

The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe

“It’s no good, Son of Adam,” said Mr. Beaver, “no good your trying, of all people. But now that Aslan is on the move---”

“Oh, yes! Tell us about Aslan!” said several voices at once; for once again that strange feeling---like the first signs of spring, like good news, had come over them.

“Who is Aslan?” asked Susan.

“Aslan?” said Mr. Beaver. “Why, don’t you know? He is King. He’s the Lord of the whole wood, but not often here, you understand. Never in my time of my father’s time. But the word has reached us that he has come back. He is in Narnia at this moment. He’ll settle the White Queen all right. It is he, not you, that will save Mr. Tumnus.”

“She won’t turn him into stone too?” said Edmund.

“Lord love you, Son of Adam, what a simple thing to say!” answered Mr. Beaver with a great laugh. “Turn him into stone?” If she can stand on her two feet and look him in the face it’ll be the most she can do and more than I expect of her. No, no. He’ll put all to rights as it says in an old rhyme in these parts:

Wrong will be right, when Aslan comes in sight
At the sound of his roar, sorrows will be no more,
When he bares his teeth, winter meets its death,
And when he shakes his mane, we shall have spring

Again.

You’ll understand when you see him.

A Christmas Carol
Charles Dickens

Holding up his hands in one last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration of the Phantom's hood and dress. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bedpost.

Yes! And the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the Time before him was his own, to make amends in!

"I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future!" Scrooge repeated, as he scrambled out of bed. "The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. Oh Jacob Marley! Heaven, and Christmas Time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, old Jacob; on my knees!"

He was so flustered and so glowing with his good intentions, that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his call. He had been sobbing violently in his conflict with the Spirit, and his face was wet with tears...

"I don't know what to do!" cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath; and making a perfect Laocoon of himself with his stockings. "I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel. I am as merry as a school-boy. I am as giddy as a drunken man. Merry Christmas to everybody! A Happy New Year to all the world. Hallo here! Whoop! Hallo!"...

Really, for a man who had been out of practice for so many years, it was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh. The father of a long, long line of brilliant laughs!

A Tale of Two Cities

Charles Dickens

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.

Anne of Green Gables
Lucy Maud Montgomery

When Anne was finished washing the dinner dishes, she suddenly confronted Marilla with the air and expression of one desperately determined to learn the worst. Her thin little body trembled from head to foot; her face flushed and her eyes dilated until they were almost black; she clasped her hands tightly and said in an imploring voice;

“Oh please, Miss Cuthbert, won’t you tell me if you are going to send me away or not? I’ve tried to be patient all the morning, but I really feel that I cannot bear not knowing any longer. It’s a dreadful feeling. Please tell me.”

“You haven’t scalded the dishcloth, in clean hot water as I told you to do.” said Marilla immovably. “Just go and do it before you ask any more questions, Anne.”

Anne went and attended to the dishcloth. Then she returned to Marilla and fastened imploring eyes on the latter’s face.

“Well,” said Marilla, unable to find any excuse for deferring her explanation longer, “I suppose I might as well tell you. Matthew and I have decided to help you-that is, if you will try to be a good little girl and show yourself grateful.

‘Why, child, whatever is the matter?’”

“I’m crying,” said Anne in a tone of bewilderment. “I can’t think why. I’m glad as glad can be. Oh, glad doesn’t seem the right word at all. I was glad about the White Way and the Cherry blossoms-but this? Oh, it’s something more than glad. I’m so happy. I’ll try to be so good. It will be uphill work, I expect, for Mrs. Thomas often told me I was desperately wicked. However, I’ll do my very best.

But can you tell me why I’m crying?’”

Anne of Green Gables
L.M. Montgomery

“I’m just as ambitious as ever. Only I’ve changed the object of my ambitions. I’m going to be a good teacher-and I’m going to save your eyesight! Besides, I mean to study at home here and take a little college course all by myself.

Oh, I’ve dozens of plans Marilla. I’ve been thinking them out for a week and I shall give life here my best, and I believe it will give its best to me in return. When I left Queens my future seemed to stretch out before me like a straight road. I thought I could see it along for many a milestone. Now there is a bend in it. I don’t know what lies around the bend, but I’m going to believe that the best does. It has a fascination of its own that bend, Marilla. I wonder how the road beyond it goes- what there is of green glory and soft, checkered light and shadows- what new landscapes- what new beauties- what curves and hills and valleys further on.”

