

Chapter 1 : The Shadow of the Poppy | Book| Austin Macauley Publishers

*From the rats that scampered around the dying, to the machines of steel trampling everything under their rolling treads, to the flying bullets and double-edged bayonets, the barbed-wire fencing and blood-curdling screams, 'no man's land' became representative of hell.*

In Poppy, the eponymous mouse heroine lost her first love, Ragweed, and now she is journeying to tell his family of his unfortunate fate. Accompanying Poppy on her expedition is Ereth the porcupine-grumpy, smelly, foul-mouthed, and hostile to change, but a good friend under duress. Poppy meets a charming golden mouse who looks like Ragweed, and who in fact is later revealed to be his younger brother, Rye. The beavers are led by Mr. And I mean that, sincerely". The final desperate and one-sided battle of mice vs. The happy ending has a slight undertone of sadness, as Ereth, a misanthropist to the core, realizes that he loves Poppy, a thought so distasteful that he complains bitterly, "Love Nothing but slug splat stew and toad jam. The spirited mouse star from Poppy must now face life after Ragweed her fiance who was killed by an owl. In fact, his family has been forced to leave their comfortable nest and move to higher ground: When a showdown between the scheming beavers and the reluctantly heroic mice puts Rye in danger, Poppy risks everything to save him. He juggles multiple story lines effortlessly, and his characterizations are particularly engaging, from the blustering Caster P. Canad "Bless my teeth and smooth my tail! This thoroughly enjoyable sequel is sure to please old fans and will likely win some new ones. This novel tells the story, as promised in the final pages of Poppy, of how the courageous deer mouse met and married her husband Rye. Although Ereth grumbles his way west, the pair eventually reach "The Brook," where the golden mouse family lives, only to discover that the family has been forced to move because the brook has been dammed by beavers "Canad and Co. The battle against the beavers is exciting: As he took on the politics of power in Poppy, Avi here tackles the advance of progress for the sake of progress, no matter the consequences. The beavers are led by Caster P. Canad, who tosses mottoes and slogans around in the same manner that Ereth spews his opinions. Poppy and Rye use their wits and bravely defend the rights of the golden mice to maintain their home against the more powerful beaver population. The fast-paced and dramatic fight for survival against the beavers provides a climax young readers will enjoy. Readers waiting for the answers as to how Poppy and Rye met will be satisfied here.

**Chapter 2 : Donald Trump and the Coming Fall of American Empire**

*Poppy and her friends, Clair and Georgie, must outwit their Shadows, older girls assigned to mentor them by following them wherever they go. There is a dark secret at the heart of Blight's Academy: disappearances, deaths, and occult conspiracies pervade the wooded grounds, flicker in the stained glass windows, tinkle like a music box lullaby.*

Jeremy Scahill July 22 , 2: Getty Images 5 Illustration: Elise Swain for The InterceptPhotos: Elise Swain for The Intercept Even as President Donald Trump faces ever-intensifying investigations into the alleged connections between his top aides and family members and powerful Russian figures, he serves as commander in chief over a U. Under Trump, the U. Meanwhile, China has quietly and rapidly expanded its influence without deploying its military on foreign soil. A new book by the famed historian Alfred McCoy predicts that China is set to surpass the influence of the U. At that point, McCoy asserts the United States empire as we know it will be no more. He sees the Trump presidency as one of the clearest byproducts of the erosion of U. McCoy argues that the invasion of Iraq was the beginning of the end. McCoy is not some chicken little. He is a serious academic. And he has guts. The Rise and Decline of U. Imagining the real-life impact on the U. For the majority of Americans, the s will likely be remembered as a demoralizing decade of rising prices, stagnant wages, and fading international competitiveness. After years of swelling deficits fed by incessant warfare in distant lands, in the U. Suddenly, there are punitive price increases for American imports ranging from clothing to computers. And the costs for all overseas activity surges as well, making travel for both tourists and troops prohibitive. Unable to pay for swelling deficits by selling now-devalued Treasury notes abroad, Washington is finally forced to slash its bloated military budget. Under pressure at home and abroad, its forces begin to pull back from hundreds of overseas bases to a continental perimeter. Such a desperate move, however, comes too late. Faced with a fading superpower incapable of paying its bills, China, India, Iran, Russia, and other powers provocatively challenge U. We broadcast an excerpt of the interview on the podcast. Below is an edited and slightly condensed version of the full interview. How do you see him in a historical context, and what does his presidency represent about the American empire? What I think right now is that, through some kind of malign design, Donald Trump has divined, has figured out what are the essential pillars of U. And he seems to be setting out to systematically demolish U. Our share of the global economy has declined substantially. The world system is spreading its wealth and there are a number of second tier powers, the rise of the European Union, et cetera. Having said that, the presidency is a weaker office internationally than it used to be. Bush was another, these presidents through skillful diplomacy, their knowledge of the international system, their geopolitical skills, they could maximize U. They could use U. Since Trump became president, everyone is sort of wrapped up in the palace intrigue, and what did Trump know about Russia and when did he know it, and did he know about Don Jr. What are your thoughts on that? Much of the military establishment and its links with the intelligence community is in place. Weapons systems take as long as 10 years to go from design, prototype, testing, and either rejection or acceptance. So that transcends any administration, even a two-term administration. President Eisenhower, that famous phrase that he warned us about in his last address, the military industrial complex “ he built a complex in which he integrated scientific research, basic research in the universities and private corporations, and then dozens of defense contractors who have more or less permanent contracts to maintain their research and production establishment “ he integrated that with the U. Given your scholarship on what people loosely call the deep state right now, what do you make of those claims that the CIA and certain elements within the Pentagon are actually the protectors of the Democratic republic? That under the terms of the global war on terror, a massive infusion of nearly a trillion dollars into the Homeland Security. And I agree, we need to. And like all of the other branches it will coordinate with the executive because the executive has a great deal of power, of funding, you can set priorities, but it has a year cycle “ ultimately a much longer-term cycle of preparation and responsibility. A president is in office for eight or maybe four years. So those professionals, and the agencies they represent, have a much longer-term viewpoint. Not just four or eight or So at the apex of the intelligence community, there is this formal procedure for establishing a long range, or medium range, year

