

Chapter 1 : Halloween – Naughty Little Me

Latest Posts for Closer Weekly. Here comes the bride? Fans were confused when Dancing With the Stars judge Carrie Ann Inaba shared a photo of herself with her fianc , Robb Derringer, posing in a.

If you have a commute to work, like say for about an hour and you take public transit. If you can take out your laptop and start working, can you count that time, or does your work day start when you get to the office or audit site? You work day starts when you get to the office. Some managers want you to figure in your commute as if you were coming from home - for example - if you live 30 minutes from the office and your tour of duty is 8: If you make an appointment at an audit site you may not be able to get an appointment until 9 so you would leave your house at 8: Monday, July 27, 6: Like you said, January will be here before we know it. I believe I will be in that January bunch as well. January really will be here before you know it - just another 5 months and some days. Just spend the preceding months becoming mentally prepared and doing things that encourage you. Originally posted by busybee I know there are a lot of September Hopefuls reading this thread, but does anybody know when the next hiring phase would be? Would it be December, perhaps? Is there anybody out there who took it around the same time? I think I read somewhere that the next hiring phase was for January, but I am not positive. At my firm we use a privacy screen on our laptops if we are working in public, but then again, if somebody really wanted to, they could just look over your shoulder and see through the privacy screen, so I can see where that could be an issue. What somebody needs to invent is a computer screen that you wear like sun glasses and then it just projects out in front of your view, then that way you could really have a private screen to work on confidential stuff and nobody could complain about compromising security, unless they beat you up and take your sunglasses. Rarely does fate call on us at a moment of our choosing. Monday, July 27, 7: Something to do with virtual reality computer games?? Originally posted by sept09hopeful: Monday, July 27, 8: I have been waiting for a few months, but I got other things, like school work, to keep me from being so anxious about "when" they are going to call. I have worried about everything from, "Did I put the correct telephone number on the application? I know everything is fine! The job is worth the wait. AND if you have a great boss like I do - it will make things better. If you can hang with the training and being overwhelmed by the material at the beginning - it will truly be worth it.

Chapter 2 : Protecting Your Mr. Stacky in Bad Weather | Mr. Stacky

The gives you a bit more actual waterline length, which, in my opinion, helps the ride in a chop. But having run both, I don't believe there is enough of a difference in the ride to base the decision on that.

I modeled it after a classmate I thought was pretty. A slight curve of the lips made it seem like dimples at the corners. I would turn sideways, improvise till I was satisfied and skip out of the room confident in my looks. This worked just fine till I reached adolescence and started picking up signs that I did not quite measure up to the idea of beauty, which I must confess, was really important to me. I was always diffident but at fifteen an unkind remark about my smile meant I had to tone it down and with it, my already anxious personality. Over the next few years my list of imperfections grew substantially and I learned to define myself by my shortcomings. In hindsight I realise I had been an overly sensitive teenager but back then it suited me better to feel sorry for myself than grab what life had to offer. Thankfully, better sense prevailed and I eventually got out of this self-loathing phase but not before damaging my confidence. I internalized a low self-esteem that went beyond the way I looked and it has had enduring consequences. Most stories though, are not as one sided as they seem. The truth is I too have said things that have caused hurt. Probably we all have. It is human nature to pass on what we have received. Ironically, we spend a considerable part of our lives dodging criticism, yet, often unwittingly inflict it on others, keeping this vicious cycle in perpetual motion. It is the circle of life! Throughout history, girls have had such few role models to look up to. Women have mostly been celebrated for their beauty and men for their accomplishments. Even today most female icons are from the entertainment industry and no matter how talented, often need to use their sexuality to get noticed. The message is clear, physical appearance takes precedence over every other achievement. It may seem like an issue concerning only women, and the pressures are undoubtedly greater on them, but men too face insecurities and experience low self-esteem. While my generation survived the occasional beauty magazines of the 90s, mainly because they did not talk back, there seems to be no escaping now. In the heavily visual landscape of social media one is besieged with beautifully curated images that exist for the sole purpose of seduction. Food has to look like a piece of art, music has to be accompanied by women in provocative clothing and perfume has to lead to an orgasm. The models are getting younger, the bodies impossible and we are constantly chasing a mirage pretending we neither age nor get sick. Anything less than perfection is fair game for anyone online. No greater joy than to witness the downfall of a successful person. Is it even possible to stay confident and content in this environment where a singular idea of beauty is drummed into our heads ad nauseam? Sometimes what we lack most is compassion for ourselves. If we could learn to accept our bodies we might be able to extend that kindness to others too. Acceptance, though, would not imply giving oneself a carte blanche to eat absolutely anything or justify a sedentary lifestyle. That would amount to neglect or even abuse. An ideal body is one that lets you live a meaningful life. I may be aware of the unrealistic pressures of social media but I am by no means immune to them. When I stand before a mirror, even today my gaze is naturally drawn to my imperfections. I have to make a conscious effort to remember that my physicality is just one aspect of me. I am also my words, my experiences, relationships, struggles, attitudes, beliefs and even lack of them. I am everything I have ever been and ever wanted to be. My wonderful, imperfect body facilities all this and for that I am grateful. I express my gratitude by looking after it in return. Overtime I have come to value strength immensely. For much of my life I did not associate that word with myself but now it is what I hope to be defined by. Strength is quiet and fair. It does not care for my shape, size or gender, only what I can do. Sometimes I find it when putting my children to bed at the end of a long tiring day, other times when lifting a suitcase off a conveyor belt. Strength is not judgemental. It accepts me in heels and make up just as it does in my running shoes. It works with my body and mind and recognises one without the other is just half as good. It keeps criticism at bay and encourages me to push my boundaries. It inspires me and often reveals a side I did not know existed. It embraces age, greys, wrinkles and cellulite. On days when I struggle to find anything positive about myself and despite all efforts come up short, it is the calm voice in my head. It reminds me that even though my goal may not yet be within my reach, an uplifting

