On the wall above the chair, a picture, framed but with no glass: a print of flowers, blue irises, watercolour. Flowers are still allowed” (7).

The bathroom is beside the bedroom. It’s papered in small blue flowers, forget-me-nots, with curtains to match” (70).

Chapter 17

"I want to steal something...What should I take? Something that will not be missed. In the wood at midnight, a magic flower. A withered daffodil, not one from the dried arrangement. The daffodils will soon be thrown out, they’re beginning to smell. Along with Serena’s stale fumes, the stench of her knitting.

I grope, find an end table, feel. There’s a clink, I must have knocked something. I found the daffodils, crisp at the edges where they’ve dried, limp towards the stems, use my fingers to pinch. I will press this somewhere. Under the mattress. Leave it there, for the next woman, the one who comes after me, to find.” (111-112).

"The tulips are red, a darker crimson towards the stem, as if they have been cut and are beginning to heal there" (13)

"many of the wives have such gardens, it's something for them to order and maintain and care for"(13)

"the genital organs of plants" (105)

"I look at the one red smile. The red of the smile is the same as the red of the tulips in Serena Joy's garden, towards the base of the flowers where they are beginning to heal"(38).

‘the smell of the turned earth, the plump shades of bulbs held in the hands, fullness, the dry rustle of seeds through the fingers.' (2)

Chapter 25

Well. Then we had the irises, rising beautiful and cool on their tall stalks, like blown glass, like pastel water momentarily frozen in a splash, light blue, light mauve, and the darker ones, velvet and purple, black cat’s
ears in the sun, indigo shadow, and the bleeding hearts, so female in shape it was a surprise they’d not long since been rooted out. There is something subversive about this garden of Serena’s, a sense of buried things bursting upwards, wordlessly, into the light, as if to point, to say: Whatever is silenced will clamor to be heard, though silently. A Tennyson garden, heavy with scent, languid; the return of the word swoon. Light pours down upon it from the sun, true, but also heat rises, from the flowers themselves, you can feel it: like holding your hand an inch above an arm, a shoulder. It breathes, in the warmth, breathing itself in. To walk through it in these days, of peonies, of pinks and carnations, makes my head swim.

The willow is in full plumage and is no help, with its insinuating whispers. Rendezvous, it says, terraces; the sibilants run up my spine, a shiver as if in fever. The summer dress rustles against the flesh of my thighs, the grass grows underfoot, at the edges of my eyes I here are movements, in the branches; feathers, flirtings, grace notes, tree into bird, metamorphosis run wild. Goddesses are possible now and the air suffuses with desire. Even the bricks of the house are softening, becoming tactile; if I leaned against them they’d be warm and yielding. It’s amazing what denial can do. Did the sight of my ankle make him lightheaded, faint, at the checkpoint yesterday, when I dropped my pass and let him pick it up for me? No handkerchief, no fan, I use what’s handy.

Chapter 27
‘a round fountain spraying water in the shape of a dandelion gone to seed’, (27)

‘oval-sided glass elevators slide up and down the walls like giant molluscs.’ (27)

Chapter 40
The heat at night is worse than the heat in the daytime. Even with the fan on nothing moves, and the walls store up the warmth, give it out like a used oven. Surely it will rain soon. Why do I want it? It will only mean more dampness. There’s lightning far away but no thunder. Looking out the window I can see it, a glimmer, like the phosphorescence you get in stirred sea water, behind the sky, which is overcast and too low and a dull grey infra-red.

Chapter 41
‘Today there are different flowers, drier, more defined, the flowers of high summer: daisies, black eyed susans, starting us on a downward slope to fall. I see them in the gardens as I walk with Ofglen to and fro. I hardly listen to her, I no longer credit her.’

Violence and Rebellion in THMT

“I enjoy the power; power of a dog bone, passive but there.” Chapter 4

“Nolite te bastardes carborandorum.” Chapter 9

“I’ve crossed no boundaries, I’ve given no trust, taken no risk, all is safe. It’s the choice that terrifies me. A way out, a salvation.” Chapter 11

Chapter 15 Afterwards she could not walk for a week, her feet would not fit into her shoes, they were too swollen. It was the feet they’d do, for a first offence. They used steel cables, frayed at the
ends. After that the hands. They didn’t care what they did to your feet and hands, even if it was permanent. Remember, said Aunt Lydia. For our purposes your feet and hands are not essential.

