

Mildred is taking to an announcer.

Something else and still another. The converter attachment, which had cost them one hundred dollars, automatically supplied her name whenever the announcer addressed his anonymous audience, leaving a blank where the proper syllables could be filled in. A special spot-wavex-scrambler also caused his televised image, in the area immediately about his lips, to mouth the vowels and consonants beautifully. He was a friend, no doubt of it, a good friend. "Mrs. Montag — now look right here." *The announcer?*

STREETS

- Characters
- Setting
- Vocabulary

Her head turned. Though she quite obviously was not listening.

The main character in the story.

→ Montag said, "It's only a step from not going to work today to not working tomorrow, to not working at the firehouse ever again." *His job is to burn books.*

He agreed with Betty that he will miss his shift thought

"You are going to work tonight, though, aren't you?" said Mildred.

"I haven't decided. Right now I've got an awful feeling I want to smash things and kill things."

"Go take the beetle."

"No, thanks."

A vehicle

"The keys to the beetle are on the night table. I always like to drive fast when I feel that way. You get it up around ninety-five and you feel wonderful. Sometimes I drive all night and come back and you don't know it. It's fun out in the country. You hit rabbits, sometimes you hit dogs. Go take the beetle." *The setting?*

After burning an old woman's house along with her and her books, Montag has been feeling this way

"No, I don't want to, this time. I want to hold onto this funny thing. God, it's gotten big on me. I don't know what it is. I'm so damned unhappy, I'm so mad, and I don't know why. I feel like I'm putting on weight. I feel fat. I feel like I've been saving up a lot of things, and don't know what. I might even start reading books."

Reading books is against the law.

"They'd put you in jail, wouldn't they?" She looked at him as if he were behind the glass wall.