

1: Poppymom's Temporary Sanity

It was 12 years ago, and I was clinging to my son, Shibli, then 3 months old, outside the city of Mecca. I was caught in the kind of frightening crush that claimed the lives of at least on the.

The past few mornings I have visited Tahrir Sq, mostly to deliver food and basic supplies to medical and volunteer staff. Curfew was to start in 45 min and he got a call that Mubarak was in Dubai! We quickly turned on the radio, called our key contacts and consumed the rumor that Mubarak was to speak and perhaps even step down. I ran inside and changed my clothes good running shoes and a scarf in case of tear gas and dropped everything but my passport and camera. Within 3 min, two more friends had joined and we headed to Tahrir to participate in what we expected to be a historical night. The energy was intense. As we passed through each security check pt one must show id and get searched by civilians four times in order to enter the square they asked us basic questions and rushed us through with an excited welcome. Music from the victory over Israel played over loud speakers. Small groups of drummers danced and chanted. The insufficiently large speakers turned up way too loud distorted the sound beyond comprehension not that I can understand that much Arabic anyway! Egyptians are rarely silent and it was a tense and eery feeling. Cell phones and radios delivered the speech though his voice still projected over the square. At certain points, small groups would start to chant in frustration. They were quickly squelched. And as he finalized his speech, curse words were quickly covered by angry chants. I was with five well connected guys who quickly got calls telling us to get out. A mob like feeling consumed the Square. As we quickly fled the square, I passed a women who just sat on the curb screaming. Her screaming frustrations quickly became mixed with body-shaking sobs. I cannot imagine her frustrations- her disappointment. We passed growing chants-- march to the Palace tonite! Eventually we ran to beat the protesting crowds to the bottleneck exits and to get to the bridge before they over took our way home. We made it safely. Only 17 days to topple a military dictator after 30 years? We were foolish to believe it. The scariest thing to think about isthat Mubarak really has nothing to lose but his pride-- and that will not be taken easily. Who knows what will happen tomorrow. Most likely it will involve a lot of blood Monday, February 14, Thank you for your patience. The mood in the country has significantly shifted and thus the on-slaught of posts.

2: Where the Wild Things Are - latimes

After being there, I realized in a sense that it was Islam's mosh-pit. It was full-on Hajj. We walked from Muzdalifah to Mina, the world's largest tent city.

Background[edit] St. It served as a place for protesters to organize and receive medical attention during the riot. The Avenue A Block Association made up of local businesses insisted a curfew be introduced. Other groups such as Friends of Tompkins Square Park and political organizers on the poorer east side of the park preferred that no curfew be imposed, and Manhattan Community Board 3 took the middle ground. While there was some controversy about how well-informed the voting board members were, board manager Martha Danziger affirmed the validity of the decision. They closed the park down periodically over the next two weeks. Protests were organized and a rally called for July August 6[edit] The police were there to meet the protesters. In total, nine people were arrested on riot, assault and other charges, and six complaints of police brutality were logged with the Civilian Complaint Review Board. Both were wearing cards identifying them as the press. Fish, a travel promoter out for an evening on the town, attempted to hail a taxi on Avenue A near Sixth Street when he was suddenly struck on the head. A police helicopter hovered over the scene, contributing to a sense of chaos. He tried to calmly tell them how unhappy the police were with the assignment and its aftermath. Thirty to seventy protesters re-entered the park. A witness said the mob rammed a police barricade through the glass door of the Christodora House, a high-rise luxury building on Avenue B. They overturned planters and tore a lamp out of the wall, threatened residents and staff with bodily harm, and screamed and chanted "Die Yuppie Scum". There was a lot of debris being thrown through the air. But all these allegations will be investigated. New York Police Commissioner Benjamin Ward issued a scathing report laying the blame for the riot squarely on the precinct. The police actions were "not well planned, staffed, supervised or executed Darcy, who was absent from the scene and derelict in his duties. Captain McNamara, the lowest-ranking commander at the scene, was temporarily relieved of his post, but was allowed to resume command of the precinct the next year. The police helicopter used to illuminate the area only attracted bigger crowds. Several nearby rooftops were not secured by police and were used to throw bottles and debris at people on the street. A temporary headquarters was set up right in the middle of the park, causing officers unfamiliar with the East Villageâ€”who rushed to the scene from throughout the cityâ€”to push their way through demonstrators to reach it. Once at the headquarters, they found no high-ranking officer on duty. After 10 people were shot in Brooklyn in , nobody could find him for days. He was lambasted in for telling African American journalists that most crime in New York City was committed by young black men and later told black ministers in reference to that remark, "our little secret is out. Although Koch said he was "shocked" by the videotape of the police response, as he had done in the past he refused to utter a negative word about Ward. Bob McGuire is the other, and I appointed both of them. I was not happy with what I saw on film. Those films were disturbing to me, and I think they disturbed Ben Ward as well. For a lot of kids, coming here is a way to get away from the choking atmosphere of suburbia. Please help improve this article by adding citations to reliable sources. Unsourced material may be challenged and removed. August Learn how and when to remove this template message Graffiti on a traffic signal box in the East Village advertising riot reunion concerts in According to Times reporter Todd Purdum , the clash had its roots in music. Willing to die naked in an alley for your anti-art. Outcasts and social rejects preferred but not essential. The song appeared on his CD New York. The song documents the civil and racial unrest going on in many areas of New York City at the time. It has never been included on any studio album. The song was later re-recorded and released on their album Til Death. The main character, Mark Cohen, films the riots which Paul Garrin is the real-life person who witnessed the riots, videotaped them as he was being beaten by the police. The concert has become a yearly ritual to mark the riots. According to the NYPD, when officers attempted an arrest for an open container of alcohol, concertgoers "surrounded and assaulted" the officers. Six arrests were made on charges including assault inciting to riot. Reportedly, some of the punks spit upon and jumped on officers. Beer bottles were thrown, causing some in the crowd to pour beer over fellow concertgoers.

3: Tompkins Square Park riot () - Wikipedia

Each safari tent has a fire pit and picnic bench and also has their own kitchen shed. This holds a gas burner for cooking, kettle, plates, cutlery, glasses and mugs, cool box with ice packs, fire blanket and carbon monoxide detector.

