

1: Halloween Poetry: Dark, Haunting, Scary Poems

I haven't been too lucky with storms, hurricanes and fog. Now, you can control everything. You can really create a world that you had in your mind, and light placement is a very important part.

The Rhyming Wave is a poetry form created by Katharine L. Sparrow, American writer and poet who writes on Allpoetry. The Rhyming Wave is: Consisting of 2 or more quatrains plus an ending couplet. Lines 1 through 3 are Iambic tetrameter and line 4 is iambic trimeter. The ending couplet is the first and the last line of the previous stanzas. The author is amenable to having poets substitute rhyming as well as identical syllables. I have done so in my example poem. At the end I have included a visual template that may help some. The Rhyming Wave is a form of my own invention. The instructions seem complicated, but once you start writing it, you will get it pretty quickly. A Rhyming Wave is so named because words repeat themselves, similar to waves lapping over and over again on the shore. A Rhyming Wave has at least 2 verses and an ending couplet. The ending couplet will be the first and last lines of the poem repeated. To write a Rhyming Wave you must know how to write in iambic meter. Verses 2 through 4, same pattern – first line of each verse rhymes with last line of previous verse: Her song floats from a sandy shoal a sandy, sandy, sandy shoal – her voice that creeps into the soul, her voice, a crooning trill. Her humming soothes the silver moon, the silver, silver, silver moon, where stars will span the ocean soon – where stars will hear her song. Ending couplet, first and last lines of the poem: She dwells among the foamy swells, where stars will hear her song. She dwells among the foamy swells where stars will hear her song. Perfume hung on the hazy breeze the hazy, hazy, hazy breeze where roses opened for the bees where roses blossomed red. The roses climbed and gently spread, and gently, gently, gently spread – they made the walls a flower bed, they made the cottage sweet. A respite in the steamy heat, the steamy, steamy, steamy heat – a cool and comfortable retreat a cool and quiet place. A cottage in the shady wood, a cool and quiet place.

2: refrain “ Poetry Forms

Regardless, the fog was a haunting sign that Halloween is once again upon us. OK, maybe it wasn't dementors or the ghost of James White (who scored three touchdowns in last year's Super Bowl). But.

No wonder the former A-list cinematographer welcomed the chance to make a movie set largely in a big Gothic house in the country. Neeson plays a professor who recruits three subjects to participate in a psychological experiment inside an ornate, uninhabited house with an eerie past. Jurassic Park , the DreamWorks production begins spooking audiences on July You just sit through them and wait until the next one appears. But if they are related to characters that you care for, it becomes more personal, you relate more to it. For example, if you tell me that somebody once hung themselves in this room, all of a sudden the room has a totally different feel. And my fear starts influencing other people. And in this case, this amazing house that we built, designed by Eugenio Zanetti, is quite oppressive. And the big fireplace in Citizen Kane. When I read the script, the first thing that came to mind was: I need a fireplace that has at least the scale of the one in Citizen Kane. I remember that shot so well-these two people lost in that huge space, they almost have to yell to each other, and how oppressive that space becomes to them. And that large fireplace has so many stories to tell. And this movie has very operatic moments. The sets were as expensive as a very expensive actor. Now, you can control everything. You can really create a world that you had in your mind, and light placement is a very important part. This is not the same as a Fritz Lang movie, but people like Fritz Lang and Orson Welles with Gregg Toland were incredibly smart, making light like a storyteller. And in this movie, too, the lighting becomes a very big part of the story. But making walls and doors come alive Even though the effects sometimes are very surreal, they still have to feel real. We spent the most time trying to figure that out-what can you do with walls and ceilings? Liam also got a great response, and Catherine, too, who is very different than in Zorro or Entrapment-she said she was more herself in this movie. Oh, this is gonna be great. But he was really courageous. It was fantastic for the actors-they knew exactly when the effect was going to come. After a gig directing the German comedy series "Express," he started making his name as a cinematographer, establishing a long-running relationship with the director Paul Verhoeven on a series of Dutch films including Turkish Delight, Keetje Tippel and The 4th Man. Relocating to Hollywood, he worked as d. De Bont will also be producing the film version of the Pete Dexter novel Paperboy, directed by recent Cannes award winner Pedro Almodovar. De Bont names such colleagues as Spielberg, Verhoeven and Ridley Scott as major influences on his own filmmaking outlook.

