

Chapter 1 : Makers of History

*Viola and her little brother Arno [Jacob Abbott] on www.nxgvision.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. This is a reproduction of a book published before This book may have occasional imperfections such as missing or blurred pages.*

The same went for the other species as well, but the big difference between us and them was the iron law that made it impossible for us to kill them to achieve that purpose: On this continent, however, he would be subjected to trial for murder and risk lose everything he owned. If I rampage around a little bit, he will be forced to take notice of me. Eventel lowered his head and tightened his fists. Did that law change in the past decades? What Solstark wanted to do was to put a puppet in my stead, a demon whom he could control as he pleased. At the same time when he was preparing to set his plan into motion, I took over Eventel. Initially, he tried to use her to control me, but he failed. Then, he tried to threaten me to give up my position to his minion, but that failed as well. There was anger in his gaze. As soon as she heard the news, she hurried to Solstark, where her father caught her and locked her up. If I dared to disobey him again, next time I would receive a hand or a foot or maybe an ear or an eye, whatever he felt like cutting then. There was anger in his eyes but also worry, which showed me just how much he loved his wife Viola. I leaned back in my chair and crossed my arms at my chest. Pain, anger, and worry were all swirling in his heart like a tornado that was about to touch ground and wreck havoc on everything it touched. Eventel was doing well holding it all back, but it made me wonder for how much longer he could keep it up. Where was his bursting point that would make him ignore his title and city to go march to Solstark to rescue Viola? Yet, how would helping him benefit me? When thinking about this, I realized that there were plenty of things I could ask for him in return, but so few other things that were truly worth it. Among them, his trust as my little brother, as family, was far more important than a lot of other things. I decided to go with that, to help him because he was my little brother, because he was family, but at the same time pull a string or two to see if I could get some backing through him. Solstark was thinking that it would eventually cause mother and father to act and order you to stop. This in turn would cause friction between you and our family, which would result in the end in having less allies, especially from the High Demios on the continent. After all, they mostly influenced the goods imported and exported there through my city. I was also forced to make it difficult for the merchants to trade with me as well as spread the rumor that it might be easier to do so with him. A smirk formed on my lips when I saw him react like this. This time, I was the one who was taken by surprise by his words. I hate big sister! You called me big sister! You are such a cutie! After all, their lord was waving around his arms and trying to free himself from my grasp. With a bit of reluctance, I let him go. At the same time, his attendants let out a breath of relief. They must really like you, Eventel. I thought as I tossed them a quick glance. He remained silent for a moment as he recovered his breath and straightened his posture. My relationship with this man could only be summarized to what has happened in this short amount of time. Naturally, he was suspicious of me as to whether or not I could do it. What he heard of me was probably only from word of mouth from my other siblings and parents, and maybe a little from the rumors that were spread about me. I was known to be as the weakest among my siblings, but my earlier bout with Eventel proved him that I was at least powerful enough to hold my own in front of an opponent that was at least as strong as him. Why not just go for mother and overthrow her? Someone at my level should be capable of at least that. I thought and then let out a sigh as I closed my eyes. Sometimes, the words of an idiot in power could lead to the deaths of all the brilliant minds in a kingdom. I guess, this entire journey was so that I could have a meeting with her and let her know of Natrasku and Kormian. All in all, I wanted to have multiple ways of reaching my busy mother besides the obvious one which implied me beating her guards to a pulp. Trust your beautiful older sister to bring her sister-in-law back to you! I for one will take a trip straight through that fiery hell! Both were places with monsters barely over level at most over , so still far too weak to be my match. My only concern was in how I was going to find Viola and whether or not she really was being held captive by her father. I would make her confess everything in front of Eventel and have her divorce on the spot.

Chapter 2 : Viola and her little brother Arno. - CORE

Viola and Her Little Brother Arno - Ebook written by Jacob Abbott. Read this book using Google Play Books app on your PC, android, iOS devices. Download for offline reading, highlight, bookmark or take notes while you read Viola and Her Little Brother Arno.

