

Chapter 1 : One Fine Day in the Middle of the Night by Christopher Brookmyre

One Fine Day in the Middle of the Night has 3 ratings and reviews. Ashley said: Okay, so biting the bullet on my next couple of reviews because I.

Liminal was a promenade experience the first devised by long-time Dark Mountaineer Dougie Strang, who has since convened remarkable ceremonies, testaments and spectacles in Devon, Glasgow, Edinburgh and, most recently, on an island on the River Thames. It was this last that let me know there was something worth pursuing here. Even knowing that it was part of a performance, the darkness lent power to the figure in the bushes. Without a clear sightline, it could not be pinned down by the conscious mind, not reduced to the comfortable categories we like the objects of our perceptions to inhabit. It is easy to understand such things intellectually, and not to be changed by them, but the actual experience is one of transfiguration – of the world around us, and of our own sense of self. To be in a wood with a large beast snorting in the undergrowth only feet away, with every sensory faculty reaching out into the darkness, is in many ways the opposite of what we experience in the day-world of our civilised lives. It is to be taken out of the artificial aquarium of our heads and to be flung out into the living world. In , the strange figures of the Mearcstapa roamed the festival site and road leading to it, emerging from the treeline and disappearing again, pushing against the boundaries of the normal. In his not-entirely-glowing review of the festival that year for Aeon magazine, Ed Lake reported his horrified text to his wife at home: And the trees welcomed the people Blown here on the far winds of the storm From North, from South, from East, from West, From foxhole and culvert, For four seasons of the Earth, To stand in this burning moment, Here, on this spinning ball, Here, on this scrap of chalk, Here, in this ragged grove, Here, by these tangled dreams. May the burning of the old be the rebirth of the new. I can claim no credit for the remarkable, and very strange, spontaneous events that followed, continuing into the small hours. Even stranger, he said, was that he found it right next to him in the tent when he woke up the next morning. The word entices some people and alienates others. Many recognise that ritual was a form of cultural and social technology that served particular, and vital, purposes for human societies, and that its absence from our own is just one more factor in the dysfunctionality of our way of life. But others associate the word with the realm of religion, and all the entanglements of hierarchy, misogyny, superstition, deception and coercion that are undeniably bound up with that realm. By requiring our communal presence, our physical engagement with movement, sound, speech, and matter, ritual is something that takes us out of our heads and reinstates us in the world. To play with such a powerful technology is necessarily to be playing with fire. I spoke, simply, from that place between; from intuition; from a faith that a sincere heart, channelled by an artful mind, can sometimes make Something Happen. This is, after all, what invocation means – it is to treat the world outside our heads as if it might be equally meaningful as the contents of our own psyche; as if it might have something to say back to us. Editing, writing in and, now, presenting to the world Dark Mountain: I think the reality we are immersed in, and from which we are so often separated from by our thoughts and abstractions, might really be real. When the time came to hold a physical gathering of people to launch this book, it was clear that we would need to do things a little differently. We did not want our launch to take place somewhere without poetry or character, so we booked the ancient timbered space of the Upper Gatehouse at Dartington Hall in Devon. In the same way, we did not want our launch to be separated entirely from the outside world, that open realm of darkness, wind and life that moved something in me during the experience of Liminal. So we will be hosting a promenade experience of our own at 6pm, using the beautiful grounds of Dartington Hall as a setting for something that will, hopefully, help to bring participants out of their heads and into that other space in which more interesting things can happen. After this, it would not seem right to ask people to simply sit indoors passively while passages from the book are read out at them. And, making a virtue from a necessity – as so many of our contributors are based elsewhere in the world – we will have audio and video from contributors interspersed with the live event. Alas, I still cannot pretend to have magic powers. We cannot claim that our programme next Saturday will teach you the deep secrets of being, give you a transcendent experience of the divine, or awaken you to the timeless peace underlying all things. But to make a whole book

about the sacred, to ask a group of people to join together in its creation, giving freely of their time and art, is itself a kind of ritual act. And to gather together to celebrate its existence, to join sincere hearts to mindful craft, to share food and music and words together is a ritual of another sort. We hope those of you who can join us on Saturday will do so. Expect an afternoon of workshops and an evening of wildness.

