

Chapter 1 : Wheres the Thief | The revenge upon her would be sweet, evenâ€¦ | Flickr

Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.

My younger brother, Dave, feels just the same. So, although she still had happy times, she never stopped missing him, yearning for him, really. Both received the diagnosis of the disease that would kill them during that trip, in that hospital. John was told that people in his situation tended to survive for another four months, and he survived that long, almost to the minute. He spent his last weeks in a hospice, the hospice that my mother also died in. Except that she sat by his side every day. None of her family were. We visited as much as we could, but none of us could be a constant, daily support, at her side for every miserable development, in the way that she had been there for him. She lived with her memories and they pretty much engulfed her. I wished so much that she had been there, with her grandchildren, in all that beauty. Now, I see that she must already have been feeling much more ill than anyone realised. She was just too ill, too helpless. Every moment physically hurt. Next, I tried having her moved to my place in London. After a lot of discussion, she eventually decided not to do it, just a few weeks ago. Even though it rained, we had a great time. Win bought and wore a new scarf, and she wore lipstick for the first time in months, and looked pretty again. We watched the Falls and talked about John. We had lunch, probably the last meal she actually enjoyed. I had wanted her last months to be full of treats like this. But instead I wasted my time, dreaming that all this would happen once she was in London. My mum got a glass jug with matching tumblers as a wedding present â€” really nice. But the glass was delicate, and a couple of them got broken. So the rest went into the cupboard, for safety, and now that jug and the remaining tumblers have outlasted them both. Win and John so often saved things for best, or for the future. They have both run out of future. My mum left a lovely note for us, saying that although she had indeed suffered greatly in her loss of John, it had been wonderful to love and be loved with such constance and profundity. She told us all how much she adored us. I want so much to lay my forehead against hers and tell her that she is adored in return.

Chapter 2 : My Chemical Bromance | Where's The Lie?

For most of my early life, I wanted a brother – preferably an older one. I longed to have a connection with someone (for life) who would be my friend when it got dark outside and I had to leave the antics of the jungle gym and dirt bikes to another day.

In the next few years, he hopes to run for office for the first time. My brother is a freak. This basically never happens. Most of us have no clue what we want to do with our lives. Even after we finish school. Even after we get a job. Between ages 18 and 25, I changed career aspirations more often than I changed my underwear. This is the same kind of shitty logic used to justify things like spirit crystals or that your lucky number is 34 but only on Tuesdays or during full moons. We exist on this earth for some undetermined period of time. During that time we do things. Some of these things are important. Some of them are unimportant. And those important things give our lives meaning and happiness. The unimportant ones basically just kill time. Rather, you should be getting off your ass and discovering what feels important to you. This is an impossible question for me to answer. After all, for all I know, this person is really into knitting sweaters for kittens or filming gay bondage porn in their basement. I have no clue. But after some research, I have put together a series of questions to help you figure out for yourself what is important to you and what can add more meaning to your life. These questions are by no means exhaustive or definitive. What flavor of shit sandwich would you like to eat? Everything sucks, some of the time. Now, that probably sounds incredibly pessimistic of me. Manson, turn that frown upside down. Everything includes some sort of cost. Nothing is pleasurable or uplifting all of the time. So the question becomes: Ultimately, what determines our ability to stick with something we care about is our ability to handle the rough patches and ride out the inevitable rotten days. What unpleasant experiences are you able to handle? Are you able to stay up all night coding? Are you able to put off starting a family for 10 years? Are you able to have people laugh you off the stage over and over again until you get it right? What shit sandwich do you want to eat? Because we all get served one eventually. Might as well pick one with an olive. When I was a child, I used to write stories. I used to sit in my room for hours by myself, writing away, about aliens, about superheroes, about great warriors, about my friends and family. Not because I wanted anyone to read it. Not because I wanted to impress my parents or teachers. But for the sheer joy of it. And then, for some reason, I stopped. We all have a tendency to lose touch with what we loved as a child. Something about the social pressures of adolescence and professional pressures of young adulthood squeezes the passion out of us. I used to be like that with video games. In fact, for many years it was kind of a problem. I would sit and play video games instead of doing more important things like studying for an exam, or showering regularly, or speaking to other humans face-to-face. My passion is for improvement, being good at something and then trying to get better. The games themselves – the graphics, the stories – they were cool, but I can easily live without them. And when I applied that obsessiveness for self-improvement and self-competition to an internet business and to my writing, well, things took off in a big way. Because they can easily be applied elsewhere. And most people try to avoid embarrassing themselves, namely because it sucks. Ergo, due to the transitive property of awesomeness, if you avoid anything that could potentially embarrass you, then you will never end up doing something that feels important. Yes, it seems that once again, it all comes back to vulnerability. You have your reasons, no doubt. And you repeat these reasons to yourself ad infinitum. But what are those reasons? Living a life avoiding embarrassment is akin to living a life with your head in the sand. Great things are, by their very nature, unique and unconventional. Therefore, to achieve them, we must go against the herd mentality. And to do that is scary. Feeling foolish is part of the path to achieving something important, something meaningful. The more a major life decision scares you, chances are the more you need to be doing it. There are plenty to choose from. Our screwed up education systems, economic development, domestic violence, mental health care, governmental corruption. Hell, I just saw an article this morning on sex trafficking in the US and it got me all riled up and wishing I could do something. It also ruined my breakfast. Find a problem you care about and start solving it. But you can contribute and make a difference. For many of us, the enemy is just old-fashioned complacency. We get into our routines. The

