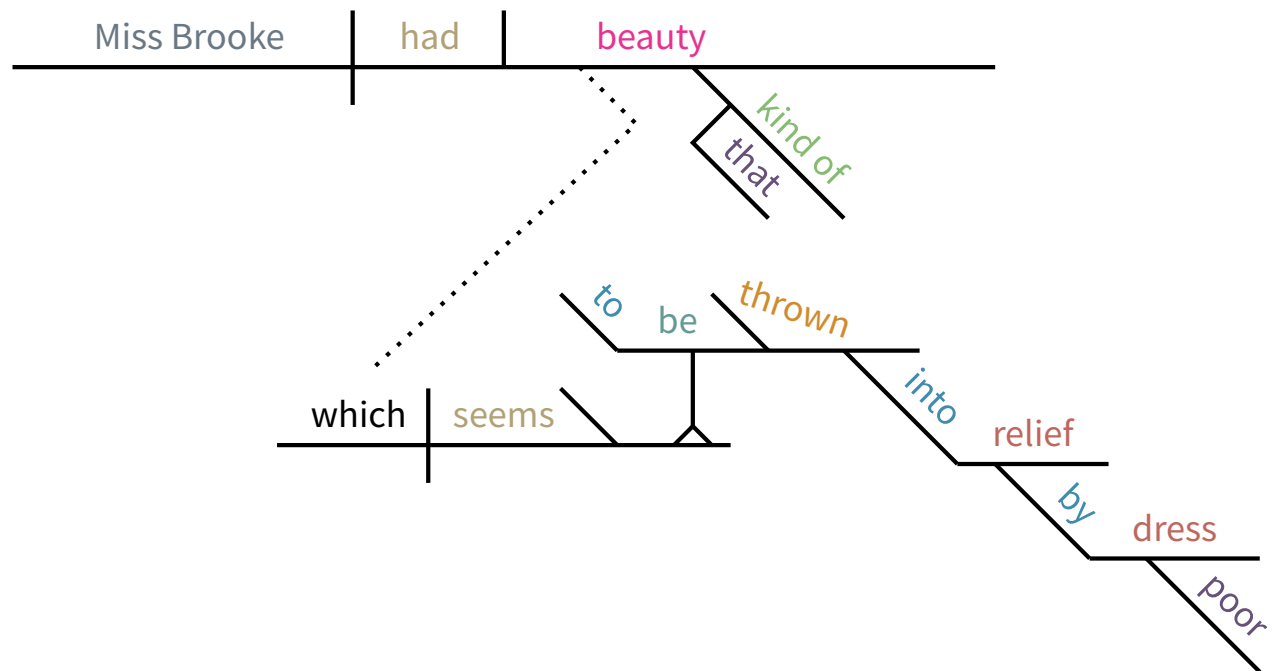


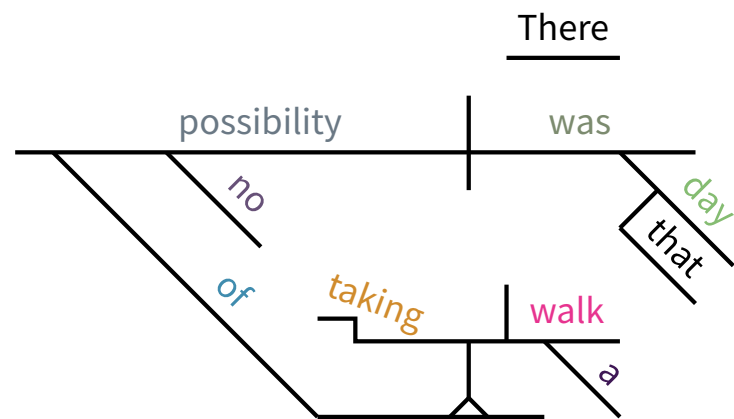
Miss Brooke had that kind of beauty which seems to be thrown into relief by poor dress.