The Makers of History series was published in a number of formats, most with lovely engravings, first by Harper Brothers in red and maroon covers and later by other publishers in a variety of cover styles. I have really enjoyed my set--and often find myself somewhat unwilling to put the books down! Jacob Abbott whose biography you can read first here and then, by his son, here believed that children needed to begin their history studies with living stories of the men and women who made history. He wrote the following in his Preface to *Cyrus the Great*: The study of a general compend of history, such as is frequently used as a text-book, is highly useful, if it comes in at the right stage of education, when the mind is sufficiently matured Without this degree of maturity of mind, and this preparation, the study of such a work will be, as it too frequently is, a mere mechanical committing to memory of names, and dates, and phrases, which awaken no interest, communicate no ideas, and impart no useful knowledge to the mind. By studying thus fully the history of individual monarchs, or the narratives of single events, they can go more fully into detail; they conceive of the transactions described as realities; their reflecting and reasoning powers are occupied on what they read; they take notice of the motives of conduct, of the gradual development of character, the good or ill desert of actions, and of the connection of causes and consequences, both in respect to the influence of wisdom and virtue on the one hand, and, on the other, of folly and crime. In a word, their minds and hearts are occupied instead of merely their memories. They reason, they sympathize, they pity, they approve, and they condemn. They enjoy the real and true pleasure which constitutes the charm of historical study for minds that are mature; and they acquire a taste for truth instead of fiction, which will tend to direct their reading into proper channels in all future years. The end which the author has had in view is twofold: They are not overtly "preachy," but their approach to history is distinctly Christian. The books are not a set of 33 sermons, but a set of well-written, exciting, Christian history stories of men, both good and evil, who were providentially used to bring forth history. For example, of Hernando Cortez, John Abbott wrote, "The career of Hernando Cortez is one of the most wild and adventurous recorded in the annals of fact or fiction, and yet all the prominent events in his wondrous history are well-authenticated. All truth carries with itself an important moral. The writer, in this narrative, has simply attempted to give a vivid idea of the adventures of Cortez and his companions in the Conquest of Mexico. There are many inferences of vast moment to which the recital leads. These are so obvious that they need not be pointed out. But there is a terrible retribution in store for you. I entreat you to listen to my counsels, amend your life, and govern your people with moderation and justice, instead of tyranny and oppression, and thus aver if you can, before it is too late, the impending judgements of Heaven. The noblest human spirits are always, in some periods of their existance, or in some aspects of their characters, strangely weakened by infirmities and frailties, and deformed by sin. This is human nature. We like to imagine that we find exceptions, and to see specimens of moral perfection in our friends or in the historical characters whose general course of action we admire; but there are no exceptions. To err and to sin, at some times and in some ways, is the common, universal, and inevitable lot of humanity. At midnight, however, those in the boat, unable longer to endure the cold, ventured to land, and, with their shivering companions, huddled round the fire, the rain still soaking them to the skin. It was the morning of the Sabbath. Notwithstanding their exposure to hostile Indians and to the storm, and notwithstanding the unspeakable importance of every day, that they might prepare for the severity of winter, now so rapidly approaching, these extraordinary men resolved to remain as they were, that they might "remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy. But these men believed it their duty to sanctify the Sabbath; and, notwithstanding the strength of the temptation, they did what they thought to be right, and this is always noble. To God, who looketh at the heart, this must have been an acceptable sacrifice. For nearly two hundred years all these men have now been in the world of spirits, and it may very safely be affirmed that they have never regretted the scrupulous reverence they manifested for the

law of God in keeping the Sabbath in the stormy wilderness. It was upon the Bible that our forefathers laid the foundations of the institutions of this New World; and, though they made some mistakes, for they were but mortal, still they were sincere, conscientious Christian men, and their Christianity has been the legacy from which their children have derived the greatest benefits. What a strange delusion! To think of honoring the memory of the meek and lowly Jesus by utterly disregarding his peaceful precepts and his loving and gentle example, and going forth in thousands to the work of murder, rapine, and devastation, in order to get possession of his tomb.