couch is comfortable. The Doritos are cheesy. And nothing new happens. This is a problem. None of us know exactly how we feel about an activity until we actually do the activity. So ask yourself, if someone put a gun to your head and forced you to leave your house every day for everything except for sleep, how would you choose to occupy yourself? You probably already do that. Sign up for a dance class? Join a book club? Go get another degree? Learn to hang glide? What would you do with all of that time? If it strikes your fancy, write down a few answers and then, you know, go out and actually do them. Bonus points if it involves embarrassing yourself. It freaks us out. But thinking about our own death surprisingly has a lot of practical advantages. A lot of people gave vague and boring answers. A few drinks were nearly spat on me. But it did cause people to really think about their lives in a different way and re-evaluate what their priorities were. What is your obituary going to say? Is there anything to say at all? If not, what would you like it to say? How can you start working towards that today? This is a one-way ticket to unhealthy relationships and eventual misery. And to do that you must get off your couch and act, and take the time to think beyond yourself, to think greater than yourself, and paradoxically, to imagine a world without yourself. Site members can listen to it by clicking the Commentary button above. To become a site member, [click here](#). In fact, most of us are somewhat deluded about ourselves. I put together a page ebook explaining how we can come to know ourselves better, just fill out your email in the form.

Chapter 3 : XXXTentacion - Wikipedia

*My Early Life [Winston Churchill, Frederick Davidson] on calendrierdelascience.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. One of the classic volumes of autobiography, My Early Life > is a lively and colourful account of a young man's quest for action.*

Between and , storage capacity doubled every year, allowing me to replace a 3 gigabyte drive with a new gigabyte model. Extending that same growth curve into would allow for another four doublings, putting us on the threshold of the petabyte disk drive i. None of that has happened. The biggest drives in the consumer marketplace hold 2, 4, or 6 terabytes. A few 8- and terabyte drives were recently introduced, but they are not yet widely available. In any case, 10 terabytes is only 1 percent of a petabyte. We have fallen way behind the growth curve. The graph below extends an illustration that appeared in my article, recording growth in the areal density of disk storage, measured in bits per square inch: The bright green line represents what might have been, if the " trend had continued. The orange line shows the real status quo: We are three orders of magnitude short of the optimistic extrapolation. The growth rate has returned to the more sedate levels of the s and 80s. What caused the recent slowdown? The answers lie in the details of disk technology. More sensitive read heads developed in the 90s allowed information to be extracted reliably from smaller magnetic domains. Then there was a change in the geometry of the domains: As far as I know, there have been no comparable innovations since then, although a new writing technology is on the horizon. It uses a laser to heat the domain, making it easier to change the direction of magnetization. As the pace of magnetic disk development slackens, an alternative storage medium is coming on strong. Flash memory, a semiconductor technology, has recently surpassed magnetic disk in areal density; Micron Technologies reports a laboratory demonstration of 2. And Samsung has announced a flash-based solid-state drive SSD with 15 terabytes of capacity, larger than any mechanical disk drive now on the market. SSDs are still much more expensive than mechanical disks"by a factor of 5 or 10"but they offer higher speed and lower power consumption. They also offer the virtue of total silence, which I find truly golden. Flash storage has replaced spinning disks in about a quarter of new laptops, as well as in all phones and tablets. It is also increasingly popular in servers including the machine that hosts bit-player. Do disks have a future? They are such jewel-like marvels of engineering and manufacturing prowess. From here on out, I suspect, most computers will have no moving parts. Maybe in a decade or two the spinning disk will make a comeback, the way vinyl LPs and vacuum tube amplifiers have. And a computer can never be too fast. But the demand for data storage is not infinitely elastic. In I questioned whether ordinary computer users would ever fill a 1-terabyte drive. Specifically, I expressed doubts that my own files would ever reach the million megabyte mark. Several readers reassured me that data will always expand to fill the space available. The drive is about half full. So I guess the outcome is still murky. I can probably fill up the rest of that drive, if I live long enough. One factor that has surely slowed demand for data storage is the emergence of cloud computing and streaming services for music and movies. If you choose to keep some of your documents on Amazon or Azure, you obviously reduce the need for local storage. Moreover, offloading data and software to the cloud can also reduce the overall demand for storage, and thus the global market for disks or SSDs. A typical movie might take up 3 gigabytes of disk space. If instead they stream it from Netflix, then in principle a single copy of the file could serve everyone. In practice, Netflix does not store just one copy of each movie in some giant central archive. They distribute rack-mounted storage units to hundreds of internet exchange points and internet service providers, bringing the data closer to the viewer; this is a strategy for balancing the cost of storage against the cost of communications bandwidth. The current generation of the Netflix Open Connect Appliance has 36 disk drives of 8 terabytes each, plus 6 SSDs that hold 1 terabyte each, for a total capacity of just under terabytes. Even larger units are coming soon. In the Netflix distribution network, files are replicated hundreds or thousands of times, but the total demand for storage space is still far smaller than it would be with millions of copies of every movie. The rise of cloud-based storage means that most spinning hard disks will be deployed primarily as part of large storage services housed in data centers. Such services are already the fastest growing market for disks and will be the

