

What have you noticed today? I noticed that if you outline the eyes, nose, and mouth on your face with your finger, you make an "I" which makes perfect sense, but is something I never noticed before. What have you noticed today?

It's an unfortunate reality that we don't teach people how to make money (beyond getting a 9 to 5 job) as part of our education system. The truth is there are a lot of different, legitimate ways to make money. That doesn't mean they are easy and that you won't have to work hard to succeed, but it does mean that if you're willing to open your mind a bit you don't have to be stuck in an office from 9 to 5 for the next fifty years of your life.

The trail to the left had a "Danger! Do Not Pass" sign telling people to take the trail to the right. This wasn't the way Zeke approached his hiking. Rather than a warning, Zeke read the sign as an invitation to explore an area that would be adventurous and exciting. As the others in the group all shifted to the right, Zeke slipped past the danger sign to begin an adventure he would later regret.

He dropped the ball. While most people would think that this was a metaphor of some type, in Joe's case it was absolutely literal. He had hopes of reaching the Major League and that dream was now in great jeopardy. All because he had dropped the ball.

You can decide what you want to do in life, but I suggest doing something that creates. Something that leaves a tangible thing once you're done. That way even after you're gone, you will still live on in the things you created.

"So, what do you think?" he asked nervously. He wanted to know the answer, but at the same time, he didn't. He'd put his heart and soul into the project and he wasn't sure he'd be able to recover if they didn't like what he produced. The silence from the others in the room seemed to last a lifetime even though it had only been a moment since he asked the question. "So, what do you think?" he asked again.

She didn't like the food. She never did. She made the usual complaints and started the tantrum he knew was coming. But this time was different. Instead of trying to placate her and her unreasonable demands, he just stared at her and watched her meltdown without saying a word.

It really didn't matter what they did to him. He's already made up his mind. Whatever came his way, he was prepared for the consequences. He knew in his heart that the sacrifice he made was done with love and not hate no matter how others decided to spin it.

There was something in the sky. What exactly was up there wasn't immediately clear. But there was definitely something in the sky and it was getting bigger and bigger.

There was a reason for her shyness. Everyone assumed it had always been there but she knew better. She knew the exact moment that the shyness began. It had been that fateful moment at the lake. There are just some events that do that to you.

Since they are still preserved in the rocks for us to see, they must have been formed quite recently, that is, geologically speaking. What can explain these striations and their common orientation? Did you ever hear about the Great Ice Age or the Pleistocene Epoch? Less than one million years ago, in fact, some 12,000 years ago, an ice sheet many thousands of feet thick rode over Burke Mountain in a southeastward direction. The many boulders frozen to the underside of the ice sheet tended to scratch the rocks over which they rode. The scratches or striations seen in the park rocks were caused by these attached boulders. The ice sheet also plucked and rounded Burke Mountain into the shape it possesses today.

Breastfeeding is good for babies and moms. Infants that are breastfed get antibodies from their mothers against common illnesses. Breastfed babies have less chance of being obese as an adult. Breastfeeding a baby lets the infant-mother pair bond in a very unique way. Mother's who breastfeed lower their chances of developing breast cancer. Usually, mothers who breastfeed lose their pregnancy weight more quickly and easily. The benefits of breastfeeding are numerous.

She asked the question even though she didn't really want to hear the answer. It was a no-win situation since she already knew. If he told the truth, she'd get confirmation of her worst fears. If he lied, she'd know that he wasn't who she thought he was which would be almost as bad. Yet she asked the question anyway and waited for his answer.

There were only two ways to get out of this mess if they all worked together. The problem was that neither was all that appealing. One would likely cause everyone a huge amount of physical pain while the other would likely end up with everyone in jail. In Sam's mind, there was only one thing to do. He threw everyone else under the bus and he secretly sprinted away leaving the others to take the fall without him.

There wasn't a whole lot he could do at that moment. He played the situation again and again in his head looking at what he might have done differently to make the situation better. No matter how many times he relived the situation in his head, there was never really a good alternative course of action. There simply wasn't a whole lot he could have done in that particular moment.

They rushed out the door, grabbing anything and everything they could think of they might need. There was no time to double-check to make sure they weren't leaving something important behind. Everything was thrown into the car and they sped off. Thirty minutes later they were safe and that was when it dawned on them that they had forgotten the most important thing of all.

They say you only come to peace with yourself when you know yourself better than those around you. Derick knew nothing about this. He thought he had found peace but this was an illusion as he was about to find out with an unexpected occurrence that he actually knew nothing about himself.

She didn't understand how changed worked. When she looked at today compared to yesterday, there was nothing that she could see that was different. Yet, when she looked at today compared to last year, she couldn't see how anything was ever the same.

