

Future 451

... which
book catches

Simon & Schuster Paperbacks
Toronto

is it it

is on on on

one

The Hearth and the Salamander

burn.

blacken and change

blazing and burning

ruins history

his eyes all orange

red

yellow and

black.

Fahrenheit 451

in sparkling whirls
on a wind turned dark with burning.

the fiery smile

never ever went away,

luxuriously, and

when disaster seemed positive,

golden

...regarding M... h eyes so

shining and alive, he said

hello,

hypnotized by

-the fire

time of night

and watch the sun rise.

in silence

dark

the light of the candle

had

been

lost

too soon.

Fahrenheit 451

burn

burn

burn

you

laugh

respect?

the

numerals 451

...

"Happy! Of all the nonsense."

Of course I'm happy.

I'm not?

hidden behind

something lay

strange meeting on a strange night

in memory: astonishing

with a white silence

a glowing, all certainty

"What?"

Montag of that other self,

quite independent of will

and conscience

of identification

and a figure

Why,

darkness,

He listened.

He felt

was not happy.

piness like a mask

and ask for it back

his hap-

Fahrenheit 451

... tomb, fixed to
the ceiling

the

last two years

was cold but

he

did not

want

to
die

he felt his way toward

his

salamander

strange idiot
shivering in the dark

this machine.

digging

up

reddish-brown
blood from the body

and

just give up, just quit

"We're done."

he

jumped

"So long."

too many

billions of
Strangers

passed.

Someone else's
memory.

a

crystal

colorless form.

Fahrenheit 451

the silver was seized

suddenly,

so

terrible.

"I can't figure it."

"Don't you remember?"

Hope

at

The

hand,

... the entire world was
(gray)

orange burning across it

empty

so dopey

waiting for

a new idea

... here center
stage, :

the script."

and

I say,

"

"

so

d consider me sometimes

r

"

He

read the last page,

and handed it back to her. I

in the

rain.

...

T

"Hello!"

"What've you got there?"

love

you

could

"no love anyone."

Fahrenheit 451

"It doesn't show."

You've used it all up

I'm sorry.

I'm not angry.

I'll show you

tastes just like wine.

... You? ...

... And my wife thirty ...

... was Mr. Morag. Sometimes I even ...
... firer ... How can I make you angry again?"

... start ... did you get into it? How did you ...
... did you ...
... job you had ... when the owner told him ...
... When ... I said something about ...

... look at the moon ...

... he has ...

... he felt ... The ...
... strange ... for ... right ...

... and a ...

... standin' ... in the rain ...

... back ...

... and opened his mouth ...

... did not ...

The

sensitive

eight legs

slid down the brass pole

anger, which showed self in veins

silence

suddenly

the scraping of metal

the silver needle

in

the

men

Fahrenheit 451

"Montag . . . ?"

"What, the Hound?"

It doesn't like or dislike.

through

per wire

and electricity."

It follows

It's only cop-

"We know all that."

Hound's 'memory,' a

Reacted toward me."

irritated but not completely angry.

haven't any enemies here,

"You

isn't the first time it's threatened me,"

happened twice."

ventilator grill

the grill.

thinking of the

what lay hidden behind

mightn't they "tell" the Hound . . . ?

guilt

Ray Bradbury

"I
think about nights coming alive

sad,"

shame

guilty conscience

steadily

laugh

many times

shaking

pinned

to the corner.

calm.

calm

Fahrenheit 451

"Why

do

u

want

cinnamon

Did you

laugh.

Your laugh sounds

antisocial

Fun

Ray Bradbury

Social means talk-
ing

social people
talk, basketball
baseball, a history
painting, sports,
ask questions

a lot of fun
a lot of

wine when it's

the end of the

(Fun) to

go out

everyone

wild

dancing

that was
a long time ago

Fahrenheit 451

responsible

by hand.

like

(the subway all day

on the edge

at

midnight.

sneak

don't talk

say
anything

abstract.

all there is now

it
said things

markable

re-

Well,



...
five six seven days

(a funny thing.

let it loose.

Five, six, seven days.

gone.

the world

was empty

(empty

empty,

he missed her

was certain

...to the future...
...to the future...
...to the future...

...Any man inside...
...the government...

"I've tried to imagine," said Montag, "just how it would be
to have a bunch of books and a dog."
"We haven't any dogs," said the woman.
"If we did have some," Montag said, "I
would like to have a dog that would look like
a dog and bark like a dog and look like a dog."