3: Fatal | You Linger Like a Haunting Refrain

Only the last haunting and elegiac shot of the steam train bearing the wounded Ned back to Melbourne and his hanging carry a real resonance. The narrator is convinced someone is haunting him, taking possession of his mind, making him think mad thoughts.

Puppets Trailer World In a far-off land, deep beneath the mysterious town of Refrain, lies an unexplored underground labyrinth. One day, a witch arrived at the town with the intention of exploring this labyrinth Story This is the story of a faraway world, where faint traces of magic still linger. A world called Tanis. The mysterious town of Refrain resides there. Deep beneath that isolated and forsaken town lies an unexplored underground labyrinth. Nobody knows who built it, or when it was built. Some say it holds treasures that could control the world, treasures that could make one immortal, and a slumbering demon king whose awakening could end the world. But no one knows for certain. What is known is that the labyrinth is filled with cursed miasma, a substance that brings death to any human it touches. One day, a witch arrived at Refrain with the intention of exploring this labyrinth. Her name was Dusk Witch Dronya. She had in her possession a legendary book, said to have been written by the only man to explore the labyrinth and survive. The Tractatus de Monstrum The quiet town of Refrain is located due west of the royal capital. One must cross three separate mountain ranges to reach it. For this reason, the town rarely receives outsiders. In the past, visitors would travel far and wide to Refrain, having heard rumors of its underground labyrinth. But as the labyrinth continued to prove too daunting to be conquered, visitors to the town became more scarce, until they stopped coming altogether. Rumor has it that the labyrinth is overflowing with treasure, but no one knows for certain. A deadly miasma permeates the ground beneath Refrain, and people are confirmed to have died while exploring the labyrinth. Witch Covens When a witch creates puppet soldiers, she places them in a group called a coven. Several covens can be placed in an even larger group called a witch brigade. Puppet soldiers are considered Manania. When exposed to the high concentrations of magic found in the labyrinth, these inert dolls spring to life as fully-formed, sentient beings. Characters The Dusk Witch A beautiful raven-haired witch, cloaked in black robes. Dronya serves the king as a court witch, and is called the Dusk Witch due to her brilliant red-and-blue eyes. She is also known by another name: That is what you want, yes? An upbeat, excitable child who is easily moved to tears and laughter, often alternating between the two. Despite her young age, Luca can perform a variety of household tasks, such as cooking, cleaning, shopping, and doing laundry. As the player, your soul has been sealed in this book. Neldo is a trained warrior who specializes in sword techniques. Stop exploring the labyrinth this instant. Claus A butler in service to the Petrone Company. Polite, professional, and respectful in all his interactions with others. For this reason, he is perhaps too accommodating when demands are made of him. Juliet Wealthy heiress of the Flandre Company, the second-largest business in Refrain. The people of Refrain hold her in high esteem and address her Lady Juliet as a sign of respect. She is never seen without her signature blue-and-white parasol. Maylee A chipper, outspoken young woman who works at the bakery. Her passion for bread is second to none, and she wakes up bright and early every morning to prepare fresh loaves for the day. Nemto A master craftsman whose dextrous hands belie his enormous frame. As a man of few words, his apprentice Fritz does all the talking for him. Despite his appearance, he is actually quite fond of children. Fritz A young boy, not much older than Luca, who works at the craftwork shop. He can be a little bratty, but he works day and night under his mentor, Nemto, so that he can become a proud craftsman himself one day. Marietta A one-eyed nun who resides in the town abbey. She lives a modest life of frugality, with potatoes serving as her main food source. Despite being a servant of God she will indulge in some vices, such as eating meat and drinking wine, should the opportunity present itself. Armed with heavy lances that require two hands to wield, they are capable of inflicting considerable damage to a single target. Though somewhat lacking in speed, they are among the best attackers to place on the front line. Mental Fortitude Survive fatal damage with 1 HP, one-time only. They wield two blades at once to cut down enemies with overwhelming speed. They make up for their frail defense by concealing themselves from enemies. Skills Enemy attacks more likely to miss. Jingling Dancers of the

Battlefield Stage dancers who perform for audiences in large theaters. With their enchanting dances and cursed bells, they provide support from the rearguard by inflicting status ailments. They are good at building rapport with their allies and generating combo attacks. Skills Doubles all Rapport gains and losses. Peer Fortress Impenetrable Iron Walls Lumbering soldiers covered head to toe in heavy armor for maximum defense. They wield shield-like punching daggers called katar, fighting on the front line to defend the party and create openings for counter attacks. Stacks with other party members. Gothic Coppelia A genderless puppet soldier with a weak connection to the soul housed in its body. As a result, it has an unsettling, inhuman aura compared to other puppet soldiers. Incapable of feeling fear, it pours every ounce of its formidable strength into each mighty swing of its hammer. Skills Increases the likelihood of inflicting a Critical Gore. Demon Reaper The result of an experiment to create a facet that could fight most effectively with scythes. Her defense is extremely low due to being a prototype, requiring her to fight with advanced techniques.

