

Block 1

Embedded Quote Examples

Original Quotation (Citation)	Embedded Quotation
It was a special pleasure to see things eaten, to see things blackened and changed. With the brass nozzle in his fists, with this great python spitting its venomous kerosene upon the world, the blood pounded in his head, and his hands were <i>the hands of some amazing conductor</i> playing all the symphonies of blazing and burning to bring down the tatters and charcoal ruins of history (Bradbury 1).	Up until he met Clarisse, Montag loved his job. His passion for his work made him feel like he had <i>“the hands of some amazing conductor”</i> (Bradbury 1) of a symphony.
It was <i>a pleasure to burn</i> (Bradbury 1).	Firemen in this society found it <i>“a pleasure to burn”</i> (Bradbury 1) away all that previous generations had built.
“I sometimes think drivers don’t know what grass is, or flowers, <i>because they never see them slowly</i> ,” she said (Bradbury 6).	People in this society fail to recognize the beautiful things around them <i>“because they never seem them slowly”</i> (Bradbury 6).
He wore <i>his happiness like a mask</i> and the girl had run off across the lawn with the mask and there was no way of going to knock on her door and ask for it back (Bradbury 9).	Life as a fireman who helped to control the society around him allowed Montag to wear <i>“his happiness like a mask”</i> (Bradley 9).
Every night <i>the waves came in and bore her off on their great tides of sound</i> , floating her, wide-eyed, toward morning. There had been no night in the last two years ths Mildred had not swum that sea, had not gladly gone down in it for a third time (Bradbury 10).	Because of the way she closed herself off to the world with her parlor walls and seashell ear thimbles, <i>“the waves came in and bore her off on their great tides of sound”</i> (Bradbury 10).
You don’t need an M.D., case like this; all you need is two handymen, <i>clean up the problem in half an hour</i> Call if you need us again. Keep her quiet. We got a contrasedative in her. She’ll wake up hungry. So long (Bradbury 13).	Overdosing on pills has become so commonplace that even individuals without medical expertise are able to <i>“clean up the problem in half an hour”</i> (Bradbury 13).
Someone else just <i>jumped off the cap of a pillbox</i> (Bradbury 13).	People who have <i>“jumped off the cap of a pillbox”</i> (Bradbury 13) are at the mercy of machine operators who clean out the poisons they’ve ingested.
At nine in the morning, Mildred’s bed was empty. Montag got up quickly, <i>his heart pumping</i> , and ran down the hall and stopped at the kitchen door (Bradbury 15).	Because of stress of the prior evening, Montag feels <i>“his heart pumping”</i> (Bradbury 15) with anxiety.
They want to know what I do with all my time. I tell them that sometimes I <i>just sit and think</i> . But I won’t tell them what. I’ve got them running (Bradbury 20).	Anyone who will <i>“just sit and think”</i> (Bradbury 20) would set off alarms in the minds of others; such behavior would be considered abnormal.
How odd. How strange. And my wife thirty and yet you seem <i>so much older at times</i> . I can’t get over it. (Bradbury 21).	The way Clarisse talks to Montag almost seems like she is <i>“so much older at times.”</i> (Bradbury 21).
Five, six, seven days. And, then Clarisse was gone. He didn’t know what there was about the afternoon, but it was <i>not seeing her somewhere in the world</i> (Bradbury 29).	Days were passing faster and faster and Montag was at dis-ease. It was <i>“not</i>

