

THE NOVEL

Some books are to be tasted; others swallowed; and some few to be chewed and swallowed.

— Francis Bacon

A book is like a garden carried in the pocket

— Chinese proverb

A book is a mirror: If an ass peers into it, you can't expect an apostle to look out.

— G. C. Lichtenberg

The novel is the highest example of subtle interrelatedness that man has discovered.

— D. H. Lawrence

Almost all great writers have as their motif, more or less disguised, the "passage from childhood to maturity," the clash between the thrill of expectation, and the disillusioning knowledge of the truth. Lost Illusion is the undisclosed title of every novel.

— Andre Maurois

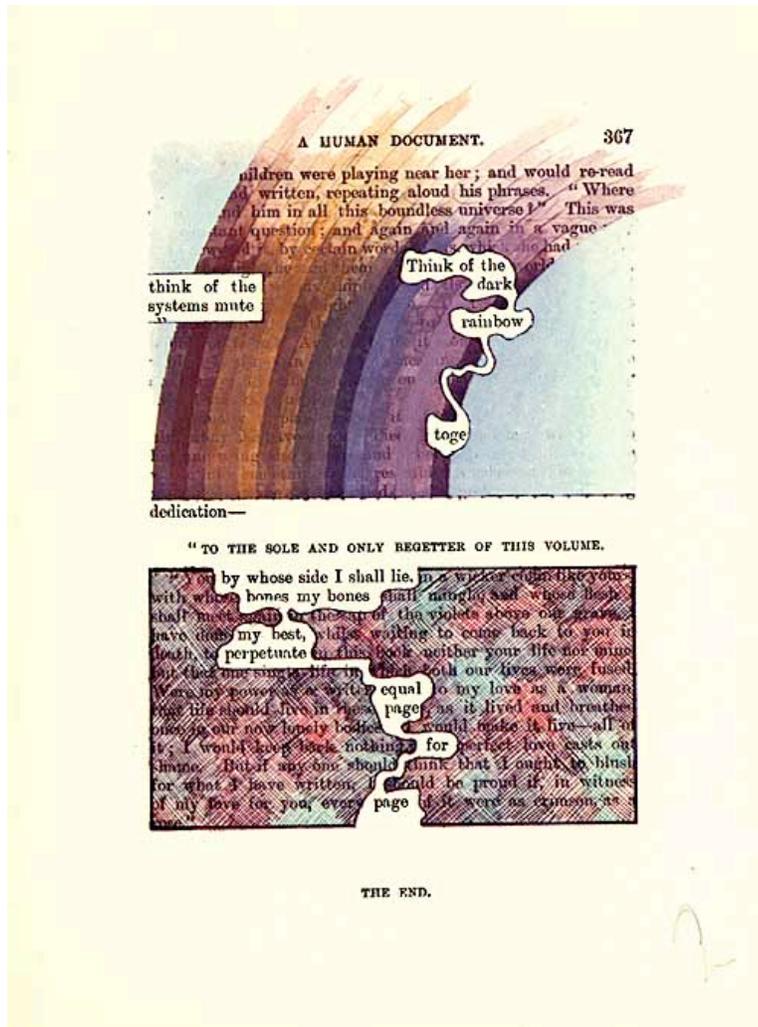
Whatever our theme in writing, it is old and tired. Whatever our place, it has been visited by the stranger, it will never be new again. It is only the vision that can be new; but that is enough.

— Eudora Welty

The man who does not read good books has no advantage over the man who can't read them.

—Mark Twain

A Humument: A Treated Victorian Novel



“I took a forgotten Victorian novel found by chance. I plundered, mined, and **undermined** its text to make it yield the **ghosts** of other possible stories, scenes, poems, erotic incidents and **surrealist** catastrophes which seemed to lurk within its wall of words. As I worked on it, I replaced the text I’d stripped away with visual images of all kinds. **It began to tell and to depict**, amongst other memories, dreams and reflections, the **sad story** of one of **love’s casualties.**”

Tom Phillips, *A Humument: A Treated Victorian Novel*. NY: Thames and Hudson, 1987. Now in its fourth edition.

Dense novels, because of their length and depth, are most likely to have the rich language where poetry hides.

For this assignment, you will be creating an original free verse poem by “finding” well-written lines inside another writer’s story. Because this is free verse, your poem will not rhyme or have a regular rhythm. You will transform prose into a poem. Start with a pencil and a light hand. Circle word groups that you think you want to keep in your poem. Look for a title to emerge or irresistible imagery, evocative description, energetic vocabulary. . .

Once your poem begins to take on its shape, consider how art will enhance it. Your poem may be abstract or a concrete picture may emerge. Look at several examples by Tom Phillips and former students to see the limitless possibilities.

Entire 1970 book available as graphic images at website

Entire Fourth Edition available at website as slideshow – <http://humument.com/>

Yahoo Altered Books Group in homage -- <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/alterredbooks/>

WHAT IS A NOVEL?

It's an extended fictional prose narrative. As an *extended* narrative, the novel is distinguished from the **short story** and from the **novellette**: its magnitude permits a greater variety of characters, greater complication of plot (or plots), an ampler development of *milieu*, and a more subtle and sustained exploration of character than do the shorter, hence necessarily more concentrated modes. As a **prose** narrative, the novel is distinguished from the long verse narratives which were often **epics** or **romances**, rather than novels which usually attempt a more realistic recreation of experience.

The form of the novel is as protean as life and experience themselves, and the subject matter of the novel defies cataloging. The novel may concentrate upon **character**, almost to the exclusion of plot. It may merely be a series of **incidents** strung together like beads on a string, as the **picaresque novel** tends to be. It may be solidly plotted, with a structure as firm and sure as that of a **tragedy**. It may attempt to present the details of life with a scientist's detached and objective completeness, as in **naturalism**; or it may try by **image** and linguistic action to reproduce the unconscious flow of the emotions as **stream-of-consciousness novels** do. It may be **episodic**, loose in structure, **epic** in proportion -- what is called "panoramic" -- or it may be tightly-knit, bringing its material forward in dramatic orderliness -- what is called "scenic."

SOME ELEMENTS OF THE NOVEL

The elements of the **novel** are the same as those in any fictional narrative. The primary distinction lies only in the complexity of their development.

PLOT: A story line beginning with the establishment of a **conflict**, running through a series of **climaxes** and **anti-climaxes** to a final conflict and resolution.

CONFLICT: The collision of two opposing forces

1. a struggle against the forces of nature (man vs. nature)
2. a struggle against another person, usually the antagonist (man vs. man)
3. a struggle against society as a force (man vs. society)
4. a struggle for mastery by two elements within the protagonist (,am vs. self)

A fifth possible kind of conflict is often cited, the struggle against fate or destiny; however, such a struggle is usually realized through the action of one or more of the four basic conflicts. Conflict implies **motivation**, some purpose or goal to the conflict, not mere occurrence. The Greek word for conflict is **agon**, thus producing the terms **protagonist** and **antagonist**.

CHARACTERIZATION: The development of character through the pages of the novel by means of words. Characters are often described as **round** vs. **flat**, **static** vs. **dynamic**, **blocking** characters, **stock** characters, etc. There are three fundamental methods of **characterization** in fiction:

1. The explicit presentation by the author.
2. The presentation of the character in action.
3. The representation from within the character.

THEME: The central or dominating idea in a literary work.

SETTING: The physical, and sometimes spiritual, background against which the action of a narrative takes place. The elements which make up a **setting** are:

1. The actual geographical location, its topography, scenery, and physical arrangements.
2. The occupations and daily manner of living of the characters.
3. The time or period in which the action takes place, e.g. epoch, season.
4. The general environment of the characters, e.g. religious, mental, moral, social and emotional conditions.

KINDS OF NOVELS

Bildungsroman: It presents the development of the protagonist's mind and character, as he passes from childhood through varied experiences (usually including a spiritual crisis) into maturity and recognition of his identity and his role in the world. The development of an artist to maturity and mastery of his artistic craft is a **kunsterroman**.

Epistolary Novel: The narrative is conveyed entirely by an exchange of letters.

Gothic Novel: A form of novel in which magic, mystery, and the supernatural are the chief characteristics. The term is applied today to novels which discard the setting but maintain the atmosphere of brooding and unknown terror.

Historical Novel: It takes its setting and some of its characters and events from history; the term is usually applied only if the historical milieu and events are fairly elaborately developed, and important to the central narrative.

Novel of Manners: The social mores of a social class at a particular time and place are defined and described in detail and with great accuracy, and these mores become powerful controls over characters.

Picaresque Novel: "Picaresque" is Spanish for "rogue," and the typical story is of the escapades of a rascal who lives by his wits, and shows little if any alteration of character through the long succession of his adventures. Picaresque fiction is realistic in manner, episodic in structure, and usually satiric in aim.

Psychological Novel: This novel places major emphasis on interior characterization, not content to state just what happens, but going on to explain the "why" behind the action. Presenting the uninterrupted, uneven, and endless flow of thought of one or more characters – **stream-of-consciousness** -- is a favored technique.

Regional Novel: It emphasizes the setting, speech, and customs of a particular locality, not merely as local color, but as important conditions affecting the temperament of the characters and their ways of thinking, feeling, and acting.