4: The 20 Best Songs About Places In San Francisco: SFist

The Fog. PG save yourself the time and energy and steer clear of *The Fog*. I haven't seen a horror movie this bad since I saw the remake of *The Haunting*.

She rose among us where we lay. She wept, we put our work away. She chilled our laughter, stilled our play; And spread a silence there. And darkness shot across the sky, And once, and twice, we heard her cry; And saw her lift white hands on high And toss her troubled hair. What shape was this who came to us, With basilisk eyes so ominous, With mouth so sweet, so poisonous, And tortured hands so pale? We saw her wavering to and fro, Through dark and wind we saw her go; Yet what her name was did not know; And felt our spirits fail. We tried to turn away; but still Above we heard her sorrow thrill; And those that slept, they dreamed of ill And dreadful things: Of skies grown red with rending flames And shuddering hills that cracked their frames; Of twilights foul with wings; And skeletons dancing to a tune; And cries of children stifled soon; And over all a blood-red moon A dull and nightmare size. They woke, and sought to go their ways, Yet everywhere they met her gaze, Her fixed and burning eyes. Who are you now, "we cried to her" Spirit so strange, so sinister? We felt dead winds above us stir; And in the darkness heard A voice fall, singing, cloying sweet, Heavily dropping, though that heat, Heavy as honeyed pulses beat, Slow word by anguished word. And through the night strange music went With voice and cry so darkly blent We could not fathom what they meant; Save only that they seemed To thin the blood along our veins, Foretelling vile, delirious pains, And clouds divulging blood-red rains Upon a hill undreamed. And this we heard: But who denies me cursed shall be, And slain, and buried loathsomely, And slimed upon with shame. And like a sea Of stumbling deaths we followed, we Who dared not stay behind. There all night long beneath a cloud We rose and fell, we struck and bowed, We were the ploughman and the ploughed, Our eyes were red and blind. And some, they said, had touched her side, Before she fled us there; And some had taken her to bride; And some lain down for her and died; Who had not touched her hair, Ran to and fro and cursed and cried And sought her everywhere. Sweet daisy fields were drenched with death, The air became a charnel breath, Pale stones were splashed with red. Green leaves were dappled bright with blood And fruit trees murdered in the bud; And when at length the dawn Came green as twilight from the east, And all that heaving horror ceased, Silent was every bird and beast, And that dark voice was gone. No word was there, no song, no bell, No furious tongue that dream to tell; Only the dead, who rose and fell Above the wounded men; And whisperings and wails of pain Blown slowly from the wounded grain, Blown slowly from the smoking plain; And silence fallen again. Until at dusk, from God knows where, Beneath dark birds that filled the air, Like one who did not hear or care, Under a blood-red cloud, An aged ploughman came alone And drove his share through flesh and bone, And turned them under to mould and stone; All night long he ploughed. Directive Back out of all this now too much for us, Back in a time made simple by the loss Of detail, burned, dissolved, and broken off Like graveyard marble sculpture in the weather, There is a house that is no more a house Upon a farm that is no more a farm And in a town that is no more a town. Besides the wear of iron wagon wheels The ledges show lines ruled southeast-northwest, The chisel work of an enormous Glacier That braced his feet against the Arctic Pole. You must not mind a certain coolness from him Still said to haunt this side of Panther Mountain. Nor need you mind the serial ordeal Of being watched from forty cellar holes As if by eye pairs out of forty firkins. Where were they all not twenty years ago? They think too much of having shaded out A few old pecker-fretted apple trees. The height of the adventure is the height Of country where two village cultures faded Into each other. Both of them are lost. Then make yourself at home. Weep for what little things could make them glad. Then for the house that is no more a house, But only a belilaced cellar hole, Now slowly closing like a dent in dough. This was no playhouse but a house in earnest. We know the valley streams that when aroused Will leave their tatters hung on barb and thorn. Here are your waters and your watering place. Drink and be whole again beyond confusion. The Lovemaker I see you in her bed, Dark, rootless epicene, Where a lone ghost is laid And other ghosts convene; And hear you moan at last Your pleasure in the deep Haven of her who kissed Your blind mouth into sleep. But body, once enthralled, Wakes in the chains it wore, Dishevelled, stupid, cold.

