

Chapter 1 : The Past We Share: The Near Eastern Ancestry of Western Folk Literature by E.L. Ranelagh

*The Past We Share [Peter and Alan Hodge (editors) Quennell] on calendrierdelascience.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers.*

The mail-bomb scare has reopened old wounds for Lisa McNair, whose life has been shaped by the blast that occurred a year before she was born, killing her sister, Denise. Why do we keep going there in America? Why do we keep going there as a world and human beings? But the wave of mail bombs targeting prominent Democrats this week has angered and dismayed some of the people affected personally by past acts of political violence in the United States. In the past 60 years alone, there have been scores of deadly incidents motivated by ideology. The perpetrators range from Ku Klux Klan racists to members of the far-left Weather Underground to anti-abortion extremists who killed abortion-providing doctors. On Friday, federal authorities took a Florida man identified as Cesar Sayoc, 56, into custody in connection with the package bombs. Court records show Sayoc has a history of arrests for theft, illegal possession of steroids and making a bomb threat. The mail-bomb scare reopened old wounds for Lisa McNair, whose life was shaped by a deadly blast that occurred a year before she was born: Her sister, Denise, just 11 years old, was the youngest victim. But in times of deep division throughout American history, angry words have occasionally turned to angry acts and left devastated citizens in their wakes. Some of those directly impacted by political violence say they struggle to remain optimistic in this contentious era. Others say their perspectives have evolved over time, and they believe they have insights to share. Barnett Slepian as he heated soup in the kitchen of his home outside Buffalo, New York. The killing changed Schenck. Another abortion provider, Dr. George Tiller, was shot dead by an abortion opponent in Wichita, Kansas, in She says the mail-bomb scare has prompted her to doublecheck security measures. He is executive director of the Dar Al-Farooq Islamic Center, a mosque in the Minneapolis suburb of Bloomington that was attacked by a pipe bomb in August But the hope died and the sense of security died. Working as a student intern, he returned from lunch to find the bloody body of his boss, San Francisco Supervisor Harvey Milk, on the floor, shot several times by former Supervisor Dan White in a double assassination that also killed Mayor George Moscone. Milk was a prominent gay-rights activist, and Jones saw him as a father figure. I think I was in shock for months. Pam Simon also experienced traumatic violence firsthand. Gabby Giffords and 12 others. Simon, a Giffords staffer who was shot in the wrist and chest, remembers the political atmosphere growing sour in the years preceding the shooting. There was a brief call for more political civility immediately after the Arizona attack. While some incidents of political violence quickly fade from public awareness, others have been memorialized. Murrah Federal Building, which killed people. In Birmingham, the 16th Street Baptist Church is a somber tourist attraction now, and just one of the convicted bombers remains alive in prison. But echoes of the crime still follow the McNair family.