majority market in the near future. For example, for YouTube alone, users upload over hours of video every minute, which at one gigabyte per hour requires more than one petabyte 1M GB of new storage every day or about x the Library of Congress. Thus Google will not have any trouble filling up petabyte drives. An accompanying white paper argues that as disks become a data center specialty item, they ought to be redesigned for this environment. Moreover, data-center disks have different engineering priorities and constraints. Google would like to see disks that maximize both storage capacity and input-output bandwidth, while minimizing cost; reliability of individual drives is less critical because data are distributed redundantly across thousands of disks. The white paper continues: If the spinning disk is remodeled to suit the needs and the economics of the data center, perhaps flash storage can become better adapted to the laptop and desktop environment. Most SSDs today are plug-compatible replacements for mechanical disk drives. They have the same physical form, they expect the same electrical connections, and they communicate with the host computer via the same protocols. They pretend to have a spinning disk inside, organized into tracks and sectors. The hardware might be used more efficiently if we were to do away with this charade. Instead of dressing up flash memory chips in the disguise of a disk drive, we could have them emulate random access memory. Why do we have to open and save files, launch and shut down applications? In the s the distinction between memory and storage was obvious. Memory was the few kilobytes of magnetic cores wired directly to the CPU; storage was the rack full of magnetic tapes lined up along the wall on the far side of the room. Loading a program or a data file meant finding the right reel, mounting it on a drive, and threading the tape through the reader and onto the take-up reel. Disk storage made data and programs instantly available, and virtual memory offered the illusion that files larger than physical memory could be loaded all in one go. We live in a different world now. Most existing processor chips are limited to bit addresses, but this still gives direct access to terabytes. Thus it would be technically feasible to map the entire content of even the largest disk drive onto the address space of main memory. In current practice, reading from or writing to a location in main memory takes a single machine instruction. Say you have a spreadsheet open; the program can get the value of any cell with a load instruction, or change the value with a store instruction. If the spreadsheet file is stored on disk rather than loaded into memory, the process is quite different, involving not single instructions but calls to input-output routines in the operating system. First you have to open the file and read it as a one-dimensional stream of bytes, then parse that stream to recreate the two-dimensional structure of the spreadsheet; only then can you access the cell you care about. Saving the file reverses these steps: The two-dimensional array is serialized to form a linear stream of bytes, then written back to the disk. Some of this overhead is unavoidable, but the complex conversions between serialized files on disk and more versatile data structures in memory could be eliminated. A modern processor could address every byte of data—whether in memory or storage—as if it were all one flat array. Disk storage would no longer be a separate entity but just another level in the memory hierarchy, turning what we now call main memory into a new form of cache. Is this notion of merging memory and storage an attractive prospect or a nightmare? There are some huge potential problems. For safety and sanity we generally want to limit which programs can alter which documents. Those rules are enforced by the file system, and they would have to be re-engineered to work in the memory-mapped environment. Perhaps more troubling is the cognitive readjustment required by such a change in architecture. Do we really want everything at our fingertips all the time? But I probably said the same thing 30 years ago when I first confronted a machine capable of running multiple programs at once anyone remember Multifinder? The dichotomy between temporary memory and permanent storage is certainly not something built into the human psyche. It was right there on the screen when I turned the machine off. Will we ever get our petabyte drives? How long will it take? What sorts of stuff will we keep on them when the day finally comes? The last time I tried to predict the future of mass storage, extrapolating from recent trends led me far astray. That works out to about seven years for a tenfold increase, on average. If that rate is an accurate predictor of future growth, we can expect to go from the present 10 terabytes to 1 petabyte in about 15 years. But I would put big error bars around that number. In my skepticism about filling up a terabyte of personal storage was based on the limited bandwidth of the human sensory system. Surely no one can read a billion books or watch a million hours of movies. This argument still seems sound to me, in the sense that

