

Chapter 1 : Monster in the Mirror by Dianna Bellerose

Here is the original "Monster in the Mirror" video that came out two years before the celebrity version I posted earlier. An EXCELLENT song in my opinion. Many thanks to Sesame Street workshop for.

Share via Email His face appeared on the television screen, then disappeared again. But before he appeared in the courtroom on Thursday, in the institution that he describes as a "natural disaster" - there was a moment of suspense. After seeing the blurred photo of the so-called Doctor Dabic, everybody wanted to know what Karadzic really looked like after his disappearance more than a decade ago. His disguise was as unexpected as it was clever. Letting his hair and beard grow very long, he achieved anonymity, and with it freedom of movement. Nobody guessed who Dr Dabic was, except those who gave him that identity in the first place and waited for the right time to pick him up, like a ripe fruit. Finally, there he was, sitting behind a desk, clean-shaven and dressed in an elegant blue suit. What a remarkable difference. We look for anything that might possibly justify our belief that he is different, that he is a monster and nothing like us. That is the most important thing, to convince ourselves that an alleged war criminal is different from ordinary people. But time after time, from the Nuremberg trials onwards, all we see is our own reflection in a mirror. In court, Karadzic did not display any emotion whatsoever. All he cared about was demonstrating that he was in control. His body language, the way he held his head high and looked directly at others in the room, betrayed the kind of arrogance typical of ideologues who believe in their cause above all other things. A sneer changed his indifferent expression when he was asked if he intended to defend himself. For some of the other detainees there, he will be a star. With his attention-seeking character and his profession of a psychiatrist, perhaps Karadzic will start a therapy group for inmates, regardless of whether they are Serbs like him, or Muslims or Croats. And there are so many volumes of poetry for him to write in his free time, of which he will now have plenty. But what the new detainee does not know yet, and what will most certainly be very difficult and depressing for him, is the incredible boredom of a long trial that wears everybody down. Building a case and trying it is a slow, painstaking process. There are no chances for general statements, as the accused are forced to deal with the most banal, minute details of their case. To live through this, Radovan Karadzic will really need all the help he can get from his "invisible adviser".

Chapter 2 : Arundhati Roy: Mumbai was not India's 9/11 | World news | The Guardian

"Monster in the Mirror" is a Sesame Street song sung by Grover. In this song, Grover wakes up one morning and sees a monster in his mirror (his reflection). Instead of being scared, he sings, "Wubba wubba wubba wubba, woo woo woo."