	<i>seeing her somewhere in the world</i> ' (Bradbury 29) that put him on edge.
How did it start? How did you get into it? How did you pick your work and how did you happen to think to take the job you have? You're <i>not like the others</i> . I've seen a few; I know. When I talk, you look at me. When I said something about the moon, you looked at the moon, last night (Bradbury 21).	Clarisse is fascinated by Montag because he is " <i>not like the others</i> " (Bradbury 21)
And, then. Clarisse was gone. He didn't know what there was about the afternoon, but it was <i>not seeing her somewhere in the world</i> . The lawn was empty, the trees empty, the street empty, and while at first he did not even know he missed her or was even looking for her, the fact was that by the time he reached the subway, there were vague stirrings of dis-ease in him (Bradley 29).	" <i>Not seeing her somewhere in the world</i> " (Bradbury 29) had a negative effect on Montag's attitude.
Montag had done nothing. His hand had done it all, his hand, with a brain of its own, <i>with a conscience and a curiosity in each trembling finger</i> , had turned thief. Now, it plunged the book back under his arm, pressed it tight to sweating armpit, rushed out empty, with a magician's flourish (Bradbury 35)!	Anyone " <i>with a conscience and a curiosity in each trembling finger</i> " (Bradbury 35) lived in fear of what the firemen might do.
The sight of it rushed the men out and down away from the house. Captain Beatty, keeping his dignity, backed slowly through the front door, his pink face burnt and shy from a thousand fires and night excitements... The pink face of Beatty now showed the faintest panic in the door. The woman's hand twitched on the single matchstick. The fumes of kerosene bloomed up about her. Montag <i>felt the hidden book pound like a heart against his chest</i> (Bradbury 36-37).	After witnessing the woman die with her books, Montag " <i>felt the hidden book pound like a heart against his chest</i> " (Bradbury 37) harder than ever before.
The woman on the porch reached out with <i>contempt to them all</i> , and struck the kitchen match against the railing (Bradbury 37).	Fully believing in what she felt was the right thing to do, the woman showed her " <i>contempt to them all</i> " (Bradbury 37) by light herself on fire along with her books.
And suddenly she was so strange he <i>couldn't believe he knew her at all</i> . He was in someone else's house, like those other jokes people told of the gentleman, drunk, coming home late late at night, unlocking the wrong door, entering a wrong room, and bedding with a stranger and getting up early and going to work and neither of them the wiser (Bradbury 39-40).	Mildred and Montag had become so removed from one another that he " <i>couldn't believe he knew her at all.</i> " (Bradbury 39).
How do you <i>get so empty</i> ? Who takes it from what you (Bradbury 41)?	People " <i>get so empty</i> " (Bradbury 41) because of the way they live their lives so quickly; they have no time to ponder what's important.
When they stepped out of the car, she had the Seashells stuffed in her ears. Silence. Only the wind blowing softly. "Mildred." He stirred in bed. He reached over and pulled the tiny musical insect out of her ear. "Mildred. Mildred (Bradbury 43)?"	Mildred is not in tune to what is around her because she always has the seashells in her ears so Montag pulls it out to talk to her. " He reached over and pulled the tiny musical insect out of her ear. "

Block 2**Embedded Quote Examples**

Original Quotation (Citation)	Embedded Quotation
It was a pleasure to burn. It was a special pleasure to see things eaten, to see things <i>blackened and changed</i> (Bradbury 1).	The firemen felt no remorse for the way their work <i>“blackened and changed”</i> (Bradbury 1) the world.
He knew that when he returned to the firehouse, he might wink at himself, a minstrel man, burnt-corked in the mirror. He would feel the fiery smile still gripped by his face muscles , in the dark (Bradbury 2).	Montag takes great pleasure and pride in his work, his work being the destruction of books by fire. At night <i>“he would feel the fiery smile still gripped by his face muscles”</i> (Bradbury 2). His job excited him so much he never felt it as a job but a passion.
There was only the girl walking with him now, her face bright as snow in the moonlight, and he knew she was working his questions around, seeking the <i>best answers she could possibly give</i> (Bradbury 4).	Fascinated with Montag, Clarisse wanted to find the <i>“best answers she could possibly give”</i> (Bradbury 4) in order to get him to continue talking with her.
So many people are. <i>Afraid of firemen</i> , I mean. But you’re just a man, after all. . . . (Bradbury 5).	All people of this society should be <i>“afraid of firemen”</i> (Bradbury 5) in order to avoid trouble with the law.
I’m seventeen and I’m crazy. My uncle says the two always go together. When people ask your age, he said, always say <i>seventeen and insane</i> (Bradbury 5).	Although her uncle calls her <i>“seventeen and insane”</i> (Bradbury 5), Clarisse may be the most normal character in <i>Fahrenheit 451</i> .
And if you look - she nodded at the sky - <i>there’s a man in the moon</i> (Bradbury 7).	Their inability to question the information they are fed leads people to believe <i>“there’s a man in the moon”</i> (Bradbury 7).
I rarely watch the ‘parlor walls’ or go to races or fun parks (Bradbury 7).	Most of the people in <i>Fahrenheit 451</i> <i>“watch the ‘parlor walls’”</i> (Bradbury 7) for hours on end.
So many people are. Afraid of firemen, I mean. But you’re just a man, after all (Bradbury 7).	His encounters with Clarisse bring Montag to the conclusion that perhaps he’s <i>“just a man, after all”</i> (Bradbury 7).
People were more often - he searched for a simile, found one in his work - <i>torches, blazing away until they whiffed out</i> (Bradbury 8).	Montag refers to people as <i>“torches, blazing away until they whiffed out”</i> (Bradbury 8) because of the way they lived their lives without regard to doing something helpful to the world around them.
The small crystal bottle of sleeping tablets which earlier today had been filled with thirty capsules and which <i>now lay uncapped and empty</i> in the light of the tiny flare (Bradbury 11).	Like her bottle of sleeping pills, Mildred <i>“now lay uncapped and empty”</i> (Bradbury 11) in her relationship with Montag; she had nothing to give him anymore.

