

## 1: Jungle Mystery () - IMDb

*I have a song stuck in my head, and it is affecting my attitude. I have a song stuck in my head, and it is affecting my attitude. What triggers them is mostly a mystery.*

My name is Agent Darrow. And then, a man came and talked to me. Offered me the chance to beat the rap and keep doing what I was doing. It beat the chair, got a new face, got a new job. Within two minutes of meeting him, I could understand exactly why someone had killed him. Guy was an expert at rubbing you the wrong way. I think he got off on it. He wiped it off, swearing. They gave me one that drools. Dumbasses probably thought it was funny. His soul stuck in a ruby amulet and transferred from person to person by touch. No one knew what happened to the soul that was already in the body when the amulet touched it. Some questions are better off not answered though. There was a file on it laying on my desk. Usually, around the end of my investigation, a memo got passed down telling me what to put in my official report. Those were the easy ones. You mean Alto Clef? He stopped for a second, gauging my face, then stopped himself from adding something. Above my clearance probably. Gives him the heebie-jeebies or some shit. Nothing I can tell you. Guy was as big an asshole as Bright and twice the attitude. I moved him down my list and headed to the cafeteria, deciding to get a bite to eat. Thursdays were tuna casserole, presumably because they had a skip that churned out massive pails of tuna casserole. There was the fat kids, the nerdy kids, and the spooky kids. High school all over again. I picked a spooky kid and plopped down next to him. Guy had a penchant for dead bodies, and I was pretty sure he found them more entertaining and interesting than living ones. As far as coroners go, he was a legend in the Foundation. Probably would have been an amazing forensic officer somewhere else in the world. He hid in the morgue all day and never talked to people. Or maybe he was just an asshole. Fuck if I know. Maybe it was coincidence that it was the one furthest from him as well. They pass off the Bright case to you? I liked that about Burns. You deal with the body? He only laughed at the fucked up shit, like this one corpse that literally had its head up its ass. He carried the picture around in his wallet. Asked people if they wanted to see his kid. When your job is figuring out what exactly killed someone in a place like the Foundation, you lose interest in the mundane things like gunshots and stabbings. Not a damn thing. The rest of the meal went by in silence. I knew there was a reason I liked Burns. I finished lunch and took a step back out into the long, round hallway, heading down it toward the office ring. They called it a ring, but the bobs and weaves and twists it tookâ€”mostly out of spite, I feltâ€”made it more like an office triskaidecagon. That felt better to say, anyhow. And it fit the assholes who claimed the whole damn thing. Some of the doctors and researchers were alright. Glass was a ponce, but fun at parties. Before he blew his brains out. And then there were assholes like Clef. Try to image a giant asshole that went around shitting on everyone and everything in the room. Like, a literal, giant asshole, between two, giant asscheeks, spewing a river of shit. That was what it was like when Clef walked in and got started. Suffice to say that I thought he was a dick. There was a little bit of swearing, some angry stomps, and then it opened up, stirring up a stink of old shoes and mint. The man standing there looked like someone had slapped Rip Torn in the face a few times with a tennis racket. Middle aged, graying everywhere, with bags under his eyes and a scruffy, two-week old beard. He was wearing a pair of old jeans, an ugly burgundy shirt, and a lab coat that had been washed a few too many times with the burgundy shirt, it looked like. I introduced myself, flashed my badge, then stepped inside when he finally moved out of the way and let me. He hobbled around the desk and sat down, shoving sandwich wrappers and soda cans to the side just enough to make a bare spot, then put his feet up on it. Laughed until he wheezed. When he was done, he leaned back in his chair again and grinned with yellow teeth. He started laughing again. I looked back up at Clef to see if he was acting any different. Sure, so long as we keep an infestation of flying lava spores secret. Clef looked at his fingernails. It might have been even more than two thousand people. It might have been more than lava spores, whatever those were. First rule of working with these people: Because you might get them. I nodded and scribbled down more on my pad. I cursed internally, but I kept my face neutral. In a place like this, the last thing you need is a fucker like Clef in your head. Got to figure out who gets how many and for what. And lucky me, Jackie boy got himself shot in the head and fucked it all up. At

