

Chapter 1 : Death Cry by James Axler

*The Death Cry of an Eagle: The Rise and Fall of Christian Values in the United States [Rene Noorbergen] on calendrierdelascience.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers.*

At night we would all meet and recount the adventures of the day, and eat the game which some of us had been fortunate enough to kill. In case we had killed no game, then we had our elephant meat to fall back upon. How silent the forest was! Not a human being besides ourselves was to be seen. A leaf falling, a bird singing, a wild guinea-fowl calling for its mate, the footsteps of a gazelle, the chatter of a monkey, the hum of a bee, the rippling of the water of some beautiful little stream as it meandered through the forest, were the only noises that ever disturbed the stillness of this grand solitude. Now and then we could hear the wind whispering strangely as it passed gently amid the branches of the tall trees hanging over our heads. We must have looked strange indeed as we wandered through that great forest, where God alone could see us. I was in an other world, and novel objects every where met my eyes. One morning I hear a strange cry high up in the air. I look, and what do I see? But what kind of an eagle? The baby had been laid on the ground, and the guanionien, whose eyes never miss any thing, and which had not been noticed soaring above our heads, pounced on its prey, and then laughed at us as he rose and flew to a distant part of the forest. What tremendous things those talons were! Then came wonderful stories of the very great strength of the bird. The people were afraid of them, and were compelled to be very careful of their babies. These grand eagles do not feed on fowls; they are too small game for them. Monkeys are what they like best; they can watch them as they float over the top of the trees of the forest; but sometimes the monkeys get the better of them. Now, looking up again, I saw several of them. How high they were! At times they would appear to be quite still in the air; at other times they would soar. They were so high that I do not see how they could possibly see the trees; every thing must have been in a haze to them; monkeys, of course, could not be seen. They were, no doubt, amusing themselves, and I wonder if they tried to see how near they could go to the sun. Some at times flew so high that I lost sight of them. Oh, how I longed to kill a guanionien; but I never was able to do it. Once I examined one, but it was dead, and had been killed by spears as it had come down and seized a goat. The natives had kept it for me; but when I returned to the village it was quite spoiled and decomposed, the feathers having dropped out. Several times I was on the point of killing one, but never was in time. My men went hunting that morning, while I remained alone in the camp, for I felt tired, and wanted to write up my journal, and to describe all the things I had seen or heard during the past few days. In the afternoon I thought I would ramble round. I took a double-barreled smooth-bore gun, and loaded one side with a bullet in case I should see large game; the other barrel I loaded with shot No. Then I carefully plunged into the woods till I reached the banks of a little stream, and there I heard the cry of the mondi Colobus Satanus , which is one of the largest monkeys of [] these forests. From their shrill cries, I thought there must be at least half a dozen together. I was indeed glad that I had one barrel loaded with big shot. If the mondies were not too far off, I would be able to get a fair shot, and kill one. I advanced very cautiously until I got quite near to them. I could then see their big bodies, long tails, and long, jet-black, shining hair. What handsome beasts they were! Then I heard the flapping of heavy wings, and also the death-cry of a poor mondi. Then I saw a huge bird, with a breast spotted somewhat like a leopard, raise itself slowly into the air, carrying the monkey in its powerful finger-like talons. The claws of one leg were fast in the upper part of the neck of the monkey; so deep were they in the flesh that they were completely buried, and a few drops of blood fell upon the leaves below. The other leg had its claws quite deep into the back of the monkey. The left leg was kept higher than the right, and I could see that the great strength of the bird was used at that time to keep the neck, and also the back of the victim, from moving. It was a guanionien. Its prey was, no doubt, taken to some big tree where it could be devoured. The natives say that the first thing the guanionien does is to take out the eyes of the monkeys they catch. There must be a great trial of strength; for if the monkey is not seized at an exact place on the neck, he can turn his head, and he then inflicts a fearful bite on the breast of the eagle, or on his neck or leg, which disables his most terrible enemy, and then both, falling, meet their death. I looked on without firing. The monkeys seemed paralyzed with fear when the eagle