Romance Novel: It has simplified characters, larger than life, sharply discriminated as heroes and villains. The protagonist is often solitary and isolated from the social context. The adventurous plot may be a quest for an ideal or the pursuit of an enemy. Nonrealistic and melodramatic events are sometimes symbolize the primal desires, hopes, and terrors of the human mind.

Sociological Novel: This novel emphasizes the influences of social and economic conditions on characters and events. If it also embodies an implicit or explicit thesis recommending social reform, it is a **propaganda novel**.

Another way to classify types of novels with the emphasis on particular subjects, such as

- **Campus (or academic) novel** – a novel whose main action is set in and around the campus of a university.
- **Comic (or graphic) novel** – a graphic medium in which images convey a sequential narrative
- **Crime fiction** – deals with crimes, their detection, criminals and their motives. Subgenres include detective fiction (including the whodunnit), legal thriller, courtroom drama, hard-boiled fiction, and spy novel
- **Fantasy** – uses magic and other supernatural forms as a primary element of plot, theme and/or setting
- **Science fiction** -- differs from fantasy in that, within the context of the story, its imaginary elements are largely possible within scientifically established or scientifically postulated laws of nature (though *some* elements in a story might still be pure imaginative speculation)
- **Horror** – intended to scare its readers, inducing feelings of horror and terror, whether natural or supernatural
- **Romance** – focused on the relationship and romantic love between two people
- **Gothic** – combines elements of both horror and romance
- **Westerns** -- comprises the history, geography, people, lore, and cultural expression of life in the Western United States, between the American Civil War and the end of the century.
- **Magical realism** -- an aesthetic style in which magical elements or illogical scenarios appear in an otherwise realistic or even "normal" setting.

by _____

Any Novel Essay Examination

Directions: Read each question carefully before you begin to answer. Then plan so that you answer accurately to the point. Each answer should be approximately a paragraph. . . a long paragraph. . . not three sentences. You will receive a “PASS” on a question *IF* it includes the following:

1. Specific details from the book, not just summary.
2. Accurate explanation of the details chosen.
3. Chapter or page numbers for the details and quotes you cite.

The following sample answer is *NOT* a pass:

There are a lot of symbols in *Moby Dick*. The Pipe is one of the symbols that is important in *Moby Dick*. Ahab has a Pipe and Ahab throws his pipe away. Other important symbols include Moby Dick, the whale. Melville even said that Moby Dick was a symbol. He said that Moby Dick was a symbol of lots of things, of bears and sharks, and other animals. He said, “And of all these things the Albino Whale was the symbol. Wonder ye then at the fiery hunt?” (Ch. 42)

In order to **PASS** the test, you must **PASS** _____ questions. You may answer as many questions as you have time to complete within the class period. No time extensions will be allowed. You will receive a higher grade if you pass more than the required number.

1. Explain the significance of the title of the novel. Explore other titles which might (or might not) have been more appropriate.
2. Select what you consider to be the most important chapter in the novel and prove your opinion by relating it to the novel as a whole.
3. Select what you consider to be the most important quotation in the novel and prove your opinion by relating it to the novel as a whole.
4. Select what you consider to be the most important symbol or image in the novel and prove your opinion by relating it to the novel as a whole.
5. Select whom you consider to be the most important character in the novel and prove your opinion by relating him to the novel as a whole.
6. Discuss any archetypal characters, images, symbols, or motifs in the novel and analyze their significance.
7. Discuss any allusions in the novel to myth, the Bible, folklore, or other literary works and analyze their significance.
8. Relate some aspect, character, event, chapter, or quotation in the novel to something of importance in your own life.
9. Relate some aspect, character, event, chapter, or quotation in the novel to Joseph Campbell’s Plot Paradigm.
10. Relate some aspect, character, event, chapter, or quotation in the novel to Northrop Frye’s Classification of Heroes.
11. Relate some aspect, character, event, chapter, or quotation in the novel to Auden’s concept of the Quest Hero.
12. Relate some aspect, character, event, chapter, or quotation in the novel to Plato’s “Allegory of the Cave” or Aristotle’s Golden Mean.
13. Relate some aspect, character, event, chapter, or quotation in the novel to another discipline -- psychology, sociology, philosophy, art, etc.
14. Relate some aspect, character, event, chapter, or quotation in the novel to another novel you have read.
15. Relate some aspect, character, event, chapter, or quotation in the novel to a movie you have seen.

Aspects of a Novel

1

The King died, and then the Queen died.

2

The King died, and then the Queen died of grief.

3

The King died, and then the Queen died, and everybody wondered why the Queen died. And some people said she died of grief.

4

The King died, and then the Queen died, and everybody wondered why the Queen died. But the Lord Chancellor said she died of grief.

5

The King died, and then the Queen died, and everybody wondered why the Queen died. But I was the last person to see her alive that night and I told them that of course she died of grief.

6

The King died, and then the Queen died, and everybody around me wondered why she died. And then the Lord Chancellor took me aside and said, "Your Highness," and led me to my father's throne.

7

The King died. It all seemed perfect. But then the Queen began carrying on, guilt and sin, acting like it was all my fault, until I could stand it no longer. When they found her body the next day, everybody said she must have died of grief.

8

After the King died, I thought I'd die of grief.

9

"The King is dead! The King is dead!" They ran round the city shouting that the King was dead. When the Lord Chancellor broke the news to her, she gasped and fainted. He came to me later that night and said my suspicions were unfounded. The Queen, may she rest in peace, had died of grief.

10

The King is dead. Long live the King.

Novel Openings and Activities

Albert Camus, *The Stranger*

Maman died today. Or yesterday, maybe, I don't know. I got a telegram from the home: "Mother deceased. Funeral tomorrow. Faithfully yours." That doesn't mean anything. Maybe it was yesterday.

The old people's home is at Marengo, about eighty kilometers from Algiers, I'll take the two o'clock bus and get there in the afternoon. That way I can be there for the vigil and come back tomorrow night. I asked my boss for two days off and there was no way he was going to refuse me with an excuse like that. But he wasn't too happy about it. I even said, "It's not my fault." He didn't say anything. Then I thought I shouldn't have said that. After all, I didn't have anything to apologize for. He's the one who should have offered his condolences. But he probably will day after tomorrow, when he sees I'm in mourning. For now, it's almost as if Maman weren't dead. After the funeral, though the case will be closed, and everything will have a more official feel to it.

Gabriel Garcia Marquez, *Love in the Time of Cholera*

It was inevitable: the scent of bitter almonds always reminded him of the fate of unrequited love. Dr. Juvenal Urbino noticed it as soon as he entered the still darkened house where he had hurried on an urgent call to attend a case that for him had lost all urgency many years before. The Antillean refugee Jeremiah de Saint-Amour, disabled war veteran, photographer of children, and his most sympathetic opponent in chess, had escaped the torments of memory with the aromatic fumes of gold cyanide.

Chinua Achebe, *Things Fall Apart*

Okonkwo was well known throughout the nine villages and even beyond. His fame rested on solid personal achievements. As a young man of eighteen he had brought honor to his village by throwing Amalinze the Cat. Amalinze was the great wrestler who for seven years was unbeaten, from Umuofia to Mbaino. He was called the Cat because his back would never touch the earth. It was this man that Okonkwo threw in a fight which the old men agreed was one of the fiercest since the founder of their town engaged a spirit of the wild for seven days and seven nights.

Feodor Dostoevsky, *Crime and Punishment*

Toward the end of a sultry afternoon early in July, a young man came out of his little room in Stolyarny Lane and turned slowly and somewhat irresolutely in the direction of Kamenny Bridge [in St. Petersburg].

He had been lucky enough to escape an encounter with his landlady on the stairs. His little room, more like a cupboard than a place to live in, was tucked away under the roof of the high five-storied building. The landlady, who let him the room and provided him with dinners and service, occupied a flat on the floor below, and every time he went out he was forced to pass the door of her kitchen, which nearly always stood wide open. He went past each time with an uneasy, almost frightened, feeling that made him frown with shame. He was heavily in debt to his landlady and shrank from meeting her.

Franz Kafka, *The Metamorphosis*

One morning, as Gregor Samsa was waking up from anxious dreams, he discovered that in bed he had been changed into a monstrous verminous bug. He lay on his armour-hard back and saw, as he lifted his head up a little, his brown, arched abdomen divided up into rigid bow-like sections. From this height the blanket, just about ready to slide off completely, could hardly stay in place. His numerous legs, pitifully thin in comparison to the rest of his circumference, flickered helplessly before his eyes.

"What's happened to me," he thought. It was no dream. His room, a proper room for a human being, only somewhat too small, lay quietly between the four well-known walls. Above the table, on which an unpacked collection of sample cloth goods was spread out—Samsa was a travelling salesman—hung the picture which he had cut out of an illustrated magazine a little while ago and set in a pretty gilt frame. It was a picture of a woman with a fur hat and a fur boa. She sat erect there, lifting up in the direction of the viewer a solid fur muff into which her entire forearm had disappeared.

Charles Dickens, *The Tale of Two Cities*

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to heaven, we were all going direct the other way – in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only.

There were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a plain face, on the throne of England; there were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a fair face, on the throne of France. In both countries it was clearer than crystal to the lords of the State preserves of loaves and fishes, that things in general were settled for ever. It was the year of Our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five. Spiritual revelations were conceded to England at that favoured period, as at this....

