

**A mad boxer shot a quick, gloved jab to the jaw of his dizzy opponent.**

**The Public Was Amazed To View The Quickness And Dexterity Of The Juggler.**

**A QUART JAR OF OIL MIXED WITH ZINC OXIDE MAKES A VERY BRIGHT PAINT.**

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**George Orwell - '1984'**

## **Another section of Chapter One**

**Outside, even through the shut window-pane, the world looked cold. Down in the street little eddies of wind were whirling dust and torn paper into spirals, and though the sun was shining and the sky a harsh blue, there seemed to be no colour in anything, except the posters that were plastered everywhere. The blackmoustachio'd face gazed down from every commanding corner. There was one on the house-front immediately opposite. 'BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU', the caption said, while the dark eyes looked deep into Winston's own. Down at streetlevel another poster, torn at one corner, flapped fitfully in the wind, alternately covering and uncovering the single word 'INGSOC'. In the far distance a helicopter skimmed down between the roofs, hovered for an instant like a bluebottle, and darted away again with a curving flight. It was the police patrol, snooping into people's windows. The patrols did not matter, however. Only the Thought Police mattered.**