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 to and 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 yes to say yes my mountain flowers. But 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 yes and 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's been dead, an' I'm nigger enough. —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 offering was barred by a black bank of clouds, and the tranquil waterway lengthened to the uttermost ends of the earth flowed somber under an overcast sky, as if it 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 (1922)

11. His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the windows. It was not midnight. It was not raining. —Samuel Beckett, Waiting for Godot (1953)

12. I am thinking of aurrochs and angels, the secret of durable pigments, prophetic sleepers in that quiet earth. —Emily Brontë, Wuthering Heights (1847)

13. And you say, "Just a moment, I've almost finished If on a winter's night a traveler —Italo Calvino, If on a winter's night a traveler (1978; 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 unrepeatable since time immemorial and had been kept dormant for years and years in furniture and linen-chests; that it bides its time in 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)

16. This is not the scene I dreamed of. Like much else nowadays I leave it feeling number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs. —George Eliot, Middlemarch (1871–72)

17. So in America when the sun goes down and I sit on the old broken-down river bank and I think of Big Brother, I think of the husband, the father, the son, the children must be crying in the land where they let the children cry, and tonight the children have died, because it is the privilege and the curse of midnight's number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs. —George Eliot, Middlemarch (1871–72)

18. He loved Big Brother. —George Orwell, 1984 (1949)

19. Yes, she thought, laying down her brush in extreme fatigue, I have had my vision. —Virginia Woolf, To the Lighthouse (1922)

20. 'I shall feel proud and satisfied to have been the first author to enjoy the full fruits of his writings, as I desired, because my only desire has been to make men happy —Herman Melville, Moby-Dick (1851)

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 thumping my nose at You Know Who. —Kurt Vonnegut, Cat's Cradle (1963)

22. You have fallen into art —William 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 (1910)

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 retreating 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. It is 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 growing the good world of the present 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 live habitually 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 distance and space. —Mary Shelley, Frankenstein (1818)


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 number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs. —George Eliot, Middlemarch (1871–72)

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 Maff)
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 glo't...C'om 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 when it was impossible to say which was which. —George Orwell, Animal Farm (1945)


51. "All that is very well," answered Candide, "but let us cultivate our garden." —Voltaire, Candide (1759; trans. Robert M. Adams)

52. He knelt by the bed and bent over her, draining their last moment to its lees; and farther away, farther and farther into the darkness until he was the pin point of some instrument panels and radiator grilles of a thousand crashing cars, the stances of a million passengers. —J. G. Ballard, Crash (1973)

53. From here on in I rag nobody. —Mark Harris, From Here on In (1948)


55. From the sky a swift Angel descends, an Angel with a golden helmet and green wings. —Fyodor Dostoevsky, Crime and Punishment (1866; trans. Constance Garnett)

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58. If you surrender to the air, you could move through the trees as soundlessly as smoke. —Ernest Hemingway, The Old Man and the Sea (1952)


60. One bird said to the other, "Poo-tee-weet?" —Kurt Vonnegut, Slaughterhouse-Five (1969)


63. “Tell me how free I am.” —Olive Schreiner, The House of Mirth (1905)

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