

# DOWNLOAD PDF SUGAR AND SPICE AND THE BOILING OF BUNNIES : GENDER, ETHICS AND INFIDELITY

## Chapter 1 : Holdings : Cheating on the sisterhood : | York University Libraries

*"A feminist examination of infidelity -- Sugar and spice and the boiling of bunnies: gender, ethics and infidelity stereotypes -- Agency, individualism, and orgasm politics -- The divided woman: feminist vs. femme fatale -- "You want it.*

They knew who among them was the culprit. Hannibal saw him, heard him, too: Benjamin Murdoch, flute player – and by far the least talented musician to be playing the evening stage. Removing him would greatly improve the orchestra. The after-party, taking place in a small concert hall in the back of the Baltimore Theatre, added insult to injury. There were the usual suspects, prone to making an already wasted evening unbearable: Sylvia and Peter Dall, who tended to drag out their marital problems in front of twenty embarrassed spectators, if the champagne flowed too freely, and tonight it flowed. Claire, widow, always eager to draw attention in whatever way possible, as long as it was male attention, regardless of angry wives looking on. Finally, Franklyn Froideveaux, irritation personified. That one, Hannibal blamed on himself. Franklyn was abysmal at forming personal connections that went beyond asking his secretary to bring him a cup of coffee. The ones he did make seldom lasted longer than it took the other party to realize they were now the sole focus of a needy big city neurotic with an unfortunate tendency to overlook social clues. To make friends, he said. To broaden his horizon. And a fine job he was doing of that, across the concert hall, standing by himself next to the buffet table and clutching a flute of champagne. He was watching Hannibal with the kind of hunger a famished man reserved for a banquet, the other board members ignored. Hannibal was used to patients developing a rather intimate relationship with him; he was starting to mind the stalking, though. Perhaps it was time to refer Franklyn to a colleague. Perhaps it was time to kill him. He was good, but he was not a miracle worker. Franklyn headed him off just as Hannibal was about to open the door that lead to the staff area of the theatre. He was thinking about a light meal. The Symphony Board meetings always sported a buffet table. Peter Dall, the chairman, was very good at selecting sub-par catering services. Franklyn made an agreeing noise. Kind of getting sick of the champagne, you know? Shrugging into his jacket, Hannibal gave him an encouraging smile. Franklyn was turning into a problem he was going to have to deal with, sooner or later. On the one hand, Hannibal usually avoided killing anyone closely connected to him. Attention from law enforcement was something he tried not to actively encourage, however. On the other hand, Franklyn had annoyed him enough to make him want to reconsider his rules. Unexpectedly, a door opened to his right, catching him painfully on the shoulder. Only a fast sideways step saved him from the small avalanche of folded cartons landing on the floor as the door rebounded and caught the person carrying them. The sharp smack of wood against skin was followed by a yelp of pain. The man stepping into the corridor shook his hand and flexed his fingers. The rest seems to be in working order. Two of them, ring and index finger, were bloodied from their impact with the door and already starting to colour. I have a first-aid kit in my car. Let me take care of that. Getting the first-aid kit out of the trunk of his Bentley, Hannibal watched him shuffle the cartons into the back of a beat-up, grey Volvo with a Virginia license plate. The longer he was in his presence, the more he noticed that there was something off about Will. He smelled, ever so slightly, of something sweet and heated. Other things were obvious, too. Although his handshake had been firm, his palm and the back of his hand were moist. The collar of the t-shirt peaking out from under the flannel shirt he wore was dark with it. His breath came shallowly and slightly faster than was normal. His skin was too warm to the touch. Working quickly, Hannibal disinfected the bruised knuckles and surrounding skin. To mention that sweet, heated smell, or not? The sweat could have a perfectly benign explanation, but it was rare that Hannibal smelled something on another person and was wrong about it. Made his decision, spur-of-the-moment: Hannibal tightened his grip. Just a quick flash of blue-grey eyes, startled, wide. What about sleepwalking, then? The circumstances were less than ideal – they barely knew each other, they were standing in a deserted parking lot at the back of the Baltimore Theatre, and it was the middle

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of the night. It was easy to get the wrong idea. You have a fever, among other things. One specializing in neurological diseases. Hannibal watched its tail lights disappear, wondering at himself. Having the police on his doorstep now and then because of his patients was one thing. It came with the job. Being the focus of an investigation, however Hannibal tamped down the small voice inside that insisted it would be interesting. Being accused of sexual harassment or attempted assault “ with no witnesses around, and no camera surveillance in the employee parking lot, Will could spin that story any way he liked, if he wanted ” was neither interesting nor challenging. He was playing a dangerous game already, with an institution quite a few steps up higher from the Baltimore Police Department. He was not above recognizing that an overinflated ego, a serious overestimation of his capabilities, could become as crippling to his future as a single mistake during the creation of one of his pieces of art. If only the people who sat on his couch, in his armchairs, knew. Doctor Hannibal Lecter, M.