Montag gazed beyond the wall at the
books. Their pages leapt
down the years.

...a cool
...the wind...

...he saw himself:
an old man, ... the wind

hesitated

...completely

...completely
...completely

Fahrenheit 451

drew forth

to burn

Burn everything.

immediately.

gone.

like a man in a dream.

the night wind hammering
the... mighty metal thunder!

a faint, prosaic sheen. This was the only thing holding it in the sky.

"Here

... Betty, Brennan and Black
and Sewal, suddenly odious and fat in their plump five-
shades. Montag follows.

... (crashed) the trunk... to c
... eyes:

... a (terribl
... trying to remember
... her tongue moved again.

"... Mas. Bible... of the day light such a
... grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put
out

...
... with anger... repeated
... old, worn, eyes...
... were they are or you would...
... hold out the telephone alarm and w...
... duplicate on the back.

"Have a reason to suspect anything? No, I've, City...
... would be... Mrs. Blake, my neighbor," said the...
... his

...
...
...
... (A fountain of books...
... down upon Montag as he climbed... shuddering...
... stairwell... before... a.

, his
curiosity

in
book

and.

left

full

kerosene

the pattern's familiar.

One. Two.

Three. Four.

Five. Six.

pink face

the alarm comes.

the panic

fumes

bloomed up

(the)

evil's

stood motionless.

Black

smoke t

I went

crazy

"A man

went back, looking at the street

pits and pieces,"

said Beatty.

right by the corner

we turn

the fire

leaning back against

the dark.

His wife

[impatiently;

squealed.

"Are you drunk?"

fingers.

and.

soft sounds

tiny dance of melody

she was listening

But what would he whisper

What could he say?

And suddenly

knew her

He was

he

home

"Milie . . . ?"

"What?"

"When did we meet?"

"Why, it was at—"

She stopped.

"I don't know," she said.

"Can't you remember?"

"It's been so long."

"Only ten years, that's all, only ten!"

when you met your husband or wife.

more important than any other thing

know where he had met Mildred.

"It doesn't matter."

"No. I guess not."

the living room

bombarded him his bones were
shaken from their tendons; his jaw vibrated,
it

was all over he felt a man had been thrown from a
waterfall

The thunder faded

it was remarkable. Something had happened.

He
came out sweating

Van:

mad

, nothing's connected

breath from his mouth

Seashells

Silence

tiny

insect

faint.

speaking, but the
speech not piercing
They could
not touch

Strange.”

in the dark room.

dead.

not sure

"Four days"

"I forgot about it."

breath, exhaled

across the lawn

sic-k

relatives

a praying mantis

the parlor

family.

a sick

program,

"A fire,

a nice evening,

Some of the best ever."

"Oh, yes," she said.
"the bunch, the bunch, the bunch."

humming.

singing, snapping

sound.

and Swift and

shouting.

"Yes, I feel better already.

After all these years of working,

nothing

There must be things we can't imagine.

There must be something there. You don't stay simple-minded."

we burned the bridge."

this are'll last me the rest of my life.

I'm crazy with trying."

[REDACTED]

probing eye
moving

so bothered,
turned away.

"I don't care."

Fahrenheit 451

Phoenix just drove up the front walk."

"he

did not move. looking into the wall i

k."

Eyes wide, when he called her name, Mrs. Montag, Mrs. Montag

the book was hidden in the covers

his hands in his pockets.

"Shut up," said his wife.

Mildred ran yelling

sat down i

and I thought I how sick i

his smile

his cat his to

looked at the flame

"Tomorrow. The next day"

(fire)

began

to

full

population. I

slow motion.

snap ending.

Snap ending.

! Then, in mid-air, all vanishes!

take

back

your

time

Life

at

his

hand

familiar

Empty

walls

running

like

blood

invisible voice

h

her hands

empty.

as if nothing had happened.

hav

The

mind drinks less and less.

iving tonight in
the room where you slept this noon and I the night before."

De
[redacted]

lock up

Books,

we

public

let

three-dimensional

Technology

stay

what:

more easy

plain

intellectual

dread

answering while

so many

alike,

I

need

peace of mind,

to

be happy,

Don't we keep them moving

He tried not to look

a speck of black dust.