first, I thought he might not have self respect, you know? One of those sheepish little guys that spend all day calculating the ratio of elephant piss in the sub-Saharan. That impression lasted about five seconds after contact with him. Pin a medal on him? You know anyone who might have a reason to kill Bright? Maybe you can narrow it down. He piss off a lot of people? He once filled my office with little paper bags. Most of them had sand. Some of them had dog shit. Always good to keep them off balance. Kondraki, to his credit, never missed a beat. And I imagine he could requisition one. When I looked back up, he looked annoyed, so I counted it a win. That said, I could kill someone in a locked room from across the base without too many problems, too. I was heading back toward the center of the site proper when I got that tingle I always get when someone is following me. I started walking through the quieter parts of the site. Safe-Class containment lockers, sealed cells. I got a good glance over my shoulder as I passed a corner, sneaking a glance through the crack between a wall and an old vending machine full of stale pound cakes and zebra cookies. The guy was wearing a grey uniform. It threw me for a second, since I was expecting someone in security. Then it threw me for another second, because he took out a gun and started shooting at me.

### 2: 3 Powerful Ways to Get Moving When You Feel Stuck in Life

*Mystery Lyrics: Intro: Shit, (hahahaha) / Let me tell you what happened / Thug Life, Thug Life / It's been sixteen years / Still stuck in a dark cage / Living in my mind of that fateful day /*

And it feels like instead of swimming forward, your boots are stuck in the wet mud below. You need something to churn the waters. You need to unstuck the stuck story. Here, then â€” a list of 25 ways to help you do that. Most of these are plot- or story-focused â€” meaning, practical efforts to open that pickle jar. Will Bob kiss Mary? Will Mary stab Bob? When does the Ancient Demonlord Humira-Adalimumab reveal himself? You ever open a refrigerator and stare into its depths for like, 15 minutes, completely paralyzed by your inability to decide what to eat? Pull yourself out of the word-treacle. Outlining can take whatever form you choose: Sometimes, being stuck on a story is just because things are too easy. Tease out your inner sadist. Tickle the taint of your own psychic Marquis de Sade. You need to start making life harder for the protagonist. Put everything you can in his way â€” and then even more as the story tumbles forward. Remember, the worst business advice happens to be very good storytelling advice: With the power of Point-of-View, you can drag us along for the ride. You can shove us into their eyes, their minds, you can force us to piggyback on their experiences past and present. Sometimes untangling a knotted-up tale means looking at it from different eyes: Recalibrate The Motivation Matrix You might be stuck because your characters are strangers to you. Favorite ice cream flavor. And most important of all: These crazy assholes want something! So, what is it? The desire, gnawing at them like rabid hamsters. Find out what that is. Once you know that, their path becomes clearer, their decisions certain. The story will move because they will carry it that way â€” and often straight into the thorny maw of conflict. One of the ways we do that is to beef up the supporting cast. A strong and active supporting cast is powerful stuff â€” all those B-tier players who want to be A-tier. They have their own motivations, their own fears. Plot and story is really just a chain reaction of character motives put into action. Two folks bail to go fuck each other on the fire escape. Two more arrive bringing an eight-ball of coke and a circus bear. Treat your story like just such a party: A prostitute with dubious motivations! Sequins Of The Vents! I swear, my life is plagued by homophone problems. Which means the journey cannot continue. You probably already know where and what they are. Add content and context. The Plot Beneath The Floorboards Sometimes our stories get constipated because of a too-samey, unvaried diet. You live off of Eggo waffles and buttermilk for a couple weeks, your personal plumbing is going to get boggy. A story is like that: One or several subplots perform a powerful task: Further, when done correctly, they prove energy and narrative information to the larger plot. The big plot feeds off the little ones. The little stories contribute to the larger. Drop Acid, Have Flashbacks Consider the reported therapeutic value of LSD, wherein psychologists used to use it to jar loose those mental boulders that are jamming up our brain-canyon. All of these force the story to take a temporary left turn. Give your story a little acid. Let it run naked through Wal-Mart, fighting invisible goblins with a soup ladle. The story seems to be going one way, and then suddenly the protagonist gets a package: Okay, maybe not that last one. They draw us toward them. That can give you major juice â€” but it can also sink you further into the mire. We are cruel to our characters because to be kind is to invite boredom, and boredom in storytelling is synonymous with big doomy death-shaped death. Rob him of something. A piece of knowledge. Force him to operate without it. Conflict reinvigorates stale stories. New conflict, or old conflict that has evolved and grown teeth. The next several items on this list actually lend themselves toward that notion. One option is that someone in the story is not who they say they are. A criminal is actually a cop. A loved one is a secret monster. A parent is a butthole-sucking tapeworm alien from space. A turn of friend to enemy! Someone betrays the protagonist. Or more than that: At the last second, he sabotages the MacGuffin Machine! He urinates in the water supply! Any impactful event in a story â€” particularly one that pivots the tale in an unexpected direction â€” takes that story and shakes it like a baby. Totally From A Ghost. That there is a kick-ass one-two punch combination to give some oomph to an ass-dragging story. Secrets and lies are a simple and surprisingly effective way to introduce fresh conflict born from pre-existing characters and plotlines. Someone makes a mistake. Someone has a part of a dark past that threatens to be revealed. Lies aim

