

1: Afterthought Chapter 4, an undertale fanfic | FanFiction

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An eerie-looking object, it sits in a box all by itself atop a bureau in a bare, narrow corridor, looking like a discarded artifact. Among the more dazzling objects of the Renaissance here, he seems like an afterthought. Has Florence forgotten Dante? The city also has plenty of Dante memorials — paintings and sculptures — that honor the poet. The Locanda dei Poeti also offers a Dante Alighieri room, an appropriate name for singles accommodations: Dante had a reputation for being a loner. We actually know only a few facts about the 13th-century poet. Oh, and he wrote poetry. I wend my way through the open-air San Lorenzo market, lined with kiosks where hard-sell merchants hawk leather bags and jackets, for the minute walk to the Duomo. Heading south, I first reach the Piazza di San Giovanni, where I come upon a building that Dante would recognize instantly: And as I gaze up at the figure of Satan chewing on a sinner on the spectacular mosaic ceiling, I know instantly where Dante got his inspiration for the three-headed devil in his *Inferno*. I stop to tour the crypt beneath the Duomo to see the parts of the walls and traces of the mosaic floor of the church it replaced and that Dante attended, which itself was built on Roman ruins. And that rock of Dante? He directs me to a building around the corner in the Piazza del Duomo, where a simple plaque on the wall marks the spot where the true rock once stood. The nearby Casa di Dante also turns out to be a red herring. Dante himself wrote that he was born in the shadow of the Badia Fiorentina, a Benedictine monastery just down the street. The area, halfway between the Duomo and the Piazza della Signoria, with its maze of alleys, still retains a medieval flavor. And the Casa di Dante, which houses the Dante Museum, is a great way to get the feel of how a typical nobleman lived in the s. One illustrates Dante meeting Pinocchio. Legend says that this is where the poet first saw Beatrice Portinari, his poetic inspiration. Tragically, she died at 24 and may or may not be buried in the church. You can still go to 6 p. Another church that Dante frequented that seems more in keeping with his soaring poetry is San Miniato al Monte, perched on a hillside overlooking the city. To reach the church, whose marble facade of geometric patterns has changed little since Dante came to admire its mosaics, I take the number 12 bus from the train station in time to make 6 p. For his studies with the Dominicans and Franciscans, he had to risk the danger of going into unprotected territory to visit two churches that were then outside the city walls: Santa Maria Novella in the west and Santa Croce to the east. Now, I can easily walk to both with no concerns. I visit Santa Croce on my last day in Florence. For centuries, the city of Ravenna, where Dante died in, has refused to give up his bones — even resorting to hiding them when Pope Leo X, at the suggestion of Michelangelo, ordered their return to Florence in Florence, after all, only got around to lifting that death sentence against Dante in No wonder he looks so grumpy. Or perhaps the churlish Dante is just trying to tell us not to bother looking for him in all the faux Dante places in Florence, but rather in the beauty of his beloved city.

2: Following Dante's footsteps in Florence | The Seattle Times

Footsteps After Thought explores the implications and extent of our creativity. It embodies a self-reflexive study of man's interaction with recurring metaphysical questions of human existence. It embodies a self-reflexive study of man's interaction with recurring metaphysical questions of human existence.