journey is. That I am no less a hero, as long as I am trying. Strength has the power to move hearts and mountains alike. It lies within all of us, we only need to seek it. Four decades and a bit later I have hopefully found mine. And with it, my smile.

Chapter 3 : A Thought About "Double Bunking" | The Empty Shoes Project

Post it on Facebook or Instagram or put it on your Snap story. Knowing that other people know what you're trying to do will help hold you accountable on the days when your resolve wavers.

Uncategorized Cheryl Hughey on behalf of Mr. Demonstration photo of how to cover your Mr. Stacky with a sheet. More than one rock will be needed to hold the sheet in place. Demonstration photo of a Mr. Stacky covered with a sheet. More than one rock is suggested for holding the sheet in place. The best way to protect your pots is to move them, if they are light enough. Placing your pots indoors temporarily or under an overhang can give a bit of protection. However, some of your plantings may be too heavy to move. In this case, protecting them takes a bit of homespun engineering. If frost or hail, is a worry, old sheets can be lightly placed over the plants in the evening before you go to bed and removed in the morning. Tie ropes around the planters or use rocks to hold the sheets in place. However, it is possible that the weight of the sheet may break the tops or branches of plants. Also, be sure not to leave the sheets on top of your plants too long, as they need sunshine to stay happy. When wind is concern, you might try carefully scooting your planter closer to a house wall or an area that is less breezy. Then, you drag the blanket with the object resting on it carefully to your destination. Too much water on a consistent basis can lead to plant disease. If repeat rains are a problem, make sure your pot is draining properly. If for some reason your pot holds water and the rain has stopped. If rains continue to be an issue, moving the pot under a patio or against the wall of the house may decrease the amount of water intake. It only takes a small amount of extreme heat to fry delicate plants. During dry heat spells, try watering plants in the morning or temporarily moving them to the shade. When it is really hot, I will actually drench potted plants to give them protection.

Chapter 4 : Stan is in a New York State of Mind | Spectrum Basset Hounds

Clinton Post 50 P. O. Box 83 Clinton, MA Phone The Post meets at the Clinton Town Hall on the 2nd Tuesday of the month. +++++ Kirby, James Richard: killed in action 15 July, [near Vaux].