“Having broken the main taboo, why should I hesitate over another one, something minor? Or another; who could tell where it might stop? Behind this particular door, taboo dissolved.” Chapter 25

“I find it hard to believe in these whisperings, these revelations, though I always do at the time. Afterwards though they seem improbable, childish even, like something you’d do for fun; like a girls club, like secrets at school.” Chapter 31

“But who can remember pain, once it’s over? All that remains of it is a shadow, not in the mind even, in the flesh. Pain marks you, but too deep to see. Out of sight, out of mind.”

It is nothing to do with sexual desire, at least for me

Chapter 23

‘Now of course it’s something different. Now it’s forbidden, for us. Now it’s dangerous. Now it’s indecent. Now it’s something he cannot do with this wife. Now it’s desirable. Now he’s compromised himself. It’s as if he’s offered me drugs.’

Chapter 25

‘That was in May. Spring has now been undergone. The tulips have had their moment and are done, shedding their petals one by one, like teeth. One day I came upon Serena Joy, kneeling on a cushion in the garden, her cane beside her on the grass. She was snipping of the seed pods with a pair of shears. I watched her sideways as I went past with my basket of oranges and lamp chops. She was aiming, positioning the blades of the shears, then cutting with a convulsive jerk of the hands. Was it arthritis, creeping up? Or some blitzkrieg, some kamikaze, committed on the swelling genitalia of the flowers.’

Chapter 25

We use butter, I said. When we can get it. Or margarine. A lot of the time it’s margarine.

Butter, he said, musing. That’s very clever. Butter. He laughed.

I could have slapped him.

Chapter 27

‘Two Eyes, in grey suits, leap from the opening double doors at the back. They grab a man who is walking along, a man with a briefcase, an ordinary looking man; slam him back against the black side of the van. He’s there a moment, splayed out against the metal as if stuck to it, then one of the Eyes moves in on him, does something sharp and brutal that doubles him over into a limp cloth bundle.
They pick him up and heave him into the back of the van like a sack of mail. Then they are inside also and the doors are closed and the van moves on.

It’s over, in seconds, and the traffic on the street resumes as if nothing has happened. What I feel is relief. It wasn’t me.’

Chapter 29

“She hanged herself,” he says thoughtfully, not sadly. “That’s why we had the light fixture removed. In your room.” He pauses, “Serena found out,” he says, as if this explains it. And it does. If your dog dies, get another.

Chapter 30

I’ll take care of it, Luke said. And because he said it instead of her, I knew he meant to kill. That is what you have to do before you kill, I thought. You have to create an it, where none was before. You do that first, in your head, and then you make it real. So that’s how they do it, I thought. I seemed to have never known that before. That’s one of the things they do. They force you to kill, within yourself.

Chapter 38

Though when they were trying to get it out of me I made up a lot of stuff. You do that, when they use the electrodes and other stuff. You don’t care what you say.’

The Aunts figure we’re all damned anyway, they’ve given up on us, so it doesn’t matter what sort of vice we get up to, and the commander don’t give a piss what we do in our off time.’

Chapter 43

The baby too, after what we go through. It’s true, there is a bloodlust; I want to tear, gouge, rend.

I’m reeling, red spreads everywhere, but before the tide of cloth and bodies hits him Ofglen is shoving through the women in front of us, propelling herself with her elbows, left, right and running towards him. She pushes him down, sideways then kicks his head viciously, one, two, three times, sharp painful jabs with the foot, well aimed.

“Don’t be stupid. He wasn’t a rapist at all, he was a political. He was one of ours. I knocked him out. Put him out of his misery. Don’t you know what they’re doing to him?” He has become an it.
Identity

Chapter 3

I knew where I'd seen her before.

The first time was on television, when I was eight or nine. It was when my mother was sleeping in, on Sunday mornings, and I would get up early and go to the television set in my mother’s study and flip through the channels, looking for cartoons. Sometimes when I couldn’t find any I would watch the Growing Souls Gospel Hour, where they would tell Bible stories for children and sing hymns. One of the women was called Serena joy. She was the lead soprano. She was ash-blonde, petite, with a snub nose and huge blue eyes which she’d turn upwards during hymns. She could smile and cry at the same time, one tear or two sliding gracefully down her cheek, as if on cue, as her voice lifted through its highest notes, tremulous, effortless. It was after that she went on to other things. The woman sitting in front of me was Serena Joy. Or had been, once. So it was worse than I thought.