She tried to explain that love wasn't like pie. There wasn't a set number of slices to be given out. There wasn't less to be given to one person if you wanted to give more to another. That after a set amount was given out it would all disappear. She tried to explain this, but it fell on deaf ears.

He had disappointed himself more than anyone else. That wasn't to say that he hadn't disappointed others. The fact was that he had disappointed a lot of people who were close to him. The fact that they were disappointed in him was something that made him even more disappointed in himself. Yet here he was, about to do the exact same things that had caused all the disappointment in the first place because he didn't know what else to do.

Terrance knew that sometimes it was simply best to stay out of it. He kept repeating this to himself as he watched the scene unfold. He knew that nothing good would come of him getting involved. It was far better for him to stay on the sidelines and observe. He kept yelling this to himself inside his head as he walked over to the couple and punched the man in the face.

He hid under the covers hoping that nobody would notice him there. It really didn't make much sense since it would be obvious to anyone who walked into the room there was someone hiding there, but he still held out hope. He heard footsteps coming down the hall and stop in front in front of the bedroom door. He heard the squeak of the door hinges and someone opened the bedroom door. He held his breath waiting for whoever was about to discover him, but they never did.

The robot clicked disapprovingly, gurgled briefly inside its cubical interior and extruded a pony glass of brownish liquid. "Sir, you will undoubtedly end up in a drunkard's grave, dead of hepatic cirrhosis," it informed me virtuously as it returned my ID card. I glared as I pushed the glass across the table.

There was little doubt that the bridge was unsafe. All one had to do was look at it to know that with certainty. Yet Bob didn't see another option. He may have been able to work one out if he had a bit of time to think things through, but time was something he didn't have. A choice needed to be made, and it needed to be made quickly.

They told her that this was her once chance to show the world what she was made of. She believed them at the time. It was the big stage and she knew the world would be there to see. The only one who had disagreed with this sentiment was her brother. He had told her that you don't show the world what you're made of when they are all watching, you show that in your actions when nobody was looking. It was looking more and more like her brother was correct.

Her hand was balled into a fist with her keys protruding out from between her fingers. This was the weapon her father had shown her how to make when she walked alone to her car after work. She wished that she had something a little more potent than keys between her fingers. It would have been nice to have some mace or pepper spray. He had been meaning to buy some but had never gotten around to it. As the mother bear took another step forward with her cubs in tow, she knew her fist with keys wasn't going to be an adequate defense for this situation.

What were the chances? It would have to be a lot more than 100 to 1. It was likely even more than 1,000 to 1. The more he thought about it, the odds of it happening had to be more than 10,000 to 1 and even 100,000 to 1. People often threw around the chances of something happening as being 1,000,000 to 1 as an exaggeration of an unlikely event, but he could see that they may actually be accurate in this situation. Whatever the odds of it happening, he knew they were big. What he didn't know was whether this happening was lucky or unlucky.

Matt told her to reach for the stars, but Veronica thought it was the most ridiculous advice she'd ever received. Sure, it had been well-meaning when he said it, but she didn't understand why anyone would want to suggest something that would literally kill you if you actually managed to achieve it.

I've rented a car in Las Vegas and have reserved a hotel in Twentynine Palms which is just north of Joshua Tree. We'll drive from Las Vegas through Mojave National Preserve and possibly do a short hike on our way down. Then spend all day on Monday at Joshua Tree. We can decide the next morning if we want to do more in Joshua Tree or Mojave before we head back.

It was a concerning development that he couldn't get out of his mind. He'd had many friends throughout his early years and had fond memories of playing with them, but he couldn't understand how it had all stopped. There was some point as he grew up that he played with each of his friends for the very last time, and he had no idea that it would be the last.

Finding the truth wouldn't be easy, that's for sure. Then there was the question of whether or not Jane really wanted to know the truth. That's the thing that bothered her most. It wasn't the difficulty of actually finding out what happened that was the obstacle, but having to live with that information once it was found.

As she sat watching the world go by, something caught her eye. It wasn't so much its color or shape, but the way it was moving. She squinted to see if she could better understand what it

was and where it was going, but it didn't help. As she continued to stare into the distance, she didn't understand why this uneasiness was building inside her body. She felt like she should get up and run. If only she could make out what it was. At that moment, she comprehended what it was and where it was heading, and she knew her life would never be the same.

He was aware there were numerous wonders of this world including the unexplained creations of humankind that showed the wonder of our ingenuity. There are huge heads on Easter Island. There are the Egyptian pyramids. There's Stonehenge. But he now stood in front of a newly discovered monument that simply didn't make any sense and he wondered how he was ever going to be able to explain it.

