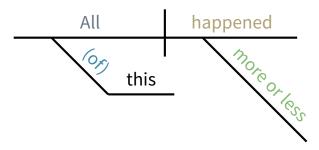


Jane Austen, Pride and Prejudice

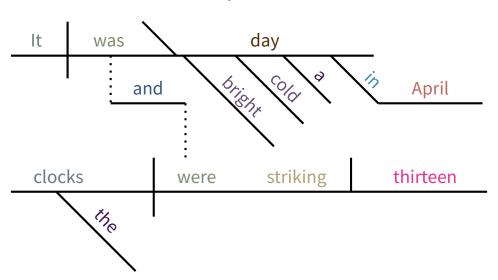
All this happened, more or less.

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*