This article is over 9 years old Azam Amir Kasab, the face of the Mumbai attacks. So perhaps we should reclaim our tragedy and pick through the debris with our own brains and our own broken hearts so that we can arrive at our own conclusions. The Mumbai attacks are only the most recent of a spate of terrorist attacks on Indian towns and cities this year. Ahmedabad, Bangalore, Delhi, Guwahati, Jaipur and Malegaon have all seen serial bomb blasts in which hundreds of ordinary people have been killed and wounded. If you were watching television you may not have heard that ordinary people too died in Mumbai. They were mowed down in a busy railway station and a public hospital. The terrorists did not distinguish between poor and rich. They killed both with equal cold-bloodedness. The Indian media, however, was transfixed by the rising tide of horror that breached the glittering barricades of India Shining and spread its stench in the marbled lobbies and crystal ballrooms of two incredibly luxurious hotels and a small Jewish centre. On a day when the newspapers were full of moving obituaries by beautiful people about the hotel rooms they had stayed in, the gourmet restaurants they loved ironically one was called Kandahar, and the staff who served them, a small box on the top left-hand corner in the inner pages of a national newspaper sponsored by a pizza company I think said "Hungry, kya? So maybe, like everyone else, we should deal with the one that is. There is a fierce, unforgiving fault-line that runs through the contemporary discourse on terrorism. Therefore, Side A says, to try and place it in a political context, or even try to understand it, amounts to justifying it and is a crime in itself. Which is a crime in itself. Hafiz Saeed approves of suicide bombing, hates Jews, Shias and Democracy and believes that jihad should be waged until Islam, his Islam, rules the world. Among the things he said are: Cut them, cut them so much that they kneel before you and ask for mercy. We would like to give India a tit-for-tat response and reciprocate in the same way by killing the Hindus, just like it is killing the Muslims in Kashmir. He was one of the major lynchpins of the Gujarat genocide and has said on camera: I will finish them off – let a few more of them die The Race Spirit has been awakening. Race pride at its highest has been manifested here Dalits have been consistently targeted. Recently in Kandhamal in Orissa, Christians were the target of two and a half months of violence which left more than 40 dead. Forty thousand people have been driven from their homes, half of who now live in refugee camps. All these years Hafiz Saeed has lived the life of a respectable man in Lahore as the head of the Jamaat-ud Daawa, which many believe is a front organization for the Lashkar-e-Taiba. He continues to recruit young boys for his own bigoted jihad with his twisted, fiery sermons. The Pakistani government succumbed to international pressure and put Hafiz Saeed under house arrest. Babu Bajrangi, however, is out on bail and lives the life of a respectable man in Gujarat. Suhel Seth, a TV impresario and corporate spokesperson, recently said: The RSS has 45, branches, its own range of charities and 7 million volunteers preaching its doctrine of hate across India. They include Narendra Modi, but also former prime minister AB Vajpayee, current leader of the opposition LK Advani, and a host of other senior politicians, bureaucrats and police and intelligence officers. In this nuclear subcontinent that context is partition. The Radcliffe Line, which separated India and Pakistan and tore through states, districts, villages, fields, communities, water systems, homes and families, was drawn virtually overnight. Partition triggered the massacre of more than a million people and the largest migration of a human population in contemporary history. Eight million people, Hindus fleeing the new Pakistan, Muslims fleeing the new kind of India left their homes with nothing but the clothes on their backs. Each of those people carries and passes down a story of unimaginable pain, hate, horror but yearning too. That wound, those torn but still unsevered muscles, that blood and those splintered bones still lock us together in a close embrace of hatred, terrifying familiarity but also love. Pakistan, the Land of the Pure, became an Islamic Republic, and then, very quickly a corrupt, violent military state, openly intolerant of other faiths. India on the other hand declared herself an inclusive, secular democracy. By they were ready to make a bid for power. By the BJP was in power at the centre. The US war on terror put the wind in their sails. It allowed them to do exactly as they pleased, even to commit

genocide and then present their fascism as a legitimate form of chaotic democracy. This happened at a time when India had opened its huge market to international finance and it was in the interests of international corporations and the media houses they owned to project it as a country that could do no wrong. That gave Hindu nationalists all the impetus and the impunity they needed. This, then, is the larger historical context of terrorism in the subcontinent and of the Mumbai attacks. The Lashkar has denied involvement, but remains the prime accused. According to the police and intelligence agencies the Lashkar operates in India through an organisation called the Indian Mujahideen. So already the neat accusation against Pakistan is getting a little messy. Almost always, when these stories unspool, they reveal a complicated global network of foot soldiers, trainers, recruiters, middlemen and undercover intelligence and counter-intelligence operatives working not just on both sides of the India-Pakistan border, but in several countries simultaneously. In circumstances like these, air strikes to "take out" terrorist camps may take out the camps, but certainly will not "take out" the terrorists. Having wired up these Frankensteins and released them into the world, the US expected it could rein them in like pet mastiffs whenever it wanted to. Certainly it did not expect them to come calling in heart of the Homeland on September 11. So once again, Afghanistan had to be violently remade. Nobody, least of all the Pakistan government, denies that it is presiding over a country that is threatening to implode. The terrorist training camps, the fire-breathing mullahs and the maniacs who believe that Islam will, or should, rule the world is mostly the detritus of two Afghan wars. Their ire rains down on the Pakistan government and Pakistani civilians as much, if not more than it does on India. If at this point India decides to go to war perhaps the descent of the whole region into chaos will be complete. If Pakistan collapses, we can look forward to having millions of "non-state actors" with an arsenal of nuclear weapons at their disposal as neighbours. A superpower never has allies. It only has agents. The Mumbai attacks were broadcast live and exclusive! TV anchors in their studios and journalists at "ground zero" kept up an endless stream of excited commentary. Over three days and three nights we watched in disbelief as a small group of very young men armed with guns and gadgets exposed the powerlessness of the police, the elite National Security Guard and the marine commandos of this supposedly mighty, nuclear-powered nation. While they did this they indiscriminately massacred unarmed people, in railway stations, hospitals and luxury hotels, unmindful of their class, caste, religion or nationality. Part of the helplessness of the security forces had to do with having to worry about hostages. In other situations, in Kashmir for example, their tactics are not so sensitive. Whole buildings are blown up. Human shields are used. But this was different. And it was on TV. They delivered something different from the usual diet of suicide bombings and missile attacks that people have grown inured to on the news. Here was something new. The gruesome performance went on and on. Eventually the killers died and died hard, all but one. Perhaps, in the chaos, some escaped. We may never know. Throughout the standoff the terrorists made no demands and expressed no desire to negotiate. Their purpose was to kill people and inflict as much damage as they could before they were killed themselves. They left us completely bewildered. When we say "nothing can justify terrorism", what most of us mean is that nothing can justify the taking of human life. So what are we to make of those who care nothing for life, not even their own? I cannot vouch for the veracity of the conversation, but the things he talked about were the things contained in the "terror emails" that were sent out before several other bomb attacks in India. He just seemed to want to take it down with him. It has always been a part of and often even the aim of terrorist strategy to exacerbate a bad situation in order to expose hidden faultlines. The blood of "martyrs" irrigates terrorism. Hindu terrorists need dead Hindus, Communist terrorists need dead proletarians, Islamist terrorists need dead Muslims. The dead become the demonstration, the proof of victimhood, which is central to the project. A single act of terrorism is not in itself meant to achieve military victory; at best it is meant to be a catalyst that triggers something else, something much larger than itself, a tectonic shift, a realignment. The act itself is theatre, spectacle and symbolism, and today, the stage on which it pirouettes and performs its acts of bestiality is Live TV. Even as the attack was being condemned by TV anchors, the effectiveness of the terror strikes were being magnified a thousandfold by TV broadcasts. Through the endless hours of analysis and the endless op-ed essays, in India at least there has been very little mention of the elephants in the room: Kashmir, Gujarat and the demolition of the Babri Masjid. Instead we had retired diplomats and strategic experts debate the pros and cons of a war against