Anne’s horizons had closed in since the night she had sat there after coming home from Queen’s; but if the path set before her feet was to be narrow she knew that flowers of quiet happiness would bloom along it. The joys of sincere work and worthy aspirations and congenial friendship were to be hers; nothing could rob her of her birthright of fancy or her ideal world of dreams. And there was always the bend in the road!

“God’s in his heaven, all’s right with the world,” whispered Anne softly.

Anne of Green Gables
L.M. Montgomery

Matthew Cuthbert is Surprised

“Dreams don’t often come true, do they? Wouldn’t it be nice if they did? But just now I feel pretty nearly perfectly happy. I can’t feel exactly perfectly happy because--well, what color would you call this?”

She twitched one of her long glossy braids over her thin shoulder and held it up before Matthew’s eyes. Matthew was not used to deciding on the tints of ladies’ tresses, but in this case there couldn’t be much doubt.

“It’s red, ain’t it?” he said.

The girl let the braid drop back with a sigh that seemed to come from her very toes and to exhale forth all the sorrows of the ages.

“Yes, it’s red,” she said resignedly. “Now you see why I can’t be perfectly happy. Nobody could who has red hair. I don’t mind the other things so much---the freckles and the green eyes and my skinniness. I can imagine them away. I can imagine that I have a beautiful rose-leaf complexion and lovely starry violet eyes. But I *cannot* imagine that red hair away. I do my best. I think to myself, ‘Now my hair is a glorious black, black as a raven’s wing.’ But all the time I *know* it is just plain red and it breaks my heart. It will be my lifelong sorrow.”

I read of a girl once in a novel who had a lifelong sorrow but it wasn’t red hair. Her hair was pure gold rippling back from her alabaster brow.

‘What is an alabaster brow? I never could find out. Can you tell me?’

Dr. Dolittle
Hugh Lofting

“One afternoon when the Doctor was busy writing in a book, Polynesia sat in a window, as she nearly always did, looking out at the leaves blowing about in the garden. Presently she laughed aloud.

‘What is it, Polynesia?’ asked the Doctor, looking up from his book.

‘I was just thinking,’ said the parrot, and she went on looking at the leaves.

‘What were you thinking?’

‘I was thinking about people,’ said Polynesia. ‘People make me sick. They think they’re so wonderful. The world has been going on now for thousands of years, hasn’t it? And the only thing in animal language that people have learned to understand is that when a dog wags his tail he means ‘I’m glad!’ It’s funny, isn’t it? You are the very first man to talk like us. Oh, sometimes people annoy me dreadfully--such airs they put on talking about ‘the dumb animals.’ Dumb! Huh! Why I knew a macaw once who could say good morning in seven different ways without once opening his mouth. He could talk every language--and Greek. An old professor with a gray beard bought him. But he didn’t stay. He said the old man didn’t talk Greek right, and he couldn’t stand listening to him teach the language wrong. I often wonder what’s become of him. That bird knew more geography than people will ever know. People! Golly! I suppose if people ever learn to fly---like any common hedge sparrow--- we shall never hear the end of it!’

‘You’re a wise old bird,’ said the Doctor. ‘How old are you really? I know that parrots and elephants sometimes live to be very, very old.’

‘I can never be quite sure of my age,’ said Polynesia. ‘It’s either a hundred and eighty-three or a hundred and eighty-two. But I do know that when I first came here from Africa, King Charles was still hiding in the oak tree- because I saw him. He looked scared to death.’”

Johnny Tremain
Esther Forbes

“Sammy,” he said to Sam Adams, “my coming interrupted something you were saying... ‘We will fight,’ you had got that far.”

“Why, yes. That’s no secret.”

“For what will we fight?”

“To free Boston from these infernal redcoats and ...”

“No,” said Otis. “Boy, give me more punch. That’s not enough reason for going into war. Did any occupied city ever have better treatment than we’ve had from the British? Has one rebellious newspaper been stopped--- one treasonable speech? Where are the firing squads, the jails jammed with political prisoners? What about the gallows for you, Sam Adams, and you, John Hancock? It has never been set up. I hate those infernal British troops spread all over my town as much as you do. Can't move these days without stepping on a soldier. But we are not going off into a civil war merely to get them out of Boston. Why are we going to fight? Why, why?... For something more important than the pocketbooks of our American citizens.”

Rab said, “For the rights of Englishmen---everywhere.”