came down upon them, and did not move until after the bird of prey had taken [] one of their number, and then decamped. When I looked for them they had fled for parts unknown to me in the forest. I was looking so intently at the eagle and its prey that for a while I had forgotten the monkeys. I do not wonder at it, for monkeys I could see often, but it is only once in a great while that such a scene as I witnessed could be seen by a man. It was grand; and I wondered not that the natives called the guanianien the leopard of the air. As I write these lines, though several years have passed away, I see still before me that big, powerful bird carrying its prey to some unknown part of the forest. Long after the time I have been speaking to you about, I was hunting in the forest, when I came to a spot where I saw on the ground more than a hundred skulls of various animals, and of monkeys of all sizes, from those of baby monkeys to those of large mandrills; and there were two or three skulls of young chimpanzees. What a ghastly sight it was! Some of these skulls seemed almost fresh; they were skulls of all the species of monkeys found in the forest. What could all this mean? I quickly perceived that these skulls were all scattered round a huge tree which rose higher than any of the trees surrounding it. Raising my eyes toward the top, I saw a huge nest made of branches of trees. I looked and looked in vain. I could not even hear the cries of any young birds. They had gone; they must have left their nest, and I wondered if they would come back at night with the old folks; so I concluded that I would lie in wait. I waited in vain. The sun set, and no guanianien; darkness came, and no guanianien. Then I took a box [] of matches from my hunting-bag, and set fire to a large pile of wood which I had made ready, and then I cooked a few plantains I had with me. I was all alone; I had taken no one with me. How quiet and silent every thing was around me that night! Now and then I could hear the dew that had collected on the leaves above come down drop after drop. I could see a bright star through the thick foliage of the trees. I could hear the music of the mosquitoes round me; for I think there is something musical about the buzzing of a mosquito, though there is nothing pleasant about its bite. I could see now and then a beautiful and bright fire-fly, which seemed to be like a light flitting through the jungle from place to place, sometimes remaining still and giving a stream of light all round as it rested on some big leaves for a while, then moving farther on. Now and then I could hear the mournful cry of the owl, and at times I fancied I could hear the footstep of wild beasts walking in the silence of night. I did not sleep at all that night; I did not wish to do so; and, as I was seated by the fire, I thought of the strange life I had led for some time past—how strange every thing was from what I had been accustomed to see at home. There was not a tree in the forest that we had in ours, and the face of a white man had not been seen by me for a very long time. The night passed slowly, but at last the cries of the partridges reminded me that daylight was not far off. When the twilight came, it was of very short duration; the birds began to sing, the insects to move about, the monkeys to chatter, but the hyena, the leopard, and other night-animals had retired long before the sunlight into their dens. Then I got up and roasted a plantain, which I ate; forthwith I shouldered my gun and started back for the village by a hunting-path that I knew. Coming to the banks of a stream, where the water was as pure and limpid as crystal, I seated myself by the charming rivulet, thinking I would refresh myself by taking a bath, when lo! Its body was black, and its belly yellow, with black stripes. I immediately got up and fired at the disgusting creature, which I killed; and that water, which appeared to me a few minutes before so nice, was, to my eyes, no longer so. Hundreds of additional titles available for online reading when you join Gateway to the Classics.

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Share1 Shares 8K Have you ever noticed that whenever animals appear in a film sequence that they are making a lot of noise? Some of these sounds have become so commonplace as to become clichés. This list looks at ten of those most recognizable film and television clichéd sound effects. The Wilhelm scream is a frequently-used film and television stock sound effect first used in for the film Distant Drums. The effect gained new popularity its use often becoming an in-joke after it was used in Star Wars and many other blockbuster films as well as television programs and video games. The scream is often used when someone is falling to his death from great height. Enjoy the video above – it is a compilation of the Wilhelm scream from a variety of movies. It was originally recorded for the version of the horror film Frankenstein. It was retired from regular film use around 1960, although it is still used in TV shows and animation shows. The sound effect has also appeared in TV commercials as well. It is frequently used in movies set in those two decades such as Anchorman. The effect shot to fame when it was heard in the opening of the Rockford Files – just before the answering phone kicks in. That request has, however, fallen on deaf ears it would seem. Every time an owl is heard in a movie, it is the Great Horned Owl. This is one of those ambient effects which very rarely occurs at the same time as an owl appears on the screen. When you hear this sound you know it is nighttime and you know that something spooky is happening or going to happen. The Great Horned Owl is not the only cliché in bird sounds in movies: What sound will you hear? You will hear a hawk or a bald eagle screeching. This sound is also heard just before or just after a climactic part of an adventure movie set in the wilderness. This sound signifies the great outdoors. And everytime you hear it it is the same bird: If you want to hear what a real bald eagle sounds like, click here. The sound is actually made by Johnny Weissmuller – the actor in the clip above. It is a sound mostly associated with wilderness – large, pristine lakes where humans rarely intrude. In the movies, however, you can hear a loon almost anywhere. The determining factor is fog. A suburban scene with close-cut lawns, water sprinklers, sidewalks and kids riding bicycles is not good loon habitat, but add some fog and Hollywood will have loons crying from every direction. There is absolutely no doubt that everyone reading this list has heard the poor cat at some point. Its origins are unknown. In the clip above you have to watch until the very end it only takes two minutes to hear the sound effect when the Mask throws away his tommy gun. The most popular wolf sound used by film makers is the timber wolf – whose call you can hear by clicking the link above.