The fireworks died

the

girl next door,

carefully.

watched

melancholy

philosophy

figments

we simply

burn

in his

gleaming yellow-flame

he

just sat there

hidden

underneath,

too comfortable.

his wife, in the middle was

another.

blank

mouth th vowel and consonants

"It's only a step

"You are going to work tonight, though, aren't you?" said Mildred.

"I want to smash things and kill things."

"No, thanks."

"I always
drive fast when I feel that way. It's just
feel wonderful. I want to do this all night

rabbits, sometimes you can't see. Go take the heat.

"No, I don't want to, this time. I want to do this funny God, I don't know what it is."

Fahrenheit 451

unhappy,

mad,

fat.

happy,

(tired)

air-conditioning

... Without looking

... really think.

confronted by

... them together.

... help me.

... but for himself

We're heading right for the

Millie.

We haven't anything

put

love

books.

And

fire.

Captain

Ray Bradbury

... then slowly said, "a
... bewildered

... face

... a single volume

... beginning,

... the presence of

... the presence of

... "I can't see why ... and Montag.

... a terrible con-
sciousness, I

... "It is computed, ... persons

... suffered ... to break their
... end."

... The Captain was

... "Here ... at the be-
ginning."

The Sand

rain fell

parlor

quiet noise

sat in the

we cannot

a vessel drop drop,

drop

(She

(stood

(waiting

(She

(looked

(Outside

(and

(laughed.

(only

(Silence.

electronic

'family'

amazed

and

awful!

like

that

sky

an immense

second

home

God, Millie, don't you see?

"She laughed. "Yes,

"you're really stupid.

to read over

Poor Millie,

get help,

hide something,

at.

"cried the old man,

"No

with a pale voice

fear of

a
green

rhymeless poem

stayed

useless

FUTURE INVESTIGATIONS

silence

talking

"I want to

t(talk to)

of Shakespeare

But somehow

rt of the world."

stole.

pick up

(Bible)"

No answer

he wanted to cry, but nothing would happen

I'm numb,

dark, like

a buried mine.

he picked the pill bottle in the

[Redacted text]

cream

cream

[Redacted text]

[Redacted text]

cheeks

[Redacted text]

Bible

[Redacted text]

[Redacted text]

[Redacted text]

Trumpets

rice

rice

[Redacted text]

[Redacted text]

Fergus.

Ray Bradbury

[Consider]

the individual

[Consider]

the

flapping

rhythm

of

earth

people

he did not look so old any more and not quite as fragile.

Slowly, he

One has to be careful."

vanish

he feared the book might

stand open, and if

only

Monte's

with a trembling hand

with the

you—where did you—"

dy.

dead.

a friend

turned,

stopping

I

recognize

him down? He's regular

now,

I loved

as a boy

once, for

no one

but

he. Now,

. I

am.

hopeless

... m.
... s.
... C
... m'
... a
... You are
... what counts.
... you
... have quality. And
... texture.
... This
... life
... truthfully r
... Fresh c
... touch life often.
... run a quick hand over
her.
... The
... people
... live
... in-
stead of growing
... their prettiness, c
... somehow
... Antae
... rootless, in mind, by Hercules,
perished easily. there isn't something in that legend for us

I am completely insane.

where you can't think of any-
thing else but the danger.

It is immediate.

It tells you what to think.

It seems so right.
conclusions your mind.

books aren't 'real.'

who has ever torn himself
from the claw that encloses you.

It grows you any shape it wishes.

It becomes and is the truth.

"Where do we go from here?"

"Only if,

I said,

dig

on what we learn from

hardly this

and I

"I can get books

"That's the good part of dying; when you've nothing to lose,

you

you've said

laughed

"All the better.

"This afternoon I thought

"We?"

"You and I"

"Oh, no!"

But let me tell you

"I must ask you to leave."

The only way I could possibly listen

would be

if you

bidder.

, and arrange to have

all over the country

bravo, I'd say!"

...is brows at the

...d help.)

...a thousand)

...Caesar praetorian guard,

...of the world, we haven't

...the

...God's

trust

"Dead or ancient?"

unnoticed.

alone

aware of ti

anger.

honest rage

and

a

louder

fight

inside themselves.

(Why waste your final hours)

(by themselves)

(under a gaze.)

"I need you

beautiful

wanted

passionate

your

as old as history

"There's some of it in all of us."

"Can you help me

"I'll drown?"

"Well?"

"Come

years

"I've lived alone so many

a passion, complementing the revolution

I let you go, I'm afraid!"

frightened

but

it's time. I'll be with you.

listening for you to

the rest of the night.

good night

world.

