Class 5– Thursday 4/23

Stream of Consciousness

*The Sound and the Fury*  William Faulkner

... 
Quentin 
I stopped 
what do you want 
in the woods the tree frogs were going smelling rain in the air they sounded like toy music 
boxes that were hard to turn and the honeysuckle 
come here 
what do you want 
come here Quentin 
I went back she touched my shoulder leaning down her shadow the blur of her face leaning 
down from his high shadow I drew back 
look out 
you go on home 
I'm not sleepy I'm going to take a walk 
wait for me at the branch 
I'm going for a walk 
I'll be there soon wait for me you wait 
no I'm going through the woods 
I didn't look back the tree frogs didn't pay me any mind the gray light like moss in the trees 
drizzling but still it wouldn't rain after a while I turned went back to the edge of the woods 
as soon as I got there I began to smell honeysuckle...

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... i will never do that nobody knows what i know and he i think you'd better go on up to 
cambridge right away you might go up into maine for a month you can afford it if you are 
careful it might be a good thing watching pennies has healed more scars than jesus and i 
suppose i realise what you believe i will realise up there next week or next month and he 
then you will remember that for you to go to harvard has been your mothers dream since 
you were born and no compson has ever disappointed a lady and i temporary it will be 
better for me for all of us and he every man is the arbiter of his own virtues....
**Mrs. Dalloway** Virginia Woolf

For it was the middle of June. The war was over, except for someone like Mrs. Foxcroft at the Embassy last night eating her heart out because that nice boy was killed and now the old manor House must go to a cousin; or lady Bexborough who opened a bazaar, they said, with the telegram in her hand, John, her favourite, killed; but it was over; thank Heaven – over. It was June. The King and Queen were at the Palace. And everywhere, though it was still so early, there was a beating, a stirring of galloping ponies, tapping of cricket bats; Lords, Ascot, Ranelagh and all the rest of it; wrapped in the soft mesh of the grey-blue morning air, which as the day wore on, would unwind them, and set down on their lawns and pitches the bouncing ponies, whose forefeet just struck the ground and up they sprung, the whirling young men, and laughing girls in their transparent muslins, who, even now, after dancing all night, were taking their absurd wooly dogs for a run; and even now, at this hour, discreet old dowagers were shooting out in their motor cars on errands of mystery; and the shopkeepers were fidgeting in their windows with their paste and diamonds, their lovely old sea green brooches in eighteenth century settings to tempt Americans (but one must economise, not buy things rashly for Elizabeth), and she too, loving it as she did with an absurd and faithful passion, being part of it, since her people were courtiers once in the time of the Georges, she, too, was going that very night to kindle and illuminate; to give her party. But how strange, on entering the Park, the silence; the mist; the hum; the slow-swimming happy ducks; the pouched birds waddling; and who should be coming along with his back against the Government buildings, most appropriately, carrying a dispatch box stamped with the Royal Arms, who but Hugh Whitbread; her old friend Hugh – the admirable Hugh.

**Metafiction**

**Northanger Abbey** Jane Austen

The anxiety, which in this state of their attachment must be the portion of Henry and Catherine, and of all who loved either, as to its final extent, can hardly extend, I fear, to the bosom of my readers, who will see in the tell-tale compression of the pages before them, that we are all hastening together to perfect felicity.