

(train_subject1191)

Hi Ruben! Happy Birthday!

Hi! Sorry, I don't. The little programming skills I have is from codeacademy.

I hope so. Thanks for your kind words!

Or at the Springfield Nuclear Power Plant.

- 1s April 1st, year 2263 - LEGEND (FOOL)

- "If you are out there... if anyone is out there... I can provide food, I can provide shelter, I can provide security. If there's anybody out there... anybody... please. You are not alone."

(train_subject4630)

http://wiki.answers.com/Q/Are_good_grades_important

the only thing that's changed is the qualifications of what is a "good grade." straight A's will always get you into college, even if it's not MIT.

How to duggy

I really wish I had an "I'll start," but sadly that's not the case. Do tell though. i think it makes people happier to know there's a reason to have faith in humanity!

(train_subject5649)

Schindler's List.

10th grade; our teacher was a stubborn old ass who didn't give us the slightest fair warning, didn't even mention any permission slips.

We all ended up in a sort of state of shock.

I was in a very, very dark place for a while after that.

Came here to say exactly this. People who have seen this movie share a bond, almost like being the only two people to watch a person jump off a bridge.

That's why i always point out what i specifically think looks good, like their hair or shirt. The "reason" for them looking good helps defeat that whole "They're just saying that because i actually look like i just got out of a windstorm after rolling around in a sewer and they pity me" thing

(train_subject7970)

I would love to see a viewsync or something from Anderz, Keralis and the others that were in that same town, so I can figure out who is shooting when etcetera.

Oh was it Keralis? I just watched Anderz' episode from the edge of my chair, I think his video is shorter than other people's episodes. :(

The custom death messages are part of Flan's mod, I don't think you can change that.

(train_subject9552)

SpaceX. A company like that doesn't worry about quarterly earnings so much as it cares about the bigger picture for humanity. That outlook alone, acting as the primary drive for legislation, can do wonders.

Another small factor to this might be the fact that air traffic might be difficult to handle if flying cars become as popular and affordable as cars today, or even half a decade ago. Safety is a huge issue when it comes to taking off and landing, too. All of it requires some form of floating stoplights and markers for roads, or planned schedules of who's going where, and by which route.

Also, flying cars probably might be invented someday, but its lack of practicality will probably not make them frequently produced and used.

The best thing to do is foster in them some love for a subject. If they love it, they'll pursue it. You can help by making that love stronger as they grow up. I would suggest introducing them to science and technology, by introducing them to fun science videos on Youtube (ASAPscience, It's Okay To Be Smart, VSauce, etc.) - my 9 year old nephew is hooked on them. Send them lego model sets of spacecrafts, tell their parents to take them to science museums, tell them on the phone about cool things that are happening in science in layman's terms... they really get a kid interested.

I wouldn't. I'd kill myself. A world war with the technology we have will most likely annihilate the human race - international biological warfare and nuclear warfare is enough to quickly weaken and destroy entire nations. During the war, all the knowledge we've come to know will be lost, and all scientific discovery will be geared towards the war effort. I don't see the point in living through it. Then again, some people might just survive in the aftermath - but it will take centuries to recover to present day conditions once more.

(train_subject3125)

I'm giving it to her tomorrow being nervous and all I spelled Louis instead if Lois now I shall change that

(train_subject8741)

Damn skippy!

It could be the reason. It's cool though, thank you for your concern :-)

Thank you, I haven't herd of this site but, I'm going through it and it's very comforting to see others with issues as well. I greatly appreciate it.

(train_subject7703)

As I left the café, I turned my face upwards to inspect the sky. Entirely grey, I presumed that rain was due any moment. With a comfortably warm paper cup in each hand, I set off at a brisk pace. As I passed the town clock tower, I noted the time- 11.55am. Bit early.

As I passed Victoria Park, I peered through the iron wrought railings. Was he here yet? Ah- the familiar flash of yellow anorak- of course he was. I continued on around the corner and through the grand gates.

The rain had begun to fall, lightly, but I could tell that this was going to be a long one. The white-grey sky had a more ominous steel hue to it now, and the sound of the rain hitting the greenery around me and releasing the scent of autumn.

I sat down on the spare swing, and Adam turned his bright, inquisitive young face towards me.

"Hiya!" He said. He slowed his swinging as I handed him the smaller cup, grinned in reply, showing me his usual gummy smile.