“Why stop with English?... For men and women and children all over the world... You were right, you tall, dark boy, for even as we shoot down the British soldiers we are fighting for rights such as they will be enjoying a hundred years from now... There shall be no more tyranny. A handful of men cannot seize power over thousands. A man shall choose who it is shall rule over him... The peasants of France, the serfs of Russia. Hardly more than animals now. But because we fight, they shall see freedom like a new sunrising in the west. Those natural rights God has given to every man, no matter how humble... The battle we win over the worst in England shall benefit the best in England. How well are they over there represented when it comes to taxes? Not very well. It will be better for them when we have won this war... Some of us will give our wits... some of us all our property... Each shall give according to his own abilities, and some... some will give their lives. All the years of their maturity. All the children they never live to have. The serenity of old age. To die so young is more than merely dying; it is to lose so large a part of life... We give all we have, lives, property, safely, skills... we fight, we die, for a simple thing. Only that a man can stand up.”

Little Women
Louisa May Alcott

“Really, girls you are both to be blamed,” said Meg, beginning to lecture in her elder-sisterly fashion. “You are old enough to leave off boyish tricks, and to behave better, Josephine. It didn’t matter so much when you were a little girl; but now you are so tall, and turn up your hair, you should remember that you are a young lady.”

“I’m not! and if turning up my hair makes me one, I’ll wear it in two tails till I’m twenty,” cried Jo, pulling off her net, and shaking down a chestnut mane.

“I hate to think I’ve got to grow up, and be Miss March, and wear long gowns, and look as prim as a China-aster! It’s bad enough to be a girl, anyway, when I like boys’ games and work and manners! I can’t get over my disappointment in not being a boy; and it’s worse than ever now, for I’m dying to go and fight with papa, and I can only stay at home and knit, like a poky old woman!” And Jo shook the blue army-sock till the needles rattles like castanets, and her ball bounded across the room.

Return of the King

J.R.R. Tolkien

“In rode the Lord of Nazgul. A great black shape against the fires beyond, he loomed up, grown to a vast menace of despair. In rode the Lord of the Nazgul, under the archway that no enemy ever yet had passed, and all fled before his face.

All save one. There waiting, silent and still in the space before the Gate, sat Gandalf upon Shadowfax: Shadowfax who alone among the free horses of the earth endured the terror, unmoving, steadfast as a graven image in Rath Dinen. “You cannot enter here,” said Gandalf, and the huge shadow halted. “Go back to the abyss prepared for you! Go back! Fall into the nothingness that awaits you and your Master. Go!” The Black Rider flung back his hood, and behold! He had a kingly crown; and yet upon no head visible it was set. The red fires shone between it and the mantled shoulders vast and dark. From a mouth unseen there came a deadly laughter. “Old fool!” he said. “Old fool! This is my hour. Do you not know Death when you see it? Die now and curse in vain!” And with that he lifted high his sword and flames ran down the blade.

And in that very moment, away behind in some courtyard of the city, a cock crowed. Shriill and unclear he crowed, recking nothing of war nor of wizardry, welcoming only the morning that in the sky far above the shadows of death was coming with the dawn.

And as if in answer there came from far away another note. Horns, horns, horns, in dark Mindolluin’s sides they dimly echoed. Great horns of the north wildly blowing. Rohan had come at last.”

The Bunker Hill Monument Oration
Daniel Webster

An Address delivered at the Laying of the Corner Stone of the Bunker Hill Monument at
Charlestown, Mass., on the 17th of June 1825

This uncounted multitude before me and around me proves the feeling which the occasion has excited. These thousands of human faces, glowing with sympathy and joy, and from the impulses of a common gratitude turned reverently to heaven in this spacious temple of the firmament, proclaim that the day, the place, and the purpose of our assembling, have made a deep impression on our hearts.

If, indeed, there be anything in local association fit to affect the mind of man, we need no strive to repress the emotions which agitate us here. We are among the sepulchers of our fathers. We are on ground distinguished by their valor, their constancy, and the shedding of their blood. We are here, not to fix an uncertain date in our annals, nor to draw into notice an obscure and unknown spot. If our humble purpose had never been conceived, if we ourselves had never been born, the 17th of June, 1775, would have been a day on which all subsequent history would have poured its light, and the eminence where we stand, a point of attraction to the eyes of successive generations. But we are Americans. We live in what may be called the “early age” of this great continent; and we know that our posterity, through all time, are here to enjoy and suffer the allotments of humanity. We see before us a probable train of great events; we know that our own fortunes have been happily cast; and it is natural, therefore, that we should be moved by the contemplation of occurrences which have guided our destiny before many of us were born, and settled the condition in which we should pass that portion of our existence which God allows to men on earth.

