

MEET ME AT THE INTERSECTION

QUOTE MINGLE

‘To sit with these stories was to sit amongst stars; every one shining a light on to different experiences ...’

(p. 10)

‘My mind’s a fading star
You watched its embers die’

(p. 59)

‘Those dastardly black smudges. The words that had been so clear to me not one year previously, were now as indecipherable as ancient runes.’

(p. 66)

‘I felt like I belonged here, just as I was.’

(p. 106)

‘Here there is no moment of seeing and being seen. No joyous intertwining with family. I am alone.’

(p. 137)

‘... it was like being adrift in a small boat without a horizon in sight, not a clue how to proceed and everything was folly; meaningless and beautiful all at once, like the open sea.’

(p. 154)

‘And I know that what matters is not what my DNA makes me, but what I make of it.’

(pp. 175–6)

‘The danger of a single narrative is that it leaves individuals vulnerable to the dehumanisation that is at the core of all institutions of oppression.’

(p. 177)

‘I aim for solidarity across the spectrum of all the communities to whom I belong. I am disinclined to align with halves, and so seek the whole.’

(p. 187)

‘Falling leaves return to their roots ...’

(p. 227)

‘But when leaves stray far from the tree, perhaps new roots can be created.’

(p. 233)

‘[Writing] helps you feel and think your way through life’s demanding questions.’

(p. 235)

‘Stereotypes *feel* like knowledge. But they’re not.’

(p. 244)

‘Yet there is a power in being different too. It is the power of knowledge, of richness of experience. Of being able to see the world from more than one perspective.’

(p. 248)

‘The truth was, that old geezer Confucius was onto something, with his sayings about travel, and opening your mind and all that.’

(p. 257)

‘She was just better practiced at being invisible, but no matter how hard she tried, she could never fully hide from people like Tommo and me.’

(p. 265)

‘No man is an Iland, intire of itselfe; every man is a peece of the Continent, a part of the maine’

(p. 269)

‘George Orwell’s pigs once declared that all animals are equal but some are more equal than others ...’

(p. 270)

‘I am always outside, even when I am “inside”.’

(p. 274)