Daniel DeFoe, *Robinson Crusoe*

1719

I was born in the year 1632, in the city of York, of a good family, though not of that country, my father being a foreigner of Bremen, who settled first at Hull. He got a good estate by merchandise, and leaving off his trade lived afterward at York, from whence he had married my mother, whose relations were named Robinson, a good family in that country, and from whom I was called Robinson Kreutznear; but by the usual corruption of words in England we are now called, nay, we call ourselves, and write our name, Crusoe, and so my companions always called me.

I had two elder brothers, one of which was lieutenant-colonel to an English regiment of foot in Flanders, formerly commanded by the famous Colonel Lockhart, and was killed at the battle near Dunkirk against the Spaniards; what became of my second brother I never knew, any more than my father and mother did know what was become of me.

Being the third son of the family, and not bred to any trade, my head began to be filled very early with rambling thoughts. My father, who was very ancient, had given me a competent share of learning, as far as house-education and a country free school generally goes, and designed me for the law, but I would be satisfied with nothing but going to sea; and my inclination to this led me so strongly against the will, nay, the commands, of my father, and against all the entreaties and persuasions of my mother and other friends, that there seemed to be something fatal in that propension of nature tending directly to the life of misery which was to befall me.

Mark Twain, *Huckleberry Finn*

You don't know about me without you have read a book by the name of *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*; but that ain't no matter. That book was made by Mr. Mark Twain, and he told the truth, mainly. There was things which he stretched, but mainly he told the truth. That is nothing. I never seen anybody but lied one time or another, without it was Aunt Polly, or the widow, or maybe Mary. Aunt Polly -- Tom's Aunt Polly, she is -- and Mary, and the Widow Douglas is all told about in that book, which is mostly a true book, with some stretchers, as I said before.

Now the way that the book winds up is this: Tom and me found the money that the robbers hid in the cave, and it made us rich. We got six thousand dollars apiece -- all gold. It was an awful sight of money when it was piled up. Well, Judge Thatcher he took it and put it out at interest, and it fetched us a dollar a day apiece all the year round -- more than a body could tell what to do with. The Widow Douglas she took me for her son, and allowed she would sivilize me; but it was rough living in the house all the time, considering how dismal regular and decent the widow was in all her ways; and so when I couldn't stand it no longer I lit out. I got into my old rags and my sugar-hogshead again, and was free and satisfied. But Tom Sawyer he hunted me up and said he was going to start a band of robbers, and I might join if I would go back to the widow and be respectable. So I went back.

Activities:

- ✓ Analyze any one for diction / level of diction, syntax, rhetorical devices, mood, tone, point of view, attitude, choice of details, organization, style, elements of fiction etc. Determine the achieved effect and purpose.
- ✓ Write an AP style prompt after completing the above.
- ✓ Construct a Venn diagram to compare and contrast two or more of these openings for style and effect.
- ✓ Imitate the style of one or more to write your personal biography as a novel.
- ✓ Your suggestions?

Why First Chapters?



The beginning – a road map, a formal introduction, a lecture, a promise, a hook as if you were fishing – but my favorite metaphor for that first chapter is seduction. Yes, seduction. Think about all that suggests, and suggestion is such an important part of that first flirty chapter where the reader is attracted to the writer and wants more. Ah, temptation!

My Favorite AP Open Response Prompt (1972)

In retrospect, the reader often discovers that the first chapter of a novel or the opening scene of a drama introduces some of the major themes of the work. Write an essay about the opening scene of a drama or the first chapter of a novel in which you explain how it functions in this way.

Sites where you can cut-and-paste the first chapters of fiction and non-fiction – for free. Fall in love with new titles.

Chapter One – a regular feature allows you to read the first chapter of selected books, all reviewed in *The Washington Post*.

<http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-srv/style/books/chapterone.htm>

Take a Peek – *USA Today's* offering presents a virtual library of more than a hundred first chapter excerpts, with brief descriptors.

<http://www.usatoday.com/life/books/excerpts/index.htm>

Books of the Times – The venerable *New York Times* makes finding first chapters a bit harder, because you must scroll through a list for titles that include an excerpt. Beware distractions into other bookish adventures.

<http://www.nytimes.com/pages/books/index.html>

First Chapters – The Guardian puts a British twist on its choices, sometimes offering several chapters from a book. Another good site to be distracted into Poetry Workshops, Literary Quizzes, and Why I Write interviews.

<http://www.guardian.co.uk/books/series/firstchapters>

Beginnings – CNN maintains an extensive archive of first chapters, but rarely adds new ones and the graphics are often broken. Even so, the “I want to read it” button in the archive window at the bottom consistently delivers the desired chapters. Each chapter comes with a brief introduction.

<http://www.cnn.com/books/beginnings/>

Book Excerpts – The Denver Post has its offerings, some linked to reviews.

<http://www.denverpost.com/excerpts>

Book Excerpts and First Chapters -- Readers Read even includes children's books, and organizes all excerpts by genre.

<http://www.readersread.com/excerpts/>

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FROM
CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY
by ALAN PATON

1 THERE is a lovely road that runs from Ixopo into the hills. These hills are grass-covered and rolling, and they are lovely beyond any singing of it. The road climbs seven miles into them, to Carisbrooke; and from there, if there is no mist, you look down on one of the fairest valleys of Africa. About you there is grass and bracken and you may hear the forlorn crying of the titihoya, one of the birds of the veld. Below you is the valley of the Umzimkulu, on its journey from the Drakensberg to the sea; and beyond and behind the river, great hill after great hill; and beyond and behind them, the mountains of Ingeli and East Griqualand.

2 The grass is rich and matted, you cannot see the soil. It holds the rain and the mist, and they seep into the ground, feeding the streams in every kloof. It is well-tended, and not too many cattle feed upon it; not too many fires burn it, laying bare the soil. Stand unshod upon it, for the ground is holy, being even as it came from the Creator. Keep it, guard it, care for it, for it keeps men, guards men, cares for men. Destroy it and man is destroyed.

3 Where you stand the grass is rich and matted, you cannot see the soil. But the rich green hills break down. They fall to the valley below, and falling, change their nature. For they grow red and bare; they cannot hold the rain and mist, and the streams are dry in the kloofs. Too many cattle feed upon the grass, and too many fires have burned it. Stand shod upon it, for it is coarse and sharp, and the stones cut under the feet. It is not kept, or guarded, or cared for, it no longer keeps men, guards men, cares for men. The titihoya does not cry here any more.

4 The great red hills stand desolate, and the earth has torn away like flesh. The lightning flashes over them, the clouds pour down upon them, the dead streams come to life, full of the red blood of the earth. Down in the valleys women scratch the soil that is left, and the maize hardly reaches the height of a man. They are valleys of old men and old women, of mothers and children. The men are away, the young men and the girls are away. The soil cannot keep them any more.

A Tale of Two Cities by Charles Dickens

¹ It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way -- in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only.

² There were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a plain face, on the throne of England; there were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a fair face, on the throne of France. In both countries it was clearer than crystal to the lords of the State preserves of loaves and fishes, that things in general were settled for ever.

³ It was the year of Our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five. Spiritual revelations were conceded to England at that favoured period, as at this. Mrs. Southcott had recently attained her five-and-twentieth blessed birthday, of whom a prophetic private in the Life Guards had heralded the sublime appearance by announcing that arrangements were made for the swallowing up of London and Westminster. Even the Cock-lane ghost had been laid only a round dozen of years, after rapping out its messages, as the spirits of this very year last past (supernaturally deficient in originality) rapped out theirs. Mere messages in the earthly order of events had lately come to the English Crown and People, from a congress of British subjects in America: which, strange to relate, have proved more important to the human race than any communications yet received through any of the chickens of the Cock-lane brood.

⁴ France, less favoured on the whole as to matters spiritual than her sister of the shield and trident, rolled with exceeding smoothness down hill, making paper money and spending it. Under the guidance of her Christian pastors, she entertained herself, besides, with such humane achievements as sentencing a youth to have his hands cut off, his tongue torn out with pincers, and his body burned alive, because he had not kneeled down in the rain to do honour to a dirty procession of monks which passed within his view, at a distance of some fifty or sixty yards. It is likely enough that, rooted in the woods of France and Norway, there were growing trees, when that sufferer was put to death, already marked by the Woodman, Fate, to come down and be sawn into boards, to make a certain movable framework with a sack and a knife in it, terrible in history. It is likely enough that in the rough outhouses of some tillers of the heavy lands adjacent to Paris, there were sheltered from the weather that very day, rude carts, bespattered with rustic mire, snuffed about

by pigs, and roosted in by poultry, which the Farmer, Death, had already set apart to be his tumbrels of the Revolution. But that Woodman and that Farmer, though they work unceasingly, work silently, and no one heard them as they went about with muffled tread: the rather, forasmuch as to entertain any suspicion that they were awake, was to be atheistical and traitorous.

