

1: Chapter 1 Page 1 Pierce Me

Chapter One: Prelude to the Restoration; Noisy but gifted preachers lent a festive air to these religious gatherings while trying to win converts to their faith.

When their ship reached the shoreline, Asgore saw tall soldiers clad in spiky, obsidian black armor. Underneath the armor the young prince could see color, though each one seemed to have a different color - what did it mean? Some held swords, some held spears, but six of the soldiers in front all held flags. The flag was a light gray on the outer left and right sides, with a thick stripe of black separating the light gray from the dark gray that filled the middle. In the center were three souls, two white human souls on the outside, and a black monster soul between them. A purple stripe helped bring out the black soul in the middle, with light gray triangles making a border in the middle. The flags swayed in unison with the wind, the soldiers never breaking their gaze towards the Dreemurr family. As they stepped onto the sandy beach, King Ragarus and Queen Blisara led the way alongside their own guards that bore the Delta Rune. Asgore and his two siblings followed behind, though the latter seemed to want to approach in front. The young prince bounded shyly behind his father, grasping the light blue cape with hesitant paws, peeking over the hulking stature of Ragarus Dreemurr. The soldiers in black, the ones holding the flags, seemed to wait for something - or someone - but Asgore saw that there was no one in the large space between the soldiers. So who were they waiting for? Suddenly, it seemed as if space was collapsing within on itself. Dark clouds swirled in a tornado like motion, quickening their space until the clouds closed in on itself. Without another sound three tall figures appeared from the smoke. In silent awe, Asgore watched with eager eyes - intrigued by their magic that ensnared everyone on the beach. The figure in front was a tall lanky skeleton monster with black horns that spiraled up instead of down. They were clad in the same armor as the soldiers, but instead of color peeking underneath the armor, glimpses of gold glowed, matching their cape that flowed behind them. They had a scabbard placed on their left side, and pouches on the other. Instead of a white heart on their chest plate, a red monster soul seemed to glow brightly on their armor. Asgore took the silence as a moment to take a look at the other two figures. Their cape was a bright yellow, matching the yellow soul on their armor. They had no scabbard, but they seemed to emit magic, their optics large and glowing a red instead of white. Their eye-sockets were dark, with heterochromatic eye-lights. One was orange and the other one was a bright cyan. Their hands were clasped behind their back, giving them a pronounced and prideful walk. Unbeknownst to Asgore this would be the royal scientist of his own kingdom. The three monsters walked until they approached King Ragarus and Queen Blisara. The horned monster was the first to speak, a quiet feminine sound that seemed to surprise Asgore and his siblings.

2: Chapter One: Prelude to Meanness - Breaking In to Avoid Being Broken - Fimfiction

Chapter: 1 - Kenzie Location: James' Family Home Really, who hasn't had a family dinner where everyone gangs up on one person for the amusement of the entire family?

Second Coming by Harry Anderson The gospel is actually older than the earth itself. Therefore, the Father granted his children the eternal principle of agency so that they might choose good over evil. Lucifer rebelled against the Father and his plan and was cast out of heaven. On the other hand, God has raised up prophets to teach his children the saving principles and ordinances of the gospel of Jesus Christ. From the beginning there has been a struggle between the kingdoms of God and Satan. The true Church has the necessary principles and ordinances of the gospel of Jesus Christ that lead to eternal life. A period when the Lord reveals his gospel doctrines, ordinances, and priesthood, is called a dispensation. These dispensations gave the faithful and obedient the opportunity on earth to overcome the wicked world and prepare for eternal life by conforming to the principles and ordinances of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Time after time the flowering of the true Church was followed by an apostasy, or a falling away from the truth. Thus in world history these flowerings and apostasies were cyclical. The Restoration discussed in this text is simply the last in the series of restorations that have occurred through the ages. The New Testament Church When the Lord Jesus Christ was born into mortality and ministered among Israel, he restored the gospel and the higher priesthood. The Savior spent much of his ministry privately tutoring his Apostles, giving them the authority and keys to continue the work after his death. He chose Peter, James, and John to be the presiding Apostles. At his ascension he commissioned the Apostles to carry the message of salvation unto all the world. The Church was small in numbers when the Apostles assumed its leadership. On this occasion three thousand people were baptized into the Church. The Apostles continued to minister with power and authority resulting in the conversion of additional thousands. So far, the gospel had been confined to the house of Israel. One day, however, as Peter was praying on the roof of a house in Joppa, he had a vision in which he learned that God is no respecter of persons, that no group should be regarded as unclean, and that the gospel should go to the Gentiles as well as to the Jews see Acts The conversion of Saul of Tarsus sometime later was of great significance to the growth of the Church. Saul, who had been persecuting the early believers, beheld the Savior in a bright light while on the road to Damascus. Over the next thirty years this intrepid Apostle, along with many other devoted disciples who accompanied him, spread the gospel message and established branches of the Church throughout much of the Roman Empire. As growth continued and branches multiplied, elders, bishops, deacons, priests, teachers, and evangelists patriarchs were called and given proper authority by the Apostles. The spread of early Christianity. By the end of the first century A. But internal apostasy and disbelief were not the only challenges the early missionaries faced. Naturally, at such times the Church leaders were especially targeted for imprisonment and death. The first notable Roman persecution occurred during the reign of Nero, who made the Christians the scapegoat for the burning of Rome in A. Tradition says the Apostle Peter was crucified upside down and that later, in A. At first the Twelve perpetuated the apostolic office. For example, Matthias, who was not of the original Twelve, was called to be an Apostle. But through the spirit of prophecy, the leaders of the Church eventually recognized that an apostasy was not only inevitable but imminent. Principles of the gospel were corrupted by being mixed with prevailing pagan philosophies. Loss of the Holy Spirit was evidenced by a gradual disappearance of spiritual gifts. Changes were made in church organization and government, and essential ordinances of the gospel were modified. So successful did he become that his dominion extended over all the known world. The Apostasy, hastened by the death of the Apostles in the latter half of the first century, gradually deepened during the years that followed. With the Apostles gone, local church officers gradually assumed more authority. Bishops determined policy and doctrine for their local areas, claiming to be the proper successors to the Apostles. Gradually, a few bishops in key cities, such as Rome, Alexandria, Jerusalem, and Antioch gained supreme authority in their entire regions. A great diversity of practices and dogma came as church leaders relied upon logic and rhetoric rather than upon revelation. This new religion was an appealing composite of New Testament Christianity, Jewish traditions, Greek philosophy,

