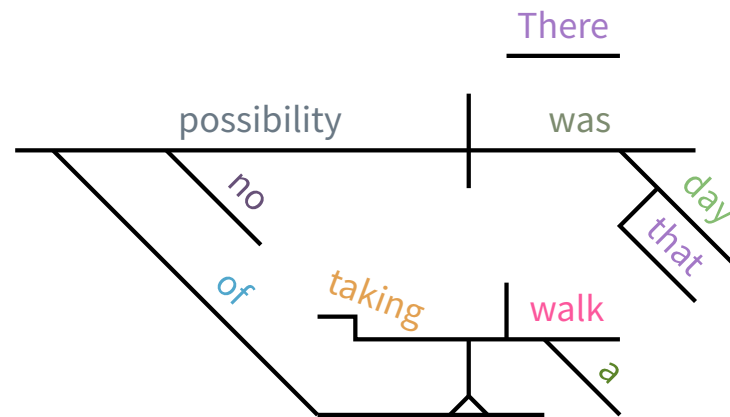


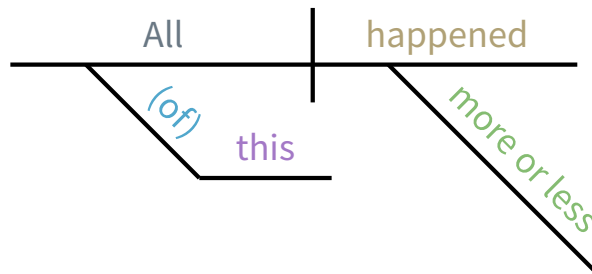
There was no possibility of taking a walk that day.

Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*



All this happened, more or less.

Kurt Vonnegut, *Slaughterhouse Five*



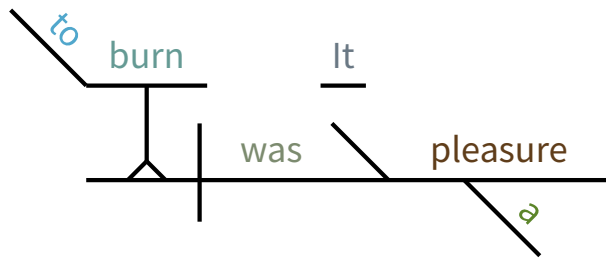
Call me Ishmael.

Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*

(you) | Call | me \ Ishmael

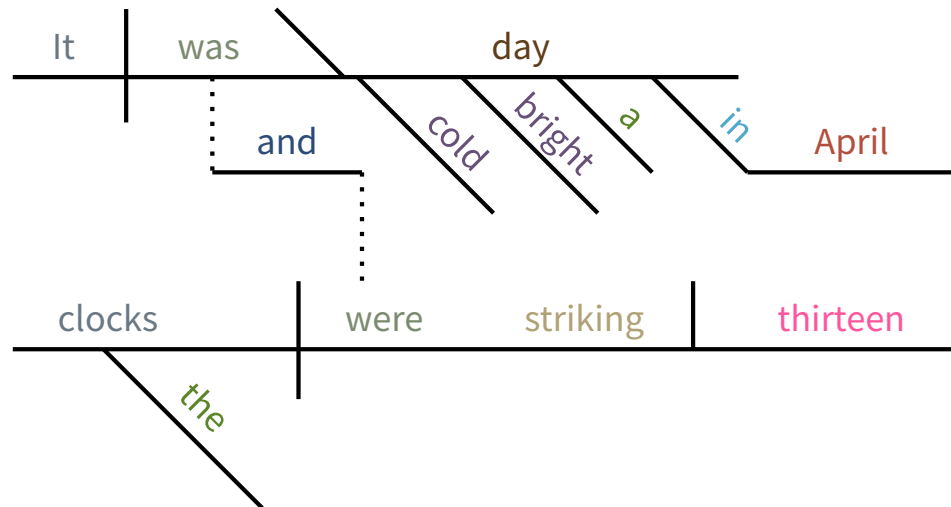
It was a pleasure to burn.

