

Chapter 1 : Visit Elephant Whispers on your trip to Hazyview or South Africa

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In addition to the expected demonstrations, feeding and posing with the enormous fellow, another elephant lay down on command and allowed us to examine, touch and experience them up c Poterli accarezzare e parlare. You can caress and speak. These elephants are used to visitors and we can, with guides, touch them, give them to drink, walk them and take lots of pictures. But it is also an opportunity to learn many things about their lifestyle and their Physiology in English only. They are very endearing! Tour really recommended before discovering the elephants reserve and the Kruger. We had an issue with the date of our booking. We did however turn up on the day we thought an hour before the usual tour time and were met with a very frosty reception. Particularly to my 9 year old son. We called the elephant sanctuary down the road and went there. Well over half of the price and an amazing experience. A chance to get up close and personal with the largest mammals. Using positive reinforcement techniques so all animals are in great condition and very comfortable around humans. Once in a lifetime. However If you already know a lot about elephants then this can drag on for a very long time! However you can just enjoy observing the elephants whilst you wait for the elephant infomercial to end. This place is without a doubt a must see! Hats off to an absolutely fantastic team doing incredible work for these amazing creatures. Elephant Whispers wins by a landslide!

Chapter 2 : The Whispers - Wikipedia

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Chapter 3 : Whispers of the North | The Gordon Lightfoot Tribute Band

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In desperate need of money, Craig accepts a job that causes him to grow numb to the world around him. He lives life with his eyes closed and Kenny tries to pull him out, but nothing seems to work. After a series of tragic events, Craig finally snaps out of it, no longer able to remain heartless. This is pretty experimental and odd and drunk. I was in a weird state of mind when I wrote this. The story is somewhat inspired by Dorian Gray and the film Sleeping Beauty. So, here it is – a story about "waking up". Craig Tucker obeyed, opening his mouth wider as she inserted a tube down his throat. He gagged slightly, closing his eyes until she finished. After receiving an envelope, he left the medical research laboratory without another word. Outside, he greeted the cool, mountain air with a long sigh. When he turned his head, he saw a familiar face standing in front of a parked car. After that, the conversation melted away. I get it, really, I do – but you need to wake up, Craig. Stop pretending you do. You make it impossible. You needed to be just right for the job. He intended to use it. So, he made the call and he set up an interview. He took a taxi out into the middle of nowhere. When he arrived, he came face to face with a large, stone building surrounded by acres of trees. It seemed to be the only building within miles. He stepped out of the taxi after paying the driver and began slowly approaching the front doors. He reached for the knocker and pulled it back before slapping it against the door one, two, three times. Mere moments later, a woman answered. She was slender and old, with greying hair that was tied up in a neat bun. Still, Craig found something elegant about her stature and the way she seemed to carry herself. Her expression was stern and she was dressed in a pencil suit. The hallways were quiet and bare. Craig stared up at the paintings – arrays of men and women lying on fainting sofas. They all looked like they were sleeping. Craig found it eerie. Every model was in the exact same room and in the exact same position. Everything was the same except for the subject. All had very different hair colors and eye colors and skin tones, but all were beautiful. The old woman walked him to an office and asked, "Are you familiar with this kind of work? I assume whoever referred you here told you. He half expected the interview to go like this. So, he tentatively reached for the zipper on his jacket and slid it down. He tossed it to the floor carelessly before reaching for the edge of his t-shirt and lifting it off. Next he reached for the button on his jeans before pushing them below his hips. They pooled around his feet and he stepped out of them, standing in front of the old woman in a simple pair of tight, black boxer briefs. She moved behind her desk and pressed a button on the phone before speaking into it. He was tall, with a long face and more hair on above his lip than on his head. Craig assumed he was perhaps in his late fifties or early sixties – a little older than the woman, but not by much. Craig stood still and obedient, waiting for further instruction. The man touched Craig, poking and prodding and pinching. Calloused thumbs brushed past his nipples and moved down his chest. Hands stroked his thighs, feeling smooth skin. Craig remained calm, maintaining eye contact with the woman the entire time and not once shuddering. He just stayed quiet. The woman smiled once more before returning her attention to Craig. His movements were brisk, yet calm. Once decent, they left the office. She led Craig back down the hallway and up a flight of stairs. Soon, they stopped in front of a door. You may call me Mother or Madame, whichever you prefer. It was coloured in a rich red. The drapes, carpets and bedding were all the exact same shade. The furniture was a deep, chestnut brown. There was a canopy bed, twin nightstands, a bureau and a rocking chair in the corner. Without asking for permission, he moved towards the opposite side of the room and opened the curtains to reveal a wall-lengthed window. The old woman smiled, but it was void of emotion. During much of your stay, you will be asleep. They can look and touch, but nothing more. Before each visit, you will meet me for tea. Think of the tea as a sleep aid. After finishing your cup, you will return to your room and lie down. The tea will help you fall asleep. When you wake up, your client will be gone and the appointment will be over. Some things are best left unknown. This also promises anonymity to our clients. To ensure that no rules are broken, cameras are set up in the room and visits will be monitored. Is this all right?

You will get receive payment when you wake up. You receive fifty percent of the fee clients pay. He was desperate and Bebe said it was a lot. He knew that whatever it was, it would be worth it. Wash and shave yourself. When you are finished, put on the robe hanging on the door. She will bring you to me afterward and we will have tea. He knew he should have felt anxious or nervous, but he felt neither. When the woman left, Craig crossed the hallway and moved into the bathroom. It was just as lavish as the rest of the house. He turned on the shower taps and stepped inside, washing himself thoroughly before picking up the razor. He used it cautiously, careful not to nick his skin. Once finished, he dried off and reached for the robe. It was black silk and it felt smooth between his fingers. He slipped it on, tying the knot and leaving the room. He found the maid across the hall. With a polite smile, she led him into a new room. In the parlour room, Madame was sitting on a floral patterned sofa. She held up a hand upon spotting Craig, wordlessly inviting him inside. Craig did so, standing by her side and silently wondering what her name was. It felt too strange to call another woman Mother and it felt foreign to call her Madame. Perhaps it was safer that way. When Craig nodded, she responded with, "Come here. She put a palm on his backside, sliding it between his cheeks. If clients ask, we will tell them you are a virgin.

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