Graeco-Roman paganism, and the mystery religions. This was in part due to Christianity emerging as a group separate and distinct from Judaism, which had been allowed special privileges under Roman law. The Christians were considered antisocial in that they refused to hold political office, serve in the military, use the civil courts, or participate in public festivals. They were called atheists because there was no room in Christian monotheism for the Roman gods or for a deified emperor. For these reasons, and perhaps for others, the Romans sporadically launched attacks upon the church until the reign of Diocletian A. Diocletian determined to destroy everything that was not pagan as un-Roman. Churches were destroyed, scriptures burned, and Christians made to sacrifice or face torture. In an edict of the persecution was ordered empire-wide. It was perhaps inevitable that the empire would be forced to rescind its anti-Christian legislation. The church continued to grow, and the weakening condition of the empire called for unity, not disharmony. Constantine, at the Milvian Bridge in A. The next year at Milan, Constantine issued his famous Edict of Toleration which granted to all people the right to worship as they pleased, revoking the measures which had meant to suppress Christianity. Constantine the Great at the battle of Milvian Bridge in Rome. Constantine became the undisputed master of Rome and the western empire in A. A year later Christianity secured toleration by his edict of Milan. Victories in brought him control of the eastern half of the empire, and the following year the Council of Nicaea was convened to begin the religious unification of the empire. In he moved his capital to Constantinople to get away from Rome, the stronghold of paganism, and to facilitate making Christianity the state religion. Constantine himself did not become a Christian until he lay dying, but his acceptance and endorsement of Christianity placed the church in partnership with the aims of the empire. To resolve a dispute over the nature of the Godhead, Constantine was instrumental in calling the Council of Nicaea, the first of the great ecumenical councils, in a city just south of his capital in A. As similar conflicts were resolved during the following centuries, a strong alliance developed between the state and the church, ensuring a growing secular influence upon the doctrines and practices of the church. By the time of the barbarian invasion of Western Europe in the fifth century, many of the Germanic tribes already had been reached by various types of Christian missionaries. Therefore they took quickly to Roman culture and Catholicism. The sack of Rome in A. The masses of Goths, Vandals, and Huns who crossed the imperial boundaries turned the unity of the West into a shambles, leaving behind the beginning of several nationalist states. Local political leaders exerted increased influence over the church in their areas at the expense of Rome. For the next several centuries, the churches in the various developing European countries became in effect the fiefs or feudal estates of the lords of the manors. Culture, education, and general morals retrogressed. It was a beginning of the time often referred to in history as the Dark Ages. Renaissance and Reformation By the fourteenth century, Europeans began to show renewed interest in classical Greece and Rome, resulting in a flowering of literature, science, and art. Artists turned from dreary mysticism to employ their skills using new techniques in sculpture, art, and literature. It was an age of naturalism when the tools of science and art were applied to glorify the human body and to erect vast new cathedrals. Men seemed to unshackle themselves from old ways. In the fifteenth century printing by movable type was greatly refined, and the whole field of printing gained new potential. This of course directly affected the rise of the universities and the dissemination of information. The Renaissance was also a time of spiritual change. In their search for the classical past, men were introduced to the writings of the early church fathers and to copies of the scriptures in Hebrew and Greek. The scholars of the Renaissance began making these works available to the common people. These people founded or joined new religious orders, such as the Franciscans and Dominicans, as well as heretical movements, such as the Albigensians and Waldensians. In a sense, the effects of the Renaissance provided a setting for the Protestant reformation, which tore asunder the unity of Christendom once and for all. Martin Luther was an Augustinian monk who challenged the doctrines and structure of the Roman Catholic church. He translated the Bible into German and otherwise defied the traditions of the Roman church. He was excommunicated from the Roman church and led the German Reformation. When he was eighteen he was sent by his father, Hans Luther, to Erfurt to prepare for a career in law. In , however, he abandoned his legal training to enter the monastery of the Augustinian Order of Eremites. From his earliest years, he seemed to have been tormented by the wide discrepancy between the doctrines and teachings of the scriptures and the practices of

