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Mildred fahrenheit 451 quotes page numbers

ASK OUR MANAGER TO FIND A BETTER DATE OR IT'S PAGE NUMBER GET HELP Everyone should leave something behind when he dies, my grandfather said. A child or a book or a painting or a house or a built wall or a pair of shoes made. Or a planted garden. Something your hand touched somehow because your soul has somewhere to go when you die, and when people look at that tree or that flower you planted, you're there. No matter what you do, she said, as long as you change something the way it was before you touched it on something that's like you after you took your hands off. The difference between the man who just mowed the lawn and a real gardener is in poignant, he said. The lawn mower might as well not have been there at all; the gardener will be there all his life. We don't have to be alone. We have to be really bothered from time to time. How long have you been really upset? About something important, about something real? There must be something in the books, something we can't imagine, to make a woman stay in a burning house; there must be something there. Don't stay for nothing. With the school coming out more runners, jumpers, runners, tinkers, thieves, snatchers, fliers and swimmers rather than examiners, critics, connoisseurs and imaginative creators, the intellectual word, of course, became the sworn word it deserved to be. Books are to remind us what and silly we are. They are Caesar's pretorian guard, whispering as the parade roars down the avenue: Remember, Caesar, you're mortal. Most of us can't run, talk to everyone, get to know every city in the world, we don't have time, money or that many friends. The things you're looking for, Montag, are in the world, but the only way the average guy will ever see ninety-nine percent of them is in a book. Don't ask for guarantees. And don't seek to be saved on one thing, person, machine, or library. Make your own savings, and if you drown, at least you die knowing you were heading for the coast. You're not like the others. I've seen a few; I know. When I speak, you look at me. When I said something about the moon, you looked at the moon last night. The others would never do. The others would leave and let me talk. Or threaten me. No one has any more time for anyone else. You're one of the few who put me on. That's why I think it's so rare that you're a firefighter, it just doesn't seem right to you, somehow. Are you happy? Hi! He said hello and then said, What are you doing so far? I'm still crazy. The rain feels good. I love going into it. I don't think I'd like that, he said. You could if I tried. I never have. He licked his lips. The rain even tastes good. What are you doing, going around trying everything once?, he wondered. Sometimes twice. It took some man all his life maybe to put of your thoughts down, looking around the world life, and then I came in two minutes and boom! it's over. I'm antisocial, they say. I don't mix. It's so weird. I'm very social indeed. It all depends on what you mean socially, doesn't it? Last night I thought about all the kerosene I've used in the last ten years. And I thought about the books. And for the first time I realized that a man was behind each of the books. A man had to think about them. A man had to take a long time to put them on paper. And I hadn't even thought I thought before. If you don't want to build a house, hide your nails and wood. If you don't want a politically unhappy man, don't give two sides to a question to worry him; give him one. Better yet, don't give him any. I've heard rumors; the world is hungry, but we are well fed. Is it true, the world works hard and we play? Is that why they hate us so much? I've heard the rumors about hate, too, from time to time, over the years. Do you know why? No, that's for sure! Maybe books can take half of the cave out of us. They could just stop us from making the same damn crazy mistakes! I bet I know something else I don't. There's dew on the grass in the morning. Suddenly I couldn't remember if I'd known it or not, and it made him quite irritable. And if you look, he warned in heaven, there's a man on the moon.'I hadn't looked at it for a long time. There must be something in the books, things we can't imagine, to make a woman stay in a burning house; there must be something there. Don't stay for nothing. You're not like the others. I've seen a few; I KNOW. When I speak, you look at me. When I said something about the moon, you looked at the moon last night. The others would never do. The others would leave and let me talk. Or threaten me. No one has any more time for anyone else. But most of all, he said, I like to see people. Sometimes I pass the subway all day and look at them and listen to them. I just want to find out who they are and what they want and where they're going. Sometimes I even go to Fun Parks and ride in airplane cars when they go to the edge of town at midnight and the police don't care how long they're insured. As long as everyone has ten thousand insurance policies everyone is happy. Sometimes I sneak in and listen on subways. Or do I listen to the soda fountains, and you know what? What? People don't talk about anything. Oh, they have to! No, nothing. Name a lot of cars or clothes or pools mostly and tell how it smells! But they all say the same things and nobody says anything different from anyone else. And most of the time in cafes they have the joker boxes on and the same jokes most of the time, or the illuminated musical wall and all the colorful patterns that run up and down, but it's just color and all abstract. And in museums, have you ever been? All abstract. That's all there is now. Color You don't like Black Sambo. Burn it. White people don't feel good about Uncle Tom's cabin. Burn it. Has anyone written a book about tobacco and cancer of the lungs? Do people cry? Burn the book. Serenity, Montag. Paul. Montag. Take your fight off. Better yet, in the incinerator. Are funerals unhappy and pagan? Remove them, too. Five minutes after a person is killed, he finds hi way to the Great Flute, the Incinerators in charge of helicopters from all over the country. Ten minutes after death, a man is a stain of black powder. We don't get enticed with individuals with memoriams. Forget them. Burn them all, burn everything. The fire is bright and the fire is clean. But remember that the Captain belongs to the most dangerous enemy of truth and freedom, the solid and