"Whipped cream," I said, "Extra marshmallows".

"Cool," he said, taking a large slurp. There was silence as the rain pattered around us. We sat there companionably, for I don't know how long, until Adam finally broke the silence. "Did Michael call you?"

I released a long breath. Michael was my fiancé, currently serving in the Armed Forces in Syria. He was serving as part of the Royal Engineers- in the forces from the age of eighteen and he was only now twenty-five- the same age as me. It had been three weeks since I had heard anything.

"No, he hasn't."

"Not yet."

I was silent. I was staring at the chipped bark on the floor, getting darker in the spitting rain. I looked at Adam's bright blue Wellingtons, as he kicked them back and forth, half a foot above the ground. I looked at my infinitely longer legs, stretched out before us, damp black jeans and soggy black boots.

"He will." Adam said. His huge blue eyes turned on me and he watched me intently. What was it with this kid? I couldn't talk to my parents, my friends, my counsellor- but I could talk to Adam. Well- I say talk. He's the one who talks.

I exhaled. "We don't know that," I heard myself say.

"I promise." I looked at the kid. I'd never seen an expression so earnest in my life.

"How can you?" I half-scoffed, half sighed.

"Because," He said, "It's my birthday today."

"Happy Birthday!" I smiled, looking at him. He began to swing again, with purpose.

"It's my birthday today," He shouted, as he swang higher, "And I wished for it".

"Adam?" A female voice called from the pathway opposite, and a lightly grey-haired, kindly woman approached. "Afternoon, Lily," the woman said, giving me a smile. I returned it. "Time to go, Granddad's making lunch."

"Bye!" Adam shouted, as he jumped off the swing, and took his Grandmother's fragile hand. "Tell Michael I said hi."

I raised my emptying coffee cup in my hand as a farewell, and smiled meekly as they waved me goodbye. I watched his Grandmother pull his hood up over his soft brown hair as they hurried off down the path. The rain was intensifying, and again, I turned my face up towards the darkened sky, allowing the water to fall all over my face, salt water mingling with fresh.

I must have been there for longer than I thought, swinging slowly, thinking about everything and nothing at once. What has been and what could be. It was like a state of meditation that I always did, every Sunday after he left.

And then, finally, my phone began to ring.

(train_subject6760)

I have to admit that Facebook seemed to have increased the quality of my life in the past. At this point, everything looks rather gloomy. In fact, I don't play any games other than the scrabble-esque Words With Friends. In the last few weeks, I have played my move with the first word that I can think of, without considering whether it is a high-point word, just to get rid of the notification.

(train_subject7925)

(TRIGGER WARNING: PHOTOS OF SELF HARM SCARS)

<http://imgur.com/a/DSP1C>

The above links to photos of my scars. They are about three years old, very white in color now, and pretty noticeable against my olive-ish skin. I've finally started to venture out in shorts and tank tops since the summer has been scorching, but I get tons of people commenting and staring. I'm a nanny and have been looking for a new family to work for, but it's hard bc I don't want the kids or parents to see my scars. In the past I've had parents let me go because of my self harm scars. These scars have been debilitating my self-esteem and it makes living a "normal" healthy life post-depression and self harm kind've difficult.

What are the best ways to fade self harms scars? They haven't changed much in the last year, and are still very noticeable so I'm afraid that if I don't do something, they will stay like this for the foreseeable future.

(train_subject9358)

Hadn't heard the word anhedonia until you mentioned it, seems fitting. I do genuinely try new things all the time but I just can't find a single thing I'm good at. I want something I can do when I'm bored or stressed or need to unwind.

Can't go back to therapy, it's too expensive. It was great but I felt like I was paying money to talk to a wall. My therapist never gave me feedback.

(train_subject9115)

Here is the back story you need to understand: My grandmother didn't raise any of her kids. The relationship she had with her children is like the relationships royalty had with their offspring. After giving birth, she pretty much only them at meals. My grandpa and great-grandma raised my mom, aunt, and uncle.

My sister is engaged, and grandma asked, "When are you having kids?"

Sister answered, "Probably never. But if we do, it'll be years from now."

Grandma looks bewildered. "No kids? But why?"

"I don't like them."

"Well, I would raise them for you."

At this point my mom starts laughing so hard she nearly drops some dishes. "Mom, you didn't even raise me, you know nothing about babies."

