

Catherynne M. Valente

Quotes

*Heart, Girl, Thinking, Children, Book, Dark, Eye, World, Sleep, Beautiful, Men,
Way, Mean, Years, War, Stories, Running, Mother, Lying, Country*

But lost children always find each other, in the dark, in the cold. It is as though they are magnetized, and can only attract their like.

~Catherynne M. Valente

Death is not a checkmate—it is more like a carnival trick. You cannot win, no matter how you move your Queen.

~Catherynne M. Valente

That's Venus, September thought. She was the goddess of love. It's nice that love comes on first thing in the evening, and goes out last in the morning. Love keeps the light on all night.

~Catherynne M. Valente

Never trust anyone under one hundred!

~Catherynne M. Valente

Never put your faith in a Prince. When you require a miracle, trust in a Witch.

~Catherynne M. Valente

When one is traveling, everything looks brighter and lovelier.

~Catherynne M. Valente

You should always listen to minotaurs. Anybody with four stomachs has to have a firm grip on reality.

~Catherynne M. Valente

I've a devil of a habit for being right.

~Catherynne M. Valente

Funny how "question" contains the word "quest" inside it, as though any small question asked is a journey through briars.

~Catherynne M. Valente

Every morning is a battle between the superego and the id, and I am a mere foot soldier with mud and a snooze button on her shield.

~Catherynne M. Valente

Hats have power. Hats can change you into someone else.

~Catherynne M. Valente

Do not ruin today with mourning tomorrow.

~Catherynne M. Valente

Snow is the beginning and the end of everything.

~Catherynne M. Valente

But her heart was so cold that she could hold ice in her mouth and it would never melt.

~Catherynne M. Valente

You are going to break your promise. I understand. And I hold my hands over the ears of my heart, so that I will not hate you.

~Catherynne M. Valente

...For grace may only be found briefly, and always in the midst of madness.

~Catherynne M. Valente

She knew herself, how she had slowly, over years, become a cat, a wolf, a snake, anything but a girl. How she had wrung out her girlhood like death.

~Catherynne M. Valente

We like the wrong sorts of girls, they wrote. They are usually the ones worth writing about.

~Catherynne M. Valente

Everybody's strange everywhere. Most of the trick of being a social animal is pretending you're not. But who do you fool? Nobody worth talking to.

~Catherynne M. Valente

You will always fall in love, and it will always be like having your throat cut, just that fast.

~Catherynne M. Valente

All jobs are odd, or they would be games or naps or picnics.

~Catherynne M. Valente

We all live inside the terrible engine of authority, and it grinds and shrieks and burns so that no one will say: lines on maps are silly.

~Catherynne M. Valente

A library is never complete. That's the joy of it. We are always seeking one more book to add to our collection.

~Catherynne M. Valente

The worst thing in the world is having to go back to the dark you shook off.

~Catherynne M. Valente

Where there is a Key, there is yet hope.

~Catherynne M. Valente

Metamorphosis is the most profound of all acts.

~Catherynne M. Valente

It is well known that reading quickens the growth of a heart like nothing else.

~Catherynne M. Valente

And as we watched, the Tsar of Death lifted up his eyelids like skirts and began to dance in the streets of Leningrad.

~Catherynne M. Valente

Remember this when you are queen,â€• he whispered hoarsely. â€œI moved the earth and the water for you.

~Catherynne M. Valente

Stories,' the green-eyed Sigrid said, unperturbed, 'are like prayers. It does not matter when you begin, or when you end, only that you bend a knee and say the words.

~Catherynne M. Valente

She sounds like someone who spends a lot of time in libraries, which are the best sorts of people.

~Catherynne M. Valente

That's what happens to friends, eventually. They leave you. It's practically what they're for.

~Catherynne M. Valente

She who invented words, and yet does not speak; she who brings dreams and visions, yet does not sleep; she who swallows the storm, yet knows nothing of rain or wind. I speak for her; I am her own.

