

Chapter 1 : THE HAUNTING MELODY by Theodor Reik | Kirkus Reviews

On its maiden voyage the Melody sinks and Daniel is blamed for the demise of the Melody and virtually all on board. The second half of the story is set in modern times and centers around a young woman named Val.

Then I ran out into the night; my spirit torn and purified. I believe in that never-to-be-forgotten hour no single stain remained upon my soul! Even Beethoven quoted from it in the sixth movement of his String Quartet Op. But its most famous instrumental setting was written by German Protestant composer Max Bruch in Reik, an early disciple of Freud, was so moved that he delved deep into the reasons behind this almost archetypal response, eventually writing a chapter on this prayer alone in his work. What is it about Kol Nidre that captivates penitents – Jews and non-Jews? The answer is many-layered, and begins with the tune itself. Gila Flam, director of the Music Department of the National Library, pulled several versions of Kol Nidre from the vault for The Times of Israel, and discussed its various incarnations. There are religious Jews who believe that along with the Oral and Written Torah, Moses also received from God musical prayers, as well as the trope marks to read the Bible. But does that significance explain its emotional pull? Another explanation could be found in its musical structure, said Flam. It cannot be proven by science. What is interesting, however, is that there is evidence that the Kol Nidre melody was generated in the 11th century by a troupe of German troubadours called Minnesingers who sang about courtly love. But once it is written down, the music is frozen. Beer went into the field and collected some 1,000 Jewish melodies. It was in Berlin that Lewandowski worked with cantor Abraham J. Lichtenstein, who eventually exposed Kol Nidre to composer Bruch. The Reconstructionist movement added it back into its holiday services in 1935, but the Reform movement restored the full Aramaic text to its Union Prayerbook only in 1940. Schoenberg poured his conflicted soul into his Kol Nidre and, departing from the traditional haunting melody, created a distinctive piece that, to the untrained ear, may be labeled as narrative text and choir over orchestral cacophony. Levin, artistic director of the Milken Archive of Jewish Music, he writes: On Yom Kippur, we have reached the last lap in our spiritual marathon: Freudian psychoanalyst Reik also connects the tune to the moment in time and the deeply primitive instincts it triggers. This music brings adequately to expression the revolutionary wish of the congregation and their subsequent anxiety; the soft broken rhythms reflect their deep remorse and contrition. Thus, the song is really full of terror and mercy, as Lenau has observed.

Chapter 2 : A Haunting Melody - Your Ghost Stories

"a haunting melody" For many years now, we have been asking musicians, composers, and people from all walks of life and from across the world to tell us the melodies they find the most haunting.

A while back, I was in Starbucks and I heard a haunting melody that sounded familiar. Upon listening more closely, I realized what I was hearing and I was suddenly transported back in time to the age of He had two friends, Pat and Tommy and the 6 of us somehow formed a sort of click. Conversely, his sidekick and best friend, Tommy was very short, had a pug nose, a big mouth, funny teeth, and was in general not very attractive, although he was a really nice guy who we all loved. I think they had a symbiotic relationship and he lived vicariously through Richie. It was such a contrast—kind of like Mutt and Jeff. But there was no question who the leader was and that was Richie. I was a total innocent at that time, a good girl, and had never even had a boyfriend. So, naturally I was flattered that the fabulous Richie wanted to hang with us. At first, we were all platonic, but as always happens with males and females, sex gets into the mix. But I guess I was still selective, even at that stage in my life. I remember going home and weighing the pros and cons: Pros-He had a part time job at a theater on Broadway and could get me into shows. He made some pretty good money, even at age 17 and could treat me. But it was and I drifted on top of a cloud when I went home that night and almost had to pinch myself to see if I was indeed awake. Of course, I had no idea what it even meant to be a girlfriend of anyone, let alone a girlfriend of the most sought after boy in Stuyvesant Town. Since we lived near the East Village of Greenwich Village , we would sometimes go over to a discotheque called the Electric Circus, which catered to the younger crowd because they did not serve liquor. We were all dancing together as a group, and having a great time while colorful amoebas splashed over the walls accompanied by the rhythmic psychedelic music of that time. Suddenly, a slow song came on, and Richie asked me to dance. I almost fell into a trance and for the duration of that song it felt as if there were only two people on the dance floor and in the world. Since he was so tall, I hung onto his waist, with my head leaning against his warm chest, feeling his heart beating, and was only aware of that haunting song and the flashing psychedelic lights across the ceiling and walls. At that moment, I loved him with all my heart and soul, just like the words of that song. Richie was indeed my first love, and my first broken heart because unfortunately that moment in time did not last. But for that night, my dreams came true.