Chapter 3 : Eagle Spirituality

The Death Cry of an Eagle by Rene Noorbergen, , available at Book Depository with free delivery worldwide.

A Brief Exploration Of The Spiritually Of The Eagle The eagle is present across a range of beliefs or philosophies; The Eagle represents spiritual protection, carries prayers, and brings strength, courage, wisdom, illumination of spirit, healing, creation, and a knowledge of magic. The eagle has an ability to see hidden spiritual truths, rising above the material to see the spiritual. The eagle has an ability to see the overall pattern, and the connection to spirit guides and teachers. The eagle represents great power and balance, dignity with grace, a connection with higher truths, intuition and a creative spirit grace achieved through knowledge and hard work. The dictionary of scripture and myth, describes the eagle as; A symbol of the holy spirit, which flies, as it were, through the mind air from the higher nature heaven to the lower nature earth and soars aloft to the self sun. In ancient Egypt and Babel the eagle was; The symbol of the noon sun, which signified the Great Spirit. A sermon written by T. Rhonda Williams explores the tradition within the English church of placing the bible on the outstretched wings of an eagle, and concludes; In sacred symbolism the eagle stands for that power of rising above the earth, above the physical and the literal, into the heavens of rarefied faith, a mystic intuition, and a penetrating spiritual intuition. Many native cultures accept, with some variances, that; The eagle carries prayers to the creator. This description of the connection between the holy spirit and the eagle from an unknown source, includes reference to the nature and the power of the eagle spirit; The message to the soul appeared through the higher side of the consciousness. It sped forth with a directness and sureness of aim that might be compared to the flight of an eagle, which is a symbol of the holy spirit descending. It took possession of the soul mightily, so that it had to express outwardly that which was communicated to it from within. According to Swedenborg; Flying eagle signifies the divine truth of the word as to knowledge and thence understanding. To the Egyptians; The eagle was the messenger to the gods and the sun, a symbol of eternal life. A more detailed meaning of the eagle to Native American cultures is; Eagle represents a state of grace that is reached through inner work, understanding and passing the initiation tests that result from reclaiming our personal power. Eagle Medicine is the Power of the Great Spirit. It is the spirit of tenacity. It is the gift of clear vision with which one can truly see the things one sees. It is the patience to wait for the appropriate moment. It is to live in balance with heaven and earth. Eagle reminds us of our connection with the Great Spirit. Eagle teaches us to look above in order to touch Grandfather Sun with our heart, to love the Shadow as much as the Light. Eagle asks us to grant ourselves permission to be free in order to reach the joy that our heart desires. Another Native American spiritual meaning of the eagle is; The eagle is the brother who flies highest and closest to the Creator. His vision, wisdom and courage are gifts that we each possess. There are very many Native American references to the spirituality of the eagle which Wambdi Wicasa summarises well; The Eagle has long been the symbol of honor, bravery, love, friendship and mystical powers for the Indian Nations. Wakinyan shows up in endless variations of eagle-likeness in Indian design from the southern tip of South America to the North Pole area. Each Tribal group has its own stories and legends concerning the Eagle and Wakinyan Thunderer, Thunderbird. It has to be more than mere coincidence that many of these stories are identical in tribes widely separated in both Americas. Another Native American reference to the Eagle being the messenger of God is We communicate with the Creator by listening to the spiritual voice of the eagle. The eagle has many important teachings. Through eagle the knowledge of the Creator is channelled to the people. The eagle also features in Native American Blessings.

