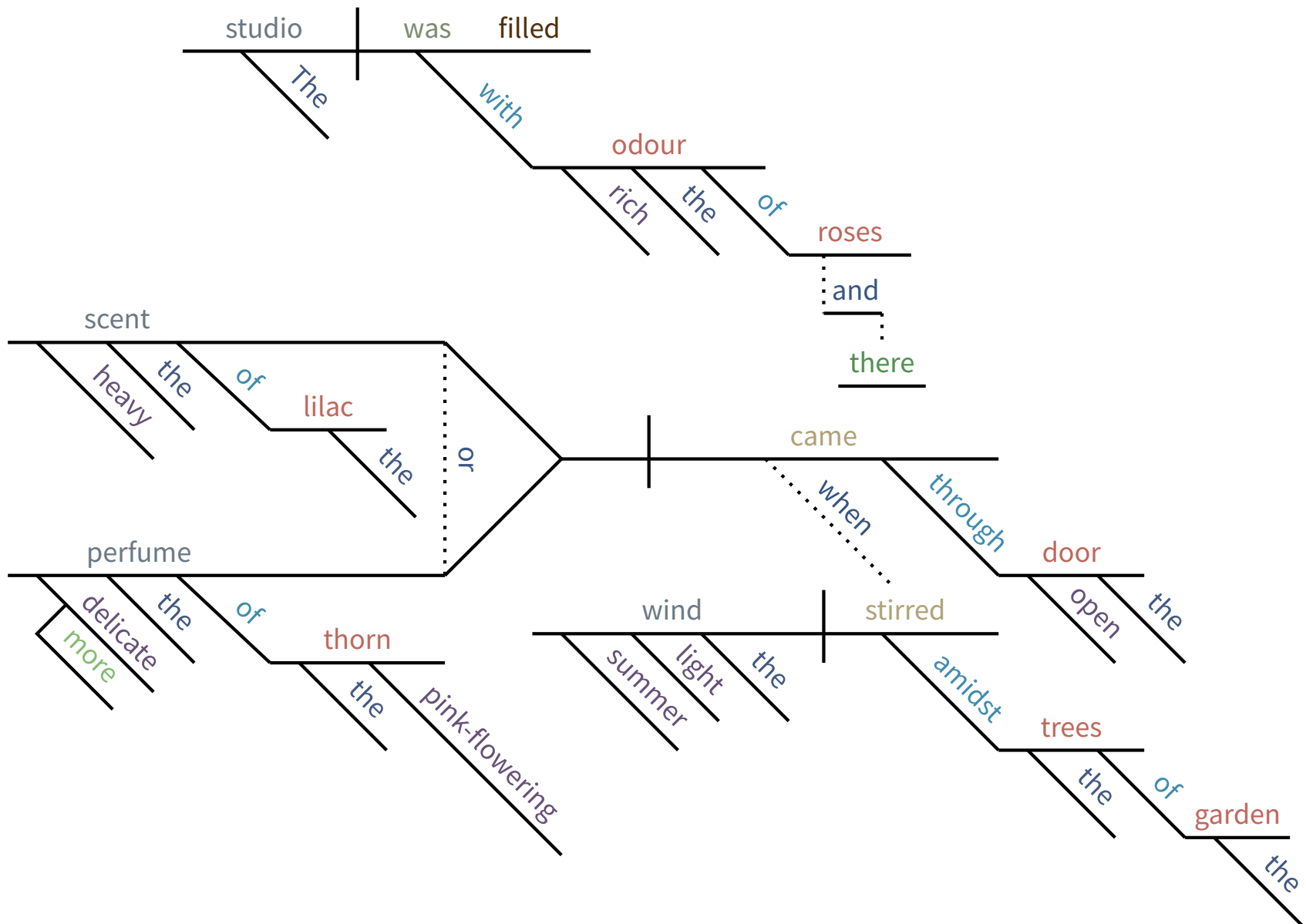


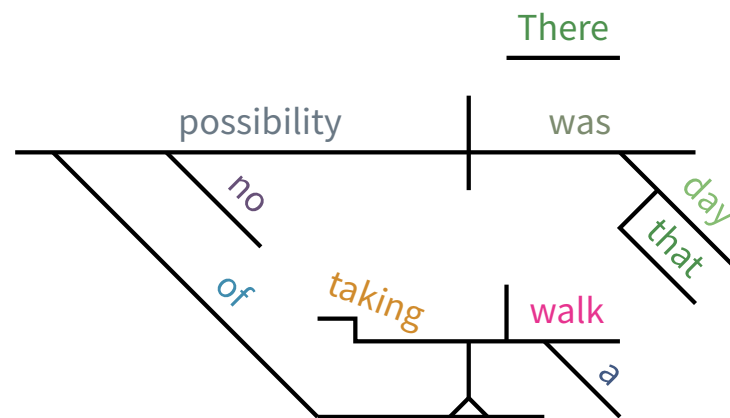
The studio was filled with the rich odour of roses, and when the light summer wind stirred amidst the trees of the garden, there came through the open door the heavy scent of the lilac, or the more delicate perfume of the pink-flowering thorn.

Oscar Wilde, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*



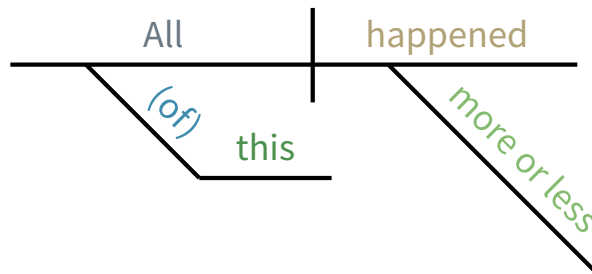
There was no possibility of taking a walk that day.

Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*



All this happened, more or less.

Kurt Vonnegut, *Slaughterhouse Five*



Call me Ishmael.

Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*

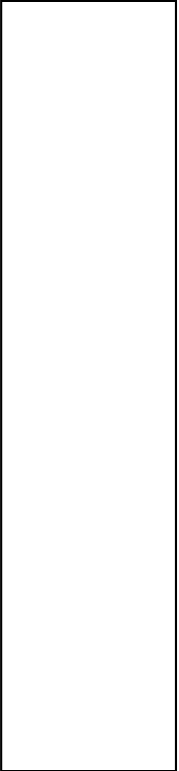
(you)	Call	me	Ishmael
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It was a pleasure to burn.

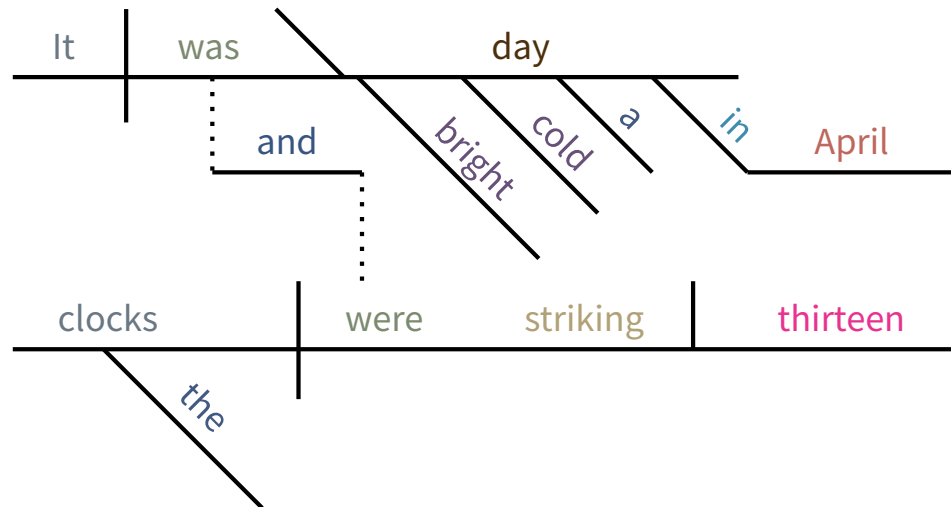
Ray Bradbury, *Fahrenheit 451*

The diagram illustrates the sentence structure of the quote. The words 'to' and 'burn' are connected by a horizontal line. The words 'It' and 'was' are connected by a horizontal line. The words 'a' and 'pleasure' are connected by a horizontal line. A vertical line connects the horizontal line of 'to burn' to the horizontal line of 'It was'. Another vertical line connects the horizontal line of 'a pleasure' to the horizontal line of 'It was'. The word 'to' is blue, 'burn' is green, 'It' is brown, 'was' is green, 'a' is blue, and 'pleasure' is brown.



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

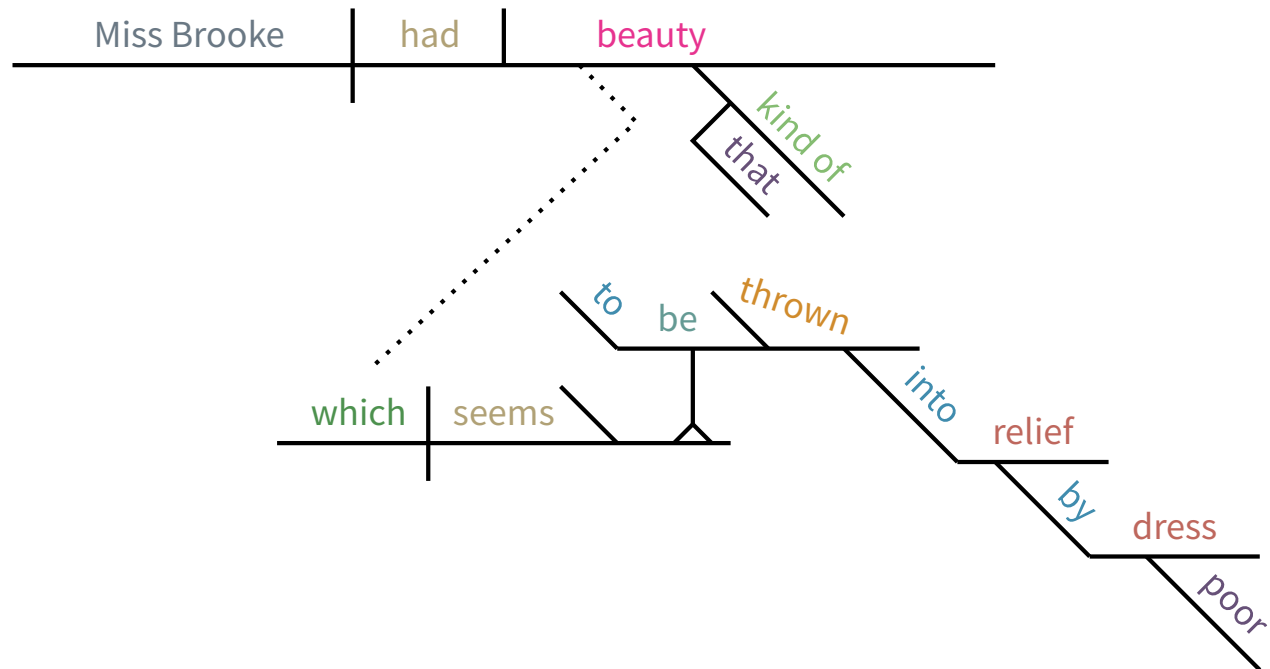
George Orwell, 1984





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*

