***A Raisin in the Sun* – Important lines/passages from the play**

[God] did give us children to make them dreams seem worth while. (Mama Act I, scene 1)

Man say to his woman: I got me a dream. His woman say: Eat your eggs. (Walter Act I , scene 1)

**“**I’m thirty-five years old; I been married eleven years and I got a boy who sleeps in the living room – (very quietly) – and all I got to give him are stories about how rich white people live…” **–(Walter, Act I)**

Once upon a time freedom used to be life—now it's money. (Mama, Act 1, scene 2)

Mama, something is happening between Walter and me. I don’t know what it is – but he needs something – something I can’t give him anymore. He needs this chance, Lena.” (Ruth, Act I)

Sometimes it’s like I can see the future stretched out in front of me – just plain as day. The future, Mama. Hanging over there at the edge of my days. Just waiting for me – a big, looming blank space – full of nothing. Just waiting for me. But it don’t have to be.” (Walter, Act I)

"Something has changed. You something new, boy. In my time we was worried about not being lynched and getting to the North if we could and how to stay alive and still have a pinch of dignity too...Now here come you and Beneatha - talking 'bout things we ain't never even thought about hardly, me and your daddy. You ain't satisfied or proud of nothing we done. I mean that you had a home; that we kept you out of trouble till you was grown; that you don't have to ride to work on the back of nobody's streetcar - You my children - but how different we done become." (Mama Act 1, Scene 2)

Bitter? Here I am a giant—surrounded by ants! (Walter, Act 2, scene 1)

"What you need me to say you done right for? You the head of this family. You run our lives like you want to. It was your money and you did what you wanted with it. So what you need for me to say it was all right for? So you butchered up a dream of mine - you - who always talking 'bout your children's dreams..." (Walter Act 2, Scene1)

The Murchisons are honest-to-God-real-live-rich colored people, and the only people in the world who are more snobbish than rich white people are rich colored people. (Beneatha)

There isn't any real progress ... only one large circle that we march in. (Beneatha, Act 3)

When you starts measuring somebody, measure him right. (Mama, Act 3)

You wouldn’t understand yet, son, but your daddy’s gonna make a transaction . . . a business transaction that’s going to change our lives. . . . That’s how come one day when you ‘bout seventeen years old I’ll come home . . . I’ll pull the car up on the driveway . . . the gardener will be clipping away at the hedges and he’ll say, “Good evening, Mr. Younger.” And I’ll say, “Hello, Jefferson, how are you this evening?” And I’ll go inside and Ruth will come downstairs and meet me at the door and we’ll kiss each other and she’ll take my arm and we’ll go up to your room to see you sitting on the floor with the catalogues of all the great schools in America around you. . . . All the great schools in the world! And—and I’ll say, all right son—it’s your seventeenth birthday, what is it you’ve decided? . . . Just tell me, what it is you want to be—and you’ll be it. . . . Whatever you want to be—Yessir! You just name it, son . . . and I hand you the world! (Walter, Act II, scene 2)

**“**Well – we are dead now. All the talk about dreams and sunlight that goes on in this house. It’s all dead now.” (Beneatha, Act III)

Then isn’t there something wrong in a house—in a world—where all dreams, good or bad, must depend on the death of a man? (Asagai, Act III)

There is always something left to love. And if you ain’t learned that, you ain’t learned nothing. (Mama, Act II)

[W]e have decided to move into our house because my father—my father—he earned it for us brick by brick. We don’t want to make no trouble for nobody or fight no causes, and we will try to be good neighbors. And that’s all we got to say about that. We don’t want your money. (Walter, Act III)

He finally come into his manhood today, didn’t he? Kind of like a rainbow after the rain ... (Mama, Act III)