Pakistan. We had the rich threatening not to pay their taxes unless their security was guaranteed is it alright for the poor to remain unprotected? We had people suggest that the government step down and each state in India be handed over to a separate corporation. We had the death of former prime minister VP Singh, the hero of Dalits and lower castes and villain of Upper caste Hindus pass without a mention. His analysis of why religious bigots, both Hindu and Muslim hate Mumbai:

Chapter 3 : The Monster in the Mirror: Looking for H.P. Lovecraft

*Saw a monster in the mirror when I woke up today
A monster in my mirror but I did not run away
I did not shed a tear or
hide beneath my bed
Though the monster looked at me and this is what he said.*

Papers on Language and Literature, Vol. Reproduced by permission Criticism about: Sylvia Plath , also known as: In this poem, the mirror is in effect looking into itself, for the image in the mirror is woman, the object that is itself more mirror than person. A woman will see herself both in and as a mirror. To look into the glass is to look for oneself inside or as reflected on the surface of the mirror and to seek or discover oneself in the person or non-person of the mirror. The "She" who seeks in the reflecting lake a flattering distortion of herself is an image of one aspect of the mirror into which she gazes. As such, she is the personification--or reflection--of the mirror as passive servant, the preconditionless object whose perception is a form of helpless swallowing or absorption. The image that finally appears in the mirror, the old woman as "terrible fish," is the opposite or "dark" side of the mirror. She is the mirror who takes a kind of fierce pleasure in her uncompromising veracity and who, by rejecting the role of passive reflector for a more creative autonomy, becomes, in that same male-inscribed view, a devouring monster. Violating its implicit claim, the poem becomes a mirror not of the world, but of other mirrors and of the process of mirroring. When living mirrors gaze into mirrors, as when language stares only at itself, only mirrors and mirroring will be visible. This parallel between person and poem suggests that the glass and lake in "Mirror" is woman--and more particularly the woman writer or artist for whom the question of mimetic reflection or creative transformation is definitive. For the woman--and especially for the mother--per se, the crucial choice is between the affirmation and effacement of the self: To do the latter is to risk looking into the mirror and seeing, not the pleasing young girl, but the terrible fish. Viewed in these terms, "Mirror" may be read as a broadening and more sophisticated extension of poems like "Morning Song" and "Medusa," which question or reject the maternal role. The statement succeeds only in rejecting the maternal identity for one that is identical with it, for that of the vaguely insubstantial image the cloud that is ultimately erased from the surface of its other, equally effaced identity as maternal mirror. The escape from mirror and mother to cloud does not permit an escape from their mutual fate as depersonalized victims of erasure. Off, off, eely tentacle! There is nothing between us. Even here, however, there is an injected sense of the speaker as mother as well as child. Paralyzing the kicking lovers. Indeed, the evocation of the mother as devouring monster seems to be a reactive inversion of the perhaps more primitive sense that the speaking child consumes or threatens to consume its sacrificial mother. A letter Plath wrote to her brother in reflects such an image of their mother: You know, as I do, and it is a frightening thing, that mother would actually kill herself for us if we calmly accepted all she wanted to do for us. She is an abnormally altruistic person, and I have realized lately that we have to fight against her selflessness as we would fight against a deadly disease. After extracting her life blood and care for 20 years we should start bringing in big dividends of joy for her. Letter to Warren, May 12, This so-called "best" turns out to be the very things the parents have most badly engaged in themselves. On the one hand, it is an image of a monstrous autonomy that cannot perform the self-effacing function of infant-confirming mother. The required self-denial of new motherhood, if perpetuated or exaggerated, may, as Jung suggests, be as threatening as its opposite. As virtually exclusive nurturer of the infant and small child, the mother cannot win. Caught between annihilation of self and annihilation of other, and lanced on the sacrifice of self that may efface the other, her denigration, rejection, and perceived monstrosity are all but insured. The poem is finally about language and imitation, about poetry and its relation to what it describes. As such, it is a poem that assumes a central place in the literature of female authorship, the literature that takes as its subject the woman as writer and her obligation to create for woman and herself a resistant and resilient language of her own. Far more of her poetry presents protagonists or personae who are basically passive and depersonalized, victimized and helpless. Like the mirror, the speakers in these poems--dolls, mannequins, stones, patients--are typically confined, often inanimate, absorbently passive, and devoid of personal initiative or will. They are, in short, images of the woman who, as Gilbert and Gubar document, inanimately animate the "mirror of the male-inscribed literary text. Just as the