You

looked,

and

felt.

his

night

was

gone.

his

faith.

blind

reason

you remember.

I to sleep

you retain knowledge

in the night

The moon

cried out

a thousand chimes,
through the walls

smiles burning

"I should

"Wonderful!"

ank orange juice si-

fish

ie, did you see that?"

I saw it!"

Mon

nree w

your hand

"Oh, they and go come and go" sa

out again Finnegan, the guy

so. Quick

home That's what the Army said.

Pete called

(nervously)

"I'm not worried,"

"It's always someone else's"

tears,

romance

meant nothing to him,

incense

into his

lungs and

blood t

meaning

s nothing,

Fahrenheit 451

it was now

haunted with silence,

touched these three staring

brows

a fine salt sweat

Montag moved his lips.

The women jerked

Mrs. Phelps'

bad at all

it's not

It's like washing clothes

'They'd

(kick

me,

I can kick back!"

s, laughing.

* (and then) seeing it

"Sounds fine."

I think

they ran

wasn't much

You

don't go

running"

I couldn't hear a word he said.

[I did hear I didn't understand!]"

"Damn it!"

they were right

don't make us nervous."

I

blink

and

hear monsters talking

and

plead

[REDACTED]

and this quavery voice.

[REDACTED]

"Say 'yes.'"

[REDACTED]

A fly stirred its wings.

no peace

we are here on a darkling plain

ignorant armies

crying

the middle of the desert

stunned and shaken

don't know

enough

happy, now, stop crying

think how it all happened

Go home and

dispersing the dynamite

stick by stick

For tonight only

There was no sound.

long sickening

nights

flake by flake.

fire plus water,

fire nor water, but wine.

the leave taking, the going away

the beetle hum, the sleepy mosquito

delicate filigree murmur

the late

steaming subway

will run

on forever. But they won't

big blazing

the

pretty fire,

I'm with you, remember that.

"I made them unhappier

Maybe they're right,

If there were no war, if there was peace

man. All *isn't* well with the world."

you listening?"

different

help

the silence

his heart beating,
asleep for the moment.

"Well,"

strange

He

lit a cigarette.

Welcome back,

They sat

His fingers, that had
done some evil always stirred

his hands might wither,

forgotten.

your h

past :

is truth,

we've cried.

to ourselves

and

know."

this

e world

destroy

isi

"
"A dreary chaos!"
listen, confuse,
Watch murder, Truth will
in good humor,
age,
of
metaphor a torrent of
truths, an oracle,
graceful
war.

I like your

panic.

dumb

scared silly,"

with
ing to put out
rage)
en would he stop being
never
on the
behind so
his massive
taking the full wind.
furiously.
Salamander boomed to a halt
raw eyes
clenched fingers.
burning things
the wind through
Montag's elbow.
The men
cripple
as spiders
st Montag
his face
turned.
ed in front of my
house.

Burning Bright

on the street,

with disbelief, the

fire

burnt his wings,

numb and featureless;

the

bright flowers.

, leaves,

grass blades and

trash.

Montag sat on the

Dragon,

head half an hour ago. He
left, right, left.

"She saw every thing, and didn't do anything, to anyone. She
just let them have her."

Alone,

shocked,

and guilty.

a beetle

hissed

(dreamlike)

her body stiff,

She said

seventy miles an hour

down the street,

blasted

crash

(incomprehensible)

s, shattering window

death's-

black screen.

at a dreadful surprise,

certain

nothing will ever happen

Others die, I go on. no consequences no responsibilities. let's not talk.

By the time consequences catch up with you, can you get away,

his fascinated gaze.

is so lovely?

perpetual motion

Or almost perpetual motion. let it go on, burn our lifetimes

Its real beauty at it destroys responsibility. A problem gets too burdensome, fire

will lift you off my shoulders, quick, s

looking at this queer house, strange the hour of the night,

spilled out like swan feathers,

these were nothing but black type yellowed paper and raveled binding.

She watched him hide the books in the garden

you do this job all by your lonesome

Not with a flame thrower. your clean-up."