Chapter 4 : Eagles Of Death Metal - Kiss The Devil Lyrics | MetroLyrics

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It was decided by the weather. It started pouring down rain and thunder came. And so she just started bolting down, like at a full sprint, running down the trail. It is very narrow. Nichols says the steep trail became slick. I hugged the right wall pretty much on the way down. So take me to the time of the fall. What do you remember? But what Nichols seems to be suggesting to "48 Hours" is that Rhonda may have chosen to go off that cliff. Did she take a step and her feet went out in front of her? Did she tumble forward? What did you see? Was there a large skid mark on the -- on the path where she had slipped and went off? Steve, look at me. She was going down at-- almost a run pace. And she goes over. People can reach whatever conclusion they want. She did fall off. And I can say I had absolutely nothing to do either directly or indirectly with her falling off. What was her point in going up there? She had a 9-month-old baby at home that she loved dearly. After Rhonda went off the trail, Nichols says he hiked down the deep ravine. Well -- I held her. With no cell service to call for help, Nichols says he made his way back to the trailhead and dialed The police never once asked me if it was a suicide. They never even brought it up, suicide. Would it have made a difference, do you really think? Nichols may have had a million reasons to keep suicide a secret. So our daughter would have gotten nothing. Is Nichols being self-sacrificing, having said nothing about suicide until now -- even as he stands charged with murder -- or is he self-serving? I think Steve is just throwing all these ideas out to throw people off the fact that he pushed her. I was crying nonstop. Shortly afterward, Nichols moved across the state with his daughter to live with family. For about three months after Rhonda died, I completely shut down. By , four years had gone by and no charges had been filed against Nichols. He decided to start a new life in a new land. So how does a kid from Oregon end up in China? I had been there before. Nichols packed up and headed to Wuxi, about 75 miles from Shanghai. I decided when I got to China, this is a whole fresh start. I was like, "F America. F all the past. My daughter was absolutely thriving. She had dance lessons. She was taking Tae Kwon Do. She was learning to play the piano. He began to thrive too, falling in love with Landy Yin Yan. Nichols says Landy became like a mother to his daughter. I can say this with being with so many American women, Chinese women -- all-inclusive -- are better partners. They make better wives. And so Nichols decided to make Landy his wife after a year of dating. I had actually proposed to her right before I came back to America. Nichols flew back to the U. Landy would follow a few days later. We were planning on getting married both in America and China to make it official. I kept calling and asking why anything -- nothing was happening. But something did happen. In April , a secret grand jury heard evidence and indicted Nichols for the murder of Rhonda Casto. So 10 months later, when Nichols and his daughter arrived in San Francisco They said something was wrong with my bags. And I could hear my daughter in the other room, crying. And she goes, "I wanna be back with my dad. I just busted out crying. I was just like, "After all this time, finally. Both sides called witnesses: Was this immediately investigated as a murder? Mike Arnold Defense attorney: And when did it become -- a homicide investigation as opposed to an accidental fall? Gerry Tiffany Lead investigator: Pretty much the next morning. Medical examiner and forensic pathologist Dr. Christopher Young [in court]: I can tell that -- based on the injuries that she has, she -- she landed -- predominantly on her legs and her pelvis. The pelvis was essentially shattered. The defense argues the location of her injuries indicate Rhonda left the trail feet first -- not tumbling head over heels from a push. Carrie Rasmussen [in court]: When you look at the relationship that the defendant then had with Rhonda Casto -- Notes from a therapist Rhonda had been seeing reveal she was depressed but not suicidal from her relationship with Stephen, which she described as "loveless. What the state has to prove in this case is the defendant did a criminal act. Mike Arnold [in court]: It is something that obviously is titillating and interesting. Do you believe that Stephen was in love with Melanie? Colburn says Rhonda learned that Nichols was having sex with Melanie. And did Rhonda ever tell you how young her sister was when she first had sex with Stephen? Fifteen years old Jessica Colburn: In fact, just after his arrest for murder, Nichols was indicted on two counts of third-degree rape and three counts

