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| Cover Image | *The Illustrated Man* Ray Bradbury  Harper Collins |

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# *42 notes/highlights*

*Created by TinTin Kalaw*  – Last synced February 9, 2016

## *The Veldt*

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *“I just want you to look at it, is all, or call a psychologist in to look at it.” “What would a psychologist want with a nursery?”*  Interest  February 9, 2016 | [17](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA17.w.0.0.0.0.1) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *“It’s just that the nursery is different now than it was.” “All right, let’s have a look.”*  Interest  February 6, 2016 | [17](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA17.w.0.0.0.1) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *They walked down the hall of their soundproofed, Happy-life Home, which had cost them thirty thousand dollars installed, this house which clothed and fed and rocked them to sleep and played and sang and was good to them.*  Surprise  February 6, 2016 | [17](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA17.w.0.0.0.1) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *“Wait a moment, you’ll see,” said his wife.*  Anticipation  February 6, 2016 | [17](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA17.w.0.0.0.4) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *A shadow passed through the sky. The shadow flickered on George Hadley’s upturned, sweating face.*  Apprehension  February 6, 2016 | [18](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA18) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *“Did you hear that scream?” she asked. “No.” “About a minute ago?” “Sorry, no.”*  Apprehension  February 6, 2016 | [18](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA18.w.0.0.0.2) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *The lions stood looking at George and Lydia Hadley with terrible green-yellow eyes.*  Apprehension  February 6, 2016 | [19](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA19) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *“Walls, Lydia, remember; crystal walls, that’s all they are. Oh, they look real, I must admit—Africa in your parlor—but it’s all dimensional superactionary, supersensitive color film and mental tape film behind glass screens. It’s all odorophonics and sonics, Lydia. Here’s my handkerchief.”*  Amazement  February 6, 2016 | [19](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA19.w.0.0.0.1) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *“You know how difficult Peter is about that. When I punished him a month ago by locking the nursery for even a few hours—the tantrum he threw! And Wendy too. They live for the nursery.”*  Annoyance  February 6, 2016 | [19](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA19.w.0.0.0.2) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *“You mean you want to fry my eggs for me?” “Yes.” She nodded. “And darn my socks?” “Yes.” A frantic, watery-eyed nodding. “And sweep the house?” “Yes, yes—oh, yes!” “But I thought that’s why we bought this house, so we wouldn’t have to do anything?”*  Annoyance / Amazement  February 6, 2016 | [19](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA19.w.0.0.0.4) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *“That’s just it. I feel like I don’t belong here. The house is wife and mother now and nursemaid. Can I compete with an African veldt? Can I give a bath and scrub the children as efficiently or quickly as the automatic scrub bath can? I cannot. And it isn’t just me. It’s you. You’ve been awfully nervous lately.”*  Pensiveness  February 6, 2016 | [19](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA19.w.0.0.0.4) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *“You look as if you didn’t know what to do with yourself in this house, either. You smoke a little more every morning and drink a little more every afternoon and need a little more sedative every night. You’re beginning to feel unnecessary too.”*  Pensiveness  February 6, 2016 | [20](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA20) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *“Sorry,” said a small voice within the table, and ketchup appeared.*  Amazement  February 6, 2016 | [20](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA20.w.0.0.0.3) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *Remarkable how the nursery caught the telepathic emanations of the children’s minds and created life to fill their every desire. The children thought lions, and there were lions. The children thought zebras, and there were zebras.*  Amazement  February 6, 2016 | [20](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA20.w.0.0.0.4) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *Death and death.*  Apprehension  February 6, 2016 | [20](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA20.w.0.0.0.4) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *He stepped into Africa. How many times in the last year had he opened this door and found Wonderland, Alice, the Mock Turtle, or Aladdin and his Magical Lamp, or Jack Pumpkinhead of Oz, or Dr. Doolittle, or the cow jumping over a very real-appearing moon—all the delightful contraptions of a make-believe world. How often had he seen Pegasus flying in the sky ceiling, or seen fountains of red fireworks, or heard angel voices singing.*  Admiration  February 6, 2016 | [21](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA21.w.0.0.0.1) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *It seemed that, at a distance, for the past month, he had heard lions roaring, and smelled their strong odor seeping as far away as his study door. But, being busy, he had paid it no attention.*  Apprehension  February 6, 2016 | [21](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA21.w.0.0.0.3) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *He knew the principle of the room exactly. You sent out your thoughts. Whatever you thought would appear.*  Amazement  February 6, 2016 | [22](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA22) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *“Or it can’t respond.” said Lydia, “because the children have thought about Africa and lions and killing so many days that the room’s in a rut.”*  Terror  February 6, 2016 | [22](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA22.w.0.0.0.1) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *“Yes, come tell us about the nursery,” said George Hadley. The brother and sister blinked at him and then at each other. “Nursery?” “All about Africa and everything,” said the father with false joviality. “I don’t understand,” said Peter. “Your mother and I were just traveling through Africa with rod and reel; Tom Swift and his Electric Lion,” said George Hadley. “There’s no Africa in the nursery,” said Peter simply. “Oh, come now, Peter. We know better.” “I don’t remember any Africa,” said Peter to Wendy. “Do you?” “No.”