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### Chapter 2 : Sugar and Spice ( and nothing nice ) - ThisBeautifulDrowning - Hannibal (TV) [Archive of Our C

*Cheating on the sisterhood: infidelity and feminism / Lauren Rosewarne Praeger/ABC-CLIO Santa Barbara, Calif Australian/Harvard Citation Rosewarne, Lauren.*

I see and hear myself reflected everywhere in the city. There are beauty supplies and house music festivals and She now has over , followers on Instagram, 39, on Twitter, and over , likes on Facebook. The creation of the hashtag LetNoorShine let others show support of her dream. The combination of the photograph, her experiences in journalism and her social media And this week the team behind one of those AIs, known as DeepStack, has divulged some of the secrets to its successâ€”a triumph that could one day lead to AIs She drives through the neighborhood a few times each day I am an Uber addict and a reckless ride-share user. I assumed the musical would simply regurgitate their best hits peppering in sparse dialogue and the occasional jazz hands. Perhaps one for tourists, or for fans of the band. But for anyone else? My Parents Were Undocumented Immigrants. My ancestors survived the Armenian genocide, watching as their family was torn apart in a wave of ethnic cleansing in My mother jumped out of a crumbling building during the Armenian earthquake of and lived in a tent during the cold winter as the city rebuilt its infrastructure. As the Soviet regime began to decline, my parents endured food shortages and power outages. Secretary of Energy Ernest Moniz was in East Baltimore at the home of Michelle Williams for a press event to bring attention to solar energy. After a bit of investigation, he pitched a piece on the Spartans â€” a local football team in Moscow â€” to a newspaper. In March, he attended some training sessions and published the article. She made a case that was almost unique among her fellow evangelicals: Hillary Clinton, she argued, was not the lesser of two evils but in actuality the more Christian candidate and therefore far more deserving of their support. The chain arrived there in , after Stephen B. He began to lobby for a store in the Bronx. He made phone calls to the chain that went unanswered; he sent letters containing a petition signed by ten thousand residents. Alumni brothers share a taste of home through family business Daily Bruin October 26, By Semaj Earl Summer Journalism Program Class of Four brothers grew up in Central Mexico eating birote, a loaf of bread smothered with beans, sliced tomatoes, jalapenos and queso fresco, in a brick house with dirt floors. While most comments were positive, I could not help but feel anxious as a result of the few horror stories I had read: Even though I understood that these incidents may happen in the United States too, there was something especially off-putting about the thought of experiencing racism in a foreign country. The Cuban-American was born and raised in Miami, a melting pot of a town that exudes racial and cultural diversity. That dynamic environment is drastically different at Elon, a predominantly white institution. Roughly 6 percent of students identify as Latino or Hispanic at Elon, an increase to the population from , when it was roughly 1. As soon as it is hot, they are thronged with children and some adults who know that in July, bliss is whatever cools you down. The Mets right-hander continued to put his initial struggles in the rear view mirror and delivered his third straight dominant outing Friday, allowing one run on two hits over six innings in a victory in 11 innings over the Milwaukee Brewers at Miller Park. Code Start is a free, yearlong training program and accelerated boot camp for low-income people between 18 and I got a full scholarship to Georgetown. Rarely did anyone in my family go far from home, at least for a long time, and even if they did, most of them came back. This expressive ability was demonstrated by Alice Sheppard during her performance at the Davis Performing Arts Center on Monday night, which intertwined speech and choreography to invoke a unique conversation about the stigma of disability in art. It had the woeful distinction in the last census of being in the poorest congressional district in the country. But longtime residents, and newcomers who venture across the nearby Third Avenue Bridge, see a neighborhood in full transformation, and many of them are drawn to a local watering hole with the sleek look of Lower Manhattan and the casual feel of the Bronx.

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## Chapter 3 : Body Parts / Pantheon - TV Tropes

*A feminist examination of infidelity --Sugar and spice and the boiling of bunnies: gender, ethics and infidelity stereotypes --Agency, individualism, and orgasm politics --The divided woman: feminist vs. femme fatale --"You want it. You buy it.*

Powdered Glass and Madness: The Invisible Man by H. Wells. Also, if you have any other ideas, concepts, or analysis up for discussion please feel free to comment at the bottom. The Invisible Man was published in by H. Wells. Often considered one of the "fathers of science fiction," H. Wells created an unmistakable impression upon science fiction and the conflicts that can arise from discovery. Laying the foundation for imaginative possibility and fantastic situations, Wells also gave us insight into humanity by placing people in situations that provided uncommon strain, leading to enlightening reactions. So what is so frightening about the possibility of an invisible man? Human definition, control, and accountability. These three concepts are the backbone of The Invisible Man. Human definition is not justly based on the five senses. We can be blind and still be human or we can be blind and the person we cannot see is still human. Same with smell, taste, touch, and sound. But if this were the dilemma in The Invisible Man it would have been solved easily and there would be no novel. It is obvious that this issue is not whether or not Griffin the invisible man exists but rather what he is now defined as. The issue becomes that he has literally changed his make up to render himself invisible. This makes it so that no one can see him, whether their eyes are fully functional or not. He begins with removing the pigment from his blood. Already being an albino, Griffin has less difficulty rendering himself pigment-less. Once he has no pigment he uses the serum he has invented to lower refractive index the number used to describe the way in which light propagates through an object, level of refraction, reflection, absorption, etc. Thus, he becomes invisible. The question now is: Does a visible human body play a functional role in the definition of a human? Some may say, "Of course not. Others may claim, "He changed the actual chemical reaction of oxygenated hemoglobin which creates the red pigment of blood. He also had to alter the other respiratory pigments haemocyanin, haemerythrin, and chlorocruorin which, when becoming oxygenated, deal with the colors blue, green, red, and violet. Had he not been albino he would have also had to alter his skin pigmentation. This would have tampered with his melanin which would have resulted in genetic alteration. Interestingly, had Griffin had the capability to control his invisibility by "turning it on and off" we might have thought of him as a super hero or in his case super villain. But because he could not switch back and forth he became a fearful monstrosity, unable to function in society, and frightening to everyone. Interesting that a visible corporeal frame could make such a difference. At first, I was inclined to criticize the resident of Iping, who would sit and gossip and then only scream and run away horrified at the truth that they had complained at not having. But as the character and purposes of Griffin were revealed I realized that he had proved to be the exact man whom no one wanted to be in control. At one point Griffin explains his ideas of a "reign of terror" to Dr. Kemp, saying that it would begin with a few inconsequential deaths to establish his power. At another earlier point in the novel, we realize that Griffin has been robbing people since before he became invisible, a habit that has only worsened with his added advantage and inability to provide his own income. Griffin also has an explosive rage which is probably fueled by his occasional use of strychnine as a freaking sleeping aid! Griffin is also tending towards madness. Whether due to his rage, disregard for human life, or his belief in his own impunity, Griffin has created a monster of himself. He deprives others of their most basic ability towards self-preservation: He deprives others of their most basic means of survival: He deprives others of their most basic right: Killing him becomes an issue of ethics. Did they even mean to kill him? But the commentary still stands: Accountability This final concept constitutes less of a question and more of a statement. Most people agree that accountability while often avoided through means of dishonesty, is always deserved since our actions necessitate the corresponding consequences. Kemp, it is obvious that Griffin thinks the end justifies the means. But if your actions necessitate the chase, then good luck. But he went a step further, not only allowing the hunt to begin by betraying Griffin but by depriving Griffin of his

