

It was a pleasure to burn. He  
turned the corner. Thinking  
at all about nothing in particular.  
He was not happy. He wore  
his happiness like a mask.  
"I don't know anything  
anymore." He  
didn't know anything anymore.  
He flicked the pages.  
"Nobody listens anymore."  
Fire was best for  
everything. When you  
burned right, you want  
to face a problem, burn  
it. "I remember." When  
we reach the corner, to  
burn. He was not  
thinking in particular.  
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Guy Montag