Catholicism. During a journey to Rome in , he was shocked at the corruption of the clergy and the religious apathy of the people. This did much to dispel the veneration in which he had held the papacy and armed him to challenge its authority. These indulgences were offered to repay Albert of Mainz his cost in acquiring the archbishopric of Mainz and to continue work on St. The purchase of indulgences granted individuals the remission of sin and punishment in purgatory and complete remission of all sins for the dead. He defended himself against prelate and scholar and finally was even heard by the imperial diet assembly at Worms in . By this time his movement had moved beyond the merely religious to the political, and the unity of the holy Roman Empire was threatened. When Luther was ordered to give up his work, he boldly declared: I cannot and will not recant anything; since it is insecure and dangerous to act against conscience. Luther was protected by German princes who sympathized with his ideas and who wanted more political autonomy from Rome. This protection enabled him to begin a German translation of the Bible. Gradually new forms of worship and doctrinal innovations advocated by Luther were introduced in many of the German states. Lutheranism became the religion of many of the northern and central German states but never succeeded in winning Bavaria and the states to the east.

3: Chapter 1: Prelude | The Sound of Numbers

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The way she had been living for the past few years and her history had become known to those who loved her and, best of all, they still loved her. She had gained a surrogate mother and father in Rainbow Dash and Star Shine. Rainbow Dash had even gone on to adopt her and become her legal mother. Star Shine insisted he was demoted to simply being a big brother with weird and confusing feelings for her mother. Depression had taken her after Scootaloo was given up and her body had just shut down on her. She had done it simply to protect Scootaloo from her father. Just like her new mother; Rainbow Dash. Her father was a different story altogether. All the bad things that Scootaloo thought about him were very true. As was most of what Diamond Tiara had told her about him. He had loved Scootaloo at first. To look into their tiny eyes and feel all the hope and wonder. To imagine what they would become when they were older. To think about what it would be like to raise them. Scootaloo could have become a great flyer. She could have joined the royal guards. It was hard to tell because of the armor but there was the odd female guard. Equestria was a very equal place after all. All the element bearers were female and no one was going to question their capacity. Not unless they wanted to be blasted with a hearty dose of harmony, which is a lot more powerful than most ponies realise. She could become a simple flight instructor, or work in the weather factory. Not everypony is the most important pony in the universe. All she had to do was fly. When he started the lessons he had been so happy that she was old enough to try to fly. He really did try his hardest. Then he became angry and frustrated when she failed to understand simple concepts. It was like she had no instincts or something. That was the case, but there was no way to know that for him. He saw her as a failure. An insult to his pride even. She would fly, or she would die. It was the kindest thing to do. Then there was the incident. The time that she broke her legs. She was a Unicorn. What it was like to have such an insult to your legacy right in front of your face. Eventually she fell pregnant again. To give up the little chicken. To try again with the new foal. She knew what her husband was like and in the end, felt that maybe it was for the best. She barely held on but she made it through the next few years. That was, until the day that the letter from the orphanage arrived. The letter that told them both that Scootaloo, their little girl, was presumed dead. She had ran away from the orphanage and made it all the way to the Everfree Forest. They braved going in a little to try and find her but they never did. After a while she was declared missing and presumed dead. After she never turned back up for a few years, she was officially declared dead. Her mother had left her father after the first letter. She blamed him more than she blamed the orphanage. It was after the second letter that she had completely shut down and eventually perished. Her father had continued to live. He continued to resent Scootaloo and everything that she had done to him. He drank most of his days away and had spent more than his fair share of time in a jail cell as a result. He often wondered why he was still alive. Maybe his hatred was the only thing keeping him going. His hatred for a daughter who had let him down and, in his mind, cost him his wife and unborn child. He felt barely anything but bitterness and resentment. Resentment towards a pony that was long since dead and out of his reach. Imagine his surprise when he got one more letter from the orphanage. A letter telling him that not only was his daughter alive, but that she had even been adopted. The little chicken, the bane of his existence, was alive. Alive and living in a small town called Ponyville. He knew the place. It was only a few hours away from Canterlot. He had moved far away over time. The letter was dated about a week ago, and it would take him a week to get there. He could have his revenge on the little whelp that had ruined his life. He bought a ticket to Ponyville. To this Rainbow Dash who had adopted her. He smiled to himself as he imagined what he was going to do Scootaloo. It was the first time he had smiled in a long, long time. Well this is it everypony. The long awaited sequel to Working Towards The Future. Some people were anticipating the sequel even before Working Towards The Future finished though. It counts to them. In any case, I expect this story to last a few weeks and I mean it this time. I think this thing only needs four chapters. It really is less of a sequel and more of an extended cut. I should be resuming my old update schedule of Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Join our Patreon to remove these adverts!