So for many years, Google Reader was my primary dashboard for information consumption on the web. Reader is still my first stop when I wake up in the morning. I think of it as akin to the old habit of reading the newspaper in the morning before work—except that I have complete control over the composition of that newspaper. I even have my own comic section, made up of the webcomics I have found since I first discovered the form back in High School. For one thing, there is no longer any politics folder. The closest I get to politics are the DC blogs I read who cover some of the politics in my city, and the econ bloggers who occasionally comment on national policy debates. I also read a lot more about technology than I used to. One of the nice things about Reader is that it provides me with data about my subscriptions. Brace yourself, it is a lot. That is an average of items per day; though in general that means a lot more on week days and a lot fewer during the weekend. But I think this works for me. There are a few blogs that I will give more of a chance to absolutely anything they write—usually people I know personally or very interesting but very low output writers. Just look at how few of them I actually click on—items. I would say the true number is probably more like on average. Of those, maybe are of any great length. The producers of content are highly concentrated; there is a power law distribution across my subscriptions. The top ten highest producing subscriptions account for an average of posts a day; about 73 percent of the total items in my Reader account per day. The main value of Reader, in my opinion, is for following those other subscriptions, which may update less than once a day, maybe even less than once a week or once a month. So if I wanted to think about scaling back, the top 10 subscriptions would be the place to do it. By far the biggest producer is The Verge. An average of over 50 posts per day! I have followed the main cast of characters there since they were the head editorial staff at Engadget, and I think they get what it means to be at the heart of a web community. I enjoy listening to their podcast, as much for the personalities of the people as for the specific things they talk about. I trust them not to bullshit me. And I like that they invest in writing long form, visually rich feature pieces on quirky topics like this one. Breaking out the big produces allows me to mark each of them as read more easily while leaving the smaller, individual blogs that I like to look at later. For instance, this very interesting post from io9. So I think these are still keepers, at least for the time being. I really only started following it because I wanted to keep an eye on what my friend Lauren , who writes there, was up to. Acknowledging this, I unsubscribed from the main feed and now am subscribed to her feed specifically. That takes it down from around 19 posts a day to more like 3; few enough that I can just shuffle it off to my Media Analysis folder. Those are the big ones. Before writing this post, I also unsubscribed from ReadWriteWeb , since I felt their quality had been on the decline for a while and most of what they cover is already covered by The Verge. They were another big producer, so that helped. Another way that I improved my information diet was to cut out MG Siegler from it entirely. That decision was inspired by two episodes of Triangulation: Gina said that the tech blogosphere often seemed like one big male pissing match. Afterwards, I read this post by Siegler and just decided I did not need to invite that kind of crap into my life. Podcasts Back in , I took a job that was in Columbia, Maryland, which was a 40 mile drive from Vienna, Virginia, where I was living at the time. Shortly afterwards, I started grad school, the night classes for which took between an hour and a half to over two hours to get to from my job, depending on which campus the class was on and how bad traffic was. Oh, and I started seeing someone in Washington, DC. In short, I spent an enormous amount of time driving, and podcasts became not only a big part of my information diet, but an important part of keeping up my quality of life. My podcasts are still an essential part of my commute. I use Downcast for the iPhone as my podcatcher. Pictured here are four of the short story podcasts that I listen to. Podcastle and Pseudopod are part of the Escape Artists podcast family; a nonprofit group of three podcasts that post a new story each week. They specialize in fantasy and horror respectively, and the third podcast, Escape Pod , specializes in science fiction. The Drabblecast is a weekly weird fiction podcast that I started listening to more recently, and it is a

lot of fun. The Dunesteef Audio Fiction Magazine is less consistent in its updates, but I enjoy it in part because it is just a couple of friends who decided to get together and start putting out a short fiction podcast. I recently wrote about Scott Sigler , the man who pioneered the podcast novel. Chambliss , who is working on a sequel to her excellent fantasy novel, Dreaming of Deliverance. Lovecraft Literary Podcast is just fantastic. I started it by going through the archive at the rate that I was capable of reading each story and then listening to the episode. It also has the same element as the Dunesteef, where the co-hosts are good friends and their conversation is fun to listen to. I started listening to EconTalk back when I was taking a class taught by its host, Russ Roberts. This is brain food of the highest order. It is ostensibly about economics but in practice discusses just about every intellectual topic under the sun. I am a lot smarter for having listened to it for the last four years. And then there are my tech podcasts. Back in the day, I considered the Engadget Podcast to be essential listening for my week. The exact same cast of characters now hosts The Vergecast, and it still has the elements that I loved about its predecessor. Of them all, Twitter remains my favorite. I follow a lot of people; at this moment. I treat Twitter as my index of interesting people with of many different backgrounds and viewpoints. I love Twitter, I really do. I have made more new friends on Twitter than I have any other single place on the web. The other big social network I use is Facebook. I used to be very wary of Facebook, back when I first joined it. I think I deleted my account three or four times before I finally embraced it. Afterwards, everyone who had been in the wedding party friended one another and started sharing pictures of the wedding. I suddenly saw just how useful Facebook could be. I have since customized my Facebook experience to make it work for me. Most of the stuff I post goes into groups rather than the main feed. My favorite is a group I created with my friends and siblings to talk about video games, science fiction, art, and general geek things. My experience in that group is, to my mind, the pinnacle of what social media is at its best. A much smaller part of my social media activity happens on Tumblr. The integration with Google Reader makes it effortless for me to share stuff I find interesting there. Robert Scoble once put me in a suggested circle " with other people " therefore I have four times as many followers there as I have on Twitter. Hard to resist the pull of attention. Offline The biggest non-web portions of my information diet are books, TV, and movies. In general I am a genre guy; I like my science fiction, fantasy, and horror. We occasionally go out to the movies and generally try to find a movie to watch on Netflix, Amazon, or TV Friday or Saturday night. I read a lot of books. This has always been true, especially back when I was working at Borders. And I do find it much easier to read on the Kindle than to read on a computer or even to read a physical book. Major Lessons from the Book The most important thing that I took from the book had less to do with the content of my information diet and more to do with the time I spent on it. I definitely get into the bad habit of checking things compulsively. One thing I am going to set out to do is create bigger buffers between when I let myself check for updates. Reading the book made me think that it would be a good idea to do this sort of audit of my information diet. Am I information obese? Published by Adam Gurri Adam Gurri works in digital advertising and writes for pleasure on his spare time. His present research focuses on the ethics of business and work, from the perspective of virtue and human flourishing. View all posts by Adam Gurri Posted on.

