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## One flew over the cuckoo's nest chapter 4 quotes

"What the Chronics are—or most of us—are machines with flaws inside that can't be repaired, flaws born in, or flaws beat in over so many years of the guy running head-on into solid things that by the time the hospital found him he was bleeding rust in some vacant lot."One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nestbook "And we're all sitting there lined up in front of that blanked-out TV set, watching the gray screen just like we could see the baseball game clear as day, and she's ranting and screaming behind us. If somebody'd of come in and took a look, men watching a blank TV, a fifty-year-old woman hollering and screaming behind us. If somebody'd of come in and took a look, men watching a blank TV, a fifty-year-old woman hollering and screaming behind us. thought the whole bunch was crazy as loons.""We are lunatics from the hospital up the highway, psycho-ceramics, the cracked pots of mankind. Would you like me to decipher a Rorschach for you? No? You must burry on? Ah, he's gone. Pity." He turned to McMurphy. "Never before did I realize that mental illness could have the aspect of power, power. Think of it: perhaps the more insane a man is, the more powerful he could become. Hitler an example. Fair makes the old brain reel, doesn't it? Food for thought there.""The flock gets sight of a spot of blood on some chicken and they all go to peckin' at it, see, till they rip the chicken to shreds, blood and bones and feathers. But usually a couple of the flock gets spotted in the fracas, then it's their turn. And a few more gets spots and gets pecked to death, and more and more. Oh, a peckin' party can wipe out the whole flock in a matter of a few hours, buddy, I seen it. A mighty awesome sight. The only way to prevent it—with chickens—is to clip blinders on them. So's they can't see.""This world... belongs to the strong, my friend! The ritual of our existence is based on the strong getting stronger by devouring the weak. We must learn to accept their role in the ritual and recognize the wolf as the strong. In defense, the rabbit becomes sly and frightened and elusive and he digs holes and hides when the wolf is about. And he endures, he goes on. He knows his place. He most certainly doesn't challenge the wolf to combat. Now, would that be wise? Would it?" Part 1 Quotes: "So [Nurse Ratched] really lets herself go and her painted smile twists, stretches to an open snarl, and she blows up bigger and bigger, big as a tractor, so big I can smell the machinery inside the way you smell a motor pulling too big a load" (page 5, speaker Chief). In the beginning of the novel, Chief Bromden describes Nurse Ratched as a manipulative and mechanical force within the ward. Within this quote, Bromden uses specific and technical diction to support his imagery of Nurse Ratched as mechanical. The words "twists," "stretches," "blows," "tractor," "machinery," and "motor" all contribute to Bromden's perception of Nurse Ratched as an explosive machine that can blow up "bigger and bigger." When Nurse Ratched is enraged, she enlarges herself to maintain her manipulation over these male patients. The image of machinery also suggests cold perfection, alluding to Nurse Ratched's desire to maintain a perfected control over the ward. Lastly, Bromden's comment on the mechanical environment of the ward further emphasizes his idea of the "Combine," which includes people like Nurse Ratched who try to control the world both inside and outside of the ward. (Pic 9)"Nobody complains about all the fog. I know why, now: as bad as it is, you can slip back in it and feel safe. That's what McMurphy can't understand, us wanting to be safe" (page 128, speaker Chief). To Chief, the fog serves as a safety blanket and a barrier between nonconformity and conformity. The fog prevents the ward patients "slip back" and retreat. It is not until McMurphy's arrival does the fog start to recede. This is because he is the sole being who dares to step out of the mist, to see the reality, and to take action against the injustice of the domineering asylum. The fog is intricately linked with Bromden's mentality as he starts experiencing shrouds of clouds, corresponding to his experience in the military when generals would start fogging up the field in preparation for an attack or secretive action. The trauma of war and the endless insecurity affects Chief Bromden's state of mind and character in the beginning: he sees himself as an invisible person who just creeps along the wall doing his house duties. Thus, the fog represents a safety zone that most patients reside to so that they will not disrupt the authority and reveals the mentality of Chief Bromden. (Pic 10)Part 2 Quotes: "You men are in this hospital...because of your proven inability to adjust to society" (page 167, speaker Nurse Ratched). At this point in the novel, most of the patients are beginning to question the regulations put forth by the hospital. When they bring up their complaints with Nurse Ratched, she simply declares that all the regulations are for therapeutic reasons. She then goes on to tell them that they are incapable of adjusting to the expectations of society. By reminding the patients of their mental illnesses, she is implying that they are not normal people, so they should always follow directions and not question her authority since everything she does is supposedly for their benefit. She is suppressing their individuality and belittling them in order to keep her control over the ward. Emphasizing their "inability" to adjust to society influences the patients to want to stay in the protection of the ward. Nurse Ratched to maintain her authority over the ward. Nurse Ratched to maintain her authority over the ward. manipulation. She makes them feel useless and hopeless so that all they have left to do is follow the regulations of the hospital. Law and order is what empowers her, so by having all the patients follow her orders, she stays in control and maintains her dominance by attempting to stop their rebellion. (Pic 11)"... when something is out of order, then the quickest way to get it fixed is the best way" (page 190, speaker Harding). In the quote, Harding is describing electroshock therapy and how it is the "best" treatment even though it is damaging to the brain. This shows the time period this novel takes place in since mental illnesses were still a mystery, not allowing doctors to give proper treatment to their patients. McMurphy is the first person to question this treatment since all the other patients thought it was beneficial and "therapeutic." The elctroshock therapy is Nurse Ratched's way of punishing the patients for bad behavior, which gives her more power since they are afraid of the painful treatment. This keeps her ward in order and allows for her control to stay intact. However when McMurphy receives the treatment and does not seem to be affected by it, he is demonstrating that Nurse Ratched does not have power over him. He is showing the other patients that her control does not overpower their individualism and that being individuals will override her suppression. Even though Nurse Ratched is trying to weaken