It seemed like it should have been so simple. There was nothing inherently difficult with getting the project done. It was simple and straightforward enough that even a child should have been able to complete it on time, but that wasn't the case. The deadline had arrived and the project remained unfinished.

She nervously peered over the edge. She understood in her mind that the view was supposed to be beautiful, but all she felt was fear. There had always been something about heights that disturbed her, and now she could feel the full force of this unease. She reluctantly crept a little closer with the encouragement of her friends as the fear continued to build. She couldn't help but feel that something horrible was about to happen.

Her eyebrows were a shade darker than her hair. They were thick and almost horizontal, emphasizing the depth of her eyes. She was rather handsome than beautiful. Her face was captivating by reason of a certain frankness of expression and a contradictory subtle play of features. Her manner was engaging.

Waiting and watching. It was all she had done for the past weeks. When you're locked in a room with nothing but food and drink, that's about all you can do anyway. She watched as birds flew past the window bolted shut. She couldn't reach it if she wanted too, with that hole in the floor. She thought she could escape through it but three stories is a bit far down.

Sitting in the sun, away from everyone who had done him harm in the past, he quietly listened to those who roamed by. He felt at peace in the moment, hoping it would last, but knowing the reprieve would soon come to an end. He closed his eyes, the sun beating down on face and he smiled. He smiled for the first time in as long as he could remember.

The drug seekers would come into the emergency room and scream about how much pain they were in. When you told them that you would start elevating their pain with Tylenol or Advil instead of a narcotic they became nasty and combative. They would start telling you what drug and dose they had to have to make their pain tolerable. After dealing with the same drug seekers several times a month it gets old. Some of the doctors would give in and give them a

dose of morphine and send them away. Sure that was faster, but ethically she still couldn't do it. Perhaps that's why she had longer care times than the other doctors.

Twenty-five stars were neatly placed on the piece of paper. There was room for five more stars but they would be difficult ones to earn. It had taken years to earn the first twenty-five, and they were considered the "easy" ones.

Pink ponies and purple giraffes roamed the field. Cotton candy grew from the ground as a chocolate river meandered off to the side. What looked like stones in the pasture were actually rock candy. Everything in her dream seemed to be perfect except for the fact that she had no mouth.

Twenty seconds were all that was left and Richard could hear each one tick by. Fifteen seconds now remained and the panic began to fully set in. Ten seconds and he wasn't sure he had enough time. Five seconds, four, three, two, one...

Her breath exited her mouth in big puffs as if she were smoking a cigarette. The morning dew had made her clothes damp and she shivered from the chill in the air. There was only one thing that could get her up and out this early in the morning.

Puppies are soft, cute, funny, and make a big mess. Every month or two our family fosters 6-12 week old puppies for a puppy rescue nonprofit organization. We all enjoy cuddling their furry bodies after a clean bath. Fresh puppy smell is great. The puppies play with each other and our adult dog. They look so funny when they lay on top of each other and sleep. While puppies can be great fun, they also can make big messes. 4-6 puppies can make a lot of puppy pee and poop. It's a challenge to keep the puppies and the puppy pen clean.

The alarm went off at exactly 6:00 AM as it had every morning for the past five years. Barbara began her morning and was ready to eat breakfast by 7:00 AM. The day appeared to be as normal as any other, but that was about to change. In fact, it was going to change at exactly 7:23 AM.

She was aware that things could go wrong. In fact, she had trained her entire life in anticipation that things would go wrong one day. She had quiet confidence as she started to see that this was the day that all her training would be worthwhile and useful. At this point, she had no idea just how wrong everything would go that day.

Stormi is a dog. She is dark grey and has long legs. Her eyes are expressive and are able to let her humans know what she is thinking. Her tongue is long, pink, and wet. Her long legs allow her to sprint after other dogs, people or bunnies. She can be a good dog, but also very bad. Her tail wags when happy or excited and hides between her back legs when she is bad. Stormi is a dog I love.

The alarm went off and Jake rose awake. Rising early had become a daily ritual, one that he could not fully explain. From the outside, it was a wonder that he was able to get up so early each morning for someone who had absolutely no plans to be productive during the entire day.

Sometimes it's just better not to be seen. That's how Harry had always lived his life. He prided himself as being the fly on the wall and the fae that blended into the crowd. That's why he was so shocked that she noticed him.

There were about twenty people on the dam. Most of them were simply walking and getting exercise. There were a few who were fishing. There was a family who had laid down a blanket and they were having a picnic. It was like this most days and nothing seemed out of the ordinary. The problem was that nobody noticed the water leaking through the dam wall.