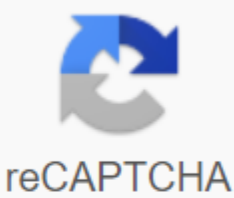




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The Reader Chaebi69 desktop completely customizes the Vista desktop with resource hacks, turning into a dark, stylish user theme without a lot of extra software. Desktop is a combination:Windows Vista (basic visual)FirefoxCD art DisplayiTunesPowerMenuStartKillerIt desktop is not your style? Why waste time complaining? Instead, start creating your own desktop killer with a simple Enigma 2.0 installation package and show the world what you can do. If you're stuck and need some help, team up with Google Group's Lifehacker desktop Settings to collaborate on new ideas for desktop configurations. Windows desktop tweaker is an extraordinary and Lifehacker reader kaelri who brought us a gorgeous ... Read moreOnce you created your own beautifully tweaked (and hopefully productive) desktop, put it in the Lifehacker Desktop Show and tell the Flickr group complete with descriptions of the programs and settings you used (and preferably links as well!), and we just might show it here. Dark Phantom Desktop (Flickr) Yes, the Phantom of the Opera. The one with the singing and mask and the sick electric guitar sting. It is the Phantom, a small French story of the early 20th century that most people know through its countless, way more popular adaptations. But before Andrew Lloyd Webber was capturing tourists on Broadway before Lon Cheney was hamming it on a silent screen before the internet was flooded with Eric/Raoul fanfiction, an author named Gaston Leroux sat down to write a mysterious novel about a ruined chandelier. Leroux was inspired by the rumors that revolved around the old Paris Opera: there were stories about a huge lake hidden under the foundation of the building (it was a really covered water tank), the skeleton of a ballerina, which was used as a ready-made bandage, and about a hidden cache of phonographic records deep in the basement. There was also a true story of the time that a counterweight to a large chandelier fell through the ceiling, killing the builder. So Leroux came up with the operatic ghost responsible for all this weirdness, and turned it into a serialized novel, Fantem de l'Opera. And frankly, it's a pretty schlocky gothic novel. I mean, don't get me wrong, The Phantom of the Opera is a ton of fun, especially if you love dark and brooding monster boyfriends (which I do). This is still one of my infamous, secret favorite books. It's also a toxic mess of gender and racial stereotypes and unhealthy romantic tropes, like many classic love stories. And if you're looking for cheesy synth music, or a true horror masterpiece, or a groundbreaking story, then you should look at one of the many, many Phantom adaptations. But if you're looking for a strange little book that surprisingly challenges your and place in his discussion of male violence and law, then perhaps give Lehr a chance. Ghost Ghost Opera Gaston Leroux, \$17. AmazonYou probably know the basics of history already. Sweet young Ingue, Christine Daaou, is called to sing when the leading soprano of the opera gets sick. She is a huge success, and her old childhood friend, Raoul, realizes that he now has a hot one for her. But Christina is now all weird and vague about her new music teacher, who she claims is an angel of music. Plus some mysterious Phantom threatens the managers of the Opera, demanding money and promotion for Christina. He's already killed one scene. Naturally, Christina's angel turns out to be none other than the Phantom himself, a musical genius named Eric, who lives deep in the bowels of the opera house. Phantom Leroux wears a full mask to hide his face, which Christina describes as looking like a skull or head of death (his costume was changed to half-mask for the musical so that the actor could actually use his mouth for singing). Eric is also obsessed with rope tricks, strange mirrors, and ventriloquism, since I think turning his back on human society has left him with plenty of time on his hands. Managers refuse to pay, so Eric throws this famous chandelier, killing an audience member. Eric also kidnaps Christina in his underground lair where she hangs a little before she yanks off his mask. Eric immediately goes crazy and demands that Christine forever as his fiancée now that she has seen him exposed. He wants her love to insd the depths of hatred he has endured. If I'm a phantom, it's because human hatred made me so, he says. If I want to be saved, it's because your love redeems me. Eric agrees to give her two weeks to get her life together before she moves into his spooky basement apartment, as long as Christina promises to come back and marry him and rid him of his sad, lonely life. He says: Now I want to live like everyone else. I want to have a wife like everyone else and take her on Sundays. I invented a mask that makes me look like