Chapter 5

There are other women with baskets, some in red, some in the dull green of the Marthas, some in the striped dresses, red and blue and green and cheap and skimpy, that mark the women of the poorer men. Econowives, they’re called. This women are not divided into functions. They have to do everything; if they can. Sometimes there is a woman all in black, a widow.

I think about laundromats. What I wore to them: shorts, jeans, jogging pants. What I put into them: my own clothes, my own soap, my own money, money I had earned myself. I think about having such control.

Now we walk along the same street, in red pairs, and no man shouts obscenities at us, speaks to us, touches us. No one whistles.

There is more than one kind of freedom, said Aunt Lydia. Freedom to and freedom from. In the days of anarchy, it was freedom to. Now you are being given freedom from. Don’t underrate it.

Chapter 12

My nakedness is strange to me already. My body seems outdated. Did I really wear bathing suits, at the beach? I did, without thought, among men, without caring that my legs, my arms, my thighs and back were on display, could be seen. Shameful, immodest. I avoid looking down at my body, not so much because it's shameful or immodest but because I don't want to see it. I don't want to look at something that determines me so completely.

Chapter 13

I used to think of my body as an instrument, of pleasure, or a means of transportation, or an implement for the accomplishment of my will. I could use it to run, push buttons, of one sort or
another, make things happen. There were limits but my body was nevertheless lithe, single, solid, one with me.

Now the flesh arranges itself differently. I’m a cloud, congealed around a central object, the shape of a pear, which is hard and more real than I am and glows red within its translucent wrapping. Inside it is a space, huge as the sky at night and dark and curved like that, though black-red rather than black. Pinpoints of light swell, sparkle, burst and shrivel within it, countless as stars. Every month there is a moon, gigantic, round, heavy, an omen. It transits, pauses, continues on and passes out of sight, and I see despair coming towards me like famine. To fill that empty, again, again. I listen to my heart, wave upon wave, salty and red, continuing on and on, marking time.

**Chapter 14**

I wait, for the household to assemble. *Household:* that is what we are. The commander is the head of the household. The house is what he holds. To have and to hold, till death do us part.

The hold of a ship. Hollow...

Rita scowls at me before slipping in to stand behind me. It’s my fault, this waste of her time. Not mine, but my body’s, if there is a difference...

My name isn’t Offred, I have another name, which nobody uses now because it’s forbidden. I tell myself it doesn’t matter, your name is like your telephone number, useful only to others; but what I tell myself is wrong, it does matter. I keep the knowledge of this name like something hidden, some treasure I’ll come back to dig up, one day. I think of this name as buried. This name has an aura around it, like an amulet, some charm that’s survived from an unimaginably distant past.

**Chapter 17**

There’s no longer any hand lotion or face cream, not for us. Such things are considered vanities. We are containers, it’s only the inside of our bodies that are important. The outside can become hard and wrinkled, for all they care, like the shell of a nut. This was a decree of the Wives, this absence of hand lotion. They don’t want us to look attractive. For them, things are bad enough as it is...

I want Luke here so badly. I want to be held and told my name. I want to be valued, in ways that I am not; I want to be more than valuable. I repeat my former name, remind myself of what I once could do, how others saw me.

**Chapter 18**

There’s nobody here I can love, all the people I could love are dead or elsewhere. Who knows where they are or what their names are now? They might as well be nowhere, as I am for them. I too am a missing person.

From time to time I can see their faces, against the dark, flickering like the images of saints, in old foreign cathedrals, in the light of the draughty candles; candles you would light to pray by, kneeling, your forehead against the wooden railing, hoping for an answer. I can conjure them but they are mirages only, they don’t last. Can I be blamed for wanting a real body, to put my arms around? Without it I too am disembodied.

**Chapter 26**
But even so, and stupidly enough, I'm happier than I was before. It's something to do, for one thing. Something to fill the time, at night, instead of sitting alone in my room. It's something else to think about. I don't love the Commander or anything like it, but he's of interest to me, he occupies space, he is more than a shadow.

And I for him. To him I'm no longer merely a usable body. To him I'm not just a boat with no cargo, a chalice with no wine in it, an oven - to be crude - minus the bun. To him I am not merely empty.

Chapter 35

Falling in love, I said. Falling into it, we all did then, one way or another. How could he have made such light of it? Sneered even. As if it was trivial for us, a frill, a whim. It was, on the contrary, heavy going. It was the central thing: it was the way you understood yourself; if it never happened to you, not ever, you would be like a mutant, a creature from outer space. Everyone knew that...