perspective. So, yes, they look longer, they have their own policies, they have their contracts, their programs that are in many ways autonomous from the executive, and increasingly so. The Rise and the Decline of U. Talk about that book and the process that led to writing it and how it was eventually published. Up to that point I was a graduate student looking at the history of colonialism in Southeast Asia, writing articles that had lots of footnotes. I was a library rat. And in later research, done by the White House, [it was] determined that in , 34 percent, one-third of all the American combat troops fighting in South Vietnam were heavy heroin users. There were, if that statistic is accurate, more addicts in the ranks of the U. Army in South Vietnam than there were in the United States. And so what I did was I set out to investigate: Where was the opium coming from? Where was the heroin coming from? Who was trafficking it? How is it getting to the troops in their barracks and bunkers across the length and breadth of South Vietnam? Nobody was asking this question. Everyone was reporting on the high level of abuse, but nobody was figuring out where and who. So I started interviewing. I went to Paris. I interviewed the head of the French equivalent of the CIA in Indochina, who was then head of a major French helicopter manufacturing company, and he explained to me how during the French Indochina war from to , they were short of money for covert operations, so the hill tribes in Laos produced the opium, the aircraft picked it up, they turned it over to the underworld, the gangsters that controlled Saigon and secured it for the French and that paid for their covert operations. You should go and look. I went to Saigon. I got some top sources in the Vietnamese military. I went to Laos. I hiked into the mountains. And they were transforming, in those labs, the opium into heroin. It was being smuggled into South Vietnam by three cliques controlled by the president, the vice president, and the premier of South Vietnam, and their military allies and distributed to U. And so this heroin epidemic swept the U. The Defense Department invented mass urine analysis testing, so when those troops left they were tested and given treatment. And what I discovered was the complexities, the complicity, of the CIA in this traffic and that was a pattern that was repeated in Central America when the Contras became involved in the traffic. Same thing in the s, during the secret war in Afghanistan, the Mujahideen turned to opium. The opium production in Afghanistan during that secret war increased from about tons of opium per annum to tons, a massive increase. Afghanistan went from supplying zero percent of U. The CIA sent arms across the border through caravans to the Mujahideen fighters and those same caravans came out carrying opium. Again, complicity in the traffic. So a clear pattern. The other thing was when I began to do that investigation and write up the book, I faced enormous pressures. The Department of Education investigated my graduate fellowship. Friends of mine who had been serving in military intelligence were recruited to spy on me. In other words, what I found was the CIA penetrated every aspect of my life. So what I discovered was not only CIA complicity, complex compromise relationships with covert allies far away in remote places like Southeast Asia, but also the incredible depth of the penetration of the CIA within U. I found my phone, my fellowship, my friends, my publisher, every aspect of my life was manipulated by the CIA. It was a fascinating discovery. All of those areas. The method I came up with was very simple. Go back to the U. And then when you get to the present where it becomes secret, highly classified, and very controversial, you understand the structure, so you know where to look, what assumptions are likely to be sound, what hypotheses might work, how you can conduct your analysis and that can lead you to an insight. I work on the Philippines as my main area in Southeast Asia that I study, and I was very interested in the overthrow of the Marcos regime. I did some research that contributed to that overthrow. So I was very interested in who these colonels were. Well, that also introduced me to the idea that the CIA was training torturers around the globe. And I figured this out in the s, before it was common knowledge. And what I began to figure out was also the nature of the methods that these colonels were using. Now, look, these are physical guys that were brutally, physically hazed at their military academy, as often happens in such organizations.

**Chapter 3 : Under the Shadow () - IMDb**

*Check out Hide Me Under the Shadow of Thy Wings by Matthew Curtis on Amazon Music. Stream ad-free or purchase CD's and MP3s now on [calendrierdelascience.com](http://calendrierdelascience.com)*

She bit her lip, turning away before she could let her eyes wander over the sodden cling of his linen undershirt. His armor and weapons were stacked neatly against the wall of the cave, beside her own, no doubt already developing enthusiastic rust thanks to their sojourn in the salt-water. High water - definitely a couple of hours before the causeway back to dry land was clear enough to traverse. That recklessness was frightening, even to her. Their first meeting had not been a peaceful one; their second, a little awkward given the state she and her companions had been in at the time. And the last time Poppy swallowed, feeling heat rise in her cheeks as she hugged her arms about herself. She was deeply ashamed of last time, and yet it played on her mind. She could feel her breath quickening at the memory, the tingle as her nipples hardened beneath the wet cling of her own undershirt, arms hugging tighter about herself in the hope that if she clenched everything she had, she might somehow manage to hold back the desire that was sparking to life at the knowledge that she and Knight-Captain Cullen were alone together. It was petty and uncalled for. Then, finally, he spoke. I assure you, templars are not the violent monsters you believe us to be. Her arms hugged tighter about herself, trying to deny the surge of heat in her loins as she made an effort to wrench her thoughts away from those memories. Whatever her hope, she felt herself stiffen as he stepped close against her back, not quite touching but definitely close enough to feel the heat that radiated from his chest. Did all templars run hot, she wondered distractedly. Was it something to do with the lyrium, or was it something unique to Cullen Rutherford? And he was standing close behind her, looming over her shoulder. She glanced up at him, unable to deny that curious urge, only to find the banked anger of his resting gaze fixed in shame on the suggestion of flesh at the opening of her shirt. In answer to that gaze, she felt her breath deepen, her chest heave, and saw the moment when that resting, unspoken anger that drove him flickered to desire. His mouth opened, the soft pink of his tongue wetting his lips only to swallow down the feeling. She felt fingertips brush her hips and retreat, not needing to look to know his hands were clenched against touching her. There were no eyes to see, no ears to hear. Nothing but that barrier of pain and shame he would not put words to, that she could not bring herself to express by mouth. She froze, held tight in the grip of strong fingers that were sure to leave bruises, forcing her body to relax, to offer no fight or flight, no demand for what her instincts wanted from him. He was not a boy, but not yet a man; pushing him beyond his own rigid limits would result only in violence that she did not think he could live with himself for handing out, despite his uncompromising views. His fingers flexed at her hips, gripping, loosening. And she moved with that silent request, letting him draw her back against his chest, guide the curve of her backside to the insistent press of his cock through the confining barrier of his pants. A low groan touched her ear, painting her skin hot and damp as he bent his head to her neck, pressing his face into her skin as though denying this was even happening, battling his own shame at the desire he felt. And slowly, she felt his pelvis rock, stroking the straining length of himself against the covered swell of her bottom. To feel him pressed so close, taking his pleasure almost the way she had taken pleasure from him not so very long ago, wanting more than this teasing sensation that touched nowhere that wanted to be touched Poppy was not a bold woman, not usually. Not in the cause of her own wishes; at least, not openly. Yet under the guise of pleasing him, she could be bold. Her hand crept back, sliding between them, fingertips brushing the covered press of his cock as he shuddered and stilled. She felt his breath stutter against her neck, the sheer effort of will it took for him to stop. Instinct took him where his shamed senses could not - he thrust into the curling wrap of her fingers, his own hands tearing open the laces of her smalls to drag them from their cling between her legs, the ghost of a sigh on his breath as his hand stroked the tender lips hidden there. A little hard, admittedly, more of a grab than a caress, but enough to draw a staggered moan from her own throat as she arched back against him. Friction that teased her, heightened her desire, but ultimately did nothing to sate it even as his pace quickened, already close to his natural end. She staggered as his thrusts grew erratic, forced to cling to his wrists to keep from falling forward under the strength he poured into even those short bursts of