someone else. People don't even turn around in the streets. You're going to be the happiest woman. And we'll sing, all on our own, until we swoon away with delight. You're crying! You're afraid of me! And yet I'm not very angry. Love me and you'll see! All I wanted to do was be loved for myself. If you loved me, I should be as gentle as a lamb; and you could do something with me that you liked. Being above the ground, Christina finally tells Raul what is happening to her. She and Raoul decide to escape together, as Raoul is beautiful, rich, not a murderer. But of course she wants to sing the last song in the opera, Eric kidnaps her again, and it's up to the pretty-boy Raoul to save her with the help of a mysterious Persian man who seems to be one friend of Eric's (he cut out most of the adaptation, leaving Eric with exactly no friends). get caught on one of Eric's secret escape games in the room though, and Eric reveals that he rigged an opera with explosives, and if Christina doesn't marry him, he'll blow up the whole place in hell. Christina accepts his conditions and not let everyone die. But then... Eric starts crying nasty. And then Christina starts crying terribly. And then Eric finally realizes that if he really loves this woman, he should stop fucking kidnapping her and threatening her and let her make her own choices. And he lets her go. He tells her that she is free to marry Raoul if she wants to because he does not want to keep making her cry: I know you love the boy ... Don't cry anymore! Then I made it clear to her that where she was concerned, I was only a poor dog ready to die for her... but that she can marry a young man when she is happy. Christina kisses him on the forehead in gratitude. And Eric finally realizes that the only way to win people's love is to be kind, not to kidnap them and respect their decisions. There is an element that old beauty and beast, a toxic man atoned for a beautiful lady trail, to be sure. And that... Not great. But Eric didn't get the girl after all. No love was made because he kidnapped her and threatened her with mass violence. It is only when he sees how miserable he has done to Christina that he puts aside his self-pity for empathy. His actions are not really justified by the fact that he is a sad lonely man who lives underground. Leroux and Christina are sympathetic to Eric's plight; it is clear that he deserves a better-than-life of abuse and fear. But he still doesn't have the right to a girlfriend. His face doesn't make him a monster. His actions do. The phantom is old and dramatic and more than a little silly. It's fun to read for the gothic heroine in us all. But it's also vital to read for all basement residential men out there who feel blind rage towards girls who won't date them. After all, if Eric approached Christine in the usual way, instead of abducting her and then yelling at her about how ugly he was to be loved, she might have liked him. Its real problem is not that he's nose-less, it's that he thinks blowing up the opera house is a reasonable response to getting rejected by his crush. That's definitely not the case. And at the end of the day, even Eric knows it. The Phantom of the Opera Gaston Leroux, \$17, Amazon keep up with the latest daily buzz with BuzzFeed Daily Newsletter! Can the dead manipulate electronic devices? Can they reach back through the fabric of time and space, wherever they are, and influence the operation of our communication devices - our phones - leave the last message... say a final farewell? As as it seems, the mystery of phone calls from the dead is not uncommon. Those who investigated this phenomenon determined that these usually occur within the first 24 hours after death, but there have been cases where calls have been received as long as two years later. The call is usually filled with heavy static and the voice of the phantom caller is faint, as if far away. Far, really. Below are some wonderful cases of phantom phone calls, as said by the people who experienced them. In some cases, it is the phantom that answers the phone. But in any case, the experience remains inexplicable. READ MORE, INDEED It happened to my older brother, Matt, about a year ago, just weeks after my older brother Jeremy's best friend, Joe, died of heart problems. Matt got a phone call from a man who sounded just like Joe. He said something like, Matt, it's Joe. Is Jeremy home? Something really weird is going on. Matt was scared and could barely answer: No, he didn't. Then the phone hung up and Matt looked at the caller's identity; it read: Out of the zone. So Matt tried to track down 69 pounds, but they couldn't trace the call. We never got another phone call from Joe. It still scares Matt to think about it. -- Yanaye S. SAY GOODBYE, GRANDPA My husband lost his grandfather a long time ago. But not recently he was experiencing something really strange. He saw his grandfather's name on our caller's number. We thought someone was calling from his grandfather's house. It was the first time and no one was even home. Just today, for the second time, he was at work and clearly together with colleagues heard a phone call. He answered it on the first ring, but heard only a signal. When he looked at the phone catalog, which does not have a caller ID but lists who he called, he saw his grandfather's name again. What does that mean? How could this happen? - Leroy L. MONEY USELESS here is one of my clients related to this story with me a few years ago. At the time, she was working for the Department of Social Services and one of the services she offered was checked for emergency expenses. She issued a check for \$100 to one of her utility customers and was about to close the file when her phone rang. There was a woman on the line who was given a check. This woman sounded vague and distracted, but clearly said: I won't need that \$100 after all. My client made a note of this and went on with her other job. That night at home, she was reading a newspaper when she saw the obituary of a woman she was talking to on the phone. She died the night before! - Mary B. MOTHER'S VOICE Three years ago, my mother died. We were very close and I miss her every day. Last Christmas eve, I went to bed and woke up to the phone ringing. I answered it, and the voice, which was very familiar to me, said: Hello. It was