Chapter 2 : One bright day in the middle of the night two dead boys got up to fight? | Yahoo Answers

One fine day in the middle of the night, Two dead men got up to fight. Back-to-back they faced one another, Drew their swords and shot each other.

Yo mama Joke One fine day in the middle of the night, two dead boys got up to fight. Back to back they faced each other, drew their swords and shot each other. The deaf policeman heard the noise, and came and shot those two dead boys. A mature over 40 lady gets pulled over for speeding Is there a problem, Officer? Can I see your license please? Lost it, 4 years ago for drunk driving. Can I see your vehicle registration papers please. I stole this car. Yes, and I killed and hacked up the owner. His body parts are in plastic bags in the trunk if you want to see. The Officer looks at the woman and slowly backs away to his car and calls for back up. Within minutes 5 police cars circle the car. A senior officer slowly approaches the car, clasping his half drawn gun. The woman steps out of her vehicle. Is there a problem sir? One of my officers told me that you have stolen this car and murdered the owner. Yes, could you please open the trunk of your car, please. The woman opens the trunk, revealing nothing but an empty trunk. Yes, here are the registration papers. The officer is quite stunned. One of my officers claims that you do not have a driving license. The woman digs into her handbag and pulls out a clutch purse and hands it to the officer. The officer examines the license. He looks quite puzzled. Bet the liar told you I was speeding, too. God greets them and asks, "When you are laid out in your casket, and your fellow officers and family are mourning you, what would you like to hear them say about you? The first cop says, "I would like to hear them say, that I was the bravest cop on the force. We are currently flying at a height of 35, feet midway across the Atlantic. If you look out of the windows on the starboard side of the aircraft, you will observe that both the starboard engines are on fire. If you look out of the windows on the port side, you will observe that the port wing has fallen off. If you look down towards the Atlantic ocean, you will see a little yellow life raft with three people in it waving at you. This is a recorded message. Have a good flight! The morgue sends for his two best friends, Daryl and Gomer, to identify the body. Daryl arrives first, and when the mortician pulls back the sheet, Daryl says, "Yup, his face is burnt up pretty bad. You better roll him over. Then he brings Gomer in to identify the body. He had two assholes?! The other guy whips out his phone and calls the emergency services. He gasps, "My friend is dead! What can I do? Back on the phone, the guy says "OK, now what? Then they heard voices. Three men had broken into the greenhouse. Scared, they called the police. The dispatcher replied, he would send an officer as soon as one became available as they were all out on calls. The old man waited for a few minutes and called Dispatch again. One of the cops asked the old man, "I thought you said you shot the robber and your dogs were eating them. The situation looked hopeless to her-how could she possibly continue to feed her family now? In a depressed state of mind, she hung herself. When the man awoke to find his wife dead, as well as the cow, he too began to see the hopelessness of the situation, and he shot himself in the head. Now the oldest son woke up to discover his parents dead and the cow! When he got to the river, he discovered a mermaid sitting on the bank. But if you will have sex with me five times in a row, then I will restore your parents and the cow to you. So the mermaid drowned him in the river. Next the second oldest son woke up. After discovering what had happened, he too decided to throw himself into the river. The youngest son woke up and saw his parents dead, the dead cow in the field, and his brothers gone. He decided that life was a hopeless prospect, and he went down to the river to throw himself in. And there he also met the mermaid. Why not twenty times in a row? Okay, if you will have sex with me thirty times in a row, then I will bring everybody back to perfect health. Then, he spots the big old antique wardrobe we have in the room and reaches up for the handle to try to pull himself up. He managed to get the wardrobe off him and crawls out onto the landing, he tries to pull himself up on the banister but under his weight, the banister breaks and he goes falling down on to the first floor. In mid air, all the broken banister poles spin and fall on him, pinning him to the floor, sticking right through him. He crawls in to the kitchen, tries to pull himself up on the stove, but reached for a big pot of boiling hot water, whoosh, the whole thing came down on him and burned most of his skin off him. What the hell did you shoot him for? I am an asthmatic. I need you to come down to the station to give a blood sample. I am a

hemophiliac. I am also a diabetic. Have you seen all jokes? Add your joke Choose from jokes categories.