highly-charged energy. The very tip of him almost touched the aching bud of her clit. He stilled, leaning heavily against her back, his breath hot and damp against her shoulder. Not a single word from him as he came back to himself with a sharp intake of breath, as he released her as though she bore some virulent disease, turning away to clean himself, cover himself. Poppy felt bitter disappointment flood her, left aching, wanting, abandoned by the warmth she had promised herself once already she would not crave. She found herself staring at him in dismay, an odd sense of betrayal haunting her features; saw him glance her way and still, pinned in place by the expression in her eyes. Guilt poured through the shame he wore like a shield as his gaze skimmed her, marking the proud peaks that jutted from beneath her shirt, the gleam of her arousal at the apex of her thighs, the slow trickle of his own release now cold on her skin. The evidence of his pleasure taken, and hers barely even touched seemed to burn his gaze, his entire form turning away as his cheeks reddened. But was it shame or satisfaction? Was he pleased with the way he had left her, or guilty? Anger curled into a tight ball in her stomach. But she was not an angry person. Alex and Carver had always been the angry ones; Bethany had been calm one that needed protecting. Poppy was the last Hawke standing; the disappointing daughter who fought well but never stood up when it was her own person under attack. So she swallowed down the words that wanted to rise, turning to snatch up her smalls, wetting them in the salt water to wipe Cullen from her skin and throw the ruined cloth to the ebbing tide. She felt exposed, vulnerable, a raw nerve ready to scream, agonizingly aware of him so close and too proud to even offer an apology for his hasty desires. Despite the damp still clinging to them, she pulled on her leather shorts, her layered armor, glaring at the lapping water as though sheer force of will might make the tide lower faster. Together, without words, they waded through the ebbing tide to the islet, returning to Kirkwall in steaming silence. Not even the Tal Vashoth were prepared to attack a pair so obviously infuriated, so clearly ready for a fight. A pair that parted ways at the gate still without words, ashamed and angry with themselves and each other. It had been a foolish feeling, a thoughtless whim. A lesson in why she should never reach for anyone to take care of her. Her jaw set in a hard line. She would not be that weak again. For your consideration should you feel inclined to snap at me over this characterization, Cullen is a twenty-year-old man at this point in the narrative with very little in the way of experience when it comes to relationships or physical intimacy. Low-life, certainly; the kind of life that likes to take advantage of other life. That was the reason Poppy was leaning on Merrill as they made their way down the alienage steps. Theoretically, she was escorting the young elf home safely before making her way back to Hightown. In reality, she had drunk a little too much for her own good, and needed the extra support while she walked for a little while to shake off the worst of the drunk. And then Bethany, in the Deep Roads. Alex showed up, alive and well. Not dead, after all. Her twin, the other half of herself, restored to them after more than a year of struggles alone in Ferelden. She was back to being the disappointing daughter, but at least Leandra had her special boy to brighten her days again. I just need to walk a bit. Lies she had told herself, as much as anyone. She was pleased to see Alex alive. The eldest remaining Hawke child had finally started to be worth more than her physical presentation, especially when it had been Poppy who was bringing home pay and food, Poppy who was keeping the templars off their back, Poppy who had taken on the burden of finding some way for them all to live in safety in this less-than-safe city. But as soon as Alex walked in through that door, none of that mattered anymore. Alex was home; Alex would bring the family name a greater reputation. Alex would marry whoever Leandra told him to, would give her grandchildren, would make a name for himself as a noble in this city. Poppy had let her younger siblings die. Poppy was the sole reason her mother only had Alex left. That she was nothing but delighted to have her twin home, safe and well. She was fairly sure Isabela and Varric had seen through her, perhaps even Fenris, and in self-defense against the thought of their questions, had spent the night mainly with Merrill, avoiding any opportunity for those questions to arise. And now she was alone, in Lowtown, drunk and armed, and aware of just how vulnerable she was in this state. She pushed out of her chosen shadow and began to walk, taking the longer way past the steps down to the docks before turning to navigate the rising and falling levels that would guide her to Hightown. At least, that was the theory. It took four goes to get up the steps from the foundries to the Hanged Man - each time she made it up two steps, she staggered back three. In the end, she had to lean on the wall, idly aware that she was not looking like the worst person to pick a fight with right now. And speaking of picking fights She felt herself

bristle just at the thought. It was her place, her place to be with her friends and away from the troubles just being Hawke brought down on her head. He had to be there, disapproving over his one mug of ale at every shot of rum she knocked back while trying to ignore him. Him with his warm body, and kissable lips, and eager desire, and What she needed was a good hard fuck, but could she get one? No, she was Hawke. Flirting with anyone in front of her friends made for them glaring over her shoulder and intimidating whoever it was. Flirting when she was on her own was all but impossible, because she was almost never alone when she was out and about. She doubted any of the random brigands she might come across tonight would be up for a little night delight over bleeding her dry in every sense. She growled to herself as she stumbled to a halt in front of the shuttered stalls below the entrance to the tavern.