McMurphy, his strength in overcoming the treatment proves to the other patients that there is hope and that they too can surpass Nurse Ratched's control. (Pic 12) Part 3 Quotes: Pic 13" The salt smell o' poundin' sea, the crack o' the bow against the waves—braving the elements, where men are men and boats are boats" (page 209, speaker McMurphy). Here, McMurphy is leading the men on a fishing trip, which is, perhaps, the most symbolic of McMurphy takes the men out on a trip, McMurphy does it anyway because he believes that it is time for the men to have some "fun" beyond the boundaries of the ward. It is during this fishing trip that McMurphy is portrayed as a Christ leading his twelve disciples. More importantly, the fishing trip that the trip, alluding to Jesus Christ leading his twelve disciples. More importantly, the fishing trip that the trip, alluding to Jesus Christ leading his twelve disciples. men develops deeper faith in McMurphy's leadership and the war against Nurse Ratched. Furthermore, the fishing trip also liberates the men from the emasculation they experience in the ward as McMurphy notes the sea is "where men are men." McMurphy rejuvenates the masculinity within each male patient, further liberating them from the constraints of the "Combine" and Nurse Ratched. Thus, the fishing trip serves as a symbolic turning point for the novel's story plot. "I swear you're the biggest Indian I ever saw" (page 219, speaker McMurphy). As in most cases, McMurphy encourages and instills confidence in various men during his time in the ward. One of the main people he motivates is Chief Bromden, as McMurphy is the only one who is able to make Chief Bromden, who pretends to be a mute, speak. In the beginning of the novel, Chief believes he is a useless human being as he does nothing but mop the floor every day. It is not until the arrival of McMurphy that Chief Bromden starts to regain some of the massiveness he lost due to the power of the Combine. Even though Chief Bromden continuously tells McMurphy replies that he, in turn, believes Chief Bromden is way "bigger" than him. Though McMurphy's "big" definition may be purely physical size, he is nevertheless injecting more and more confidence into Chief Bromden. It is through this quote that readers can see just exactly how McMurphy is able to change all the men around him through his candid and witty remarks. To the other patients and Chief Bromden, McMurphy is the symbol of inspiration and optimism. (Pic 14)Part 4 Quotes: "I discovered at an early age that I was—shall we be kind and say different? It's a better, more general word than the other one. I indulged in certain practices that our society regards as shameful. And I got sick. It wasn't the practices, I don't think, it was the feeling that the great voice of millions chanting,
'Shame. Shame. Shame.' It's society's way of dealing with someone different " (page 308, speaker Harding). Harding, a patient who checks into the ward to avoid his wife, concisely expresses the theme of conformity versus nonconformity. He recognizes that all of his fellow peers in the ward are not necessarily sick but rather "different." They are different in that what they believe in and what they do are against the expectations of society. It is the society's pressure and "pointing finger" that cause these men to retreat into the ward and to feel belittled. The society during the 1950s and 1960s was truly a battle between conformity and nonconformity. The 1950s embodies complacency and the great American family while the 1960s represent the more rebellious society with the hippie generation. Here, Harding expresses how society forces them into shame, into believing that they are different from everyone else. But the mere fact that he can recognize society spush for conformity really demonstrates that he is a nonconformist since he is able to look from another perspective and think outside the box. Thus, this quote is essential to the understanding of the context of the novel and the individual developing radical viewpoints. (Pic 15)"I was only sure of one thing: he wouldn't have left something like that sit there in the day room with his name tacked on it for twenty or thirty years so the Big Nurse could use it as an example of what can happen if you buck the system" (page 322, speaker Chief). Here, Chief discusses his decision to euthanize, or to mercifully kill McMurphy, after McMurphy's lobotomy. Chief euthanizes McMurphy by suffocating him with a pillow. Chief, through various encouragements by McMurphy, gains the courage to save McMurphy's life in a way that prevents Nurse Ratched from utilizing his body as a ridicule. Chief's decision to liberate McMurphy's defiant soul portrays to the reader just how far Chief has grown. In the beginning of the novel, Chief is someone who feels small lost, and useless. But by the end, he has changed into someone who is brave enough to end someone's life as a way to set the person free. To Chief, McMurphy remains as the symbol of individualism and audacity even though McMurphy's physical being has perished. Thus, this quote is important in that it not only reveals why Chief decides to Pic 16 One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest Quotes Showing 1-30 of 258 "All I know is this: nobody's very big in the first place, and it looks to me like everybody spends their whole life tearing everybody else down." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "He knows that you have to laugh at the things that hurt you just to keep the world from running you plumb crazy." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "If you don't watch it people will force you one way or the other, into doing what they think you should do, or into just being mule-stubborn and doing the opposite out of spite." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "Never before did I realize that mental illness could have the aspect of power, power. Think of it: perhaps the more insane a man is, the more powerful he could become. Hitler an example. Fair makes the old brain reel, doesn't it?" — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "That ain't me, that ain't me, that ain't me them; I was just being the way I looked, the way people wanted." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "What do you think you are, for Chrissake, crazy or somethin'? Well you're not! You're not! You're not! You're not got out of the circle of light ruled by the giant moon" — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "This world . . . belongs to the strong, my friend! The ritual of our existence is based on the strong getting stronger by devouring the weak. We must learn to accept it as a law of the natural world. The rabbits accept their role in the ritual and recognize the wolf is the strong. In defense, the rabbit becomes sly and frightened and elusive and he digs holes and hides when the wolf is about. And he endures, he goes on. He knows his place. He most certainly doesn't challenge the wolf is about. And he endures, he goes on. He knows his place. He most certainly doesn't challenge the wolf is about. And he endures, he goes on. He knows his place. He most certainly doesn't challenge the wolf is about. And he endures, he goes on. He knows his place. He most certainly doesn't challenge the wolf is about. And he endures, he goes on. He knows his place and hides when the wolf is about. And he endures, he goes on. He knows his place and hides when the wolf is about. And he endures, he goes on. He knows his place and hides when the wolf is about. And he endures, he goes on. He knows his place and hides when the wolf is about. And he endures, he goes on. He knows his place and hides when the wolf is about. And he endures, he goes on. He knows his place and hides when the wolf is about. And he endures, he goes on. He knows his place and hides when the wolf is about. And he endures, he goes on. He knows his place and hides when the wolf is about. And he endures, he goes on. He knows his place and hides when the wolf is about. And he endures, he goes on. He knows his place and hides when the wolf is about. And he endures have a substitute and he wolf is about. And he endures have a substitute and he wolf is about. And he endures have a substitute and he wolf is about. And he endures have a substitute and he wolf is about a substitute and he wolf is a high in a pine tree bed. She's tracing the wind with that old hand, counting the clouds with that old chant, Three geese in a flockone flew over the Cuckoo's Nest "We'd just shared the last beer and slung the empty can out the window at a stop sign and were just waiting back to get the feel of the day, swimming in that kind of tasty drowsiness that comes over you after a day of going hard at something you enjoy doing -- half sunburned and half drunk and keeping awake only because you wanted to savor the taste as long as you could." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "No, my friend. We are lunatics from the hospital up the highway, psycho-ceramics, the cracked pots of mankind. Would you like me to decipher a Rorschach for you?" — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "You had a choice: you could relax and lose yourself" — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the foo, painful as it might be, or you could relax and lose yourself" — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "You had a choice: you could either strain and look at things that appeared in front of you in the foo, painful as it might be, or you could relax and lose yourself" — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "You had a choice: you could either strain and look at things that appeared in front of you in the foo, painful as it might be, or you could relax and lose yourself" — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "You had a choice: you could relax and lose yourself" — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "You had a choice: you could either strain and look at things that appeared in front of you in the foo, painful as it might be, or you could relax and lose yourself" — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "You had a choice: you could relax and lose yourself" — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "You had a choice you could relax and lose you cou One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "I lay in bed the night before the fishing trip and thought it over, about my being deaf, about the years of not letting on I heard what was said, and I wonder if I can ever act any other way again. But I remembered one thing: it wasn't me that started acting deaf; it was people that first started acting like I was too dumb to hear or see or say anything at all." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "I don't think you fully understand the public, my friend; in this country, when something is out of order, then the quickest way to get it fixed is the best way." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "He knows that there's no better way in the world to aggravate somebody who's trying to make it hard for you than by acting like you're not bothered." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "But the rest are even scared to open up and laugh. You know, that's the first thing that got me about this place, that there wasn't anybody laughing. I haven't heard a real laugh since I came through that door, do you know that? Man, when you lose your footing." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "What the Chronics are - or most of us - are machines with flaws born in, or flaws beat in over so many years of the guy running head-on into solid things that by the time the hospital found him he was bleeding rust in some vacant lot. "—Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "His whole body shakes with the strain as he tries to lift something he knows he can't lift. But, for just a second, when we hear the cement grind at our feet, we think, by golly, he might do it."—Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest Page 2 One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest Quotes Showing 31-60 of 258 "The secret of being a top-notch con man is being able to know what the mark wants, and how to make him think he's getting it." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "I'd take a look at my own self in the mirror and wonder how it was possible that anybody could manage such an enormous thing as being what he was." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "Like a cartoon world, where the figures are flat and outlined in black, jerking through some kind of goofy story that might be real funny if it weren't for the cartoon figures being real guys..." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "It wasn't the practices, I don't think, it was the feeling that the great voice of millions chanting, 'Shame. Shame.' It's society was pointing of dealing with someone different." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "This world...
belongs to the strong, my friend! The ritual of our existence is based on the strong getting stronger by devouring the weak." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "I been silent so long now it's gonna roar out of me like floodwaters and you think the guy telling this is ranting and raving my God; you think this is too horrible to have really happened, this is too awful to be the truth! But, please. It's still hard for me to have a clear mind thinking on it. But it's the truth even if it didn't happen." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "Because he knows you have to laugh at the things that hurt you just to keep yourself in balance, just to keep the world from running you plumb crazy." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "All that five thousand kids lived in those five thousand houses, owned by guys that got off the train. The houses looked so much alike that, time and time again, the kids went home by mistake to different houses and different families. Nobody ever noticed." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "I can't do nothing for you either, Billy. You know that as soon as a man goes to help somebody, he leaves himself wide open. He has to be cagey, Billy, you should know that as well as anyone. What could I do? I can't fix your stuttering. I can't wipe the razorblade scars off your wrists or the cigarette burns off the back of your hands. I can't give you a new mother. And as far as the nurse riding you like this, rubbing your nose in your weakness till what little dignity you got left is gone and you shrink up to nothing from humiliation, I can't do anything about that, either." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "And then some guy wandering as lost as you would all of a sudden be right before your eyes, his face before in your life. Your eyes were working so hard to see in that fog that when something did come in sight every detail was ten times as clear as usual, so clear both of you had to look away. When a man showed up you didn't want to look at his face and he didn't want to look at yours, because it's painful to see somebody so clear that it's like looking inside him, but then neither did you want to look at way and lose him completely. You had a choice: you could either strain and look at things that appeared in front of you in the fog, painful as it might be, or you could relax and lose yourself." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "Colonel Matterson reading from wrinkled scripture of that long yellow hand: The pumpkin seed. America is the gumdrop. The pumpkin seed. America is the gumdrop. The pumpkin seed. America is the gumdrop is the gumdrop of that long yellow hand: The flag is America is the gumdrop. The pumpkin seed. America is the gumdrop is the gumdrop of that long yellow hand: The flag is America is the gumdrop of that long yellow hand: The flag is America is the gumdrop of that long yellow hand: The flag is America is the gumdrop of that long yellow hand: The flag is America is the gumdrop of that long yellow hand: The flag is America is the gumdrop of that long yellow hand: The flag is America is the gumdrop of that long yellow hand: The flag is America is the gumdrop of that long yellow hand: The flag is America is the gumdrop of that long yellow hand: The flag is America is the gumdrop of that long yellow hand: The flag is America is the gumdrop of that long yellow hand: The flag is America is the gumdrop of that long yellow hand: The flag is America is the gumdrop of that long yellow hand: The flag is America is the gumdrop of that long yellow hand: The flag is America is the gumdrop of the gumdrop of the flag is America is the gumdrop of Mexico. Mexico is the walnut. The hazelnut. The hazelnut. The acorn. Mexico is the rainbow. The rainbow is wooden. Now, the green sheep is Canada is the fir tree. The wheat field. The calendar. The night is the Pacific Ocean." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "I'd think, That ain't me, that ain't my face. It wasn't even me when I was trying to be that face. I wasn't even really me then; I was just being the way I looked, the way people wanted. It don't seem like I ever have been me." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "I'd think, maybe he truly is something extraordinary. He's what he is, that's it. Maybe that makes him strong enough, being what he is." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "The flock gets sight of a spot of blood on some chicken and they all go to peckin' at it, see, till they rip the chicken to shreds, blood and bones and feathers. But usually a couple of the flock gets spotted in the fracas, then it's their turn. And a few more gets spots and gets pecked to death, and more and more. Oh, a peckin' party can wipe out the whole flock in a matter of a few hours, buddy, I seen it. A mighty awesome sight. The only way to prevent it—with chickens—is to clip blinders on them. So's they can't see." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "He was in his chair in the corner, resting a second before he came out for the next round -- in a long line of next rounds. The thing he was fighting, you couldn't whip it for good. All you couldn't come out anymore and somebody else had to take your place." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "He's got hands so long and white and dainty I think they carved each other out of soap and sometimes they get loose and glide around in front of him free as two white birds until he notices them and traps them between his knees; it bothers him that he's got pretty hands." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest Page 3 One Flew Over won't stop neither with the hands bend out of shape and the face bare of numbers and the alarm rusted silent, an old worthless clock that keeps ticking and cuckooing without meaning nothing." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "The most work he did on [the urinals] was to run a brush once or twice apiece, singing some song as loud as he could in time to the swishing brush; then he'd splash in some Clorox and he'd be through. ... And when the Big Nurse...came in to check McMurphy's cleaning assignment personally, she brought a little compact mirror and she held it under the rim of the bowls. She walked along shaking her head and saying, "Why, this is an outrage... an outrage..." at every bowl. McMurphy sidled right along beside her, winking down his nose and saying in answer, "No; that's a toilet bowl...a TOILET bowl." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "Mr. Bibbit, you might warn this Mr. Harding that I'm so crazy I voted for Eisenhower twice! And you tell Mr. Harding right back — he puts both hands on the table and leans down, his voice getting low — that I'm so crazy I plan to vote for Eisenhower again this November." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "Then—as he was talking—a set of tail-lights going past lit up McMurphy's face, and the windshield reflected an expression that was allowed only because he figured it'd be too dark for anybody in the car to see, dreadfully tired and strained and frantic, like there wasn't enough time left for something he had to do..." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "You're just a young kid. What are you doin' here? You oughta be out in a convertible, why... bird-doggin' chicks and bangin' beaver. What are ya doin' here, for Christ's sake? What's funny about that? Jesus, I mean, you guys do nothin' but complain about how you can't stand it in this place here and then you haven't got the guts just to walk out!" — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "I'm accustomed to being top man. I been a bull goose catskinner for every gyppo logging operation in the Northwest and bull goose gambler all the way from Korea, was even bull goose pea weeder on that pea farm at Pendleton -- so I figure if I'm bound to be a stompdown dadgum good one." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "But, gee," the other nurse says, "what on earth would MAKE a man want to do something like disrupt the ward for, Miss Ratched? What possible motive...?""You seem to forget, MISS Flinn, that this is an institution for the insane." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "Papa says if you don't watch it people will force you one way or the other, into doing what they think you should do, or into just being mule-stubborn and doing the opposite out of spite." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "Maybe he couldn't understand why we weren't able to laugh yet, but he knew you can't really be strong until you see a funny side to things. In fact, he worked so hard at pointing out the funny side of things that I was wondering a little if maybe he was blind to the other side, if maybe he wasn't able to see what it was that parched laughter deep inside your stomach. Maybe the guys weren't able to see it either, just feel the pressures of the different beams and frequencies coming from all directions, working to push and bend you one way or another, feel the Combine at work - but I was able to see it." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "No one's ever dared come out and say it before, but there's not a man among us that doesn't feel just as you do about her and the whole business - feel it somewhere down deep in his scared little soul." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "I realized I still had my eyes shut. I had shut them when I put my face to the screen, like I was scarred and scuffed where it had just torn up out of the snarl of scrub oak and madrone trees on the horizon. The stars up close to the moon were pale; they got out of the circle of light ruled by the giant moon. I was off on a hunt with Papa and the uncles and I lay rolled in blankets Grandma had woven, lying off a piece from where the men hunkered around the fire as they passed a quart jar of cactus liquor in a silent circle. I watched that big Oregon prairie moon above me put all the stars got brighter, till the dew commenced to drift onto
my cheeks and I had to pull a blanket over my head." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "Most merciful God, accept these two poor sinners into your arms. And keep the doors ajar for the coming of the rest of us, because you are witnessing the end, the absolute, irrevocable, fantastic end. I've finally realized what is happening. It is our last fling. We are doomed henceforth. Must screw our courage to the sticking point and face up to our impending fate. We [255] shall be all of us shot at dawn. One hundred cc's apiece. Miss Ratched shall line us all against the wall, where we,,, face the terrible maw of a muzzle-loading shotgun which she has loaded with Miltowns! Thorazines! Libriums! Stelazines! And with a wave of her sword, blooie! Tranquilize all of us completely out of existence." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "I'd wander for days in the fog, scared I'd never see another thing, then there'd be that door, opening to show me the mattress padding on the other side to stop out the sounds, the men standing in a line like zombies among shiny copper wires and tubes pulsing light, and the bright scrape of arcing electricity. I'd take my place in the line and wait my turn at the table. The table shaped like a cross, with shadows of a thousand murdered men printed on it, silhouette wrists and ankles running under leather straps sweated green with use, a silhouette neck and head running up to a silver band goes across the forehead. And a technician at the controls beside the table looking up from his dial and down the line and pointing at me with a rubber glove." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "... I think apparatus burned out all over the ward trying to adjust to her come busting in like she did-took electronic readings on her and calculated they weren't built to handle something like this on the ward, and just burned out, like machines committing suicide." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "The sun was prying up the clouds and lighting the brick front of the hospital rose red. A thin breeze worked at sawing what leaves were left from the oak trees, stacking them neatly agains the wire cyclone fence. There were little brown birds occasionally on the fence and turning into birds would fly off with the wind. It looked at first like the leaves were hitting the fence and turning into birds would fly off with the wind. It looked at first like the leaves were hitting the fence and turning into birds occasionally on the fence and turning into birds occasionally on the fence and turning into birds and flying away." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "It's fall coming, I thought, I can smell that the fence and turning into birds occasionally on the fence and turning into birds occasionally occasion sour-molasses smell of silage, clanging the air like a bell - smell like somebody's been burning oak leaves, left them to smolder overnight because they're too green." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "Nobody complains about all the fog. I know why, now: as bad as it is, you can slip back in it and feel safe. That's what McMurphy can't understand, us wanting to be safe. He keeps trying to drag us out of the fog, out in the open where we'd be easy to get at." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "She asked if we were calm enough for her to take off the cuffs, and McMurphy nodded. He had slumped over with his head hung and his elbows between his knees and looked completely exhausted--it hadn't occurred to me that it was just as hard for him to stand straight as it was for me." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest Page 4 "She was fifteen years old, going on thirty-five, Doc, and she told me she was eighteen, she was eighteen, she was fifteen years old, going on thirty-five, Doc, and she told me she was fifteen years old, going on thirty-five, Doc, and she told me she was fifteen years old, going on thirty-five, Doc, and she told me she was eighteen, she was fifteen years old, going on thirty-five, Doc, and she told me she was fifteen years old, going on thirty-five, Doc, and she told me she was fifteen years old, going on thirty-five, Doc, and she told me she was fifteen years old, going on thirty-five, Doc, and she told me she was fifteen years old, going on thirty-five, Doc, and she told me she was fifteen years old, going on thirty-five, Doc, and she told me she was fifteen years old, going on thirty-five, Doc, and she told me she was fifteen years old, going on thirty-five, Doc, and she told me she was fifteen years old, going on thirty-five, Doc, and she told me she was fifteen years old, going on thirty-five, Doc, and she told me she was fifteen years old, going on thirty-five, Doc, and she told me she was fifteen years old, going on thirty-five, Doc, and she told me she was fifteen years old, going on thirty-five, Doc, and she told me she was fifteen years old, going on thirty-five, Doc, and she told me she was fifteen years old, going on thirty-five, Doc, and she told me she was fifteen years old, going on thirty-five, Doc, and she told me she was fifteen years old, going on thirty-five, Doc, and she was fifteen years old, going on thirty-five, Doc, and she was fifteen years old, going on thirty-five, Doc, and she was fifteen years old, going on thirty-five, Doc, and she was fifteen years old, going on thirty-five, Doc, and she was fifteen years old, going on thirty-five, Doc, and the years old, going on thirty-five, Doc, and the years old, going on thir uh, she might have been fifteen, but when you get that little red beaver right up there in front of you, I don't think you do either. No man alive could resist that, and that's why I got into jail to begin with. And now they're telling me I'm crazy over here because I don't think it's crazy at all and I don't think you do either. No man alive could resist that, and that's why I got into jail to begin with. of sense to me. If that's what being crazy is, then I'm senseless, out of it, gone-down-the-road, wacko. But no more, no less, that's it." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest Page 5 "Nakar se je naenkrat pojavil pred teboj še nekdo, ki je prav tako zataval v megli, in še nikoli prej v življenju nisi videl človeškega obraza, ki bi bil tako velik in razločen. Tako zelo si napenjal oči v meglo, da bi kaj videti, da je bila zdaj, ko je bilo kaj videti, vsaka podrobnostih - kot da bi mu gledal notraniščino. Ampak tudi proč nisi hotel pogledati, da ga ne bi čisto zgubil. In tako naprej: ali si se napenial in strmel v meglo in zagledal stvari, ki so bile boleče, ali pa si se razpustil in zgubil v meglo in zagledal stvari, ki so bile boleče, ali pa si se razpustil in zgubil v meglo in zagledal stvari. ki so bile boleče, ali pa si se razpustil in zgubil v meglo in zagledal stvari. ki so bile boleče, ali pa si se razpustil in zgubil v meglo in zagledal stvari. ki so bile boleče, ali pa si se razpustil in zgubil v meglo in zagledal stvari. ki so bile boleče, ali pa si se razpustil in zgubil v meglo in zagledal stvari. ki so bile boleče, ali pa si se razpustil in zgubil v meglo in zagledal stvari. ki so bile boleče, ali pa si se razpustil in zgubil v meglo in zagledal stvari. ki so bile boleče, ali pa si se razpustil in zgubil v meglo in zagledal stvari. внутри, и один голос говорит ему: пес, забудь об этой норе, тебе нет до нее дела — она слишком большая и следы повсюду указывают на медведя или на кого еще хуже. А другой голос, похожий на хитрый шепот, голос самой его породы, не слишком приятный, слишком настойчивый, твердит: взять его, пес, взять ero!" — Кен Кизи, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest Page 7 One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest Quotes Showing 181-210 of 258 "She knew that people, being like they are, sooner or later are going to draw back a ways from somebody who seems to be giving a little more than ordinary, from Santa Clauses and missionaries and men donating funds to worthy causes, and begin to wonder: What's in it for them? Grin out of the side of their mouths when the young lawyer, say, brings a sack of pecans to the kids in his district schools- just before nominations for state senate, the sly devil- and say to one another, He's nobody's fool." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "here had been times when I'd wandered around in a daze for as long as two weeks after a shock treatment, living in that foggy, jumbled blur which is a whole lot like the ragged edge of sleep, that gray zone between light and dark, or between sleeping and waking or living and dying, where you know you're not unconscious any more but don't know yet what day it is or who you are or what's the use of coming back at all—for two weeks. If you don't have a reason to wake up you can loaf around in that gray zone for a long, fuzzy time, or if you want to bad enough I found you can come fighting right out of it. This time I came fighting out of it in less than a day, less time than ever." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "This world...belongs to the strong, my friend! The ritual of our existence is based on the strong getting stronger by devouring the weak. We must face up to this. No more than right that it should be this way. We must face up to this world...belongs to the strong getting stronger by devouring the weak. We must face up to this way. strong. In defense, the rabbit becomes sly and frightened and elusive and he digs holes and hides when the wolf to combat. Now, would it?" He" — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "Then old Pete was on his feet. "I'm tired!" was what he shouted, a strong, angry copper tone to his voice that no one had ever heard before. Everyone hushed. They were somehow ashamed. It was as if he had suddenly said something that was real and true and important and it had put all their childish hollering to shame." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "I indulged in certain practices that our society regards as shameful. And I got sick. It
wasn't the practices, I don't think, it was the feeling that the great voice of millions chanting, 'Shame. Shame.' It's society's way of dealing with someone different." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "When a man showed up you didn't want to look at his face and he didn't want to look at things that appeared in front of you in the fog, as painful as it might be, or you could relax and lose yourself." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "Gândeşte-te la chestia asta: poate că omul, cu cât e mai nebun, cu atât poate deveni mai puternic. Vezi exemplul lui Hitler. Viciul dă avânt minții, nu-i așa? Hrană pentru cugetări viitoare." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "Hell, are you birds telling me I can't lift that dinky little gizmo?"My friend, I don't recall anything about psychopaths being able to move mountains in addition to their other noteworthy assets." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "(Harding) I indulged in certian practices that our society regards as shameful. And I got sick. It wasn't the practices, I don't think, it was the feeling that the great, deadly, pointing forefinger of society was pointing at me - and the great voice of millions chanting, 'Shame. Shame.' It's society was pointing at me - and the great voice of millions chanting, 'Shame.' It's society was pointing at me - and the great voice of millions chanting, 'Shame.' It's society was pointing at me - and the great voice of millions chanting, 'Shame.' It's society was pointing at me - and the great voice of millions chanting, 'Shame.' It's society was pointing at me - and the great voice of millions chanting, 'Shame.' It's society was pointing at me - and the great voice of millions chanting, 'Shame.' It's society was pointing at me - and the great voice of millions chanting, 'Shame.' It's society was pointing at me - and the great voice of millions chanting, 'Shame.' It's society was pointing at me - and the great voice of millions chanting, 'Shame.' It's society was pointing at me - and the great voice of millions chanting, 'Shame.' It's society was pointing at me - and the great voice of millions chanting, 'Shame.' It's society was pointing at me - and the great voice of millions chanting, 'Shame.' It's society was pointing at me - and the great voice of millions chanting, 'Shame.' It's society was pointing at me - and the great voice of millions chanting at me - and the great was pointing at me - and the great voice of millions chanting at me - and the great was pointing at me - and the gre being able to know what the mark wants, and how to make him think he's getting it. I" — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "Never before did I realize that mental illness could have the aspect of power, power. Think of it: perhaps the more insane a man is, the more powerful he could become. Hitler an example. Fair makes the old brain reel, doesn't it? Food for thought there." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "You've—it seems—no other psychiatric history, Mr. McMurry?" "McMurrphy, Doc." "Oh? But I thought—the nurse was saying—" He opens the folder again, fishes out those glasses, looks the record over for another minute before he closes it, and puts his glasses back in his pocket. "Yes. McMurphy. That is correct. I beg your pardon." "It's okay, Doc. It was the lady there that started it, made the mistake. I've known some people inclined to do that." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "She slides through the door with a gust of cold and locks the door behind her and I see her fingers trail across the polished steel—tip of each finger the same color as her lips. Funny orange. Like the tip of a soldering iron. Color so hot or so cold if she touches you with it you can't tell which." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "This world . . . belongs to the strong, my friend! The ritual of our existence is based on the strong getting stronger by devouring the weak." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "This world ... belongs to the strong getting stronger by devouring the weak." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "This world ... belongs to the strong getting stronger by devouring the weak." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "This world ... belongs to the strong getting stronger by devouring the weak." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "This world ... belongs to the strong getting stronger by devouring the weak." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "This world ... belongs to the strong getting stronger by devouring the weak." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "This world ... belongs to the strong getting stronger by devouring the weak." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "This world ... belongs to the strong getting stronger by devouring the weak." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "This world ... belongs to the strong getting stronger by devouring the weak." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "This world ... belongs to the strong getting stronger by devouring the weak." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "This world ... belongs to the strong getting stronger by devouring the weak." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "This world ... belongs to the strong getting stronger by devouring the weak." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "This world ... belongs to the strong getting stronger by devouring the weak." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "This world ... belongs to the strong getting stronger by devouring the weak." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "This world ... belongs to the strong getting stronger by devouring the weak." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "This world ... belongs to the strong getting stronger by the stronger by the stronger by ca trebuie sa faci, ori sa te indaratnicesti ca un catar si sa faci toate pe dos, in ciuda lor." — Ken Kesey, Zbor deasupra unui cuib de cuci "Si-aproape ca zaresc masinaria din ei preluand cuvintele pe care tocmai le-am rostit si-incercand sa le potriveasca ici sau colo, intr-un loc sau altul, si cand constata ca acele cuvinte n-au un loc dinainte stabilit unde sa se aseze, masinaria din ei se leapada de cuvinte de parca nici n-ar fi fost rostite." — Ken Kesey, Zbor deasupra unui cuib de cuci "Há um morcego de papel da festa das bruxas pendurado num cordão acima de sua cabeça; ele levanta o braço e dá um piparote no morcego, que começa a girar. - Dia de outono bem agradável - continua ele. Fala um pouco do jeito como papai costumava falar, voz alta, selvagem mesmo, mas não se parece com papai; papai era um índio puro de Columbia - um chefe - e duro e brilhante como uma coronha de arma. Esse cara é ruivo, com longas costeletas vermelhas, e um emaranhado de cachos saindo por baixo do boné, está precisando de dar um corte no cabelo há muito tempo, e é tão robusto quanto papai era alto, queixo, ombros e peitos largos, um largo sorriso diabólico, muito branco e é duro de uma bola de beisebol é dura sob o couro gasto. Uma cicatriz lhe atravessa o nariz e uma das maçãs do rosto, o luga em que alguém o acertou numa briga, e os pontos ainda estão no corte. Ele fica de pé ali, esperando, e, quando ninguém toma a iniciativa de lhe responder alguma coisa, começa a rir. Ninguém é capaz de dizer exatamente por que ele ri; não há nada de engraçado acontecendo. Mas não é da maneira como aquele Relações Públicas ri, é um riso livre e alto que sai da sua larga boca e se espalha em ondas cada vez maiores até ir de encontro às paredes por toda a ala. Não como aquele riso do gordo Relações Públicas. Este som é verdadeiro. Eu me dou conta de repente de que é a primeira gargalhada que ouço há anos. Ele fica de pé, olhando para nós, balançando-se para trás nas botas, e ri e ri. Cruza os dedos sobre a barriga sem tirar os polegares dos bolsos. Vejo como suas mãos são grandes e grossas. Todo mundo na ala, pacientes, pessoal e o resto, está pasmo e abobalhado diante dele e da sua risada. Não há qualquer movimento para faze-lo parar, nenhuma iniciativa para dizer alguma coisa. Ele então interrompe a risada, por algum tempo, e vem andando, entrando na enfermaria. Mesmo quando não está rindo, aquele ressoar do seu riso paira a sua volta, da mesma maneira como sorri, na maneira como fala. [1] - Meu nome é McMurphy, companheiros, R. P. McMurphy, e sou um jogador idiota. - Ele pisca o olho e canta um pedacinho de uma canção : - .... " e sempre eu ponho ... meu dinheiro ... na mesa " - e ri de novo." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "(Página 45) "A enfermaria zumbe da maneira como ouvi uma fábrica de tecido zumbir uma vez, quando o time de futebol jogou com a escola secundária na Califórnia. Depois de uma boa temporada, s promotores da cidade estavam tão orgulhosos e exaltados que pagavam para que fôssemos de avião até a Califórnia para disputar um campeonato de escolas secundárias com o time de lá. Quando chegamos à cidade tivemos de visitar um indústria local qualquer. Nosso treinador era um daqueles dados a convencer as pessoas de que o atletismo era educativo por causa do aprendizado proporcionado pelas viagens, e em todas as viagens que fazíamos ele carregava com o time para visitar fábricas de laticínios, fazendas de plantação de beterraba e fábricas de conservas, antes do jogo. Na Califórnia foi uma fábrica de tecido. Quando entramos na fábrica, a maior parte do time deu uma olhada rápida e saiu para ir sentar-se no ônibus e jogar pôquer em cima das malas, mas eu fiquei lá dentro numa canto, fora do caminho das moças negras que corriam de um lado para o outro entre as fileiras de máquinas. A fábrica me colocou numa espécie de sonho, todos aqueles zumbidos e estalos a chocalhar de gente e de máquinas sacudindo-se em espasmos regulares. Foi por isso que eu figuei quando todos os outros se foram, por isso e porque aquilo me lembrou de alguma forma os homens da tribo que haviam deixado a aldeia nos