George Eliot, *Middlemarch*



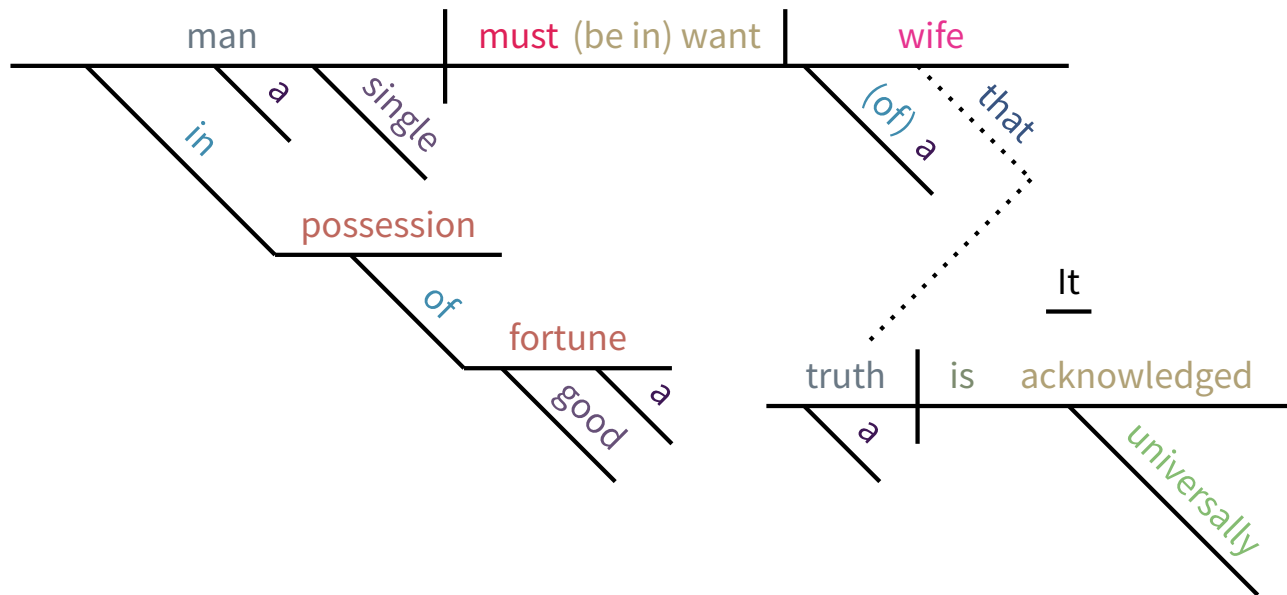
There was no possibility of taking a walk that day.

Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*



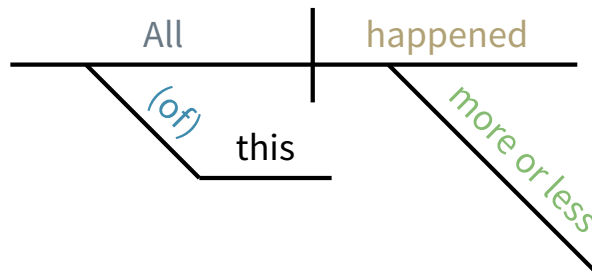
It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man
in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife.

Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*



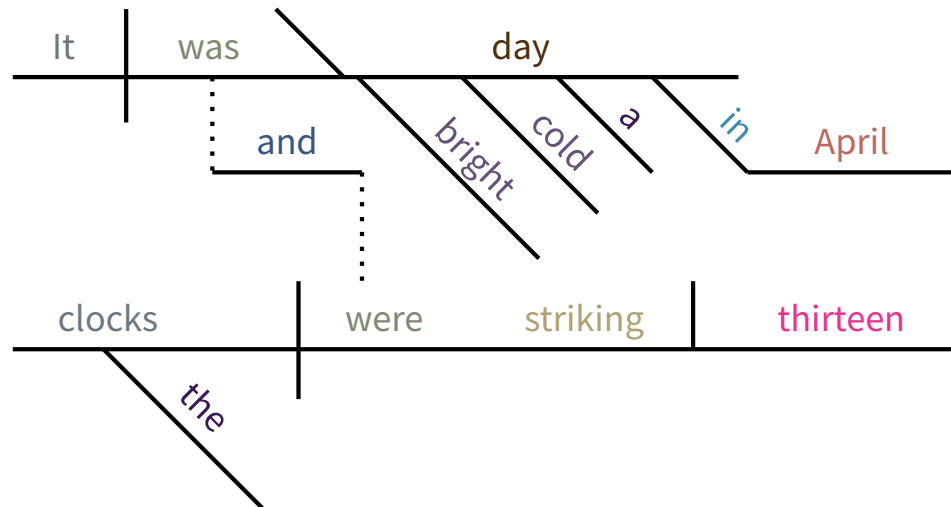
All this happened, more or less.

Kurt Vonnegut, *Slaughterhouse Five*



It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen.

George Orwell, 1984



Call me Ishmael.

Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*

(you) | Call | me \ Ishmael

It was a pleasure to burn.

Ray Bradbury, *Fahrenheit 451*