to cover up, but lies beget more lies: It multiplies and turns into an uncontrollable monster. Kill Some Poor Sumbitch Storytelling feels like an act of magic, and some magic is ritualized, and a great deal of ritual magic requires a sacrifice upon its altar. But just the same: Death is a boulder dropped into a lake: It splashes on everybody. It gets still waters moving. Ill-Advised Romantic Pairing Take two characters who should not be making kissy-kissy or, fucky-sucky, or, bondagey-wondagey and make them do exactly that. It works because we know it should not work. This works because we, the audience, know to fear certain acts as we wisely suspect the outcome will be bad. We love our protagonists. We want them safe! We want them to choose wisely! Which is why we, as writers, work often and work hard! The old pulp serials knew it. Make that poor fucker hang there by his fingernails. Write your way out of the trap. The challenge may engage all your creative synapses. Raising the stakes, narratively speaking, means that the consequences of failure get worse. It means that the task becomes harder.

### 3: Stuck by Logan Chance

*[Music intro with harmonica] I got stuck in paradise I'm free in my head Changed my attitude And my head's turned drea  
I just met Mickey Maloney On the beach down the shore.*

August 7, 5: Try these simple strategies to help you get the ball rolling, bit by bit. She was 27 at the time and struggling with the worst depressive valley of her life. As she lay listless in bed one afternoon, the sight of those shoes reminded her of how much she used to enjoy running. She dragged herself up, tied on her shoes, and headed outside for a walk. The next day, she put on her shoes again. And then the next day, and the next. And it grew into Still I Run, a Facebook support group Sasha founded to motivate people with depression to exercise regularly. Depression can trash all of that, thanks to symptoms like fatigue, indecisiveness, and anhedonia either an inability to feel pleasure in activities you usually enjoy or just not caring. To fight back, she gives extra focus to coping skills and strategies she has worked on with her therapist. She also finds that being gentle with herself makes a difference for the better. One involves goal-directed behavior. In addition, they tend to be more pessimistic about their ability to achieve their goals. When offered a choice between expending more effort to get a greater reward or receiving a smaller reward for less effort, both rodents with depressive-like symptoms and human participants with major depressive disorder tend to opt for the easier win. In recent years, dopamine dysregulation has been implicated in certain depressive symptoms, notably anhedonia and fuzzy thinking. Building momentum A psychotherapeutic intervention known as behavioral activation has proven effective in treating depression. It sounds surprisingly simple: Set a goal that is relatively easy to accomplish, plus a meaningful reward for when that task is achieved. Celebrate each small success to reinforce momentum for further goal-directed activities. The trick is to match immediate goals to your current level of motivation. When taking a shower seems too overwhelming, the target might be simply washing your face. You might have to really push yourself to do even that, or ask someone to help you get into the bathroom and find you a washcloth. Making a point of embracing every victory, no matter how small, reinforces the confidence that you can do what you set out to do. For Sasha, sticking with her running routine whether she feels like it or not gives her a sense of assurance across the board. I can try a new hobby. Or finish a huge proposal at work. On the other hand, retreating from activities or other people can start a downward spiral into deeper depression. Staying engaged In order to maintain positive engagement, Ferentz recommends keeping a gratitude journal and volunteering. Both pursuits interrupt the depressive tendency to wrap yourself inside a cocoon where you are focused on yourself and your feelings. Ferentz says practicing gratitude actually begins to change brain chemistry. They also felt more grateful two weeks after the