mirror can only reflect reality, the woman writer can only reflect male ideals and desires. The image of woman as reflector functions in several ways. But as speaking mirror, the woman becomes a narrating reflector of herself as mirror and of whatever passes before it. She becomes the writer who writes of the mirror in which she perceives herself and of the mirror she is. She becomes the text in which that recording occurs. Through these lenses, the question of the object of perception gives place to the now central question of the nature of the narrator. The mirror as woman or mother reflects the other to itself. The mirror as text or writer reflects self and world in language that becomes a kind of mirror itself. But in both forms the principal conflict is between a self-suppressing recapitulation of male expression and an autonomous resistance to the conventional truths and methods of his inscriptions. The connections are further entangled by the fact that a selection of a narrative technique inevitably determines the treatment of content. To let the mirror speak in self-defining ways that resist prior definition or restriction is to alter the image in the glass. That resistance is what is represented by the substitution of the "terrible fish" for the more attractive young girl in "Mirror. The terrible fish is not just a symbol of approaching old age: For like Coleridge, "the literary woman frequently finds herself staring with horror at a fearful image of herself that has been mysteriously inscribed on the surface of the glass. There is, of course, a biographical dimension to this poem and its governing images, which intensifies the purely literary force of the work. Plath had a dual image of herself: The mirror, of course, is the brilliant surface Plath presented to the world, as both woman and poet. As poet, Plath the mirror is the precise measurer and recorder of minutiae, the four-cornered goddess of aesthetic control. As woman, Plath the mirror is the strict and tightly disciplined achiever who glitteringly fulfilled all expectations, a perfect mirror of acquired parental and social standards of elegance, beauty and achievement--the persona that emitted what Lowell called "the checks and courtesies," her "air of maddening docility," and what Alvarez called an "air of anxious pleasantness. But this Plath--it has become a commonplace--was only a facade, a fragile surface laid thickly over an inner turmoil Plath herself perceived as a slouching beast struggling for release. As in "Lady Lazarus," it is a cannibal fury rising from the dead. In an autobiographical essay, "Ocean W" Plath recounts a crucial memory: I crawled straight for the coming wave and was just through the walls of green when she caught my heels. What would have happened," Plath wonders, "if I had managed to pierce that looking-glass? The sea is the terrible country of the void, of the "darkness [that] is leaking from the cracks. As Plath confessed in a BBC interview. When he obliged me and died, I imagined that I had killed him. Whether she would return in order to love him like Electra or to destroy him as in "Daddy" matters little. Forbidden love and murder are but two faces of the same resurgent beast. The terrible fish is implicit from the outset. It is contained in the rebellious rejection of the mirroring role in the opening lines of "Mirror" that ostensibly accept and define it. Her shocking emergence at the end of the poem marks the fearful triumph of a psychological reality over the linguistic efforts to avert it. The woman outside the mirror or lake is of course the woman whose image as terrible fish is also inside it, visible in its depths. The terrible fish is not simply the time-transformed identity of the young girl; it is the Hydean alter-ego of the mirror or lake in whose depths it is shudderingly disclosed. Inside the woman-as-mirror, in other words, behind this physically restricted, passive, depersonalized reflector of the external world, lurks the minatory force that will emerge with full power and vengeance in some of the Ariel poems. To escape the obligations of literal truthfulness is not to escape the mirror of male texts that identify her as the obedient angel, but the opposite. It is to evade the monstrous truth the angel herself knows best and fears no less than does the male who protectively angelicizes her in order to prevent her transformation into monster. It is to look into the mirror and pretend one does not see the monster. The voice in poems such as "Stones," "Lorelei," "Tulips," "Love Letter," "Crossing the Water," "Purdah," "Face Lift," "Two Campers in Cloud Country," "Childless Woman," and dozens more is that of a woman who has accepted her depersonalization and passivity or who longs for the numbing purity it promises. In many of these poems, the stone, jade, plaster, or anesthetized persona shares the muted stage with old yellow, the lioness, the acetylene virgin, or other threatening figures from the depths, though it is not until her final poems, principally "Daddy" and "Lady Lazarus," that the menacing avenger explodes onto the surface as the dominant force in poems of assertive threat and rage. It achieves its special position and effect by adopting the former guise in ways that renounce it for the latter. The fish that is in effect in the mirror from

