

Goggle, Inc.

## **QUARTERLY REPORT**

Nothing Wrong That an Expensive Operation Can't Prolong

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<a href="#">Chapter 1</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 22</a>	
<a href="#">Chapter 2</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 23</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 43</a>
<a href="#">Chapter 3</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 24</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 44</a>
<a href="#">Chapter 4</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 25</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 45</a>
<a href="#">Chapter 5</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 26</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 46</a>
<a href="#">Chapter 6</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 27</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 47</a>
<a href="#">Chapter 7</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 28</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 48</a>
<a href="#">Chapter 8</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 29</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 49</a>
<a href="#">Chapter 9</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 30</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 50</a>
<a href="#">Chapter 10</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 31</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 51</a>
<a href="#">Chapter 11</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 32</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 52</a>
<a href="#">Chapter 12</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 33</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 53</a>
<a href="#">Chapter 13</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 34</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 54</a>
<a href="#">Chapter 14</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 35</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 55</a>
<a href="#">Chapter 15</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 36</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 56</a>
<a href="#">Chapter 16</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 37</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 57</a>
<a href="#">Chapter 17</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 38</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 58</a>
<a href="#">Chapter 18</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 39</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 59</a>
<a href="#">Chapter 19</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 40</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 60</a>
<a href="#">Chapter 20</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 41</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 61</a>
<a href="#">Chapter 21</a>	<a href="#">Chapter 42</a>	

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## Chapter 1

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife.

However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighbourhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

"My dear Mr. Bennet," said his lady to him one day, "have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?"

Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

"But it is," returned she; "for Mrs. Long has just been here, and she told me all about it."

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

"Do you not want to know who has taken it?" cried his wife impatiently.

"*You* want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it."

This was invitation enough.

"Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise and four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it, that he agreed with Mr. Morris immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week."

"What is his name?"

"Bingley."

"Is he married or single?"

"Oh! Single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!"

"How so? How can it affect them?"

"My dear Mr. Bennet," replied his wife, "how can you be so tiresome! You must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them."

"Is that his design in settling here?"

"Design! Nonsense, how can you talk so! But it is very likely that he *may* fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes."

"I see no occasion for that. You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better, for as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr. Bingley may like you the best of the party."

"My dear, you flatter me. I certainly *have* had my share of beauty, but I do not pretend to be anything extraordinary now. When a woman has five grown-up daughters, she ought to give over thinking of her own beauty."

"In such cases, a woman has not often much beauty to think of."

"But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr. Bingley when he comes into the neighbourhood."

"It is more than I engage for, I assure you."

"But consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would be for one of them. Sir William and Lady Lucas are determined to go, merely on that account, for in general, you know, they visit no newcomers. Indeed you must go, for it will be impossible for *us* to visit him if you do not."