⁵ In England, there was scarcely an amount of order and protection to justify much national boasting. Daring burglaries by armed men, and highway robberies, took place in the capital itself every night; families were publicly cautioned not to go out of town without removing their furniture to upholsterers' warehouses for security; the highwayman in the dark was a City tradesman in the light, and, being recognised and challenged by his fellow-tradesman whom he stopped in his character of "the Captain," gallantly shot him through the head and rode away; the mall was waylaid by seven robbers, and the guard shot three dead, and then got shot dead himself by the other four, "in consequence of the failure of his ammunition:" after which the mall was robbed in peace; that magnificent potentate, the Lord Mayor of London, was made to stand and deliver on Turnham Green, by one highwayman, who despoiled the illustrious creature in sight of all his retinue; prisoners in London gaols fought battles with their turnkeys, and the majesty of the law fired blunderbusses in among them, loaded with rounds of shot and ball; thieves snipped off diamond crosses from the necks of noble lords at Court drawing-rooms; musketeers went into St. Giles's, to search for contraband goods, and the mob fired on the musketeers, and the musketeers fired on the mob, and nobody thought any of these occurrences much out of the common way. In the midst of them, the hangman, ever busy and ever worse than useless, was in constant requisition; now, stringing up long rows of miscellaneous criminals; now, hanging a housebreaker on Saturday who had been taken on Tuesday; now, burning people in the hand at Newgate by the dozen, and now burning pamphlets at the door of Westminster Hall; to-day, taking the life of an atrocious murderer, and to-morrow of a wretched pilferer who had robbed a farmer's boy of sixpence.

⁶ All these things, and a thousand like them, came to pass in and close upon the dear old year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five. Environed by them, while the Woodman and the Farmer worked unheeded, those two of the large jaws, and those other two of the plain and the fair faces, trod with stir enough, and carried their divine rights with a high hand. Thus did the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five conduct their Greatnesses, and myriads of small creatures -- the creatures of this chronicle among the rest -- along the roads that lay before them.

To Kill a Mockingbird by Harper Lee

¹ Maycomb was an old town, but it was a tired old town when I first knew it. In rainy weather the streets turned to red slop; grass grew on the sidewalks, the courthouse sagged in the square. Somehow, it was hotter then: a black dog suffered on a summer's day; bony mules hitched to Hoover carts flicked flies in the sweltering shade of the live oaks on the square. Men's stiff collars wilted by nine in the morning. Ladies bathed before noon, after their three-o'clock naps, and by nightfall were like soft teacakes with frostings of sweat and sweet talcum.

² People moved slowly then. They ambled across the square, shuffled in and out of the stores around it, took their time about everything. A day was twenty-four hours long but seemed longer. There was no hurry, for there was nowhere to go, nothing to buy and no money to buy it with, nothing to see outside the boundaries of Maycomb County. But it was a time of vague optimism for some of the people: Maycomb County had recently been told that it had nothing to fear but fear itself.

³ We lived on the main residential street in town— Atticus, Jem and I, plus Calpurnia our cook. Jem and I found our father satisfactory: he played with us, read to us, and treated us with courteous detachment.

⁴ Calpurnia was something else again. She was all angles and bones; she was nearsighted; she squinted; her hand was wide as a bed slat and twice as hard. She was always ordering me out of the kitchen, asking me why I couldn't behave as well as Jem when she knew he was older, and calling me home when I wasn't ready to come. Our battles were epic and one-sided. Calpurnia always won, mainly because Atticus always took her side. She had been with us ever since Jem was born, and I had felt her tyrannical presence as long as I could remember.

⁵ Our mother died when I was two, so I never felt her absence. She was a Graham from Montgomery; Atticus met her when he was first elected to the state legislature. He was middle-aged then, she was fifteen years his junior. Jem was the product of their first year of marriage; four years later I was born, and two years later our mother died from a sudden heart attack. They said it ran in her family. I did not miss her, but I think Jem did. He remembered her clearly, and sometimes in the middle of a game he would sigh at length, then go off and play by himself behind the car-house. When he was like that, I knew better than to bother him.

⁶ When I was almost six and Jem was nearly ten, our summertime boundaries (within calling distance of Calpurnia) were Mrs. Henry Lafayette Dubose's house two doors to the north of us, and the Radley Place three doors to the south. We were never tempted to break them. The Radley Place was inhabited by an unknown entity the mere description of whom was enough to make us behave for days on end; Mrs. Dubose was plain hell.

Pride and Prejudice

by Jane Austen

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

However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighbourhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families that he is considered as the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

"My dear Mr. Bennet," said his lady to him one day, "have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?"

Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

"But it is," returned she; "for Mrs. Long has just been here, and she told me all about it."

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

"Do not you want to know who has taken it?" cried his wife impatiently.

"You want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it."

This was invitation enough.

"Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise and four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it, that he agreed with Mr. Morris immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week."

"What is his name?"

"Bingley."

"Is he married or single?"

"Oh! single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!"

"How so? how can it affect them?"

"My dear Mr. Bennet," replied his wife, "how can you be so tiresome! You must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them."

"Is that his design in settling here?"

"Design! nonsense, how can you talk so! But it is very likely that he *may* fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes."

"I see no occasion for that. You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better, for as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr. Bingley might like you the best of the party."

"My dear, you flatter me. I certainly *have* had my share of beauty, but I do not pretend to be anything extraordinary now. When a woman has five grown-

up daughters she ought to give over thinking of her own beauty."

"In such cases a woman has not often much beauty to think of."

"But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr. Bingley when he comes into the neighbourhood."

"It is more than I engage for, I assure you."

"But consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would be for one of them. Sir William and Lady Lucas are determined to go, merely on that account, for in general, you know, they visit no new-comers. Indeed you must go, for it will be impossible for us to visit him if you do not."

"You are over-scrupulous surely. I dare say Mr. Bingley will be very glad to see you; and I will send a few lines by you to assure him of my hearty consent to his marrying whichever he chuses of the girls: though I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzy."

"I desire you will do no such thing. Lizzy is not a bit better than the others; and I am sure she is not half so handsome as Jane, nor half so good-humoured as Lydia. But you are always giving *her* the preference."

"They have none of them much to recommend them," replied he; "they are all silly and ignorant, like other girls; but Lizzy has something more of quickness than her sisters."

"Mr. Bennet, how can you abuse your own children in such a way! You take delight in vexing me. You have no compassion on my poor nerves."

"You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration these twenty years at least."

"Ah! you do not know what I suffer."

"But I hope you will get over it, and live to see many young men of four thousand a year come into the neighbourhood."

"It will be no use to us if twenty such should come, since you will not visit them."

"Depend upon it, my dear, that when there are twenty, I will visit them all."

Mr. Bennet was so odd a mixture of quick parts, sarcastic humour, reserve, and caprice, that the experience of three-and-twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. *Her* mind was less difficult to develope. She was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented she fancied herself nervous. The business of her life was to get her daughters married; its solace was visiting and news.

The Hitch Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy by Douglas Adams

Far out in the uncharted backwaters of the unfashionable end of the western spiral arm of the Galaxy lies a small unregarded yellow sun.

Orbiting this at a distance of roughly ninety-two million miles is an utterly insignificant little blue green planet whose ape-descended life forms are so amazingly primitive that they still think digital watches are a pretty neat idea.

This planet has — or rather had — a problem, which was this: most of the people on it were unhappy for pretty much of the time. Many solutions were suggested for this problem, but most of these were largely concerned with the movements of small green pieces of paper, which is odd because on the whole it wasn't the small green pieces of paper that were unhappy.

And so the problem remained; lots of the people were mean, and most of them were miserable, even the ones with digital watches.

Many were increasingly of the opinion that they'd all made a big mistake in coming down from the trees in the first place. And some said that even the trees had been a bad move, and that no one should ever have left the oceans.

And then, one Thursday, nearly two thousand years after one man had been nailed to a tree for saying how great it would be to be nice to people for a change, one girl sitting on her own in a small cafe in Rickmansworth suddenly realized what it was that had been going wrong all this time, and she finally knew how the world could be made a good and happy place. This time it was right, it would work, and no one would have to get nailed to anything.

Sadly, however, before she could get to a phone to tell anyone about it, a terribly stupid catastrophe occurred, and the idea was lost forever.

This is not her story.

But it is the story of that terrible stupid catastrophe and some of its consequences.

It is also the story of a book, a book called *The Hitch Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy* — not an Earth book, never published on Earth, and until the terrible catastrophe occurred, never seen or heard of by any Earthman.

Nevertheless, a wholly remarkable book.

in fact it was probably the most remarkable book ever to come out of the great publishing houses of Ursa Minor — of which no Earthman had ever heard either.

Not only is it a wholly remarkable book, it is also a highly successful one — more popular than the Celestial Home Care Omnibus, better selling than Fifty More Things to do in Zero Gravity, and more controversial than Oolon Colluphid's trilogy of philosophical blockbusters *Where God Went Wrong*, *Some More of God's Greatest Mistakes* and *Who is this God Person Anyway?*

In many of the more relaxed civilizations on the Outer Eastern Rim of the Galaxy, the *Hitch Hiker's Guide* has already supplanted the great *Encyclopedia Galactica* as the standard repository of all knowledge and wisdom, for though it has many omissions and contains much that is apocryphal, or at least wildly inaccurate, it scores over the older, more pedestrian work in two important respects.

First, it is slightly cheaper; and secondly it has the words "Don't Panic" inscribed in large friendly letters on its cover.

But the story of this terrible, stupid Thursday, the story of its extraordinary consequences, and the story of how these consequences are inextricably intertwined with this remarkable book begins very simply.

It begins with a house.