Chapter 3 : Looking for the author to this poem!!!

*One fine day, in the middle of the night Two dead boys got up to fight
Back to back they faced each other, Drew their swords and shot one another.*

A long dirty cement drain pipe, just perfect for single filed troopers to crawl up and clog their noses with moldy dust, and god knows what else, snaked itself down from the road a few hundred yards up a weed and vine entangled hill. It emptied its effluence after rainstorms into a small pool at the mouth of the conduit. Every summer the woodshed would inevitably get infested with mice. The tiny gray and black rodents would hide under the heavy cord of dried cut logs stacked there in preparation for the long New England winter months. These unwelcomed pests were nesting inside the wood and making a mess of it to the point of ruination so the argument went. In that event, Douglas D. He did this without so much as a twitch as he struck each rodent square on its back, crushing its spine and then watching it convulse until it finally broke its lease on life. Perhaps another blow was delivered to end any unnecessary suffering. Though his tactics were severe Doug was neither cruel nor sadistic; he was merely professional in his demeanor. I think he may have even been paid a small allowance to partake in this gruesome undertaking. A quarter per mouse maybe? Decent wages for the time. One early Fall evening my brother, and I went with Doug out to the Shed purely as observers mind you! Doug had a large lensed plastic flashlight with him to illuminate the way down the grassy path to the Shed. Once inside we would all sit quietly in the corners of the structure in total darkness. At the first instance of any scurrying sound the light would dilate the gloom and the slaughter would commence. A good night would normally harvest him between three and five kills. His practiced accuracy made him extremely lethal. He usually met that quota easily. There were several years of limericks, initialed hearts with arrows piercing them and crass iambic pentameter to leave young boys in stitches for a very long amount of time. It went something like this and there are several variations but the following verses are considered the most common: Back to back they faced each other, Drew their swords and shot each other. A blind man went to see fair play, A dumb man went to shout "hooray! Knocked him through a nine inch wall, Into a dry ditch and drowned them all. A deaf policeman heard the noise, And came to arrest the two dead boys. Those same scholars have described it as a "Ballad of Impossibilities" as it follows no reason in its rhyme. Nonsense poems such as One Fine Day Whatever the academic merits it was mostly just a form of wild entertainment for us lads. In fact, after invoking each stanza aloud we would play-act out how these actions might transpire in spite of their defiant opposition to one another. Our lofty imaginations failed us time and again as we could never quite muster decent enough visualizations that would do any adequate justice for the poem. But Doug was so humored by this contradictory brain-teaser that he laughed himself pink. It was a deliciously devilish riddle that could never be divined! No solving this one any time soon What a hilarious hoot we had! Once my ability at recall was proficient enough I recited it to friends at recess time, in the cafeteria lunch lines and during gym class. Gleeful bemusement would surely follow each performance. Soon afterwards many of the schoolyard rank-and-file were all merrily repeating its phrases. It was a small victory of sorts for me, though; to think I was aiding in the propagation of a cultural phenomenon! Score one for the viral nature of human language! But then something really frightening happened that changed everything. He tumbled several terrifying times down a long stretch of highway pavement before finally coming to rest in a busted heap. He broke his arms. He broke his back But he was still alive. He lay immobile on his back for what must have felt like an Eternity to him. He was supported by a pulley-and-rope contraption for a bed that a team of medical specialists had designed for just such a god-awful occasion. His parents grimly looked after him. They would provide sporadic news to the neighborhood of any improvement in cautionary spurts. After a while even his closest friends became afraid to visit him because he had been such a strong and athletic kid. Now everyone had to pose themselves some fairly dreadful questions: How could this happen? What could one possibly say to a young man who had so much going in his favor, so much life to live? How was anyone supposed to process meaning through this unholy perversion of youth on display; a broken teenage body simply defies all comprehension. This was supposed to be the prime of your life! Reveal to us your small, but Faith restoring