Chapter 3 : Haunting Melody - Musings of a Real Life Woman

The latest Tweets from a haunting melody (@Melle13). I'm procrastinating because s/f and music and theology rabbit holes. I'm supposed to be academic-ing. Nairobi.

However when he gets caught by an unlikely listener, who knows how long his secret will remain a secret. A reveal story because im a sucker for those. First multi chapter story. The ridiculously obvious play on his name! How could he not have seen this sooner!? But how could this be possible? How could he be both alive AND dead? He truly does have the heart of a hero if this turns out to be the truth. Turning off the water he steps out of the shower and drying himself down formulates a plan of attack. After getting dressed and collecting his thoughts he walks back downstairs, hearing laughter from the living room. Upon crossing the threshold he is awed by what he sees. His living room has been turned into an ice crystal cave. Diamonds of all sizes floating around the space, creating a rainbow of colors from the refracting sunlight. Phantom manipulates the crystals into different shapes to entertain Tabbetha. He must have sensed his presence because the boy turns to look at him and resumes that hunched over, embarrassed look that is so distinctly Fenton he wants to cry for not realizing it sooner. He walks in as Tabbetha runs over talking a mile a minute. He reaches up to touch one of the crystals, which drifts lazily away at the disturbance. Those battle hardened eyes that are too sharp for someone so young, exactly like Fenton. Even though you gain nothing in return, even when the people are so unappreciative, even though some may openly hate you, why do you do it? He smiles bittersweetly, and looks over at him. A duty he has takes upon himself at the cost of his own personal wants and needs. However the determination to keep the town safe could be felt throughout. Every question and every answer slowly filling in the missing pieces to the puzzle that is Danny Phantom. Hours pass, the both of them talking about anything and everything, all the while Lancer is secretly gathering information. Phantom proves to be quite amiable and excellent company. Finally the topic of music rolls around and Lancer chooses this moment to strike the final nail in the proverbial coffin. Lancer seems genuinely curious about him as a person, what his wants and desires are or were when he was alive, what his thought are on the world today. They talk about whatever comes to mind, expertly deflecting questions that are a bit too risky to answer even with half truths. He learns a lot about Lancer, little things that cement his appreciation for the educator. He retells the accident story, of course omitting certain details. Lancer then moves to a more friendly topic, music. Danny visibly brightens and delves into the recent love of music and song writing. How it came out of nowhere after the development of one of his powers, and just sort of stuck. Lancer excuses himself, saying he needs to check on a few things. As he makes his way up the stairs and into his study, his legs begin to wobble. Making it into the plush office chair he opens his briefcase and steels his nerves. After five agonizingly long minutes he closes the notebook as well as the briefcase. He is so pale that Dracula looks tan in comparison. The cross referencing he just did proved his theory is one hundred percent true with out a doubt. Daniel Fenton and Danny Phantom are one and the same. Thanks so much for reading and please review! Your review has been posted.

Chapter 4 : A Haunting Melody Chapter 5: Something Familiar This Way Comes, a danny phantom fanfic |

Tamara Holcknecht was a sandy blonde with deep blue eyes. In the small town of Wichita Falls, Texas, Tamara played in a band and her ripe sense of humor could make anyone laugh.