5: Fog Ushers In A Haunting Halloween Season | Only A Game

You Linger Like a Haunting Refrain But only if you kiss away my tears. Master, Daddy, We curl around one another like the fog outside the windows, curling.

Gameplay[edit] The player walks through the dungeon using a first-person view, which allows the player to navigate it in fixed increments. A dungeon is presented using simple 3D computer graphics. After a random encounter , the party of the player battles a group of monsters, which are presented as 2D sprites , in a turn-based battle. Because the player character is a book, the witch in the game creates dolls that do the fighting for the player. Dolls are sorted in six classes, so-called Facets: Wielding two-handed weapons, an Aster Knight is balanced in defending and attacking. Shinobushi specialize in speed and dual-wielding swords. Theatrical Stars use special weapons called Spell Bells, allowing them to support other characters in the party while not doing direct damage to opponents. Peer Fortresses are the tanks of the game. They have tough armor and can take heavy hits. Marginal Mazes use special spells called Donam, which they use for support of other party members. They also perform flame, mud, and fog-based attacks by using special weapons called Eclipse Stands. Mad Raptors use weapons called Hyakka Yumi that shoot out flame, mud, and fog-based attacks. Despite that, a certain witch comes along and volunteers to explore the labyrinth. She is the owner of a legendary book called Youro Rekitei, which role the player fulfills. Together with the witch as their owner, the player challenges the dungeon. The international release adds versions for Nintendo Switch and Microsoft Windows. While the game was previously available in Japan for both the PlayStation Vita and the PlayStation 4, NIS America revealed they will only release the version for the latter platform in western territories. Retrieved February 12, Retrieved 13 June Retrieved March 28,

6: The Fog () - Rotten Tomatoes

The fog of the title is the fog of war, the fog of fear and the abysmal fog of European history: it is a kind of residual pall of smoke across the field of battle - maybe it also means the.

December 4, I knew that one day I would be writing this. Every good story has an end, does it not? I crack jokes all the time about how I could do E. James one better, but I have yet to put my money where my mouth is. I tell him too that the only way my book would be a commercial success is if I wrote in a sappy, happy, kinky ending for Sir and Fatal. Real life does not always have happy endings, but if I could write one for Sir and Fatal it would go a little something like this: Afters years of dancing around one another, after intimate moments and heartbreaking confessions, after tears and bruises and promises kept and unmade and hollow words and pained smiles, after misunderstandings and miscommunications, after finally learning to read one another and to speak with one another, openly, honestly, permissively, after the great sex and the clarity, and the real emotions, after all the talks and the sappy movies and struggle snuggles, Fatal and Sir buy a house somewhere lovely, close to a large city, but far enough away not to be bothered, somewhere that Sir can feel the grass between his toes and Fatal can bike down to the shore to hear the waves any night she pleases. They hang their favorite implements in places of honor and they shop for sheets together. They both work, they both have hobbies, they both have friends. Inside of their house, their nest, Fatal wears her collar, always. She cooks dinner and keeps the house and wears retro pinup clothing and defers to Daddy about everything. It is her kinky 50s dream in living color. They take baths in the large, clawfooted bath tub, and they cuddle to watch black and white movies on an overstuffed couch. She drinks wine and occasionally dips a finger in his scotch, just to taste. He reads to her and she sings to him. They play hide and go seek and they see operas and ballets and shows together. They attend nerdy conventions together and get excited about the latest technology on the market. She has a clothing addiction and they both collect figurines and other trinkets. They travel together, whenever they can. They make inappropriate jokes to one another, they share secret smiles and have codewords for annoying situations. He tolerates her love of snow and she understands his need of warmth. He thinks she drives like a mad woman. She thinks he worries too much. They make up with sweet kisses and hot sex. She sits in his lap while he plays video games. He writes and she paints. They sleep on the beach in the sand. They nurse each other back to health when they are sick. She cries on his shoulder, and he collapses in her arms. There are back rubs and shoulder rubs and foot rubs. She shaves his face for him. He brushes her hair. He kisses her tattoos, she hugs him from behind. They slow dance in an empty room on a silent night. They grow old together. And with thatâ€¦ I have said all I will ever need to say. And so, long time readers, new readers, dear and treasured friendsâ€¦from the last pageâ€¦ good bye.

