

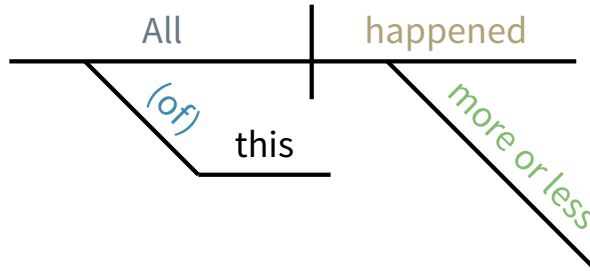
It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife.

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