You'll have to forgive me. I'm a refugee from the past, and like other refugees I go over the customs and habits of being I've left or been forced to leave behind me, and it all seems just as quaint, from here, and I am just as obsessive about it. Like a White Russian drinking tea in Paris, marooned in the twentieth century, I wander back, try to regain those distant pathways; I become too maudlin, lose myself. Weep. Weeping is what it is, not crying. I sit in this chair and ooze like a sponge.

So. More waiting. Lady in waiting: that's what they used to call those stores where you could buy maternity clothes. Woman in waiting sounds more like someone in a train station. Waiting is also a place: it is wherever you wait. For me it's this room. I am a blank, here, between parentheses. Between other people...

Time has not stood still. It has washed over me, washed me away, as if I'm nothing more than a woman of sand, left by a careless child too near the water. I have been obliterated for her. I am only a shadow now, far back behind the glib shiny surface of this photograph. A shadow of a shadow, as dead mothers become. You can see it in her eyes: I am not there... Still, I can't bear it, to have been erased like that.

Chapter 44

I wait at the corner for Ofglen... I see her and notice nothing at first. Then, as she comes nearer, I think that there must be something wrong with her. She looks wrong. She is altered in some indefinable way; she's not injured, she's not limping. It's as if she has shrunk.

Then when she's nearer still I see what it is. She isn't Ofglen...

'I am Ofglen,' the woman says. Word perfect. And of course she is, the new one, and Ofglen, wherever she is, is no longer Ofglen. I never did know her real name. That is how you can get lost, in a sea of names. It wouldn't be easy to find her, now.

THEME: RELIGION

- “The bell that measures time is ringing, time here is measured by bells as once in. nunneries. As in a nunnery too there are few mirrors”
- “A Sister dipped in blood”
- “When I couldn't find any I would watch growing souls gospel, where they would tell bible stories and hymns” (when introducing Serena Joys Background)
- “Blessed be the fruit”-“May the lord open” (prescribed conversation between Ofglen and Offred)
- “During these walks she never said anything that was not strictly Orthodox, but then neither have I. She may be a real believer, a handmaid by more than name. I can’t take the risk”
- (Ofglen’s desire to appear pious when praying) “She does such things to look good I think. She’s out to make the best of it”
- “Under his eye’ she says the right Farewell”
- (Aunt Lydia says) “all flesh is weak. All flesh us grass. I corrected her in my head”
- “From each according to her ability; to each according to his needs... from the Bible, or so they said”
- “It is hard when men revile you” (Adapted from Matthew 5:11)
- “But they were Godless, and that can make all the difference, don’t you agree?”
- “They only want one thing...It’s natures way. It’s God’s device”
- “What the machines print out is prayers, roll upon roll, prayers going out endlessly. They’re ordered by Compuphone, I’ve overheard the Commander’s wife doing it. Ordering prayers from Soul Scrolls is supposed to be a sign of piety and faithfulness to the regime, so of course the Commander’s wives do it a lot. It helps their husbands’ careers.” “There are five different prayers: for health, wealth, a death, a birth, a sin”
- “Subversion, sedition, blasphemy, heresy, all rolled into one”
- “Oh God, obliterete me. Make me fruitful. Mortify my flesh, so that I may be multiplied. Let me be fulfilled...”
- “My God. Who Art in the Kingdom of Heaven, which is within.... I have enough daily bread, so I won’t waste time on that. It isn’t the main problem... Now we come to forgiveness. Don’t worry about forgiving me right now... Hell we can make for ourselves... Temptation comes next... Deliver us from evil. Then there’s Kingdom, power and glory.”
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- “The Eyes of God run all over the earth”
- “Make me fruitful. Mortify my flesh, that I may be multiplied”
- “The Fall was a fall from innocence to knowledge”
- “Oh Lord, Cora would say. Oh Lord save us”
- GOD IS A NATIONAL RESOURCE”
- “She means Janine’s baby...The baby Angela”
- “For Adam was first formed, then Eve”
- “Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression”
“You look like the Whore of Babylon”
“They got me up as far as Salem”
“(I’m not a martyr)”
“Sometimes I sing to myself, in my head; something lugubrious, mournful, Presbyterian: Amazing grace, How sweet the sound could save a wretch like me, Who once was lost, but now I am found, Was bound, but now I am free. I don’t know if the words are right. I can’t remember. Such songs are not sung any more in public, especially the ones that use words like free. They are considered too dangerous.”
“I’ve learned to do without a lot of things. If you have a lot of things, said Aunt Lydia, you get too attached to this material world and you forget about spiritual values. You must cultivate poverty of spirit. Blessed are the meek. She didn’t go on about inheriting the earth.”
“Two-thirty comes testifying. Aunt Helena is here, as well as Aunt Lydia, because testifying is special. Aunt Helena is fat, she once headed a Weight Watchers’ franchise operation in Iowa. She’s good at testifying.”
“It’s the usual stories. God to Adam, God to Noah. Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the Earth. Then comes the mouldy old Rachel and Leah stuff we had drummed into us at the Centre. Give me children or else I die. Am I in God’s stead, who hath withhold from thee the fruit of the womb? Behold my maid Bilhah. She shall bear upon my knees, that I may also have children by her.”
“For lunch it was the Beatitudes. Blessed be this, blessed be that. They played it from a tape, so not even an Aunt would be guilty of the sin of reading. The voice was a man’s. Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are the merciful. Blessed are the meek. Blessed are the silent. I know they made that up, I knew it was wrong, and they left things out too, but there was no way of checking.”
“Once they drugged women, induced labour, cut them open, sewed them up. No more. No anaesthetics, even. Aunt Elizabeth said it was better for the baby, but also: I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children.”

