

## **A LIBRARY FOR MA AND JACK**

It was so hard choosing just ten books for Jack and Ma to have in Room... that I've put together a sort of anthology of texts that might help them on the Outside.

There are no adults.

### **André Malraux**

Rapunzel grew to be the most beautiful child under the sun, and when she was twelve years old the Witch shut her up in a tower, which stood in a forest, and had neither stairs nor door, and only one little window just at the top.

***'Rapunzel', Grimm's Household Stories (1853)***

Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater

Had a wife and couldn't keep her;

He put her in a pumpkin shell,

And there he kept her very well.

***Anon, 'Peter, Peter, Pumpkin-eater' (before 1825)***

I thought I was acting for the best and within my rights.

**John Fowles, *The Collector* (1963)**

It is 10 years since our children left.

**Town Chronicles of Hamelin (1384)**

In the year of 1284, on the day of Saints John and Paul,  
on 26 June,

130 children born in Hamelin were seduced  
By a piper, dressed in all kinds of colours,  
and lost at the place of execution near the *koppen*.

### **The Luneberg Manuscript (c.1440-50)**

When, lo, as they reached the mountain-side,  
A wondrous portal opened wide,  
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;  
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,  
And when all were in to the very last,  
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.  
Did I say, all? No! One was lame,  
And could not dance the whole of the way;  
And in after years, if you would blame  
His sadness, he was used to say, --  
``It's dull in our town since my playmates left!  
``I can't forget that I'm bereft  
``Of all the pleasant sights they see,  
``Which the Piper also promised me.  
``For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,  
``Joining the town and just at hand,  
``Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,  
``And flowers put forth a fairer hue,  
``And everything was strange and new;  
``The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,

``And their dogs outran our fallow deer,  
``And honey-bees had lost their stings,  
``And horses were born with eagles' wings;  
``And just as I became assured  
``My lame foot would be speedily cured,  
``The music stopped and I stood still,  
``And found myself outside the hill,  
``Left alone against my will,  
``To go now limping as before,  
``And never hear of that country more!"

**Robert Browning, 'The Pied Piper of Hamelin' (1888)**

The maiden went from one room to the other, through the whole house, but all were empty, and not a human being was to be seen anywhere. At last she went into the cellar, and there sat a withered old woman, shaking her head.

"Can you tell me," asked the maiden, "whether my bridegroom lives in this house?"

"Ah, poor girl," said the old woman, "when are you to be married? You are in a murderer's den. You think to be a bride, and to celebrate your wedding, but you will only wed with Death!"

**'The Robber-Bridegroom', *Grimm's Household Stories* (1853)**

'It was much pleasanter at home,' thought poor Alice, 'when one wasn't always growing larger and smaller, and being ordered about by mice and rabbits. I almost wish I hadn't gone down that rabbit-hole--and yet--and yet--it's rather curious, you know, this sort of life! I do wonder what CAN have happened to me! When I used to read fairy-tales, I fancied that

kind of thing never happened, and now here I am in the middle of one! There ought to be a book written about me, that there ought! And when I grow up, I'll write one--but I'm grown up now,' she added in a sorrowful tone; 'at least there's no room to grow up any more HERE.'

'But then,' thought Alice, 'shall I NEVER get any older than I am now? That'll be a comfort, one way--never to be an old woman--but then--always to have lessons to learn! Oh, I shouldn't like THAT!'

'Oh, you foolish Alice!' she answered herself. 'How can you learn lessons in here? Why, there's hardly room for YOU, and no room at all for any lesson-books!'

And so she went on, taking first one side and then the other, and making quite a conversation of it altogether.

***Lewis Carroll, Alice's Adventures in Wonderland (1865)***

The earth shuddered and groaned with a hollow thunder; then the marble slab closed of itself over the aperture, the hillside rushed together over it, and all was as before, save that Aladdin was sealed within that cavern without hope of escape.

Long and loud did Aladdin call to his supposed uncle to save him from a living death; but there was no answer to his cries, and at last, when he was almost exhausted, he took counsel of himself and plainly saw the truth of the matter. The Dervish was no uncle of his, but a cunning wizard.