the outset charges towards the mirroring surface at the end, its identity and import disguised by a subject that deflects our attention to figures apparently external to the speaking mirror. Blending passive inactivity with devouring hostility, the poem presages the vengeful uprising of "Lady Lazarus" and "Daddy" while maintaining the innocent, expressionless appearance of paper, stone, mannequin, or doll. The dread fish is identified with the passive mirror by its presence within or behind it. But their identification with one another may have another source as well. The speaker sees herself "in" the mirror or lake in two senses: She is the fearful image in the depths beyond the glass and she is the mirror itself. The implication here is that Plath found her defenses hardly less repulsive than the assault they were created to ward off. The monster in the depths, in other words, is also the monster on the surface, perhaps more accurately the monstrosity of mere surface or lack of depth. The identification of the mirror with the terrible fish, then, erases the separation the dual identity was constructed to sustain. It suggests on the one hand that the mirror contains the fish, that beneath the angel in the house lurks the monster in the depths. But it may propose as well that a two-dimensional image of the angel is also is a form of monstrosity. Yet, as she observes, "the spirit of blackness is in us, it is in the fishes. The spirit of blackness may refer to a dark force concealed beneath the cut paper surface. But, since the paper itself is identified as black, the stronger reading points toward an identification of two-dimensionality with blackness--and both flatness and darkness are identified with the fish made terrible in "Mirror. The woman as the passive, selfless reflector is inscribed in psychoanalysis, motherhood, and the male text and is submissively adopted by the woman as her own identity. But Plath shows it to be a monstrous evasion of reality and suppression of self. A woman who adopts the reflecting role is cruel primarily to herself. It is therefore inevitable that the last image the reflector swallows is that of the terrible fish, which is at once its concealed opposite and its concealing self. In the first she is the selfless reflector of man and infant, in the second the self-conscious, self-centering reflector of herself and of the world as she willfully perceives it. Traditionally the roles were seen, by women as well as men, as not merely conflicting but mutually exclusive.