**Chapter 4 : UNDER THE SHADOW OF THY WINGS | UCHENNA C. OKONKWOR**

*Beneath The Shadow Of Thy Wings. K likes. We are here for love and encouragement. Pray you are blessed and uplifted. We take prayer requests. God.*

In the face of an impending war with Iraq , even as our nation is engaged in an ongoing battle against terrorism, many feel apprehensive and anxious. Are they actual wings like an angel might have? The blue thread is called the shamash or the servant thread over which the other threads are woven! We will return to the concept of the four corners of the earth with respect to garments. As a result of that command in the Book of Numbers concerning these special types of clothes, the Hebrew people came up with a garment that today is known as the tallit. This is most likely the origin of the practice of tying a string around ones finger in order to remember something. However, God would not allow the prophet to prophecy against His people Israel. Instead, Balaam pronounced a blessing upon Israel. The prophet Balaam presumably observed the people of Israel with their tallit garments over their heads as if the tallit were another type of tabernacle. This is probably the reason that the passage uses the two different words: There were 2,, people with him in the wilderness! Therefore, the prayer shawls became a portable tabernacle under which every person could worship on their own! When the Jewish person puts on his tallit, he first kisses the written blessing on the tallit, and may repeat Psalm The tallit is very much like a tent; in fact, it is called a tent! It is a portable tent used for worship and prayer. You may recall the flag of Israel a flag may be seen on page 9 ; in effect, it is patterned after the prayer shawl and therefore it forms a national tallit! The LORD make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: We already mentioned that many recite Psalm when putting on their tallit. However, there are various blessings that are popular such as Psalm The four corners of the tallit represent the wings. There are several varieties of tallitot plural form of the word tallit. One is the tallit gadol which the large tallit and qualifies as an outer garments. Next is a tallit katan, which is more like an undergarment or a t-shirt with fringes. Finally there is simply the tallit, which is more of a prayer shawl. Tallitot are not restricted to white and blue, which is most common; indeed they can be any variety of colors. We will expand this concept much more as we review the story of Joseph. In the same fashion that a father with his young child, might completely wrap the little body in a bath towel; so too, the Almighty engulfs His worshipping children while wrapped within their tallit or garment of praise! Hebrew letters also represent numbers; thirty-two happens to be the Jewish number for lev heart, which appears as follows in Hebrew ב ל ; likewise lamed-beit happens to sum The letter beit ב, which also represents the number 2, is symbolic of a house. In Spanish the word for marriage is casados which when separated into its subparts means casa or house, and dos which means two. Keep in mind this concept of two in a house, as it will crop up again as we investigate the tallit. Now remember that 32 is associated with the tallit and the Hebrew word for heart lev is also The word for heart lev ב ל makes an allusion to the actual form or shape of the heart: The two face-to-face lameds when brought together form a picture of the heart; the Jews believe that this is the form drawn by the Divine Artisan: On that day, these two faces united and became the form of the Jewish Heart. This fusion was like the union of a bride and groom as they aspire upwards together to receive the blessing of the father who is the "third partner" of every marriage. The modern tallit is generic in its construction as will soon be explained. The tzaddi when used at the beginning or in the middle of a word appears as x however, when it appears at the end of the word remember that Hebrew is read from right to left it appears as J. He is said to portray the qualities of humility and praise to God. His normal kneeling posture with upraised arms would be just like the bent x tzaddi. The rabbinical meaning of, yud y means the right hand or work and the tav t means the end. The Tallit is a Symbol of " Authority Unlike the modern generically knotted tallit, during the Old Testament period the corners of the garments were tied in accordance with longstanding family traditions. In fact, various types of knots became a unique family mark of distinction. This is not unlike the brand that the American cattleman might use. The point is that the tassel knots were symbolic of the authority of the person who wore the garment! In any case, the garment made for Joseph whether a shawl or a robe obviously preceded the command given in the Book of Numbers by at least three centuries. He may have been merely a courier since he was the youngest; however, we cannot ignore the

fact that Joseph had recently revealed a dream, the subject of which was that he would have authority over his family. Notice this interesting story where authority related to a garment is clearly the theme of the whole context. King Saul had been pursuing David; during the chase, the king went into a cave to relieve himself. In essence, David cut off the tassel or symbol of authority! What was the big deal? Notice the authority issue related to a tallit in the following story which, once again involves King Saul. Saul, the great king, was not about to let the prophet walk away from him with this issue unresolved. Everything in that sad story relates back to authority! Even in the New Testament, we find an interesting occurrence taking place at the stoning of Stephen. And then they stoned Stephen! These people like Ruth will be driven from within to come under the authority of a Jew! And she answered, I am Ruth thine handmaid: Jewish history reports that when a Hebrew woman would become divorced, her tassels symbols of authority would be cut from her garments. We have just read where many touched the hem of his garment and were healed. In the Greek New Testament there is no single word for tallit. Some people claim that there as many as 47 references to the tallit in the New Testament. One thing is certain, both Paul and Jesus definitely wore a tallit! A tallit is definitely not an actual burial cloth such as the one that was taken off of Lazarus. However, before being wrapped by a burial cloth, the custom was to place a tallit on the person being buried. There is an interesting passage where Jesus left a Napkin? Simon Peter who was the son of Jonas was appropriately named since he reacted with great reluctance to the gentiles like the prophet Jonah. Peter pretty much had the same attitude toward the gentiles that Jonah the prophet had displayed centuries earlier! Many imagine from this vision that Peter saw a bed sheet. God was showing Peter that even the unclean men may enter into the prayer shawl tallit! Paul was a tent maker in the house of Aquilla and Precilla. Tents for the purpose of housing in that location and society were uncommon; instead, everything was made of stone in Corinth! Never the less, all the Jews needed tallit tents for prayer. Remember that tallit means tent! Paul was a rabbinical student. As a matter of course, rabbinical students make prayer shawls; this is true even in Israel today! Paul may well have continued as a tent tallit maker.