***Anon, 'Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp', in The Arabian Nights (1924)***

All of man's misfortune comes from one thing, which is not knowing how to sit quietly in a room.

***Blaise Pascal, Pensées (1670)***

I found solitary confinement the most forbidding aspect of prison life.  
There is no end and no beginning; there is only one's own mind.

**Nelson Mandela, *The Long Walk to Freedom* (1994)**

As soon as she arrived the King led her into a chamber which was full of straw; and giving her a wheel and a reel, he said, 'Now set yourself to work, and if you have not spun this straw into gold by an early hour to-morrow, you die.'" With these words he shut the room door, and left the maiden alone.

**'Rumpelstiltskin', *Grimm's Household Stories* (1853)**

To see a World in a Grain of Sand  
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,  
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand  
And Eternity in an hour.

**William Blake, 'Auguries of Innocence' (written 1800-03, published 1863)**

The mind is its own place, and in itself  
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.

**John Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book I (1677)**

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Then said Mary unto the angel, How shall this be, seeing I know not a man? And the angel answered and said unto her, The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God. And, behold, thy cousin Elisabeth, she hath also conceived a son in her old age: and

this is the sixth month with her, who was called barren. For with God nothing shall be impossible. And Mary said, Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word. And the angel departed from her.

**Gospel of Luke, I.34-38, King James Version**

I'm dead, I say.

And if, to save the child from death as well,  
The mother in me has survived the rest,  
Why, that's God's miracle you must not tax, -  
I'm not less dead for that: I'm nothing more  
But just a mother. Only for the child,  
I'm warm, and cold, and hungry, and afraid,  
And smell the flowers a little, and see the sun,  
And speak still, and am silent, - just for him!

**Elizabeth Barrett Browning, *Aurora Leigh* (1857), Book VI**

He knew only that his child was his warrant. He said: If he is not the word of God God never spoke.

**Cormac McCarthy, *The Road* (2007)**

After they had thus traveled over two miles, through thorns and bushes, they came to a rock in which was a door, whereat the robbers knocked, and immediately it opened of itself. Then they had to pass through a long gloomy passage, and came at length to a great cave, lighted by a fire which was burning on the hearth. On the wall were hanging swords, sabers, and other weapons, which shone in the light; and in the middle of the cave was a black table, at

which the four robbers sat down to play, and at the head sat the Captain. The latter, as soon as he saw the woman enter, came up to her and said, that if she were quiet and not passionate, they would do her no harm, but she would have to take care of their household; and if she kept everything in good order she would be well treated. So saying, he gave her something to eat, and showed her the bed where she was to sleep with her child.

The woman remained many years with these robbers, and Hans grew big and strong. His mother told him tales and taught him to read from an old book of chivalry, which she found in the cave.

**'Strong Hans', *Grimm's Household Stories* (1853)**

Jesu, swete, beo nout wroth;  
I have neither clut ne cloth  
Thee inne for to folde,  
I ne have but a clut of a lappe;  
Therefore ley thi fet to my pappe  
And kepe thee fro the colde.

Jesus, sweet, don't be angry.  
I have no rag or cloth  
To wrap you in,  
I only have a patch of a rag.  
So lay your feet against my breast  
And keep from the cold.  
*[modernization by Emma Donoghue]*

**Anon, from 'Ler to loven as I love thee' [often called 'Jesu Swete'] (before 1372)**

Soon she entered a large wild forest, and there she fell upon her knees and prayed to God, and the angel appeared, and led her to a little cottage, and over the door was a shield inscribed with the words, « Here may every one live freely. » Out of the house came a snow-white maiden, who said, « Welcome, Lady Queen! » and led her in. Then she took the little child from the Queen's back, and gave it some nourishment, and laid it on a beautifully covered bed. Presently the Queen asked, « How do you know that I am a queen? » and the maiden answered, « I am an angel sent from God to tend you and your child, » and in this cottage she lived seven years, and was well cared for, and through God's mercy to her, on account of her piety, her hands grew again as before.

**'The Handless Maiden', *Grimm's Household Stories* (1853)**

Suck little babe, oh suck again!  
It cools my blood; it cools my brain;  
Thy lips I feel them, baby! they  
Draw from my heart the pain away.  
Now laugh and be gay, to the woods away!  
And there, my babe; we'll live for aye.

