
IT Guard

Ditulis oleh Tarub - 2009/03/05 10:08

Hai Para Konco and freinds! Semoga tetep Sehat and bahagia selalu! Jangan Lupa Misi and Visi Kita Untuk Undonesia Yang Cerdas di tahun 2011!karena mMisi Kita Untuk Mencerdaskan Bangsa! Jangan Lupa Ingat2 Paling Penting Jangan banyak Berantem sama Teman sendiri! http://smk-putrabangsa.com/images/fbfiles/images/80x80_dragons_0003_Jm3waw2e9jkcLJE_XW82g.jpg

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Re:IT Guard

Ditulis oleh Jacey - 2010/01/26 10:38

Going Home

I first heard this story a few years ago from a girl I had met in New York's Greenwich Village. Probably the story is one of those mysterious bits of folklore that reappear every few years, to be told a new in one form or another. However, I still like to think that it really did happen, somewhere, sometime.(wow power leveling,)

They were going to Fort Lauderdale three boys and three girls and when they boarded the bus, they were carrying sandwiches and wine in paper bags, dreaming of golden beaches as the gray cold of New York vanished behind them.

As the bus passed through New Jersey, they began to notice Vingo. He sat in front of them, dressed in a plain, ill-fitting suit, never moving, his dusty face masking his age. He kept chewing the inside of his lip a lot, frozen into some personal cocoon of silence.

Deep into the night, outside Washington, the bus pulled into Howard Johnson's, and everybody got off except Vingo. He sat rooted in his seat, and the young people began to wonder about him, trying to imagine his life: perhaps he was a sea captain, a runaway from his wife, an old soldier going home. When they went back to the bus, one of the girls sat beside him and introduced herself. Sro Gold

"We're going to Florida," she said brightly. "I hear it's really beautiful."

"It is," he said quietly, as if remembering something he had tried to forget.

"Want some wine?" she said. He smiled and took a swig. He thanked her and retreated again into his silence. After a while, she went back to the others, and Vingo nodded in sleep.

In the morning, they awoke outside another Howard Johnson's, and this time Vingo went in. The girl insisted that he join them. He seemed very shy, and ordered black coffee and smoked nervously as the young people chattered about sleeping on beaches. When they returned to the bus, the girl sat with Vingo again, and after a while, slowly and painfully, he told his story. He had been in jail in New York for the past four years, and now he was going home.

"Are you married?" World of Warcraft power leveling

"I don't know."

"You don't know?" she said.

"Well, when I was in jail I wrote to my wife," he said. "I told her that I was going to be away a long time, and that if she couldn't stand it, if the kids kept asking questions, if it hurt too much, well, she could just forget me, I'd understand. Get a new guy, I said she's a wonderful woman, really something and forget about me. I told her she didn't have to write me for nothing. And she didn't. Not for three and a half years."

"And you're going home now, not knowing?"

"Yeah," he said shyly. "Well, last week, when I was sure the parole was coming through, I wrote her again. We used to live in Brunswick, just before Jacksonville, and there's a big oak tree just as you come into town. I told her that if she'd take me back, she should put a yellow handkerchief on the tree, and I'd get off and come home. If she didn't want me, forget it no handkerchief, and I'd go on through."

"Wow," the girl exclaimed. "Wow." world of warcraft power leveling

She told the others, and soon all of them were in it, caught up in the approach of Brunswick, looking at the pictures Vingo showed them of his wife and three children. The woman was handsome in a plain way, the children still unformed in the much-handled snapshots.

Now they were 20 miles from Brunswick, and the young people took over window seats on the right side, waiting for the approach of the great oak tree. The bus acquired a dark, hushed mood, full of the silence of absence and lost years. Vingo stopped looking, tightening his face into the ex-con's mask, as if fortifying himself against still another disappointment.