Chapter 2 : PAST EVENTS - WE LOVE , WE SHARE

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Share via Email The president of Zimbabwe, Emmerson Mnangagwa, and his wife, Auxillia, celebrate the 38th anniversary of its independence in Harare. We can only learn from it. The London meeting took place in the week that Zimbabwe celebrated the 38th anniversary of its independence. That we re-engage with the world while remembering our past is vitally important. We can only do so by confronting the past head-on. Contested and painful as it is, our history cannot be changed. Most importantly, we need to unlearn the wrong things that we learned in the past. It is precisely because we are keen to do this that we want to establish relations of friendship, equality and mutual respect, even with those with whom our past relations have been fractious. Our national ethos impels us to seek full readmission into the Commonwealth, whose amity, values and ethics we share, and to reclaim our place in the international community to which we rightly belong. Our government has undertaken to ensure that the Zimbabwe electoral commission will conduct free, fair, non-violent and credible elections , and that the outcome fully respects the will of the people. The political parties that will contest the election are also discussing draft amendments to the electoral laws. We believe that by working together we can create an environment in which Zimbabweans freely express their political will in a process accepted by all political parties. This year, we have welcomed election observers from more than 50 countries and non-governmental organisations, including those based in Zimbabwe. Our pledge to re-engage with the Commonwealth is a recognition that Zimbabwe is part of an increasingly interdependent world. The ever-rising flows of capital, goods and services, and labour across borders make it impossible for any country to be an island. But to attract international capital requires setting in place the right conditions. To this end, we have revised the negative aspects that may have resulted from our two key empowerment programmes: While recognising that the former has been concluded and is irreversible, we are committed to unlearning the wrongs that have had a chilling effect on investment. Former farm owners will be compensated in accordance with our laws. Crucially, we will conduct a full land audit so our land reform programme benefits all who call Zimbabwe home, without discrimination. We have put in place a national investment policy statement , which highlights opportunities to would-be investors. We are processing a bill that will give legal effect to this statement and provide for a strengthened institutional investment platform. We are committed to honouring all bilateral investment and protection agreements. We recognise that investment must not only come from outside our borders, but that our own people must feel invested in their economy. To this end, a national financial inclusion strategy will promote participation in the economy of marginalised groups, particularly women and youth. We also encourage the participation of the millions of Zimbabweans in the diaspora who have made other nations their temporary abode, but will always have a home in Zimbabwe. Indeed, Zimbabwe is embracing the world, and its national interests are enhanced through positively engaging with multilateral and international partners. I leave London assured that Zimbabwe will be welcomed not only into the Commonwealth, but also the wider family of nations. And I leave behind the message that Zimbabwe is not only open for business, it is also open to friendship and new partnerships.

Chapter 3 : Blast From the Past: NPD Group Looks At Best-Selling Games For N64, PlayStation and More

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The Master certainly seems to think so. Or perhaps, he believes he can use that kind of thing to get more control. How different would the YTNW have been, with two more captives? Family is important, right? Even if not by blood—The Master certainly seems to think so. How different would the YTNW have been, with two additional captives? Not OCs, canon characters, just—yeah. Crossover with Doctor Who and Torchwood. Yes, so—After Martha has left and Jack has been killed and restrained and crap. Same thing goes, The Master is older, The Doctor is younger. Slash, swearing, abuse, torture, mentions of abuse and torture, murder Jack mainly—Violence, sexual innuendos, distress, anger, death, imprisonment, hostility, threatening behaviour, self induced sleep deprivation, I suppose. What are you up to? You can see that no one is in here. But, what did you think I was doing? Talking to someone who randomly appeared? I was only trying to make conversation, being polite. Also, were you born in a barn? The man glanced behind him and shook his head. Brilliant, one hundred percent. No—" The soldier did not seem impressed, not at all—A few pairs of footsteps sounded, coming down the hallway. The soldier turned and glanced down it. He knew who was coming. Probably The Master and some other guards. Well, what was he supposed to do, other than wait? There was nothing else he could do, after all. It just fuels your ego; I really should stop calling you by it—" The Master rolled his eyes, and turned to the soldiers. And remember—bring them here, and only them. Oh, and send some more guards down here, too. They all saluted and hurried off, taking his words as a dismissal. Why would you want them? This is nothing to do with them! A wary look crossed his face; what could he possibly want? Or perhaps, I should say whom. The Master rolled his eyes. The two fob watches you have in your pocket; you know how they contain. And I want the fob watches. Do you understand me yet? The elder Timelord smirked, and shrugged his shoulders. How long has it been now, Doctor? Do you know why? This planet is mine now, remember? He then turned towards the soldiers "Get him on his feet and hold him. The soldiers marched over to the restrained Timelord, each of them grabbing one of his arms and yanking him to his feet violently. He struggled against them, and shook his head; trying to appeal to the soldiers "You do not have to do what he says! Well, shit—Still trying desperately to get free; he decided to attempt to plead with the other Timelord inside. Right—he could definitely feel them. If the soldiers were confused, or curious they certainly hide it well—The younger Timelord tried to pull away again, but his movement was severely limited. The brunette hissed, tears of pain filling his eyes, momentarily stunned from both the force, and the impact. Well, that was technically a lie—as the drums were assisting him; increasing or decreasing in volume every so often, almost as if to tell him whether he was close or far away from the objects he was trying to find. After a few moments, the brunette began to regain his senses again and grimaced in pain; his cheek burning, and the back of his head throbbing. The Doctor cried out, his vision momentarily obscured by pain that left him slightly stunned once more. Suddenly the itching sensation grew slightly and he smiled, feeling his hand brush against something that seemed to be pulsing. The object seemed to be supple, perhaps something made of leather, and he could tell —"due to the twitching, temperature and the bulges inside- that it held both of the fob watches. He closed his fist around it and started to pull it free from the deep confines of the Timelord pockets. It was a black leather pouch with a drawstring function, with small Gallifreyan symbols stitched into the front. Yes—without a doubt, the fob watches were in there. He slipped the pouch open and pulled them out, placing one in each hand and studying them with a grin. Just give them back to me! The Master gestured for the soldiers to let the younger Timelord go, they did as they were told and he slumped to the floor in despair. The Master then dismissed the soldiers, and they hurriedly left the room. He slipped the watches into his jacket pocket. The Doctor slumped against the wall in despair and dropped his hands into his face, drawing a deep breath in attempt to control himself. It seemed to be fruitless however as tears swam to his eyes, and a few broke past the barrier of his lashes, dripping slowly down his face. He forced back a sob and shook his head wretchedly. It was all over—The Master would probably destroy the watches; his sons were truly dead