Chapter 5 : Event: Michael's 1st Birthday Party | Images by Kellie Ann

Le rallye de Monte Carlo de Romain FOSTIER et Ophélie ABCHICHE - ASA Castine. Le rallye de Monte Carlo de Romain FOSTIER et Ophélie ABCHICHE - ASA Castine.

Kario Leave a comment For many kids, next week marks the beginning of another school year, and for parents, there is often at least a fleeting thought about how to help students succeed. Last year, I wrote this post about setting goals, but in the spirit of knowing that rarely does one size fit all, here is a different approach that might work better for students who prefer to approach the world in a more concrete way. It may even be more impactful if one or more adult is willing to go through the process along with the kids so you can all hold each other accountable. Write down your goals for the next four weeks. Keep it to two or three at the most. Make them pretty specific and concrete I want to stop eating sugary snacks. I want to get to bed before midnight every night. I want to spend at least 30 minutes every day exercising. I want to get all of my homework done before watching any TV or spending time on social media. Rate each goal for its level of importance, difficulty, your commitment to it, and a history with it. Write down action steps for each goal. Find some small way to set yourself up for success before you even begin. Tell someone else about your goals. Tell lots of people. Post it on Facebook or Instagram or put it on your Snap story. Make a weekly progress report part of the plan. Having other people who care about you praise your efforts and reward you with congratulations is a powerful motivator. Know that it takes a long time to establish a new habit. Go easy on yourself if you slip. Ask for help or look for ways to adjust your goals to make them more doable right now. Baby steps forward still represent progress. Feel free to comment with your ideas or goals here and I will do my best to cheer you on and help you be accountable if you want.

Chapter 6 : Internal Revenue Agent Position - Page - IRS - Internal Revenue Service - Federal Soup

Full Frame Camera, Amazing Photography, Landscape Photography, Venice Italy, Sony A7r li, Zeiss, Camera Lens, Silhouette, Instagram Posts Find this Pin and more on calendrierdelascience.com Blog Posts by Brian Matiash.

