

Mowat, Farley. Lost in the Barrens. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1956. "By morning the first shock of their predicament had worn away and the boys were ready to meet reality. No amount of brave talk could hide the fact that they were faced with many months of living in one of the most inhospitable places in the world - and with nothing to help them except their wits and a pitifully small array of tools and weapons" (102).

Shelley, Mary. <u>Frankenstein</u>. Vancouver: [Vancouver Sun], 2004.

First published 1818.

"Nothing is more painful to the human mind than, after the feelings have been worked up by a quick succession of events, the dead calmness of inaction and certainly which follows and deprives the soul both of hope and fear. Justine died; she rested, and I was alive. The blood flowed freely in my veins, but a weight of despair and remorse pressed on my heart which nothing could remove. Sleep fled from my eyes..." (109).

"At these moments I wept bitterly and wished that peace would revisit my mind only that I might afford them consolation and happiness. But that could not be. Remorse extinguished every hope. I had been the author of unalterable evils, and I lived in daily fear lest the monster whom I had created should perpetrate some new wickedness. I had an obscure feeling that all was not over and that he would commit some..." (111).

Lowry, Lois. <u>The Giver</u>. New York: Laurel-Leaf, 1993. "But Lily had not felt anger, Jonas realized now. Shallow impatience and exasperation, that was all Lily had felt. He knew that with certainty because now he know what anger was. Now he had, in the memories, experienced injustice and cruelty, and he had reacted with rage that welled up so passionately inside him that the thought of discussing it calmly at the evening meal was unthinkable.

"I felt sad today,' he had heard his mother

say, and they had comforted her.

"But now Jonas had experienced real sadness. He had felt grief. He knew that there was no quick comfort for emotions like those.

"These were deeper and they did not need to be told. They were *felt*.

"Today, he felt happiness" (131-132).

"..."People felt things once. You and I have been part of that, so we know. We know that they once felt things like pride, and sorrow, and -

"And love,' Jonas added, remembering the family scene that had so affected him. 'And pain.' He thought again of the soldier.

"The worst part of holding memories is not the pain. It's the loneliness of it. Memories need to be shared" (154).

