

1

Now when I was a little chap I had a passion for maps. I would look for hours at South America, or Africa, or Australia, and lose myself in all the glories of exploration. At that time there were many blank spaces on the earth, and when I saw one that looked particularly inviting on a map (but they all look that) I would put my finger on it and say 'When I grow up I will go there'

Joseph Conrad – Heart of Darkness (Chapter 1)

2

She turned the page; there were only a few lines more, so that she would finish the story, though it was bed-time. It was getting late. The light in the garden told that; and the whitening of the flowers and something grey in the leaves conspired together to rouse in her a feeling of anxiety. What it was about she could not think at first.

Virginia Woolf - To the Lighthouse (Chapter 10)

3

Ursula left school at the end of July, when the summer holiday commenced. The morning outside was bright and sunny, and the freedom got inside the schoolroom this last day. It was as if the walls of the school were going to melt away. Already they seemed shadowy and unreal. It was breaking-up morning. Soon scholars and teachers would be outside, each going his own way.

David Herbert Lawrence - Rainbow (Chapter 14)

4

"Who are you?" asked Jim at last, speaking in his usual voice. "My name's Brown" answered the other, loudly; "Captain Brown. What's yours?" and Jim after a little pause went on quietly, as if he had not heard: "What made you come here?" "You want to know" said Brown, bitterly. "It's easy to tell. Hunger. And what made you?"

Joseph Conrad – Lord Jim (Chapter 41)

5

Every day at Longbourn was now a day of anxiety; but the most anxious part of each was when the post was expected. The arrival of letters was the first grand object of every morning's impatience. Through letters, whatever of good or bad was to be told, would be communicated, and every succeeding day was expected to bring some news of importance.

Jane Austen – *Pride and Prejudice* (Chapter 48)

6

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness encreased as we grew old. There was in fact nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house, situated in a fine country, and a good neighbourhood. The year was spent in moral or rural amusements; in visiting our rich neighbours, and relieving such as were poor.

Oliver Goldsmith – *The Vicar of Wakefield* (Chapter 1)

7

It was the house that had been empty, years ago. It had remained so for a long time. At last, and while she had been away from home, this family had taken it; and it was repaired and newly painted; and there were birds and flowers about it; and it looked very different from its old self. But she never thought of the house. The children and their father were all in all.

Charles Dickens – *Dombey and Son* (Chapter 18)

8

I had already broken out into a desolate cry, and felt an orphan in the wide world. She was very kind to me. She kept me there all day, and left me alone sometimes; and I cried, and wore myself to sleep, and awoke and cried again. When I could cry no more, I began to think; and then the oppression on my breast was heaviest, and my grief a dull pain that there was no ease for.

Charles Dickens – *David Copperfield* (Chapter 9)

9

He went to the church, and walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and for, and patted the children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up to the windows, and found that everything could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk, that anything, could give him so much happiness.

Charles Dickens – A Christmas Carol (Stave 5)

10

Troops went by the house and down the road and the dust they raised powdered the leaves of the trees. The trunks of the trees too were dusty and the leaves fell early that year and we saw the troops marching along the road and the dust rising and leaves, stirred by the breeze, falling and the soldiers marching and afterward the road bare and white except for the leaves.

Ernest Hemingway – A Farewell to Arms (Chapter 1)

11

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 in his first entering a neighbourhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding, that he is considered as the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

Jane Austen – Pride and Prejudice (Chapter 1)