Tuesday, May 10, Pssst Poppymom. I may bear similarities to who I was when I was twenty-one. Slow-dance with your youth for a night and reap the consequences later. I should have outgrown rock star excitement somewhere down the line, the days when I would blindly blow my rent money on concert tickets, call in sick to work for a week so I could follow a band around the Midwest. Sleeping on concrete and bathing in gas station bathroom sinks, just for a chance to dance with other lost souls. A great deal of rock star excitement somehow survived in me, despite being flogged by adult responsibility. My friend Kristina is twenty-one, and so much like what I used to be. They fled their apartment in Bowling Green, Ohio, in pursuit of U2. They lugged their sleeping bags to the arenas at five in the morning, sleeping like street urchins, just for a chance to be so close to the stage that they might make a flash of eye contact, feel a drop of sweat, reveal in the humanity of rock stars. The girls, along with my friend Kara, converged on my house the night before the show. The next day I lunged out of bed at 4: Overnight, a tent city sprouted on the sidewalk along Fourteenth Street. Reaching down the block, sprouting from the side of the arena, little pods of nylon slept with no signs of life. When the stream of tents ended, lifeless bundled masses of humans continued the line, their breath substituted by coffee cup steam and cigarette smoke. They stretched past the metal and glass of Savvis Center and huddled into the cold concrete and stone of the old Kiel Opera House, swooping down a short flight of stairs into a pit, where the wall turned into boarded doors. We descended the stairs, resting our pillows against the frigid wall and spreading our blankets over the bitter floor. Our four bodies, padded and shielded, wedged into our little cubbyhole to wait. We had purchased our tickets to the show two weeks prior. A red brand in honor of our tenacity, or to mark us as idiots for the rest of the world. And so we waited, wrapped in whatever warmth we could gain from the blankets, eating fluffy, warm beneigts brought by my husband, taking walks to Union Station for bathroom breaks and to relieve the unbearable monotony of sitting in a concrete alcove in the cold. Sarah barely moved all day. She stayed in her cocoon, her nose in a biology textbook, saving her energy. Maybe I should have taken a hint from Sarah. I spent more time walking the streets of downtown than I spent sitting quietly. I walked until the friction of my feet on the sidewalk was strong enough to warm me. I fought with myself, willing myself to give in to boredom for once, to take advantage of the opportunity to simply sit quietly for a day, knowing that my reward would come when the band took the stage at 8 PM. I returned from one of my walks shortly before 4 PM, just in time to help gather our blankets and rush them to the truck in the spitting rain. The others changed clothes in the parking garage, hidden behind the opened doors. They fluffed hat-matted hair, drew borders around their sleep-starved eyes with black pencils, spritzed perfume and smeared deodorant, vain attempts to mask the effects of a sleepless night and a motionless day. I stood nearby, still in my navy t-shirt under a charcoal gray fleece pullover that matched the darkening sky. My bag of clothes " low-cut shirt and shiny black shoes " stayed buried under the blankets, and my face remained rain-smeared and wind-chapped pink. We returned to the arena as the lady with the clipboard began checking the numbers on our hands, lining us up in order. No more warm blankets, no more overhead awning, no more pillows to sit upon. Just room on the sidewalk to stand for two and a half hours as the drizzle grew into dark waves of rain. The crowd behind us pushed, and slowly we inched under an awning, damp and cold. No books to keep us occupied, no place to take a nap, no places left to walk in the rain. We stood, shifting from one foot to the other, giggling wildly, yet nervously. Exhaustion dripped through us, expressed as punch-drunkenness. Kristina kept us entertained by doing silly dances. We chatted with the people in line with us. Anything to keep us from clock-watching and thinking about the cold. They let us inside at 6 PM. Through the turnstiles, patted by security, we ran through the halls of Savvis Center, rushing through the doors into the arena, flying down the stairs, barely stopping for the ushers to check the branded numbers on our hands. I ran, my legs, frozen from November and atrophy, stretching across the rubber floor that radiated the bitterness of the hockey ice beneath. I flashed my hand to another usher, who nodded me into the passage under the

walkway that jutted into the audience. For another ninety minutes, we sat on the rubber floor until the ice began to bleed through, chilling us again. The floor behind us filled, and we joined conversations. Louis immediately after the concert in Kansas City the night before, sleeping in those lifeless tents. Conversations interrupted by forty-five minutes of the opening act, followed by another thirty minutes of waiting. The hoard behind us began to push. Bracing against the force behind me, I felt the lunge in my gut, the stomp and flutter of something inside me. My claustrophobia stirred, noting the heat of the oxygen-less air, the closeness of the bodies crushing into me. While my friends clamored and squealed, I closed my eyes and I prayed. People who sleep in concrete bassinets every night, not just for a chance to stand on the covered hockey ice and play air guitar. People who have been left alone since one day in September. And here I am, praying that my fat, dehydrated, exhausted body can withstand the intensity of standing on the ice, crushed against humanity, just to hear some songs. God, just let me stay upright on these swollen feet and weary legs. Let me stand without being crushed. Please keep me from puking. Please put me where I need to be right now. My legs screamed at me as the lights burned into my eyes. In the brightness, the band "not twenty feet away" shimmered in the same light as me, as if the performance was only in my head. My body bounced to the music, disconnected from the portion of my brain that screamed for it to stop, to rest. I remember when I was ten years old and MTV came to my hometown. The first vision my eyes drank from the screen were of four young men walking the rubble streets of Dublin. Twenty years later, standing on cold ground while breathing hot air, my body surrendering, it made sense. Bono, the lead singer, stalked the walkway into the audience to the beat of a military drum. How long must we sing this song? The cold that had crept through my body all day clutched my heart and everything deeper within me. The cold took those words and wrapped them through my organs and pulled me away from the walls of people surrounding me. The song, its images of terror in Ireland over two decades earlier. Through the dizziness and nausea that held me so still, I understood the rage that connects our worlds. The experiences we share, the words that heal both of us. Through the crowd in front of me, I watched as he crouched, extending his arms into the crowd. When he stood, his back to me, I could see the fabric clutched in his hands, the broad red and white stripes of a flag. He seemed to cradle it to his chest, an embrace of solidarity and understanding. But when he turned, I saw it was so much more than an embrace. With one arm wrapped around the flag, the other stretched to his side, the fabric draping his fist, he danced. Slowly, he swayed, eyes fluttered closed, mouth turned slightly upwards in a gentle smile, the kind given to an injured child by one who understands the hurt. The embrace of solidarity evolved into an act of love, a slow dance with a wounded partner. As he caressed the fabric to his cheek, someone in front of me raised another flag, the orange, green, and white of Ireland, waving strong and broad in salute. The crowd under the flag no longer lept. They no longer screamed. In silence they watched from under the solid canopy of the Irish flag. Wipe your tears away.

4: Sailor Moon R 'Roses and Diamonds' Chapter 43 kisses part 3, a sailor moon fanfic | FanFiction

I was crying when she played crimson and clover and danced wild till the last song. A great guy on the vip deck of the jager tent shouted me praise for enjoying it so much and biffed me a beer. I did my best to shotgun it for him in appreciation but failed.

Aldo S Raineri The causes and prevention of serious crowd injuries and fatalities at outdoor music festivals
Aldo Raineri Abstract Crowds occur frequently in modern society. A major sporting or entertainment event can attract tens of thousands of avid fans. Usually, these large gatherings of people occur without serious problems. Occasionally, however, the combination of inadequate facilities and deficient crowd management results in injury and death. Outdoor music festivals OMFs are increasingly common events on the summer entertainment landscape for young people around the world. Attending these OMFs is associated with an increased risk of injury and, in extreme cases, death. During the ten year period from to , 66, people have suffered significant injury and people have died at outdoor music concerts around the world. Fatality data over a longer period to indicates that at least fatal incidents at concert events have not been scientifically explained. Forty one 41 of these involved persons who died in front of a concert stage. Crowd incidents show different types of group motivation. In some cases there is an interruption of a simple traffic process such as exiting a stadium or a passenger conveyor, resulting in a critical crowd pressure point. Others fall into the two general behavioural categories of either a flight response or a craze. Flight occurs where people experience either a real or perceived threat. Frequently mislabelled as panic, a closer investigation usually shows that flight was a reasonable group reaction under the perceived circumstances. A mass craze is a competitive rush to obtain some highly valued objective. Such group behaviour is created where participation in an event, or viewing of a public personage, is intensively promoted. October, 2 1. Introduction Crowds occur frequently in modern society. Occasionally, the combination of inadequate facilities and deficient crowd management results in injury and death. Attending these OMFs is associated with an increased risk of injury and, in extreme cases, death Arbon, This high-risk behaviour is considered a form of free expression by patrons Ministry of Culture, While the physical risks and hazards associated with staging an OMF are generally attended to, little attention is paid to patron safety arising from the dynamics of the crowd itself. They tend to look at trip hazards and steps and so forth. But the crowd itself is a mystery to them. If a risk assessment on an event is just based on the floor and the surrounding structures, then the most important question of all has not been answered: Who is looking after the crowd? This is essentially because individuals create their own sets of criteria against which risk is interpreted. Sime has argued that insufficient attention to the way that people behave in a crowd and the relationship between behaviour and systems design are major factors in crowd disasters. In their comparative study of crowd behaviour at two major music events, Kemp, Hill and Upton conclude that: The Magnitude of the Problem Spectator injuries and deaths are nothing new to the concert experience. At the Woodstock Festival in , at the height of the non-violent protest movement in s America, three concert-goers died, and patrons were treated for injury De Barros, In the same year, injuries and 3 accidental deaths were reported during the infamous Altamont Festival in northern California DeBarros, Injuries and deaths of this sort were not reserved for major music festivals that drew crowds in the hundreds of thousands. One man was stabbed and dozens more injured DeBarros, In , a Bill Haley and the Comets show was stopped because of "pitched rioting. Tragedy again occurred in in Cincinnati at a concert for The Who. In an eerie precursor to several recent tragedies, eleven people were crushed to death while trying to enter the arena. Dozens more were injured as thousands of fans pushed through and over each other to enter Wertheimer, Based on this incident, Cincinnati would later ban all shows that allowed general-admission or festival-style seating. Sixty-one fans were injured severely enough to warrant hospital trips during an all-day concert in Maryland. Weeks later, a sixteen-year-old in Indiana collapsed in a crowd-crush incident and fell into a coma De Baros, During the ten year period from "â€", 66, people have suffered significant injury see Chart 1 and people have died see Chart 2 at outdoor music concerts around the world Crowdsafe, He then undertook a review of enquiry 5 reports and published literature and discounted incidents involving fire or criminal behaviour, on the

grounds that the root cause of the fatality had been clearly identified. This allowed attention to be focused on incidents where the root cause has not been scientifically explained and an assumption had been made that irrational crowd behaviour has caused an incident. He found that at least fatal incidents at concert events had not been scientifically explained. Forty one 41 of these involved persons who died in front of a concert stage see Chart 3. Interestingly, the statistics indicate that crowd safety problems are not confined to the front of stage during a performance and that the parameters of a concert risk assessment need to consider ingress and egress and be extended to adjacent transport facilities. Crowd flow and congestion problems associated with ingress and egress at OMFs will not be dealt with in this paper. The number of concert-goers seriously injured or killed at concerts in recent years has increased drastically. Worldwide, concert injuries and deaths are at their highest levels in a decade. In , Crowd Management Strategies, n5 a concert-industry watchdog, recorded 8 deaths and 5, injuries worldwide at concerts. The View from the Crowd The physiological pressures within crowds at maximum density can be devastating. When crowd density equals the plan area of the human body, individual control is lost as one becomes an involuntary part of the mass. At occupancies of about 7 persons per square metre a crowd becomes an almost fluid mass. Shock waves can be propagated through the mass sufficient to lift people off their feet and propel them distances of up to 3 metres or more. Intense crowd pressures, exacerbated by anxiety, make it difficult to breathe. The heat and thermal insulation of surrounding bodies cause some to be weakened and faint. Access to those who fall is virtually impossible. Removal of those in distress can only be accompanied by lifting them up and passing them overhead to the exterior of the crowd. Fruin has pointed out that virtually all crowd-related incident deaths are caused by compressive asphyxia, not as a result of being trampled on by a panicking crowd, as often reported by the media. There is no fixed point at which death occurs from being subjected to an intolerable pressure load. A British Home Office report , for example, cited the death of a male when subjected to an estimated load of lbs over 6Kn in 15 seconds and of another when subjected to an estimated load of lbs 1. Later experiments by Hopkins, Poutney Heyes and Sheppard concluded that males and females were able to withstand pressure loads in the region of lbs approximately Newtons. Current medical opinion is that in conditions where the human body is subjected to a higher static pressure load of approximately lbs 1. Beyond 3 minutes death may occur at any time Kemp, Hill and Upton, An intolerable pressure load can be caused in a number of ways at a concert. For example, high crowd density or a lateral or dynamic surge can convert to a static load. In these circumstances, it is common for those persons right in front of the barrier to push backwards off the barrier in order to gain space to breath. This can then subject persons further back from the barrier to a two-way horizontal load as persons at the back press forward. Alternatively, a crowd collapse can occur as a result of a dynamic or lateral surge, individuals fainting, ground conditions or cultural behaviour. If a crowd collapse occurs, an intolerable vertical load is imposed on the person s at the bottom of a pile of bodies very quickly. A crowd collapse can occur anywhere within a crowd mass. Studies to date A number of studies have attempted to obtain a better understanding of the issues faced by patrons at OMFs. The participants in this study were asked to identify their greatest concerns associated with attending OMFs. Earl, Parker, Tatrai and Capra undertook a study of security personnel at OMFs in order to gain a clearer understanding of the factors that influence crowd behaviour at OMFs. This study identified that some of the differences between music crowds and other crowds such as the larger crowd sizes, impacts from the music, crowd demographics and security capacity, had a significant impact on safety outcomes. Additionally, the participants from this study also considered the main safety issues were intoxication, crowd crushes, crowd behavioural issues eg: Finally, the influences of the music and the performers were considered the most influential factors overall. Influences on Crowd Behaviour Irrational crowd behaviour at concert events arguably has its roots in the campaign by press agent George Evans in the s, who appears to have drawn on traditionalist crowd theory to launch the career of Frank Sinatra. The degree of success achieved by this marketing strategy can be seen from the research of Bliven , who describes how police officers failed to control 10, young women trying to get into a Sinatra concert at the 3, capacity Paramount Theatre in New York in Throughout the s and s the strategies used by Evans were widely copied, most notably by Colonel Tom Parker to launch the career of Elvis Presley and Brian Epstein for the Beatles. Both these campaigns focused on artiste image to create hysteria among female fans. However, by the