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The soldiers and servants all fled from the scene, while the people within the city began to cry in fear. Shifting the flow of Magic Energy and turning it wild was an easy thing to do anyone with a level over could do it with enough practice. The wrath of this demon was manifested through red lightnings that attacked everything around him, leaving behind only devastation. That was pure Magic Energy released at random, and could only be used to intimidate others by giving the impression that the one who cast this was undeniably powerful. If I did the same thing or if any one of my sister-wives did that, then this entire city would be destroyed all together not just a few rocks around us. When the cloud cleared off, I could see the same ugly demon from before. The difference now was that he was dressed in proper clothing and gave off the feeling of a refined gentlemen, if you ignored his face distorted by his maddening wrath. He even had time to get dressed. Solstark straightened the collar of his jacket, which was big enough to cover his entire neck and was pointing up like the mouth of a vase. The mantle was made of a thick velvet and was infused with several spells. Every article of clothing on his body was enchanted in some way or another to increase his combat performance. It looked like a combination of air magic and energy magic, but condensed within a shadow sphere. Actually, the spell shattered upon impact. He was certainly not expecting his spell to have no effect on me. My punch broke the sound barrier before it smacked Solstark in the guts. The impact made him convulse in pain and barf out his previous meal. I made sure not to let myself get hit by that disgusted slush. Barely standing on his feet and holding his stomach, Solstark tried to find me as he moved his eyes left and right, but I was already behind him. With a roundhouse kick I sent him flying to the side, right into his precious wall. The impact released a cloud of dust as the sound released was similar to that of a cannon. A crater was formed on the wall while big cracks spread around like a spiderweb. Solstark coughed up a mouthful of blood and then fell on the ground with a groan. He was still conscious, but heavily wounded and unable to understand what just happened to him. Looking back at his castle, I spread my Dungeon Territory for a split second to see if there were any servants on the upper floors on this side of the building. I was in luck, there was no one here. If you dare to mess with my family, I will punch you with my full strength. The shock wave devastated the interior of the castle. It was as if someone had took a giant bolder and then sent it flying towards the wall faster than the speed of sound. The impact then sent all those too close to it flying back and those inside to feel as though they were being crushed by a brick wall. Humans might have ended up seriously injured, but any and all demons and demonesses caught by this shock wave would at most be knocked off their feet and feel a bit disoriented. Even Viola found herself falling down on her bottom and covering her face from the dust that was lifted up in the air. I would need to apologize to her later. Turning back to look at the Duke of Chaos, I sent my killing intent at him and remained like that for a moment, just glaring into his frightened eyes. In his eyes, I had to be just like mother, an entity that could crush him like an insect at any given moment, a being in a whole other league. After this little display of power, I took Viola from the city and traveled on the road leading through the forest to the border of Solstark territory. The journey there took us two days, and in this time I got to know the demoness a little better. Viola told me how she met her current husband, Eventel, and how silly he looked trying to court her. The demon was slow when it came to love, but quick like the wind when it came to running his city. She fell in love with him for his silliness and charming smile, then, as she continued to spend her days by his side, she got to know more and more about him, to love him for the demon he was. She was quite surprised to hear that he too was a Dungeon like my father, but more so when she heard about my two bundles of joy: Viola promised to visit us when she got the chance and would always welcome us if we ever wanted to drop by, after all, we were family. Actually, he was the main reason why she left Solstark in the first place. If she had known that all of this was one big scheme against her husband, she would have never left Eventel. For Viola, her mother was the second most precious person in her life, whereas her

lover came in first. The reunion between Viola and Eventel was like a moment ripped out of a fairy tale. My little brother was waiting for us at the border, while wearing his battle armor and being accompanied by his loyal soldiers. His figure was firm and ready, but the moment he saw Viola, he mellowed up and started crying. He rushed over to her and picked her up in his arms. The tears rushing down their cheeks and joyful smiles on their lips made even the sturdy soldiers behind them feel happy for them and express it with a loud cheer. A nearby monster was startled by the sudden loud noise and fled with his tail between his legs. They missed you, sister. How could you even think something like that about your cute wife, you no good pervert?! Make sure you feed him properly!

Chapter 4 : Korinthia's Quiet Corner: Wedding Fun

His Little Paul bound with this. EMBED (for www.nxgvision.com hosted blogs and www.nxgvision.com item tags).