**Chapter 5 : Under the Shadow ratings & reviews on MUBI**

*Accompanying Poppy on her expedition is Ereth the porcupine-grumpy, smelly, foul-mouthed, and hostile to change, but a good friend under duress. Poppy meets a charming golden mouse who looks like Ragweed, and who in fact is later revealed to be his younger brother, Rye.*

Last updated Thursday, July 16, at HOWEVER, copyright law varies in other countries, and the work may still be under copyright in the country from which you are accessing this website. It is your responsibility to check the applicable copyright laws in your country before downloading this work. Maitland had inherited Bothal from a distant relative who for years had left the estate in the charge of an estate agent and a caretaker, and Maitland now past middle age had himself lived a wandering eccentric life; a solitary man, therefore, gazed at a solitary house; a shade passed over his lined face, cast by the cloud that sailed over the poppy field and gave a darker hue to the waving flowers. Bothal, built in a Jacobean Baroque style, had three ornate gables, in each of which was set a classic bust of yellow stone; the windows were handsomely finished with stone facings that showed richly against the warm purplish pink of the bricks; round the lower windows and over the white classic porch grew a tangle of small shell-tinted roses; the cloud passed and the sun was brightly over the empty house, the poppy field, the garden where Maitland stood alone. As he gazed at the roses against the brick, the blank windows, the closed door, an unutterable nostalgia shook him; what was he regretting, what seeking? Maitland passed under the porch; again the shadow glided over the poppy field, the house, again the cloud passed rapidly and the sun again drew up the hot scent of the box hedge. The new owner turned the key and entered his mansion; his ancestors had lived there, generation after generation, long before, but Maitland had no sense of coming home; everything seemed strange, yet he was filled by an inexplicable yearning. Everything within the house was swept and dusted, but this neatness seemed only to accentuate the desolation; the place had not the air of being left to gradual ruin, but rather appeared as if it were being kept trim for someone who would never return, or was very long away. This sad expectancy had to Maitland a deeper sadness than the utter abandonment of hope. The walls of the first room that he entered were, in the fashion of a bygone day, stretched with canvas that was painted with sombre landscapes of purple rocks, shadowed streams, storms blowing up against lonely places and plains strewn with broken pillars. Maitland opened the shutters; as the sunshine streamed into the loneliness, he winced. He walked through all the rooms on the ground floor; they were clean and the house had been kept well repaired; there were no marks of damp or rats, of spiders or decay; the window panes were bright and here and there were some pieces of furniture, a settee covered in red rep, a pair of embroidered chairs protected by canvas covers, a glass-fronted case in which stood rows of leather-backed, polished books, a table or two, a couple of andirons in front of the marble mantelpiece – all as if someone had moved out yesterday or was moving in tomorrow. Maitland went upstairs to the top of the house; in the front was a long gallery, with a sloping floor, and a dais for musicians; this was completely bare; the walls had been painted, on the plaster, with an Italian scene, now utterly faded; only here and there could be discerned the misty azure of a mountain or a lake; the windows were those of the gables; they had deep box seats of mellow colored wood and were unshuttered, through them streamed the sunlight, yellow and rich as rum honey; Maitland felt that if he put his fingers in it and then tasted them, he would savor the sweetness of the entire summer; the back of the house was divided into two large bedrooms; in each was an old-fashioned bed with mattress, tester and coverlet in good repair; the curtains, of thick woollen material strewn with balls of camphor, were lying on the beds. Maitland opened the window in the slightly large room; he looked onto the field of poppies that encircled the house at the back; here the boundaries of the garden had been broken down and the wild flowers had flowed into what had been the lawn; Maitland thought that he could detect a perfume, like the acrid whiff of a narcotic, on the air. There is nothing for me to do, no one waiting for me. Maitland turned and looked about the room, so neat, so clean, so empty; he felt a mingling of the eternal pangs that torment humanity – a nostalgia for a lost childhood, a yearning to escape life through death, the eager desire for the dreamless sleep. They are usual in a place like this. I see there are no portraits in the place – no personal relics. Maitland used to come on rare occasions,