now. The third will mainly be Doctor Who. Your review has been posted.

Chapter 4 : The Past We Share Chapter 1, a doctor who fanfic | FanFiction

The Past We Share has 5 ratings and 0 reviews: Published September 1st by Interlink Publishing Group, pages, Hardcover.

I thought a lot about what I should write to you. I thought of giving you blessings and wishes for things of great value to happen to you in future; I thought of appreciating you for being the way you are; I thought to give sweet and lovely compliments for everything about you; I thought to write something in praise of your poems and prose; and I thought of extending my gratitude for being one of the very few sincerest friends I have ever had. So I thought of something through which I hope you will remember me for a very long time. I decided to share some part of my story, of what led me here, the part we both have had in common. A past, which changed us and our perception of the world. A past, which shaped our future into an unknown yet exciting opportunity to revisit the lost thoughts and to break free from the libido of our lost dreams. A past, which questioned our whole past. My dear, when the moment of my past struck me, in its highest demonised form, I felt dead, like a dead-man walking in flesh without a soul, who had no reason to live any more. I no longer saw any meaning of life but then I saw no reason to die as well. I travelled to far away lands, running away from friends, family and everyone else and I confined myself to my thoughts, to my feelings and to myself. Hours, days, weeks and months passed and I waited for a moment of magic to happen, a turn of destiny, but nothing happened, nothing ever happens. I waited and I counted each moment of it, thinking about every moment of my life, the good and the bad ones. I then saw how powerful yet weak, bright yet dark, beautiful yet ugly, joyous yet grievous; is a one single moment. One moment makes the difference. Just a one moment. Such appears to be the extreme and undisputed power of a single moment. We live in a world of appearance, Abigail, where the reality lies beyond the appearances, and this is also only what appears to be such powerful when in actuality it is not. I realised that the power of the moment is not in the moment itself. The power, actually, is in us. Every single one of us has the power to make and shape our own moments. It is us who by feeling joyful, celebrate for a moment of success; and it is also us who by feeling saddened, cry and mourn over our losses. I, with all my heart and mind, now embrace this power which lies within us. I wish life offers you more time to make use of this power. Remember, we are our own griefs, my dear, we are our own happinesses and we are our own remedies.

Chapter 5 : The Commons: The Past Is % Part of Our Future | Flickr Blog

We smashed onto the ground but I didn't care he was the boy who saved my life, one of the only happiness I had as a kid! " Sting you were the boy that saved my life from my father!" I shouted, he starred at me and I realized the position we were in so I slowly moved back.