4: Revelation Commentary : Chapter Fifteen

Chapter 1 – 15, Episode 26 of Libra in LINE WEBTOON. Set in an alternate universe, Libra is about a girl named Meia who is the centre of a war between two clans; the Ravens and the Foxes. The Ravens rule the city Meia lives in and the Foxes are rebels who try to destroy their centuries-old enemy.

She explained that with the takeover, things would be hard for a while. Knowing what was going on helped me to understand why Eric and I needed to keep a distance, but it did nothing for the waiting. Alcide and I had been hanging out a lot recently, going to movies and lunch. A couple weeks later Pam, Amelia and I went out dancing together. During a trip to the restroom, I found myself wrapped in his arms. Everyone, including Bill Compton. Bill entered the bar and, as usual, went directly to sit in my section. I only accepted because I knew Bill would be persistent. The closest to crying I got all night came at the stroke of midnight. Bill had no idea that his idea of encouraging me had me so close to hitting him. It was just another chore to get through until I could do what I wanted; go home, go to bed and put the long miserable night behind me. When we were all done, I practically ran through the back door, only to feel Sam right behind me. I need to talk to you. I wanted to go home and listen to the iPod that Eric had been so sweet about preloading with songs. Still keeping my end of our bond closed, as it had been for far too long, I watched from the wooded area surrounding the ramshackle bar. He snarled at her histrionically. You know how I feel about you. I care about your feelings, but I love someone else. Is that what you really want, to be treated like property? Eric can and does love me. More importantly he does everything he can to make sure I know it, which is why I do belong to him! The fact that Sookie proclaimed that she loved me and declared that I owned her aside, my imagination ran riot of the ways I was going to be claiming her as soon as possible. The expression only became more exaggerated as I stepped out of the shadows, approaching him slowly enough to make him more anxious with each of my steps until the air around him was rife with fear. All it took for Sam to get the message was a simple smile. My smile said everything: I was barely off the ground when I heard Sam call me an asshole under his breath. The funny part was that he thought it bothered me. My original plan had been to be waiting there for her. That was the spot I originally landed, but that had been a couple hours earlier. I could feel that she was frustrated and unhappy, having the occasional spike of anger and sadness. Sookie and the way she made me feel within those simple walls. When I finally reached the bedroom, Sookie was already close to sleep, exhausted by her long shift and all of the collateral stress that had come with it. Since the takeover, that bed had been in my thoughts every morning when I died. The smell of that room and the sight of her bed had been all it had taken to bring my lost time back to me. I sat on the side of the bed, sliding my shoes off silently. When I turned around, her eyes were on me. She was close to tears as she scooted closer, putting her arm over my waist to rest her head on my chest. How sad is this? To be honest about it, the idea that she wanted to see me enough to hallucinate being together gave me a twisted sense of hope. Listening to her breathe, feeling her heartbeat it was almost enough for me. I felt high on the possibilities as I scribbled a note inviting her to go out the next night, completely certain that if I stayed, she could have fallen into old habits of being suspicious of me. So many things had changed. I could be with her again. I was free to love her just like I promised I would.