*  Apprehension  February 6, 2016 | [22](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA22.w.0.0.0.3) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *But Wendy was back. “It’s not Africa,” she said breathlessly.*  Apprehension  February 6, 2016 | [23](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA23) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *They went off to the air closet, where a wind sucked them like brown leaves up the flue to their slumber rooms.*  Amazement  February 6, 2016 | [23](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA23.w.0.0.0.2) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *“What is that?” she asked. “An old wallet of mine,” he said. He showed it to her. The smell of hot grass was on it and the smell of a lion. There were drops of saliva on it, it had been chewed, and there were blood smears on both sides.*  Apprehension  February 6, 2016 | [23](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA23.w.0.0.0.2) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *“We’ve given the children everything they ever wanted. Is this our reward—secrecy, disobedience?” “Who was it said, ‘Children are carpets, they should be stepped on occasionally’? We’ve never lifted a hand. They’re insufferable—let’s admit it. They come and go when they like; they treat us as if we were offspring. They’re spoiled and we’re spoiled.”*  Annoyance / Sadness  February 6, 2016 | [24](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA24) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *A moment later they heard the screams. Two screams. Two people screaming from downstairs. And then a roar of lions. “Wendy and Peter aren’t in their rooms,” said his wife. He lay in his bed with his beating heart. “No,” he said. “They’ve broken into the nursery.” “Those screams—they sound familiar.” “Do they?” “Yes, awfully.”*  Apprehension  February 6, 2016 | [24](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA24.w.0.0.0.2) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *“That sounds dreadful! Would I have to tie my own shoes instead of letting the shoe tier do it? And brush my own teeth and comb my hair and give myself a bath?”*  Annoyance  February 6, 2016 | [25](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA25) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *“I don’t think you’d better consider it any more, Father.” “I won’t have any threats from my son!” “Very well.” And Peter strolled off to the nursery.*  Apprehension  February 6, 2016 | [25](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA25.w.0.0.0.1) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *“My dear George, a psychologist never saw a fact in his life. He only hears about feelings; vague things. This doesn’t feel good, I tell you. Trust my hunches and my instincts. I have a nose for something bad. This is very bad. My advice to you is to have the whole damn room torn down and your children brought to me every day during the next year for treatment.”*  Anticipation  February 6, 2016 | [26](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA26) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *“Everything. Where before they had a Santa Claus now they have a Scrooge. Children prefer Santa. You’ve let this room and this house replace you and your wife in your children’s affections. This room is their mother and father, far more important in their lives than their real parents. And now you come along and want to shut it off. No wonder there’s hatred here. You can feel it coming out of the sky. Feel that sun.*  Sadness  February 6, 2016 | [26](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA26.w.0.0.0.3) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *“Paranoia is thick around here today,” said David McClean. “You can follow it like a spoor. Hello.” He bent and picked up a bloody scarf. “This yours?” “No.” George Hadley’s face was rigid. “It belongs to Lydia.” They went to the fuse box together and threw the switch that killed the nursery.*  Fear  February 6, 2016 | [27](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA27.w.0.0.0.2) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *The house was full of dead bodies, it seemed. It felt like a mechanical cemetery. So silent. None of the humming hidden energy of machines waiting to function at the tap of a button.*  Admiration / Amazement  February 7, 2016 | [28](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA28) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *“Don’t let them do it!” wailed Peter at the ceiling, as if he was talking to the house, the nursery. “Don’t let Father kill everything.” He turned to his father. “Oh, I hate you!” “Insults won’t get you anywhere.” “I wish you were dead!”*  Apprehension  February 7, 2016 | [28](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA28.w.0.0.0.1) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *“Did you leave them in the nursery?” “I wanted to dress too. Oh, that horrid Africa. What can they see in it?”*  Annoyance  February 7, 2016 | [28](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA28.w.0.0.0.4) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *The door slammed. “Wendy, Peter!” George Hadley and his wife whirled and ran back to the door. “Open the door!” cried George Hadley, trying the knob. “Why, they’ve locked it from the outside! Peter!” He beat at the door. “Open up!”*  Fear  February 7, 2016 | [29](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA29) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *And then they heard the sounds. The lions on three sides of them, in the yellow veldt grass, padding through the dry straw, rumbling and roaring in their throats. The lions. Mr. Hadley looked at his wife and they turned and looked back at the beasts edging slowly forward, crouching, tails stiff. Mr. and Mrs. Hadley screamed. And suddenly they realized why those other screams had sounded familiar.*  Fear  February 7, 2016 | [29](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA29.w.0.0.0.2) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *“Where are your father and mother?” The children looked up and smiled. “Oh, they’ll be here directly.” “Good, we must get going.” At a distance Mr. McClean saw the lions fighting and clawing and then quieting down to feed in silence under the shady trees.*  Fear  February 7, 2016 | [29](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA29.w.0.0.0.3) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *“A cup of tea?” asked Wendy in the silence.*  Fear  February 7, 2016 | [30](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=w8JqBwAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA30) | |