

“A throng of bearded men, in sad-coloured garments and grey steeple-crowned hats, inter-mixed with women, some wearing hoods, and others bareheaded, was assembled in front of a wooden edifice, the door of which was heavily timbered with oak, and studded with iron spikes.”

(Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*, 1850)

“A screaming comes across the sky.”

(Thomas Pynchon, *Gravity's Rainbow*, 1973)

“Call me Ishmael.”

(Herman Melville, *Moby-Dick*, 1851)

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

(Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*, 1861)