5: Chapter 1 Page 15 "Pierce Me

*Dead Tired: Resurrection Chapter 1 Prelude ** December 31st *Sookie's POV* Pam told me to be patient. She'd coached me on the situation at hand. She explained that with the takeover, things would be hard for a while.*

Trouble surrounds them from all sides. No one wants them to be together. Olivia is found near death. Johnny is blaming everyone in Port Charles. From Claudia " down to Edward. Who truly hates Olivia and Johnny together so much that they want Olivia dead? Stepping forward, and running his hand through her hair on the right side. No shame in that. Raising his right hand to stroke her cheek. Not with the heavy breathing that her chest was dealing with at the moment. Leaning forward he captured her lips with his own, crushing himself tightly against her. He heard her grasp. Deepening the kiss he marked her as his own, once again. He would have her, standing here if he had too. But, she was his and he was hers. They would have one another. Her hands which were crushed against chest, managed to move upward and he felt her hands on his jaw. Her fingers lightly running up and down, than suddenly he felt them on his face. He felt a bit on his lip and he pulled back. An inch from her face, breathing heavily. He brought his head down and started to bit and tease her neck, at the nap. He knew that was a sensitive spot of hers. She had every quickly told him about it the first time they had been together. He felt her hot breath against his chest, she had unbutton his shirt during their sheering kiss. He moaned his pleasure as he felt his desire for this woman rise beyond belief. He had never felt like this with any other woman he had been with. This was crazy, it was nuts, this whole situation was out of the mind. His hands quickly undid her towel " he had come knocking on her door, just as she stepped from the shower. His hands quickly ran over her body " loving the feel of the smooth skin underneath his palms. He had to be in this incredible and delicious woman. He wanted out of his clothes. His hands moved to meet hers and he quickly helped her jerk his shirt off. Their hands next to his pants " and he knew he would never be able to recall how exactly those came off. It was a blur. All he knew was he suddenly felt free and her arms were every where. His hand went to her chin, and he jerked it up away from his chest. Looking deeply into her desire filled eyes and slammed his mouth onto hers " as he quickly entered her. What he felt was sheer bliss. He had her in his arms. He had her scent on him. His scent was on hers. Their mingled scents drove him wild. He felt her begin to slid " he just held her even more tightly against him and the wall " holding her up as he slowly moved back and forth " in rhyme. The most sane that is happening in this whole world. Not in pain of his exist, just the loss of him. She knelt down and grabbed her towel. Wrapping it around her she walked towards the door. This was a mistake, he had not heard what he heard. His body moved on its own. He soon found that he was back into his clothes. They felt too tight against his body. He wanted the freedom of being nude, with her hands and body against his. He wanted to be inside her " where he belonged. Out of her life. He walked slowly towards her. Stopping just as he reached the door. She was abandoning them " she was abandoning him. You and I are wrong. When you asked if I would regret sleeping with you that first drunken time. I should have say yes, I should have told you to leave. Please leave, Johnny, and never come back. That us together is right. Her mouth was tightly closed against his " his tongue ran lightly across her lips. The moment that she parted her lips " his tongue entering her mouth. He felt her deepen the kiss before she broke it. His forehead leaned forward touched hers. Only because you ask me to. He stepped back and looked at her longly. Lifting his right hand he waved in a low fashion. He walked down the hallway. He heard the door close behind him. He stopped and turned around and faced her closed door. He turned and walked towards the exist where his car was parked.

6: Sergei Rachmaninoff, Chapter 1: A Prelude To A Life Filled With Sorrow And Beauty | CPR

