Conclusions/Endings

“So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.” - F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*

“Whatever our struggles and triumphs, however we may suffer them, all too soon they bleed into a wash, just like watery ink on paper.” - Arthur Golden, *Memoirs of a Geisha*

“It is not often that someone comes along who is a true friend and a good writer. Charlotte was both.” - E. B. White, *Charlotte’s Web*

“For Siddalee Walker, the need to understand has passed, at least for the moment. All that was left was love and wonder.” - Rebecca Wells, *Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood*

“Up out of the lampshade, startled by the overhead light, flew a large nocturnal butterfly that began circling the room. The strains of the piano and violin rose up weakly from below.” - Milan Kundera, *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*

“But that is the beginning of a new story—the story of the gradual renewal of a man, the story of his gradual regeneration, of his passing from one world into another, of his initiation into a new unknown life. That might be the subject of a new story, but our present story is ended.” - Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *Crime and Punishment*

“How wonderful the flavor, the aroma of her kitchen, her stories as she prepared the meal, her Christmas Rolls! I don’t know why mine never turn out like hers, or why my tears flow so freely when I prepare them—perhaps I am as sensitive to onions as Tita, my great-aunt, who will go on living as long as there is someone who cooks her recipes.” - Laura Esquivel, *Like Water for Chocolate*

“I ran with the wind blowing in my face, and a smile as wide as the valley of Panjsher on my lips. I ran.” - Khaled Hosseini, *The Kite Runner*

“But this is how Paris was in the early days when we were very poor and very happy.” - Ernest Hemingway, *A Moveable Feast*

“Lastly, she pictured to herself how this same little sister of hers would, in the after-time, be herself a grown woman; and how she would keep, through all her riper years, the simple and loving heart of her childhood: and how she would gather about her other little children, and make their eyes bright and eager with many a strange tale, perhaps even with the dream of Wonderland of long ago: and how she would feel with all their simple sorrows, and find a pleasure in all their simple joys, remembering her own child-life, and the happy summer days.” - Lewis Carroll, *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland*
Conclusions/Endings

“The Top Ten Best Closing Lines of Novels” (And Why They Work):


Opening Lines: