
Hiya

Posted by Tall Mark - 2008/08/03 19:41

Mad collector,:woohoo: requesting assistance

I'm in need of pass's from SXSW and Isle of White

Nudge nudge ;)

All assistance gratefully received :blush:

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Re:Hiya

Posted by soup - 2008/08/04 09:50

Sorry - they're my treasured possessions and are displayed proudly in a frame!

Re:Hiya

Posted by punk1212 - 2009/06/13 05:01

What's life and what should we do in our whole lives? It has being a question down the ages. Just several days ago, a friend younger than me told me he was wondering what life was and did not know the goal of life.

His question also re-taught me something about life. In the past few days, I am always trying my best to forget something, because I think it is an effective way to keep enthusiasm for life. Maybe there are some persons and some things that we think we can never forget but one day we finally find they are no longer in our memory.

wow power leveling

In my opinion, life is just akin to a train. There are always some people coming and some people leaving. We have no idea when they will come and when they will go. Some persons promised they would stay with us to the end and we should know there is a chance that they may leave with no auspice. Confronted with this fact what should we do? Perhaps we will be sad but that is not what we should do. No matter what we do he or she won't come back. What we should do is to be happier and do what we should do.

world of warcraft power leveling

I once read an article about life and it says that life is just like dramatic. I also agree with it. In fact we are always playing a character of the dramatic. In the dramatic of life no one can experience it with himself. In our own life we should be the leading role of ourselves.

wow gold

The idea of it varies form one person to another. For different persons, it has different meanings. But what we know is that life is very short and we should hold fast to it, treasure what we have and forget what does not belong to us. Only by this way, can we live a wonderful life.

world of warcraft gold

P.S. I like the song one-way street of Wangfei, because I think the lyric explain life well. Maybe I can not express my ideas accurately because of my poor English but I also appreciate the opportunity to reflect on our life.

Reflection on life

Re:Hiya

Posted by sunzheng - 2009/08/12 06:42

cheap wow gold buy wow power leveling

Re:Hiya

Posted by Ramya - 2010/01/04 01:23

The Wallet

As I walked home one freezing day, I stumbled on a wallet someone had lost in the street. I picked it up and looked inside to find some identification so I could call the owner. But the wallet contained only three dollars and a crumpled letter that looked as if it had been in there for years. The envelope was worn and the only thing that was legible on it was the return address. (world of warcraft power leveling)

I started to open the letter, hoping to find some clue. Then I saw the dateline -- 1924. The letter had been written almost sixty years earlier. It was written in a beautiful feminine handwriting, on powder blue stationery with a little flower in the left hand corner. It was a "Dear John" letter that told the recipient, whose name appeared to be Michael, that the writer could not see him any more because her mother forbade it. Even so, she wrote that she would always love him. It was signed Hannah.

It was a beautiful letter, but there was no way, except for the name Michael, to identify the owner. Maybe if I called information, the operator could find a phone listing for the address on the envelope. The operator suggested I speak with her supervisor, who hesitated for a moment, then said, "Well, there is a phone listing at that address, but I can't give you the number." She said as a courtesy, she would call that number, explain my story and ask whoever answered if the person wanted her to connect me. Aion kina

I waited a few minutes and then the supervisor was back on the line. "I have a party who will speak with you." I asked the woman on the other end of the line if she knew anyone by the name of Hannah. She gasped. "Oh! We bought this house from a family who had a daughter named Hannah. But that was thirty years ago!" "Would you know where that family could be located now?" I asked. "I remember that Hannah had to place her mother in a nursing home some years ago," the woman said. "Maybe if you got in touch with them, they might be able to track down the daughter." She gave me the name of the nursing home, and I called the number. The woman on the phone told me the old lady had passed away some years ago, but the nursing home did have a phone number for where the daughter might be living. I thanked the person at the nursing home and phoned the number she gave me. The woman who answered explained that Hannah herself was now living in a nursing home. This whole thing is stupid, I thought to myself. Why am I making such a big deal over finding the owner of a wallet that has only three dollars and a letter that is almost sixty years old

Nevertheless, I called the nursing home in which Hannah was supposed to be living, and the man who answered the phone told me, "Yes, Hannah is staying with us." Even though it was already 10 P. M., I asked if I could come by to see her. "Well," he said hesitatingly, "if you want to take a chance, she might be in the day room watching television."

world of warcraft gold, I thanked him and drove over to the nursing home. The night nurse and a guard greeted me at the door. We went up to the third floor of the large building. In the day room, the nurse introduced me to Hannah. She was a sweet, silverhaired old timer with a warm smile and a twinkle in her eyes. I told her about finding the wallet and showed her the letter. The second she saw the powder blue envelope with that little flower on the left, she took a deep breath and said, "Young man, this letter was the last contact I ever had with Michael." She looked away for a moment, deep in thought, and then said softly, "I loved him very much. But I was only sixteen at the time and my mother felt I was too young. Oh, he was so handsome. He looked like Sean Connery, the actor."

"Yes," she continued, "Michael Goldstein was a wonderful person. If you should find him, tell him I think of him often. And," she hesitated for a moment, almost biting her lip, tears welled up in her eyes, "I never did marry. I guess no one ever matched up to Michael. . . ." I thanked Hannah and said good bye. I took the elevator to the first floor and as I stood by the door, the guard there asked, "Was the old lady able to help you?" I told him she had given me a lead. "At least I have a last name. But I think I'll let it go for a while. I spent almost the whole day trying to find the owner of this wallet. I had taken out the wallet, which was a simple brown leather case with red lacing on the side. When the guard saw it, he said, "Hey, wait a minute! That's Mr. Goldstein's wallet. I'd know it anywhere with that bright red lacing. He 's always losing that wallet. I must have found it in the halls at least three times." wow gold

"Who's Mr. Goldstein?" I asked, as my hand began to shake. "He 's one of the old timers on the eighth floor. That's Mike Goldstein's wallet for sure. He must have lost it on one of his walks." I thanked the guard and quickly ran back to the nurse's office. I told her what the guard had said. We went back to the elevator and got on. I prayed that Mr. Goldstein would be up.

On the eighth floor, the floor nurse said, "I think he's still in the day room. He likes to read at night. He 's a darling old man." We went to the only room that had any lights on, and there was a man reading a book. The nurse went over to him and asked if he had lost his wallet. Mr. Goldstein looked up with surprise, put his hand in his back pocket and said, "Oh, it is missing." "This kind gentleman found a wallet and we wondered if it could be yours." I handed Mr. Goldstein the wallet, and the second he saw it, he smiled with relief and said, "Yes, that's it. It must have dropped out of my pocket this afternoon. I want to give you a reward."

"No, thank you," I said. "But I have to tell you something. I read the letter in the hope of finding out who owned the wallet. The smile on his face suddenly disappeared. "You read that letter""Not only did I read it, I think I know where Hannah is.

" ffixi gil

He suddenly grew pale. "Hannah You know where she is How is she Is she still as pretty as she was Please, please tell me, " he begged. "She's fine. . . just as pretty as when you knew her, " I said softly.

The old man smiled with anticipation and asked, "Could you tell me where she is I want to call her tomorrow. "He grabbed my hand and said, "You know something, mister I was so in love with that girl that when that letter came, my life literally ended. I never married. I guess I've always loved her. "

"Michael, " I said, "come with me. "We took the elevator down to the third floor. The hallways were darkened and only one or two little night lights lit our way to the day room, where Hannah was sitting alone, watching the television.

The nurse walked over to her. "Hannah, "she said softly, pointing to Michael, who was waiting with me in the doorway. "Do you know this man "She adjusted her glasses, looked for a moment, but didn't say a word.

Michael said softly, almost in a whisper, "Hannah, it's Michael. Do you remember me "She gasped. "Michael! I don't believe it! Michael! It's you! My Michael!"He walked slowly toward her, and they embraced. The nurse and I left with tears streaming down our faces. "See, "I said. "See how the good Lord works! If it's meant to be, it will be. "

world of warcraft power leveling, About three weeks later, I got a call at my office from the nursing home. "Can you break away on Sunday to attend a wedding Michael and Hannah are going to tie the knot!"

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Re:Hiya

Posted by eagle1r - 2010/01/11 06:41

The Escaped PrisonerMr Stapleton came to the Hall and met Sir Henry that same afternoon.The next morning he took us to the place where the evil Sir Hugo died.Then we had lunch at the House.Sir Henry clearly thought Miss Stapleton was very beautiful.His eyes followed her everywhere.He liked her very much,and I was sure that she felt the same about him.He spoke about her again and again as we walked home.After the first meeting,we met the Stapletons almost every day.

After a short time it was clear that Sir Henry had fallen deeply in love with the beautiful Miss Stapleton.At first I thought that Stapleton would be very pleased if his sister married Sir Henry.However,I soon realized that he did not want their friendship to grow into love.He did everything he could to make sure that they were never alone.On one or two occasions they did manage to meet alone,but Stapleton followed them and was not pleased to see them together.

wow power leveling

I soon met another neighbour of Sir Henry's.His name was Mr Frankland,and he lived about four miles to the south of the Hall.He was an old man with a red face and white hair.He had two hobbies.The first was arguing.He argued with everybody.The second hobby was studying the stars.For this he had a very big telescope.For several days he had been watching the moor through the telescope.He wanted to find Selden,the escaped murderer.Nobody had seen the prisoner for a fortnight,and we all thought that he had probably left the moor.

A few nights later I was woken by a noise at about two in the morning.I heard someone walking softly outside my door.I got up,opened the door and looked out.I saw Barrymore moving carefully and quietly away from me.I followed him,as quietly as I could.He went into one of the empty bedrooms and left the door open.I went quietly up to the door and looked in side.

Barrymore was standing at the window.He was holding a light in his hand and looking out onto the moor.He stood without moving for a few minutes and then he put out the light.

I went quickly back to my room.A few minutes later I heard Barrymore go softly by.

wedding dresses,
The next morning I told Sir Henry what I had seen.

'We must follow him and find out what he is doing,'said Sir Henry.'He won't hear us if we move carefully.'

That night we sat in Sir Henry's room and waited.At about three o'clock in the morning we heard the sound of footsteps outside the bedroom.We looked out and saw Barrymore.We followed him as quietly as we could.He went into the same room as before.We reached the door and looked in.There was Barrymore,with the light in his hand,looking out across the moor,exactly as I had seen him on the night before.

Sir Henry walked into the room and said:'What are you doing here,Barrymore?'

wedding dresses,
Barrymore turned round quickly, surprise and horror on his face.

'Nothing, Sir,' he said. The shadows on the wall from his light were jumping up and down as his hand shook. 'It was the window, sir. I go round at night to see that they are closed, and this one wasn't shut.'

'Come now, Barrymore,' said Sir Henry. 'No lies. What were you doing with that light? You were holding it up to the window.'

I suddenly had an idea. 'I think he was sending a message,' I said. 'Let's see if there's an answer from someone on the moor.'

I held the light up to the window, and looked out into the darkness. Suddenly a light answered from the moor.

'There it is,' I cried. I waved my light backwards and for wards across the window. The light on the moor answered by moving in the same way. wow power leveling

'Now, Barrymore, who is your friend on the moor? What's going on?'

'That's my business,' said Barrymore, 'I won't tell you.'

'Are you making some criminal plan against me?' Sir Henry said.

'No, it's nothing against you, sir,' said a voice behind us. It was Mrs Barrymore. She had followed us and was standing at the door. 'He's doing it for me. My unhappy brother is cold and hungry on the moor. We cannot let him die. Our light is to tell him that food is ready for him. His light shows us where to take it.'

'Then your brother is...' began Sir Henry.

'The escaped prisoner, sir. Selden, the murderer. He is my younger brother. He has done evil things, but to me he is still the little boy I loved and cared for. I had to help him. Every thing my husband has done has been for me. Please don't take his job from him. It's not his fault.'

Sir Henry turned to Barrymore and said:

'I cannot blame you for helping your wife. Go to bed, and we'll talk about this in the morning.'

The Barrymores left us. maple story mesos,

'The murderer is waiting out there by that light,' said Sir Henry. 'He's a danger to everyone. I'm going to catch him. If you want to come with me, Watson, fetch your revolver and let's go.'

We left the Hall immediately.

'We must surprise him and catch him,' said Sir Henry. 'He's a dangerous man. Now, Watson, what would Holmes say about this? Do you remember what the old papers said? They said the Devil does his work when the world is dark.'

The Escaped Prisoner

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