my mother's voice. The line had noise and sound, cut and get out. I said, It can't be you, Mom. You're You She said, Oh, come on. She sounded a little agitated, and then we were cut off. My 16-year-old daughter was sleeping in another room and also heard a phone call that night. I know it was my mother's voice; She has a Norwegian accent. It was her. - Bonnie O. WAS IT BRAT? About three nights ago my call was at 1:57 am. I remember it was a very stormy night. He answered, and the phone gave him a little bleeps, but no one would say anything. Then the phone went dead. I slept by the phone, but I never heard him call, and I always hear a phone call. Only he heard it. He called the number to the caller's ID, and he said: This number is not in operation. The number is still on our caller ID. That same night, at 4 a.m., his mother, who lives about an hour away, also received a call. Her son, who was sleeping in the house, also never heard a phone call. She heard the same bleeps and it was the same caller ID. She called it and it was also a non-in-service number. Around 5 a.m., his mother was lying in her bed and saw a man standing at the foot of her bed looking at her. She said he was tall and thin, had dark eyes and dark clothes. He stared at her for a moment, then rushed across the room and disappeared. We are very scared about this and can't understand why it all happened on the same night and nothing like this happened before. Why didn't I hear the phone call and my husband made the phone right in our bed? My husband lost his brother about six months ago - a tragic death. -- Vicky H. INTERCEPTED CALL I just found out that one of my phone calls the other day was a dead lady. I was at my mom's house, and I called a friend who lived nearby. She was at her cousin's house. So I looked at the number in the phone book. It was the only Owens in the phone book, so I knew it was my friend's cousin's number. I called, and he didn't even call, but the old lady answered. She said, Hello. I said, Is Amelia there? (Amelia is a cousin of my friend Jessica.) The old lady said, No, darling. Amelia's not here, sweetheart. I should have expected her any minute now. So I didn't think anything of it and hung up. I thought they were gone for a while. I knew Amelia lived with her mom at her grandparents' house. What I don't know is what I learned when I spoke to Jessica. I told Jessica about it, and she said, Amelia's grandmother is dead. And we were there all day. We were sitting right by the phone. He never called all day. - CRYSTAL S., WHO ANSWERED THE PHONE? I stayed at a cottage in North Wales (UK) in 1997. The cottage belonged to my best friend's grandfather and was in a fairly isolated place but still on the tracks that lead to the main road. It was very simple, but he had electricity and a boiler for water, although there is no central heating. It was a three-bedroom hotel with a we're going to have houses. There were six of us staying at this cottage one Easter weekend and we spent most of our time relaxing around and visiting local attractions. One Saturday morning we decided to go to the local market, calling for lunch in the pub on the way back. Sitting in the pub eating our food, our other friends who stayed in a nearby town walked into the pub and sat at our table saying they were glad we were still here and they didn't miss us. When asked how on earth they knew where we were, they said they called the cottage where we were staying and the lady who answered the phone told them. There was no cleaner or any other person tied to the cottage. I spent the rest of our time there, sleeping with the lights of the hall and never coming back. - Claire E. LONG, LONG DISTANCE PLAN I have never been a believer in ghosts, but after what happened to me, I can't help but reconsider my position on this issue. I am a phone sales representative and at the time of this occurrence, I was marketing a phone service. That's what happened to me at work. On Thursday, April 26, I called Pennsylvania. It started just like any other call. Yes, I need to talk to Mr. or Mrs. B\_\_\_\_\_. This woman identified herself as Mrs B\_\_\_\_\_ and I continued with a normal sales call. She seemed very interested and asked a lot of questions, but when I came to the decision, she quickly stopped me, insisting that I needed to talk to my husband. Her objections were the same every time I tried to close. She explained that she had tried to force him to change phone operators before, but, she said, he was married to ATT and refused to make any changes. She also quickly noted that after retiring he spent a lot of time fishing and was not easy to connect with, and it would have been best to try early in the morning before he left for his favorite hobby. She also pointed out that their long-distance accounts are spiraling out of control because he has made lengthy calls to North Carolina and believes the plan will be beneficial to them. On that note, I decided maybe it was worth calling back and told her I'd call her the next day. The next day I made a call that I will probably never forget! My husband answered the call back. I introduced myself as usual and explained that I had spoken to my wife the day before, and she invited me to talk to him. You can imagine the shock and horror when he said to me: Lady, I don't know who you were talking to, but my wife died, and I'm not in the mood to talk to anyone! At the same time, he quickly hung up. -- Mary B.B. phantom of the opera book free online. the phantom of the opera book pdf free download

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