Ray Bradbury, *Fahrenheit 451*



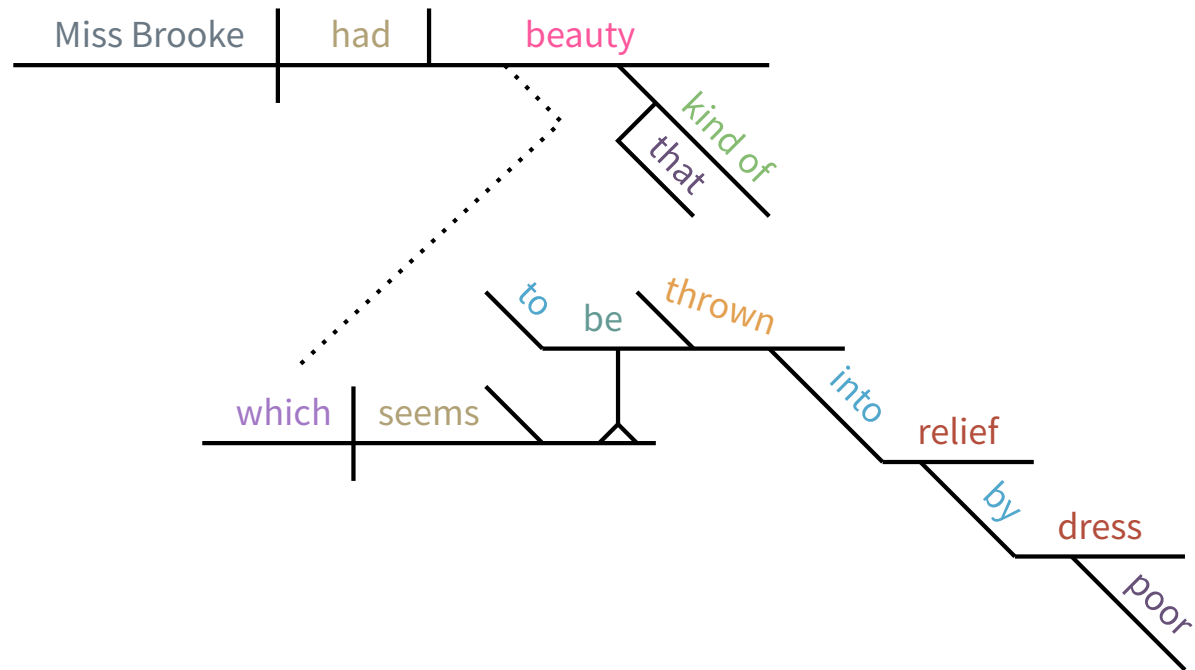
It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen.

George Orwell, 1984



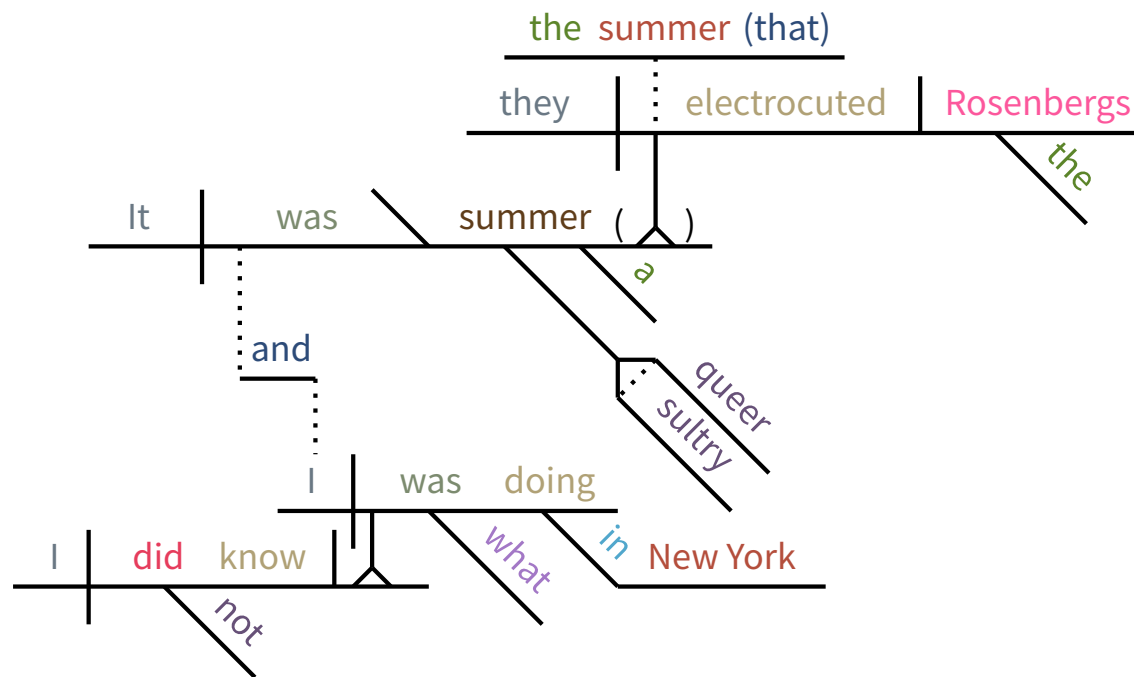
Miss Brooke had that kind of beauty which seems to be thrown into relief by poor dress.

George Eliot, *Middlemarch*



It was a queer, sultry summer, the summer they electrocuted
the Rosenbergs, and I didn't know what I was doing in New York

Sylvia Plath, *The Bell Jar*



The studio was filled with the rich odour of roses, and when the light summer wind stirred amidst the trees of the garden, there came through the open door the heavy scent of the lilac, or the more delicate perfume of the pink-flowering thorn.

Oscar Wilde, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*

