

Quantifiers

- “Get some more port, Bowls, old boy, whilst I buzz this bottle here. What was I a saying?” (Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*, 2001:397)
- “But I wasn’t much frightened, for I thought it could be to-morrow as well.” (Hardy, *Far From The Madding Crowd*, 2013:138)
- “She had not been many hours at home, before she found that the Brighton scheme, of which Lydia had given them a hint at the inn, was under frequent discussion between her parents.” (Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*, 2017:224)
- “She allowed a very small smile to creep for the first time over her serious face in saying this, and the white row of upper teeth, and keenly-cut lips already noticed, suggested an idea of heartlessness, which was immediately contradicted by the pleasant eyes.” (Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*, 2001:154)
- “There are ways of doing things you don’t know about. Why, I’ll build a little house and take me a couple of roomers and – gracious, I’ll have the finest yard in Alabama.” (Lee, *To Kill a Mockingbird*, 1982:97)
- “I told her I had to go, and she told me a few more stories about friends of hers I didn’t remember. When we hung up I noticed that the crowds around the lunch place had thinned, and I went in, got a large coffee to go.” (Swanson, *The Kind Worth Killing*, 2015:386)
- “My dear Ursula, I am back in England again for a few months before going out again, this time to India. I wonder if you still keep the memory of our times together. I have still got the little photograph of you.” (Lawrence, *The Rainbow*, 2010:452)
- “Some poor lost soul had arrived on these terrible shores before me. How much time had he-or was it she?-spent here? Weeks? Months? Years? How many forlorn hours in the arboreal city only meerkats for company? How many dreams of a happy life dashed? How much hope come to nothing? How much stored-up conversation that died unsaid? How much loneliness endured? How much hopelessness taken on?” (Martel, *Life of Pi*, 2016:282)
- “There are some things I need to talk to you about, but you must promise not to repeat anything I say.” (Lester, *shtum*, 2017:139)
- “And the Colonel, puffing his pipe and listening to these complaints, would suggest that Glory should have some black frocks out in the next box from London, and told a mysterious story of a lady in Ireland who died of grief for the loss of her husband before she got ere a one.” (Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*, 2001:509)