

Chapter 1 : Thunder, part two - Hollow Shades - Fimfiction

*The Tree in Thunder Hollow [Dan Barnwell] on calendrierdelascience.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. In this final section of the journey for The Owls of Thunder Hollow, the great golden eagle, Brownie returns to lead the owls home.*

There are abandoned vehicles parked everywhere, one of which belongs to my former neighbor that moved out over 6 months ago. The trash receptacles are not emptied nearly as often as they need to be. Instead of paying the nominal fee to have the dumpsters emptied more often, the management here just issues a notice in big bold black letters printed on bright red paper that states that everyone must make sure their trash is deposited into the dumpster and not the ground. The unlicensed and unqualified maintenance people rarely fix anything on the first try. There was a sewer backup that leaked sewage into my apartment and the idiot maintenance guy had the nerve to ask if I really needed the carpet replaced. You can hear every little noise from all of your neighbors. There is an attic area that is wide open. Anyone can climb through the attic into any apartment they wanted to within that building. There are squirrels living in the roof as well. The Verizon installation technicians complained to me how they constantly chew through cable and fios wires, creating outages for the tenants. The AC will leak from the bottom of filter on hot days and has started to create mold in the baseboard around the heater closet. I brought this to the attention of the management, and the best solution was to paint the baseboard with kiltz. One year later, guess what happened? Nothing in my apartment is energy star rated, and no room has been remodeled or updated since about There are open utility boxes throughout the property with exposed wires for children to play with. The area around the leasing office is a major eye sore with retired appliances and trash thrown everywhere. The office manager convicted felon will issue warnings and notices about smoking at the pool, while at the same time can be routinely spotted smoking in the pool area on the deck of the "club house" that no body else is really allowed to use. Yes, this really happened. If any of this sounds like a great place to live, please come and take my apartment! They employ 2 property managers - Ari Mandel for Longmeadow - and office staff to run a clutch of the filthiest, dirtiest residential hovels ever seen in industrialized countries. There is so much mold on the ceiling there are slimy, stalagtites dripping down. I work hours a week, but my neighbors are all on welfare housing, none of them work and they keep me up all night partying. HUGE townhouse for about more than apartment Michelle the property manager is lovely and Maryanne the rental agent is a gem

Chapter 2 : White Treehollow - Bulbapedia, the community-driven Pok mon encyclopedia

AuthorHouse is the leading provider of supported self-publishing services for authors around the globe, with over 97, titles released. With our wide range of packages and services, we provide the tools and expertise you need to realize your publishing dreams.

Thunder, part two Angela felt as though she were floating freely through an infinite cloud of white mist, with little to bearing of where she was located. It was such a strange feeling for her to experience, like she was lost but at the same time knew exactly where she needed to go as she seemed to move steadily forward through the cloud. To her, it was in many ways like a dream, but at the same time it was every bit as lucid as reality. She was met with silence however, as the blank scenery around her suddenly shifted, and she felt her bare feet touch what she assumed was solid ground. Gradually images and shapes began to take form around her, and Angela watched the transition with interest. At first they were hardly recognizable as anything she would find familiar, but after waiting a short while Angela began to see them as ordinary everyday objects from her home, ranging from a slightly worn telephone booth to a car parked on the side of a road to a newspaper box. Angela could only watch as she witnessed the world she was born and grew up in took shape around her. When it was finished, Angela found herself standing in the middle of a dilapidated street. On either side were tall buildings, most them with their windows shattered or their doors caved in. Flickering street lamps provided a wan yellow light to illuminate her surroundings. With a jolt, Angela realized that she knew this place, despite not having seen it in years. It was her old neighborhood where she grew up in, although it was admittedly far emptier than she recalled ever being, not to mention a bit more run down. Angela was confused by it all. She remembered Luna casting the spell on her, but why was she in her old neighborhood? It did not really hold any special memories for her. Most of the highlights regarding it were of her constant attempts to get away from it. Shrugging it off as some weird quirk in the spell, Angela glanced for any sign of life, finding none. This time she did receive an answer. It was difficult not to recognize the sound of her own voice after all. She felt the sharp point of the bone on her skin, threatening to draw blood with the slightest movement. She was frozen in place from the sheer terror she felt of the creature that loomed over her like a cloud of dread. Then suddenly, the monster retracted its claw and began to move away, vanishing down one of the many dark alleyways as though it had never been. The moment it was out of sight, Angela released a breath that she did not know that she had been holding within her, and she fell to her knees as her legs gave out from beneath her. For a long while she just sat there, trying to make sense of what she had just witnessed. In the end she chose to dismiss as a product of her imagination. It was merely an apparition, nothing more. Her thoughts were interrupted by the distinct sound of metal clicking on stone behind her, causing her to turn around just in time to see a midnight blue alicorn gazing at her with obvious surprise and curiosity, and for a long moment neither one of them seemed sure what to say as they looked in each others eyes. Finally, Princess Luna broke the silence and said, "I feel that I must admit that you are not quite what I was expecting to see. Still looking at Luna, Angela began to chuckle, prompting the Princess to give her a confused look. Angela continued to chuckle however, and eventually her quiet laughter grew into a full blown cackle. She could not really explain why she was laughing, nor did she think she even knew the reason behind it. She just continued to laugh as tears began streaming out of her eyes, while all Luna could do was watch as she awkwardly shuffled her wings. Eventually Angela came down from euphoric state and stood up, wiping the tears away with the back of her hand. It would seem that the spell had the desired effect. Normally it works better if the one having the spell cast on them is asleep, but for the moment I believe we are free to discuss whatever we wish. She then surprised Luna by lunging at the pony, wrapping her arms around her neck. She did not mind in the least however however as she said, "Thank you," repeatedly. Luna, caught off guard by the sudden contact and unsure how to respond to it, resorted to simply patting Angela on the back with her right hoof. Nearly half a minute passed before Luna cleared her throat, signalling that it was time for her to let go. Angela took heed of the request and allowed the Princess to move away. When she was done with that she began to examine Angela closely with a curious eye. You are indeed the creature that I cast the spell on, correct? However, I