Sans should be happy with your decision. So why did he stop you? Why did he take the knife away? You just wanted the pain to stop. Contains mentions of self-harm and suicide. At first it was petty little jabs here and there, commenting on how you chew loudly, or how Sans snores, but quickly evolved into something serious. He went there for lunch, as usual, but Grillby pretended not to be able to see him. Sans became very irritated, and when he realized you were behind it, he came after you. You were the one who filled all the juice bottles with ketchup! You know I hate ketchup. You walked through Snowdin, smiling tightly as the residents greeted you fondly. You kept walking and walking, not noticing where you were going. What finally stopped you was the sudden rush of heat. Somehow, you made it all the way to the Hot Lands. You sat on the edge of the walkway, dangling your feet over the edge. The heat felt wonderful after spending so long in such a cold town. Soon, the heat becomes uncomfortable, so you take off your sweater and folded it neatly beside you. You hum gently, feeling the stress of the last few days melt away. The nightmares have been coming back, but now they were more twisted. It was usually the dream with Sans, but things got really scary. You recall the dream from last night with a shudder. Sans took another step towards you, his grin so wide you could see the cracks growing larger and larger until most of his skull was cracked. Blood dripped from his eye sockets, but not his glowing blue blood. Scarlet dripped from his black holes, not a lick of iris to be seen. Just as he was about to reach for you, his skull rolled off and you woke up just as it was about to hit you. At least the other dreams were memories, these were actual nightmares and they sure as hell haunted you, day in and day out. You wanted to go to Sans, but he was still giving you the cold shoulder. He immediately got defensive, calling you out on your flaws. At first you were just shocked, but soon you were all fired up. You refused to let this short skeleton beat you in anything. You look down at your arm, paler than the rest of you due to the bandages that were on them for weeks. Sans let you take them off maybe a day or two before this whole fight started and you were still getting used to the feeling of not having an extra layer under your clothes. You traced the lines on your arm, slightly upset that they were there in the first place, but also slightly upset that they were fading. You had gotten so used to the being there that it was weird for them not to be. You lean back and prop yourself up with your arms and close your eyes. Letting the sounds of steam relax you. You hear footsteps approaching, but you ignored them. You stated feeling uneasy when you notice the footsteps slow the closer they got to where you were sitting. The footsteps stopped directly behind you, and you cracked one eye open. A dark figure was casting a large shadow, which at this perspective was all you could see. Suddenly, it was like all the sounds stopped at the same time. You heard a gruff cough from behind you, and you slowly turned your head. Behind you was the largest monster you have ever seen. He was easily eight foot, dressed in heavy armor. His left hand held a large club. The armor had several dents, but the club was covered in various shades of stains. You were filled with a sense of dread. I knew it was you the moment I saw you, you disgusting piece of shit. But the monster stomped on it. You took a step back but it was no use. You were completely defenseless. The monster reared back and went for another hit. You dodged to the right and rolled, almost rolling off the edge of the walkway. His club clipped the edge of your face, causing blood to gush from the wound, slicking up the walkway dangerously. Your vision began to swim as he swung again. You barely escaped the range of fire, before he got another hit in, breaking your leg. The feeling of dread increased, and you began to cry, knowing this would be the end for you. You limped over to the monster and finally attacked. You threw a fist at his armored chest, but it bounced off with no damage. You collapsed in front of him, your head pounding and your vision going black. You look up at the monster and watched as he raised his club above his head, your blood dripping on to his helmet. You closed your eyes and waited for the final blow. You waited for death, but it never came. You risked cracking one eye open. Instead of a hulking killer standing above you, you saw a slightly shoter figure. They were skinny but had a large head. Glancing to the left, you

saw the monster was curled in a ball, bruised and battered. Turning back to the figure in front of you, you almost let out a scream when he was right in front of your face. He came forward and kneeled in front of you while you were looking at your would-be killer. Papyrus kneeled in front of you, concern etched in every inch of his face. His gloved hand came up to the side of your face and you flinched, feeling the club wound. You could feel your head pounding in time with your heartbeat. The Great Papyrus came to your rescue! Just as I promised! He pulled back and gave you a sheepish look. He placed his hands on his knees and leaned forward slightly. You were the farthest thing from oaky. It was hard for you to think. I shall find you something special to heal your wounds. As you walked back to the house, you could tell he wanted to say something, but he held back. Finally, he opened his mouth and said what had probably been bothering him the entire walk. I thought I was too late to save you. When Brother called me the night of my training trip, I was terrified. I rushed home as quickly as I could, but I was afraid. Coming home, seeing your arm bandaged. Having to change the bandages on your stomach and leg. You, a small human, scare the Great Papyrus. Seeing you injured, especially by your own hand? It scared me because I was not able to protect you. It seems I have failed to protect you once again. It hurt your leg, but you refused to tell him. It would upset him again. It was a slow walk to Snowdin. As you approached the house, you saw a figure waiting outside the door. Sans was bouncing his foot and tapping his hand on this leg. He looked left, right, left and chewed on his fingers. You could see the frown on his face. As you came into sight, he nearly jumped. He ran towards you but stopped mere inches from where Papyrus was standing.