últimos dias para ir trabalhar na trituradora de pedras para a represa. O padrão frenético, os rostos hipnotizados pela rotina... eu queria ir com o time, mas não pude. Era de manhã, no princípio do inverno, e eu ainda usava a jaqueta que nos deram quando ganhamos o campeonato - uma jaqueta vermelha e verde com mangas de couro e um emblema com o formato de uma bola de futebol bordado nas costas, dizendo o que havíamos vencido - e ela estava fazendo com que uma porção de moças negras olhassem. Eu a tirei , mas elas continuaram olhando. Eu era muito maior naquela época. "(Página 46) "Uma das moças afastou-se de sua máquinas, para ver se o capataz estava por perto, depois veio até onde eu estava. Perguntou se íamos jogar na escola secundária naquela noite e me disse que tinha um irmão que jogava como a respeito do futebol e coisas assim, e reparei como o rosto dela parecia indistinto, como se houvesse uma névoa entre nós dois. Era a lanugem de algodão pairando no ar. Falei-lhe a respeito do futebol e coisas assim, e reparei como o rosto dela parecia indistinto, como se houvesse uma névoa entre nós dois. Era a lanugem de algodão pairando no ar. Falei-lhe a respeito do futebol e coisas assim, e reparei como o rosto dela parecia indistinto, como se houvesse uma névoa entre nós dois. Era a lanugem de algodão pairando no ar. Falei-lhe a respeito do futebol e coisas assim, e reparei como o rosto dela parecia indistinto, como se houvesse uma névoa entre nós dois. Era a lanugem de algodão pairando no ar. Falei-lhe a respeito do futebol e coisas assim, e reparei como o rosto dela parecia indistinto, como se houvesse uma névoa entre nós dois. boca com a mão, para rir, quando eu lhe disse como era parecido com o olhar o seu rosto numa manhã enevoada de caça ao pato. E ela disse : " Agora me diga para que é que você quereria nesse bendito mundo estar sozinho comigo lá fora, numa tocaia de pato ?" Disse-lhe que ela poderia tomar de conta da minha arma, e as moças começaram a rir com a boca escondida atrás das mãos na fábrica inteira. Eu também ri um pouco, vendo como havia parecido inteligente. Anda estávamos conversando e rindo quando ela agarrou meus pulsos e os apertou com as mãos. Os traços do seu rosto de repente se acentuaram num foco radioso; vi que ela estava aterrorizada por alguma coisa. - Leve-me disse ela num murmúrio - Leve-me mesmo garotão. Para fora desta cidade, para fora desta cidade, para fora desta vida. Me leva para uma tocaia de pato qualquer, num lugar qualquer, num lugar qualquer, num lugar qualquer. Hem garotão, hem ?" — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "Mi-a zis ca un om care-a tacut atata amar de vreme avea pesemne multe de spus, dupa care se intinse la loc pe perna si astepta. Eu ma straduii un minut sa-i zic ceva, dar singurele lucruri care-mi venira in minte erau din acelea pe care un om nu le poate spune altuia in cuvinte." — Ken Kesey, Zbor deasupra unui cuib de cuci "(Cont.. Página 46) O seu rosto negro, bonito, cintilava ali na minha frente. Fiqueix altuia in cuvinte." — Ken Kesey, Zbor deasupra unui cuib de cuci "(Cont.. Página 46) O seu rosto negro, bonito, cintilava ali na minha frente. boquiaberto, tentando pensar em alguma maneira de responder. Ficamos juntos, enlaçados daquela maneira durante alguma coisa começou a puxá-la para trás, afastando-a de mim. Um cordão em alguma lugar que eu não via se havia prendido naquela saia vermelha florida e a puxava para trás. As unhas dela foram arranhando as minhas mãos e, tão logo ela desfez o contato comigo, seu rosto saiu novamente de foco, tornou-se suave e escorregadio como chocolate derretendo-se atrás daquela neblina de algodão que soprava. Ela riu e girou depressa, deixando que eu visse a perna amarela, quando a saia subiu. Lançou-me uma piscadela de olho por sobre o ombro enquanto corria para sua máquina, onde uma pilha de fibra deslizava da mesa para o chão; ela apanhou tudo e saiu correndo sem barulho pela fileira de máquinas para enfiar as fibra num funil de enchimento; depois, desapareceu no meu ânqulo de visão virando num canto. (Página 47) "Todos aqueles fusos bobinando e rodando, e lançadeiras saltando por todo lado, e carretéis fustigando o ar com fios, paredes caiadas e máquinas cinza-aço e moças com saias floridas saltitando para a frente e para trás e a coisa toda tecida como uma tela, com linhas brancas corrediças que prendiam a fábrica, mantendo-a unida - aquilo tudo me marcou e de vez em quando alguma coisa na enfermaria o traz de volta à minha mente Sim. Isto é o que sei.. A enfermaria é uma fábrica da Liga. Serve para reparar os enganos cometidos nas vizinhanças, nas escolas e nas igrejas, isso é o que o hospital é. Quando um produto acaba, volta para a sociedade lá fora - todo reparado e bom como se fosse novo, às vezes melhor do que se fosse novo, traz alegria ao coração da Chefona; algo que entrou deformado, todo diferente, agora é um componente em funcionamento e bem-ajustado, um crédito para todo esquema e uma maravilha para ser observado. Observe-o se esqueirando pela terra com um sorriso, encaixando-se em alguma vizinhançazinha, onde estão escavando valas agora mesmo, por toda a rua, para colocar encanamento para a água da cidade. Ele está contente com isso. Ele finalmente está ajustado ao meio-ambiente..." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest "that fool Public Relations man who's always clapping his wet hands together and saying how overjoyed he is that mental hospitals have eliminated all the old-fashioned cruelty" — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest Page 8 "Я их видел огромное количество, старых и молодых, мужчин и женщин. Видел их и на улице, и у них дома — людей, которые пытаются сделать тебя слабым, заставить жить так, как они этого от тебя хотят. И лучший способ заставить тебя подчиниться — ударить, где всего больней. У тебя когда-нибудь тряслись поджилки при скандале, приятель? Лишаешься хладнокровия, разве нет? Нет ничего хуже этого. Это делает тебя больным, это высасывает все силы, какие только у тебя есть. Если ты связался с парнем, который хочет выиграть, сделав тебя слабее вместо того, чтобы самому быть сильным, тогда следи за его коленом, он нацелился на твою жизненную сущность." — Ken Kusu, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest Page 9 "Something moved on the grounds down beneath my window — cast a long spider of shadow out across the grass as it ran out of sight behind a hedge. When it ran back to where I could get a better look, I saw it was a dog, a young, gangly mongrel slipped off from home to find out about things went on after dark. He was sniffing digger squirrel holes, not with a notion to go digging after one but just to get an idea what they were up to at this hour. He'd run his muzzle down a hole, butt up in the air and tail going, then dash off to another. The moon glistened around him on the wet grass, and when he ran he left tracks like dabs of dark paint spattered across the blue shine of the lawn. Galloping from one particularly interesting hole to the next, he became so took with what was coming off — the moon up there, the night, the breeze full of smells so wild makes a young dog drunk — that he had to lie down on his back and roll. He twisted and thrashed around like a fish, back bowed and belly up, and when he got to his feet and shook himself a spray came off him in the moon like silver scales." — Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest

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