

THE FAULT IN OUR STARS

BY JOHN GREEN

As the tide washed in, the Dutch Tulip Man faced the ocean: “Conjoiner
rejoinder poisoner concealer revelator.

Look at it, rising up and rising down, taking everything with it.”

“What’s that?” I asked. “Water,” the Dutchman said. “Well, and time.”

—PETER VAN HOUTEN, *An Imperial Affliction*

AUTHOR'S NOTE

This is not so much an author's note as an author's reminder of what was printed in small type a few pages ago: This book is a work of fiction. I made it up. Neither novels nor their readers benefit from attempts to divine whether any facts hide inside a story. Such efforts attack the very idea that made-up stories can matter, which is sort of the foundational assumption of our species. I appreciate your cooperation in this matter.