of third-degree sodomy for allegedly having sexual relations with an underage Melanie back in He did rape my daughter. You agreed to plead guilty to two counts of sexual abuse with Melanie Casto. And you signed your name under this statement: Did you have sex with her? In order to pass the sex offender treatment, you have to admit that. I wanted my daughter back. But investigators believe there really was a relationship between Nichols and Melanie, one that continued on and off for four years, right up to that fateful last hike. Just a few hours before her death, Rhonda, who had learned of the affair, sent this text to her sister: Peter Van Sant [reads text aloud to Nichols]: He used you to hurt me. I have no idea why she sent those. But Simmons says she knows why. She loved her sister. And she -- I guess she figured it all out, and realized what he was doing.

Chapter 5 : War Eagle - Wikipedia

The Death Cry of an Eagle: The Rise and Fall of Christian Values in the United States by Noorbergen, Rene. Zondervan Publishing Company. Used - Good. Ships from Reno, NV.

There are several stories about the origin of the battle cry. One of these is a mythical story published in the Auburn Plainsman, conceived by its then editorial page editor, Jim Phillips. This myth is detailed below under War Eagle I. A football game against the Carlisle Indians provides another myth. Without even huddling, the Auburn quarterback Lucy Hairston would yell "Bald Eagle," letting the rest of the team know that the play would be run at the tackle. Spectators, however, thought the quarterback was saying "War Eagle," and began to chant that. Another legend claims that "War Eagle" was the name given to the large golden eagle by the Plains Indians because the eagle furnished feathers for use in their war bonnets. According to an article in the Auburn Plainsman, [2] the most likely origin of the "War Eagle" cry grew from a pep rally at Langdon Hall, where students had gathered the day before the annual football game against the University of Georgia. Enslin, dressed in his military uniform, noticed something had dropped from his hat. Bending down, he saw it was the metal emblem of an eagle that had come loose during his wild cheering. War Eagle birds [edit] Auburn has had seven numbered "War Eagle" birds, but the first of these only appeared in a legend about the history of the phrase "War Eagle". According to the legend, a soldier from Alabama during the Battle of the Wilderness came across a wounded young eagle. The bird was named Anvre, and was cared for and nursed back to health by the soldier. Several years later the soldier, a former Auburn student, returned to college as a faculty member, bringing the bird with him. For years both were a familiar sight on campus and at events. But at the end of the game, with Auburn victorious, the eagle fell to the ground and died. This legend was originally published in the March 27, , edition of the Auburn Plainsman and was conceived by then editorial page editor Jim Phillips. Though apocryphal, this tale is most often told as the beginning of the association of "War Eagle" with Auburn. Phillips has pressed several recent presidents of Auburn to research the true origin of the battle cry "before my fictitious story gets carved in stone. In November a golden eagle swooped down on a flock of turkeys in Bee Hive, Alabama, southwest of Auburn, Alabama, and became entangled in a mass of pea vines. It was put in a strong wire cage and taken to the Auburn football game against the University of South Carolina in Columbus, Georgia on Thanksgiving Day. Auburn, having not won a Southern Conference game in four seasons, was anticipated to lose. However, Auburn took a victory over the Gamecocks. Some say it died or was carried away by students of a rival school. Others say it was given to a zoo due to the high cost of upkeep; there is even a rumor that it was stuffed and put in the John Bell Lovelace Athletic Museum. The eagle was sent to Auburn by the Talladega County Agent along with a load of turkeys. It was first taken to the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity house where it refused a cold chicken leg but made fast work of a live chicken. Auburn was playing the Georgia Tech Yellow Jackets and was trailing in the eighth inning, but rallied in the ninth and scored 4 runs to win the game. The students were receptive to the new mascot and expressed a concern for a larger cage to house War Eagle III. He had sprung the clip on his leash and escaped. After several days of searching, the bird was found shot to death in a wooded area near Birmingham, Alabama, where the game was being played. Throughout the years, the fraternity provided care and training for the mascot. The bird arrived in Auburn on March 3, and was taken to the Veterinary School where she was kept for a short period in order to be examined for any signs of shock from travel. She was then transferred to a small cage until the annual "A Day" football game when she was presented to the University by the Birmingham Downtown Action Committee on May 9, The bird was under the stewardship of the U. She was officially named War Eagle V, and nicknamed "Tiger" as was tradition. She was approximately two years old at her arrival and was very active on campus. On September 4, , War Eagle V died of a ruptured spleen at the age of 8 and a half years old. War Eagle VI [edit] The eagle trainers began working soon after the unexpected death of War Eagle V to find a new golden eagle. The bird originally came from St. Louis, Missouri, where she was seized by Federal agents as part of an illegal breeding operation and brought to Kentucky by wildlife biologist, Robert D. Like War Eagle V, she was under the stewardship of the U. She arrived in Auburn on