Chapter 4 : Gale Literary Databases - Document

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In this song, Grover wakes up one morning and sees a monster in his mirror his reflection. Instead of being scared, he sings, "Wubba wubba wubba wubba, woo woo woo. At the end of the song, Grover has his arm around his reflection. The album verison of the song includes an additional verse of Grover and the monsters scattng. These vocals can be heard in the celebrity version when the celebrities start singing. Stars and Street Forever. Saw a monster in the mirror when I woke up today. A monster in my mirror but I did not run away. No, the monster looked at me and this is what he said. He said "wubba wubba wubba wubba woo woo woo". Wubba wubba wubba and a doodly doo. He sang "wubba wubba wubba" so I sang it too! Do not wubba me or I will wubba you. Grover and Painting Monsters: Oh, the monster in the mirror. Then I smiled at him and thanked him for the song that we had shared. Well, the monster thanked me too. He smiled right back and then. The monster in the mirror sang his song again. He sang "wubba wubba wubba wubba woo woo woo. He went "wubba wubba wubba" and I sang along! Yes, "wubba wubba wubba" is a monster song. Grover and two other monsters: If your mirror has a monster in it, do not shout. This kind of situation does not call for freaking out. And do nothing that you would not like to see him do. Singing wubba wubba wubba wubba woo woo woo. Wubba wubba wubba, you can join in too! Wubba, wubba, wubba, wubba, wubba! Yes, if you wubba me then I will wubba you. If you wubba me then I will wubba you. Going "wubba wubba wubba" is a thing to do. Every time you wubba, I shall wubba you.

Chapter 5 : The Monster In The Mirror - Sesame Street

The Monster in the Mirror is itself a very short story. It was well written and intriguing, however, I was left wanting more - a LOT more! There was not much that was explained at all and I was left a little disappointed.

Nov 07, Alethea rated it liked it Monster in the Mirror is a heartfelt biography depicting the hardscrabble life on the protagonist Ricky, who grows up as an abused child in the body of the wrong sex. There seems to be a metaphysical aspect to this story as Ricky appears to be visited by angels during the most horrendous abuse episodes; however, this aspect is not played out throughout the book. It is introduced at the beginning of the story, forgotten, and then hinted at toward the end. I admire the honest portrayal of the brut Monster in the Mirror is a heartfelt biography depicting the hardscrabble life on the protagonist Ricky, who grows up as an abused child in the body of the wrong sex. The book, though, reads like a first draft. Also, the writing itself is pedestrian. I struggled as to whether to give the book two or three stars, but have given it three because of the fact that this is a story of survival. Despite the challenges Ricky faces, the story meanders and does not seem to come to any conclusions. I suppose it is an autobiography, though it is -of course- called fiction. It begins with a little boy who seems to be abused by his father and the rest of his family. As he grows up, he marries a girl when not 18 yet, has kids, divorces, drinks a lot and uses drugs for years. He seems interested by religion, but just to leave the different churches he attends. Whatever happens to him is never his fault and the book stops making sense around t I still have not understood what this book is about. Whatever happens to him is never his fault and the book stops making sense around the middle of it, with stories about people he meets, then stops seeing. He rents 2 apartments at the same time, then shares a room with a girl whose family seems to be well-off. He was vegan but started eating meat again. He has a car, driven by someone else, who gets too many tickets, so he gives her the car. His name is Rick, but people call him Pete. He marries a young girl who needs a green card, and gets paid for that. She will try to kill him. Page 77 it is a very long marriage, but page 78, the marriage did not last long. The book ends with saying he has found his true self No, I am not making anything up, the links between the events described in the book is less than in this review, you have English mistakes all the time, making it hard to understand sometimes. Still, can someone tell me what it is about? The openness and vulnerability in telling such a raw story grabbed my attention. I was enthralled and wanted to know more about this person. The emotional element pulled me in while the honesty kept me interested and entertained. It was a hard book to put down and I only did so because I was forced to but I would have rather read this in one sitting. This story pulled, tugged and yanked on my heartstrings but the positive messages still shined bright. I was bitter and hurt. I believed that all stories would come with a happy ending. I believed that if I put trust in others and by doing the right thing, I would be rewarded.

Chapter 6 : Monster in the Mirror by M.J. Ware

By Robert H. Waugh Back Cover Text During the past two decades, Robert H. Waugh has established himself as a leading scholar on H.P. Lovecraft.

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When I look the mirror, sometimes I see a monster. It's like every insecurity that I have about my body is circled in red Sharpie. I suck in, flex my abs, and envision myself with a "perfect."

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The monster in the mirror that he is a monster and nothing like us. That is the most important thing, to convince ourselves that an alleged war criminal is different from ordinary people.

Chapter 9 : The Monster in the Mirror: Facing High Variation Manufacturing - goERPcloud

The Monster in The Mirror. I look in the mirror and I don't see my mind or my heart. I see my arms and legs, my abdomen and breasts, my hips and derri re. I see.