My brother, Barrett , is amazing. He does scientific illustration and sleep research on bees, and is an all around brilliant, compassionate, and funny guy. My new sister-in-law, Dosha , is gentle, kind, and creative. When she heard the news a few years back that Ian was being deployed to Iraq again, her first response was that she would find a week or two to come out to Milwaukee and help me. Those ten days where Dosha stayed with us and made it possible for me to breathe easier for a little while will always mean the world to me. The two of them make a lovely couple. Just knowing they have each other makes me happy and feel better about the world. So, of course, they had a lovely wedding. It was unique and moving and fun, just like their relationship. Some high school quartet group may be cheaper, but I was once part of such a group, and I still think about our deer-in-headlights moment when we ran out of music at the wrong time and had no idea what to do. Everything about this wedding went right, even as problems seemed to arise. For instance, our brother, Arno, officiated the ceremony but forgot his suit at our house in Milwaukee. He ended up wearing the outfit that the bride and groom had originally requested he wear anyway. My dad had hoped to get through the reading of his poem without getting overly emotional, but when he started to cry it was moving to have Arno stand with him supportively as he finished. The main potential problem was that the weather at first was disappointing. It was about five degrees too cold to comfortably have the ceremony outside at the Eco Park in LaCrosse where the wedding was held. But I think the accommodations indoors were superior to what we would have experienced outside. Better seating, better acoustics says the only person there performing live music who knows how poor her viola would have sounded outdoors by comparison , just all kinds of better for that portion of the event. And the cooler weather was perfect for the post-ceremony hike. The logistics of this wedding were a little involved on our end, because my parents and my brother Arno and his family came to stay with us in Milwaukee a few days ahead of the wedding, both to spend the extra time together and also to make the cake. I got to bring just Mona along with me for the pre-wedding festivities. Mona is the child I have the biggest challenge finding one-on-one time with. She said she would keep Quinn happy in my absence and that Mona should have some mom time. Mona remained unfazed by terms like the Krebs Cycle and lots of diagrams labeled in Latin and simply found some space on the white board to draw. Mona snuggled close in the hotel bed we shared, happily made a waffle at the breakfast buffet in the morning, and got to play in the hotel pool with her cousin. Getting the chance to spend time with Mona apart from her siblings was one of my favorite things the whole weekend. We met up with the rest of our family at the Eco Park building, which is a nice learning facility right on a marsh. Aden and Quinn were busily making a sign to guide guests, and had helped their Uncle Barrett decorate the reception tables with small trilobite fossils and foreign coins with animal life depicted on them including several with bees. One of the guests had contributed fresh cut lilacs and other flowers which made the room smell terrific. The reception room was adjacent to the main room of the Eco Park building which had a tree as its centerpiece, and enough room for all the small children in attendance to run about in. There were large cardboard blocks under the stairs that kept all the kids entertained for hours. The ceremony itself was both touching and heavily science-themed. Arno had received some kind of online authority to wed people, and his words were both funny and profound. He even plugged my book before I played. For music I selected two pieces. For my standalone piece I chose Carabanda composer unknown off a CD the hospital gave us when Aden was born. It was something I used to dance with her to in our kitchen and she loved it, so it still makes me smile. Everyone seemed to enjoy it particularly the bride and groom , so it was worth the effort. The rings were really interesting. Barrett had them custom made: His from a small image of a bee, and hers from an actual trilobite fossil: After the ceremony there was a Marsh Mosey. Barrett handed out butterfly nets and made sure everyone knew who the naturalists were in the crowd in case anyone had questions about birds or plants or fungi. The walk was leisurely and fascinating. I think to truly enjoy a nature hike you need to go with an entomologist. You begin to appreciate natural wonders on a scale that has you stopping every inch instead of passing so much by. Barrett showed us how to sweep an area of grass with a net

and then he could identify everything caught in it, from damselflies to midges. Quinn told me several times about how he managed to catch a spider. Mona was simply happy to be out in nature and was the best at spotting herons. The marsh hike was the part of the day my kids enjoyed best. There was story telling and good wishes and cake. My mom and I teamed up on the hive cake and all the kids helped decorate the accompanying bee and flower cupcakes. Earlier post about how we made the cake here. Eventually we got to the bottom layer Then there were dancing lessons! Barrett and Dosha arranged for someone to teach us Swing and Salsa. We had a great deal of fun, but mostly I learned that I am horrible at both Swing and Salsa. I got to dance with my handsome husband, which is rarer than it should be. Dad and Deepanjana dancing away! Barrett and Dosha Me and Ian We helped clean up, then danced some more, and eventually gathered up our kids plus my niece and loaded them all back into the car for the nighttime drive to Milwaukee. We left our other car for my brother and his wife to drive back the next day, but thought their daughter would have more fun spending her morning with her cousins. The wedding already feels like it was more than a month ago because back here in our regular life school is winding down and Quinn learned to ride a bike and dozens of violins and bows have gone in and out of our shop. People can argue that there is too much put into weddings anymore, and I am quick to agree having participated in some ceremonies that were unnecessarily over the top, but it depends on how you do it. There was nothing over the top about this wedding aside from the amount of affection and fun found there. It was a day to celebrate a relationship we believe in. The beautiful thing about weddings is they are one of the rare rites of passage that overlap different areas of your life and you get to have family and friends and colleagues in the same place. It was wonderful to meet so many of the people that are important to both Barrett and Dosha. It was a privilege to be a part of their day. We love you Barrett and Dosha, and wish you as much peace, adventure, and joy as you can stand.

Chapter 5 : (MA) Chapter Solstark's demise (Part 3) | The Sylthorian

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Chapter 6 : (MA) Chapter The little brother | The Sylthorian

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Chapter 7 : Jacob Abbott's stackArchives

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Chapter 8 : Jacob Abbott - Series

He died in Farmington, Maine, where he had spent part of his time after , and where his brother, Samuel Phillips Abbott, founded the Abbott School. His Rollo Books, such as Rollo at Work, Rollo at Play, Rollo in Europe, etc., are the best known of his writings, having as their chief characters a representative boy and his associates.