We do not read even of the discovery of this continent without feeling something of a personal interest in the event, without being reminded how much it has affected our own fortunes and our own existence. It would be still more unnatural for us, therefore, than for others, to contemplate with unaffected minds that interesting, I may say that most touching and pathetic scene, when the great discoverer of America stood on the deck of his shattered bark, the shades of night falling on the sea, yet no man sleeping; tossed on the billows of an unknown ocean, yet the stronger billows of alternate hope and despair tossing his own troubled thoughts; extending forward his harassed frame, straining westward his anxious and eager eyes, till Heaven at last granted him a moment of rapture and ecstasy, in blessing his vision with the sight of the unknown world.

Nearer to our times, more closely connected with our fates, and therefore still more interesting to our feelings and affections, is the settlement of our own country by colonists from

England. We cherish every memorial of these worthy ancestors; we celebrate their patience and fortitude; we are justly proud of being descended from men who have set the world an example of founding civil institutions on the great and united principles of human freedom and human knowledge. To use their children, the story of their labors and sufferings can never be without its interest. We shall not stand unmoved on the shores of Plymouth while the sea continues to wash it; nor will our brethren in another early and ancient Colony forget the place of its first establishment till their river shall cease to flow by it.

No vigor of youth, no maturity of manhood, will lead the nation to forget the spots where its infancy was cradled and defended..

The Fellowship of the Ring
J.R.R. Tolkien

Many Meetings

They got up and withdrew quietly into the shadows, and made for the doors. Sam they left behind, fast asleep still with a smile on his face. In spite of his delight in Bilbo's company, Frodo felt a tug of regret as they passed out of the Hall of Fire. Even as they stepped over the threshold a single clear voice rose in song.

*AElberethGilthoniel,
silivrenpennamiriel
omenelaglarelenath!
Na-chaeredpalan-diriel
ogaladhremminenorath,
Fanuilos, lelinnathon
nefaear, si nefaearon!*

Frodo halted for a moment, looking back. Elrond was in his chair and the fire was on his face like simmer-light upon the trees. Near him sat the Lady Arwen. To his surprise Frodo saw that Aragorn stood beside her; his dark cloak was thrown back, and he seemed to be clad in elvenmail, and a star shone on his breast. They spoke together, and then suddenly it seemed to Frodo that Arwen turned towards him, and the light of her eyes fell on him from afar and pierced his heart.

He stood still enchanted, while the sweet syllables of the elvish song fell like clear jewels of blended word and melody. 'It is a song to Elbereth,' said Bilbo. 'They will sing that, and other songs of the Blessed Realm, many times tonight. Come on!'

The Fellowship of the Ring
J.R.R. Tolkien

“But this is terrible!” cried Frodo. “Far worse than the worst that I imagined from your hints and warnings. O Gandalf, best of friends, what am I to do? For now I am really afraid. What am I to do? What a pity that Bilbo did not stab that vile creature, when he had a chance!” “Pity? It was Pity that stayed his hand. Pity, and Mercy: not to strike without need. And he has been well rewarded, Frodo. Be sure that he took so little hurt from the evil, and escaped in the end, because he began his ownership of the Ring so. With Pity.” “I am sorry,” said Frodo. “But I am frightened; and I do not feel for Gollum.” “You have not seen him,” Gandalf broke in. “No, and I don’t want to,” said Frodo. “I can’t understand you. Do you mean to say that you, and the Elves, have let him live on after all those horrible deeds? Now at any rate he is as an Orc, and just an enemy. He deserves death.”

“Deserves it! I daresay he does. Many that live deserve death. And some that die deserve life. Can you give it to them? Then do not be too eager to deal out death in judgement. For even the very wise cannot see all ends. I have not much hope that Gollum can be cured before he dies, but there is a chance of it. And he is bound up with the fate of the Ring. My heart tells me that he has some part to play yet, for good or ill, before the end; and when that comes, the pity of Bilbo may rule the fate of many- yours not least. In any case we did not kill him: he is very old and very wretched. The Wood-elves have him in prison, but they treat him with such kindness as they can find in their wise hearts.”

The Hiding Place

Corrie ten Boom

“...suddenly I was afraid of what Father would say. Afraid he would say, “There’ll be someone else soon,” and that forever afterward this untruth would lie between us. For in some deep part of me I knew already that there would not---soon or ever---be anyone else.

The sweet cigar-smell came into the room with Father. And of course he did not say the false, idle words.

“Corrie,” he began instead, “do you know what hurts so very much? It’s love. Love is the strongest force in the world, and when it is blocked that means pain.