the conclusion follows if the premise is correct. Maybe the computer wants to collect some data for its own purposes.

Chapter 4 : Where's Molly? - CBS News

My Italian grandmother may she rest in peace and from Italy told me "you get out of life what you put into it and if your going to shovel shit and be a shit head on the world in the end that's what you will get calendrierdelascience.com and asswipe is getting tons of shit dumped on him.

By Guest Contributor June 20, 9: Bucco I have had the privilege of living in New Jersey my entire life. I was born here, went to school here, raised my family here, and continue to work here. Fortunately for me, two of my children have chosen to stay here and raise my three grandchildren. Until recently, I believed we could make New Jersey more affordable to live, work and raise a family by working together on a bipartisan basis. At this time, however, I have grave concerns about the course that has been set for the future of the state we call home. As a legislator, I watched Gov. It is routinely reported that we have the highest taxes state in the nation. We are ranked the worst state in the country to retire. And, we rank 49th out of 50 states for the worst economic performance in the country. Is it any wonder why governors from other states, such as Texas, are placing ads in our newspapers seeking to lure our residents and businesses away from the Garden State? It should come as no surprise that we have one of the highest outward migrations for retirees and now millennials. While this might be new to some, for the most part, this information has been known and reported for years. Unfortunately, the exact opposite is happening in Trenton. Instead of comprehensive planning to reverse our competitive disadvantage and make New Jersey more affordable, the governor and my colleagues across the aisle are considering raising the sales tax to the second highest in the nation; raising the corporate business tax to the highest in the nation; taxing Uber, Lyft and AirBNB; raising taxes on phone usage; and cutting property tax relief in half to fund raises for public unions. What surprises me the most is that no one seems to care or appear outraged. Is it just because our residents have given up and hope to leave, or are they simply not aware of what is happening? If you believe that reducing our property tax burden and making New Jersey more affordable should be a priority as I do, I encourage you to show your outrage over what is happening in Trenton. Residents can no longer sit back and allow the Democrats to continue to make New Jersey more unaffordable or fail to address our highest-in-the-nation property taxes. If there is one thing that I have learned during my time in Trenton, it is that my colleagues tend to respond only when the public becomes engaged. Unfortunately, these ideas will not be considered unless the public demands fiscal accountability. In that regard, I have decided to establish the website wherestheoutragenj.com. I intend to use this site to highlight some of the more outrageous policies coming out of Trenton along with some of the proposed solutions. Anthony Bucco knows what it will take to fix the state. Cutting back on part time members of the legislature from holding lucrative municipal and school attorney appointments would also save millions. However, neither Republicans or Democrats in New Jersey will ever address these issues, as their election donor bases and personal incomes would dry up instantly. See you in Bankruptcy court New Jersey! I will be rooting for you from the sensible land of North Carolina! It's almost becoming cliché. Education Week revamped the rankings in the annual report in with the state placing 34th. The state was 37th in and 39th last year. States have no real way of doing an apples to apples comparison since there is no true common standards or universal testing system. Just keep repeating what the NJEA and the legislators tell you to say. I am glad to say that Steve Sweeney is on the right track. He knows you can go up against the NJEA and prevail. If I were still in NJ, I would vote for him over any of the fake Republicans who take NJEA money. There is also the problem of the ridiculous school funding system that is crushing the middle class. They want to increase the billions of dollars wasted on failing schools. Which have never been audited.

Chapter 5 : 7 Strange Questions That Help You Find Your Life Purpose | Mark Manson

My storage budget for a day video job is Gb; the source files alone from my timelapse cameras are the same figure, per month, and I have had as many as eight cameras running at the same time. Still photography storage demands are a trivial few tens of Gb per shoot.