immobile cattle of the majority. Oh, my God, the terrible tyranny of most. When I was a child my grandfather died, and he was a sculptor. He was also a very kind man who had a lot of love to give the world, and helped clean up the neighborhood of our city; and made toys for us and did a million things in his life; I was always busy with my hands. And when he died, I suddenly realized that I wasn't crying for him at all, but because of the things he did. I cried because I would never do them again, never cut another piece of wood again or help us breed pigeons and pigeons in the backyard or play the violin like it did, or tell us the jokes the way it did. He was part of us and when he died, all the actions stopped dying and there was no one to do them just as he did. It was individual. He was an important man. I've never gotten his death. I often think, what wonderful carings never got born because he died. How many jokes are missing from the world, and how many pigeons homing intact by their hands. It shaped the world. He did things in the world. The world was bankrupt of ten million fine shares the night it spent. Out of hours, yes. But is it time to think? If you're not driving a hundred miles an hour, in a clip where you can think of nothing but danger, then you're playing some game or sitting in some room where you can't argue with the four walls. What? The TV is real. It's immediate, it has a dimension. It tells you what to think and bang on. It has to be, right. It looks so right. You rush so quickly to your own conclusions that your mind hasn't come to protest, 'What nonsense!' Vidite li sad, dakle zašto su knjige omražene and zašto ih se boje? A pore pokazuju na licu života. str. 85. They are so sure they will run forever. But he won't run. Not now that this is quite a great burning meteorite that makes a beautiful fire in space, but one day it will have to. They just see the flame, the beautiful fire, as you saw it. Books were just a type of receptacle where of things we were afraid we forgot. There is nothing magical about them at all. Magic is only in what books say, how they sewed the patches of the universe together in one piece for us You can't ever have my books, he said. Saule dedzina katru dienu. Tā dedzina Laiku. Pasaule riņķo pa apli un ap savu asi, bet Laiks dedzina gadus un cilvēkus āpat, bez vīna līdzalības. Ja vīrs līdz ar otiem dedzinātajiem dedzinās cilvēka roku radītā, bet saule dedzinās Laiku, tad taču nekas nepaliks pāri! Mogu nabavīt knjige -izlāzēte se pogibeļij -A je dobra strana umiranja: kad nemate što izgubiti, izlāzēte se svakoj pogibeļij kojz žēlīte. str. 86. Et quand il est mort, je me suis aperçu que ce n'était pas lui que je pleurais, mais les choses qu'il faisait. We live in a time when flowers are trying to live in flowers, rather than growing with good rain and black franc. Even fireworks, for all their beauty, come from the chemistry of the earth. However, somehow we think we can grow, feeding on flowers and fireworks, without completing the cycle back to reality. Obojeni ne vole Malog crnog Samba. Spali ga. Bijeli nisu oduševljeni Čiča Tominom kolibom. Spali je. Netko je napisao knjigu o duhanu i raku pluća? Proizvođači cigareta tule? Spali knjigu. Vedrina, Montag. Look, Montag. Iznesi svoju borbu van. Još bolje, u spalionicu. str. 65. Evo ti, Montag! Nije do ovoga došlo odozgor, od vlade! Nije bilo nikakve naredbe, nikakve obznane, nikakve cenzure isprva, ne! Tehnologija, masovna eksploatacija and pritisak manjina potučili su cilj, Bogu hvala. Danas, zahvaljujući njima, sve vrijeme možeš biti sretan, dopušteno ti je čitati stripove, dobre stare vjerske knjige ili stručne časopise. str. 63. Ritorno to fake the parete. And come, the factia di lei, assomigliava inoltre a uno specchio! Impossibile; perché, quante persone hai mai conosciuto che rifletteressero la tua propria luce verso di te? Le persone erano più spesso -cerco un paragone, ne trovò uno nel campo della sua attività professionale- come to turce, che si consumavano fimmeggiando fino a spegnersi con un sibillo. Quanto raramente le facce degli altri is printed nella tua immagine e ti rimandavano la tua stessa espressione, il tuo più segreto, incerto pensiero! I'm afraid of them and they don't like me because I'm afraid. I guess I'm all they say I am, okay. I have no friends. You're supposed to prove I'm abnormal. But everyone I know is screaming or dancing like wild or beating each other up. Do you realize how people get hurt today? he had begun to cry, not to death, but to the idea of not crying to death, a silly empty man Belki bin yil içinde atlamak için daha küçük uçurumlar seçeriz. Ne govörim or stvarima, gospodine. Govörim or značenju stvari. - Ray Bradbury, Fahrenheit 451 Alguém deve When he dies, my grandfather said. A child, a book, or a painting, or a house, or a built wall or a pair of handmade shoes. Or a planted garden. Something where our soul has no where to go when we die, and when people look at that tree or flower we planted, we're there. No matter what we do, he said, as long as we change something before we touch it and turn it into something that is similar to us after moving our hands. The difference between the man who just mowed the lawn and a real gardener is in touch, he said. The lawn may not have been there; the gardener will be there all his life. This is the good part of dying: when you have nothing to lose, you run whatever risk you want. I guess I'm all they say I am, okay. I have no friends. You're supposed to prove I'm abnormal. But everyone I know is screaming or dancing like wild or beating each other up. Do you realize how people get hurt today? Tiene que haber algo en los libros, something that podemos can not imagine, stops a mujer se deje quemar alive. Tiene, there's something. I'm in the muere for nothing. Kitaplar, tören alayı büyük bir görüldü içinde ilerlerken, Sezar'ın kulağına 'Unutma, Sezar, sen de ölümünün' diyen preteroyen muhafızlarıdır. Yapmayanlar, yakmalıdırlar. Bu tarih kadar ve gençlerin suç işlemesi kadar eskidir. Bir adama birkaç dize şii ver, sonunda kendini yaratılmışların eferisi sansın... That the gente intervene in contests donde haya that remember the palabras of the most popular canciones, or the numbers of the capitals of los Estados, or cuánto maíz cosechó Iowa el último año. Llénalos de noticias incombustibles. They'll hear that they're ahoga information, but they'll be believed to be intelligent. Elegant.

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