

## Whose line is it anyway?

L E M O N Y S N I C K E T A S G R E G  
O R E L Y O D N A N O C R U H T R A E  
R A S L J A N E A U S T E N A M E I S  
A E C O A U W O D R S E U S S L T J K  
E P H R O A L D D A H L O T L S N M C  
E S A A R M O E R N I N E I I G F B S  
B E R C I R O M S U N P V R E A S A L  
E K L S E Y D R E V H L H A M S H R E  
A A E I W E F O U E E C N D H I M R W  
T H S W Y S E L N M A R F T R A N I I  
R S D E D S F K N H O R N M E D I E S  
I M I L N N I A T F A R C E V O L P H  
X A C H A N M A R Y S H E L L E Y I S  
P I K B G R G E O R G E O R W E L L E  
O L E D E A Y R U B D A R B Y A R I N  
T L N H T O O S C A R W I L D E A G I  
T I S K E N N E T H G R A H A M E G A  
E W D O U G L A S A D A M S N T I C I  
R U D Y A R D K I P L I N G N S E C T

- In the year 1878 I took my degree of Doctor of Medicine of the University of London, and proceeded to Netley to go through the course prescribed for surgeons in the army.
- Call me Ishmael.
- There was a boy called Eustace Clarence Scrubb, and he almost deserved it.
- You will rejoice to hear that no disaster has accompanied the commencement of an enterprise which you have regarded with such evil forebodings.
- Once upon a time there were four little Rabbits, and their names were-Flopsy, Mopsy, Cotton-tail, and Peter.

- It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen
- In the corner of a first-class smoking carriage, Mr. Justice Wargrave, lately retired from the bench, puffed at a cigar and ran an interested eye through the political news in the Times.
- It was seven o'clock of a very warm evening in the Seeonee hills when Father Wolf woke up from his day's rest, scratched himself, yawned, and spread out his paws one after the other to get rid of the sleepy feeling in their tips.
- WHEN I was four months old, my mother died suddenly and my father was left to look after me all by himself. This is how I looked at the time.
- The most merciful thing in the world, I think, is the inability of the human mind to correlate all its contents.
- Marley was dead, to begin with.
- If you are interested in stories with happy endings, you would be better off reading some other book.
- Jack Torrance though: Officious little prick.
- Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, and what is the use of a book, thought Alice without pictures or conversation?'
- The year 1866 was signalised by a remarkable incident, a mysterious and puzzling phenomenon, which doubtless no one has yet forgotten.
- All children, except one, grow up.
- The sun did not shine, it was too wet to play, so we sat in the house all that cold, cold wet day. I sat there with Sally. We sat here we two and we said 'How we wish we had something to do.
- The Mole had been working very hard all the morning, spring-cleaning his little home.
- The studio was filled with the rich odour of roses, and when the light summer wind stirred amidst the trees of the garden, there came through the open door the heavy scent of the lilac, or the more delicate perfume of the pink-flowering thorn.
- When shall we three meet again? In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
- It was a pleasure to burn.
- Far out in the uncharted backwaters of the unfashionable end of the Western Spiral arm of the Galaxy lies a small unregarded yellow sun.
- It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife.
- I'm pretty much fucked.