“It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen.”

 *1984 by George Orwell*

"My name was Salmon, like the fish; first name Susie. I was fourteen when I was murdered on December 6, 1973." *The Lovely Bones by Alice Sebold*

"If you really want to hear about it, the first thing you'll probably want to know is where I was born, and what my lousy childhood was like, and how my parents were occupied and all before they had me, and all that David Copperfield kind of crap, but I don't feel like going into it, if you want to know the truth. "

 *The Catcher in the Rye J.D. Salinger*

"Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way."

 *Anna Karenina Leo Tolstoy*

"In my younger and more vulnerable years my father gave me some advice that I've been turning over in my mind ever since." *The Great Gatsby F. Scott Fitzgerald.*

“There was a boy named Milo who didn't know what to do with himself – not just sometimes, but always.” *Juster, Norton. The Phantom Tollbooth*

"Not every thirteen-year-old girl is accused of murder, brought to trial, and found guilty. But I was just such a girl, and my story is worth relating even if it did happen years ago." *Avi. The True Confessions of Charlotte Doyle.*

 “I never had a brain until Freak came along and let me borrow his for

awhile, and that’s the truth, the whole truth. The unvanquished truth is how Freak would say it…” *Philbrick, Rodman. Freak the Mighty.*

It was a wrong number that started it, the telephone ringing three times in the dead of night, and the voice on the other end asking for someone he was not.

 *Paul Auster, City of Glass*

All this happened, more or less. *Kurt Vonnegut, Slaughterhouse-Five*

It was a dark and stormy night; the rain fell in torrents, except at occasional intervals, when it was checked by a violent gust of wind which swept up the streets (for it is in London that our scene lies), rattling along the house-tops, and fiercely agitating the scanty flame of the lamps that struggled against the darkness. *Edward George Bulwer-Lytton, Paul Clifford (1830)*