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First chapter of what is sure to be a strange and introspective journey Also weird and kinky and possibly funny. Mature Version to be posted in a day or two which will also likely be the pattern moving forward. A sort of comparison document is available for patrons that has BOTH versions is up once you get on my Discord channel. So, enjoy, reflect, and keep lots of kleenex, wet wipes, disinfectant, bleach, booze just whatever is going to help you get through this handy. Her jade eyes drifted listlessly in the moon and starlit hallway as she trudged forward and considered her surroundings for what was possibly the hundredth time or more. The base design of the castle itself might be considered attractive enough, if a creature could get over how bright and sickeningly shiny it got in the daytime. At the very least, the bare crystal itself had a somewhat pleasing stark and empty quality to it with a grandeur that admittedly made her somewhat envious of the material over the simple stone of her hive. However, the ponies had decided to mar such simplistic beauty with overly ornate doors and pillars stationed perfectly spaced from each other giving the whole thing a far too orderly and unnatural symmetrical look. Though the toilet was a reminder that ponies had to subsist completely on organic substances disgustingly pushed through their organs instead of absorbing magical energy directly from emotions like an evolved species that only ate and imbibed for recreational purposes. Being around them and often having to adapt their horrible physical qualities was tantamount to torture. Chrysalis had once again successfully infiltrated the home of some of the ponies she hated the most. In fact, she had been so successful, that she no longer even had to hide who and what she was. Sure there had been some setbacksâ€¦ Like about a solid week of hiding under the bed of one of the ponies she had hated the most, but she crawled her way out of that situationâ€¦ somewhat literally, and ingratiated herself to her current hosts through However, she was nothing if not adaptable. Though the months had been grueling to get to this point, any day now she would spring her trap and bring this empire to ruins, get revenge on the rest of pony kind, find her lost children and declare herself Queen once more, purge any dissenters, and restore balance to the world as and her own personal contentment that went with it. Yesâ€¦ Any day nowâ€¦ Chrysalis slinked closer to the sink. Any dayâ€¦ She looked in the mirror and caught sight of herself, and her sunken, tired eyes. Letting out a constant stream of sad wails as her chest heaved, she leaned on the crystal fixture and let her emotions pour out of her. Why are you crying? Chrysalis recoiled as she heard a yawn from behind her. She looked up and glanced in the mirror. There was now a baby-blue glow that lit up the room from Princess Cadance, who had clearly wandered out of bed and tracked Chrysalis down to the bathroom. It must be broken! Chrysalis said nothing as she walked away from the sink, soaking wet. Her wings buzzed rapidly a couple times, firing off water in all directions as she menacingly stalked towards Cadance, glaring at her the entire time. Her voice began to reverberate with dark promises as she approached. Chrysalis felt something like a tug on her brain as she ceased talking immediately and jerked her head slightly. Chrysalis closed her eyes tightly and sighed out some of her frustration, her anger turning to more of a quiet simmer. Cadance tilted her head slowly and regarded Chrysalis as the changeling seemed to put something of a lid on her emotions. There was another yawn, a deeper this time, and Chrysalis found herself grimacing as a lilac glow grew brighter to the sound of hooves clapping against the crystal floors. He pulled up a forehoof and looked at it quizzically. I need a strong, strapping plumber to plug up this unexpected leak! I just forgot how money works. All thanks to you two! Cadane trotted up to Shining. Shining just smiled wide. I could use the alone time! I just had something in my eyeâ€¦ no doubt some random fluids from our bedroom escapades. Cadance took a few steps closer. You can talk to us about anything! YOU two are the ones with limits. She found it exceedingly difficult to determine when Cadance and Shining found it in themselves to shift from being completely oblivious morons and start being complete morons who were maybe acting that stupid to lure her into underestimating them and letting something slip out If there was a lesson she should have learned by now, it would have been to never underestimate a pony. However, the creatures could seem so disarmingly stupid she often found herself caught off guard, and no two ponies she met were so stupid, disarmingly or otherwise,

as the pair she found herself with now. That being said, the image of Starlight Glimmer hammering at her throne with a rock and a frantic look on her face would always keep her warm at night. I HATE the special voice. We can have Sunburst listen to you again. Chrysalis twitched slightly again. Shining sighed and lowered his forehoof. And the moment they so much as thought they could move on without me, every single one took the opportunity to reject me! My vengeance! You two, and a great deal of your entire species cocooned as nothing more than food to feed me and my children for as long as your love and bodies would hold out! Somehow, instead of shock and gear there was quiet contemplative thinking. Instead of revulsion there was sympathy. Instead of hatred there was kindness. And it was worse! it was so much worse. Chrysalis clenched down on her teeth. It was a small victory for the former Changeling Queen, but she took those where she got them. She shook her head. Cadence even had the audacity to laugh to herself. Cadence likewise opted to leave the word unfinished. Shining Armor raised a forehoof. You both have already filled all my literal holes with basically anything that would fit! This is not something you can just fix with your genitals! This is much, much worse! In fact, I now feel even worse than I did just a bit ago, and let me tell you that the last few minutes of my life have been something of a death spiral in regards to how well everything is going for me. Chrysalis pursed her lips slightly. But hardly pure bliss. She found herself moaning, or rather humming, in ecstasy along with the yells and moans of the Princesses and Prince. For one brief, bliss filled moment, it was like the three lovers were completely wrapped in passion and pleasure and melting into one singularity of pure joy. Chrysalis had to admit, it was! kind of okay. She had collapsed into the center of the bed and retracted most of her loose appendages back into herself. Only her tongue lolled out of her mouth as she breathed in and out deeply, noting with some great dissatisfaction that she was still sandwiched between the two ponies, but now it was a snuggle sandwich instead of a spit roast. She tilted her head one way, then the other; noticing she was receiving twin expectant looks of post-coitus stupidity. Chrysalis retracted her tongue. She instead quickly struggled free of their grasp, her twisted horn flashing jade as she roughly pushed the ponies off of her, and leapt off the bed. At least the remorseful and sorrowful looks of the two ponies were some cold comfort. Chrysalis scoffed and turned. Chrysalis immediately reshaped her hearing structure, but it was too late. The clever complete fool that he was. The location of which she happened to know quite well. After a few moments she smiled and nodded. Then the two ponies shared a quick revolting kiss and touched their horns together, rubbing them against each other with sickeningly lovesick expressions on their faces. Revenge on quite a few ponies. Including pretty much all your loved ones and you two in particular. The end of Equestria like I dreamed! Chrysalis thought for a moment, then something quite unexpected happened. Not a smile designed to intimidate, or at least not one only designed to intimidate, but one of true joy at the thought of having an opportunity to strike back at all who had wronged her. This was followed by mirthful laughter that bubbled out from the changeling. Despite this, Cadance and Shining responded with quiet snickering. Chrysalis laughter cut off instantly. She let out a groan. She shook her head and narrowed her eyes. My options are pretty limited as it is. It was true enough, she could still pull out a win using a number of methods. True her earlier acts with the royal couple had filled her with power, but the method used to acquire this power still left her feeling quite lethargic and somewhat overwhelmed. Not to mention deceitful! Cadance gave Chrysalis a tired smile. As her wings occasionally buzzed to the feeling of her muscles being worked, she let her thoughts drift to potential, and workable, plans to get her revenge as well as letting her thoughts dwell on just how much she despised the two ponies she also just so happened to be sharing a bed with.

