

Pick Up Lines That Work: Powerful Openings In YA Books

November 6, 2014 at 7:00PM

Course Book List

Author	Title	Call number
<i>Abandon</i>	Meg Cabot	YA FIC CAB
<i>Beautiful Creatures</i>	Kami Garcia	YA FIC GAR
<i>Before I Fall</i>	Lauren Oliver	YA FIC OLI
<i>Burn Out</i>	Kristi Helvig	YA FIC HEL
<i>Dacey's Song</i>	Cynthia Voigt	YAP FIC VOI J FIC VOI NEWBERY AWARD
<i>Eva</i>	Peter Dickenson	YA FIC DIC
<i>Fat Kid Rules the World</i>	K.L. Going	YA FIC GOI
<i>Gringolandia</i>	Lyn Miller-Lachmann	
<i>Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban</i>	J.K. Rowling	
<i>Holes</i>	Louis Sachar	YA FIC SAC J FIC SAC J FIC SAC NEWBERY AWARD
<i>iBoy</i>	Kevin Brooks	YA FIC BRO
<i>Need</i>	Carrie Jones	YA FIC JON
<i>Nil</i>	Lynne Matson	YA FIC MAT
<i>Northanger abbey</i>	Jane Austen	P CLASSICS AUS
<i>Out of the Dust</i>	Karen Hesse	YA FIC HES J FIC HES NEWBERY AWARD
<i>Phoenix Island</i>	John Dixon	YA FIC DIX
<i>Pobby and Dingan</i>	Ben Rice	YAP FIC RIC
<i>Quest For a Maid</i>	Mary Frances Hendey	J FIC HEN
<i>Speak</i>	Laurie Halse Anderson	YA FIC AND
<i>The Book of Dreams</i>	O.R. Melling	YA FIC MEL
<i>The Raven Boys</i>	Maggie Stiefvater	YA FIC STI
<i>The Secret Garden</i>	Frances Hodgson Burnett	J FIC BUR P CLASSIC BUR
<i>The Strange and Beautiful Sorrows of Ava Lavender</i>	Leslye Walton	YA FIC WAL
<i>The Yearling</i>	Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings	J FIC RAW P CLASSIC RAW
<i>Thirteen Reasons Why</i>	Jay Asher	YA FIC ASH
<i>Wintergirls</i>	Laurie Halse Anderson	YA FIC AND



Pick Up Lines That Work: Powerful Openings In YA Books

November 6, 2014 at 7:00PM

Great Opening Paragraphs

Old Granny Greengrass had her finger chopped off in the butcher's when she was buying half a leg of lamb. She pointed to the place where she wanted her joint to be cut, but then she decided she needed a bigger piece and pointed again. Unfortunately, Mr. Grummet the butcher, was already bringing his sharp chopper down. He chopped straight through her finger and it flew like a snapped twig into a pile of sawdust in the corner of the shop. It was hard to tell who was more surprised, Granny Greengrass or the butcher. But she didn't blame him. She said, "I could never make up my mind and stick to it, Mr. Grummet. That's always been my trouble."—The Peppermint Pig, by Nina Bawden

Art Matthews shot himself, loudly and messily, in the center of the parade ring at Dunstable races. I was standing only six feet away from him, but he did it so quickly, that had it been only six inches I would not have had time to stop him.—Nerve, by Dick Francis

If you really want to hear about it, the first thing you'll probably want to know is where I was born, and what my lousy childhood was like, and how my parents were occupied and all before they had me, and all that David Copperfield kind of crap, but I don't feel like going into it, if you want to know the truth. In the first place, that stuff bores me, and in the second place, my parents would have about two hemorrhages apiece if I told anything pretty personal about them. They're quite touchy about anything like that, especially my father. They're nice and all—I'm not saying that—but they're also touchy as hell. Besides, I'm not going to tell you my whole goddamn autobiography or anything. I'll just tell you about this madman stuff that happened to me around last Christmas just before I got pretty run-down and had to come out here and take it easy.—The Catcher In the Rye, by J.D. Salinger

Miss Vesper Holly has the digestive talents of a goat and the mind of a chess master. She is familiar with half a dozen languages and can swear fluently in all of them. She understands the use of a slide rule, but prefers doing calculations in her head. She does not hesitate to risk life and limb—mine as well as her own. No doubt she has other qualities yet to be discovered.

But I am getting ahead of my account. I should begin with that day in 1872 when my wife, Mary, and I drove to the Holly estate in Strafford near Philadelphia. Vesper herself received us in the hallway of the main house. She expected us. What I expected was a pallid little orphan.

What I saw was a girl of sixteen, almost my own height, with sharp green eyes and waist-long hair of an astonishing marmalade hue. She wore red caftan and purple slippers. She did not appear to require consolation.—The Illyrian Adventure, by Lloyd Alexander



Pick Up Lines That Work: Powerful Openings In YA Books

November 6, 2014 at 7:00PM

Great Opening Paragraphs (continued)

It all started back in 1955, the day Geoffrey Render came to Mme. Le Breton's ballet school to observe our class, just to "watch" everybody said, although of course I knew that nobody of Geoffrey Render's stature ever just watched anything; a man like that would take what he liked, and do whatever he wanted with it. Of course, the school had existed for some time before that—seventeen years, in fact—and I had been going to it for more than two years, but still, that day when Geoffrey Render came to "watch" seems, in my mind, the only place to start.—The Dancers of Sycamore Street, by Julie L'Enfant

"Mom, we are two hours late for camp already!" said Collette, trying to keep her voice calm. "Maybe we missed our exit. I don't think you were watching the signs when Stevie threw his bologna sandwich out the window."

"I didn't miss the exit," said her mother. She looked in the rearview mirror and smiles at Collette. "Don't worry."

"I had to throw that sandwich away," said Stevie. "Jeff said a fly spitted on it."—Eenie, by Colleen O'Shaughnessy McKenna

AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

Not the Tillermans, Dicey thought. That wasn't the way things went for the Tillermans, ever. She wasn't about to let that get her down. She couldn't let it get her down—that was what had happened to Momma.—Dicey's Song, by Cynthia Voigt

I was following Derry Welfram at the prudent fifty paces when he stumbled, fell face down on the wet tarmac and lay still. I stopped, watching, as nearer hands stretched to help him up, saw the doubt, the apprehension, the shock flower in the opening mouths of the faces around him. The word that formed in consequence in my own brain was violent, of four letters and unexpressed.—The Edge, by Dick Francis