believe that should wait for the time being. For now we have other matters to discuss. Luna had slightly mispronounced her name a little, but Angela did not care too much about it to correct her. She was just happy that Luna knew who she was now. Quite an unusual name I must admit, and one I have never heard before. Still," she added, "all the same it is quite lovely. Sighing, she let her shoulders droop, knowing that it was probably time to move on to the the reason why Luna was here in the first place, wherever exactly here was. Raising her head a little, Luna replied, "I believe now is the time where you explain yourself, and your reason for being here. I am under the impression that you had no intention to do so, but you have been causing quite a commotion as of late. I am sure that I do not have to tell you that other ponies are inclined to believe that you are here to cause harm. But please believe me when I say that the last thing I want is to hurt anyone again. Is there something that you are not telling me? Immediately Angela regretted saying that, and she felt a shiver of fear crawl up her spine at the thought that she had just given herself away. Unfortunately however Luna did not seem to be willing to ignore it as she walked over to Angela until she was close enough that she could gently place a hoof on her arm. Until then I cannot be allowed to trust that what you say is true, no matter how much I may wish to. And I do wish to trust you Angela. All I ask is that you trust me in turn. She then moved away from Luna, as the Princess placed her hoof back on the ground. The sound of hoofsteps echoed from behind her, and once more she felt a hoof be placed on her arm. She then continued, her tone laced with sympathy "I know what it is like. I know better than anypony the feeling of regret for past actions. I too have committed deeds that I am not proud of. And even today, when everypony around me has forgiven me for those terrible acts, I still feel that pain at knowing that at least one point in my life, I failed. Luna would pay it no heed however as she placing herself in front of Angela so that she was only thing the girl look at she added, "And that is why you must allow me to help you. You have to-" "No! If I go off the deep end, everything around me dies! If I lose control for even a second it comes back, and it kills everything it sees! She looked down at herself, and was horrified by what she saw. Her fingers had been transformed into sickle like claws, and her skin had been replaced by leathery grey flesh. However the more she fought it the more it fought back until it was all that occupied her thoughts. Luna could do nothing more than stand by her and gently caress her with a hoof, offering what comfort she could. As the Princess was doing this, she noticed that the scenery around them had changed, shifted suddenly from tall buildings interspersed with grassy fields to the interior of a small, dimly lit structure. Angela noticed it as well, causing her to stagger to her feet. She saw large boxes that appeared to be made of glass, each of them containing small objects that sparkled when she looked at them. They were vacant and glazed over, as though she were not really looking at anything in particular. She immediately rushed over to her and reared up, placing both of her hooves on her shoulders as she attempted to shake her out of her trance. What you are seeing right now is not real, they are just memories. They have no hold over you unless you let them, do you understand?! Luna noticed out of the corner of her eye that she was holding something in her right hand that was not there before. Behind Angela, Luna was able to discern a trail of crimson that led to single body laid face down in a pool of red. For a brief moment all Luna could do was stare blankly at it. She was startled out of her trance when she noticed that Angela begun to breathe heavily to the point where she was hyperventilating. Igniting her horn, Luna attempted to dispel it in a flash of blinding white light. It did nothing to stop the inky black void from consuming them both however, enveloping them completely. And before Luna could say or do anything else, it appeared, and Luna staggered backward away from it as terror unlike any other consumed her. Its claws were like razors. Its teeth glittered like diamonds in the depths. The last thing she heard was the creatures mournful keen echoing in her skull. Luna reeled back and clutched her head in agony between her hooves as she was sent flying backwards by a massive shock wave. She felt her body tumble through the air before impacting on the hard ground, skipping like a stone on water until she finally came to a stop. She tried to breathe, finding it difficult to do so from the now polluted air, and she coughed loudly as she attempted to get herself back on her hooves. When her vision finally cleared up enough, Luna was able to take in what had happened. It was all around her, clinging to the bark of scorched trees as what leaves they had left continued to burn, threatening to spread to others if left unchecked. The smoke they produced rose upward in great clouds of black, and through them her moon appeared as a bloody red disc in the night sky. What little grass remained in the vicinity crunched beneath her hooves as she

took an unsteady step forward, and a short distance away she could see that a large part of the sandy shore that bordered the pool had been melted into brittle glass. A lot of ponies were yelling actually, their voices overlapping to form a harsh mixture of panic and fright. It was then that she realized that one of her ears, the left one, was bleeding for some reason, as a trail of warm liquid slid down the side of her face, staining her fur a deep black.