**William Wordsworth, from 'The Mad Mother' (1798)**

When the strong ark which Danae bore  
Was tossing 'mid the water's roar,  
While rising winds her soul dismay,  
She bent o'er Perseus as he lay,  
Gazed with wet cheeks, and placed her arm  
Around him, as to shield from harm.



'My boy,' she said, 'what woe I bear!  
But thou sleep'st sweetly, free from care,  
An infant's sleep in this drear room,  
Dim lighted, 'mid a night of gloom.  
Though the high waves are dashing by,  
As yet thy clustering hair is dry;  
Wrapt in thy purple mantle warm,  
Thou, darling, dost not heed the storm;  
But were this dreadful scene to thee  
As dreadful as it is to me,  
Then wouldst thou turn a quickened ear,  
Thy mother's troubled words to hear.  
Sleep, sleep, my child, in slumber deep;  
Would that the waves and I might sleep!  
May there some change of purpose be,  
Disposer of my fate, with thee!  
Grant me – a bolder prayer I make –  
Grant justice for this infant's sake.'

**Simonides (circa 556-468 B.C.E.), 'Danae', 19<sup>th</sup>-century translation by Professor  
Norton**

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When you wet the bed, first it is warm then it gets cold.

**James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916)**

I was the giant, great and still,

That sits upon the pillow-hill,  
And sees before him, dale and plain,  
The pleasant land of counterpane.

**Robert Louis Stevenson, from 'The Land of Counterpane' (1895)**

There she weaves by night and day  
A magic web with colours gay.  
She has heard a whisper say,  
A curse is on her if she stay  
To look down to Camelot.  
She knows not what the curse may be,  
And so she weaveth steadily,  
And little other care hath she,  
The Lady of Shalott.  
And moving through a mirror clear  
That hangs before her all the year,  
Shadows of the world appear.

**Alfred Lord Tennyson, 'The Lady of Shalott' (1842 version)**

Socrates: Behold! human beings living in a underground den, which has a mouth open towards the light and reaching all along the den; here they have been from their childhood, and have their legs and necks chained so that they cannot move, and can only see before them, being prevented by the chains from turning round their heads. Above and behind them a fire is blazing at a distance, and between the fire and the prisoners there is a raised way; and you will see, if you look, a low wall built along the way, like the screen which marionette players have in front of them, over which they show the puppets.

Glaucon: I see.

And do you see, I said, men passing along the wall carrying all sorts of vessels, and statues and figures of animals made of wood and stone and various materials, which appear over the wall? Some of them are talking, others silent. You have shown me a strange image, and they are strange prisoners.

Like ourselves, I replied; and they see only their own shadows, or the shadows of one another, which the fire throws on the opposite wall of the cave? [...] At first, when any of them is liberated and compelled suddenly to stand up and turn his neck round and walk and look towards the light, he will suffer sharp pains; the glare will distress him, and he will be unable to see the realities of which in his former state he had seen the shadows; and then conceive some one saying to him, that what he saw before was an illusion, but that now, when he is approaching nearer to being and his eye is turned towards more real existence, he has a clearer vision, -what will be his reply? And you may further imagine that his instructor is pointing to the objects as they pass and requiring him to name them, -- will he not be perplexed? Will he not fancy that the shadows which he formerly saw are truer than the objects which are now shown to him?

**Plato, *The Republic*, Book VII (circa 370 B.C.E.)**

"None of the lost boys knows any stories."

"How perfectly awful," Wendy said.

**J. M. Barrie, *Peter Pan* (1928)**

"Sing nou, Moder," seide that child,

"Wat me sal befall

Here after wan I cum to eld;

So don modres alle."

'Sing now, mother,' said that child,

'What will happen to me

When I grow to adulthood;

That's what all mothers do.'

*[modernization by Emma Donoghue]*

**Anon, from 'Als I lay upon a nith' (before 1372)**

The Soul selects her own Society –

Then – shuts the Door –

To her divine Majority –

Present no more –

Unmoved – she notes the Chariots – pausing –

At her low Gate –

Unmoved – an Emperor be kneeling

Upon her Mat –

I've known her – from an ample nation –

Choose One –

Then – close the Valves of her attention –

Like Stone –

**Emily Dickinson, 'The Soul selects her own Society - ', written c. 1862,  
published 1890**

And up spoke young Mary, so meek and so mild,

“Oh, pick me cherries, Joseph, for I am with child.”