sir, in a big grey car, and take away all the pictures, and things like that. The pictures I mean. It was astonishing how little light either the candles or the lamp gave in the large rooms; Maitland crossed the gallery carrying a single candle and found that he lit only shadows; even in his own, smaller room, the gentle flame was but a faint glow in the twilight. This did not trouble him; it would be long before it was dark and he was quite willing to sleep as soon as that came; the bed with the clean sheets and blankets, and the thick woollen curtains hooked up to the tester, looked comfortable; his own possessions, scattering out of the open valises, gave the room a homely look; he extinguished the candle and sat in the dusk, gazing out onto the field of poppies; when all color else had gone from the scene, blended in one azure, the scarlet of these flowers burned through the twilight; over the landscape brooded, Maitland thought, an air of expectancy similar to that which filled the empty house. Surely some narcotic was really rising now from the poppies, he felt drowsy, as if with every breath he drew in oblivion. At first the stillness was complete; Maitland considered with a quiet pleasure how far he was from any other human being "the lodge must be a quarter of a mile away; he was enclosed in the deserted park land and fields that belonged to Bothal. There was a faint disturbance of the silence, a sound familiar to Maitland, yet one that at first he could not name, touched his ear "a gentle swishing, to and fro " was it a trail of creeper, eglantine or convolvulus tapping against a pane of glass? No " Maitland listened and peered; ah, now he knew what the sound was, someone cutting grass, a man with a scythe. The figure shaped itself out of the formless shadows that were gathering over the poppy fields; a man bending to a scythe cutting the thick, tall, flowered grass that grew at the edge of the poppies, now moving to the slow regular strokes, now pausing to draw the curved blade over the whetstone. The scene was intangible and dim to Maitland, as if he had, he thought, returned from another world to visit this summer evening "a glimpse from his youth, long since lost. In the hollow stood a small church surrounded by a graveyard; Maitland supposed that it had once belonged to Bothal, but that now it served the scattered parish. The grass grew thick over the graves; some dark grey crosses slanted forward and sideways; yew trees cast a dense shade; the moon floated above the squat Norman tower to which dark trails of ivy clung. Maitland stood in a vague meditation; he was thinking, not of his surrounding, but of the room waiting for him, the window open on the poppy field where the mower worked in silence, the bare neat house with its air of expectancy, the clean bed clothes piled beneath the faded curtains. He left the little graveyard and passed beyond the church where there was a piece of ground surrounded by a low wall of roughly shaped stones; in the far angle of this wall rose a tall, twisted thorn tree. The moonlight cast its crooked shadow across a solitary stone grave. There was no name on the grave; deep into the dark stone was cut the rude semblance of a curious instrument, something like, Maitland thought, a pair of compasses with an odd attachment, set in a pentacle. As he gazed at this he was aware that someone was standing close beside him, for he saw another shadow on the thick grass. He looked up and beheld a shabby stranger with a book under his arm. You know, of course, that this ground is not consecrated? This is a suicide? He said he would have a bride from the grave. There was a girl buried here, she died two hundred years before "one of his own name, Joan Maitland. The fool said that he would have her or no other. He tried to bring back the dead. He invited Death to his house "to share his bed and board. Maitland looked up; the stranger had gone; had he ever been there? In my own heart perhaps "yes, it seems to me that I invented it and that the stranger was but my other self. As he mused, gazing at the moon that reminded him of a childish toy, and seated on the grave that bore his name, he felt that past and present joined, and that escape by returning to his childhood and by death were resolved into one deliverance. When he had been a little boy he had tried to sail his balloon to the moon that now itself seemed but a toy. The church, the tomb stones, the low wall, the thorn tree, all appeared now to the brooding man like phantoms evoked from his own brain, as if a sigh would demolish them, or a turn of his head change his dream. He rose and looked around, peering into the angles of the church that were darkened by shadows. No, there was nothing there; the place was not haunted "like Bothal " it was empty, long since deserted. He left the unhallowed ground and returned to the blessed plot where the dead who had died in the Lord slept under holy sod; he left the churchyard and came out into the meadow land; amid the grove of trees there seemed to be a pale shape, like an altar; he passed between the slim trunks, but there was nothing but a patch of moonlight in the center of the trees; Maitland passed through to the meadow land beyond; he came up out of the hollow and could see

Bothal standing clear and sharp in the moonlight, the gables distinct in every detail of bust and florid ornament and sway of fruit; silver lay over the poppy field, subduing the scarlet color to the hue of a faint stain of dried blood; there were the dark outlines of the box hedges, the dense shape of the yew tree; Maitland was glad that he was going to sleep in that lonely house that night. He passed by the poppy field, he skirted the box hedges, he entered the french windows, found the candle where he had left it on the table by the bookcase and lit it with the matches in his pocket. The clean-swept, handsome room seemed to have lost its air of expectancy, as if whoever the house had been waiting for had arrived; Maitland felt satisfied, as if he, too, had come home to sleep. He went upstairs, carefully guarding his gentle light with outspread hand; the paintings on the wall seemed to lengthen into vistas of scenes that he had once known and was now about to visit again these lakes, these hills, these Woods these roads winding to the horizon. As he reached the top of the house his sense of expectancy satisfied, increased; he was now sure that whoever the house was waiting for had arrived; he looked into the long gallery where the moonlight lay in squares on the sloping floor, then turned to his bedroom. Maitland blew out his human light, entered his room, moving delicately among the shadows, lay down on his clean bed and slept. This web edition published by:

**Chapter 6 : Poppy vs Darius counter tips**

*Welcome the METAsrc Poppy build guide. We've used our extensive database of League of Legends statistics along with proprietary algorithms to calculate the most optimal build for Poppy. This algorithm is able to determine the best summoner spells, item build order, skill order, runes reformed, counters, and team mates.*

Until recently I never considered the deeper meaning of this verse beyond its poetic depiction of the protection and comfort of the Lord. But as in all things of God, the more closely we examine it, the more splendor we see. Three months after Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt they reached the Wilderness of Sinai where they settled for about a year. During this remarkable time the Lord brought Moses up into the mount for instruction in righteousness. And Moses went into the midst of the cloud, and gat him up into the mount: The Lord gave Moses "tables of stone, and a law, and commandments" v. He also gave Moses the revelation for the Tabernacle in the wilderness and "all the instruments thereof," including the ark of the covenant and the mercy seat. According to all that I shew thee, after the pattern of the tabernacle, and the pattern of all the instruments thereof, even so shall ye make it. Atop it sat the mercy seat. The mercy seat was not a place to sit down; it was a lid to cover the ark. The mercy seat was adorned with the figures of two golden cherubims. And the cherubims spread out their wings on high, and covered with their wings over the mercy seat, with their faces one to another; even to the mercy seatward were the faces of the cherubims. The cherubims were winged angels like those that guarded the tree of life in the garden of Eden. So he drove out the man; and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden Cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life. God instructed Moses to tell the children of Israel, "I will commune with thee from above the mercy seat, from between the two cherubims which are upon the ark of the testimony" Exo. Once a year, on the Day of Atonement, the high priest was allowed past the veil into "the most holy place" where the ark was the KJV Bible does not use the popular term, "the holy of holies. And the priests brought in the ark of the covenant of the LORD unto his place, into the oracle of the house, to the most holy place, even under the wings of the cherubims. But if there were ever a box that could contain eternal truth, it was the ark of the covenant. There are far too many truths than can be addressed in this one article. But even now the picture should be clearer to you: God communed with man "under the wings of the cherubims" "under the wings of the mercy seat. You and I meet God under the shadow of his wings of mercy! Keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of thy wings No human being could meet its standard. The mercy seat, sprinkled with the blood of atonement, made it possible for man to approach God. If not for mercy, we would all be consumed. Jesus is God "manifest in the flesh" 1 Tim. He is the righteousness of God personified, but he is also the mercy of God personified. Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me: We who are weak, sinful, and inadequate can find rest under his wings, knowing "his mercy endureth for ever" Ps. How excellent is thy lovingkindness, O God! He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: Under the shadow of his wings we find help in our time of need. Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice. Under the wings of his mercy we find healing. But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings; and ye shall go forth, and grow up as calves of the stall. And under his wings of mercy we will abide in his tabernacle forever. I will abide in thy tabernacle for ever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not! Hide me, Lord Jesus, under the shadow of thy wings. Let me find refuge in your mercies forever. Noah lived in the midst of the most heinously evil society the world had known, but because he had found grace, God favored him with personal instruction about the coming catastrophic judgment and the details for a new beginning on earth. The language of Genesis 6: Likewise, Adam found no helpmate from among the animals that was suitable for him Genesis 2: Laban did not find his household images that Rachel had stolen and hidden Genesis God could have used a passive verb in reference to Noah, but He did not. What can we learn from the life of this great man? Evidently, God intended for us to know this key factor: Captain of Industry Many