100 Best First Lines from Novels

1. Call me Ishmael. Herman Melville, *Moby Dick* (1851)
2. 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* (1813)
3. A screaming comes across the sky. Thomas Pynchon, *Gravity's Rainbow* (1973)
4. Many years later, as he faced the firing squad, Colonel Aureliano Buendía was to remember that distant afternoon when his father took him to discover ice. Gabriel Garcia Marquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude* (1967, trans. Gregory Rabassa)
5. Lolita, light of my life, fire of my loins. Vladimir Nabokov, *Lolita* (1955)
6. Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way. Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina* (1877, trans. Constance Garnett)
7. riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend of bay, brings us by a commodius vicus of recirculation back to Howth Castle and Environs. James Joyce, *Finnegans Wake* (1939)
8. It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen. George Orwell, *1984* (1949)
9. It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair. Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities* (1859)
10. I am an invisible man. Ralph Ellison, *Invisible Man* (1952)
11. The Miss Lonelyhearts of the New York Post-Dispatch (Are you in trouble? -- Do you need advice? -- Write-to-Miss-Lonelyhearts-and she-will-help-you) sat at his desk and stared at a piece of white cardboard. Nathanael West, *Miss Lonelyhearts* (1933)
12. You don't know about me without you have read a book by the name of The Adventures of Tom Sawyer; but that ain't no matter. Mark Twain, *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (1885)
13. Someone must have slandered Josef K., for one morning, without having done anything truly wrong, he was arrested. Franz Kafka, *The Trial* (1925, trans. Breon Mitchell)
14. You are about to begin reading Italo Calvino's new novel, *If on a winter's night a traveler*. Italo Calvino, *If on a winter's night a traveler* (1979, trans. William Weaver)
15. The sun shone, having no alternative, on the nothing new. Samuel Beckett, *Murphy* (1938)
16. If you really want to hear about it, the first thing you'll probably want to know is where I was born, and what my lousy childhood was like, and how my parents were occupied and all before they had me, and all that David Copperfield kind of crap, but I don't feel like going into it, if you want to know the truth. J. D. Salinger, *The Catcher in the Rye* (1951)
17. Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a moocow coming down along the road and this moocow that was coming down along the road met a nicens little boy named baby tuckoo. James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916)
18. This is the saddest story I have ever heard. Ford Madox Ford, *The Good Soldier* (1915)
19. I wish either my father or my mother, or indeed both of them, as they were in duty both equally bound to it, had minded what they were about when they begot me; had they duly considered how much depended upon what they were then doing; -that not only the production of a rational Being was concerned in it, but that possibly the happy formation and temperature of his body, perhaps his genius and the very cast of his mind; -- and, for aught they knew to the contrary, even the fortunes of his whole house might take their turn from the humours and dispositions which were then uppermost: -- Had they duly weighed and considered all this, and proceeded accordingly, -- I am verily persuaded I should have made a quite different figure in the world, from that, in which the reader is likely to see me. Laurence Sterne, *Tristram Shandy* (1759-1767)
20. Whether I shall turn out to be the hero of my own life, or whether that station will be held by anybody else, these pages must show. Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield* (1850)
21. Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. James Joyce, *Ulysses* (1922)
22. It was a dark and stormy night; the rain fell in torrents, except at occasional intervals, when it was checked by a violent gust of wind which swept up the streets (for it is in London that our scene lies), rattling along the house-tops, and fiercely agitating the scanty flame of the lamps that struggled against the darkness. Edward George Bulwer-Lytton, *Paul Clifford* (1830)
23. One summer afternoon Mrs. Oedipa Maas came home from a Tupperware party whose hostess had put perhaps too much kirsch in the fondue to find that she, Oedipa, had been named executor, or she supposed executrix, of the estate of one Pierce Inverarity, a California real estate mogul who had once lost two million dollars in his spare time but still had assets numerous and tangled enough to make the job of sorting it all out more than honorary. Thomas Pynchon, *The Crying of Lot 49* (1966)
24. It was a wrong number that started it, the telephone ringing three times in the dead of night, and the voice on the other end asking for someone he was not. Paul Auster, *City of Glass* (1985)
25. Through the fence, between the curling flower spaces, I could see them hitting. William Faulkner, *The Sound and the Fury* (1929)
26. 124 was spiteful. Toni Morrison, *Beloved* (1987)
27. Somewhere in la Mancha, in a place whose name I do not care to remember, a gentleman lived not long ago, one of those who has a lance and ancient shield on a shelf and keeps a skinny nag and a greyhound for racing. Miguel de Cervantes, *Don Quixote* (1605, trans. Edith Grossman)
28. Mother died today. Albert Camus, *The Stranger* (1942, trans. Stuart Gilbert)
29. Every summer Lin Kong returned to Goose Village to divorce his wife. Shuyu. Ha Jin, *Waiting* (1999)
30. The sky above the port was the color of television, tuned to a dead channel. William Gibson, *Neuromancer* (1984)
31. I am a sick man . . . I am a spiteful man. Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *Notes from Underground* (1864, trans. Michael R. Katz)
32. Where now? Who now? When now? Samuel Beckett, *The Unnamable* (1953, trans. Patrick Bowles)
33. Once an angry man dragged his father along the ground through his own orchard. "Stop!" cried the groaning old man at last, "Stop! I did not drag my father beyond this tree." Gertrude Stein, *The Making of Americans* (1925)
34. In a sense, I am Jacob Horner. John Barth, *The End of the Road* (1958)
35. It was like so, but wasn't. Richard Powers, *Galatea 2.2* (1995)
36. — Money . . . in a voice that rustled. William Gaddis, *J R* (1975)
37. Mrs. Dalloway said she would buy the flowers herself. Virginia Woolf, *Mrs. Dalloway* (1925)
38. All this happened, more or less. Kurt Vonnegut, *Slaughterhouse-Five* (1969)
39. They shoot the white girl first. Toni Morrison, *Paradise* (1998)
40. For a long time, I went to bed early. Marcel Proust, *Swann's Way* (1913, trans. Lydia Davis)
41. The moment one learns English, complications set in. Felipe Alfau, *Chromos* (1990)
42. Dr. Weiss, at forty, knew that her life had been ruined by literature. Anita Brookner, *The Debut* (1981)
43. I was the shadow of the waxwing slain / By the false azure in the windowpane; Vladimir Nabokov, *Pale Fire* (1962)
44. Ships at a distance have every man's wish on board. Zora Neale Hurston, *Their Eyes Were Watching God* (1937)
45. I had the story, bit by bit, from various people, and, as generally happens in such cases, each time it was a different story. Edith Wharton, *Ethan Frome* (1911)
46. Ages ago, Alex, Allen and Alva arrived at Antibes, and Alva allowing all, allowing anyone, against Alex's admonition, against Allen's angry assertion: another African amusement. . . anyhow, as all argued, an awesome African army assembled and arduously advanced against an African anthill, assiduously annihilating ant after ant, and afterward, Alex astonishingly accuses Albert as also accepting Africa's antipodal ant annexation. Walter Abish, *Alphabetical Africa* (1974)
47. There was a boy called Eustace Clarence Scrubb, and he almost deserved it. C. S. Lewis, *The Voyage of the Dawn Treader* (1952)
48. He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. Ernest Hemingway, *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952)
49. It was the day my grandmother exploded. Iain M. Banks, *The Crow Road* (1992)
50. I was born twice: first, as a baby girl, on a remarkably smogless Detroit day in January of 1960; and then again, as a teenage boy, in an emergency room near Petoskey, Michigan, in August of 1974. Jeffrey Eugenides, *Middlesex* (2002)
51. Elmer Gantry was drunk. Sinclair Lewis, *Elmer Gantry* (1927)
52. We started dying before the snow, and like the snow, we continued to fall. Louise Erdrich, *Tracks* (1988)
53. It was a pleasure to burn. Ray Bradbury, *Fahrenheit 451* (1953)
54. A story has no beginning or end; arbitrarily one chooses that moment of experience from which to look back or from which to look ahead. Graham Greene, *The End of the Affair* (1951)
55. Having placed in my mouth sufficient bread for three minutes' chewing, I withdrew my powers of sensual perception and retired into the privacy of my mind, my eyes and face assuming a vacant and preoccupied expression. Flann O'Brien, *At Swim-Two-Birds* (1939)
56. I was born in the Year 1632, in the City of York, of a good Family, tho' not of that Country, my Father being a Foreigner of Bremen, who settled first at Hull; He got a good Estate by Merchandise, and leaving off his Trade, lived afterward at York, from whence he had married my Mother, whose Relations were named Robinson, a very good Family in that Country, and from whom I was called Robinson Kreutznaer; but by the usual Corruption of Words in England, we are now called, nay we call our selves, and write our Name Crusoe, and so my Companions always call'd me. -- Daniel Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe* (1719)
57. In the beginning, sometimes I left messages in the street. --David Markson, *Wittgenstein's Mistress* (1988)
58. Miss Brooke had that kind of beauty which seems to be thrown into relief by poor dress. George Eliot, *Middlemarch* (1872)
59. It was love at first sight. Joseph Heller, *Catch-22* (1961)
60. What if this young woman, who writes such bad poems, in competition with her husband, whose poems are equally bad, should stretch her remarkably long and well-made legs out before you, so that her skirt slips up to the tops of her stockings? Gilbert Sorrentino, *Imaginative Qualities of Actual Things* (1971)

61. I have never begun a novel with more misgiving. W. Somerset Maugham, *The Razor's Edge* (1944)

62. Once upon a time, there was a woman who discovered she had turned into the wrong person. Anne Tyler, *Back When We Were Grownups* (2001)