Then Joseph flew in anger, in anger flew he,

“Let the father of your baby pick cherries for thee.”

The up spoke the baby Jesus, all in his mother's womb,

“Bow down low, you cherry tree, let my mother have some.”

And the very tall branches bowed low to her knee,

And Mary picked cherries by one, two and three...

Now Mary had a young son which she dandled on her knee,

“Come tell me, sweet baby, what will this world be?”

“Oh, this world,” he said, “is no other than stones in the street

But the sun, moon, and stars will sail under thy feet.”

**'The Cherry Tree Carol' (1400s) (version collected by Cecil Sharp in English  
Folk Songs, ed. Maud Karpeles, 1974)**

Once upon a time there was a Queen whose daughter at the time this story begins was yet a child in arms, and one day she was so naughty that, spite of all her mother said, she would not be quiet. At last the Queen lost all patience, and, because the ravens were then flying about the palace, she opened the window and said, “I wish you were a raven, and could fly away, and then I should have some peace!” Scarcely had she said the words when the child

changed into a raven, and flew away out of her arms through the window into a dark forest.

**'The Raven', *Grimm's Household Stories* (1853)**

I never saw a Moor –  
I never saw the Sea –  
Yet know I how the Heather looks  
And what a Billow be.

I never spoke with God  
Nor visited in Heaven –  
Yet certain am I of the spot  
As if the Checks were given –

**Emily Dickinson, 'I never saw a Moor - ', written circa 1865, published 1890**

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The child in the henhouse  
Put his eye to the chink.

**Seamas Heaney, from 'Bye, Child' (1972)**

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly, but then face to face: now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known.

**King James Bible, Corinthians I.11-12**

There were doors all round the hall, but they were all locked; and when Alice had been all the way down one side and up the other, trying every door, she walked sadly down the middle, wondering how she was ever to get out again.

Suddenly she came upon a little three-legged table, all made of solid glass; there was nothing on it except a tiny golden key, and Alice's first thought was that it might belong to one of the doors of the hall; but, alas! either the locks were too large, or the key was too small, but at any rate it would not open any of them. However, on the second time round, she came upon a low curtain she had not noticed before, and behind it was a little door about fifteen inches high: she tried the little golden key in the lock, and to her great delight it fitted!

Alice opened the door and found that it led into a small passage, not much larger than a rat-hole: she knelt down and looked along the passage into the loveliest garden you ever saw. How she longed to get out of that dark hall, and wander about among those beds of bright flowers and those cool fountains, but she could not even get her head through the doorway; 'and even if my head would go through,' thought poor Alice, 'it would be of very little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could, if I only know how to begin.' For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things had happened lately, that Alice had begun to think that very few things indeed were really impossible.

**Lewis Carroll, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (1865)**

When she reached the door of the closet she hesitated for a moment or so, thinking upon her husband's command, and considering what ill might befall her if she disobeyed it. While he uttered it his look had been extremely stern, and a blue beard – for after a month of married life she could no longer disguise from herself that it was still blue, or at any rate changing colour less rapidly than she or her mother had promised themselves – might betoken a harsh temper. On the other hand, and though she continued to find it repulsive, he had hitherto proved himself a kind, even an indulgent, husband, and for the life of her she could not imagine there was anything unpardonable in opening so small a chamber. The temptation, in short, was too strong for her to overcome. She took the little key and, trembling, opened the door.