time Andrew Oldham launched the Rolling Stones there had been a dramatic change in crowd behaviour, particularly on the Stones tour, which became notorious for stage invasions and disorder by predominantly male audiences. At contemporary concert events, crowd excitement levels can be maintained and even increased by the clever use of lighting, sound, special effects and the actions of the performers to a point where a crowd mass can often appear to act irrationally. Support for this argument is to be found in the actions of a youth culture that now accepts risk-taking behaviour in the form of such activity as moshing,⁴ skanking,⁵ pogoing,⁶ crowd surfing,⁷ stage diving⁸ and swirling⁹ as normal cultural behaviour. The crowd accepts such activities as normal in spite of the fact that each has the potential to cause a lateral or dynamic surge, crowd swirl, crowd collapse or localised high density, all of which might possibly subject crowd members to a dangerously high-pressure load. The year old tower is a popular tourist attraction and museum. A blackout, combined with what some witnesses said were cries that the tower was falling, triggered a sudden exodus of people. These incidents often show mutual cooperation and assistance among individuals within the group rather than destructive behaviour. For example, in during World War II, persons died of compressive asphyxia and 93 were injured in a London Underground air raid shelter after a person fell on a lower level entry stair. Excited by the sounds of bombing, people at the surface continued to press forward. This resulted in a tangled mass of humanity on the stair that took rescuers some 3 hours to unravel. Dunne, The crowd was attempting to pass through a gate approximately 4 metres wide into a meeting hall where the food was being distributed. A contingent of 30 police officers assigned to control the crowd was overwhelmed by the crush. At the 12 year cycle of the Khumb Mlea festival as many as 4 million Hindus gather to bathe in the Ganges. The crush occurred in a metre long tunnel joining Mecca and the tent city of Mina. Temperatures 10 at the time were 44 degrees C outside the air-conditioned tunnel. It is speculated that someone fell in the tunnel, blocking movement. Craze like group behaviour is created where participation in an event, or viewing of a public personage, is intensively promoted.

5: Port Manteaux Word Maker

The hajj is a like a spiritual mosh pit. The frenzy was not so different from the rush that had filled the air when I watched Buddhist pilgrims stampede the stairs of the Ki monastery in the Himalayan mountains of India just to set their eyes on a holy mandala that was part of a holy pilgrimage led by the Dalai Lama.

In Mecca sits the black cube called the Kaaba toward which 1. It is not possible to ascertain what percentage of this incredibly diverse mass of humanity are overcome with enough piety to do as told. It was full-on Hajj. Historically, pilgrims brought their own tents. We walked bowlegged to avoid further chafing of our inner thighs. Our white ihrams had lost their made-in-China gleam. I had stopped eating and drinking sufficiently because I was terrified at the thought of having to use another overused Saudi Hajj style toilet, the most disgusting I have ever seen in the world. Our feet were calloused from our Hajj-mandated open-toed sandals. If it was good enough for the Prophet, it was supposed to be good enough for us. Mina was divided into camps representing every country. I noticed flags from every corner of the world, from Fiji to the Maldives, and yet there were three glaring omissions: My majority-American group marched under the innocuous maple leaf of a less-controversial neighbor. The inescapable call to Zuhur prayers resounded. In order to pray, I would need to perform the wudu, ritual, pre-prayer cleansing but that would involve a visit to the dreaded Saudi toilets. Imagine a port-a-potty with no seat—just a hole in the ground. In that enclosure, pilgrims are meant to defecate, piss, and then shower. No toilet paper, no flush. When showering, you are standing in a puddle of brownish water. Is it simply dirt and sand from the previous occupant, or something worse? Dirty water from adjacent stalls is flung over your head, and you can only hope that your neighbors are as clean as you imagine yourself to be. Threats of pandemics hang over the Hajj every year. The soundtrack of the Hajj experience is a cacophony of sneezing, coughing, and retching. Many pilgrims and Saudi guards wear surgical masks. With some shame, I opted sacrilegiously to skip the wudu. I pretended I had already done it by going for a short walk. I may have broken the letter of Islamic law by shirking the cleansing ritual, but in my mind I was all the cleaner for it. Both she and I knew that the bin Laden family, one of the largest construction conglomerates, had been charged to modernize aka destroy Islamic history Mecca and Medina. Osama bin Laden, one of the sons, was for a while in charge of this in Mecca. Perhaps more than once and perhaps these toilets were a bin Laden novelty of modernization. This family was the closest to the despicable, ruling Al-Saud monarchy. They always got all the contracts. While taking a smoke break outside my tent, I was approached by Abdullah Jaffar, the British doctor in my group, with a stern face. And here is Britain. And here is Brazil. They all manufacture tobacco. Do you know where it ends up? Where the majority of Muslims live? The doctor traced a path between these countries, indicated a conspiratorial flow of tobacco from non-Muslim nations to the heart of Islam. Not just for your health, but also for Islam! Both, as just one example, are anti-Semitic. The filthy alleys between the tents of Mina stretch for miles. The tents themselves are identical, and the only way to distinguish one from the other is to check the flag and group names. I lost my way easily before spotting someone from my group. Back in the tent I dared to pray in the Sunni way in front of all my Shia group members. At this point I had lost my desire and fear to blend in, and my stubborn defiance was on full display. People stared and whispered to one another. I tuned them out and focused on the higher purpose that had brought us here in the first place. As had happened many times now, women seemed to have disappeared suddenly and without warning. While in Mina, I had seen a tweet from Al-Waleed bin Talal, one of the self-proclaimed reform-minded princes, arguing that women should be allowed to drive in order to abolish illegal work by undocumented immigrants. He claimed that this would lead to , fewer foreign chauffeurs. Critics, as they always did, screamed with outrage at this tweet. Sheikhs often appeared on Saudi television decrying the female driver: They will be raped! That night I went for a walk, because I was feeling claustrophobic. The men around me were taking up more than their fair share of space. Excrement, trash, sirens wailing, and countless more pilgrims sleeping on the streets. These were another class of pilgrims—those who had come into the kingdom undocumented during the Hajj season. They had come looking for work. So they whiled away their days, often begging. The landscape looked like the day after a