centuries later, God warned Ezekiel of future judgment that would happen to the land of Israel because of its wickedness. His livestock resources mainly those for caravan duty were enormous. That certainly meant that he was a successful trade broker and possibly a source for prized stock. Daniel served in some form of senior political and advisory position for six kings over some 70 years. Not bad for a captive! He was privileged to have unusual spiritual insight, which he could have used to his personal advantage. Furthermore, God used Daniel to record several of the most remarkable prophecies in all of Scripture. Scholars are still discussing the book of Daniel. He was a significant person indeed! If the comparisons of the righteous men listed in Ezekiel 14 are to be genuine comparisons, Noah must have been a person of significance in his region—“if not well known throughout the world of his day. He clearly possessed or had access to the resources and skills needed to accomplish the monumental task that was assigned to him. The pre-Flood civilization would certainly have been advanced enough for such an enterprise. The Bible paints a much different picture! Somebody had to construct the habitations for the growing population, and someone had to coordinate the distribution and development of those manufacturing places that produced the products needed by that society. The world of Noah was very wicked, but it functioned with much the same needs as our current world. And as it was in the days of Noe, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of man. They did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and the flood came, and destroyed them all. Whether he was a general contractor, an architect, or a business baron is pretty much an educated guess. But the fact that he found grace is important. Noah was fully dedicated to the work of God during his life. Efforts by some to portray Noah as a bumbling, drunken hypocrite are simply not true. The Creator entrusted him with a monumental task that is unique in all of history. He charged reasonable prices for his work. He gave a good product whatever it was to those who employed his services. His honest dealings gave rise to his influence in the community. He was proven to be a man of integrity Genesis 7: Whatever the wicked people of his day may have said behind his back, they knew that Noah was above reproach. Just as folks today often resort to rumor-mongering and distortion of facts to cover their own guilt, those around Noah no doubt employed some of the same practices to discredit righteous Noah. Think of what that means in the context of Genesis 6! The social milieu must have been a real mess. Yet Noah had the guts to stand up publically for the righteous behavior that just about everyone else openly and loudly rejected. Perhaps his extended family members, and even some or most of his employees, were under his influence. But by the time the judgment of God fell, only Noah, his wife, and three of their sons and their wives were willing to follow his leadership into the Ark. We are not told in Scripture what Noah preached about. Enoch the other man who walked with God preached about the return of the Lord in judgment Jude 1: It is not hidden from anyone. My Most Beloved, If you look for God with your whole heart you will find Him and He will remove that affliction out of your life, family, marriage and business. God is great and also the wisest personage in the universe. Your decision to look for Him today as the solution to the problems that have weighed you down in this life is the only key to the problem. You might be among those who are searching for God but not with your whole heart. You might also be searching for God and at the same time going to the places you know from your heart that is not pleasing to God Almighty. God is everywhere you go though not accessible from all places you have fixed your heart for the solution to your needs. So many people have looked for this God through many gods of various religions and yet they are still confused of life and why they even came into existence. Others have believed that joining different kinds of Self Realization organizations is the key to actualize and realize what they are looking for. I have seen others who are tired of other gods of other people but now they have decided to create their own gods to worship. Can a man create God? Yet many men have created gods and deceived you to worship them. Many are calling upon the names of other gods they do not know about simply because they want to try a certain kind of worship and see how it can be with them. Some others are busy looking for a place to discover another strange god which is not yet discovered by any other man.

Chapter 7 : The Shadow ( film) - Wikipedia

*Punish Poppy's weak farming. Use your blind to block her shield throw. Place mushrooms on the sides of the creep wave and she'll hit them when she goes to pick up her buckler.*

Poppy and her friends, Clair and Georgie, must outwit their Shadows, older girls assigned to mentor them by following them wherever they go. A friend of mine who lives in London, England was telling me about her strange experiences in a boarding school set way out in the countryside, surrounded by woods. Indeed, these Shadows followed the girls everywhere they went. Not only that, my friend, being a London girl, was terrified of woods. Now, I grew up in the woods, so that always baffled me. I told her I wanted to write this story and base the protagonist, Poppy Farrell, on her. We started talking about the characters and coming up with names. The names were instant catalysts for the characters, the plot came together with the briefest outline, and I had the first draft in a month. Poppy has more adventures that are not writing themselves, but are in the works. Come out, come out wherever you are. The rush of running water whispered up from below. She stepped steeply down into the ivy and the trees, and came to the edge of a brook. Bubbling around boulders and tree roots, the water was so clear that she could see the rocks and little ferns lining the bottom of the streambed. She followed it along, marveling at how peaceful and lovely the woods were, how crisp and woody the air smelled. She bent to pick up a smooth black stone, and found a gold chain with a gold crucifix hanging from it. She picked it up. It was clearly real gold, valuable. What was it doing out here? A white patch in the leaves drew her attention. It was a tennis dress. Its former pristine whiteness, now dirty and torn, was pressed into the ground as if it had been there for years. Poppy peeled it out of the dried mud and held it up. It was about her size. Part of the bodice was missing, and the skirt splattered with dark brown stains.