When Onfroy was six years old, he tried to stab a man attempting to attack his mother [28] and was eventually put into a youth program before being forced [clarification needed] to live with his grandmother. He was soon kicked out of the school choir after attacking another student. He was subsequently enrolled into Sheridan House Family Ministries by his mother for over six months. During their time together, Onfroy and Goulbourne became good friends and began freestyling. In , Onfroy quit his job as a call center operator due to his growing music career [30] and moved in with rapper Denzel Curry. The tour, titled "The Revenge Tour", had 26 tour dates overall and generated much media coverage, included that of a rapper being assaulted, [56] Onfroy being knocked out after an altercation on stage, [57] an audience member being stabbed, [58] Onfroy being thrown into a barricade by security, [59] and Onfroy punching a fan. The mixtape consists of eight previously released songs. The song debuted at 52 and peaked at 31, matching "Jocelyn Flores. The music video was removed from YouTube months later. The video included Onfroy donating musical instruments, video game consoles, and other gifts to a foster home. Onfroy announced the release date for his second studio album,? Held in the Broward County jail, he is charged with first degree murder without premeditation. Problems playing this file? His vocal style has been described as displaying "emotional vulnerability" on much more depressing tracks [] and as replicating screaming on much more aggressive tracks. The baby was confirmed to be a boy on August 22, The controversial scene portrays him placing a noose around the neck of a white child then hanging him representing lynching. It was a lack of appreciation on his end, not because of me, I guess just from a business perspective. They use you to where they wanna go and then part ways. Later, during Rolling Loud in Miami in , they reunited, ending the feud. Ugly God later clarified there was no feud between them. Drake also denied knowing him and said that he only heard about him regarding rumors circulated following the "KMT" snippet. However, before he arrived, a riot broke out. Police eventually escorted Onfroy out and closed the show down. He claimed this was in self-defense , as he had requested that no one in the audience touch him, warning that he would punch them if they did. The concert was canceled at the last minute, which led to hundreds of fans flooding the streets and nearly starting a riot. Onfroy announced on Instagram that the fight was purely self-defense before any video of the altercation was uploaded. His trial for aggravated battery of a pregnant victim was originally going to take place in May and was pushed back several times, and was set to take place on October 5, In reaction, the prosecution moved to split the case into two, with witness tampering charges filed against Onfroy and a new trial date announced for December 15, On October 23, , Pitchfork leaked secretly recorded audio of Onfroy talking with acquaintances around the time of his October 8, arrest. In the recording, he allegedly confessed to domestic abuse, and describes an incident in which he stabbed nine people.

Chapter 6 : Where's the Outrage, New Jerseyans? - Insider NJ

"It seems like, at least in these early years, the parents' role is to communicate with the child and let them know, 'I'm here for you when you're upset, when you need me."

Now, how do I start? The Blonde dancing in front of me was dressed up like a movie star on a red carpet. Only about nineteen, her slinky gown created the impression of having been poured along her curvy, voluptuous figure, like shimmering liquid satin, fluidly swishing as she swirled about the massive chamber! It all made her appear far older and mature than she obviously thought she was. For some, her looks and personality may have been seen as charming and fun. But wait, I may be placing the carriage before the steed! Allow me to restart: Rewarding myself, I located my lodging in a fancy upscale hotel situated across the street from a cavernous Ballroom, checking in for a fortnight. I spent the first day perusing the cultural calendar of the local papers, and ended up circling one or two events of interest that would be taking place later that month. I then took care of my remaining personal business, locating a reputable bank and renting out one of their lockboxes, before allowing myself some time off from my endeavors. I then spent the first portion of my week taking in moving picture shows, visiting stores and hanging out at the local museums and antique shoppes. It felt great not worrying about work, although I will admit that my mind scoped out a few prospects as I was out and about, walking amongst the great masses.. It was mid-week during my stay, while making my way back to the hotel suite, that I decided on a whim to pop into the Ballroom to see what it was all about. I walked into the massive lobby full of activity and wandered about, looking into the massive main ballroom, meeting rooms and various party rooms. As I was leaving I discovered a wall containing posters for all the upcoming events. One poster caught my eye. It advertised the occurrence of a Halloween Ball to take place that very weekend, Tickets still available. The Ball seemed to be the very type of party I was partial to, combining all of my favorite types of affairs, a large gathering frequented by the rich, and everyone attending would be in costume. Purchasing a pair of tickets less questions asked I went out the very next morning scouting various shops in search of my own costume. On my way out to pay for the costume I spied a half off bin. On top of the pile was a phantom of the opera mask. On impulse I added it to my bundle and went to the checkout. But a little bored by the inactivity, I was none the less growing excited about the venture. I still decided to play it cautious by setting up my usual safe guards, just in case. A few blocks away from the Ballroom and my hotel suite I found a small chain style motel. Going to the desk I purchased rent for a room for the night, paying in advance. Going into the small room I laid down my purchases and headed back out to the street via a back stairwell, bypassing the registrars chambers. I headed back to my hotel suite to prepare for the evening. After showering, I changed into a suit, shirt and tie. I then headed out onto the street a couple of hours before the ball was set to begin. I walked back to the Ballroom, getting my share of looks until I reached my destination, where I blended right in with the other arriving costumed guests. I followed the stream to the ballroom proper. The main doors leading inside were large, made of a fancy scrolled oak, held open, and guarded by a pair of burly security types. Capital, I thought, smirking to myself as I joined my fellow guests. I walk onto a landing, immediately in front of a long bannister guarding a set of wide stairs ascended downwards. I went off to one side, and paused at the railing, starting to survey with eager anticipation, the crowded room below. All was quite glittering, as large chandeliers set off a spectrum of colors with any crystal or glass it touched. It especially created shimmers as it played off the colorful jewelry the lavishly costumed ladies present were wearing. Several dozen couples were dancing in front of a 17 piece orchestra, a slow dance, and many were dancing almost too close. Many more people were mingling around tables of appetizers. A large, chattering crowd was also gathered at the long oak bar that took up one whole side of the huge room. It was to the bar that I headed, to observe the merry proceedings. But the Ball, as it turned out, was a bust, so to speak. Although several attempts were made to ask a number of charming to me ladies to add me to their dance cards, they all were, unfortunately, full. I should have suspected it would turn out this way, but I still harbored an all too familiar nagging feeling in the back of my head that something was still going to happen, call it intuition if you need to label it. So I nursed my drink, reminiscing about how I had reached this