wonder. We beg of you. And then something really amazing happened that changed everything. One fine day after a year and some odd middle of the nights later I was riding my bike up the street. As I passed the D. Because right there in front of me All by himself - standing - in his driveway. Yes, albeit in a bulky and clumsy looking back brace but he was standing! With a goddamn broom in his hands! The son of a gun was sweeping his driveway! Sweeping his driveway like some animatronic theme park character in stilted robotic movements - but sweeping as sweepers will do when they sweep with fully operational spines.

Chapter 4 : One Fine Day in the Middle of the Night – Line Analysis 1 | The British Columbia Folklore Society

A folklore nonsense calendrierdelascience.com appears to have evolved from tangle-worded couplets. The earliest known example of this type of humor appeared in the manuscript of Land of Cockaigne about and.

Variants[edit] This section possibly contains original research. Please improve it by verifying the claims made and adding inline citations. Statements consisting only of original research should be removed. July In some cases, the humor of nonsense verse is based on the incompatibility of phrases which make grammatical sense but semantic nonsense at least in certain interpretations, as in the traditional: Other nonsense verse makes use of nonsense words – words without a clear meaning or any meaning at all. Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear both made good use of this type of nonsense in some of their verse. These poems are well formed in terms of grammar and syntax, and each nonsense word is of a clear part of speech. All mimsy were the borogoves, And the mome raths outgrabe. The Mungle pilgriffs far away Religeorge too thee worlded. Sam fells on the waysock-side And somforbe on a gurlled, With all her faulty bagnose! Here, away fills the place of "away" in the expression "far away", but also suggests the exclamation "ahoy", suitable to a voyage. Likewise, worlded and gurlled suggest "world" and "girl" but have the -ed form of a past-tense verb. In the sense that it is a slurred verb, it could be the word "stumbled", as in Sam fell onto the drunk side and stumbled on a girl. However, not all nonsense verse relies on word play. Some simply illustrate nonsensical situations. Far and few, far and few, Are the lands where the Jumblies live; Their heads are green, and their hands are blue And they went to sea in a sieve. However, the significance of the color of their heads and hands is not apparent and the verse appears to be nonsense. Some nonsense verse simply presents contradictory or impossible scenarios in a matter-of-fact tone, like this example from Brian P. Adventures in Poetry" Millbrook Press, One tall midget reached up high, Touched the ground above the sky, Tied his loafers, licked his tongue, And told about the bee he stung. The common cormorant or shag Lays eggs inside a paper bag The reason you will see no doubt It is to keep the lightning out But what these unobservant birds Have failed to notice is that herds Of wandering bears may come with buns And steal the bags to hold the crumbs. Usage[edit] There is a long tradition of nonsense verse in English. The Anglo-Saxon riddles are an early form. A moth ate some words – it seemed to me strangely weird – when I heard this wonder: A thief in the thickness of night – gloriously mouthed the source of knowledge – but the thief was not the least bit wiser – for the words in his mouth. One fine day in the middle of the night, Two dead men got up to fight. Back-to-back they faced one another, Drew their swords and shot each other. A blind man went to see fair play, A dumb man went to shout "hooray! A deaf policeman heard the noise, And went to arrest the two dead boys. Many nursery rhymes are nonsense if the context and background are not known. Some claim that Mother Goose rhymes were originally written to parody the aristocracy while appearing to be nothing more than nonsense nursery rhymes. Hey diddle, diddle, The cat and the fiddle. The cow jumped over the moon. The little dog laughed to see such fun, And the dish ran away with the spoon. Among German nonsense writers, Christian Morgenstern and Ringelnatz are the most widely known, and are both still popular, while Robert Gernhardt is a contemporary example. Auf seinen Nasen schreitet.