3: Project MUSE - Following the Footsteps of the Invisible

Footsteps after thought - metaphorical approaches from within. 6. Footsteps after thought - metaphorical approaches from within. by Ronald Lee Voake Print book: English.

Email Shares Hearing voices in your head, or experiencing auditory hallucinations does not always mean that you have mental illness. Many people have reported hearing voices that do not cause any kind of problem in their life. Some of these voices are generally positive or contain positive messages. For the large percentage of individuals that hear voices, they report that these voices offer inspiration and support. Regardless of whether these voices offer support or pose a threat to someone, people usually start hearing them following some sort of traumatic experience. These voices are seen by some experts as a psychological coping mechanism that the brain created to help deal with major stress. Some experts suggest that the more negative the trauma, the more likely the voices will consist of negative threats. However, there are plenty of people that have learned to live comfortably with their voices – many people embrace them. Brain scans have been able to show that when people report hearing voices, the same areas that process sound and store memories appear to be active. The exact brain activity during an auditory hallucination can differ among individuals, but in general, areas involving memory and auditory processing seem to be operating simultaneously. What Causes Auditory Hallucinations? It is a common misconception to automatically assume that if you are hearing voices in your head, you are experiencing a schizophrenic hallucination. Although voices are among positive symptoms experienced during schizophrenia, there are other reasons that people hear voices besides mental illness. Only when the voices persist as being unpleasant, negative, and destructive are they usually considered a sign of a psychotic break. If you experienced any brain damage as a result of an accident or medical condition, the damage could cause you to hear voices. Many people report hearing spiritual voices after being involved in serious accidents. Regardless of what type of voices you hear, it is likely a result of damage to the brain. Often times people that are heavily bullied growing up end up with various mental illnesses such as depression, anxiety, and feel inadequate. Intense bullying can lead to the individual hearing voices because they have become so traumatized and feel awful about themselves. Your brain simply breaks with reality, and voices can be a way in which some people cope. Death of a Loved One: If you have lost someone very close to you e. Some people report that during the early days of bereavement and grief processing, this is the only way that they can mentally cope with the loss. There are many drugs that can lead to you hearing voices. Most drugs that affect the brain and levels of various neurotransmitters can result in auditory hallucinations. You may hear voices after taking drugs or during a period of withdrawal from the drug. A relatively common example is for people who experience Adderall-induced psychosis. In most cases, once the drug is out of your system, the voices should subside. When you fall asleep, your brain waves change to the slower theta range and random dreams occur. Most people that hear voices following a dream or before sleep may hear sounds or voices call their name. Most people report very brief sounds while experiencing these hallucinations. Some people report visual hallucinations that accompany their auditory hallucinations as well. Anyone that becomes isolated from social contact for long enough may start to hear voices. This often happens with castaways, sailors, and individuals that cut themselves off from society for extended periods of time. It is thought that hearing voices are in some ways a compensation for lack of interaction as a result of being isolated. This may be more common than we think among individuals in solitary confinement. Individuals with mental illness may experience voices that are threatening and very negative in nature. These voices may be difficult to deal with and may really scare the person hearing them. Common illnesses that result in people hearing voices include: Individuals dealing with a severe physical illness may experience delirium and may become disorientated with their surroundings. If you experience a high fever and are really sick, it is possible that this could lead to experiencing auditory hallucinations. The body is likely in an extreme state of stress and is trying to recover from the sickness – which could lead to hearing voices. Although not everyone with this condition hears voices, it is not an uncommon experience. Anyone that has been sexually or physically abused may end up hearing voices. The younger the age of abuse, the more likely voices entered your head as a result of what