**Chapter 8 : UNDER THE SHADOW OF THY WINGS**

*Amber has always lived under the shadow of her half sister Poppy. Poppy is the one that their mother watches and cares for, the one that gets all of the attention and makes sure that she gets her own way.*

Plot[ edit ] Amidst the terrors of war-torn post-revolutionary Tehran in the s, former medical student Shideh is barred from resuming her studies because of her involvement with student leftist groups. Upon returning home, she gets rid of most of her old medical textbooks, but keeps a book of medical physiology given to her by her deceased mother. The war intensifying, Shideh elects to stay in the city with her daughter Dorsa despite the protests of her husband Iraj, a doctor who is called by the military and assigned to an area of heavy fighting. Iraj wants Shideh to stay with his parents in a safer part of the country, but Shideh refuses. Dorsa is upset to see her father go, and Iraj promises her that her favorite doll, Kimia, will protect her. A new boy moves in with the neighboring Ebrahimi family, who are his cousins; his parents were killed in an attack. Dorsa tells Shideh that the boy told her about the legend of the Djinn , and that the charm would protect her, though Shideh throws it away. Ebrahimi, who informs her that the boy has been mute ever since the death of his parents. Dorsa develops a fever and has a slew of nightmares, and Shideh is also haunted by bad dreams. During another shelling, a missile strikes their building, and an upstairs neighbor dies of a heart attack. Kimia goes missing in the commotion, and Dorsa insists that someone took her. Her behavior also becomes disturbed and erratic; she insists there is a strange presence in the house, and repeatedly tries to get into the upper floor, believing that Kimia is there. The daughter of the deceased neighbor visits Shideh and claims that her father was unaffected by the missile impact but she found him looking terrified, as if he had seen a ghost. The neighbors gradually begin to leave to escape the fighting. Ebrahimi warns Shideh that djinns may possess humans, and they will steal a beloved personal item of their victims. The Ebrahimis leave too, until Dorsa and Shideh are the only two inhabitants left in the building. Her nightmares escalate to visions involving a floating chador that moves like a ghost. Dorsa admits to seeing the same apparitions, but claims that the ghostly woman in the chador wants to help her find Kimia. Shideh receives a call seemingly from Iraj, but the caller begins to berate her for being a poor mother, as the djinn did. Shideh finds a mutilated Kimia, which upsets Dorsa. Shideh repairs Kimia with tape, but when they are about to leave, another air raid siren goes off. She panics, believing that the Dorsa she left with is another apparition, and returns home to find Dorsa. She sees what appears to be Dorsa under their bed, but when trying to rescue her, she discovers with horror that it is an apparition. Escaping to the shelter, she finds the real Dorsa. The two are attacked by the chador apparition, which separates the two before Shideh manages to find Dorsa. She urges Dorsa back up the stairs but is trapped when the floor begins to suck her down.

**Chapter 9 : Under the Shadow of His Wings**

*2. Living with the constant fear, anxiety, or painful memory of something. Residents have had to live under the war's shadow for nearly a decade now.*

Until recently I never considered the deeper meaning of this verse beyond its poetic depiction of the protection and comfort of the Lord. But as in all things of God, the more closely we examine it, the more splendor we see. Three months after Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt they reached the Wilderness of Sinai where they settled for about a year. During this remarkable time the Lord brought Moses up into the mount for instruction in righteousness. And Moses went into the midst of the cloud, and gat him up into the mount: The Lord gave Moses "tables of stone, and a law, and commandments" v. He also gave Moses the revelation for the Tabernacle in the wilderness and "all the instruments thereof," including the ark of the covenant and the mercy seat. According to all that I shew thee, after the pattern of the tabernacle, and the pattern of all the instruments thereof, even so shall ye make it. Atop it sat the mercy seat. The mercy seat was not a place to sit down; it was a lid to cover the ark. The mercy seat was adorned with the figures of two golden cherubims. And the cherubims spread out their wings on high, and covered with their wings over the mercy seat, with their faces one to another; even to the mercy seatward were the faces of the cherubims. The cherubims were winged angels like those that guarded the tree of life in the garden of Eden. So he drove out the man; and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden Cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life. God instructed Moses to tell the children of Israel, "I will commune with thee from above the mercy seat, from between the two cherubims which are upon the ark of the testimony" Exo. Once a year, on the Day of Atonement, the high priest was allowed past the veil into "the most holy place" where the ark was the KJV Bible does not use the popular term, "the holy of holies. And the priests brought in the ark of the covenant of the LORD unto his place, into the oracle of the house, to the most holy place, even under the wings of the cherubims. But if there were ever a box that could contain eternal truth, it was the ark of the covenant. There are far too many truths than can be addressed in this one article. But even now the picture should be clearer to you: God communed with man "under the wings of the cherubims" – under the wings of the mercy seat. You and I meet God under the shadow of his wings of mercy! Keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of thy wings No human being could meet its standard. The mercy seat, sprinkled with the blood of atonement, made it possible for man to approach God. If not for mercy, we would all be consumed. Jesus is God "manifest in the flesh" 1 Tim. He is the righteousness of God personified, but he is also the mercy of God personified. Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me: We who are weak, sinful, and inadequate can find rest under his wings, knowing "his mercy endureth for ever" Ps. How excellent is thy lovingkindness, O God! He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: Under the shadow of his wings we find help in our time of need. Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice. Under the wings of his mercy we find healing. But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings; and ye shall go forth, and grow up as calves of the stall. And under his wings of mercy we will abide in his tabernacle forever. I will abide in thy tabernacle for ever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not! Hide me, Lord Jesus, under the shadow of thy wings. Let me find refuge in your mercies forever.