point in my then still young life. Without boring anyone with far too many details of my rather complicated youth, I discovered while quite young that I had a certain knack for adeptness at being able to nimbly pick pockets. When I was eighteen having graduated high school at seventeen and out on my own in the world, I found this skill quite useful. But it was at a wedding reception in my early twenties where I became of age, so to speak. She was older than me, resplendent in a sleek black satin gown with bright white frills, long white satin gloves upon which graced a pair of diamond bracelets. She was very tipsy and would not take no for an answer when asking for a dance partner. She cornered me and before I could catch my wits, we were in a close embrace on the dance floor. I was totally mesmerized by the feel of her warm figure emitting through the sensuous satin gown. My eyes feasted upon the dazzling show put on by her flashy twin bracelets. When the exquisitely long dance ended and she moved on: Along the way I managed to accumulate quite a few trophies for my efforts. During this period I made two discoveries: One was that most women would rather assume their jewel had been merely lost long before ever considering that they had been robbed of it. The second was that most of my collection of pretty trophies carried an equally pretty price, and could quite acceptably be turned into ready cash. So, by the tender age of twenty two, my life started to lead where there had ever been but few tracks. And thus we finally come to this particular branch of my rather unique, lengthily crooked trail. So, there I was, on a bar stool, alone and growing more bored by the minute, wishing something interesting would happen. I can remember thinking, as I looked over my fellow partiers about a saying that I had always found to be amusingly true. As I had witnessed for myself time and time again. I kept catching my eye on her all evening, and once or twice, was sure she caught mine looking. But I was not watching her for the reasons she would think were mine. To her I was just some male face in the crowd, exhibiting his lust. But, the reason my eyes kept traveling upon her was for an entirely different one. She was running around, making silly remarks about people, sometimes to their face. Hanging out with her group of friends whom seemed to be of the same mold as my blonde, one girlfriend was even dressed appropriately enough, as a willowy witch. The Blonde was dressed up like a movie star on a red carpet. Only about nineteen, her slinky gown created the impression of having been poured along her curvy voluptuous figure, like shimmering liquid satin, fluidly swishing as she bounced about the massive chamber, slipping in and out amongst the guests! But I had decided, as far as I could tell, that she was wearing nothing but cheap rhinestones, which like her, appeared totally fake. But, as they say, appearances can sometimes be deceiving! This girl was the epitome of every condescending stuck up high society girl that probably everyone has had the misfortune to be the victim of. The girl, who mainly because of her looks, was popular with everyone like her, and had no use for those who, forever what reason they deemed, was ostracized by those of her type. In high school I knew girls like this one, and was a witness, sometime victim, to many a scene of arrogance displayed by girls like her. This one was young, too young to be acting the way she was. Her mannerisms were just a beacon, reaching out out to be taught a lesson. Wallowing in my boredom, a spark began to kindle into flame deep within my brain. Determined not to let the evening be a total loss, I decided act upon it. My plan being to theoretically get revenge on all those smirking girls who tormented me during high school, by knocking this cocky little scamp down a few pegs, using the best of my abilities. The opportunity for bittersweet revenge had presented itself for the taking, and the pull to obtain a little solace by using my unique talents was far too great to resist. Talk about mixing pleasure with business I thought wickedly to myself, smiling with the inviting thought. Believe me, this girl would be no innocent victim, and nothing I was about to attempt would leave her with any type of lasting impression, or harm. But if I could cause her at least some considerable discomfort to ruin the rest of her evening out, it would be reward in and of itself! I again eyed her sparkling jewels with all the seriousness I would have given any I was really interested in acquiring. I waited until her friends had all apparently deserted her for the evening and leaving her, quite vulnerably, alone. I walked up behind her and tapped her shoulder. She whirled facing me, her eyes going from happy expectations to a glare! Her eyes sized me up and down, and I seized the moment to take in her jewels, not at all disappointed in them, but my curiosity was aroused about her necklace, I definitely needed to get a closer look to appraise them!