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own necessity. He cut off his means of shelter, food, and clothes. He set out police dogs. He even suggested lining the roads with powdered glass. Adye starts at this idea expressing its unsportsmanlike flavor, Dr. He has cut himself off from his own kind. His blood be upon his own head. The Invisible Man In the end, Griffin is killed by a mob who is trying to stop him from murdering Dr. Before I made this mad experiment I had dreamt of a thousand advantages. That afternoon it seemed all disappointment. I went over the heads of the things a man reckons desirable. No doubt invisibility made it possible to get them, but it made it impossible to enjoy them when they are got. Ambitionâ€”what is the good of pride of place when you cannot appear there? What is the good of the love of woman when her name must needs be Delilah? I have no taste for politics, for the blackguardisms of fame, for philanthropy, for sport. What was I to do? And for this, I had become a wrapped-up mystery, a swathed and bandaged caricature of a man! Hall, standing open-mouthed and horror-struck, shrieked at what she saw, and made for the door of the house. Everyone began to move. They were prepared for scars, disfigurements, tangible horrors, but nothing! The bandages and false hair flew across the passage into the bar, making a hobbledehoy jump to avoid them. Everyone tumbled on everyone else down the steps. For the man who stood there shouting some incoherent explanation, was a solid gesticulating figure up to the coat-collar of him, and thenâ€”nothingness, no visible thing at all! My head was already teeming with plans of all the wild and wonderful things I had now impunity to do. The common conventions of humanity-Are all very well for common people.

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### Chapter 4 : Articles by SJP Alumni - Summer Journalism Program: Articles by SJP Alumni

*Fashioning adultery: gender, sex and civility in England, HQ T87 The monogamy myth: a new understanding of affairs and how to survive them / Peggy Vaughan.*

Sponsor Barefoot Wines provides complimentary wine tasting. FIBO judges will be searching for the most original, creative and fabulous beach blanket oasis on the shore. Grab your guy and head to the Ice Palace for 2for-1 drinks. Watch sexy models show off super-tiny swimwear from the comfort of your reserved poolside lounge chairs as you enjoy complimentary drinks and refreshments. Daniel Nardicio and co. Get into the circuit party spirit without ever having to leave New York! Franco pop faves and Top 40 hits. The music and the boys are as hot as the drinks are cool! Special guest DJ Rich King will be on hand for the launch, so expect a double dose of disco from both DJs to get you all sweaty on the dance floor. DJ Lina spins her popular early-evening tea where Pines Boys and guys from the Grove dance on the deck, sip Planters Punch and kiki up a storm. Looking for sexy gay bikers and a steamy soundtrack? Grab a cocktail and get a second free til 9pm as the delectable DJ Scott Jones spins the hits of your youth. And at 11pm Kizha A. You know who you are First up, Selena Gomez. Gomez deserves extra love for being a big advocate of the LGBT community and for her outspokenness in regards to combatting gay bullying. Her career has been skyrocketing recently and it really comes to a crescendo on Stars Dance, which transforms Gomez from a teen starlet to a bona fide pop star. The stars align on Stars Dance with a delicious, contemporary mix of EDM, dubstep, glitch pop, teen pop and hip hop that clearly takes some cues from Britney Spears and Skrillex. For the record, Gomez just had her birthday on July 22 when she turned Finally, popular boy band One Direction has dropped new tracks. But on August 10, that serene bubble gets punctured ever so slightly when a diverse lineup of queer artists takes the stage for the annual Out in the Woods Queer Music Festival. But, co-organizer Wil Fisher points out, Out in the Woods is also an opportunity for queer musical acts to come together and build a wider community. Of course there are plenty of queers with guitarsâ€”Justin Vahala and Brett Every among themâ€”giving the festival a crunchy vibe. Freeman says it was also vital for the festival to feature a diverse array not only of queer performers, but of musical genres as well, which includes country and rock acts alongside hip MUSIC T Nhojj; inset Rachael Sage hop and classical musicians. With so many live music festivals happening every summer, Out in the Woods has the distinction of being one of very few queer-centric events. Carter Tour takes over Barclays Center for three nights, Aug 3â€”5. Also on the 4th, Beck plays the Prospect Park Bandshell. It desperately wants to be either Whoop-Dee-Doo! Though it has a few funny moments and a hardworking cast, Boys lacks bite, savvy and, most importantly, relevance. If only it succeededâ€”alas, it only exhausts. Headlining is handsome out Tony winner Paulo Szot who will bring his new collection of American Songbook, Brazilian melodies and jazz classics to the stage Aug 5â€” Not only does the film do a great job of showing what everyday realities might look like aboard a private spacecraft, but it also illustrates the distance humans would have to go to reach the other planets in our solar system. Which is a bummer, because deep-space travel sounds scary enough even without underwater aliens.