"That isn't so! I raised you kids."

"No you didn't. Grandma got us ready for school every morning. I remember dad taking care of us during the night. You laid in bed every day until noon and then went shopping."

(Here's the kicker.) "Well, I gave you a bottle once."

I gave you a bottle once. *Really.*

Grandma is still trying to convince my sister she'll raise her baby for her.

(train_subject7181)

He has been suicidal for over 7 years, since before we met. He has been in therapy for years, inpatient and outpatient, tried out a lot of drugs, was diagnosed with borderline personality

disorder. He has made an attempt before we became a couple, said that he could not go through with it because of me.

We've been together for 4.5 years now. There have been good days, but the majority were bad. We talked a lot. That is one good thing, I guess, like he puts it "our metacommunication is outstanding". He is a psych student, ironically. He explained his feelings of vanity in deep. I listened and tried to help. Was compassionate, held him when he cried, tried to make anything going for him, helped him through assignments and work, when he had given up on it. And I understood. I am mentally ill myself. I've had suicidal thoughts when I was younger, still fight with self-harm. I really understand how this world can seem meaningless. I found my purpose and goals. And I really tried to help him find his.

I also tried to save him in some more practical ways which included physically fighting him to prevent him from harming himself (I am not sure about the rules here so I won't go into detail) in a mental state where he has no other goals. He does not remember these episodes.

I don't know if he is able to be happy. I mean happy in a sustained way, longer than a few hours or a day. I feel like he might be if he had a better girlfriend. Because there is one need of him I am failing to fulfil... I can't give him what he sexually wants. (I could explain that further, but I think it is enough to say that he can only enjoy it if I enjoy it. And that is something I fail to feel or act accordingly). This is quite hard on him, despite the depression his sex drive always has been quite strong.

He is often mean to me. Cold sometimes. Angry. Saying that he'll never have real sex in his life. Telling me that I study too much, that I am not really interested in him... I proposed to open the relationship, help him find a new girlfriend, pay a prostitute... he does not want that. He wants me. And I already gave him everything, so many free days and evenings, I gave him years of myself. And with some of the sexual things he wanted - my dignity.

Then he is nice again. This almost hurts more than him being mean, because then I see what I am scared to lose.

He says that it is not my fault, that I am not responsible for his life or his eventual suicide.

I used to abstain from bringing my own feelings into these arguments ("I will be sad if you die"). I tried to find a way for him to see meaning in his life. One time he said that he basically repeated the discussions with his former therapist with me. Lately I've come to the point where I repeatedly told him, that I don't want to be a murderer. Because that how I'd feel like if he killed himself. He died because I was not good enough.

I know from a rational point of view that this is probably not true (though the sex dynamic changes things a bit). And that all of this is not about me, he is the one whose life is in danger...

I am a medical student and asked a psych professor what to do if a patient has gone through many treatments and still wants to kill himself.

His answer was: "Sometimes we can't do anything to prevent a suicide."

He had no idea what he told me there... how it hurt. No one has any idea. My boyfriend's former psychiatrist (I'll call him Dr. R.) was the only one who knew. He actually told my boyfriend that if he can't prevent it, he was ready to help my boyfriend anyway, support him while he is still alive. Dr. R. understood. He was so relieved when I emailed him, relieved that someone had established a rapport with my boyfriend, that my boyfriend had let someone come close to him. That was right in the beginning of our relationship. Inpatient treatment followed (after I had convinced my boyfriend to try it). Dr. R. retired 2 years ago. I miss him. He was the only one beside me knowing and truly understanding my boyfriend.

And the only one understanding what I have been going through.

On good days I manage to do everything my boyfriend wants. And he is happy, has a thousand ideas, cuddles...

On bad days he says that I am sadistic because I am keeping him alive. He asks me over and over to let him kill himself.

And I am scared that at some point I'll say yes. So all of this ends. I'd never have to have sex again. I'd have time, I would be free in my decisions. I am not a good person.

(train_subject2871)

Meh. I like my shape. My meds made me gain a couple pounds though. And I can't just go to a gym even if I wanted to.

(train_subject374)

Had a coughing fit while bending over my bathroom sink, the angle I was standing at made my back seize up and I ended up damaging the sciatic nerve that runs down my leg and into my foot which meant my left foot was numb for about 3 months.