**Love in The Handmaid’s Tale**

“My husband. I want that to be perfectly clear. Til death do us part”- pg 16 chapter 3

“Nobody’s heart is perfect”- pg 22 chapter 4

“Of being allowed possibly to marry”- pg 22 chapter 4

“They touch with their eyes instead and I move my hips a little, feeling the full red skirt sway around me” - pg 22 chapter 4

“I will you, you like an old love song. You mean more than one”- pg 39-40 chapter 7

“it smells of me, in former times, when I was a mother”- pg 47 chapter 8

“How was I to know he loved me? It might be just an affair.”- pg 50 chapter 9

“I ought to feel hatred for this man... I don’t know what to call it. It isn’t love” – pg 58 chapter 10

“Did I really wear bathing suits, at the beach? I did, without thought, among men, without caring that my legs, my arms, my thighs and back were on display, could be seen. Shameful, immodest. I avoid looking down at my body, not so much because it’s shameful or immodest but because I don’t want to see it. I don’t want to look at something that determines me so completely.” – pg 62-63 chapter 12
The narrator tries to disassociate herself from her body and what it represents. The narrator passively, silently rejects the determination society has made about her based on her form and fertility.

“As long as we do this, butter our skin to keep it soft, we can believe that we will some day get out, that we will be touched again, in love or desire. We have ceremonies of our own, private ones.” – pg 97 chapter 17

Here the potential of freedom lies within an ordinary household staple.

“I want Luke here so badly. I want to be held and told my name. I want to be valued, in ways that I am not; I want to be more than valuable.” – pg 98 chapter 17

The narrator misses other elements of being a woman and a person. For her, being held, named, and valued in the ways she used to be—as a person, not a uterus—are part of being a woman.

“But this is wrong, nobody dies from lack of sex. It’s lack of love we die from.” – pg 103 chapter 18

Back In her room, Offred remembers lying in bed with Luke whilst she was pregnant.

“What has happened to me, what’s happening to me now, won’t make any difference to him, he loves me anyway, he knows it isn’t my fault. The message will say that also. It’s this message, which may never arrive, that keeps me alive. I believe in the message.” – pg 106 chapter 18

The narrator waits for this "message" that will prove Luke's love for her, she proves her own love by waiting and "believing."

“And he does look embarrassed, sheepish was the word, the way men used to look once. He’s old enough to remember how to look that way, and to remember also how appealing women once found it” -pg 138 chapter 23

“Men as sex machines, said Aunt Lydia, and not much more. They only want one thing. You must learn to manipulate them, for your own good.” - pg 143 chapter 23

“She did not believe he was a monster. He was not a monster, to her. Probably he had some endearing trait: he whistled, off key, in the shower... How easy it is to invent a humanity, for anyone at all” - pg 145 chapter 23

“But that night, the first since the beginning of whatever this new arrangement was between us- I had no name for it- I felt shy of him. I felt, for one thing, that he was actually looking at me, and I didn’t like it” - pg 159 chapter 26

“[Luke] kissed me then, as if now I’d said that, things could get back to normal. But something has shifted, some balance. I felt shrunken, so that when he put his arms around me, gathering me up, I was as small as a doll. I felt love going forward without me” - pg 181 chapter 28