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### Chapter 5 : A New Lease on Life - Ghost\_of\_a\_Chance\_13 - Multifandom [Archive of Our Own]

*Sugar and Spice (and nothing nice)* ( words) by <a href="www.nxgvision.com

She refused Warren Berger. Theories of shame currently intertwine numerous disciplines—psychology, philosophy, anthropology, gender studies, and literary theory. According to Tomkins, shame holds immanent importance due to its transformative power on the individual and society. This turning inward can have differing consequences—one can be overcome with shame, but one can also overcome shame. Fear might inspire bravery, just as shame might beget pride. When one is shamed, one knows blushing that one could and perhaps can and will do better next time. As Sedgwick, too, highlights, shame, according to Tomkins, can be experienced as a private, damaging and physical sensation, but it also connects us to others in surprisingly productive ways. Thus, shame unmakes and makes us both individually and collectively. When we experience shame, either personally or vicariously, it inspires us to reinvent our identities and to reexamine our values and interactions as a society. In other words, shame occurs when interest or enjoyment has been triggered, but has not completely abated. Shame is quite different from contempt-disgust, which results in a complete turning away from the source. Rather, in shame, one is simultaneously drawn in and pushed away. And although both *Push* and *Bastard* are categorized as fiction, Sapphire and Allison have spoken and written publicly about their own personal experiences of childhood sexual abuse and how their personal experiences inspired their novels. Bone frees herself from her abuser, while Precious learns to read and write and establishes an independent life with her son. Narratives of *Dangerous* Remembering from Stein to Sapphire. These narratives, like *Push* and *Bastard*, emphasize the long-term shameful and traumatic nature of incest on entire families and the need for the victim to convert his or her shame into acceptance and recovery. Precious is haunted by memories of orgasms during her rapes, and Bone develops masturbatory fantasies that incorporate the sexual violence she has experienced. Indeed, *Push* and *Bastard* emphasize what is typically omitted from incest narratives—the uncomfortably potent sexual subjectivity of the girl victim. In doing so, these novels both depict how this combination of non-consent and pleasure begets shame for the girl, and how that shame must be reconciled, reworked, or wrested back for her to develop her sense of personal and sexual agency. During the rapes, Precious tries to escape through fantasy: However, she is disturbed from her reverie due to the physical sensation of pleasure: Lay there stare at wall till wall is a movie — I get so confuse. But my pussy be popping. Every time she thinks of her father in the novel, she cannot help reimagining the rapes. Brought into the unfiltered mind of Precious who is shamed by her pleasurable response to the rapes, the reader too seems intended to experience a disturbing mixture of eroticism, pleasure, and disgust. In such a way, *Push* presents more than just the representation of shame; it generates the experience of it. Similarly, the masturbatory fantasies that Bone derives from her sexual abuse become the shared shameful secret that she and her readers experience. In the novel, Bone reimagines her beatings and rapes as masochistic sexual fantasies that bring her a confusing mixture of shame, pleasure, and pride. The daydream was about struggling to get free while the fire burned hotter and closer. The hook represents a dangerous and potent power for Bone, as well as a sexual one. When it was shiny and smooth, I got in bed and put it between my legs, pulling it back and forth. Shame brings us inward for reflection and revision; disgust-contempt points us outward for criticism. I do not critique these films simply for their infidelity to their novels. Certainly, considering affect can offer another framework with which to examine adaptations. In the case of *Push* and *Bastard* *Out of Carolina*, affect—in particular shame-interest—is not only removed from the visual adaptations, but also is the reason for the omission. In numerous interviews, both Daniels and Huston acknowledge how their adaptations required an affective shift. This fantasy sequence is not broken by any pleasure during her rape as it is in the novel, but rather by her mother who throws a bucket of water on her face to revive her from her unconscious state. In the novel, fantasy fails. Rain encourages her to read. And certainly the victimization of Precious is clear—her mother brutally beats, molests and demeans her, and her father rapes and assaults her. In her close-up before she

