FIRST LINES

You are not the kind of guy who would be at a place like this at this time of the morning.

Jay McInerney, Bright Lights, Big City, 1984

Nobody could sleep.

Norman Mailer, The Naked and the Dead, 1948

Roy Hobbs pawed at the glass before thinking to prick a match with his thumbnail and hold the spurting flame in his cupped palm close to the lower berth window, but by then he had figured it was a tunnel they were passing through and was no longer surprised at the bright sight of himself holding a yellow light over his head, peering back in. Bernard Malamud, The Natural, 1952

From the small crossed window of his room above the table in the brickyard, Yakov Bok saw people in their own overcoats running somewhere early that morning, everybody in the same direction.

Bernard Malamud, The Fixer, 1966

Getting through the night is becoming harder and harder. Woody Allen, "Selections From the Allen Notebooks," Without Feathers, 1972

Mother died today. Albert Camus, The Stranger, 1942 Trans. by Stuart Gilbert, 1946

It was a pleasure to burn. Ray Bradbury, Fahrenheit 451, 1953

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

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 García Márquez, One Hundred Years of Solitude, 1967 Trans. by Gregory Rabassa, 1970

"Was anyone hurt?" Evelyn Waugh, A Handful of Dust, 1934

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m There}$ were 117 psychoanalysts on the Pan Am flight to Vienna and I'd been treated by at least six of them.

Erica Jong, Fear of Flying, 1973

There was no possibility of taking a walk that day. Charlotte Bronte, Jane Eyre, 1847

I get the willies when I see closed doors. Joseph Heller, Something Happened, 1974

"What's it going to be then, eh?" .L Downer & Markovet Onmar 1962 $B_{rrrrrriiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiinng!}$ Richard Wright, Native Son, 1940

They threw me off the hay truck about noon. James M. Cain, The Postman Always Rings Twice, 1934

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

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

George Orwell, 1984, 1949

"We need you to kill a man." Robert A. Heinlein, The Cat Who Walks Through Walls, 1985

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

I shall soon be dead at last in spite of all. Samuel Beckett, Malone Dies, 1951

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

> I am an invisible man. Ralph Ellison, Invisible Man, 1952

I first met Dean not long after my wife and I split up. Jack Kerouac, On the Road, 1957

The boy with fair hair lowered himself down the last few feet of rock and began to pick his way toward the lagoon. William Golding, Lord of the Flies, 1955

> All children, except one, grow up. J. M. Barrie, Peter Pan [Peter Pan and Wendy], 1911

"To be born again," sang Gibreel Farishta tumbling from the heavens, "first you have to die."

Salman Rushdie, The Satanic Verses, 1988

Günter Grass, Dog Years, 1963 Trans. by Ralph Manheim, 1965

"Well, I'm back," he said. J. R. R. Tollden, *The Return of the King,* 1955

He drew in a breath, broke off in the middle of it, stretched himself out, and died.

Leo Tolstoy, The Death of Ivan Byich, 1864–69 Trans. by Lynn Solotaroff, 1981

"I never knew who my father was."

Edgar Rice Burroughs, Tarzan of the Apes, 1914

"No good ... no bueno ... hustling myself"
"No glot ... C'lom Fliday"
William S. Burroughs, Naked Lunch, 1959

Happy Birthday Me.
Larry Kramer, Faggots, 1978

That was the last thing he ever saw.

Milan Kundera, Life Is Elsewhere, 1973

Trans. by Peter Kussi, 1974

The strains of the piano and violin rose up weakly from below.

Milan Kundera, The Unbearable Lightness of Being, 1984

Trans. by Michael Henry Heim, 1984

The inquisition was in the hands of its enemies.

Edgar Allan Poe, "The Pit and the Pendulum," 1843

Then I walked back between the graves to the car and drove away.

Chaim Potok, In the Beginning, 1975

But he would think of something.

Arthur C. Clarke, 2001: A Space Odyssey, 1968

The eyes and the faces all turned themselves toward me, and guiding myself by them, as by a magical thread, I stepped into the room.

Sylvia Plath, The Bell Jar, 1963

"Do you think he will ever find it?" I asked.

James Hilton, Lost Horizon, 1933

But in the world according to Garp, we are all terminal cases.

John Irving, The World According to Garp, 1978

Then he went into his house through the back door that had been open since six and fell on his face in the kitchen.

Gabriel García Márquez, Chronicle of a Death Foretold, 1981 Trans. by Gregory Rabassa, 1981

> Another nail in his coffin. His. John Updike, Rabbit Is Rich, 1981

I been away a long time.

Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest, 1962

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

He loved Big Brother.
George Orwell, 1984, 1949

"He feels it himself, and says often that he is, 'preparing to leave all this; preparing to leave ...' while he waves his hand sadly at his butterflies."

Joseph Conrad, Lord Jim, 1900

"She's never found peace since she left his arms, and never will again till she's as he is now!"

Thomas Hardy, Jude the Obscure, 1895

For now he knew what Shalimar knew: If you surrendered to the air, you could *ride* it.

Toni Morrison, Song of Solomon, 1977

"Maama, Maaama, Maamaaa!" Jean M. Auel, The Clan of the Cave Bear, 1980

"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

One bird said to Billy Pilgrim, "Poo-tee-weet?"

Kurt Vonnegut, Slaughterhouse-Five, 1969

"It isn't fair, it isn't right," Mrs. Hutchinson screamed, and then they were upon her.

Shirley Jackson, "The Lottery," 1948

The old man was dreaming about the lions.

Ernest Hemingway, The Old Man and the Sea, 1952

When they tried to release him from the skeleton he was embracing, he crumbled into dust.

Victor Hugo, Notre-Dame of Paris, 1831 Trans. by John Sturrock, 1978

Each of us bathes by himself.

Günter Grass, Dog Years, 1963

Trans. by Ralph Manheim, 1965

It was the devious-cruising Rachel, that in her retracing search after her missing children, only found another orphan. Herman Melville, Mobv-Dick. 1851

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Alice Walker, The Color Purple, 1982