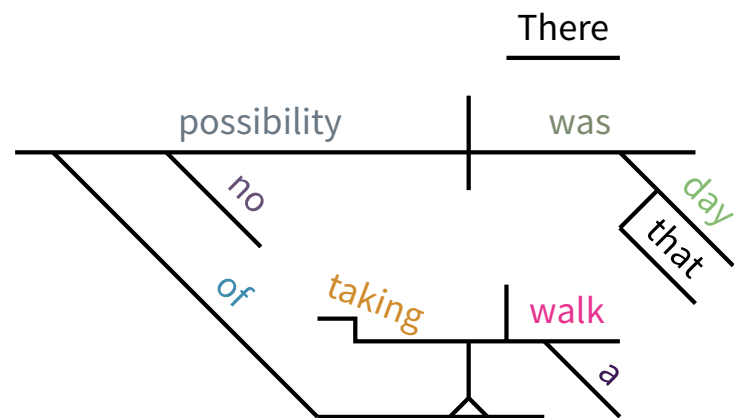


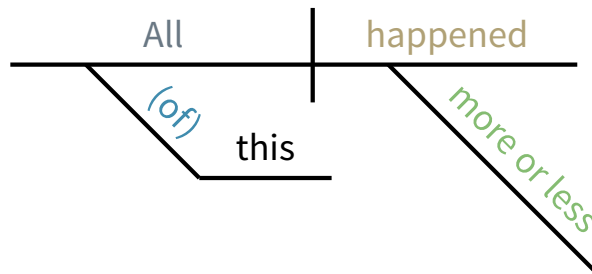
There was no possibility of taking a walk that day.

Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*



All this happened, more or less.

Kurt Vonnegut, *Slaughterhouse Five*



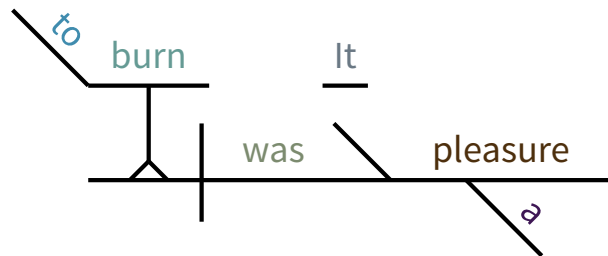
Call me Ishmael.

Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*

(you) | Call | me \ Ishmael

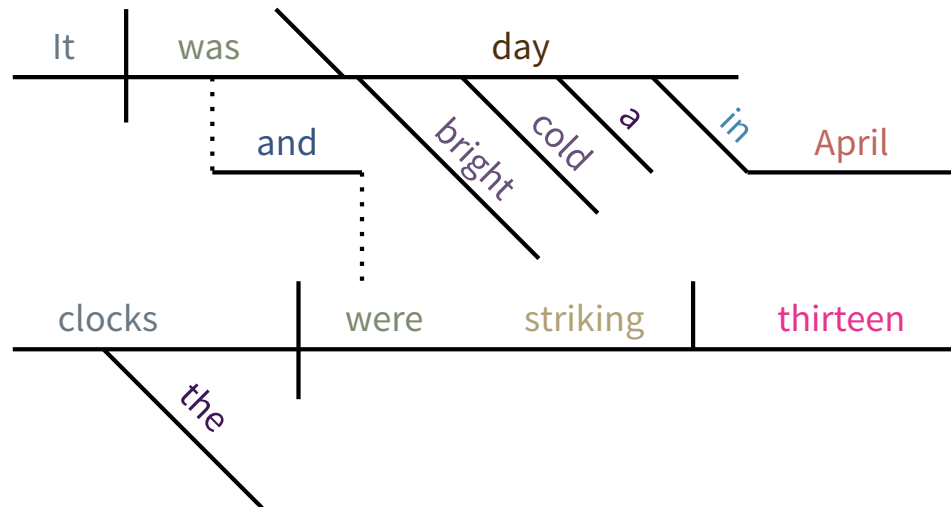
It was a pleasure to burn.