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lapses into a celebrity fantasy, Precious squints strangely, which might be read as pain or pleasure, although it would be difficult to read pleasure into that scene Figure 2. I hid my bruises as if they were evidence of crimes I had committed. I did that, and how could I explain to anyone that I hated being beaten but still masturbated to the story I told myself about it? In this case, TNT had produced the film for airing on its network so although its resonance as controversial i. In my imagination I was proud and defiant. With pornography so regularly appropriating youth, and, in particular, girlhood as its object, it is unsurprising that there has come to be a ready association between a sexual girl and the pornographic. TNT ultimately declined to screen the finished film when Huston refused to make the cuts requested by network executives. Undoubtedly, Huston aims to disturb through prolonged scenes of violence—the car scene of Bone being molested is two and a half minutes, and the scene where Glen threatens and rapes Bone lasts approximately five minutes. The violence is also notably explicit—in the final scene, Glen lifts Bone up by her head, punches her face, and then grabs her and forces a kiss on her. So well it made the hair on the back of my neck stand up. Precious seemed to evoke even more critical disgust—perhaps because of its wider audience and success the film screened at Sundance and ultimately was nominated for and won several Oscars or perhaps because of its incorporation of race. Her father treats her like meat, get it? In many reviews, this sense of contempt-disgust is evoked. Undoubtedly, Daniels and Huston were severely limited in the ways they could acknowledge childhood sexual subjectivity. So are the children" The stakes for undoing this unspoken logic—the child personifies innocence, and innocence is erotic, therefore the child is erotic—is high if we actually want to undo this cultural preoccupation. Still, this omission means that we fail to access the transformative power of that shame, and thus lose the opportunity to rethink and remake ourselves both individually and collectively. At the end of his book, Kincaid poses a question: Perhaps even more importantly, it would acknowledge the sexual agency of the child. And perhaps if we felt less threatened by a perceived toxic connection between childhood and sexuality, then we might be able to permit visual representations with children and girls as sexual agents and not merely as sexual victims. Acknowledgements Thank you to Jean Walton for her feedback, guidance, and inspiration in relation to this essay. Instead, he alludes to her abuse in one scene in which Mary, in bed, calls to Precious. Works Cited Adler, Amy. *Bastard Out of Carolina*. Based on the Novel Push by Sapphire. Accessed 7 Nov Incest, Lesbianism, and Therapeutic Culture. *A Journal of Lesbian and Gay Studies* 2. Accessed 17 Feb Film Society of Lincoln Center. Web Accessed 3 Nov U of Michigan, Edited by Vartan P. Messier and Nandita Batra. *Southern Realism and the Labor of Incest. Regulating Images of Adolescent Girls*, Edited by Frances K. Gateward and Murray Pomerance. Wayne State University Press, *Affect, Adaptation and New Perspectives on Fidelity*. Oxford University Press, *Endless Until a Teacher Steps In. The Culture of Child Molesting*. Duke University Press, *Interview with Dorothy Allison*. University Press of Mississippi, *A Project of Passion*. Pener, Degen, and Casey Davidson. University of Minnesota Press, *Sex and the Subject of Sexual Violence*. Edited by Lynn Higgins and Brenda R. Columbia University Press, *Interview with Anjelica Huston*. Accessed 28 Sept Edited by Mae Miller Claxton. Sedgwick, Eve Kosofsky and Adam Frank. *Shame and Its Sisters: A Silvan Tomkins Reader*.

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### Chapter 6 : "It Ain't for Children": "Shame-Interest" in Precious and Bastard Out of Carol

*Eggnog-Spiced French Toast Ingredients 2 large eggs 1 can fluid ounces) Evaporated Milk 2 tablespoons granulated sugar 2 teaspoons rum extract\* teaspoon ground cinnamon teaspoon ground nutmeg 8 slices firm, day-old bread, Eggnog-Spiced French Toast - Have a cheerful start to your morning with some sugar and spice and everything nice.*

Modesty Talks stress to women that men are extremely "visual". We are told how to dress in a becoming-yet-modest way. We want to honor our beauty, but at the same time aid our brothers in their pursuit of virtue. Something that might be appropriate among women alone is scratched when we know men will be around. And well she should. My beef is with the male half of this equation. While we women are told that men are "visual", and we should dress accordingly, men are told that women are "emotional" and they should--nothing. I feel this to be a source of grave inequality in Christian education. Women, good women, are taught to be ladies. They are taught to be content with outward acts that any trained monkey could do when it is really the selfless habit of putting others first that distinguishes a good man. A man can outwardly act the part of a gentleman and still be, at heart, a chauvinist pig. Their interactions with the opposite sex reek of noblesse oblige. That is what gentlemen do. Although the fine young Catholic men of my circle would never consciously manipulate or lead a young woman on, some are naive about how their charm and, shall we say, "emotional promiscuity" can be misleading. They by-and-large have fine male fellowship available to them, but the sweet and affirming company of women appeals to them. They rejoice that they know holy and virtuous women. They delight in the fact that these women bake them brownies and seem to always answer the phone when they call, and they start to drop in to their homes, and they are clueless, utterly clueless, about what the poor young ladies might be assuming. These men begin asking and taking too much, emotionally, from their female friends. They are like babies smacking and breaking things because they do not realize their own power. It is not pretty. And all because the only "modesty" talk they were ever given was "be very kind to girls when they are PMSing, and open doors, and affirm the fine women in your life. But here I am, helping the man keep custody of his eyes AND also the sole guardian of my emotions? Must the girl do all the work? How can guys act with emotional modesty and "dampen down their allure? Your "Crushing a Crush" post was a good start. One hallmark of a gentleman is that he never refers to himself as a gentleman. A gentleman also gives modest, tasteful presents, only at appropriate times and only to appropriate people. It is not appropriate to give floral tributes willy-nilly. This is because flowers are tributes. Once upon a time, family members kept an eye on whoever gave tributes to their unmarried womenfolk. Sadly, advertisers and other baleful influences have come sharply between mothers and daughters, and daughters no longer tell Mama anything, let alone everything, whereas Mama is even more afraid of her daughter than she is for her. So, for good or ill, having the word is up to young women themselves. Unfortunately, they often are confused about whom they are to have this word, so in extreme cases they just turn on their sister and murder her in cold blood. So let us count our blessings. Pompous asses bearing gifts are easily dealt with. Say, "Thank you so much! My mother will love them. That should tip off Pompous Ass that you are not interested in his tributes and that they are wasted on you. Watching him deflate should give you a thrill of private amusement. If he does not get the message, you may eventually have to say, "Stop giving me things. It is a more delicate when you are dealing with a man who is seriously smitten. So in his case, just say "Thank you, X" and smile. No more, no less. Unless he behaves in an egregiously inappropriate or frightening way, it is dirty pool to complain about his gifts to your friends. A gentle and consistent "No" should discourage his attentions. If not, you may have to say, "Please stop. I agree that it would be nice if boys were told not to take advantage of the motherly nature of girls, i. Not To Lead Girls On. Part of the problem is that Chastity speakers assume that Nice Girls are A not visual themselves which is why none of us ever bought Tiger Beat nor ever taped a film star poster to our bedroom walls and B made of sugar and spice and everything nice. Often, the nicer they are, the less conscious of their allure men are. Men can be stopped dead in their tracks by a flash of bosom or thigh. Women can be stopped

