Directions: *Read and annotate/respond to each quote. You could offer a summary note, a question, a prediction, etc.—just annotate below on each one.*

1. There was of course no way of knowing whether you were being watched at any given moment. How often, or on what system, the Thought Police plugged in on any given wire was guesswork. It was even conceivable that they watched everybody all of the time (Orwell, 3).
2. The thing that he was about to do was to open a diary. This was not illegal (nothing was illegal, since there were no longer any laws), but if detected it was reasonable certain that it would be punished by death, or at least by twenty-five years in a forced labor camp (Orwell, 6).
3. To begin with, he did not know with any certainty that this *was* 1984. It must be round about that date, since he was fairly sure that his age was thirty-nine, and he believed he had been born in 1944 or 1945; but it was never possible nowadays to pin down any date within a year or two (Orwell, 7).
4. The Hate had started. As usual, the face of Emmanuel Goldstein, the Enemy of the People, had flashed onto the screen. There were hisses here and there among the audience…Goldstein was the renegade and backslider who once, long ago (how long ago, nobody quite remembered), had been one of the leading figures of the Party, almost on a level with Big Brother himself…(Orwell, 11).
5. Winston’s hatred was not turned against Goldstein at all, but, on the contrart, against Big Brother, the Party, and the Thought Police; and at such moments his heart went out to the lonely, derided heretic on the screen, the sole guardian of truth and sanity in a world of lies (Orwell, 14).
6. Winston succeeded in transferring his hatred from the face on the screen to the dark-haired girl behind him (Orwell, 15).
7. Momentarily he caught O’Brien’s eye. O’Brien had stood up….But there was a fraction of a second when their eyes met, and for as long as it took to happen Winston knew—yes, he *knew*!—that O’Brien was thinking the same thing as himself (Orwell, 17).
8. His pen had slid voluptuously over the smooth paper, printing in large neat capitals—

DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER
DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER

DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER

DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER

DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER

Over and over again, filling half a page (Orwell, 18).

1. The Thought Police would get him just the same. He had committed—would still have committed, even if he had never set pen to paper—the essential crime that contained all others in itself. Thoughtcrime, they called it (Orwell, 19).