<p>How are you supposed to root for the home team when you <i>don't even have a program</i> or know the names (Bradbury 15)?</p>	<p>Montag felt so frustrated in not understanding his wife and those like her; people who <i>"don't have a program"</i> (Bradbury 15) to call their own find it difficult to live with such individuals.</p>
<p>But instead he stood there, very cold, <i>his face a mask of ice</i>, listening to a man's voice (the uncle?) moving along at an easy pace (Bradbury 15).</p>	<p>Montag describes <i>"his face a mask of ice"</i> to show his embarrassment.</p>
<p>I'm <i>afraid of children my own age</i>. They kill each other (Bradbury 27).</p>	<p>Clarisse is <i>"afraid of children [her] own age"</i> (Bradbury 27) since they use violence for fun and kill almost for no reason.</p>
<p>They <i>run us so ragged</i> by the end of the day we can't do anything but go to bed (Bradbury 27).</p>	<p>Schools <i>"run students so ragged"</i> (Bradbury 27) by forcing them to sit through hours of endless and useless teaching that exhaust them.</p>
<p>Do you notice <i>how people hurt each other</i> nowadays? (Bradbury 27).</p>	<p>I am astounded to learn <i>"how people hurt each other"</i> (Bradbury 27) as a means of entertaining themselves.</p>
<p>He almost turned back to make the walk again, to give her time to appear. He was certain if he tried the same route, <i>everything would work out fine</i> (Bradbury 29).</p>	<p>If Montag was able to follow his plan, he believed <i>"everything would work out fine"</i> (Bradbury 29).</p>
<p>Montag gazed beyond them to <i>the wall with the typed lists of a million forbidden books</i> (Bradbury 31).</p>	<p>Firemen reference <i>"the wall with the typed lists of a million forbidden books"</i> (Bradbury 31) when deciding what to burn.</p>
<p>A man named Latimer said that to a man named Nicholas Ridley, as they were being <i>burnt alive</i> at Oxford, for heresy, on October 16, 1555 (Bradbury 37).</p>	<p>As they rode home, Beatty told the firemen about people who were <i>"burnt alive"</i> (Bradbury 37) for committing criminal acts.</p>
<p>And he remembered thinking then that if she died, he was certain he wouldn't cry. For it would be the dying of <i>an unknown, a street face, a newspaper image</i>, and it was suddenly so very wrong that he had begun to cry, not at death but at the thought of not crying at death, a silly empty man near a silly empty woman, while the hungry snake made her still more empty (Montag 41).</p>	<p>Montag identifies his wife as <i>"an unknown, a street face, a newspaper image"</i> (Montag 41) when realizing what a soulless person his wife came to be.</p>
<p>No. The same girl. McClellan. McClellan. Run over by a car. Four days ago. I'm not sure. But I <i>think she's dead</i>. The family moved out anyway. I don't know. But I think she's dead (Bradbury 44).</p>	<p>While some might <i>"think she's dead"</i>, (Bradbury 44), Clarisse might actually be alive.</p>
<p>And she pushed it up to one hundred and five miles an hour and <i>tore the breath from his mouth</i> (Bradbury 43).</p>	<p>Montag was intrigued by Clarisse, and her curiosity of him <i>"tore the breath from his mouth"</i> (Bradbury 43).</p>