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dead in their tracks by a quirky eyebrow or a fine set of shoulders filling out a jacket. But several thousand years of culture have told us that Nice Girls hide this weakness, so we do. Men reveal interest, women conceal interest. So men assume we are not interested in them "in that way" to an egregiously obtuse extent. That is why, if she wants to reveal to a man she is interested in him, a Nice Catholic Girl is eventually forced to say something like, "Hey, Steve! All the brownies in the world are not going to make him clue in. Speaking of those brownies, if you deliberately left out an open bag of gerbil food for a gerbil, and the gerbil came along and ate so much of it that he exploded, who would be to blame, you or the gerbil? When it comes to female-comfort-without-strings, lonely men are hungry gerbils. This may sound strict, but give me a break. Nice Orthodox Jewish boys behave that well; he can too. Men should not give girls romantic presents unless they want to be seen in the light of a suitor: But if a girl offers a boy a brownie, he can eat the damn brownie. Eating a brownie is not tantamount to a marriage proposal. It means you are too busy to listen to X obsess about his ex-girlfriend. It means you never, ever, ever do a domestic chore for a male friend. My grandmother, a wonderfully friendly woman, was a genius at not letting men take advantage. Perhaps you or his dead wife would think this cruel. Heaven only knows what the widower would have asked her to do for him next. Wash his socks, perhaps. I, a married woman and an Auntie to the Singles of the World, will listen to a man obsess about his ex-girlfriend, but only for a limited time. I say straight up how much time he is allotted. I am too busy for that. The only men who are allowed my full attention for longer than 15 minutes are my kinsmen and my husband. I sincerely encourage all young women to develop such boundaries themselves. Anne Landers often said that no-one can take advantage of you without your permission, and I firmly believe that. So you keep an eye for chinks in your armour, Modest Millie! Do invite Single unattached men to parties you are hosting. Do bake goodies for your female friends or for mixed groups. Do help out relations and elderly friends with domestic chores. Do accept a date for coffee from a nice Single unattached man. Do have long telephone chats with female friends. Do lavish female friends and relations with little gifts and hugs. Do not lavish Single or Married! Incidentally, Single unattached men include priests and seminarians. But be careful, girls. Protect your little hearts. Seraphic Singles available on UK Amazon! But not until May Also available on Japan, France and Germany Amazon! Again, though, May

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## Chapter 7 : New and Used Car Reviews, Comparisons and News | Driving

1, Likes, 15 Comments - Princeton University (@princeton\_university) on Instagram: "#TellUsTigers: "I started writing songs for my daughter when I was pregnant, but I didn't know they".

Donatello smiled despite himself, certain water balloons had been involved. As the two troublemakers wrestled in the gravel and debris lining the empty rail bed, Leonardo approached the brother silently studying a map projected over his arm. Familiar graffiti and discreet markings in the concrete were as useful as any map when you knew the tunnels like they did. Though nothing was ever visible on the cameras, that alarm sounded several more times that night and throughout the morning. By the time noon rolled around everyone was quite fed up with it and Donatello, frustrated at what was likely a bug in the systems, packed up to lead the team out in search of the problem. The City Hall subway station had been long abandoned but was always a sight to see. As his brothers crept along silently behind him, he inched up the corridor, scouting for heat sources with his goggles. Dim yellowed light flooded the once beautiful room, Green and ivory tile gleaming beneath years of filth. With a loose brick removed, the answer was clear. A body lay curled up in the rubbish pile shivering violently. The woman was scantily clothed, only a few degrees from hypothermia, and from the looks of it, halfway unconscious. Without warning her eyes flew wide open and terrified screams shattered the air; unseeing moss green eyes stared up at the intricately tiled ceiling as she scrambled out of the blanket and back to her corner. Still shrieking and sobbing she fell to her side in a fetal position, clutching her hands over her neck and shaking violently. Donatello shook his head emphatically as he yanked his goggles back up. Leo, hold her down! Bit by bit her cries turned to groans and sobs; bit by bit, she fell limp in their grip. Finally, all was still. A quick scan told Don her vitals were returning to normal and the fit had raised her core temperature a little. Silently reminding himself of his task he wrapped her up again and hoisted her into his arms; across the chamber, Raph startled. After all, April had never refused to help them, yet. Amber wakes up and freaks the frick out. Amber freaks out again. NOW with new cover art! See the end of the chapter for more notes. Chapter Text Trigger warnings: Language, suggestive language, panic attacks, insensitive remarks. The Rasmus, "No Fear" 1: New York City, January 27th, The first thing Amber noticed was cold; the second was muffled noises almost like speech, followed by a stabbing ache right above her eyes. Only one thing stood out among the blank space in her history. Her eyes flew open in fear, searching for any sign of light or life. Blinded by a sudden light, she cringed into the foul smelling heap she lay on. The voices around her grew louder and less muted, then suddenly ceased all together. How had she found herself in the situation she was in? what was the situation, even? She had no answers not even the strength to lift her head. Out of the blue, she felt a presence beside her warm, gentle arms drew her closer and wrapped her in a cocoon of scratchy warmth. This, she could get used to, she mused weakly as she turned to nuzzle into the warm shoulder propping her up. But nothing good ever lasts as though summoned by her comfort and calm, a demon she knew too well manifested with a grinding roar. The slow trickle of memories became a torrential downpour horrifying images flooded her delirious mind. Somewhere in the distance, someone was screaming, screaming as though they were being slowly gutted. The world turned sideways and crossways as the warmth surrounding her fell away; again, she fell to the fetid ground wishing the screaming would stop, wishing the memories would cease. Someone shut it all off, she cried soundlessly, her vocal chords inexplicably stilled. A pinprick pain sprang to life, quickly becoming a spreading fire. On the heels of the fire, murky fog rolled in, choking out the life replaying before her sightless eyes. She struggled to get her head above water, struggled to breathe. A soft, gentle touch brushed from her brow to her temple then trailed along the line of her cheekbone. Amber twitched at the sound, disoriented and bewildered. Limbo, she wondered wearily? A woman with dark curly hair hovered before her with a steaming mug of cider and a concerned expression. As Amber finally trudged the rest of the way to life, she reached to scratch her left knee and found bare skin. Startled awake by the absent clothing, she glanced down at herself in dismay. Not only were