Telling stories draws us together We share memories of the past for many reasons. By telling a sad or difficult story “ perhaps a fond memory of someone we have lost since last Christmas “ we strengthen shared connections, offer sympathy and elicit support. By telling a funny or embarrassing story “ perhaps the time the dog stole the Christmas ham “ we share feelings of joy or recognition of difficulties overcome, large or small. By sharing similar or not-so-similar experiences, we empathise with and understand one another better. Talking about the past also helps create and maintain our individual and shared identities. We know who we are “ whether as individuals, groups or communities “ because our memories provide a database of evidence for events we have experienced and what they mean to us. Even when some people missed out on an event, sharing a memory of it can shape their identity. Most importantly, they made strong connections between these second-hand family memories and their own developing sense of identity: Children who showed these kinds of family memory-self identity connections reported higher levels of well-being. Teaching children how to remember For young children, telling memory stories teaches them how to remember. From as young as two years of age children begin to show signs of autobiographical memory: Although these earliest memories often are fleeting it is not until our third or fourth birthday that we start forming memories that last into adulthood , they are important because they show that children are learning how to be a rememberer. Research by developmental psychologists consistently shows that the way parents and others talk to young children about the past is crucial for their memory development. Together, the parent and child can then jointly tell a memory story that is rich, full and comprehensible. Children whose parents use this elaborative reminiscing style subsequently show stronger and more detailed memories. What decorations did you put on? Um“ the Christmas balls! Daddy bought Christmas balls and stars to hang on the tree. What colours were they? Pretty red balls, and gold stars. And there was the paper circles too. She is mindful too of letting him contribute as much as he is able, scaffolding his memories with appropriate, open-ended and informative cues. She also reinforces and praises his contributions. Not surprisingly, children whose parents use this elaborative reminiscing style subsequently show stronger and more detailed memories of their own past experiences. Preschool children who are exposed to this style of reminiscing also develop stronger comprehension , vocabulary and literacy skills. And because we tend to remember and talk about emotionally meaningful events “ events that make us happy, sad, scared “ elaborative reminiscing helps children understand and learn to navigate difficult emotions and emotional memories. These early practices have long-term consequences. Older children whose families narrate and discuss emotion-rich stories around the dinner table report higher levels of self-esteem and show greater resilience when faced with adversity. Many studies highlight the value of collaborating in recall. But what if someone seems to be telling the memory wrong? Or worse yet, claiming and recalling a childhood experience that you know happened to you and not to them. But as we get older, we realise that others may have a different perspective on events. As adults, disagreements about the past may in fact be a sign of a robust remembering system. In a study just published , we first asked older adult couples aged 60 to 88 years old to individually remember various events experienced with their spouse over the past five years. All had been married for over 50 years, making them long-term, intimate life and memory partners. One week later, we asked half of the couples to talk in detail with their spouse about their events and half to talk in detail with just the experimenter. Compared with young adults, older adults working alone typically find it difficult to recall autobiographical memories in great detail. But when our older couples remembered with their spouse their memory stories were more detailed than the stories of couples who remembered alone. Although collaboration did not lead young couples aged 26 to 42 years old to remember more, those who reported closer relationships with their spouse tended to recall more details of events shared with that spouse, even when they remembered alone. In other words, at this earlier

stage of life, shared experiences and memories might primarily be serving intimacy and identity goals. For older couples who have invested in strong, intimate relationships, they increasingly might need and look for external memory scaffolding as their internal memory abilities decline. These older couples may then start to reap the cognitive benefits of what they sowed with their partner, families and friends in a long life of living and remembering together. If you have no immediate kin close by or close, do not despair. This research shows that it is how we talk about the past with loved ones that counts, not simply the biology of who we talk to.

Chapter 6 : Examples of Past Tense Verbs

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Chapter 7 : 'Remember when we?' Why sharing memories is soul food

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Chapter 8 : The past we share; an illustrated history of the British and American peoples - JH Libraries

The past we share: an illustrated history of the British and American peoples edited by Peter Quennell and Alan Hodge. New York, Prometheus Press,

Chapter 9 : THE PAST WE SHARE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN PEOPLES

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