October 8, at an age of six years. Like the two eagles before her, she was cared for by the members of Alpha Phi Omega and nicknamed Tiger. Shortly thereafter, the bird was moved from the Hamer Aviary to the Southeastern Raptor Rehabilitation center. The Hamer Aviary was torn down in the summer of 1998. During the football season, War Eagle VI began a tradition of performing a free flight before a home football game. War Eagle VI, and later other eagles kept by in the Southeastern Raptor Rehabilitation Center in Auburn, flew around the stadium before landing on the field as the crowd chanted "War Eagle". In the summer of 1999, allegations of improper care of the birds by the Southeastern Raptor Rehabilitation Center were leveled by the university administration and by the United States Fish and Wildlife Service. After all investigations were concluded, War Eagle VI was allowed to fly again prior to Auburn home games. Tiger continued to make non-flying appearances at Auburn University events and for wildlife education to various organizations until her death on June 18, 2000, at age 34 shortly following cataract surgery. He was hatched in the Montgomery Zoo in Montgomery, Alabama and moved to Auburn at six months of age. Prior to being named War Eagle VII, Nova had already participated in pre-game flights and conservation exhibits throughout the southeast. As of 2000, Nova was suspended from flight activities due to a diagnosis of chronic heart disease. Auburn University would instead use Spirit, a bald eagle, in place of Nova for the Football Season War Eagle was named the 4 mascot in a poll by Foxsports. It is played before and after games, as well as immediately after Auburn scores by the Auburn University Marching Band. Auburn plays " Glory, Glory, to Ole Auburn " after an extra point. In addition, the Samford Carillon, located in the clock tower of Samford Hall, rings the fight song every day at noon. The "Auburn Victory March" had been the fight song for decades. The university did not renew it [citation needed] and the copyright is currently held by the estate of Robert Allen. Therefore, companies selling products with "War Eagle" being played must acquire licensing from the estate as well as Auburn University. There is a movement within the university to regain the ownership of the song. The Auburn Plainsman Online.

Chapter 6 : The Death Cry of Gloria Steinem | Human Events

The Eagle's Cry The Eagle's Cry A flightless fowl charges through rotten wooden ribs; its scream gives even the battle-hardened pause. You will track down a powerful Murk Runner who will drop a unique item when slain.