bloody battle, with countless bodies, many broken, squirming, and stretching across the landscape. There was a parallel Hajj going on. I ran into one of my Hajj leaders, by now a regular smoking buddy. I complained to him about my tent mates. Do they even realize that people like us sleep in air-conditioned tents? This is not the Hajj of equality that the Prophet envisioned. So much has changed even within that time. When Ibrahim left Mina, Satan appeared to him three times. Each time, the angel Jibreel Gabriel showed up and told Ibrahim to pelt the devil with stones, which made him disappear. Three pillars at a place now called Jamrat mark these three moments in which Ibrahim successfully confronted the devil. Our group leader corralled us into groups of about I was assigned to lead my group and given a tiny Canadian flag to wave. You have no partner.

6: PUKHTUNKHWA TIMES: 09/29/15

The man at the centre of Sydney's homeless 'Tent City' has returned to the site less than six months after he and its residents were cleared out.. Having been moved on from their makeshift homes.

Outside, candidates blanketed tables with campaign literature. Inside, Arpaio was in a sour mood. During a year career that not long ago seemed to be over, Arpaio was the tough guy Sheriff of Maricopa County. He dressed his inmates in pink underwear and housed them in outdoor barracks known as Tent City. Then Arpaio lost his reelection bid for sheriff in Story Continued Below Arpaio, who is 85, never served his jail time. Instead he was pardoned by President Donald Trump, with whom he has developed a mutual adoration society. Plenty of Arizona Republicans' operatives, activists and state party officials' fear a past-his-prime Arpaio will alienate Democrats and independents and moderate Republicans, even if he loses the primary. Paul Marchant, a local party chairman, is one of these Republicans. The week before the state convention, he helped circulate a resolution that called on Arpaio to withdraw from the race. And who's aside from Arpaio himself' wants him in Washington? Marchant never brought his resolution to the convention floor, which he fervently tried to explain to Arpaio and his supporters. A gallery of framed photographs on the wall nearby included several photographs of Arpaio and the president. The inscription on one from Trump: Arpaio would be the oldest elected freshman senator in history. He would be 92 at the end of his first term. Even so, he is only a year older than Dianne Feinstein, the California Democrat running for reelection this fall. And yet one recent poll put Arpaio neck and neck with McSally, and ahead of Ward. He has national fundraising prowess, off-the-charts name recognition and an innate understanding of the Republican base. Be careful what you wish for, Marchant suggested. Kelli Ward right , a conservative insurgent in the Trump mold who is shown here greeting attendees at a Republican event in Phoenix on January He was a beat cop in Washington, D. Then came more than two decades as sheriff. He has plenty to say about his conviction. Still, he says he feels no urge for vindication. Some wonder if the Senate campaign is just a vehicle to raise money for his debts. Arpaio laughed at the idea. But, as another local Republican operative noted to me, if the party establishment campaigns against him in the Senate race' or if he wins the nomination' Arpaio would have an easier time raising money directly for his legal fund. Mostly, Arpaio likes to talk about Trump. He was lying in bed recently, he told me, when he awoke with an inspiring thought. His whole life he has never had a hero, but in Trump he found his first. The two men share a kind of hive mind, he says. When he welcomed Trump to Arizona in the summer of and introduced him in a speech, the campaign gave him no guidance about what to say. They like the same music, too. He was rebuffed, but transition officials marveled at the brazenness of the request. Arpaio says he never formally applied for the job. Arpaio sits in a convertible during a November parade. Among the rules at the prison: Now a Democrat holds the job. And back in , he appeared in a campaign ad for Janet Napolitano, who would later become the secretary of homeland security for President Obama, for governor before she eked out a close win. But he still has what you might call senior moments. He repeatedly called McSally McNally, for example. He uses a flip phone. On his desk sits a typewriter that he uses to track his press mentions. His wife, Ava, Googles his name to find news articles, and then he types up lists of the outlets and the story topics. He pulled a sheet of paper out of a desk drawer to show me. Kyrsten Sinema, would be an interesting opponent in the general election, he asked why. I mentioned that she had a liberal background and would be the first openly bisexual senator. Is that when they like both? A little after 7 a. Arpaio needs to collect 6, signatures by the end of May to get on the ballot for the August primary. Years ago, she complained to Arpaio, she says, about illegal immigrants who jumped into her truck when she shopped at Home Depot. When he appears on cable news, he can look stilted, but in person he is disarming and charming. Talking with a group of senior women, he asked one if she was a millennial. Lemons feigned a boxing stance and Arpaio gave a thumbs-up. Steve King and Dana Rohrabacher. But Arpaio immediately began siphoning away her support. A recent poll of likely voters has McSally at 31 percent, followed by Arpaio at 22, and Ward at And she must do it without veering so far to the right that it costs her in November. At the convention, she roused the crowd with a fiery speech that included a story about persuading Trump to

invest in A Warthog fighter jets. They can play to the very base of the Republican Party that is angry about everything and the Deep State taking their rights away. And that makes it harder for the other candidates to gain traction. Ducey could select a prominent businessman, or former Sen. Jon Kyl, or even himself. Although a candidate who was deemed too moderate would surely be challenged by conservatives in the other Senate primary. Ward was asked to lead the pledge of allegiance. Late that afternoon, a friend motioned for him to come inside the main sanctuary. Arpaio was ushered to the front row as a man dressed in a Minuteman costume approached the microphone. Maybe half the room stood and gave Arpaio a somewhat half-hearted ovation. After it was over, Arpaio asked me whether I would be writing more about his race after this article. Ben Strauss is the co-author of Indentured: This article tagged under:

7: At least five wells

I Survived the Hajjâ€”Islam's Mashup of Boot Camp and Mosh Pit Every Muslim is supposed to make the pilgrimage to Mecca, but Parvez Sharma discovered the hard way that this dirty, noisy, and nearly lethal trek was more hell than heaven.