happened. You may hear the voice of the abuser in your head and you may not know how to cope with it. Going considerable periods of time without proper sleep can result in hallucinations. Anyone with significant lack of sleep could end up hallucinating. This is one of the prominent symptoms of prolonged sleep deprivation. Researchers hypothesize that it could be related to neurons composing the I-function in the brain. This leads to production of a dissimilar reality and the pressure on the neurons from lack of sleep attempt to create something even though they are burnt out. Since the neurons are under significant duress from lack of restoration that would accompany sleep, brain activity becomes sporadic and incoherent â€” resulting in psychosis-like symptoms. Certain individuals hear voices in their head as a result of spiritual experiences. This shows that there is a fine line between hearing voices as a result of a spiritual experience and voices as a result of mental illness. Other people hear voices of evil spirits in cases of a haunting. If you are starving and have not eaten properly for a prolonged period of time, you may hear voices. Once again, your brain is malnourished and burnt out. It has no energy stores and attempts to function to the best of its ability. Some individuals diagnosed with anorexia have been found to hear voices as a result of food deprivation. Some people report hearing voices as a result of significant stress. Anyone under major amounts of mental stress for a prolonged period could potentially experience an auditory hallucination. In regards to stress, we are not talking about your average stress from work, we are talking about a cumulative build up of major stress. Types of voices that you may hear

Controlling voices â€” Voices may attempt to control how you act. They may tell you to engage in negative behavior. Multiple voices â€” You may hear more than one voice in your head and they may be conflicting or fighting with each other. Spiteful voices â€” Negative, cruel, nasty, vindictive voices often accompany mental illness. Supportive voices â€” Many people experience support from the voices that they hear. Random voices â€” Some people may hear random, meaningless voices. Voices typically call out your name. They are common to hear when no one else is around. Some people experience the voices as being inside their head. Others experience voices as coming from an external source in the environment. Voices may increase in loudness volume if you are highly stressed. How to stop hearing voices in your head OR cope with them Learn to live with them â€” If the voices are positive, people can learn to live with them. Even if they are negative, people can learn psychological coping techniques. Medications â€” Various types of antipsychotic medications are used if the voices are a result of psychosis or schizophrenia. The goal is to help people get comfortable with the voices because usually if the person gets stressed out, the voices increase in intensity. Trans-magnetic stimulation TMS â€” Researchers have found that TMS helps quiet voices by suppressing auditory and acoustic hallucinations for a 90 day 3 month period. This type of therapy involves decreasing brain activity in specific regions using magnetic fields. Areas of the brain that are typically targeted are usually those involved in speech processing. Should the voices be eliminated? Usually there are a couple different types of individuals when it comes to hearing voices. Have you ever heard voices in your head? What was the experience like? Was the voice supportive or mean? When did you first hear a voice? Was it a single voice or multiple voices? Just know that you are not alone in your experience and you are not necessarily going crazy either. Many people hear voices on a daily basis â€” some can be positive, some could be highly vindictive, while others can be completely random. Feel free to share your personal experience in the comments section below.

4: About Kiyoko | Footsteps of a Dreamer

Very disappointed our guide was knowledgeable on the history of Alexandria, but spent 35 min on our first stop, spending only 2 min on the ghost story as more of an after-thought, and we only did two more stops, with rambling history and oh yeah, the ghost story after thought thrown in at the end.