gratitude exercise. This moves you out of social isolation, which gets you more connected to the world and other people. This motivates you to continue to step outside yourself in other ways in your life. There have been days when he has taken 10 separate walks just to get through the workday. If you feel like nothing you do will ever be good enough, you may begin to wonder why bother at all. Kellen came to that point in his romantic life. His mental loop went like this: Everything in this relationship should be perfect. Why even try to have a relationship? Accepting that there is an underlying cause for your behavior or lack of action, whether biochemical or related to stressful life events, helps call an end to the blame game. Setting up a schedule for certain activities, as Sasha did for her morning runs. Sasha found a running buddy who got her through during the final stretch of training for her first marathon. She was at a low point and wanted to only curl up in bed. You just might do it slightly differently. The Powerful Program to Beat Anxiety and Depression, viewing depressive behaviors as habits can be surprisingly empowering. Since habits are learned, they can also be unlearned. To change your behavior, you have to change at least one element in that cycle. Every night after dinner the cue, you have a bowl of ice cream the routine, which you enjoy for its sweetness the reward. However, that pattern makes you more isolated and keeps your brain stuck and sedated rather than constructively stimulated.

### 4: NPR Choice page

*Uh, Yeah, Hahahahaha Let me tell you what happened though, thug life, thug life It's been 16 years, still stuck in a dark cage Living in my mind, thinking about that fateful day.*

Not, you know, imminently. Even sixty is soon. Seventy, eighty, ninety, still soon. That would make sense. This was a thought of mine in the shower today. I think it jolted me into feeling a little less uptight. A little less scared. The real scary thing is the big, black unknown. That vast mystery of whatever comes next. Whatever happens after life is snuffed out. And it will be snuffed out. In the grand scheme even medium scheme of history, pretty relatively quickly. But I felt a little better today when I had this thought. Apprehension, anger, regret, confusion. I feel good today. Because in the face of life ending too soon, and not knowing what comes next, I realize that I know what can come now. I can put together what I want. I can face things boldly. Compared to the uncertainty of whatever is in the afterlife, whatever my blind date thinks of me tomorrow is pretty manageable by comparison. I imagine that future me will look back on present me very much the way present me looks back on younger me. I shake my head sometimes at younger me for her insecurities and hesitation and fear. Right now is the time when future me may look back and wonder what on earth I was so worried about. Forty-one year-old me would love to be thirty-one! And eighty-one-year-old me would really wish she was thirty-one. What am I doing wasting it on insecurity? Why do I freeze and gravitate toward inaction sometimes? Are you hesitant about a fork in the road? Feeling anxious about your options or lack thereof? Walk through a graveyard. A cemetery has a fantastic way of reminding you to live your life. Fear of whatever choices you have ahead, or any paralysis of action you may be experiencing, will melt in the presence of beautifully landscaped permanent resting places. Take a walk around your nearest or prettiest cemetery this weekend and try to quiet your mind. For me, this exercise always results in a great dose of perspective on life. Namely, that it ends. So any choice of action, regardless of how it turns out, is a gift. Remember the school dance you were too scared to go to? Or the crossroads between starting your career or traveling after graduation? How about the girl you never asked out, or the boy you never told off for hurting you? So, too, would older you appreciate you finding the courage to drop the worries that are holding you both back today. Imagine the worst that can happen. Got a scary thing you want to do? Failure, success—both are part of a full life.