Tweet Rush hour in hell How would you like to go on a Hajj pilgrimage with your infant in a Baby Bjorn carrier? Asra Nomani appears to be a "liberal" or "moderate" Muslim who believes that Islam can be reformed. I do not think she is right. And I think she is even a bit mixed up about what "reforming" Islam while still calling it Islam would even mean. But I think the evidence shows that she is not. In any case, this is a fascinating piece. And in addition to the first-person story, there is a bit about the unholy Saudi mix of fanatically religious ideology with ferocious state capitalism. But I urge those who are interested to read the original full article. I should knowâ€”my baby and I were once nearly crushed, too. It was 12 years ago, and I was clinging to my son, Shibli, then 3 months old, outside the city of Mecca. I was caught in the kind of frightening crush that claimed the lives of at least on the Muslim pilgrimage of the hajj Thursday, injuring at least others, in a bloody, tangled mess of humanity slain. Swept in a press of desperate pilgrims, I wondered whether we would get out alive. I wrote a book with the title *Standing Alone in Mecca* not because I was delusional. It is a metaphor for my lone spiritual pilgrimage, in conflict with the chandeliers, marble, and air-conditioned tents that make up the multibillion-dollar business the Saudi ruling family has built with the Saudi Binladin Group, with callous disregard to human life. The director of the U. On our pilgrimage, there were many occasions when I thought we risked death in the crush of a stampede, but the worst was in Mina, where the pilgrims died Thursday. Stopping for shoes was an invitation to death. Back in , the Saudi government even warned about the dangers in a health brochure: In that one swift moment of the stampede in which my family and I found ourselves, the dangers became apparent. The crowd started to crush us, pressing my son and me toward a wall of squat buildings on my right. Trust me, my mother, nearby, was thinking: I told you so. There were slippers everywhere. People had lost them and been unable to retrieve them in the crowd. Shibli squirmed on my chest. It was increasingly hot, and I jabbed my hand into the crowd like a linebacker, trying to protect him. Women and men yelled at me in Arabic. Suddenly, a young Egyptian-American man broke stride beside us. I could lose my baby in this crowd. The only instructions in English: It was one of those perilous moments that mothers have faced since the beginning of time. I chose to take the calculated risk. I handed Shibli to the young man and tried to stay close beside him. We navigated gingerly but forcefully through the crowds. Finally, we took a turn out of the crush. We proceeded quickly to our tent, where the young man gave me back my baby. The Saudis have a legacy of deaths on the hajj, marked by deadly fires and stampedes. In , there was a fire in a tent colony outside Mecca that killed thousands. In the Saudi government gunned down about unarmed Iranian pilgrims protesting its rule. In , an estimated 1, pilgrims were crushed to death in a stampede in a pedestrian tunnel leading from Mecca to Arafat. In , pilgrims were trampled in a stampede. In , pilgrims burned to death and another 1, were injured in a blaze that roared through 70, tents outside Mecca. The air was left thick with the smell of smoke, and burned-out buses, charred water bottles, and other blackened debris littered the ground. In , another pilgrims were killed in a stampede in Mina, and in , an estimated pilgrims were killed, again in Mina. But I had chosen to take the risk, over the more sensible protests of my mother and friends. From beginning to end, the Muslim pilgrimage is dangerous madness. The hajj is a like a spiritual mosh pit. The frenzy was not so different from the rush that had filled the air when I watched Buddhist pilgrims stampede the stairs of the Ki monastery in the Himalayan mountains of India just to set their eyes on a holy mandala that was part of a holy pilgrimage led by the Dalai Lama. An elderly Nepali Sherpa there died in my arms when he was caught in the crush. When I closed my eyes on the hajj, I could see the dust storm kicked up by naked Hindu yogis, called Naga babas, as they bolted for their holy ritual bathing in the Ganges River during the Maha Kumbh Mela in India. It was the same devotion that sent Jews and Christians to their pilgrimage sites. But there is something particularly dangerous about the lethal combination in Saudi Arabia of contained spaces and millions of pilgrims. The devil is

symbolized in three stone pillars: Al-Jamara al-Kubra is the tallest pillar, al-Jamara al-Wusta is the middle pillar, and al-Jamara al-Sughra is the smallest pillar. The prophet Muhammad said that when the prophet Abraham wanted to do his rites of hajj, Satan blocked his way. Abraham threw seven pebbles at him, and Satan sank into the ground. Abraham proceeded to the second pillar and threw another seven pebbles at Satan, and again Satan disappeared into the ground. Blocked yet again at the third pillar, Abraham again threw seven pebbles. In , a stampede in the plain of Mina killed pilgrims as large crowds assembled near a bridge on their way to the devil-stoning ritual. When I was on the hajj, I went against the devil. This time, I listened to my mother and left Shibli at the tent with the women there. For this ritual, my family climbed a ramp onto a wide, two-level, roofless pedestrian walkway, inside which sat the three tall stone pillars. I saw giant phallic symbols rising into the sky. The birth of Islam in the seventh century was supposed to mark the end of the period of Jahiliya, or ignorance. I threw each stone as a blow against the house of greed, indulgence, caprice, intolerance, danger, and jahiliya, exported to the world from the country on whose ground I stood.

8: Category: The FREEWAY website | The Freeway

As punks smashed together in the mosh pit, others threw beer cans and beer bottles, which broke against the asphalt, splattering them with beer, while others dispensed with the throwing and just poured beer directly over each other.