However when he gets caught by an unlikely listener, who knows how long his secret will remain a secret. A reveal story because im a sucker for those. First multi chapter story. The glorious lunch break is finally here. He can turn off his brain for a full forty five minutes with no consequence. He instantly doses off, snoring slightly and using his school bag as a pillow. Sam and Tucker give him pitying looks. Sam keeps an eye on him while Tucker grabs lunch for the three of them. So much so that he jumps three feet in the air if a fly buzzes too close to his ear. Unfortunately for them the minute Tucker returns with their lunches Danny shivers and his head shoots up, looking around wildly. They have been doing this long enough to know when a ghost is near. He shivers, he still has nightmares about the last one. He watches over the students, giving stern looks to the troublemakers getting ready to fling a pudding cup. The doors bust open and instantly he is reminded of his morning worries. In comes Daniel Fenton looking ready to pass out. In fact, he does, right on the lunch table. Manson and Foley behave more like his parents than his friends. Suddenly Daniel shoots up in his seat and bolts past him and out of the cafeteria, straight into the bathroom. Not even thirty seconds later the wall directly behind him explodes, sending him and a few students flying to the opposite wall. Dizzy and a bit bruised, Lancer slowly gets up on his hands and knees, finally catching a glimpse of what the heck just happened. Floating in the middle of the hole in the wall is the hunter ghost looking as menacing as ever. Lancer attempts to heard all the students out of the school through the nearest emergency exit, grabbing Manson and Foley by the wrists and dragging them out forcefully. Then he remembers Daniel is still in the bathroom, and bolts back into the building. He can hear the distinct sound of ectoblasts, meaning Phantom has just arrived. This is good, this way he can keep the Ghost distracted while he finds Daniel. Busting into the bathroom his heart rate quickens at finding it empty. He calls out for the boy, running through the classrooms in the immediate area. He probably went back to the cafeteria! Sprinting back through the broken doors he comes across a war zone. Tables flipped and broken, walls crumbling into dust, food smeared and splattered everywhere. Then a loud crash and Phantom slams into the floor right at his feet. The educator sighs in relief, the threat is gone. But Daniel is still missing! Lancer thanks Phantom and after watching him leave walks back outside. And there amongst the throng of students is Daniel Fenton just as promised. The gears in his head start turning. The rest of the day went by without incident. Daniel falling asleep in his class again, earning detention for the afternoon, but nothing out of the ordinary. Walking into his office after the final bell, with Daniel in tow, they get ready to clean up the cafeteria. However as he makes his way back, the same eerie song of the previous night can be heard coming from within the cafeteria. This chapter was very weird to write. I might re edit this whole story some time in the future. Depends on how it goes. Thanks for reading and please review! Your review has been posted.

Chapter 5 : 8tracks radio | Love is a haunting melody (8 songs) | free and music playlist

So the melody goes C, A, C, A, C, A, C#, with the last note with a slight fermata over it, and then it would fade out. It was a few octaves higher than that of the guitar tab (think the very highest octave of a piano).

Chapter 6 : 'Song to Song' is a haunting melody of sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll - www.nxgvision.com

Im 15 yrs old, Dont judge xDD ooh scary.:DD haha random thingy i made cuz i was bored and watched some ghost videos so i was in the mood lmao. hope it sound.

Chapter 7 : A Haunting Melody Poem by David Whalen - Poem Hunter

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A Haunting Melody by David www.nxgvision.com not lyricsbut whispers That lie neath the melody Ghostly murmurs that haunt the refrain Sursurrant sounds That surge And then melt Whispers not.

Chapter 8 : How the haunting Kol Nidre melody harnessed the power to convert | The Times of Israel

The GPP5 Randomation for the Mother1 Fanfest. A silent ghosts plays one last song.

Chapter 9 : A Haunting Melody Chapter 9: Strike Three You're Out, a danny phantom fanfic | FanFiction

It's funny how a song that you haven't heard since you were a teenager, can suddenly bring you back to a moment in time, good or bad. A while back, I was in Starbucks and I heard a haunting melody that sounded familiar.