“There are two things we can do when this happens. We can kill the love so that it stops hurting. But then of course part of us dies, too. Or, Corrie, we can ask God to open up another route for that love to travel.

“God loves Karel---even more than you do---and if you ask Him, He will give you His love for this man, a love nothing can prevent, nothing can destroy. Whenever we cannot love in the old, human way, Corrie, God can give us his perfect way.”

I did not know, as I listened to Father’s footsteps winding back down the stairs, that he had given me more than the key to this hard moment. I did not know that he had put into my hands the secret that would open far darker rooms than this-- places where there was not, on a human level, anything to love at all.”

The Hobbit
J.R.R. Tolkien

An Unexpected Party

In a hole in the ground there lived a hobbit. Not a nasty, dirty, wet hole, filled with the ends of worms and an oozy smell, nor yet a dry, bare, sandy hole with nothing in it to sit down on or to eat: it was a hobbit-hole, and that means comfort.

It had a perfectly round floor like a porthole, painted green, with a shiny yellow brass knob in the exact middle. The door opened on to a tube-shaped hall like a tunnel: a very comfortable tunnel without smoke, with paneled walls, and floors tiled and carpeted, provided with polished chairs, and lots and lots of pegs for hats and coats--- the hobbit was fond of visitors. The tunnel wound on and on, going fairly but not quite straight into the side of the hill---The Hill, as all the people for many miles round called it--- and many little round doors opened out of it, first on one side and then on another. No going upstairs for the hobbit: bedrooms, bathrooms, cellars, pantries (lots of these), wardrobes (he had whole rooms devoted to clothes), kitchens, dining-rooms, all were on the same floor, and indeed on the same passage. The best rooms were all on the left-hand side (going in), for these were the only ones to have windows, deep-set round windows for looking over his garden, and meadows beyond, sloping down to the river.

The hobbit was a very well-to-do hobbit, and his name was Baggins. The Bagginses had lived in the neighborhood of The Hill for time out of mind, and people considered them very respectable, not only because most of them were rich, but also because they never had any adventures or did anything unexpected: you could tell what a Baggins would say on any question without the bother of asking him.

This is a story of how a Baggins had an adventure, and found himself doing and saying things altogether unexpected. He may have lost the neighbours' respect, but gained---well, you will see whether he gained anything in the end.

The mother of our particular hobbit---what is a hobbit? I suppose hobbits need some description nowadays, since they have become rare and shy of Big People, as they

call us. They are (or were) a little people, about half our height, and smaller than bearded Dwarves. Hobbits have no beards. There is little or no magic about them, except the ordinary everyday sort which helps them to disappear quietly and quickly when large stupid folks like you and me come blundering along, making noise like elephants which can hear a mile off. They are inclined to be fat in the stomach; they dress in bright colours (chiefly green and yellow); wear no shoes, because their feet grow natural leathery soles and thick warm brown hair like stuff on their heads (which is curly); have long clever brown fingers, good natured faces, and laugh deep fruity laughs (especially after dinner, which they have twice a day when they can get it).

Now you know enough to go on with.

The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe

C.S. Lewis

Every moment the patches of green grew bigger and the patches of snow grew smaller. Every moment more and more of the trees shook off their robes of snow. Soon, wherever you looked, instead of white shapes you saw the dark green of firs or the black prickly branches of bare oaks and beeches and elms. Then the mist turned from white to gold and presently cleared away altogether. Shafts of delicious sunlight struck down onto the forest floor and overhead you could see a blue sky between the tree-tops.

The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe

C.S. Lewis

Just as Mr. Beaver had been repeating the rhyme about Adam's flesh and Adam's bone, Edmund had been very quietly turning the door-handle; and just before Mr. Beaver had begun telling them that the White Witch wasn't really human at all but half a Jinn and half a giantess, Edmund had got outside into the snow and cautiously closed the door behind him.

You mustn't think that even now Edmund was quite so bad he actually wanted his brother and sisters to be turned into stone. He did want Turkish Delight and to be a Prince (and later a King) and to pay Peter out for calling him a beast. As for what the Witch would do with the others, he didn't want her to be particularly nice to them--- certainly not to put them on the same level as himself; but he managed to believe, or to pretend he believed, that she wouldn't do anything very bad to them. "Because," he said to himself, "all these people who say nasty things about her are her enemies and probably half of it isn't true. She was jolly nice to me, anyway, much nicer than they are. I expect she is the rightful Queen really. Anyway, she'll be better than that awful Aslan!" At least, that was the excuse he made in his own mind for what he was doing. It wasn't a very good excuse, however, for deep down inside him he really knew that the White Witch was bad and cruel.