63. The human race, to which so many of my readers belong, has been playing at children's games from the beginning, and will probably do it till the end, which is a nuisance for the few people who grow up. G. K. Chesterton, *The Napoleon of Notting Hill* (1904)

64. In my younger and more vulnerable years my father gave me some advice that I've been turning over in my mind ever since. F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby* (1925)

65. You better not never tell nobody but God. Alice Walker, *The Color Purple* (1982)

66. "To be born again," sang Gibreel Farishta tumbling from the heavens, "first you have to die." Salman Rushdie, *The Satanic Verses* (1988)

67. 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* (1963)

68. Most really pretty girls have pretty ugly feet, and so does Mindy Metalman, Lenore notices, all of a sudden. David Foster Wallace, *The Broom of the System* (1987)

69. If I am out of my mind, it's all right with me, thought Moses. Saul Bellow, *Herzog* (1964)

70. Francis Marion Tarwater's uncle had been dead for only half a day when the boy got too drunk to finish digging his grave and a Negro named Buford Munson, who had come to get a jug filled, had to finish it and drag the body from the breakfast table where it was still sitting and bury it in a decent and Christian way, with the sign of its Saviour at the head of the grave and enough dirt on top to keep the dogs from digging it up. Flannery O'Connor, *The Violent Bear it Away* (1960)

71. Granted: I am an inmate of a mental hospital; my keeper is watching me, he never lets me out of his sight; there's a peephole in the door, and my keeper's eye is the shade of brown that can never see through a blue-eyed type like me. Günter Grass, *The Tin Drum* (1959, trans. Ralph Manheim)

72. When Dick Gibson was a little boy he was not Dick Gibson. Stanley Elkin, *The Dick Gibson Show* (1971)

73. Hiram Clegg, together with his wife Emma and four friends of the faith from Randolph Junction, were summoned by the Spirit and Mrs. Clara Collins, widow of the beloved Nazarene preacher Ely Collins, to West Condon on the weekend of the eighteenth and nineteenth of April, there to await the End of the World. Robert Coover, *The Origin of the Brunists* (1966)

74. She waited, Kate Croy, for her father to come in, but he kept her unconscionably, and there were moments at which she showed herself, in the glass over the mantel, a face positively pale with the irritation that had brought her to the point of going away without sight of him. Henry James, *The Wings of the Dove* (1902)

75. In the late summer of that year we lived in a house in a village that looked across the river and the plain to the mountains. Ernest Hemingway, *A Farewell to Arms* (1929)

76. "Take my camel, dear," said my Aunt Dot, as she climbed down from this animal on her return from High Mass. Rose Macaulay, *The Towers of Trebizond* (1956)

77. He was an inch, perhaps two, under six feet, powerfully built, and he advanced straight at you with a slight stoop of the shoulders, head forward, and a fixed-from-under stare which made you think of a charging bull. Joseph Conrad, *Lord Jim* (1900)

78. The past is a foreign country; they do things differently there. L. P. Hartley, *The Go-Between* (1953)

79. On my naming day when I come 12 I gone front spear and kilt a wyld boar he parbly ben the las wyld pig on the Bundel Downs any how there hadnt ben none for a long time befor him nor I aint looking to see none agen. Russell Hoban, *Riddley Walker* (1980)

80. Justice? -- You get justice in the next world, in this world you have the law. William Gaddis, *A Frolic of His Own* (1994)

81. Vaughan died yesterday in his last car-crash. J. G. Ballard, *Crash* (1973)

82. I write this sitting in the kitchen sink. Dodie Smith, *I Capture the Castle* (1948)

83. "When your mama was the geek, my dreamlets," Papa would say, "she made the nipping off of noggins such a crystal mystery that the hens themselves yearned toward her, waltzing around her, hypnotized with longing." Katherine Dunn, *Geek Love* (1983)

84. In the last years of the Seventeenth Century there was to be found among the fops and fools of the London coffee-houses one rangy, gangling flitch called Ebenezer Cooke, more ambitious than talented, and yet more talented than prudent, who, like his friends-in-folly, all of whom were supposed to be educating at Oxford or Cambridge, had found the sound of Mother English more fun to game with than her sense to labor over, and so rather than applying himself to the pains of scholarship, had learned the knack of versifying, and groundout quires of couplets after the fashion of the day, afroth with Joves and Jupiters, aclang with jarring rhymes, and string-taut with similes stretched to the snapping-point. John Barth, *The Sot-Weed Factor* (1960)

85. When I finally caught up with Abraham Trahearne, he was drinking beer with an alcoholic bulldog named Fireball Roberts in a ramshackle joint just outside of Sonoma, California, drinking the heart right out of a fine spring afternoon. James Crumley, *The Last Good Kiss* (1978)

86. It was just noon that Sunday morning when the sheriff reached the jail with Lucas Beauchamp though the whole town (the whole county too for that matter) had known since the night before that Lucas had killed a white man. William Faulkner, *Intruder in the Dust* (1948)

87. I, Tiberius Claudius Drusus Nero Germanicus This-that-and-the-other (for I shall not trouble you yet with all my titles) who was once, and not so long ago either,

known to my friends and relatives and associates as "Claudius the Idiot," or "That Claudius," or "Claudius the Stammerer," or "Clau-Clau-Claudius" or at best as "Poor Uncle Claudius," am now about to write this strange history of my life; starting from my earliest childhood and continuing year by year until I reach the fateful point of change where, some eight years ago, at the age of fifty-one, I suddenly found myself caught in what I may call the "golden predicament" from which I have never since become disentangled. Robert Graves, *I, Claudius* (1934)

88. Of all the things that drive men to sea, the most common disaster, I've come to learn, is women. Charles Johnson, *Middle Passage* (1990)

89. I am an American, Chicago born -- Chicago, that somber city -- and goat things as I have taught myself, free-style, and will make the record in my own way: first to knock, first admitted; sometimes an innocent knock, sometimes a not so innocent. Saul Bellow, *The Adventures of Augie March* (1953)

90. The towers of Zenith aspired above the morning mist; austere towers of steel and cement and limestone, sturdy as cliffs and delicate as silver rods. Sinclair Lewis, *Babbitt* (1922)

91. I will tell you in a few words who I am: lover of the hummingbird that darts to the flower beyond the rotted sill where my feet are propped; lover of bright needlepoint and the bright stitching fingers of humorless old ladies bent to their sweet and infamous designs; lover of parasols made from the same puffy stuff as a young girl's underdrawers; still lover of that small naval boat which somehow survived the distressing years of my life between her decks or in her pilothouse; and also lover of poor dear black Sonny, my mess boy, fellow victim and confidant, and of my wife and child. But most of all, lover of my harmless and sanguine self. --John Hawkes, *Second Skin* (1964)

92. He was born with a gift of laughter and a sense that the world was mad. Raphael Sabatini, *Scaramouche* (1921)

93. Psychics can see the color of time it's blue. Ronald Sukenick, *Blown Away* (1986)

94. In the town, there were two mutes and they were always together. Carson McCullers, *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter* (1940)

95. Once upon a time two or three weeks ago, a rather stubborn and determined middle-aged man decided to record for posterity, exactly as it happened, word by word and step by step, the story of another man for indeed what is great in man is that he is a bridge and not a goal, a somewhat paranoiac fellow unmarried, unattached, and quite irresponsible, who had decided to lock himself in a room a furnished room with a private bath, cooking facilities, a bed, a table, and at least one chair, in New York City, for a year 365 days to be precise, to write the story of another person -- a shy young man about of 19years old -- who, after the war the Second World War, had come to America the land of opportunities from France under the sponsorship of his uncle -- a journalist, fluent in five languages -- who himself had come to America from Europe Poland it seems, though this was not clearly established sometime during the war after a series of rather gruesome adventures, and who, at the end of the war, wrote to the father his cousin by marriage of the young man whom he considered as a nephew, curious to know if he the father and his family had survived the German occupation, and indeed was deeply saddened to learn, in a letter from the young man -- a long and touching letter written in English, not by the young man, however, who did not know a damn word of English, but by a good friend of his who had studied English in school -- that his parents both his father and mother and his two sisters one older and the other younger than he had been deported they were Jewish to a German concentration camp Auschwitz probably and never returned, no doubt having been exterminated deliberately X * X * X * X, and that, therefore, the young man who was now an orphan, a displaced person, who, during the war, had managed to escape deportation by working very hard on a farm in Southern France, would be happy and grateful to be given the opportunity to come to America that great country he had heard so much about and yet knew so little about to start a new life, possibly go to school, learn a trade, and become a good, loyal citizen. Raymond Federman, *Double or Nothing* (1971)

96. Time is not a line but a dimension, like the dimensions of space. Margaret Atwood, *Cat's Eye* (1988)

97. He -- for there could be no doubt of his sex, though the fashion of the time did something to disguise it -- was in the act of slicing at the head of a Moor which swung from the rafters. Virginia Woolf, *Orlando* (1928)

98. High, high above the North Pole, on the first day of 1969, two professors of English Literature approached each other at a combined velocity of 1200 miles per hour. David Lodge, *Changing Places* (1975)

99. They say when trouble comes close ranks, and so the white people did. Jean Rhys, *Wide Sargasso Sea* (1966)

100. The cold passed reluctantly from the earth, and the retiring fogs revealed an army stretched out on the hills, resting. Stephen Crane, *The Red Badge of Courage* (1895)