Welcome to Gold Eagle Books! Wrapped in a light jacket over his shadow suit, Kane hunkered down beneath the snow-laden branches of a fir tree, watching two guards patrol outside the mine entrance. Kane was a tall man, built like a wolf, all muscle piled at the upper half of his body while his arms and legs were long and rangy. He took shallow breaths, ignoring the fog that formed as he expelled them, trusting the tree cover to hide his breath as well as it hid him. In fact, the jacket was worn more for camouflage and the convenience of extra pockets while on mission. The tight-fitting one-piece shadow suit he wore beneath served as an artificially controlled environment, regulating his body temperature. It also possessed other useful properties, most crucially acting as armor in the event of an attack. Despite this, the suit allowed for remarkable freedom of movement. Kane turned to look behind him, sensing as much as hearing the approach of his partner. He was a huge man, all of his bulk muscle without an inch of fat. Like Kane, Grant wore a white jacket over his shadow suit, camouflaged for the snow-covered landscape, with a white beanie hat pulled low over his head. When Lakesh had outlined the mission back at the Cerberus redoubt, he had made no mention of other parties being interested in the acquisition. The delicate structure in question was a long-buried Air Force base, predating the nukocaust, in a town that had once been called Grand Forks. Close to the old Canadian border, from a time when country borders meant something, rumor had it that the base had been used as a backup data-storage facility. Now all that remained was a pile of rubble that served as firewood for the local roamers. But Mohandas Lakesh Singh, the nominal head of the Cerberus exiles, had recently stumbled upon evidence that suggested some useful data may have been stored at the Grand Forks base, data that might not have survived in other forms. Not many, but plenty enough if they want to make trouble for us. If the millennialists could get someone else to do their dirty work, and pay for the pleasure in the process, so much the better. Kane and Grant had come to blows with the Millennial Consortium a few times, both in America and elsewhere across the globe. Despite claiming noble aims, most who belonged to the Millennial Consortium were opportunistic pirates, bottom-feeders of the worst sort as far as Kane was concerned. Three Scorpionauts, the preferred land vehicles of the millennialists, were parked close to the squared-off entrance. The low-slung, boxlike vehicles moved on eight heavily tracked wheels and were sturdily armored. They sported numerous rocket pods and weapons ports, and. Seeing three of them there meant one thing: Kane noticed the misting puff of disturbed snow off to the right, at the edge of his sight, and he turned to see the third member of his crew—Brigid Baptiste—making determined headway through the thick carpet of white as she came to join them. A striking woman, Brigid had hidden her vibrant red-gold hair beneath a white scarf, leaving her pale face clear. Her high forehead pointed to intellect, while her full lips suggested a passionate side to her personality. She shook her head as she crouched with Kane and Grant beneath the low-hanging branches. Kane continued to watch the entrance to the underground structure. The roughly built square tunnel was boxed with wooden struts and rusty, paint-flecked metal poles. Walking in there would be suicide, plain and simple. And there are too many to just start blasting people, even if that was a reasonable option. Kane stepped out of the tree cover and walked down the slight slope toward the mine entrance, holding aloft the small gunmetal canister with his thumb pushed tightly against its circular top. You all know what that means, right? Their outfits were patched together, not uniforms as such but uniform in their raggedness. Both had heavy fur hats pulled low to their brows, and their hands were wrapped in dirty gloves or bundled in rags. As he spoke, Grant tensed the tendons in his right wrist and his Sin Eater sidearm was thrust into his hand from beneath his right sleeve. The Sin Eater was the official sidearm of the Magistrate Division, and both Grant and Kane had kept them when they had fled from Cobaltville. The Sin Eater was an automatic handblaster, less than fourteen inches in length at full extension, firing 9 mm rounds. If the index finger was crooked at the time, the handblaster would begin firing automatically. The trigger had no guard. As Mags, Grant and Kane were schooled in the use of numerous different weapons, but both of them still felt especially comfortable with the