**'Blue Beard', in *The Sleeping Beauty and Other Fairy Tales*, retold by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (1912)**

Her father flew into a great passion, and caused a gloomy tower to be built, into which no ray of either sun or moon could penetrate. When it was completed he said to his Daughter, "For seven years you shall sit therein; and at the end of that period, I will come and see if your stubborn disposition is conquered." Meat and drink sufficient for these seven years were carried into the tower, and then the Princess and her Maid were led into it, and bricked up, so that earth and heaven were shut out from them. They were quite in darkness, and knew no difference between day and night. The Prince often came to the outside of the tower and called their names, but they heard nothing, for no sound could penetrate through the thick walls. What could they do, then, except weep and lament their fate! So time passed by; and, by the decreasing of their food and drink, they perceived that the end of their imprisonment was approaching. They imagined that their release was at hand; but no sound of a



hammer was to be heard, nor were any stones picked out of the wall, and it seemed as if the King had forgotten them. So when they had sufficient food left for only a few days, and the prospect of a miserable death stared them in the face, Jungfrau Maleen said to her companion, "It is time now that we should try to break through the wall."

**'Jungfrau Maleen', *Grimm's Household Stories* (1853)**

As sche hym held in hyr lape,  
He toke hyr lovely by the pape,  
And thereof sweetly he toke a nappe,  
And sok hys fyll of the lycowr.

To hys modyr gen he seye,  
"For this mylke me must deye;  
It ys my kind therwith to playe,  
My swet modyr, paramowr."

*As she held him in her lap,  
He took her lovingly by the breast  
And sweetly drank from it,  
And sucked his full of the liquid.  
He began to say to his mother,  
'For this milk I must die.  
It is my job to do,  
My sweet darling mother.*

[modernization by Emma Donoghue]

**Anon, from 'Modyr, whyt os lyly flowr' (1400s)**

'Since none but the dead pass freely from this dungeon, let me take the place of the dead!' Without giving himself time to reconsider his decision, and, indeed, that he might not allow his thoughts to be distracted from his desperate resolution, he bent over the appalling shroud, opened it with the knife which Faria had made, drew the corpse from the sack, and bore it along the tunnel to his own chamber, laid it on his couch, tied around its head the rage he wore at night around his own, covered it with his counterpane, once again kissed the ice-cold brow, and tried vainly to close the resisting eyes, which glared horribly, turned the head towards the wall, so that the jailer might, when he brought the evening meal, believe that he was asleep, as was his frequent custom; entered the tunnel again, drew the bed against the wall, returned to the other cell, took from the hiding-place the needle and thread, flung off his rags, that they might feel only naked flesh beneath the coarse canvas, and getting inside the sack, placed himself in the posture in which the dead body had been laid, and sewed up the mouth of the sack from the inside.

**Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo* (1844-46)**

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They admired to hear me answer them in their own Tongue, and saw by my Complexion I must be an *European*; but were at a Loss to know what I meant by *Yahoos* and *Houyhnhnms*, and at the same time fell a laughing at my strange Tone in speaking, which resembled the Neighing of a Horse. I trembled all the while betwixt Fear and Hatred: I again desired Leave to depart, and was gently moving to my Canoo; but they laid hold on me, desiring to know what Country I was of? whence I came? with many other Questions.

**Johnathan Swift, *Gulliver's Travels* (1726)**

There was once a little old man and a little old woman, who lived in a little old house in the edge of a wood. They would have been a very happy old couple but for one thing -- they had no little child, and they wished for one very much. One day, when the little old woman was baking gingerbread, she cut a

cake in the shape of a little boy, and put it into the oven.

Presently she went to the oven to see if it was baked. As soon as the oven door was opened, the little gingerbread boy jumped out, and began to run away as fast as he could go.

The little old woman called her husband, and they both ran after him. But they could not catch him. And soon the gingerbread boy came to a barn full of threshers. He called out to them as he went by, saying:

I've run away from a little old woman,  
A little old man,  
And I can run away from you, I can!

**'The Gingerbread Boy', *St Nicholas Magazine* (May 1875)**

The unlucky father, not a father, called,  
"Where are you, Icarus?" and "Where are you?  
In what place shall I seek you, Icarus?"  
He called again; and then he saw the wings  
of his dear Icarus, floating on the waves;  
and he began to rail and curse his art.

**Ovid, *Metaphoses*, 8:231-34, trans. Brookes More (1922)**

MIRANDA     O, wonder!  
                  How many goodly creatures are there here!  
                  How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,  
                  That has such people in't!

PROSPERO     'Tis new to thee.