PokeyDotes When Kensi and Deeks find themselves in trouble, they must rely on one another until the team can come to the rescue. Fiction T - English - Kensi B. Adverb; in a way based on reasoning from known facts or past events rather than by making assumptions or predictions. More Questions than Answers -: It was quiet and unexpected, almost like it always is. Walking through the front door to find Agent Connors reading the paper, patiently listening to the ramblings of his five-year-old charge, Callen had thought he was in time, had thought he made it before the other shoe dropped. Not three seconds after walking into the kitchen, it happened. A small pop, more from the window than the actual shot, and then the sound of Connors slumping onto the table, his coffee cup spilling beneath him blending with the blood to saturate the newsprint. The other shoe had reached the ground. Between the shocked silence of the little boy and the panicked screaming of his mother, Callen had let instinct and training take control, quickly grabbing the little boy and pulling him to cover, out of the line of sight. The small and sudden pop followed by a crystallized blemish against the glass. She had thought the jerk of his shoulders had been a reaction to the assumed rock, a condition of being startled. Too busy trying to remember how to breathe. His hands press against the vest, the one that was supposed to stop a bullet. As a series of additional pops hit the side of the car, she tries to aim them away from the oncoming bullets, pointing the taillights towards the direction of the shooter as her back tires get taken out. Kensi Blye knows how to multi-task. She props the phone between her ear and shoulder, holding it in place as she listens to the rings, letting it drop to her lap when it goes to voicemail. She looks at Deeks, that Cheshire smile trying to shine through despite their current trip down the rabbit hole. Another series of pops and then a pause. A second call from Callen telling him that the agent in charge of watching them had been taken out, and that the shooter was still on the premises had caused him to lose his temper, taking his frustration out on his phone. As he nears the property, he pulls the car over and takes out his gun, raising it at the ready as he prepares to make the rest of the journey on foot so as not to alert the shooter. He squints his eyes and lets his mouth quirk into a dimpled smile as he slowly approaches the home, the camouflaged boots of the sniper making indentations in the dirt as their owner readjusts his position in order to get a better line of sight. The sniper only jumps slightly, the unexpected appearance of a gun pointed at his head catching him off guard. Sam continues to smile that dimpled smile as the sniper lets his head drop in defeat before raising his hands into the air. He leans his back against the rock wall, letting it support him as he attempts to slide to the ground, the muscles in his legs failing halfway down. The sound of Velcro being pulled apart forces his eyes back to his partner. Deeks awkwardly tries to reach behind him, his goal to retrieve his phone from his back pocket. However, as the movement stretches his muscles, an embarrassing cry of pain managing to escape, he gives up the effort. Eric answers before the second ring even begins. But then she hears it, the telltale sound of boots rolling across the rocks, heel to toe, heel to toe. As the sound of gunfire filters through the speakers echoing through Ops, Eric and Nell look at one another nervously, wondering what the hell is going on. Your review has been posted.

5: Sea Mist | Amenities | Seasonal Events | Things To Do: Myrtle Beach

'The women's team is not just an afterthought': Toni Duggan on following Gary Lineker's footsteps at Barcelona, facing old club Manchester City and meeting Julia Roberts.

6: About us - Ristorante Massimo - A Fine Italian Restaurant in Portsmouth NH

Port Washington residents, Brett and Katie Kucharski, are following the footsteps of their parents as young

restaurateurs. "We were born and raised in the restaurant business," said Katie Kucharski, whose parents Jim and Maria Kiesow owned the Pasta Shoppe in Port from to

7: Afterthought Chapter 1: More Questions than Answers, a ncis: los angeles fanfic | FanFiction

Following Dante's footsteps in Florence I was literally following in Dante's footsteps. Dante would have come to this turn-of-theth-century building often when it was known as the.

8: Ghost Tour? - Review of Alexandrias Footsteps To the Past, Alexandria, VA - TripAdvisor

Once upon a time, Master League was the gold standard for footy franchise modes. Sadly, Master League has become an afterthought as MyClub, and in general, online gaming have taken over the gaming landscape. With that being said, let's take a look at the recent PES Master League Reveal. An.

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