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her surprisingly toned legs nearly bare, most of her was bare! Her cheeks flamed bright red as she yanked the afghan up to cover herself up to the chin. Undeterred, Amber rambled on in disgust and panic. Was it really so odd, she wondered? The vast majority of her hometown spoke with a much thicker twang than she did, so how could they be so surprised by it? You were freezing to death. Do you not remember that? Amber never noticed any of it; next thing she knew, she found herself on the floor in the corner curled in a tiny ball with April petting her hair. Startled by the sight, Amber never noticed the shocked gasps of her hosts; she was too busy staring in dismay at the coiled purple dragon tattoo nestled in her cleavage. Sheâ€™ "Wait, back up," Donnie interrupted. Light from the hallway guided him to the bed and the lump curled up on the very edge of the mattress. Donnie paused hesitantly in the doorway, studying the sleeping woman. She was curled up in a ball but he recalled her figure with striking clarity. Lovely, he thought sadly, and very much out of reach. They always screamed, really. Her body temperature had risen to a healthy A sudden spike in the pulse fluttering against his fingertips drew a concerned frown, then a soft gasp tore him from his thoughts. Slowly, warily, he met her eyesâ€™ moss green eyes wide open in astonishment and set off by a blindingly red blush. He swallowed noisily, counting down the seconds to her inevitable freak-out. He stared back, clearly questioning her sanity. Shame really, it was a hoot. Right before his eyes she paled and shrunk into herself; her eyes grew wide, her breath sped to gasps and pants, and an endless stream of garbled words fell from her lips. Finally, her glazed-over eyes focused fearfully on his, her voice stilled, and her breathing regulated. Maybe just some questions? Simple yes or no answers, perhaps? April put on the kettle for tea while the rest settled in the living room. I CAN recommend breathing exercises, fireballs and Altoids, and meditation. Death Was Only the Beginning Summary: D A quick note regarding dialogue and odd words: Symbols at the end of a word or statement mark vocabulary terms or references defined at the end. This chapter dedicated to Volunteers. You put your life on hold to bring life to others, all without any thought of compensation. My community is one of countless forever changed by volunteers, from search and rescue to donations to rebuilding. Thank youâ€™our debt to you can never be repaid enough. Including but not limited to Tornados, Severe weather, Town destroyed by tornados and severe weather, shock, graphic imagery, corpses, violent death, mentions of religion. Chapter Text Suggested Listening: Linkin Park "Iridescent" 2: As sleepy disorientation faded into exhausted annoyance, she glanced off to her right. Sure enough, the bathroom door hung wide open spilling bright light out into the cramped hallway. A note tacked to the fridge told her their host had already headed to work, and the bitter perfume of coffee filled the dog-scented air. As she dug through the cabinet for a mug a tiny, half-blind and completely neurotic black and tan Chihuahua danced at the back door, growling and barking at her. The door shut and her mug set up, she took a cup of water and a bottle of Mtn Dew in for Aaron. Some things never changed, and his Mtn Dew addiction was among those things. So too, she contemplated with a crooked grin, was the way the three best friends got along by harassing one another. It quickly became a duo with the inclusion of Mercy Ross, a bristly beauty with an affinity for cows and a horrible homelife. Then in High School the two odd friends met Aaron Willis - a son of a local and the very definition of a Country Bumpkin. Years went by and the three friends only grew closer, grew more obnoxious toward one another, and grew into a fixture in town. That ship, after all, had long sailed Love had never been in the cards for her, and ever since she was hit by a van during college, neither had meaningful work.