The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe

C.S. Lewis

“It’s no good, Son of Adam,” said Mr. Beaver, “no good *your* trying, of all people. But now that Aslan is on the move---”

“Oh, yes! Tell us about Aslan!” said several voices at once; for once again that strange feeling--- like the first signs of spring, like good news, had come over them.

“Who is Aslan?” asked Susan.

“Aslan?” said Mr. Beaver. “Why, don’t you know? He’s the King. He’s the Lord of the whole wood, but not often here, you understand. Never in my time or my father’s time. But the word has reached us that he has come back. He is in Narnia at this moment. He’ll settle the White Queen all right. It is he, not you, that will save Mr. Tumnus.”

“She won’t turn him into stone too?” said Edmund.

“Lord love you, Son of Adam, what a simple thing to say!” answered Mr. Beaver with a great laugh. “Turn *him* into stone? If she can stand on her two feet and look him in the face, it’ll be the most she can do and more than I expect of her. No, no. He’ll put all to rights as it says in an old rhyme in these parts:

*Wrong will be right, when Aslan comes in sight,
At the sound of his roar, sorrows will be no more,
When he bares his teeth, winter meets its death,
And when he shakes his mane, we shall have spring
again.*

You’ll understand when you see him.”

Return of the King
J.R.R. Tolkien

After the Dark Lord's Ring of Power is Finally Destroyed, Sam asks Gandalf:

“Is everything sad going to come untrue? What’s happened to the world?”

“A great Shadow has departed,” said Gandalf, and then he laughed, and the sound was like music, or like water in a parched land; and as he listened the thought came to [Sam] that he had not heard laughter, the pure sound of merriment for days upon days without count... it fell upon his ears like the echo of all the joys he had ever known. But he himself burst into tears. Then, as a sweet rain will pass down a wind of spring and the sun will shine out the clearer, his tears ceased, and his laughter welled up, and laughing he sprang from his bed.

“How do I feel?” he cried. “Well, I don’t know how to say it, I feel, I feel”---he waved his arms in the air--- “I feel like spring after winter, and sun on the leaves; and like trumpets and harps and all the songs I have ever heard!”

The Magician's Nephew

C.S. Lewis

And Digory could say nothing, for tears choked him and he gave up all hopes of saving his Mother's life; but at the same time he knew that the Lion knew what would have happened, and that there might be things more terrible even than losing someone you love by death. But now Aslan was speaking again, almost in a whisper:

“That is what would have happened, child, with a stolen apple. It is not what will happen now. What I give you now will bring joy. It will not, in your world, give endless life, but it will heal. Go. Pluck her an apple from the Tree.”

For a second Digory could hardly understand. It was as if the whole world had turned inside out and upside down. And then, like someone in a dream, he was walking across to the Tree, and the King and Queen were cheering him and all the creatures were cheering too. He plucked the apple and put it in his pocket. Then he came back to Aslan.

“Please,” he said, “may we go home now?” He had forgotten to say “Thank you,” but he meant it, and Aslan understood.

The Magician's Nephew

C.S. Lewis

In the darkness, something was happening at last. A voice had begun to sing. It was very far away and Digory found it hard to decide from what direction it was coming. Sometimes it seemed to come from all directions at once. Sometimes he almost thought it was coming out of the earth beneath them. Its lower notes were deep enough to be the voice of the earth herself. There were no words. There was hardly even a tune. But it was beautiful, beyond comparison, the most beautiful noise he had ever heard. It was so beautiful he could hardly bear it.

Then two wonders happened at the same moment. One was that the voice was suddenly joined by the other voices; more voices than you could possibly count. They were in harmony with it, but far higher up the scale: cold, tingling, silvery voices. The second wonder was that the blackness overhead, all at once, was blazing with stars. They didn't come out gently one by one, as they do on a summer evening. One moment there has been nothing but darkness; next moment a thousand, thousand points of light leapt out—single stars, constellations, and planets, brighter and bigger than any in our world. There were no clouds. The new stars and the new voices began at exactly the same time. If you had seen and heard it, as Digory did, you would have felt quite certain that it was the stars themselves which were singing, and that it was the First Voice, the deep one, which had made them appear and made them sing.

The eastern sky changed from white to pink and from pink to gold. The Voice rose and rose, till all the air was shaking with it. And just as it swelled to the mightiest and most glorious sound it had yet produced, the sun arose.

