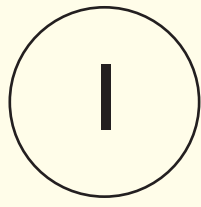
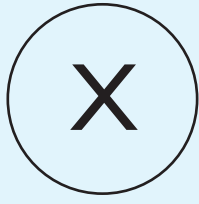


26
FIRST
&
LAST
LINES

Can you identify the book &
link the FIRST & LAST LINES?



Call me Ishmael.



*Don't ever tell anybody anything.
If you do, you start missing everybody.*

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.

F

*And so the Trojans buried
Hector breaker of horses.*

My father's family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit than Pip. So, I called myself Pip...

G

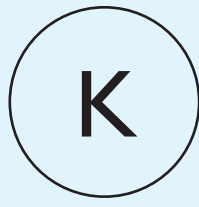
...where I was a Flower of the mountain yes when I put the rose in my hair like the Andalusian girls used or shall I wear a red yes and how he kissed me under the Moorish wall and I thought well as well him as another and then I asked him with my eyes to ask again yes and then he asked me would I yes 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.

It was a feature peculiar to the colonial wars of North America, that the toils and dangers of the wilderness were to be encountered before the adverse hosts could meet.



*The knife came down, missing him
by inches, and he took off.*

*Well, Prince, so Genoa and Lucca
are now just family estates
of the Buonapartes.*



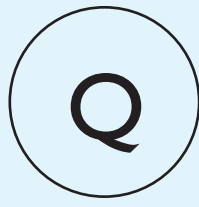
*There is more day to dawn.
The sun is but a morning star.*

*Rage—Goddess, sing the rage of
Peleus' son Achilles, murderous,
doomed, that cost the Achaeans
countless losses, hurling down to the
House of Death so many sturdy
souls, great fighters' souls,
but made their bodies
carrion, feasts for the dogs
and birds, and the will of Zeus
was moving toward its end.
Begin, Muse, when the two
first broke and clashed,
Agamemnon lord of men and
brilliant Achilles.*

P

But I didn't, and hardly had I turned in at the lodge gates, wondering how I should say what I had come to say, when the south-west prospect of the Hall, long hidden from my memory, sprang into view.

Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed.



*“Yes,” I said.
“Isn’t it pretty
to think so?”*

In my younger and more vulnerable years my father gave me some advice that I've been turning over in my mind ever since.

A

*It was the devious-cruising Rachel,
that in her retracing search after
her missing children, only
found another orphan.*

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.

B

*“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.”*

*When Bartley Hubbard went to
interview *** for the
“Solid Men of Boston” series,
which he undertook
to finish up in The Events,
after he replaced their
original projector
on that newspaper, ***
received him in his private office
by previous appointment.*



Then Minerva assumed the form and voice of Mentor, and presently made a covenant of peace between the two contending parties..

*When I wrote the following pages, or rather the bulk of them, I lived alone, in the woods, a mile from any neighbor, in a house which I had built myself, on the shore of * * *, in Concord, Massachusetts, and earned my living by the labor of my hands only.*

S

With the life of a generous, but rash and romantic monarch, perished all the projects which his ambition and his generosity had formed; to whom may be applied, with a slight alteration...

*Tell me, O Muse, of that ingenious
hero who travelled far and
wide after he had sacked
the famous town of Troy.*



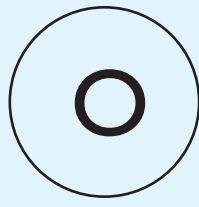
When Margaret grows up she will have a daughter, who is to be Peter's mother in turn; and thus it will go on, so long as children are gay and innocent and heartless.

When shall we three meet again?

E

In the first case it was necessary to renounce the consciousness of an unreal immobility in space and to recognize a motion we did not feel; in the present case it is similarly necessary to renounce a freedom that does not exist, and to recognize a dependence of which we are not conscious.

*I first met Dean not long after
my wife and I split up.*



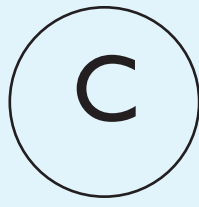
*To strive, to seek, to find,
and not to yield.*

*It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these
barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife,
I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and
know not me.*



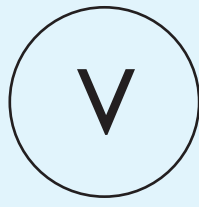
*So we beat on, boats against
the current, borne back
ceaselessly into the past.*

*The past is a foreign country:
they do things differently there.*



*And the mists had all solemnly
risen now, and the world
lay spread before me.*

*Robert Cohn was once middleweight
boxing champion of Princeton.*



“They don’t know we’re not allowed to use magic at home, I’m going to have a lot of fun with Dudley this summer....”

*..., light of my life, fire on my loins.
My sin, my soul.*

J

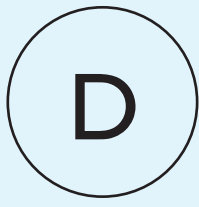
*“I don’t know as I should
always say it paid;
but if I done it, and the
thing was to do over again,
right in the same way, I guess
I should have to do it.”*

In that pleasant district of merry England which is watered by the river Don, there extended in ancient times a large forest, covering the greater part of the beautiful hills and valleys which lie between Sheffield and the pleasant town of Doncaster.



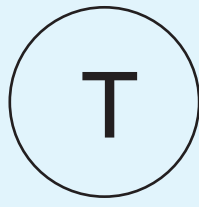
In the end he agreed; and then at once I knew how much I was sorry.

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



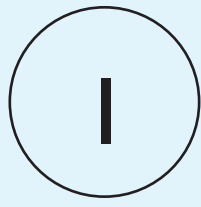
*In the morning I saw the sons
of Unamis happy and strong;
and yet, before the night has come,
have I lived to see the last warrior
of the wise race of the....*

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



*But it was all right, everything was
all right, the struggle was finished.
He had won the victory over himself.
He loved Big Brother.*

*Mr. and Mrs. Dursley of
number four, Privet Drive, were
proud to say that they were perfectly
normal, thank you very
much.*



*O Agnes, O my soul, so may thy face
be by me when I close my life indeed;
so may I, when realities are melting
from me, like the shadows which I
now dismiss, still find thee near
me, pointing upward!*

All children, except one, grow up.

U

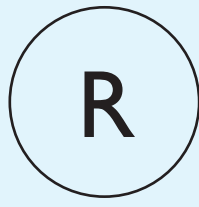
Darcy, as well as Elizabeth, really loved them; and they were both ever sensible of the warmest gratitude towards the persons who, by bringing her into Derbyshire, had been the means of uniting them.

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.

N

*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.*

*Some of the evil of my tale
may have been inherent
in our circumstances.*



*And this is the only immortality
you and I may share, ...*

It was love at first sight.



*So thanks to all at once and
to each one,
Whom we invite to see us
crowned at Scone.*