**William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*, V.i.**

Then he raised his axe, and gave the wolf such a blow on its head that it fell dead, and, taking a knife, he cut it open, and released the little fellow his son. "Ah," said his father, "what trouble we have had about you!" "Yes, father," replied Thumbling, "I have been traveling a great deal about the world. Heaven be praised! I breathe fresh air again."

**'Thumbling', *Grimm's Household Stories* (1853)**

Immediately the King and Queen awoke, and the whole court, and all stared at each other wondrously. Now the horses in the stable got up and shook themselves – the dogs wagged their tails – the doves upon the eaves drew their heads from under their wings, looked around, and flew away – and flies upon the walls began to crawl, the fire to burn brightly and to cook the meat – the meat began again to fizzle – the cook gave his lad a box upon the ear which made him call out – and the maid began to pluck the fowl furiously. The whole palace was once more in motion as if nothing had occurred, for the hundred years' sleep had made no change in any one.

**'Briar Rose', *Grimm's Household Stories* (1853)**

Jack afterwards returned, and liberated the giant from the vault, who asked what he should give him for preserving the castle from destruction. "Why," quoth Jack, "I desire nothing but the old coat and cap, together with the old rusty sword and slippers which are at your bed's head." Quoth the giant, "Thou shalt have them, and pray keep them for my sake, for they are things of excellent use; the coat will keep you invisible, the cap will furnish you with knowledge, the sword cuts asunder whatever you strike, and the shoes are of extraordinary swiftness. These may be serviceable to you: therefore take them with all my heart."

**Anon, *The History of Jack and the Giants* (1711)**

We have to cease to think if we refuse to do it in the prison-house of language.

**Friedrich Nietzsche**

World is crazier and more of it than we think,  
Incorrigibly plural.

**Louis MacNeice, 'Snow' (1935)**

'Well, in OUR country,' said Alice, still panting a little, 'you'd generally get to somewhere else--if you ran very fast for a long time, as we've been doing.'

'A slow sort of country!' said the Queen. 'Now, HERE, you see, it takes all the running YOU can do, to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that!'

**Lewis Carroll, *Through the Looking Glass* (1871)**

Undue Significance a starving man attaches  
To Food -  
Far off - He sighs - and therefore - Hopeless -  
And therefore - Good -

Partaken - it relieves - indeed -  
But proves us  
That Spices fly  
In the Receipt - It was the Distance -  
Was Savory -

**Emily Dickinson, 'Undue Significance a starving man attaches', written circa 1862, published 1891**

Daughter of Eve from the far land of Spare Oom where eternal summer reigns  
around the bright city of War Drobe, how would it be if you came and had tea  
with me?

**C. S. Lewis, *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe* (1950)**

Down climbs Jack, and after him climbed the ogre. By this time Jack had  
climbed down and climbed down and climbed down till he was very nearly  
home. So he called out: "Mother! Mother! bring me an axe, bring me an axe." And  
his mother came rushing out with the axe in her hand, but when she came to the  
beanstalk she stood stock still with fright, for there she saw the ogre just coming  
down below the clouds.

But Jack jumped down and got hold of the axe and gave a chop at the  
beanstalk which cut it half in two.

**'Jack and the Beanstalk', in Joseph Jacobs, *English Fairy Tales* (1890)**

I had now to consider which way to steer my course next, and what to do with the estate that Providence had thus put into my hands; and, indeed, I had more care upon my head now than I had in my state of life in the island where I wanted nothing but what I had, and had nothing but what I wanted; whereas I had now a great charge upon me, and my business was how to secure it.

**Daniel Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe* (1719)**

If there is no love in the world, we will make a new world, and we will give it walls, and we will furnish it with soft, red interiors, from the inside out, and give it a knocker that resonates like a diamond falling to a jeweller's felt so that we should never hear it.

**Jonathan Safran Foer, *Everything Is Illuminated* (2002)**

Parents can only give good advice or put them on the right paths, but the final forming of a person's character lies in their own hands.

**Anne Frank, *Het Achterhuis* (literally *house behind*, her chosen title for her diary, published in 1947)**

And now good morrow to our waking souls,  
Which watch not one another out of fear;  
For love, all love of other sights controls,  
And makes one little room, an everywhere.

**John Donne, 'The Good Morrow' (1633)**

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