7: refrain | Definition of refrain in English by Oxford Dictionaries

CLASSIC HAUNTED HAYRIDE. Our hayride is one of the scariest, longest, and most shocking experiences you will find around Maryland, DC, and Pennsylvania. Evacuate from the zombie hordes and other terrors of the night in Maryland's best haunted hayride.

I felt the hesitation I always feel when He returns from a trip or when I do the small inkling that we are different people than we had been before our absence from one another. All the things that may have happened, all the words left unspoken. It was the truest answer I could conjure up. When I was away, learning and teaching in the neon desert, I had missed him terribly. He is amused and aroused. He loves red and black plaid. I climb onto the bed on all fours with my ass up and my back arched. My much shorter hair no longer hides my inked up shoulders. His hands roam briefly before pushing my panties to the side and filling me with one sharp, deep thrust. I lose myself in the feel of him, and the sounds of his voice, gravelly and deep in my ear. His praises and his pleasure resonate deep within me. We are fervent and feverish. My core heats and spreads out to my skin. I feel the familiar fire in my belly early and quick. He makes me beg for the privilege. Reasserting that I am his and come at his pleasure. He fucks me through my orgasm. He talks to me through my moans and cries. He rides me hard and moans in my ear. I am wailing and praising him. How good he feels. How much I missed him. How much I missed the way he touches me. How much I need him to fill me, to mark me, to make me his again. As his climax builds, he is already working me to my second. In my haze, in my feverish little mind, my mouth keeps running and I am unaware of what I am saying. Baring myself to him in so many ways. He wants me to come with him. Something he says, some words I can barely remember now send me over the edge for the second time. The clenching, roiling, vibrations of my body, some words that I speak make him groan from the bottom of his toes. Just the way I need. Our bodies break apart and he turns me over, onto my back. I quickly scoot my bum down the bed and wrap my legs around the back of his thighs. His hands peel my bra down and he pulls my heavy breasts out. His fingers stroke over my skin. He praises my tits: I blush beneath him as he admires me. We curl around one another like the fog outside the windows, curling round the city streets. I fall asleep before I know that I am tired.

8: Horrorwood Video Is a Perfect Blend of Immersive Theater & Classic Haunt

'The refrain in this song is the line 'I heard the voice of a porkchop say come unto me and rest.'" 'And it gave Ice Cube a haunting refrain in one of his angriest and best tracks.' 'These all seem to derive from the Folio text, but some may supplement it by accurately recording where breaks came between verses and refrains.'

9: relationships | You Linger Like a Haunting Refrain

You are like a tattoo that only I can see, something living and breathing, a constant reminder of all that is you. And like a tattoo, you are an addiction. I want a fresh needle, a raw wound, new blood.

Years of the aging Soviet leaders Learning To Design, Designing To Learn: Using Technology To Transform The curriculum Glyn Hughes Yorkshire New Queueing Network Approximations for Vaccination Clinics Studying the Batch Arrival, Batch Service Pro Bibliomania in France. Report of the committee, to whom was referred the bill, passed by the House of Representatives In Christ, my Lord Reading Rilkes Orphic Identity (Studies in Modern German Literature,) Urban origins of rural revolution The family of the Herods German existentialism. Dogs hunker down for a consecutive crown (1981 : Erk Russell Psychological and psychiatric aspects of speech and hearing. Day 1: all ears to the Father Richard Foster Cooperation, competition and collusion among firms at successive stages Robert L. Steiner. Forty-five Minutes in China Thomas Mertons rewritings Performance of distributed and parallel systems U-Boat War Patrol Medicare Billing Troubleshooter for Clinical Trials Addition worksheets for 2nd grade Getting the most out of the clinical experience Metal gear solid 1 guide Scottish main line steam Practical cryptography niels ferguson bruce schneier Priapism A Medical Dictionary, Bibliography, and Annotated Research Guide to Internet References Handbook of Development Economics Volume 3A (Handbook of Development Economics) Best of the Beatles for Cello (Best of the Beatles) The complete chronicles of the Jerusalem man To execute buffer overflow Emile and Sophie; or, the solitaires translated by Christopher Kelly and edited by Christopher Kelly and Data structures and abstractions with java 4th Fundamentals of Web Applications Using .Net and XML The Cementless fixation of hip endoprostheses Evangelism in the remaking of the world North Dakota (America the Beautiful) Satellite spin-off The Future Of Europe Sylvia Ostry, Asymmetry in the Uruguay round and in the Doha round Mesotherapy and injection lipolysis Adam M. Rotunda