Chapter 7 : Where's My Petabyte Disk Drive? | bit-player

Hidden away in the cupboards, I found loads of clippings, even copies of old trade magazines that I worked on in my early 20s, none of which I'd even kept myself.

I was a young, impressionable, open-to-experience freshman. After college, I started to have a love-hate relationship with Facebook. I even wrote this post about breaking an addiction and cutting back. I get that you have to keep with the times. And over my 11 years of life with Facebook, I was usually excited about the updates and new formats, but after a while I started to get frustrated with how complicated it was becoming to do and find simple things. Every time Facebook changed the format, it seemed like I had to go back and update my privacy settings. I felt very out of control of who was seeing what I posted. Three columns of information! News feed, hot trending topics, updates from my groups, the red notification number in the tab. Too Much Wasted Time. Because of these distractions, I often spent more time on Facebook in one sitting than I intended to, which led to too many hours a day on Facebook looking at "news. When not on Facebook, I would think of status updates or things I could share on Facebook. Eventually, I started to wonder why I was posting things? The internet owning my stuff. Sometimes get freaked out by what we share on the internet being used against us someday. Some things are sacred and meant to be shared with individuals, not the masses. I got bored and irritated with what I saw on Facebook. In my early FB days, I loved all the sharing, but I eventually started to resent it. Too many baby pics, pregnancy pics, travel pics, complaining, boasting, politics, mommy-shaming, etc. Judging People and Feeling Jealous. Internet interactions can create unnecessary tension between otherwise happy relationships. All of these posts that I disliked caused me to dislike the people posting them, feelings which I would never have felt if I had learned the information face-to-face. Something about seeing it on Facebook caused me to be judgmental or jealous, instead of happy or compassionate toward my friends. I was frustrated by my lack of control over my mind space. I have enough going on in my regular life without all that added information about people I never see. Bonus Thing I Hate: Facebook makes it difficult to deactivate. Exit the Freeway Facebook is like a jam-packed-with-traffic freeway at rush hour. I was always frustrated and felt like there was no other way. I have opened my account 2 times since then: So I quit again. Quitting freed my mind space and stopped me from thinking rude thoughts about people. I spent 11 years of my life on Facebook, ALL of my adult life. I was afraid of being disconnected. In , I tried to cut back by taking the app off my phone and closing the browser when I was done, but like any addiction, I had to quit altogether. Two years later, after talking to multiple people who had successfully and happily quit, proving it was possible, I finally deactivated my account. Hope this is helpful to anyone who might be considering making the jump. And I see many benefits if you live far away from your family or are moving to a new town and need to make new connections.

Chapter 8 : NPR Choice page

Kings Row is a film starring Ann Sheridan, Robert Cummings, and Ronald Reagan that tells a story of young people growing up in a small American town at the turn of the twentieth century.