“So Luke: what I want to ask you now, what I need to know is, was I right? Because we never talked about it. By the time I could have done that, I was afraid to. I couldn’t afford to lose you.” - pg 182 chapter 28

“The sex was too easy. Anyone could just buy it. There was nothing to work for, nothing to fight for. We have the stats from that time. You know what [men] were complaining about the most? Inability to feel. Men were turning off on sex, even. They were turning off on marriage.” – pg 211 chapter 32

Chapter 34:
‘We’ve given them more than we’ve taken away, said the commander. Think of the trouble they had before. Don’t you remember the singles bars, the indignity of high-school blind dates? The meat market. Don’t you remember the terrible gap between the ones who could get a man easily and the ones who couldn’t? Some of them were desperate, they starved themselves thin or pumped their breasts full of silicone, had their noses cut off. Think of the human misery…

‘and if they did marry, they could be left with a kid, two kids, the husband might just get fed up and take off, disappear, they’d have to go on welfare. Or else he’d stay around and beat them up…Money was the only measure of worth, for everyone, they got no respect as mothers. No wonder they were giving up on the whole business. This way they’re protected, they can fulfil their biological destinies in peace. With full support and encouragement. Now, tell me. You’re an intelligent person, I like to hear what you think. What did we overlook? Love, I said.’

“Falling in love, I said. The commander looked at me with his candid boy’s eyes. Oh yes, he said. I’ve read the magazines, that’s what they were pushing, wasn’t it? But look at the stats, my dead. Was it really worth it, falling in love? Arranged marriages have always worked out just as well, if not better. Love, said Aunt Lydia with distaste. Don’t let me catch you at it. No mooning and June-ing around here, girls. Wagging her finger at us. Love is not the point” - pg 222 chapter 34

“When I come out he’s lying down on the king-sized bed, with, I note, his shoes off. I lie down beside him, I don’t have to be told. I would rather not; but it’s good to lie down, I am so tired. Alone at last, I think. The fact is that I don’t want to be alone with him, not on a bed. I’d rather have Serena there too. I’d rather play scrabble.” - pg 256 chapter 34

Chapter 35: (useful chapter to revisit – lots of ideas about Love)

Love? Said the commander. That’s better. That’s something I know about. We can talk about that. Falling in love, I said. Falling into it, we all did then, one way or another. How could he have made such light of it? Sneered even. As if it was trivial for us, a frill, a whim. It was, on the contrary, heavy going. It was the central thing; it was the way you understood yourself; if it never happened to you, not ever, you would be like a mutant, a creature from outer space. Everyone knew that. Falling in love we said; I fell for him. We were falling women. We believed in it, this downward motion; so lovely, like flying, and yet at the same time so dire, so extreme, so unlikely. God is love, they said once, but we reversed that, and love, like Heaven, was always just around the corner. The more difficult it was to love the particular man beside us, the more we believed in Love, abstract and total. We were waiting, always, for the incarnation. That word, made flesh.’

‘And sometimes it happened for a time. That kind of love comes and goes and is hard to remember afterwards, like pain. You would look at the man one day and thin, I loved you, and the tense would be past, and you would be filled with a sense of wonder, because it was such an amazing and precarious and dumb thing to have done; and you would know too why your friends had been evasive about it, at the time. There is still a good deal of comfort, now, in remembering this.’

“With the commander, I close my eyes, even when I am only kissing him goodnight. I do not want to see him up close. But now, here, each time I keep my eyes open. I would like a light on somewhere, a candle perhaps…” - pg 271 chapter 41

“We could get you out, she says. We can get people out if we really have to, if they’re in danger. Immediate danger. The fact is that I no longer want to leave, escape, cross the border to freedom. I want to be here, with Nick, where I can get at him. Telling this, I’m ashamed of myself. But there’s more to it than that.” - pg 273 chapter 41
“I stoop, gather. Behind my back Nick has stopped whistling. I want to turn, run to him, throw my arms around him. This is foolish. There is nothing he can do to help. He too would drown” - pg 289 chapter 45

“[The commander] looks worried and helpless, but already withdrawing from me, distancing himself. Whatever else I am to him, I am also at this point a disaster. No doubt they’ve been having a fight, about me; no doubt she’s been giving him hell. I still have it in me to feel sorry for him. Moira is right, I am a wimp” - pg 296 chapter 46