Digory had never seen such a sun. You could imagine that it laughed for joy as it came up. The earth was of many colours: they were fresh, hot and vivid. They made you feel excited; until you saw the Singer himself, and then you forgot everything else.

It was a Lion. Huge, shaggy, and bright, it stood facing the risen sun. Its mouth was wide open in song.

The Return of the King

The Ride of the Rohirrim

The bent shape of the king sprang suddenly erect. Tall and proud [Theoden] seemed again; and rising in his stirrups he cried in a loud voice, more clear than any there had ever heard a mortal man achieve before:

Arise, arise, Riders of Theoden!

Fell deeds awake; fire and slaughter!

Spear shall be shaken, shield be splintered,

A sword-day, a red day, ere the sun rises!

Ride now, ride now! Ride to Gondor!

With that [Theoden] seized a great horn from Guthlaf his banner-bearer, and he blew such a blast upon it that it burst asunder. And straightaway all the horns in the host were lifted up in music, and the blowing of the horns of Rohan in that hour was like a storm upon the plain and a thunder in the mountains.

Ride now, ride now! Ride to Gondor!

Suddenly the king cried to Snowmane and the horse sprang away. Behind him his banner blew in the wind, white horse upon a field of green, but he outpaced it. After him thundered the knights of his house, but he was ever before them... Fey he seemed, or the battle-fury of his fathers ran like new fire in his veins... His golden shield was uncovered, and lo! It shone like an image of the Sun, and the grass flamed

into green about the white feet of his steed, and the hosts of Mordor wailed, and terror took them, and they fled, and died, and the hoofs of wrath rode over them.

Return of the King
J.R.R. Tolkien

In the Lord of the Rings, after the Dark Lord's ring of power is finally destroyed, Sam asks Gandalf:

“Is everything sad going to come untrue? What's happened to the world?”

“A great Shadow has departed,” said Gandalf, and then he laughed, and the sound was like music, or like water in a parched land; and as he listened the thought came to [Sam] that he had not heard laughter, the pure sound of merriment for days upon days without count... it fell up on his ears like the echo of all the joys he had ever know. But he himself burst into tears. Then, as a sweet rain will pass down a wind of spring and the sun will shine out the clearer, his tears ceased, and his laughter welled up, and laughing he sprang from his bed.

“How do I feel?” he cried. “Well, I don't know how to day it, I feel, I feel” ---he waved his arms in the air --- “I feel like spring after winter, adn sun on the leaves; and like trumpets and harps and all the songs I have ever heard!”

Return of the King
The Ride of the Rohirrim

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The Two Towers
J.R.R. Tolkien

“Then that is the most perilous wood in Middle-earth,” said Gimli. “I should be grateful for the part they have played, but I do not love them. You may think them wonderful, but I have seen a greater wonder in this land, more beautiful than any grove or glade that ever grew: my heart is still full of it.

“Strange are the ways of Men, Legolas! Here they have one of the marvels of the Northern World, and what do they say of it? Caves, they say! Caves! Holes to fly to in time of war, to store fodder in! My good Legolas. Do you know that the caverns of Helm’s Deep are vast and beautiful? There would be an endless pilgrimage of Dwarves, merely to gaze at them, if such things were known to be. Aye indeed, they would pay pure gold for a brief glance!”

“And I would give gold to be excused,” said Legolas; “and double to be let out, if I strayed in!”

“You have not seen, so I forgive you jest,” said Gimli. “But you speak like a fool. Do you think those halls are fair, where your King dwells under the hill in Mirkwood, and Dwarves helped in their making long ago? They are but hovels compared with the caverns I have seen here: immeasurable halls, filled with an everlasting music of water that tinkles into pools, as fair as Kheled-zaram in the starlight.

“And Legolas, when the torches are kindled and men walk on the sandy floors under the echoing domes, ah! then, Legolas, gems and crystals and veins of precious ore glint in the polished walls; and the light glows through folded marbles, shell-like, translucent as the living hands of Queen Galadriel. There are columns of white and saffron and dawn-rose, Legolas, fluted and twisted into dreamlike forms; they sprung up from many-coloured floors to meet the glistening pendants of the roof: wings, ropes, curtains fine as frozen clouds; spears, banners, pinnacles of suspended palaces! Still lakes mirror them: a glimmering world looks up from dark pools covered with clear glass; cities, his sleep drop falls, and the round wrinkles in the glass make all the towers bend and waver like weeds and corals into a grotto of the sea. Then evening comes: they fade and twinkle out; the torches pass on into another chamber and another dream. There is chamber after chamber, Legolas; hall opening out of hall, dome after dome, stair beyond stair; and still the winding paths lead on

into the mountain's heart. Caves! The Caverns of Helm's Deep! Happy was the chance that drove me there! It makes me weep to leave them.'