Source: *American Book Review*. <http://americanbookreview.org/100BestLines.asp>

100 Best Last Lines from Novels

1. ...you must go on, I can't go on, I'll go on. –Samuel Beckett, *The Unnamable* (1953; trans. Samuel Beckett)
2. Who knows but that, on the lower frequencies, I speak for you? –Ralph Ellison, *Invisible Man* (1952)
3. So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past. –F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby* (1925)
4. ...I was a Flower of the mountain yes when I put the rose in my hair like the Andalusian girls used or shall I wear a red yes and how he kissed me under the Moorish wall and I thought well as well him as another and then I asked him with my eyes to ask again yes and then he asked me would I yes to say yes my mountain flower and first I put my arms around him yes and drew him down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfume yes and his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes. –James Joyce, *Ulysses* (1922)
5. But I reckon I got to light out for the Territory ahead of the rest, because Aunt Sally she's going to adopt me and sivilize me and I can't stand it. I been there before. –Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (1885)
6. "Yes," I said. "Isn't it pretty to think so?" –Ernest Hemingway, *The Sun Also Rises* (1926)
7. He loved Big Brother. –George Orwell, *1984* (1949)
8. 'It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known.' –Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities* (1859)
9. The offing was barred by a black bank of clouds, and the tranquil waterway leading to the uttermost ends of the earth flowed sombre under an overcast sky—seemed to lead into the heart of an immense darkness. –Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness* (1902)
10. Yes, she thought, laying down her brush in extreme fatigue, I have had my vision. –Virginia Woolf, *To the Lighthouse* (1927)
11. His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the universe and faintly falling, like the descent of their last end, upon all the living and the dead. –James Joyce, "The Dead" in *Dubliners* (1914)
12. I am thinking of aurochs and angels, the secret of durable pigments, prophetic sonnets, the refuge of art. And this is the only immortality you and I may share, my Lolita. –Vladimir Nabokov, *Lolita* (1955)
13. And you say, "Just a moment, I've almost finished *If on a winter's night a traveler* by Italo Calvino." –Italo Calvino, *If on a winter's night a traveler* (1979; trans. William Weaver)
14. Ah Bartleby! Ah humanity! –Herman Melville, *Bartleby the Scrivener* (1853)
15. Before reaching the final line, however, he had already understood that he would never leave that room, for it was foreseen that the city of mirrors (or mirages) would be wiped out by the wind and exiled from the memory of men at the precise moment when Aureliano Babilonia would finish deciphering the parchments, and that everything written on them was unrepeatably since time immemorial and forever more, because races condemned to one hundred years of solitude did not have a second opportunity on earth. –Gabriel García Márquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude* (1967; trans. Gregory Rabassa)
16. Then I went back into the house and wrote, It is midnight. The rain is beating on the windows. It was not midnight. It was not raining. –Samuel Beckett, *Molloy* (1951, trans. Patrick Bowles)
17. So in America when the sun goes down and I sit on the old broken-down river pier watching the long, long skies over New Jersey and sense all that raw land that rolls in one unbelievable huge bulge over to the West Coast, and all that road going, all the people dreaming in the immensity of it, and in Iowa I know by now the children must be crying in the land where they let the children cry, and tonight the stars'll be out, and don't you know that God is Pooh Bear? the evening star must be drooping and shedding her sparkler dims on the prairie, which is just before the coming of complete night that blesses the earth, darkens all rivers, cups the peaks and folds the final shore in, and nobody, nobody knows what's going to happen to anybody besides the forlorn rags of growing old, I think of Dean Moriarty, I even think of Old Dean Moriarty the father we never found, I think of Dean Moriarty. –Jack Kerouac, *On the Road* (1957)
18. *I don't hate it* he thought, panting in the cold air, the iron New England dark; *I don't. I don't! I don't hate it! I don't hate it!* –William Faulkner, *Absalom, Absalom!* (1936)
19. L--d! said my mother, what is all this story about?— —
A COCK and a BULL, said Yorick— —And one of the best of its kind I ever heard.
–Laurence Sterne, *Tristram Shandy* (1759–1767)
20. 'I shall feel proud and satisfied to have been the first author to enjoy the full fruit of his writings, as I desired, because my only desire has been to make men hate those false, absurd histories in books of chivalry, which thanks to the exploits of my real Don Quixote are even now tottering, and without any doubt will soon tumble to the ground. Farewell.' –Miguel de Cervantes, *Don Quixote* (1605, 1615; trans. John Rutherford)
21. If I were a younger man, I would write a history of human stupidity; and I would climb to the top of Mount McCabe and lie down on my back with my history for a pillow; and I would take from the ground some of the blue-white poison that makes statues of men; and I would make a statue of myself, lying on my back, grinning horribly, and thumbing my nose at You Know Who. –Kurt Vonnegut, *Cat's Cradle* (1963)
22. **YOU HAVE FALLEN INTO ART—RETURN TO LIFE** –William H. Gass, *Willie Masters' Lonesome Wife* (1968)
23. In your rocking-chair, by your window dreaming, shall you long, alone. In your rocking-chair, by your window, shall you dream such happiness as you may never feel. –Theodore Dreiser, *Sister Carrie* (1900)
24. *Go, my book, and help destroy the world as it is.* –Russell Banks, *Continental Drift* (1985)
25. It was the devious-cruising Rachel, that in her retracing search after her missing children, only found another orphan. –Herman Melville, *Moby-Dick* (1851)
26. The knife came down, missing him by inches, and he took off. –Joseph Heller, *Catch-22* (1961)
27. Is it possible for anyone in Germany, nowadays, to raise his right hand, for whatever the reason, and not be flooded by the memory of a dream to end all dreams? –Walter Abish, *How German Is It?* (1980)
28. Lastly, she pictured to herself how this same little sister of hers would, in the after-time, be herself a grown woman; and how she would keep, through all her riper years, the simple and loving heart of her childhood; and how she would gather about her other little children, and make *their* eyes bright and eager with many a strange tale, perhaps even with the dream of Wonderland of long ago; and how she would feel with all their simple sorrows, and find a pleasure in all their simple joys, remembering her own child-life, and the happy summer days. –Lewis Carroll, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (1865)
29. But the effect of her being on those around her was incalculably diffusive: for the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs. –George Eliot, *Middlemarch* (1871–72)
30. He was soon borne away by the waves and lost in darkness and distance. –Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein* (1818)
31. Now everybody — –Thomas Pynchon, *Gravity's Rainbow* (1973)
32. But, in spite of these deficiencies, the wishes, the hopes, the confidence, the predictions of the small band of true friends who witnessed the ceremony, were fully answered in the perfect happiness of the union. –Jane Austen, *Emma* (1816)
33. It was the nightmare of real things, the fallen wonder of the world. –Don DeLillo, *The Names* (1982)
34. He knew what those jubilant crowds did not know but could have learned from books: that the plague bacillus never dies or disappears for good; that it can lie dormant for years and years in furniture and linen-chests; that it bides its time in bedrooms, cellars, trunks, and bookshelves; and that perhaps the day would come when, for the bane and the enlightening of men, it would rouse up its rats again and send them forth to die in a happy city. –Albert Camus, *The Plague* (1947; trans. Stuart Gilbert)
35. This is not the scene I dreamed of. Like much else nowadays I leave it feeling stupid, like a man who lost his way long ago but presses on along a road that may lead nowhere. –J. M. Coetzee, *Waiting for the Barbarians* (1980)
36. "Like a dog!" he said, it was as if the shame of it must outlive him. –Franz Kafka, *The Trial* (1925; trans. Willa and Edwin Muir)
37. P.S.
Sorry I forgot to give you the mayonnaise.
–Richard Brautigan, *Trout Fishing in America* (1967)
38. For everything to be consummated, for me to feel less alone, I had only to wish that there be a large crowd of spectators the day of my execution and that they greet me with cries of hate. –Albert Camus, *The Stranger* (1942; trans. Matthew Ward)
39. Yes, they will trample me underfoot, the numbers marching one two three, four hundred million five hundred six, reducing me to specks of voiceless dust, just as, in all good time, they will trample my son who is not my son, and his son who will not be his, and his who will not be his, until the thousand and first generation, until a thousand and one midnights have bestowed their terrible gifts and a thousand and one children have died, because it is the privilege and the curse of midnight's children to be both masters and victims of their times, to forsake privacy and be sucked into the annihilating whirlpool of the multitudes, and to be unable to live or die in peace. –Salman Rushdie, *Midnight's Children* (1981)
40. Oedipa settled back, to await the crying of lot 49. –Thomas Pynchon, *The Crying of Lot 49* (1965)
41. I lingered round them, under that benign sky; watched the moths fluttering among the heath, and hare-bells; listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass; and wondered how any one could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth. –Emily Brontë, *Wuthering Heights* (1847)
42. A way a lone a last a loved a long the –James Joyce, *Finnegans Wake* (1939)
43. Columbus too thought he was a flop, probably, when they sent him back in chains. Which didn't prove there was no America. –Saul Bellow, *The Adventures of Augie March* (1953)
44. Everything we need that is not food or love is here in the tabloid racks. The tales of the supernatural and extraterrestrial. The miracle vitamins, the cures for cancer, the remedies for obesity. The cults of the famous and the dead. –Don DeLillo, *White Noise* (1985)
45. Are there any questions? –Margaret Atwood, *The Handmaid's Tale* (1986)