Here is my list of the top 10 best and worst for Rockfest , with myself being a virgin to the festival this year, so its totally fresh. The line up to get in. It was insane, after driving 15 hours from Nova Scotia to camp and party and not having any idea of what we were getting into, all the exits to the town were packed with cops blocking the exits with road flares at night, looks pretty cool. We took a back road and wedged into a non moving line up that was stagnant for hours. When we arrived we were allowed to slip in line and the party began. People waiting from all over Canada, drinking and playing football, fucking with each other already, hiding hats and booze, smoking and laughing. Everyone tired with a lot of things to carry but not giving a fuck because the atmosphere was electric. I was drinking visible open liquor along with others with cops passing regularly and not stopping to talk to anyone doing so. A good sign for what was to come. The festival employees and community volunteers. What we heard on the drive up was that the cut off for general camping and admittance into the town was 11 pm. We arrived in the line up at The festival employees,volunteers and police officers worked at organizing getting people in and getting them planted all night through to the morning. The whole weekend, workers were shuttling cigarettes to each other as they held their ground, keeping people moving and informed on what is going on. They were all amazing. First night in general camping. We arrived after We were ready to rock and party and the wave of over people camping together howling to the clear moon was amazing. Only in the morning when we all woke up hungover as hell before anything even began did we see the vastness of where we were camping. The town and residents. I kept wondering why such a quaint, beautiful and modest town would want to hand itself over to the mercy of drunk party goers in the hundreds of thousands, until I saw the amount of money they were all making and the fun time they were having while making it. They put up with a lot, but empties alone I would say they all got a nice paycheck from it. I charged my phone on the side of someones house, everyone had port-a-potties in their yards, and they were all out to watch and enjoy the atmosphere and party. Seeing so many of my friends from home and away in one spot in the name of getting fucked up. I saw friends from Quebec and Ontario that I only see once every few years, and friends that are from my home town that I see even less and got to party with and see them all in such a positive way. We were all having the time of our lives and it was great to get to share some amazing moments with so many different people in two days. Our group also met some amazing people ranging from people way too high on pcp is there even such a thing to hot babes in star wars outfits from all over the continent. This band is amazing. They put so much respect out to their fans and the people at the festival. They did an amazing set with all the classics and everyone was singing and dancing and freaking out. They ended their killer set by flooding the stage with fans to sing and dance with them. Suicidal Tendencies is a super inspirational group and they really reach out to people who have suffered in their lives, so you could see the amount of love radiating from the stage and how so many misfits had the moment of their lives, getting the opportunity to be a part of the band and sing into the mic with Mike Muir. Talk about a group effect of nostalgia and unity happening. There had to be at least , people there for this set, most of us went through high school doing nothing but avoiding homework, smoking weed and listening to Cypress Hill. They played all of our favorites and my best friend got to crowd surf right to the front, and she made it back to us, which in that crowd was astonishing to me. We all jumped together, sang together and smoked together. It was a really fun time. Joan Jett and the Blackhearts. It was amazing to see this idol and icon live. She is gorgeous and stunning and her music is true rock and roll. I was crying when she played crimson and clover and danced wild till the last song. A great guy on the vip deck of the jager tent shouted me praise for enjoying it so much and biffed me a beer. I did my best to shotgun it for him in appreciation but failed. Again, this was a super nostalgic act with a legend of dark rock. Yes to some, Danzig can be easy to hate but if you think about it, those are really just reasons to love him. And then when he came on stage, he delivered! Then he leaned over the stage and grabbed at something and started pulling it onto the stage. Thank you Danzig, it was a dream

come true to see you in the flesh. All the people at rockfest. I might be oblivious to some of the on goings of the festival but for me, i saw I saw a man covered in marker, so drunk. There were people on all sorts of different drugs in really vulnerable situations and no one fucked with them. And now, with all the great vibes and stories, there has to be some negatives. The general camping is in a giant sun baked no shade field, i wanna say wheat was grown there because the cut down vegetation is sharp and hard and terrible for bare feet or sandals. The morning will be agony. Toilets for the camp. Over people in the general camping and like 20 port-o-potties lined the very far left corner of this massive tent city. Only to get to the bathrooms and to see i am about person number to wake up this way and almost every toilet is topped off with diarrhea and no toilet paper. This aspect of this amazing weekend was agony. You give us everything and are so vengeful with your love. There were so many sunburned people. I could see the third degree burns setting in by day 2. The couple trees that cast shade were completely bogarted the whole time. People were like zombies hugging shade, and then there were straight up crazy people like my dear friend who i see in full black tight pants and black studded vest with patches. And so many long lines in the sun. Only on social media did i see evidence that some brave souls bared some skin, but for what my eyes saw in a sea of so many people at a crazy rock festival, i honest to frig, thought i would see more tits. I saw people spraying water guns full of water and beer at people, maybe next year do sunscreen? Sun screen people, it helps you have a good time! Which got ridiculous near the end of the night when the money is all gone but the heat exhaustion is setting in. Denying people water can be dangerous in these conditions but nothing serious happened and everyone was tipped. I only found 2 free water refill stations which were hard to get to in when a show was going on and so many people standing in the way of getting to them. Great band, great set, super talented, but there was this one thingâ€¦. Wow, that hurts to put that there, but this band was the whole reason for my ticket purchase, well that and fear but they dropped out. Cocksparrer to me is a old man band who songs are of unity for the working class and sing of friendship and brethren. I was excited to sing along and dance with my friends, and with them closing the festival for me as the last show of the weekend, i was pumped. While everyone partied and shit their asses off, these guys cleaned it steadily all weekend and did an amazing job. They were easy to spot and were always around. Without you it would have been a real shit show -Helena Darling.

9: Obituaries - , - Your Life Moments

The so-called homeless 'mayor' of the tent city in Sydney's Martin Place has a lengthy criminal history of brutal assaults and violence against women.. Born in New Zealand, Lanz Priestly was.

But is he helping her for her or himself? Why does Mamoru and the senshi hate him? What will this mean for the battle with the Dark Moon Clan? And quite a few times they were goodâ€¦mostlyâ€¦as for pulling heads out of assesâ€¦keep with me for a while, heads will be removed in due time but stay with me. The two steps back is necessary for the both of them, trust me. A LOT of women would have left, but there are women and men in these types or similar relationships that go through stupid shit and stick together till the very end. Its just who they are. They were both willing, very. Otherwise, someone interrupts the scene. Shake the Spear Guest: My dad is willing to wait nearly three years for his girlfriend to move in so he can put a ring on her finger. I loved it myself, a raging Mamoru defending Usa is always great. And my 20th was from Guest 5 , so thank them for me getting a head start in posting this. Like I said 20 or more reviews and I update on Wednesdays to! So feel free to keep them flying. Thank you to those of you who have favorite the story or myself as a writer, it means a lot. Though I can never get enough reviews! A warm summer breeze played in the trees that were scattered throughout the park. The excitement of the crowds were now a dull hum, accented by the heavy beats of music from the stages. Diamond stood glowering bitterly, from his vantage point in the shadows of an alley between two booths. He had been hanging back watching her all day, the tracker in her phone leading him to her side as she migrated from one end of the festival to the other. Arms crossed over his wiry chest, in a white suit with a black silk dress shirt. Rubeus stood just to the side, dressed in what looked like a black martial arts Gi, the bone white Samurai Demon mask, from the park clutched down by his thigh. Wise man had bestowed the material of the gi to transform into a glamour of his target. He was fully prepared to terrorize his targets, and looking so forward to the hunt. Rubeus glanced his way, finding his smile laced with a dark frost, his eyes gleaming with malcontent. She must pay for her transgressions from the beach last night. Take care of her white knight, if any of those little girlfriends of hers seek to aid her in any way, take care of them too, use your powers if need be but be discrete. No need to draw un wanted attention to yourself. I want her in my arms by dawn. I am done playing her little games, I will have her with or without her approval. He was tired of the games, of her indecisiveness when it came to himself and Mamoru. So he was going to take away her choices, once this plan was done she would be his. He disappeared into the ruckus of crowds once more, pulling out his phone as he went watching smugly the red blip on the screen that was Usagi. The Arcade was huge, bright and very, very, loud! The red canopy of the tent, glowing in psychedelic patterns of color. Young people of all nationalities, raced around in a crazy, over stimulated haze of electronic joy. Spending their money haphazardly on the various games that surrounded them. Usagi spun in place, taking it all in with a huge grin as the light and sounds began to overwhelm her instantly. Mina grabbed her hand, pulling her off to the back counter to purchase tokens. Mako and Ami laughed while Rei shook her head. Mamoru came up on the rear, paying close attention to the young men milling around a racing game, set before the counter. The ones not currently engaged at the wheel, paying Mina and Usagi admiring looks directed towards their butts. Mamoru breezed past them, sending them a dark meaningful glare. The glare more intended for his Usako than for Mina but paying the blonde friend of his the same respect. They cleared their throats, averted their roving eyes. At the back of the tent was a large glass counter full of small toys, candies and soft drinks. Mamoru barely got to the counter, before Mina and Usagi rushed past him with small plastic cups full of coins. Giggling in anticipation, ignoring him fully to intent on reaching the gaming avenues. Mamoru just rounded on his heel, following his giddy girl back into the raging crowds of gamers. A strange presence lurked just at the edge of his vision, he spun around finding nothing but crowds. But the feeling that someone was watching him The persistence was starting to grate on his nerves and drive him up the wall in annoyance. Mamoru followed Usagi around the closed in chaos for over an hour as she tried nearly every type of video game. His sharp senses igniting as he began to catch sight of a strange man in black moving just on the periphery of his eye sight. Every time he turned to see if this phantom existed he was met