7: Chapter One; Dark Prelude - True Flight - Fimfiction

Chapter 1 A/N New series, got rid of the old one. I also have a beta:) I pray that y'all didn't get the stomach bug that I did, because it sucked.

She secretly let out a sigh of relief and casually pulled up her hair. She got out of the taxi, taking her the luggage from the taxi driver, and walked into the village. There were many restaurants and shops along the road. She stood at the crossroad, hesitating for 3 seconds, and decided to look for her team first. This time there were 11 players from China. They all came as a group, but she was the only one who had come late. When she walked into the lobby of the resort, there were only two receptionists chatting with each other. After pulling out some data, she quickly made a phone call. Ai Qing took over the phone. On the other end there was a big boy bashfully asking who it was in English. Say it in the first place! Room , at the end of the second floor. Finally, following the direction Slide gave her, she slowly walked along the white stone path on the beach towards the westernmost side. All the buildings in the resort were wooden structures, sitting on the beach on top of dark colored wood stilts. Each cabin was not far apart from each other. It took her almost 20 minutes in the darkness to find the right place. She knocked on the door. There was no answer. It was , she made sure. She knocked on the door again. As she was just about to call out to Slide, the door opened from inside. A boy, with right hand on the door frame, appeared in front of her. There were 9 teams competing at the final round. Her team was eliminated by his. She shook his hand after that game and regretfully gave him her blessings. She never would have thought that the first night in Singapore she would run into him. He must have been just stepping out of the shower, wet hair fell down his face with blurry eyes. With the dim yellowish lights on the hallway, she could see water dripping from his face. When she recalled this scene many years later, it seems that it was from this point onward that his name becomes three-dimensional in her mind. He was no long just that big boy at the tournament wearing a black cap, with a calm, indifferent expression, and rapid fingers flying all over the keyboard. He suddenly grinned, seemingly to realizing who she is, but still remained silent. His hand was wet as he quickly shook and released her hand. As she pulled up her luggage, another boy came up behind Dt. Ai Qing was completely dumbfounded. She stayed at the doorway with her mouth wide open. The loud lapping of the ocean waves came from behind embellishing this embarrassing moment. Dt and Ai Qing locked their gazes for two seconds. A lei if anyone wanted to know.

8: Test Bank for Prelude to Programming Chapter 1 - www.enganchecubano.com

Test Bank Chapter 1 SHORT ANSWER 1. A way to develop a program before actually writing the code in a specific programming language is to use a general form, written in natural English, called _____.