46. It was a fine cry—loud and long—but it had no bottom and it had no top, just circles and circles of sorrow. –Toni Morrison, *Sula* (1973)
47. And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless Us, Every One! –Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol* (1843)
48. “No glot...C’lom Fliday” –William S. Burroughs, *Naked Lunch* (1959)
49. The creatures outside looked from pig to man, and from man to pig, and from pig to man again; but already it was impossible to say which was which. –George Orwell, *Animal Farm* (1945)
50. “Poor Grendel’s had an accident,” I whisper. “So may you all.” –John Gardner, *Grendel* (1971)
51. So I mean listen I got this neat idea hey, you listening? Hey? You listening...? –William Gaddis, *J R* (1975)
52. Don’t ever tell anybody anything. If you do, you start missing everybody. –J. D. Salinger, *The Catcher in the Rye* (1951)
53. The aircraft rise from the runways of the airport, carrying the remnants of Vaughan’s semen to the instrument panels and radiator grilles of a thousand crashing cars, the stances of a million passengers. –J. G. Ballard, *Crash* (1973)
54. Whatever we had missed, we possessed together the precious, the incommunicable past. –Willa Cather, *My Antonia* (1918)
55. We shall come back, no doubt, to walk down the Row and watch young people on the tennis courts by the clump of mimosas and walk down the beach by the bay, where the diving floats lift gently in the sun, and on out to the pine grove, where the needles thick on the ground will deaden the footfall so that we shall move among the trees as soundlessly as smoke. But that will be a long time from now, and soon now we shall go out of the house and go into the convulsion of the world, out of history into history and the awful responsibility of Time. –Robert Penn Warren, *All the King’s Men* (1946)
56. He knelt by the bed and bent over her, draining their last moment to its lees; and in the silence there passed between them the word which made all clear. –Edith Wharton, *The House of Mirth* (1905)
57. “All that is very well,” answered Candide, “but let us cultivate our garden.” –Voltaire, *Candide* (1759; trans. Robert M. Adams)
58. He was the only person caught in the collapse, and afterward, most of his work was recovered too, and it is still spoken of, when it is noted, with high regard, though seldom played. –William H. Gaddis, *The Recognitions* (1955)
59. Old father, old artificer, stand me now and ever in good stead. –James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916)
60. One bird said to Billy Pilgrim, “Poo-tee-weet?” –Kurt Vonnegut, *Slaughterhouse-Five* (1969)
61. For now she knew what Shalimar knew: If you surrendered to the air, you could ride it. –Toni Morrison, *Song of Solomon* (1977)
62. I never saw any of them again—except the cops. No way has yet been invented to say goodbye to them. –Raymond Chandler, *The Long Goodbye* (1953)
63. The key to the treasure is the treasure. –John Barth, “Dunyazadiad” from *Chimera* (1972)
64. After a while I went out and left the hospital and walked back to the hotel in the rain. –Ernest Hemingway, *A Farewell to Arms* (1929)
65. This is the difference between this and that. –Gertrude Stein, *A Novel of Thank You* (1958)
66. But wherever they go, and whatever happens to them on the way, in that enchanted place on the top of the Forest, a little boy and his Bear will always be playing. –A. A. Milne, *The House at Pooh Corner* (1928)
67. “Vaya con Dios, my darklin’, and remember: vote early and vote often, don’t take any wooden nickels, and” —by now I was rolling about helplessly on the spare-room floor, scrunched up around my throbbing pain and bawling like a baby—“always leave ’em laughin’ as you say good-bye!” –Robert Coover, *The Public Burning* (1977)
68. Then there are more and more endings: the sixth, the 53rd, the 131st, the 9,435th ending, endings going faster and faster, more and more endings, faster and faster until this book is having 186,000 endings per second. –Richard Brautigan, *A Confederate General from Big Sur* (1964)
69. She sat staring with her eyes shut, into his eyes, and felt as if she had finally got to the beginning of something she couldn’t begin, and she saw him moving farther and farther away, farther and farther into the darkness until he was the pin point of light. –Flannery O’Connor, *Wise Blood* (1952)
70. He heard the ring of steel against steel as a far door clanged shut. –Richard Wright, *Native Son* (1940)
71. So that, in the end, there was no end. –Patrick White, *The Tree of Man* (1955)
72. The old man was dreaming about the lions. –Ernest Hemingway, *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952)
73. Somebody threw a dead dog after him down the ravine. –Malcolm Lowry, *Under the Volcano* (1947)
74. Tell me how free I am. –Richard Powers, *Prisoner’s Dilemma* (1988)
75. “We shall never be again as we were!” –Henry James, *The Wings of the Dove* (1902)
76. ‘I closed my eyes, head drooping, like a person drunk for so long she no longer knows she’s drunk, and then, drunk, awoke to the world which lay before me.’ –Kathy Acker, *Don Quixote* (1986)
77. “Tomorrow, I’ll think of some way to get him back. After all, tomorrow is another day.” –Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind* (1936)
78. He never sleeps, the judge. He is dancing, dancing. He says that he will never die. –Cormac McCarthy, *Blood Meridian* (1985)
79. “And then the storm of shit begins” –Roberto Bolaño, *By Night in Chile* (2000; trans. Chris Andrews)
80. Everything had gone right with me since he had died, but how I wished there existed someone to whom I could say that I was sorry. –Graham Greene, *The Quiet American* (1956)
81. It’s old light, and there’s not much of it. But it’s enough to see by. –Margaret Atwood, *Cat’s Eye* (1988)
82. Ah: runs. Runs. –John Updike, *Rabbit, Run* (1960)
83. They were only a thin slice, held between the contiguous impressions that composed our life at that time; the memory of a particular image is but regret for a particular moment; and houses, roads, avenues are as fugitive, alas, as the years. –Marcel Proust, *Swann’s Way* (1913; trans. C. K. Scott Moncrieff and Terence Kilmartin)
84. But I knew that Catherine had kissed me because she trusted me, and that made me happy then but now I am sad because by the time my eyes close each night I suspect that as usual I have been fooling myself, that she, too, is in her grave. –William T. Vollmann, *You Bright and Risen Angels* (1987)
85. But that is the beginning of a new story—the story of the gradual renewal of a man, the story of his gradual regeneration, of his passing from one world into another, of his initiation into a new unknown life. That might be the subject of a new story, but our present story is ended. –Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *Crime and Punishment* (1866; trans. Constance Garnett)
86. He waited for someone to tell him who to be next. –Brian Evenson, *The Open Curtain* (2006)
87. That’s it. The sun in the evening. The moon at dawn. The still voice. –John Hawkes, *Second Skin* (1964)
88. “Meet Mrs Bundren,” he says. –William Faulkner, *As I Lay Dying* (1930)
89. this way this way this way this way this way this way this
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–Ronald Sukenick, *Out* (1973)
90. ...and to all you other cats and chicks out there, sweet or otherwise, buried deep in wordy tombs, who never yet have walked from off the page, a shake and a hug and a kiss and a drink. Cheers! –Gilbert Sorrentino, *Mulligan Stew* (1979)
91. Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out. –William Makepeace Thackeray, *Vanity Fair* (1847–48)
92. Maybe I will go to Paris. Who knows? But I’ll sure as hell never go back to Texas again. –James Crumley, *The Final Country* (2001)
93. “Terminal.” –John Barth, *The End of the Road* (1958)
94. From the sky a swift Angel descends, an Angel with a golden helmet and green spurs, a flaming sword in his hand, an Angel escaped from the Indo-Hispanic altars of opulent hunger, from need overcome by sleep, from the coupling of opposites: body and soul, wakefulness and death, living and sleeping, remembering and desiring, imagining: the happy boy who reaches the sad land carries all this on his lips, he bears the memory of death, white and extinguished, like the flame that went out in his mother’s belly: for a swift, marvelous instant, the boy being born knows that this light of memory, wisdom, and death was an Angel and that this other Angel who flies from the navel of heaven with the sword in his hand is the fraternal enemy of the first: he is the Baroque Angel, with a sword in his hand and quetzal wings, and a serpent doublet, and a golden helmet, the Angel strikes, strikes the lips of the boy being born on the beach: the burning and painful sword strikes his lips and the boy forgets, he forgets everything forgets everything, f
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–Carlos Fuentes, *Christopher Unborn* (1987; trans. Alfred MacAdam and Carlos Fuentes)
95. From here on in I rag nobody. –Mark Harris, *Bang the Drum Slowly* (1956)
96. My love for my children makes me glad that I am what I am and keeps me from desiring to be otherwise; and yet, when I sometimes open a little box in which I still keep my fast yellowing manuscripts, the only tangible remnants of a vanished dream, a dead ambition, a sacrificed talent, I cannot repress the thought that, after all, I have chosen the lesser part, that I have sold my birthright for a mess of pottage. –James Weldon Johnson, *The Autobiography of an Ex-Coloured Man* (1912)
97. There was the hum of bees, and the musky odor of pinks filled the air. –Kate Chopin, *The Awakening* (1899)
98. And he couldn’t do it. He could not fucking die. How could he leave? How could he go? Everything he hated was here. –Philip Roth, *Sabbath’s Theater* (1995)
99. So much of life in its meshes! She called in her soul to come and see. –Zora Neale Hurston, *Their Eyes Were Watching God* (1937)
100. “GOOD GRIEF—IT’S DADDY!” –Terry Southern and Mason Hoffenberg, *Candy* (1958)