Montag, ...

helplessly

the

g out

t out t

fired t

with

passion

He burr

h a strange woman

who had

forgotten him

across town

And

it was good to

gush out

fire

with

the senseless

solution

Fire was

best for everything

Montag!

and danced

with re

feather

great

monsters
dreams. As

and their

the vacuum hissed an
emptier scream.

nothingnesses
held his breath

bright yellow

flame.

red black ash.
pink-gray

sky.

three-thirty in the morning.

great islands

waited

to speak

in

poetry

a few lines of verse

the world

his entire life

shivering

and

bewilderment

he was

half in, half out

grinning.

listening.

in on

himself

...the wire, and the shot had done. The ...
...
...
... murder. ...
... thunder ... avalanche ...
... long foot. ...
... the most cheering grin. " ...
...
... speech away ... time? ...
... fumbling ...
... in your ... arm'd ...
...
... the trigger." ... toward ...
...
... "Low" said deatly with a fixed smile. ...
... jumping, ...
...
... lawn as Montag ...
...
...
...
... over a monstrous black snail ...
...
... to ...
... cut ... over and over ...
... in ... silent. ...
... two firemen did not move. ...
... kept his sickness ...
... "Turn around!" ...
...
... their helmets ...
... without moving.

there.

from the shadows,

in silence,

fire,

blossom

gun

and

air,

blew out

and die.

horror

was

numbness

the

stage

gazed

to

you

Voices

remaining

inside

strange,

the

saw

the

pattern of life

sand,

fireflies

and

a few short days, ..., indeed,
a lifetime.

"Get up!"

"Damn it, get up!"

needles

slivers

scalding water

all the night into his
blackness

break
mouth

pale,

he

was really dead,
shoved and lost

burn them or they'll burn you,

Fugitive

murder

seemed

you could drown

in the shadows

not

safety

nowhere to go

no

body

left

live on

in

the sky

far away

{someone had blown the} {head off}
{flurried, wavering, indecisive}
{like butterflies puzzled} {plum-
meting down to land,}
{they shrieked}
{leapt back}

{“War has been declared.”}

{the engines, the gas, the money}
{shock of the quiet}

{making little sound}
again on the edge, {into the darkness and} {stood}

{victims and} {killers} {warmth of} a {body
alone;}
{a phosphorescent
target}

Fahrenheit 451

lungs burning

sucked dry

rusted

how fast

how far

Keep going.

talk out loud

They see me. slow, quiet,
don't look
walk.
rushing. roaring.
whining
thunder. skimming.
whistling trajectory. invisible rifle.
It
burnt his cheeks. jit-
tered his eyelids
he broke
down down
down and back. broke
turned. plunged yelling
emptiness,
gaspings, flailing. down down
burnt white
head jerked
swallowed in its light, now nothing but a torch
hurting all sound, all blare.
He stumbled and fell.
done! It's over.
falling
gone.
head down. laughter trailed
extended above him, flat.

the police

yelling,

Let's get him,"

fugitive

children

a long night

alive or not alive,

They

killed

bruised

spilled

bend

killed

his mind

falling flat

instinctively

a

target

bury

Far down

, hidden in the dark alley

shivering

whirling laughter

, gone.

darkness,

falling falling flakes of snow

silent.

daffodils

roses

wet grass.

quiet,

paper in the sky,

Catherine

the fire

burned

shivering in the morning

now,

Good night,

"Faber!"

Another

flickered inside

Faber's small house. After

another

they stood

not believe it

ed and

moved

, listening

d shut th

I down

on my w

e a fool

d. The au

"Burnt."

captain talking to you an

looking f

ain's dead. I

it. I killed hi

Faber sat

It was or

might everything

a man

s my friend

...my wife,
...my job

Good

I believe

I believe

might follow me

They

I'm

I'm

afraid.

violent

things, exposing myself

war's on?"

dead

river

railroad

pour two glasses of whiskey.

sensitive

jewels

uminous

ghost

fluttering,

wondrous to watch.

, you

Fahrenheit 451

he wished, he could linger

flow
y's, across

r empty r
pauses

the burning h

d himself

Electric

nt rise,

t, look back, ar

in the brights.

objectively, l

in full color, c

a speech? A

single phrase

a word t

, clenching

watching

by a single word,

It's time.

"Wait

Burn

all the rooms

But

t a silly old man.

I never thought

thought t

A suitcase,

fill

with

ancient odor

steady,

on his face.

this rain

the river.

like autumn,

silence

rising,

up the alley,

The Hound quivering.

ished

it van-

in his chest.

and

snapped his gaze

a great

house

was

gone!

