

same year. The first member of the breed to win a show championship was Ch. Morvan in , owned by Colin Young. The dog was registered at the time as a Scottish Terrier, and won the title at the Scottish Kennel Club show at the age of seven months. Because the breed was not yet recognised independently, the championship title was not retained when the dog was reregistered as a West Highland White Terrier. Wolvey Pattern of Edgerstoune won the title of Best in Show. Elfinbrook Simon in Burneze Geordie Girl The popularity of the breed during the early 20th century was such that dogs were being exchanged for hundreds of guineas. However, this is a decrease in numbers since , when it was the most popular terrier breed, with 11, new dogs registered. The Westie can be seen on "My Dog" packaging, their website [40] and television [41] and print advertisements.

### Chapter 4 : Misty Morning Hounds

*Misty, a foxhound, lived happily with an elderly man in West Virginia. She followed the man's car to the highway on ramp when he left and waited for him near the highway until he came home. When the man died, Misty continued her vigil by the side of the road.*

### Chapter 5 : Cyber Monday – Shop Cyber Monday Deals & Sales | calendrierdelascience.com

*Tire Wear On Ford Sport Trac ford explorer abnormal and premature tire wear: 4, the ford explorer has 4 problems reported for abnormal and premature tire wear average repair cost is.*

### Chapter 6 : Potcakes in the press - Potcake Place

*Misty Fischer is on Facebook. Join Facebook to connect with Misty Fischer and others you may know. Facebook gives people the power to share and makes the.*

### Chapter 7 : PETroglyphs -- THE SCOOP ON ANIMAL BOOKS

*Misty The Freeway Foxhound - The Dog Who Became A Legend, M. K. Ramsey X Leer 'n Les!, Nedine Otto The Modern Organ Guide, Chris Riley.*

### Chapter 8 : calendrierdelascience.com: Sitemap

*This place is not about the status quo - this is your local sports tavern. A bar and grill built for friends, games, good grub and a huge beer selection.*

### Chapter 9 : Blog Archives - backuperchina

*The HamiltonstÅ¶vare is a breed of dog, bred as a hunting hound. The breed was developed in Sweden by the founder of the Swedish Kennel Club, Count Adolf Hamilton. Its ancestry includes several German hounds as well as English Foxhounds and Harriers.*