with only swelling crowds of young people. Grating on his nerves, and churning the anxious acid in his stomach. Losing sight of Usagi for a moment, a lump of anxiety formed in his throat. It soon dissolved when he found her leaning against the metal railing of a platform on the far side of the tent. He sighed and brushing almost rudely through the mass of people towards the Giant VR game set on the outer edge of the tent. A mammoth piece of equipment with a platform, wall size screen and over head helmet with laser gun. Mamoru was a few yards away when he noticed a familiar enemy emerge from the obscurity of the crowds behind her. The sight of the platinum blonde, urging him to move swiftly to her aid, while she stood unknowing of the looming threat behind her. Usagi heart was already pounding with excitement, becoming more agitated by the brutal carnage of Mina blasting gruesome aliens to bloody bits. Waiting impatiently, hopping on her toes, wanting to get a chance to blast them herself. When a set of arms wrapped around her waist from behind, her heart leaped into her throat in terror. His darkness attaching to her soul once more at the completion of the kiss. Feeling a gentle tingling spreading through her mind and body. She attempted to push away from him by latching her fingers around his wrist and trying to pry herself free, but his held unto her fragile form even tighter. Mina could not hear anything or see what was happening, to absorbed in the game as the helmet muffling the real world. She whooped and thrust her gun into the air completely oblivious to what was happening to her princess at that moment. Rei, Ami and Mako were milling around the crane games on the other side of the tent. Usagi watched her oblivious friend with stunned eyes, even as Di leaned over her shoulder his hot breath whispering into her ear. The movement of his fingers caressing her side, starting to speak for him, "I think we need to finish what we started, love. I think for this case asking directly instead of around the question would be best. Though he may have to leave town, papa has a way of scaring boys off from me. I covet you, I covet you every day, in everything you do. He does nothing but leave you broken and hurt. Why keep going back to that pain? There was that same fire of malice glowing in his midnight blue eyes. He gave Mamoru a curt nod and a smug smile before backing away disappearing into the crowds outside of the tent. He would get another chance later on to talk but at least his words there gave her more to think about. To see where her future truly laid, and whom it laid with. Mamoru was pushing and fighting through the throng, when a sharp jab struck him in the back of the neck. Then a wave of dizziness swam around him, making him stumble forward into the VR game. Clutching the heavy metal, outer back railings to the platform, shaking the whole set up with his sudden weight. She found him sweating and disorientated, while Usagi stood clutching her breast in sudden fear over seeing him having such a bad reaction to seemingly nothing. Having not seen the man Mamoru bumped into. But Usagi came to her senses, fast enough rushing to his side. His nervous emotions fading away into state of euphoria. Usagi paid him an uncertain glance, then opted for her turn on a dance game set next to the VR platform. This was her mess, she would clean it up. For now she was going to enjoy herself. Giving her opponent, a long white blonde girl in a polka dot mini dress with lace trim and black goo goo boots a fake smile. She pulled her backpack over her shoulders, not caring at this point that it was a strange fashion statement a little black dress with a pink back pack. With a nervous nibble on her lower lip she mounted the platform feigning confidence. She had never played a game like this before. The techno beats began to pound from the neon lit screen above. Her avatar with long pink hair and bunny ears, wearing a school uniform was alive and giggling back to her.

Nfpa 70 2017 Communication from the party center Kenneth G. Lieberthal Report of the Committee on Contempt of Court. Jesse James in Iowa 1929 DOPYERA BROTHERS BEGIN DOBRO PRODUCTION 42 Multiple and stepwise linear regression The vibrant church The frenemy syndrome Foolish Undertaking [LARGE TYPE EDITION] Jesus prayer in telugu V. 11. High and low life in Italy. The poems of Catullus. Web application in java Modern Armenian drama Modern literary theory, a comparative introduction The idea of a Christian college Dames at Sea (Acting Edition) On the unseriousness of human affairs Fidelity fund fact sheet Principles of criminal law 6th edition Fecundity and egg size Diffraction grating and applications Microsoft Windows Small Business Server 2003 R2 Administrators Companion (Pro-Administrators Companion) Bridging Boundaries Characterized by poverty and a constant decline in many city infrastructures. Kaplan PMBR Finals: Criminal Law When Vera was sick 10. Modern Orthodox dogmatic theology: 2. St Justin Popovic Achilles in Greek Tragedy (Cambridge Classical Studies) Thinking about intelligence The assassination of Pompey The appeal of Imus in the morning Subjective well being theory Never trust a thin cook and other lessons from Italys culinary capital List of government medical colleges in andhra pradesh D&d 3.5 barbarian handbook Faith, Keyes, and Clarks Industrial chemicals. To expand the powers of the Indian Arts and Crafts Board Panasonic inverter dv 700 manual Writing articles that sell. Sounds of our times