Sin Eater in hand. It was an old friend, a natural weight to their movements. He paced forward, holding the flask aloft and keeping the attention of the two guards as they wondered whether to leave their posts. Grant leveled his Sin Eater meaningfully at the guards, holding it for a second first on the one to the left, then tracking swiftly across and pointing it at the other guard before returning to the first once more. The hand holding the gunmetal canister was stretched out steadily before him, a little above head height. The Millennial Consortium was not renowned for its lavish treatment of staff. Its operations were executed at minimal expense to generate maximum profits. Kane strode toward the open, box-shaped entrance. Low-ceilinged, the tunnel dipped into a shallow slope, burrowing under the wrecked firewood and open foundations that had once formed buildings above. Kane could see a few paces into the tunnel, after which its contents were lost in darkness. He was busy scanning the gloom of the tunnel and listening for any hint of approaching reinforcements. Brigid looked from Grant to Kane, a sour look on her face. Still holding the flask aloft, Kane glanced at her. Grant held his hands up in the universal gesture of surrender, despite the automatic pistol in his right hand. I just follow the leader. You find what you need, then we head back to Lakesh and Cerberus. And what, pray tell, is your plan for getting out again? You know, with maybe fifteen armed and now very much antagonized millennialists waiting for us at the end of a bottleneck. However, they had traveled to Grand Forks via two Manta flyers, which acted as both transatmospheric and subspace aircraft. It would be a simple matter, Kane reasoned, to collect the hidden Mantas once the heat had died down. The Cerberus exiles had a variety of ways to transport people, the Manta aircraft and the mat-trans network were just two. In the past few years they had come to rely increasingly on another form of teleportation called the interphaser, which exploited naturally occurring centers of energy both around the world and on the Moon and other planets. The interphaser was ideal for traveling between known locations but, like the mat-trans, could be dangerous when gating into the unknown. There were other limitations on the interphaser, as well, but for the right mission it was ideal. Keeping pace with Kane, Brigid eyed him for a few moments before she spoke. Kane led the way along the ill-lit tunnel, assuming the role of point man. Taking point was an unconscious habit for Kane, dating back to his days as a Magistrate. He exhibited an uncanny knack for sniffing out danger, a sixth sense in some respect, though it was really an incredible combination of the natural five he possessed, honed to an acute sharpness. Walking point, his eyes darting right and left, his hearing seeking changes in sound at an almost infinitesimal level, Kane felt electric, tuned in to his surroundings at a near Zenlike level. Walking point in the danger zone, Kane felt alive. They met another pair of guards as they worked their way down the incline into the underground base, and each time they played the same bluff, with Kane insisting that anyone who disagreed with his proposal would end up picking his entrails off the tunnel walls. By the time they reached the concrete exterior of the base itself, even Brigid was feeling quietly confident. At the end of the shaft, a huge circular hole had been bored through the thick concrete wall of the old military base, taller than Grant and wide enough for two people abreast. Kane and Grant led the way into the interior, finding it lit by a string of dim, flickering lights that had been attached to vicious-looking hooks rammed into the ceiling. The lights hummed as they flickered, and the whole system had to be running off a generator of some kind, installed specially for the Millennial Consortium operation. Large gaps between the flickering lights left sections of the corridor in complete darkness. The first thing Brigid noticed as she stepped into the underground lair was the stench of stale air. Slushy, muddy prints could be seen on the tiles beneath her feet, and there was a little mound of pale-colored powder where the hole had been drilled through the wall. She checked behind her, peering into the dark shaft they had just walked through to make sure no one had followed them. As they got closer, Brigid indicated a set of double doors to one side, and Kane locked eyes with Grant, putting a finger to the side of his nose for a moment, before they led the way inside. The gesture was a private code between the two ex-Mags, an old tradition to do with luck and long odds. Inside it was gloomy, with smoke damage on the walls. Three guards spun to face the intruders, reaching for their sidearms. Two other men were in the room, and they looked up from their work at the stripped-down computer banks. Make your decision now—either get out or stay here and get blown up. Our section leader would be terribly upset if we were to just leave this operation. The other scientist, a man with a round face and the black hair and gold skin of an Asian, spoke up, addressing his colleagues. Grant followed them, the Sin Eater poised in

his hand, and instructed them to continue through the tunnel until they were outside the facility. Grant watched them leave, walking down the corridor with heavy heads and muttering desperately as they left. Inside the computer room, Kane was clipping the flask to his belt. Grant reentered and Kane gave him instructions. Grant stepped back to the double doors, turning back to address Brigid. Do you remember roughly where this mat-trans is, Brigid? A large color-coded illustration, the map sat behind hard, transparent plastic to one side of a T-junction corridor that disappeared farther into the disused military base. Leaning close as the overhead light flickered and hummed, Grant swept grime from the plastic covering with the edge of his free hand before wiping the hand on his pant leg. The map showed five different-colored sections that formed a bulging rectangular shape. The key to the right-hand side of the map gave a broad term for what each section represented, green for research, orange for personnel and so on. Grant looked swiftly over the map and located the computer room he had just come from.

Chapter 7 : The Death Cry of an Eagle : Rene Noorbergen :

Cry of the Eagle meeting finish,,,God is good at all times. CRY of the EAGLE. Sp S on S so S red S Á. August 2 Á. God's not death. CRY of the EAGLE. Sp S on S so.

Chapter 8 : The Baldwin Project: Lost in the Jungle by Paul du Chaillu

No disrespect to Glenn Frey " whose death this week is a cause for genuine mourning " but the Eagles were, quite simply, the worst rock and roll band. And hating the Eagles defines whether a.

Chapter 9 : Gold Eagle Books: Death Cry - available November 11

*Cry annually to mourn death Spirituality Mourning Funeral Service American Inuit (Alaska) Traditions Inuit Shaman
"The Inuit Shaman is called an Angakoq, (as well as Angakkuit, or Angalkuq) "The Angakoq is known as a healer/diviner/contactor of spirits similar.*