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## Chapter 8 : Port Manteaux Word Maker

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Ron Swanson It was something he never could have thought would happen. Hellboy thought that his death would be the end of his story. But so many people were moved by his actions with his enormous right hand being a major distinction, that he eventually became a deity himself. Many villains hope to use that power to their advantage. The GUAG monitors his temple regularly to prevent anyone from trying to kidnap him. Leading the charge is Guts. A man who already hates demons in the first place, the blind swordsman brought him up to his top priority bounties. To him, that distinction should be an honor for Hellboy. Rasputin sought to bring about the Ogdrun Jahad to destroy the Pantheon only to bring about Hellboy, who chose the good guys. All he needs to do is to make Hellboy succumb to his destiny. That hatred extends to Baba Yaga, who is rumored to be responsible for keeping Rasputin alive for so long. The two also had a run in during their time as mortals, with the half-demon foiling her plans for the time being. His rejection of his demon side earned him the respect of Dante, a half-demon who spends much of his time hunting his own king. The son of Sparda gave him some pizza to enjoy. Hellboy accepted the food, though he still prefers pancakes. Of course that same choice caused Vergil to roll his eyes, scoffing at yet another half-demon refusing to accept his destiny. Though deep inside it may be the best, as that version of Hellboy may be greater than even he can handle. Turns out there are a lot of deities who turned away from their origins. Hellboy was visited by Alucard, who sees the demon as an inspiration for many other demons who turn from their evil parents. Raven was more subdued in her gratitude, deciding to do so privately. Those two hope to prevent the coming of Trigon in the Pantheon. Of course there are a few who embraced their destiny to bring the end, such as the Black Hand. Hellboy naturally opposes all such beings. While he was dining down on pancakes in the House of Food, he noticed another who had breakfast food on his plate Ron was always a fan of eating breakfast at all times That is until the red demon offered some of his syrup. The bureaucrat agreed, eventually turning into a conversation. Now, Hellboy and Ron strive to meet up at around the same time whenever they can. After close examination, Earl determined that Karma has indeed prevented him from doing so. He has a fairly amiable relationship with the Swamp Thing. The plant being never played that big of a part in the superhero community due to this. The demon promised to try his best to clear his name. A way he was able to relate to others is his love of cats. Cammy and Abel appreciate what he has done for the species, as do all cat deities in the Pantheon. As much as she appreciates all the work he has done, he still poses a risk for the Pantheon as long as he still exists. Her philosophy would call for putting him down, but she is willing to leave him be for now. The Azure Knight was not pleased he was denied the chance of that trope. The battle ended with a draw, with Nightmare boasting this would only be the beginning to his misery He has one time found himself in an alternate universe where Superman turned into a dictator and put the world under his control. While he wanted to get back to his own world he eventually decided to join the fight against Regime Superman and Brainiac, believing that he had to knock some sense into them with The Right Hand of Doom. On a related note this did give him time to meet up with regular Superman. After some time talking the two eventually became good drinking buddies. He was even offered a chance to become a full time member of the Justice League but he turned down the offer saying that he was more comfortable fighting demons and otherworldly threats on his own instead of fighting super villains but is willing to help out whenever the time arises. Fought Doomfist and the rest of Talon several occasions across the pantheon. While both have similar looking limbs he considers him an imitator as he was the one to do it first.

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Chapter 9 : Legends Never Die (Mega Man Fic Ideas/Discussion/Etc) | Page 2 | SpaceBattles Forums

*Obituaries for the last 7 days on Your Life Moments.*

Memento I tossed off because there were scenes in my head. Anyway, what was confusing? I tend to go with the idea that reploids are robots. Well, android knockoffs if one wants to get a little more specific, but same diff. None of the genetic, chromosomal, biochemical, brain development etc. They can choose to identify as male or female, and get hit with social programming if they care about acting like said gender, but calling a reploid male or female is like calling a table female. They are Von Neumann machines, but the machines for making more of them are not inside their own bodies, as with humans, nor do they possess different types of said machines. Since that would weird humans out, X chose to identify as male and most reploids went with that unless they liked the idea of wearing pretty clothes eg. On the other hand, I am fond of crack pairings. House, who was previously either a robotics expert or a doctor with an interest in mechanics, driving a restored motorcycle. He joined the staff because here are medical and technical problems that have never been seen before. He has three new reploid interns: Foreman, Camera and Chase. Breaking into factories to examine materials and building conditions. The interns complain that Dr. House is scarring them for life. Then Zero turns up: When Allied intelligence caught wind of this, they brought in a friend of his, Dr. Thomas Light, to analyze his work and design a countermeasure. The X project was barely off the drawing board when they discovered that the entire base Dr. Wilhelm and the test subjects had been kept at had been wiped out. Including the Nazis there. The Redlight Virus was a beta test version, and it was willing to wait until Blackwatch had let its guard down. For that purpose, it has infected and downloaded the data in millions of minds, watching through them. Keeping track of all science and technology that might be used to harm it. But the data offered by the development of the only other non-human intelligence in existence is also valuable In order to destroy a lifeform intended to adapt infinitely to survive and infect, the X project had to be able to kill anything. Inorganic, incorporating radioactive materials as a power source and to allow it to steralize infected areas, it is the ultimate antibiotic: It also had to be able to grow and adapt, because otherwise the Omega virus would have evolved immunity to anything used against it. He can use his powers to destroy a virus inside someone, but every trick he has is like chemo: Or rather, will it kill the virus or the human first? In tropes terms, Plaguemaster versus Poisonous Person. Axl Red and the Redlight virus is an interesting coincidence: Would he have been given to X to keep him under control? Should Elizabeth Greene be his equivalent of Sigma or would she hate him as much as Blackwatch, as the avatar of what did this to her? Or if he ignores Dr. If the perfected virus stores personalities, could it grant immortality? Lot of potential for interesting SF concepts here. Also interesting character interaction with Alex, Dana and such. Would have to consider who knows what, since the Web of Intrigue is shiny. But since he did create a sentient AI? Of course, the real reason Dr. Merlin not the Arthurian Merlin, although with Shadows and timestream screwery he might be the source of that archetype