~Catherynne M. Valente

Just tell yourself a story that'll satisfy you and pretend he told it.

~Catherynne M. Valente

We all just keep moving, September. We keep moving until we stop.

~Catherynne M. Valente

But this is a story, and in a story there is always someone beautiful enough." - 'The Girl with Two Skins' from A Guide to Folktales in Fragile

Dialects

~Catherynne M. Valente

Children make prayers so thoughtlessly, building them up like sand castlesâ€”and they are always surprised when suddenly the castle becomes real, and the iron gate grinds shut.

~Catherynne M. Valente

Temptation likes best those who think they have a natural immunity, for it may laugh all the harder when they succumb.

~Catherynne M. Valente

She is so stubborn, her heart has an argument with her head every time it wants to beat.

~Catherynne M. Valente

If you want to kill yourself, do not use us as your knife.

~Catherynne M. Valente

You can never know how your clock runs. But it does run - and always faster than you think.

~Catherynne M. Valente

Things that are unsightly: birthmarks, infidelity, strangers in one's kitchen. Too much sunlight. Stitches. Missing teeth. Overlong guests.

~Catherynne M. Valente

Why should he be spared?' 'Someone ought to be.' And it will not be me. I have survived, but I have not been spared.

~Catherynne M. Valente

It is harder, usually, to find a person who wants to walk the streets of me, to taste the teas of my country, to... immigrate, you could say.

~Catherynne M. Valente

... but as has been said, September read often, and liked it best when words did not pretend to be simple, but put on their full armor and rode out with colors flying.

~Catherynne M. Valente

A book is a door, you know. Always and forever. A book is a door into another place and another heart and another world.

~Catherynne M. Valente

Bad luck relies on absolutely perfect timing.

~Catherynne M. Valente

He tried to reconstruct the story in his mind, but it kept getting confused, bleeding into itself like watercolors.

~Catherynne M. Valente

I am the Walker and the Maze.

~Catherynne M. Valente

She felt as she often did in class when she was nearly sure she had the right answer, but could not always make herself raise her hand.

~Catherynne M. Valente

Family is a transitive property.

~Catherynne M. Valente

Men die. It's practically what they're for.

~Catherynne M. Valente

In his own country, Death can be kind.

~Catherynne M. Valente

September had never been betrayed before. She did not even know what to call the feeling in her chest, so bitter and sour. Poor child.

There is always a first time, and it is never the last time.

~Catherynne M. Valente

I burn, I freeze; I am never warm. I am rigid; I forgot softness because it did not serve me.

~Catherynne M. Valente

A labyrinth, when it is big enough, is just the world.

~Catherynne M. Valente

I am a practical girl, and a life is only so long. It should be spent in as much peace and good eating and good reading as possible and no undue excitement. That is all I am after.

~Catherynne M. Valente

What is the world but a boxing ring where fools and devils put up their fists?

~Catherynne M. Valente

You humans, you know, whoever built you sewed irony into your sinews.

~Catherynne M. Valente

Don't worry,â€• Marya whispered, kissing his forehead. â€œMy old bones will follow yours soon enough.

~Catherynne M. Valente

She was beautiful and terrifying, savage and pure.

~Catherynne M. Valente

I perceive that you have a cruel heart, my child. It lies within your breast like a smoldering blade, hissing steam at me.

~Catherynne M. Valente

Love rarely waits for permission.

~Catherynne M. Valente

I am freedom and I will eat your heart

~Catherynne M. Valente

It appeals to the higher nature of the self to put aside food which once lived - I do not consider myself food, why should I ask all other creatures to consider themselves so?

~Catherynne M. Valente

Oh, quit that. Blushing is for virgins and Christians.

~Catherynne M. Valente

At the snowy summit of all these things, however, is the fact that you simply cannot go about locking your siblings in towers when they misbehave. It is unseemly and betrays a sad lack of creativity.

~Catherynne M. Valente

â€‘everything has a narrative, really, and if you can't understand a story and relate to it, figure out how you fit inside it, you're not really alive at all.