Then I will wish you this fortune for your comfort, Gimli,' said the Elf, 'that you may come safe from war and return to see them again. But do not tell all your kindred! There seems little left for them to do, from your account. Maybe the men of this land are wise to say little: one family of busy dwarves with hammer and chisel might mar more than they made.'

'No, you do not understand,' said Gimli. 'No dwarf could be unmoved by such loveliness. None of Durin's race would mine those caves for stone or ore, not if diamonds and gold could be got there. Do you cut down groves of blossoming trees in the springtime for firewood? We would tend these glades of flowering stone, not quarry them. With cautious skill, tap by tap--- a small chip of rock and no more, perhaps, in a whole anxious day--- so we could work, and as the years went by, we should open up new ways, and display far chambers that are still dark, glimpsed only as void beyond fissures in the rock. And lights, Legolas! We should make lights, such lamps as once shone in Khazad-dum; and when we wished we would drive away the night that has lain there since the hills were made; and when we desired rest, we would let the night return.

'You move me, Gimli,' said Legolas. 'I have never heard you speak like this before. Almost you make me regret that I have not seen these caves. Come! Let us make this bargain--- if we both return safe out of the perils that await us, we will journey for a while together. You shall visit Fangorn with me, and then I will come with you to see Helm's Deep.'

'That would not be the way of return that I should choose,' said Gimli. 'But I will endure Fangorn, if I have your promise to come back to the caves and share their wonder with me.'

'You have my promise,' said Legolas. 'But alas! Now we must leave behind both cave and wood for a while. See! We are coming to the end of the trees.'

They Can't Lick Us Knut Rockne

Knut Rockne was the consummate showman. He used various forms of media to promote himself, his football team, and his school, the University of Notre Dame. At some point, the date is unclear, but most likely in the late 1920s, he recreated (or more accurately performed) a pep talk for the newsreels. This speech was not for any particular game or situation, but instead showed Rockne's general motivational techniques with his players. The following is a transcript from that performance:

And the same backfield, Jimmy, you and Collins, Chevigny, and Niemiec. Now-w the success of any team men is based on team-play---the same as you've shown all year ---: Sacrifice; unselfish sacrifice! These are the fellows they say are pretty good; but I think we're better! And I think if we get ourselves keyed up to a point, and when we're confident of that... why-y-y the results will take care of themselves.

And right now. On the kickoff--- if we receive, the zone men will drop back to the receiver and block long--- that old Notre Dame style. If we kickoff--- which the rest of the teams want--- let's run down fast--- just as fast as you can run. And then we go on defense. And on defense--- I want the center in and out of that line--- according to the situation. Use your old head! And I want you guards charging through as far as you can go--- on every play. Expect the play right over you every time---.

And the tackles--- I want you to go in a yard and a half--- and then check yourselves. Spread your feet--- squat down low--- and be ready with your hands and elbows, so you won't be sideswiped. But I want the ends in there fast every play. Every play, but under control. And you men in the backfield there, I want you to analyze it before you move. If they throw a forward pass, a zone pass, wait 'til you see the ball in the air--- and the go and get it! And when we get it, boys, that's when we go on offense. And that's when we go to 'em--- and, don't forget, we're gonna pick on one last one tackle that is weak.

We're going inside of 'em, we're going outside of 'em--- inside of 'em! Outside of 'em!--- and when we get them on the run once, we're going to keep 'em on the run. And we're not going to pass unless their secondary comes up too close. But don't forget, men--- we're gonna get 'em on the run, we're gonna go, go, go, go!--- and we aren't going to stop until we go over that goal line! And don't forget,

men--- today is the day we're gonna win. They can't lick us--- and that's how it goes... The first platoon men--- go in there and fight, fight, fight, fight, fight! What do you say, men!

To Kill a Mockingbird
Harper Lee

Atticus said to Jem one day, "I'd rather you shot at tin cans in the backyard, but I know you'll go after birds. Shoot all the blue jays you want, if you can hit 'em, but remember it's a sin to kill a mockingbird."

That was the only time I ever heard Atticus say it was a sin to do something, and I asked Miss Maudie about it.

"Your father's right," she said. "Mockingbirds don't do one thing except make music for us to enjoy. They don't eat up people's gardens, don't nest in corn cribs, they don't do one thing but sing their hearts out for us. That's why it's a sin to kill a mockingbird."