Behind

Montag jammed his

Elm

in every street

the river.

it was real

it swept away

at

great illumination

land

over the city

floating in
lights

He felt

all the murmuring

ghosts.

threaten to

crush him

shadows f...
held him comfortably
and
listened to his heart slow

He saw the

The sun and time
and burning,

It all

burned every day,

burning the
years and people from him.

had worked
Somewhere the
saving a had to begin

free
from moths, and men with matches.

and

the creature without eyes

Montag listened.

shut up! Millie,

the walls of

dogs barked

in the high barn loft

burned
dandelions meant

death,

fleeing from
morning

night

and

be ing.

afraid,

of

accept an

ce

hood.

slammed him down

! Too r

much!

The shape exploded

A deer. I

There was

a cut potato f

moon

faint

breathing,
filled up with

empty

n e

s

s

He walked,

, stumbling.

on the

railroad tracks

the

path

was

familiar

he

w

a

n t

e

d

to

s

e

e

b

u

t

a

l

l

he

had

w e

re

eyes stuffed

with blackness,

red

hands

flickered with firelight

fire

was in the men's faces,

look at the

montre

voices began

Fahrenheit 451

look:

lay down by the river.

the talk

the cadence

and wonder

And then look up

"All right, now!"

all right,

walk slow!

blue

dark blue

say to them.

"Sit down,"

be

small Have some coffee

curiosity.

scalded

good.

Thanks,

Thanks

It'll change

you

the best is

You know my name

wind up south

like a drunken elk,

e, condensed

all whirring color and flight

quick!

it might take all

night.

: Watch.

ne. Suspense,

: An odd one.

for the hell of it, or for reasons of insomnia.

and h...n charted for months, ye

information might be handy.

"I, God,

the man turned a corner.

"The search is done!"

(The innocent man)

never knew.

his needle shot out,

"Montag, don't move!"

screamed.

He screamed!

Silence.

Darkness.

Silence.

ever, Montag is dead;

Darkness.

Just-Before-Dawn,

let the imagination take over.

, trembling.

dead.”

back from the

quite some years ago

“Welcome,”

“with you,”

made the *right* kind of mistake
we are separate individuals,

we had rage,

library

he came to burn my

You want to join

us,

“Yes.”

"No

Isn't that all
perfect!

nothing

"But

memories,

I please

laugh quietly.

"I can't be"

... afraid

"we were always traveling,

Better to keep it in

where no one can see it

it's here.

wrapped up in its own coat

I was blind trying to

send in alarms."

But our way is

to do keep the knowledge

intact and safe.

if we are destroyed, the knowledge is dead,

s quickly,

When

we

listen

t

u

book

in the starlight,

beyond the river,

darkness.

moved along

the men's faces,

knowledge carried
light

destroyed now

every future might make

sorry

[REDACTED]

"My wife, my . . . Poor Millie,
her hands
hang

there . . .
turned back.

to
Ashes.

to
Nothingness.

[REDACTED]

look at

that flower you planted

green

land

easily

blowing

forgotten how terrible and real it can

be.

He touched me.

the

dreadful

yet sudden

the whisper of

shattered,

memories

was

the

scream of the

dead.

Fahrenheit 451

somewhere the

bus

arrived

(Get out, run!)

color

shimmering

the secret of her

anxiously nervously

drop

(The first bomb struck)

oblivion.

dark

empty

she recognized

it

remember

n the river,

lifting sprays,

the trees

mourn with a great

hir

sparkles

and then

The sound of death

the trembling

voice.

clawed

against the wind

he heard every cry

reality

into

time,

world walks around
everything now.

it'll be me.

out there

beyond

other men lay on the edge of sleep

their dusty eyelids.
fast, then slower ...

The sun was black with a faint
rain

Someone

set on the fire.

flutter and dance

ritual

hundred years

burned

the

things we've done

a few more

books

insulting the dead.

the graves of poor ones

We're remembering.

so much that we'd better
history

goddam

what could

break down,

time

to keep silence

tree of life,

save

the city.

A Note about the Author

FREE 451 is a collection of white-out poems made entirely from the text of Ray Bradbury's iconic novel *Fahrenheit 451*. The poems were composed by grade 8 students at Delta Alternative Senior School and teacher candidates at the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education (OISE) as a way of investigating censorship, literary canons, and the creative possibilities of resistance. The book was written as part of the Addressing Injustices project, a multi-year study involving grade 8 students and teacher candidates tackling issues of social injustice through shared reading of literary texts.

To find out more, visit www.addressinginjustices.com