What kind of God-Person in He? I learned that in a childlike way very early in life. Here are just a few of the hundreds of passages in the Old Testament that speak of or demonstrate this major attribute of our Living God: They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith the LORD. They could not have known and loved Him or been sent out to heal and deliver if that had not been the case. They had not yet been enlightened to who they were or whose Life they were living, so Jesus had to inform them that bringing forth vengeance and destruction was not what He was sent to do. He did not come to destroy, but to SAVE! In fact, they are just participating in another form of hate, and therefore they cannot know God, nor does He know them. He only knows those who are in and of His Spirit of love. I love that whole story, but what is notable about His reading is where He stopped. The next phrase in the verse, Isaiah Does that mean that part of the verse is wrong? No, it just means that it was not time to proclaim that truth. It was reserved for another time. He is announcing it for all, to all, and available to all. Please come, because the gate is open now and the way is made through my Cross and Resurrection that anyone who calls upon the name of the Lord will be saved. Whosoever will, no exceptions, all you have to do is want it, and the water of Life is freely available to anyone and everyone who would like to to come on up and take a drink. The gate is open, the invitation is extended, and our Divine Hand is stretched out to receive you. His love alone draws all who are His. Beloved, let us love one another: He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love. Paul listed them for us in 1 Cor Love never fails! But now faith, hope, love, abide these three; but the greatest of these is love. God does not change. Some of the most beautiful loving literature to come down to us from the ancients is expressed in the pages of the Old Testament. I see people in our current time almost trash the Old Testament, finding in it nothing of value, and recommend that we no longer read it since it has nothing to do with us. Do they not know the New Testament is built on the Old? Do they not know the New Testament is filled with passage after passage quoting from the Old Testament? Does that sound like the boiling mad vengeful God so many describe? More Old Testament words speaking New Testament truth! Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions: I could spend all night looking up and quoting these kinds of passages from the Old Testament. It is as much the truth of the Old as it is the New! When Jesus asked what was the greatest commandment, what was His answer? And thou shalt love the LORD thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. And the second greatest: I am the LORD! He does the doing and it is done! God has forever said an eternal NO to that way of being for Himself! None, contrary to what we have been taught. And of course, He already knew they were going to go that way. God knew that, too! I often say the wrath was not really in the Godhead, as we have mostly been taught. Then through the devil, it came alive in man. That bush was a true picture of our life in God when we are in right relationship to Him. The reason is because this fire, burning eternally in the heart of God, through the Lamb becomes the working Life of the Universe to bless, lift up, and manifest the Love of God in Christ throughout all creation. It was never meant to be manifest as the devil manifested it, that is, in the possessiveness of self-for-self, which can only turn it into self-elevating pride, narcissistic covetousness, unbridled envy and finally exploding into unrestrained cruel wrath! To give an example, think of a modern luxury automobile. Inside the passenger compartment there is climate control, comfortable seating, entertainment faculties and even these days communications with the outside world! What makes all that possible? The engine and the drive train, through friction, heat and speed, cause all the creature comforts in the car. The engine operates by that friction, through the turning of the various shafts, the firing of the spark plugs, the up and down of the pistons, all of which produce excessive heat and powerful energy, sending that energy through the drivetrain and transmission, producing motion in the automobile as well as powering all the comfort and convenience devices inside the passenger compartment. Nobody in the passenger compartment is supposed to feel anything but comfort, instead of the intensive heat and energy produced by the engine system. Until Christ comes on the scene, the fire burns so hot it can never be quenched

or put out, never satisfied, but only raging and seeking to devour everything within itself. But in Christ, that fire becomes the energy of the Love, the power which raises up, that does not seek to destroy, but only to edify and to save! Therefore, it remains only for the creature to participate in the reconciliation that God has already accomplished. By the free exercise of the singular royal function of our person-hood, i.

Chapter 9 : Where's My Dream Life?:

Early life. Jahseh Dwayne Ricardo Onfroy was born on January 23, , in Plantation, Florida, to Jamaican parents, Dwayne Ricardo Onfroy and Cleopatra Bernard. He had three siblings with one being half, shared paternally.

This subreddit was inspired by this thread and more specifically, this comment. Top level comments must contain a genuine attempt at an answer All direct answers to a post must make a genuine attempt to answer the question. Joke responses at the parent-level will be removed. Follow-up questions at the top level are allowed. Please do not answer by only dropping a link and do not tell users they should "google it. Users are coming to NSQ for straightforward, simple answers or because of the nuance that engaging in conversation supplies. No responses being rude to the questioner for not knowing the answer. On-topic follow up questions are allowed. Link only answers permitted if the question happens to be "What is a good subreddit for? Please try searching here before posting a new question Try to keep repeat posts to a minimum. You can find the questions that have come up here again and again in our wiki. Follow reddiquette Be polite and respectful in your exchanges. NSQ is supposed to be a helpful resource for confused redditors. Civil disagreements can happen, but insults should not. Personal attacks, slurs, bigotry, etc. Check out the reddiquette page for more info - violations of any of those of clauses may result in a ban without warning. Tasteless or disturbing questions regarding loli, pedophilia, murder, violence or other sketchy or disgusting subject matter are not welcome here. You are welcome to ask good faith questions about such topics but be aware such threads may be locked or removed if necessary to preserve the integrity of the subreddit. Other questions not asked in good faith - such as putting a rant or hate towards any group in the form of a question. Any questions we suspect of being leading questions or asked merely to promote an agenda or sealioning will be removed.