Then Brunswick was ten miles, and then five. Then, suddenly, all of the young people were up out of their seats, screaming and shouting and crying, doing small dances of joy. All except Vingo. wow power level

Vingo sat there stunned, looking at the oak tree. It was covered with yellow handkerchiefs 20 of them, 30 of them, maybe hundreds, a tree that stood like a banner of welcome billowing in the wind. As the young people shouted, the old con rose and made his way to the front of the bus to go home.

Re:IT Guard

Ditulis oleh eagle1r - 2010/02/03 09:09

The Man on the Moor

drove out of Newtown and went to begin my search for the mysterious man on the moor. There were hundreds of the old stone huts on the moor. Barrymore did not know in which of them the mysterious man was living. I had seen the man on the night when Sir Henry and I had chased Selden, so I decided to start my search near that place.

The path I took ran past Mr Frankland's house, and I saw him standing at his gate. He called to me, and invited me to go in and have a drink with him. He had been arguing with the police, and was angry with them. He began to tell me about it. wow power leveling, 'But they will be sorry,' he said. 'I could tell them where to look for the escaped prisoner, but I am not going to help them. You see, I have been searching the moors with my telescope, and although I have not actually seen the prisoner, I have seen the person who is taking him food.'

I thought of Barrymore and Mrs Barrymore's worried faces. But Mr Frankland's next words showed me that I did not need to worry.

'You will be surprised to hear that a young boy takes food to the prisoner. The boy goes by at about the same time each day, and he is always carrying a bag. Who else can he be going to see—except the prisoner? Come and look through my tele scope, and you will see that I am right. It is about this time each day that the boy goes by.'

We went up onto the roof, and we did not have to wait long. There was someone moving on a hill in front of the house. I looked through the telescope and saw a small boy with a bag over his shoulder. He looked around to make sure that no boy was following him, and then he disappeared over the hill. wedding dresses,

'Remember that I don't want the police to know my secret, Dr Watson,' Frankland reminded me. 'I'm too angry with them at the moment to help them.'

I agreed not to tell the police, and said goodbye. I walked along the road while Frankland was watching me, but as soon as I was round the corner, I went towards the hill where we had seen the boy.

The sun was already going down when I reached the top of the hill. I could not see the boy, and there was nothing else in that lonely place. Beneath me on the other side of the hill was a circle of old stone huts. In the middle of the circle was one hut that had a better roof than the others, so it would keep out the wind and the rain. This must be the place where the mysterious man was hiding! I would soon know his secret.

As I walked towards the hut, I saw that someone had certainly been using it. A path had been worn up to the door. I took my revolver out of my pocket, and checked that it was ready to fire. I walked quickly and quietly up to the hut, and looked inside. The place was empty. wedding dresses,

But this was certainly where the man lived. As I looked round the hut, I knew that the mysterious man must have a very strong character. No other person could live in conditions as bad as these. There were some blankets on a flat stone where the man slept. There had been a fire in one corner. There were some cooking pots, and a large bowl half full of wa

ter. In the middle of the hut was another large flat stone which was used as a table, and on it was the bag the boy had been carrying. Under the bag I saw a piece of paper with writing on it. Quickly, I picked up the paper and read what was written on it. It said: 'Dr Watson has gone to Newtown.'

I realized that the mysterious man had told someone to watch me, and this was a message from his spy. Was the man a dangerous enemy? Or was he a friend who was watching us to make sure we were safe? I decided I would not leave the hut until I knew.

Final Fantasy XI GIL,

Outside, the sun was low in the sky. Everything looked calm and peaceful in the golden evening light. But I did not feel peaceful or calm. I felt frightened as I waited for the mysterious man.

Then I heard footsteps coming towards the hut. As they came closer, I moved into the darkest corner of the hut. I did not want the man to see me until I had looked closely at him. The footsteps stopped, and I could hear nothing at all. Then the man began to move again, and the footsteps came closer. A shadow fell across the door of the hut.

'It's a lovely evening, my dear Watson,' said a voice I knew well.

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