Block 4**Embedded Quote Examples**

Original Quotation (Citation)	Embedded Quotation
It was a pleasure to burn. It was a special pleasure to <i>see things eaten</i> , to see things blackened and changed (Bradbury 1).	Firemen wanted “ <i>to see things eaten</i> ” (Bradbury 1) by the word of their own hands.
With the brass nozzle in his fist, with this great python spitting its venomous kerosene upon the world, the blood pounded in his head, and his hands were the hands of some amazing conductor playing all the <i>symphonies of blazing and burning</i> to bring down the tatters and charcoal ruins of history (Bradbury 1).	Montag loves the sound of burning books and compares them to the sound of “ <i>symphonies of blazing and burning.</i> ” (Bradbury 1)
The autumn leaves blew over the moon light pavement in such a way as to make the girl who was moving there seem fixed to a sliding walk, <i>letting the motion of the wind and the leaves carry her forward</i> (Bradbury 3).	As she was “ <i>letting the motion of the wind and the leaves carry her forward</i> ”, she seemed to have a fixed sliding walk (Bradbury 3)
It was not the <i>hysterical light of electricity</i> but-what (Bradbury 5)?	The way Clarisse looked at Montag made him feel like he had been hit with the “ <i>hysterical light of electricity</i> ” (Bradbury 5).
I sometimes think drivers don't know what grass is, or flowers, because they <i>never see them slowly</i> (Bradbury 6).	The things that make the world beautiful are missed by everyone because “ <i>they never seem them slowly</i> ” (Bradbury 6).
He felt his <i>smile slide away</i> , melt, fold over and down on itself like a tallow skin (Bradbury 9).	Montag’s interactions with Clarisse have made his “ <i>smile slide away</i> ” (Bradbury 9).
He <i>felt his chest chopped down and split apart</i> (Bradbury 11).	Upon discovering his wife had taken more sleeping pills than she should have, Montag “ <i>felt his chest chopped down and split apart</i> ” (Bradbury 11).
<i>If it rubs off</i> , it means I’m in love (Bradbury 19).	Clarisse makes a dandelion mean more than anything before telling Montag it showed love only “ <i>if it rubs off</i> ” (Bradbury 19).
I’ve <i>got them running</i> (Bradbury 20).	Being the clever girl she is, Clarisse plays with the psychiatrists she must visit and has “ <i>got them running</i> ” (Bradbury 20).
He felt his body divide itself into a hotness and a coldness, a softness and a hardness, <i>a trembling and a not trembling</i> , the two halves grinding one upon the other (Bradbury 21).	After talking to Clarisse there was “ <i>a trembling and a not trembling</i> ” that came over him which shook him but left him perfectly fine. (Bradbury 21)

He felt his body divide itself into a hotness and a coldness, a softness and a hardness, a trembling and a not trembling, the <i>two halves grinding one upon the other</i> (Bradbury 21).	Montag now found that there were “ <i>two halves grinding one upon the other</i> ” (Bradbury 21) within him.
And then, very slowly, as he walked, he <i>titled his head back in the rain</i> , for just a few moments, and opened his mouth (Bradbury 21).	If he had “ <i>tilted his head back in the rain</i> ” (Bradbury 21) in the company of others, they would have likely shunned him for being weird.
I’m antisocial they say (Bradbury 27).	Bradbury is implying that Clarisse is not like other people.
<i>Sometimes I’m ancient</i> (Bradbury 27).	Because she believes in the values of the past, Clarisse says “ <i>Sometimes, I’m ancient</i> ” (Bradbury 27).
Do you notice <i>how people hurt each other</i> nowadays (Bradbury 27)?	Montag is bothered by “ <i>how people hurt each other</i> ” (Bradbury 27) purely for entertainment.
For it would be the dying of <i>an unknown, a street face, a newspaper image</i> , and it was suddenly so very wrong that he had begun to cry, not at death but at the thought of not crying at death, a silly empty man near a silly empty woman, while the hungry snake made her still more empty (Bradbury 41).	Over the years, Mildred had become “ <i>an unknown, a street face, a newspaper image</i> ” (Bradbury 41) to her own husband.
I’m so mad I could <i>spit</i> (Bradbury 42).	Montag wants to get rid of the living room walls and is really mad that Mildred is always watching them.
Let’s do it (Bradbury 42).	Montag pleads with his wife to take action and tells her, “Let’s do it” (Bradbury 42).
When they stepped out of the car, she had the Seashells stuffed in her ears (Bradbury 43).	Mildred and others like her kept “the Seashells stuffed in [their] ears” (Bradbury 43) in order to block out whatever pain they might be feeling.