JustMe Comment Halloween, the made for kink holiday. It is the one day a year when people step outside their day to day lives and go a little wild. When they can pull out those sexy, scary, fun, or just that no one is quite sure about it, costumes. It is a night of fun, frivolity, mystery, and the bizarre. This is sort of why I like playing, when I go to a play space or special event, I can dress up, express that naughtier side of me. So as you can probably imagine, I like Halloween. A few years ago, a friend invited me out, we made plans to meet at a local place around the corner from a club that has a fetish themed dance party once a week, complete with a small play space. I kept my costume a little low key, the generic mobster type costume, black skirt, vest, boots, thigh highs and fedora. We met and talked for a bit, we had played once or twice and were still getting to know each others limits, likes, wants and needs. That was why we had decided to meet at the quieter place before heading to the club, so we could talk one on one, and actually hear each other, before heading to the club. We decided on the club because it would give us a chance to hang out and play some in public while still getting to know each other. We met, and talked. I always enjoyed talking to him because our conversations covered so many topics, not just our play. We talked about our day, our jobs, what we had been doing in general. We talked about playing more and what each of us would like to incorporate into that play. He had a way of putting me at ease, allowing me to just be myself, I never had to worry about what I said, no matter what we talked about, I never had to hold back any part of me or my thoughts. After we talked for a while, it was late enough to head over to the club. We walked over, then went inside. I had never been there before so I was relying on his knowledge of how things worked. He bought us both a drink and we began to walk around. There were several dance floors and a play space. As we walked past the play space he noticed one of their floggers. It had what appeared to be heavy lashes. He spoke with the play space monitor, who happened to be dressed as a character from a beloved Dr. This is where the strangeness began. Discussing a flogging implement with a make believe character adds a different dimension to any conversation. They continued to discuss the flogger and technique. Thing 1 offered to demo the flogger, but his demo bottom had stepped away for a while. It was at that time that my friend offered up me to use to demo the flogger. He smiled as he asked if I minded, knowing I would be more than happy to receive a flogging. We had a brief conversation with the him to decide on limits and what the demo would be, and then I was positioned over the padded bench, my skirt raised up to expose my black lace panties. I saw my friend standing to the side as he watched, then I felt a hand come down across one cheek, not hard at first, just to warm me up. A little more spanking with just his hand and then the lightest brush of the flogger. The anticipation that had been building since first seeing the flogger, growing. What was it going to feel like, it was so heavy, the lashes so thick. Was it going to be more than I could handle. He continued to flog me, each stroke a little harder than the last, moving over my ass, occasionally over my back, across a shoulder. Then the strokes came harder, that lovely pain that leads to those pleasurable feelings. I knew he was watching, my trust in him allowing me to just let go and enjoy the flogging, the feelings of pain, intensity, and pleasure all mixed together. Then the man administering the flogging stopped, he asked my friend if he wanted to try the flogger. My friend walked around to the front of me to check in on how I was, he commented on my smile and asked if he should continue. I was in no mental shape to explain that the smile was only partially due to the flogging and partially due to the strange thoughts that were at that moment running through my mind about being flogged by a beloved Seuss character. I did manage to get out a yes please for the continuation. Then my friend's hands were on me, running over my now reddened ass, before swinging the flogger. His style different from the first floggers, that instant connection with him adding a new dimension to the flogging. He continued the flogging and spanking, his hands running over me occasionally, standing behind me, pressing against me as he leaned over to talk to me. He once again walked around to the front of me, checking in and getting my attention, asking if I minded if his friend took a turn. Normally no one would interrupt us while we were playing, but as we were in a different environment

and this had started as a demo and then him trying out the flogger, testing the weight and how it felt, the whole dynamic was different to it. He did tell me his friend played rough and if it got to rough to just raise my hand and he would stop it. Once again his presence just added a dimension of trust and safety that would not normally be there. She walked behind me, her hand moving to my hair, pulling it slightly as she asked if I were ready, I heard my friend tell her to play nice, as she moved behind me. The spanking once again changing, taking on a different energy, a new feeling. She was rougher than the first two, her nails raking across the reddened flesh of my ass, then more spanking and flogging. Her aggressive behavior taking the excitement in a new direction, my body still responding to the pain. At one point my friend walked around to the front of me and took my hands, his energy balancing out her energy, making the whole experience that much better. Her aggression, his calm, all of us adding to the experience. Then she was grabbing and squeezing my ass, her hand pulling my hair back just a little again as she thanked me. My friend helped me up and took me over to a seat, making sure I was OK, helping me to regain my composure. Sitting with me as I came back down to a normal level. Then we talked about it, about the flogger, how it felt, how he liked it how I liked it. What was it like to have people switch like that, how different she was. Back to my smile in the beginning and how it was based on my enjoyment but also who was doing the flogging. The strange psychological affect of that which added to the whole thing. We eventually walked around some more, watched a rope suspension, during which his hand slid under my skirt, playing with me as I stood there, trying to contain any sound I wanted to make, his fingers teasing slightly, leaning on him to keep my balance. The night continued this way until it was time to go.

Chapter 7 : Back to School (Already?) | The SELF Project: Social-Emotional Learning Foundations

Be sure to post your gardening questions on our Facebook page and I'll do my best to help you on your growing journey. Cheryl. Post navigation.

Chapter 8 : Of smiles and strength â€“ Philosopher in High Heels

Most of the stuff I post goes into groups rather than the main feed. My favorite is a group I created with my friends and siblings to talk about video games, science fiction, art, and general geek things.

Chapter 9 : My Information Diet â€“ Adam Gurri

I read a newspaper article that absolutely floored me a couple of months ago and finally stopped wanting to strangle someone long enough to form a coherent rebuttal.