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They had one child, a little boy. When the boy was four or five years old, another child was born, a boy no longer than a hand. The mother died and the man burned the body. Then, wrapping the baby up in a blanket, he put it in a hollow tree, for he thought it was dead. Each day the man went to hunt and left the elder boy to play around the cabin. After a time the boy heard something crying in a hollow tree and going to the tree he found a baby. The child was lonely and almost starved. The boy fed it with soup he made of deer intestines. The child drank the soup with great relish, drank again and again and soon became strong. The boy gave his little brother plenty to eat and at last he came out of the tree. The two boys played together. The elder boy made the little one a coat of fawn-skin and put it on him. Then, as he ran around, he looked exactly like a chipmunk. One day the father noticed a decrease of provisions and asked the boy what he had done with the deer intestines. The boy said, "I eat a good many. Tell him to come with you and hunt for mice. The boy went to the hollow tree, and called, "Come out, Brother, we will play catching mice. The child laughed and shouted with joy. Suddenly the stump became a man. The man caught the little boy and ran home. The child screamed and struggled. At last his father put a little club in his hand, and said, "Strike that tree! The child struck the tree, the tree fell to the ground. Everything that he hit with his club was killed. The little fellow stayed now with his brother and the two played while their father was off hunting. It is dangerous there too. On the top of the tree was a nest made of skins. I would like to see what is in it. They were terribly frightened when they saw him. He pinched the boy till he cried out, "Father! Some strange child has come and is frightening me. The voice came nearer and nearer, and a great dark object hurried along in the air till it reached the nest on the top of the tree--It was Old Man Thunder. The boy raised his club and struck him on the head, crushed him and he fell to the ground, dead. Then the boy pinched the little girl till she called out, "Mother! Some strange boy has come and is teasing me. The boy raised his club and struck her on the head and she too fell to the ground, dead. He threw the little girl also, then he went down himself, and said to his brother, "Now we will go home. They bring rain and do good, but they will destroy us in revenge for what you have done. Soon Stone Coat came, looked at the tree, and said, "There is nothing here. The tree split open and the boy fell out. Once in a while he looked down at the little fellow running by his side, and said, "Oh, you are a curious little creature! The boy had never seen anything like it. The boy cut off pieces of meat as fast as he could and put them in his mouth, but he kept running in and out, hiding the meat. I am going to kill you. Presently the boy ran up to where he had started from. The log was large around, long and very heavy. Stone Coat put his foot under the log and lifted it into the air twice his own length. The boy put his foot under the log and sent it whistling through the air. When the man saw the dog he cried out, "What have you done? Stone Coat will kill us. That is where the people live who are always gambling. At the farther end of the opening was a roof on posts, under the roof was a man whose head was larger than the head of a buffalo. He was shaking dice for the heads of men who came along. Crowds of men were betting in threes. When the game was lost, the big-headed man had the three men stand on one side while he played with three other men. As the boy came, a large number of men had lost and were waiting to be killed. Hope came to them for they knew that the boy had great power. The game began again; the boy playing. When the big-headed man threw the dice, the boy caused some to remain in the dish and others to go high and when they came back to be of different colors. He threw; the dice became woodcocks, flew high and came down dice, all of one color. The two played till the boy won back the men who were waiting to have their heads cut off, and the big-headed man lost his own head. The crowd shouted, and said, "Now you must be our chief! Maybe my father would like to be your chief, I will ask him. The boy took the side of the Wolves and Bears and they said, "If you win the game for us, we will make you chief of this country. He went home and said to his father, "I have won all the beautiful country of the East. You must go there and be chief.

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Chapter 6 : Dan Barnwell (Author of The Tree in Thunder Hollow)

Dan Barnwell is the author of *The Tree in Thunder Hollow* (avg rating, 2 ratings, 0 reviews, published), *The Owls of Thunder Hollow* (avg ra.

Chapter 7 : Thunder Hollow in Bensalem, PA | Citysearch

Car 3 Lightning McQueen new thunder hollow racers pushover fishtail APB Tomica miss fritter Drdamage - Duration: Keivon ToysReview 4,, views.

Chapter 8 : the tree in thunder hollow | Download eBook PDF/EPUB

The Thunder Trees are old trees of the Great Forest, with most having been struck by lightning some time in their life. Through Panther Cap, they guide the Toad Patrol towards the Fairy Ring. At first glance, Thunder Trees look just like any other tree in the forest.

Chapter 9 : The Hollow (TV Movie) - IMDb

Thunder Hollow is quite possibly the worst decision I have ever made for my family. There are abandoned vehicles parked everywhere, one of which belongs to my former neighbor that moved out over 6 months ago.