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Category:RolemasterQ: How to group operations when using parallel::mclapply()? I'm new to parallel computing and am trying to use parallel::mclapply() to perform a group-wise operation on some large data set. The data set is stored as a data frame in R with columns corresponding to the different groups. I've written a function to apply my group-wise operation, but the operation runs one by one as specified. # Define function to apply to each group M.Function

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Category:Role-playing game booksArchive for November, 2012 Do you hear the crackling of an empty transistor radio under the covers with you? To my ears, those old-school dials and a selection of "cool" songs say: "She's coming to see you." That's right, the estrogen is buzzing in the wings. Sally has been watching you since yesterday. You've been eyeing her breasts in the video store, on the bus, on the tube. And every time, she's noticed. When you got back from the store this morning, your bedroom door was locked. She got up. Slid open the door. Saw you with your pants down. Remember the little hickey on your neck? She bit it. That's all it took. I woke up this morning with a pounding head. I smelled it on my pillow, and on my skin. I could hear it in my head as I wrote. Sally is in the house. I can hear her footsteps. My bed creaks, and the springs squeak as she walks across the floor. Sally is standing at the foot of my bed. "I'm sorry about before," she whispers. I know it's useless, but my mind is clouded. I don't even know what happened. I just get the vague impression of a rope that's being tied around my neck. "It's all right," I tell her, looking at the floor. "It's ok." Then she comes closer. Her face is inches from my head. She's been in my mind all day. I don't know what she's thinking. I can tell that she's nervous. But she's smiling. She's looking at my head, looking at my eyes. She knows that it's going to happen. She wants to. "I love you," she says. "You're beautiful." I turn to look at her, as her lips brush my cheek. My tongue is stuck in my throat. "I love you too," I whisper, as her lips brush 2d92ce491b