### 5: Mystery Men () - Quotes - IMDb

*CLICK HERE to Learn How To Sing Tips To Improve Your Singing Voice [www.enganchecubano.com](http://www.enganchecubano.com) The ONE Veggie You Must Avoid To Lose Your.*

Jun 01, L. Switching between the quiet life in the small Montana town of Pity Falls, to the lights and action of Hollywood, Stuck takes you on a journey of humor, heart and heartbreak that will have you clutching your kindle to the very last page. Jan 28, Anita rated it it was amazing Supernova: Movie stars are pretentious, egomaniacs after fame and fortune aka jerks. Ethan really seems that way in the beginning. Not long into meeting Nova I have a girl crush this quirky, fun not boring all American Girl brings out the Ethan everyone will swoon for. Who cares if they are about to become step Supernova: Who cares if they are about to become step siblings? I giggled from the first hurl of a biscuit. The banter and chemistry these two share is extraordinary. The sexual tension is out of this world and it too explodes and leaves you satisfied and wanting more. Makes me want to concur my fear of flying. I love Logan Chances work. Ethan and Nova are off the chart chemistry wise. But oh my the story. I love how what you expect Ethan to be and what he is are totally different things. Then you have Nova that is just incredible she takes it and takes it and tries to not upset anyone then, but this girl has the classy and sassy down to a science. This is definately gonna be a favorite of mine for awhile to come. I was stuck from the very beginning! Ethan and Nova are amazing characters.

### 6: Hatchet by Gary Paulsen

*Four young women unintentionally meet up and become the best of friends and for a sister hood. This is a story about four black women who have different stories of their own who learn to come together be their for one another but that's what you do when your girls.*

### 7: Murder Mystery - SCP Foundation

*The MYSTERY of ADHD motivation was "solved", on a scientific level, as researchers can now specify the issue, and see how "willpower" is simply not a valid answer to how and why the brain functions as it does.*

### 8: 25 Ways To Unstick A Stuck Story – Chuck Wendig: Terribleminds

*A stuck story might be you feeling stuck when really, the story's zipping along just fine. And even if there really is a problem, you can't always identify the problem until you're done the whole damn thing.*

### 9: Depression & The Mystery Of Motivation | Esperanza - Hope To Cope

*Here's what to do when you can't turn off the music inside your head. And what to do when you can't turn off an internal tune Songs that get stuck in your head – or earworm songs – can be annoying.*

*Learning With Colleagues Analytical chemistry full book Benefits and risks of a VOC process The art of the question How does an ipad a Impression and expression How and why African-American teens become fathers The economics of dispute resolution Feel Better Faster Shelter for the Spirit:How to Make Your Home a Haven in a Hectic World Sula, Beloved, and the constructive synchrony of good and evil Useful probability distributions Biosociality bio-crossings: encounters with assisted conception and embryonic stem cells in India Aditya Nanoscale semiconductor rectifiers for terahertz detection paper Asp.net 2.0 tutorial for beginners Fighting for 4 Letters Volume I The idiom of drama The Death of Balder (Dodo Press) A self-assessment test Motivation is rooted in ownership Ghost of the wall Buddies and bandits Lectures on the history of Jesus Christ . Business policy and strategic management by p subba rao Individuals are more important than ever Friends Lovers.And Babies! (The Baby Bet) Link in a ument Woman as Victim: Suck Hulme among the progressives Lee Garver Planar and SPECT equilibrium radionuclide angiography James A. Arrighi, Brian G. Abbott, and Frans J.Th. BOY CRAZY (Pen Pals, Book 16) Queen Victoria : the seduction of Nemesis. Mtg books for iit Pediatric fractures Say it in Swedish Foreword Lloyd Richards 3. An Independent ForeignPolicy. 24 Meteorites and the chemistry that preceded lifes origin Sandra Pizzarello Processing of SAR Data Treasured Middle Eastern Cookbook*