~Catherynne M. Valente

I hope, in years to come, I shall hold my heart up and it will be a pane of clear glass, through which I see all, but nothing is distorted.

~Catherynne M. Valente

No one is now what they were before the war. There's just no getting any of it back.

~Catherynne M. Valente

Whenever one does extraordinary things, someone is bound to try to repeat them for themselves. It's the way of the world.

~Catherynne M. Valente

No, not like this, when I have not seen you without your skin on, when I know nothing, when I am not safe. Not you, whose name all my nightmares know.

~Catherynne M. Valente

We all have someone we think shines so much more than we do that we are not even a moon to their sun, but a dead little rock floating in space next to their gold and their blaze.

~Catherynne M. Valente

I have all the books I could need, and what more could I need than books?

~Catherynne M. Valente

I looked at this man and thought: Oh, how we are going to hurt each other.

~Catherynne M. Valente

You know how we can be about things which sparkle and shine. We imagine they will put back something of what has been lost.

~Catherynne M. Valente

I wish you the best that can be hoped for, and no worse than can be expected.

~Catherynne M. Valente

... relationships required such vigilance, such attention. You had to hold them together by force of will, and other people took up so much space, demanded so much time. It was exhausting.

~Catherynne M. Valente

All things are strange which are worth knowing.

~Catherynne M. Valente

It was at thirteen years old that Marya Morevna learned how to keep a secret, and that secrets are jealous things, permitting no fraternization.

~Catherynne M. Valente

Marya pinned out her childhood like a butterfly. She considered it the way a mathematician considers an equation.

~Catherynne M. Valente

War is not for winning, Masha," sighed Koschei, reading the tracks of supply lines, of pincer strategies, over her shoulder. "It is for surviving.

~Catherynne M. Valente

The great blessing and great cruelty of youth is that there seems to be time enough.

~Catherynne M. Valente

...her cry is a hook and it catches me in the throat.

~Catherynne M. Valente

She was not filled up with the sight of him, the way she had seen her sisters fill up, like silk balloons, like wineskins. Instead, he seemed to land heavily within her, like a black stone falling.

~Catherynne M. Valente

Well, very splendid and very frightening. But splendid things are often frightening. Sometimes, it's the fright that makes them splendid at all.

~Catherynne M. Valente

I believe we have an utterly unique specimen on our hands: a child who listens.

~Catherynne M. Valente

That's what a map is, you know. Just a memory.

~Catherynne M. Valente

It is true that novelists are shameless and obey no decent law, and they are not to be trusted on any account, but some Mysteries even they must honor.

~Catherynne M. Valente

You look like a winter night", he had told her when he had given it to her. "I could sleep inside the cold of you".

~Catherynne M. Valente

Everyone is a criminal! We are beset on all sides by antirevolutionary forces. Naturally, then, humans fall into three categories: the criminal, the not-yet-criminal, and the not-yet-caught.

~Catherynne M. Valente

Just remember that the only question in a house is who is to rule. The rest is only dancing around that, trying not to look it in the eye.

~Catherynne M. Valente

The smell of loving is a difficult one to describe, but if you think of the times when someone has held you close and made you safe, you will remember how it smells just as well as I do.

~Catherynne M. Valente

Magic does that. It wastes you away. Once it grips you by the ear, the real world gets quieter and quieter, until you can hardly hear it at all.

~Catherynne M. Valente

I am selfish. I am cruel. My mate cannot be less than I.

~Catherynne M. Valente

Someone ought to write a novel about me.

~Catherynne M. Valente

Slowly, without taking his eyes from hers, the man in the black coat knelt before her. "I have come for the girl in the window," he said, and his eyes filled with tears

~Catherynne M. Valente

After love, no one is what they were before.

~Catherynne M. Valente

Temperament, you'll find, is highly dependent on time of day, weather, frequency of naps, and whether one has had enough to eat.

~Catherynne M. Valente

Close up your head; your brain is getting loose.

~Catherynne M. Valente

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