

All My Sorrow, All My Rage: Questions and Quotes from Never Let Me Go

What would you do before your 25th hour?

We all know it. We're modeled from trash. Junkies, prostitutes, winos, tramps. Convicts, maybe, just so long as they aren't psychos. That's what we come from. We all know it, so why don't we say it? A woman like that? Come on...If you want to look for possibles, if you want to do it properly, then you look in the gutter. You look in rubbish bins. Look down the toilet, that's where you'll find where we all come from.

Can we exceed our programming?

You say you're sure? Sure that you're in love? How can you know it? You think love is so simple? So you are in love. Deeply in love. Is that what you're saying to me?

Is there a difference between thinking you're in love and being in love?

Suppose it's true, what the veterans are saying. Suppose some special arrangement has been made for Hailsham students. Suppose two people say they're truly in love, and they want some extra time together. Then you see, Kath, there has to be a way to judge if they're really telling the truth. That they aren't just saying they're in love, just to defer their donations. You see how difficult it could be to decide? Or a couple might really believe they're in love, but it's just a sex thing. Or just a crush. You see what I mean, Kath? It'll be really hard to judge, and it's probably impossible to get it right every time. But the point is, whoever decides, Madame or whoever it is, they need something to go on.

Should the deferrals exist? Are they beautiful or terrible things?

What is a deferral, symbolically speaking?

Is love itself a deferral...and, if so, of what?

I came to believe that this rumour, it's not just a single rumour. What I mean is, I think it's one that gets created from scratch over and over. You go to the source, stamp it out, you'll not stop it starting again elsewhere.

What do you think the rumor's "spontaneous regeneration" indicates?

She told Roy that things like pictures, poetry, all that kind of stuff, she said they revealed what you were like inside. She said they revealed your soul.

Should the deferrals depend on art? Can you come up with better criteria?

How could someone decide who wins and loses, who lives and dies? What could make one deserving? What could make one worthy?

And for the few couples who get disappointed, the rest will never put it to the test anyway. It's something for them to dream about, a little fantasy. What harm is there? But for the two of you, I can see this doesn't apply. You are serious. You've thought carefully. You've hoped carefully. For students like you, I do feel regret. It gives me no pleasure at all to disappoint you. But there it is.

Should someone be allowed to tell you that your love is doomed?

And if someone told you, would you listen?

Poor creatures. What did we do to you? With all our schemes and plans?

In the grand scheme of things, were the Hailsham heads' actions justified? Was Lucy correct, or Emily?