Chapter 5 : One Fine Day in the Middle of the Night - Wikipedia

One Fine Day in the Middle of the Night () is the fourth novel by Scottish writer Christopher Brookmyre.. Plot. Gavin Hutchinson, purveyor of non-threatening holidays to the British masses has organised a reunion for his old school classmates.

Lisa comes to Torchwood Three to find a cure for her half-Cyberconverted boyfriend. Canon events as viewed in the looking glass, up through the end of S1. Many thanks to rexluscus for the assist. Written for the Lisafest on Livejournal. Lisa waits for them in the lounge with her hammer, and as they watch, she affixes the last two nails on the oversized wooden crate. All that remains is her watchful eyes as they strap the crate onto their battered old dolly, and stow it upright in the lorry. Not a moment before then. It always does to be polite. She holds his hand, and tries to think. How can she not adore him right back? Both their heads swivel towards it. Lisa reads through the data. Lisa very nearly quits and gives up on the project two minutes after she steps inside for the first time. Rubbish is casually dropped anywhere. Their adherence to established Torchwood protocols is non-existent. The doctor, a sleazy drunkard, manages to insult her and hit on her within the course of two sentences. They both shiver in the chilly basement, and it would be a vicious quirk of fate if they both got pneumonia. He struggles to breathe, to think. Lisa spends every minute she can spare with him, changing bags, reading out loud until her voice cracks, or just curling in her sleeping bag and listening to the uncomfoting sounds of the machines keeping him alive. Someday soon, one of the others will find out where she goes. Sometimes she wishes their positions were reversed, an awful, selfish wish because how dare she believe his suffering is easy in comparison to hers? Ianto says, "This is all my fault. But she knows he knows she feels guilty about walking out unscathed. Time after time, she sneaks into the room, and he is staring into nothing, and she can almost hear the data streams in his mind. She has to believe that. I need you up at the Tourist Office. Something else to worry about. Remind me, why did I suggest one of my roles could be guard dog? He propositioned you twice. Half his body is converted. Her belief is crumbling, though, chipped away by the whirl of the conversion chamber and the tinny reverberation she hears more and more every day in his voice. He has to be human. He instructed her when setting up the conversion unit, which wires to put where, how to construct the dampening field that hides his own life signs from the Torchwood sensors. Ianto, who got frustrated setting up a DVD player, now describes precise schematics for upgrades to his life support system. Lisa wants to hold onto this moment, the clear look in his eyes, the simple faith he has that she will protect him, save him, heal him. Lisa lets herself startle, because he expects her to, and anyway, Jack does frighten her. Lisa watches him from behind her own placid expression as he fluffs up and preens every time. A predicable reaction from Jack makes the taste of bile she has to swallow worth it. He places a not-entirely-friendly hand on her shoulder, the tip of one finger casually stroking the skin at her neck. She does want to sleep with him. He leans in behind her, his breath tickling her ear. His mouth is sweeter than she expects, without the stale tang of coffee she thought she would meet. He plays with the kiss, tender and teasing at her lips until they part. His arms slide around her. Lisa twists in her chair to meet him, pushing up and away from the desk. He brushes at her tears, thinking God knows what. I started thinking about Ianto. She told the same lie to his family, and her own. But she also told them she moved to Cardiff to feel closer to him. He kisses her forehead again. No strings, no pressure. The team is busy in Splott when the email comes through. Doctor Tanizaki is brilliant, one of the finest minds in the field. If anyone can help Ianto, safely remove his cybernetic components, return him to his full humanity, it will be this man. Lisa purchases the tickets for Tanizaki, and makes his reservation at the hotel. She can worry about how Jack will react later. She has to keep him sedated for twenty hours or more each day just to fight the pain. Owen is glowering in what Lisa is learning to recognise as self-hatred, and no matter what Tosh does to try and sort him out, he storms out shortly after, probably to a pub and a warm body. Jack helps Gwen clean up and sends her home to her boyfriend. Lisa unloads the equipment and locks away the ghost machine, and she cleans out the coffee mugs. She speaks when spoken to, and offers false smiles when expected, and she stays out of the way. Tanizaki will be here soon, and then her life has a chance to go back to normal. She wants her life to go back to normal,