Ray Bradbury, *Fahrenheit 451*



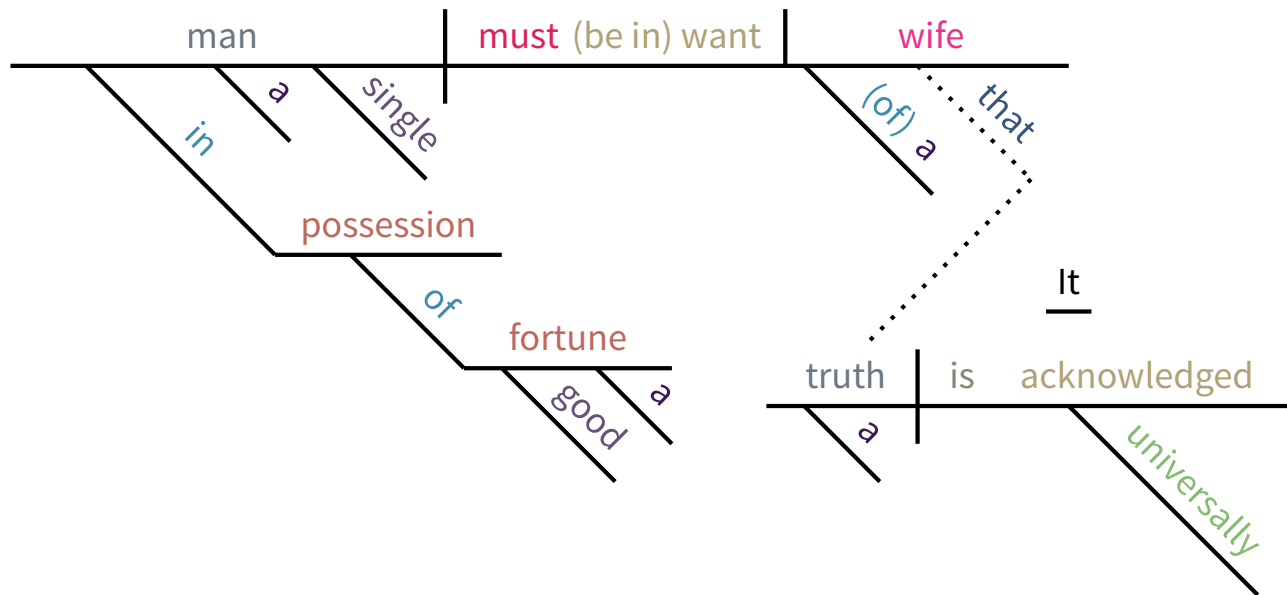
It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen.

George Orwell, 1984



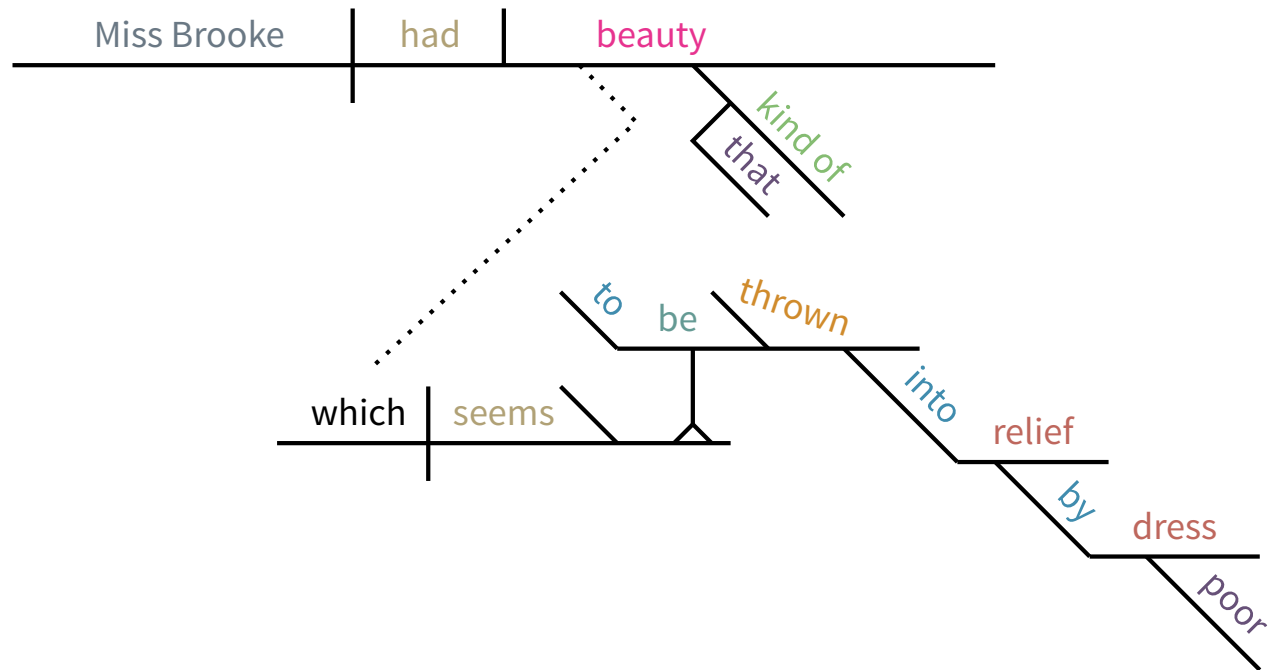
It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man  
in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife.

Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*



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*

