Colon

“I was thinking,” Alice said very politely, “which is the best way out of this wood: it's getting so dark. Would you tell me, please?”

*Through The Looking Glass* —Lewis Carroll

The road that led to Treegap had been trod out long before by a herd of cows who were, to say the least, relaxed. It wandered along in curves and easy angles, swayed off and up in a pleasant tangent to the top of a small hill, ambled down again between fringes of bee-hung clover, and then cut sidewise across a meadow. Here its edges blurred. It widened and seemed to pause, suggesting tranquil bovine picnics: slow chewing and thoughtful contemplation of the infinite. And then it went on again and came at last to the wood. But on reaching the shadows of the first tree, it veered sharply, swung out in a wide arc as if, for the first time, it had reason to think where it was going, and passed around.

*Tuck Everlasting* —Natalie Babbitt