wants to drag the man she loves to bed, wants to be kissing him instead of kissing Jack, but more than anything, right now she wants to be touched. Gwen and Toshiko drop by to check on her, and they are kinder than they have any right to be to someone who nearly got them killed. By the second week, she allows herself to believe she is being permitted to live and remember, because this will be a worse punishment: Lisa concocts complicated suicide plans, but her thoughts trail off before she can act on them. Owen checks up on her, orders her to take a set of pills, sets her a healthy diet because no-one can live on coffee and toast forever. During the third week, she leaves her flat. She watches them from her car without approaching. They think he died months ago, and they gave him a funeral, and they are moving on with their lives. She dreams almost every night about the children they will never have. Jack finally comes to visit. She wonders if Gwen talked to him. Jack comes to see Lisa for a few minutes every day for the rest of her suspension. On her first day back at work, the weather goes awry. Before the end of her fifth day back, Lisa is the only one willing to speak to Jack at all. Maybe as a reward, maybe as another form of punishment, Jack decides she needs to become a more integral part of the team. They all go camping together in the Brecon Beacons. Every sad confession Toshiko makes, Lisa has to record on the forms and remember her own sins. Lisa believes this could turn to friendship, over tea and sorry tales, or something deeper, over wine and shared emptiness. But before she can make a motion, before she can form the words to ask, Toshiko turtles inside her own head again, and Lisa gives her space. Gwen and Owen are wrapped up in each other. Then Suzie comes back from the dead. Lisa is lonely, Jack is warm. When the Rift is cracking, Ianto comes to her again, brilliant and whole, and she remembers how much she loves him. Gwen nearly destroyed the world for her boyfriend. She wants to tell him she understands. She knows why he gave the orders he did. She has forgiven him, and herself, for what happened. She wants to thank him for the last few months, as trite as that sounds even inside her own head. Not that she could tell him, not in front of Gwen. She goes to his office alone. His coat is still on the coat rack, waiting for him. Lisa buries her eyes in one sleeve, remembering the warmth of him. Jack for not standing by him when he needed her loyalty? Ianto for sleeping with the man who killed the thing he became? Both perhaps, and to herself as well for not living up to her own promises. Lisa has just made a commitment to stay with Torchwood Cardiff for the rest of her life. Toshiko needs help adjusting the sub-etheric resonator.

Chapter 6 : Two dead boys got up to fight | MetaFilter

One fine day in the middle of the night, Two dead men got up to fight, Back to back they faced each other, Drew their swords and shot each other.

Chapter 7 : One Fine Day (In The Middle of The Night) | Get Human

1. One fine day in the middle of the night, 2. Two dead boys got up to fight, 3. Back to back they faced each other, 4. Drew their swords and shot each other.

Chapter 8 : One Fine Day in the Middle of the Night, a torchwood fanfic | FanFiction

One fine day in the middle of the night Two dead boys got up to fight [*or men] Back to back they faced each other Drew their swords and shot each other One was blind and the other couldn't see So they chose a dummy for a referee.*

Chapter 9 : One Fine Day | Nursery Rhymes & Kids' Songs | calendrierdelascience.com

One fine day in the middle of the night, two dead boys got up to fight. Back to back they faced each other, drew their swords and shot each other. The deaf policeman heard the noise, and came and shot those two dead boys.