This sign follows the first two signs indicated in Revelation. This suggests that while Revelation is not a parenthesis in a purely technical sense. The purpose of the retrogression is clear. It provides the backdrop for the wrath of God in its final form. The woman, the dragon, the beast, and God highlight the four major players of the eschatological end. As the rest of this chapter demonstrates, there is a process involved in how these seven angels will operate. We are not told the nature of the seven plagues the seven angels have. This also supports the summary nature of Revelation. Like the trumpet judgments Rev 9: Last connects the seven plagues with the trumpet judgments of Revelation. There is no basis to connect the seven seals with the trumpet and bowls as wrath of God. Equally last suggests something previously. Therefore, there is no basis for those who attempt to define the bowls as the wrath of God, but not the trumpets. Ample evidence demonstrates the opposite is true. The wrath of God as it is expressed in the Greek occurs about forty times in various formats in the Old Testament. The eschatological wrath of God against the nations is clearly the focus of this text. John is clearly attempting to explain with figurative language what he sees. There is no literal sea or fire. However, what the literal referent is will be more difficult to explain. The second half of this verse explains that the victorious people described are standing on the sea of glass. Therefore, the sea of glass is a literal physical service that can support a standing person. This description of a sea of glass also occurred in the description of the throne room of God in Revelation 4. The three primary obstacles to faithfulness on the part of believers are highlighted. The beast, his image and his mark are the beasts that believers must contend with here. These people were victorious. The exact nature of their victory is not clear. The importance of music before God is heightened by the presence of harps of God. It is clear that the great man of God of Pentateuch fame is the subject of this portion. The song that follows in Verses 3b-4 does not accord explicitly with any song of Moses mentioned in the Old Testament Exod. It might be that the words of the song of Moses are not recorded here. We have no explicit knowledge of such a song. It might be that the song recorded in verses 3b-4 is the song of the Lamb and this is the first time it is introduced to the world at large. However, it is probably a reference to God the Father. It simply cannot be resisted. Yet, in the bowl judgments to follow the beast-marked worshipers will resist. Therefore, the point here is this: God is worthy of all glory, even if He does not get it. We cannot with certainty identify the tabernacle of testimony. However, it appears that the purpose of this place is to assure the reader that the wrath of God about fall is justified and verifiable. However, the reason the doors are opened is to allow the seven plague-carrying angels to exit. The exact nature of the wrath is not yet indicated. The particular Greek term for linen, *linon*, occurs only here in the Revelation. Whether this suggests that the dress of these seven angels is different from others in the book of Revelation who also wear linen dress is not clear. The golden sashes underscore the special status of these seven angels. The particular bowls given to the angels suggest a shallow surface, which indicates quick delivery of content. Smoke is a biblical motif that appears in context with manifestations of God throughout the Bible Lev. There is no intercession at this point and there is no appeal.

9: Chapter 1: Prelude - 1 | LINE WEBTOON

1. A way to develop a program before actually writing the code in a specific programming language is to use a general form, written in natural English, called _____.

New series, got rid of the old one. I also have a beta: All the avengers were sleeping except for Tony. Tony was almost never asleep at night, he took long naps during the day as needed, and then stayed up all night working in his lab, he felt like his best work was done at night. The peace was interrupted by a loud crash on the roof that sent JARVIS into an automatic defense protocol in which he set up a complex system of weapons that Tony could manually control from wherever he was at. Captain America was the first into the living room, his shield attached to his arm. What the hell is going on? Standing to his feet, he wiped his cheek and sniffed. It was then that Tony realized that the god was crying. The philanthropist had never seen Thor cry before, and to him, it was scary. The god shook his head. Captain America and the rest finally made it up to the roof, part of the defense protocol was that JARVIS was forced to shut down all the elevators in the tower. The relief was profound on the avengers faces as they lowers their weapons. It was quiet amongst the group until Tony said. An awkward silence hung in the air as Tony made his "world famous" breakfast tacos. Thor nodded, half smiling. Probably remembering the "wings from hell" challenge he won at a wing restaurant downtown. The avengers are silently as Thor poured half the bottle of Tabasco sauce on his breakfast taco. Natasha dismissed it as some strange thought Tony had conjured up in that cluttered mind of his and kept eating. Have you guys fixed up everything yet? I heard the dark elves made a HUGE mess. I also heard about how your awful piloting skills contributed to that too. Especially not his father with the situation, there was no way to tell what he would do. He felt completely alone, especially after the fight that erupted into a 3 day breakup between he and Jane. The god then realized that he had been staring off into space. Your review has been posted.

Process mining discovery conformance and enhancement of business processes The persons unit Google home speaker manual Flora of County Kerry The complete poems and translations in prose of Humfrey Gifford, gentleman Sermons on subjects connected with the Old Testament. Colloidal silver safe dosage report The Mongols (Peoples of Europe) The practice of Japanese acupuncture and moxibustion Secondary Prevention in Coronary Artery Disease and Myocardial Infarction (Developments in Cardiovascular 2003 kdx 200 service manual Souls With Bodies 4: Cantometrics and cultural equity: the academic years Transborder air pollution, including the impact of emissions from foreign transborder commuter vehicles o Writing analytically with ings 2nd canadian edition Meeting the Challenge of 9/11 Joel Chandler Harris and his home Cain and abel tutorials Cotton and williams practical gastrointestinal endoscopy Sullivans expedition. 2nd grade daily math warm ups Intelligent support systems The doubtful traveller : mapping and the middle man. Wolves Within the Fold Verification validation and testing of engineered systems Ernest Bracebridge, School Days Packing of oleomargarine and adulterated butter. Question two: does the general setting of the inscription permit a match between the inscriptional person Syrian Social Nationalist Party Camping at Migdol and the Red Sea Pioneers of psychology By my own authority How to avoid a man-eating tiger A letter to the greatest hypocrite in His Majestys dominions Signposts to love. The Most Holy Trinosophia Dynamic physical education for elementary school students 16th edition A history of Native American drama 2004 wrx service manual Quran in arabic and english