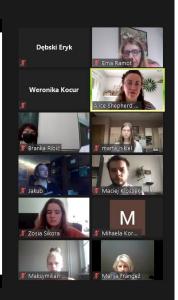


As you watch, consider how the 'quick quotes quill' records the conversation.

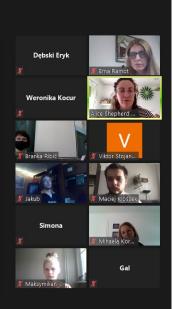
How does Rita Skeeter pull out a story from Harry?

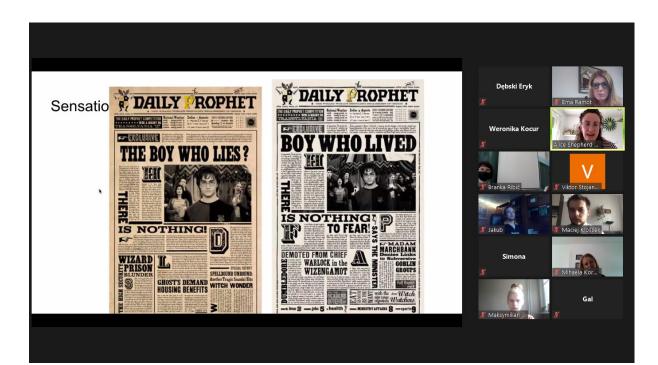
Is this reliable or sensational journalism?

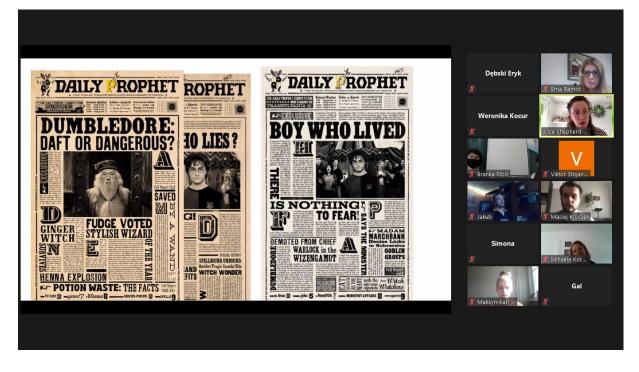


Sensational Headlines



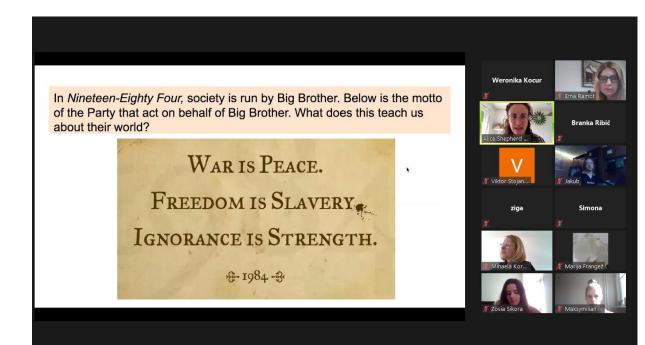


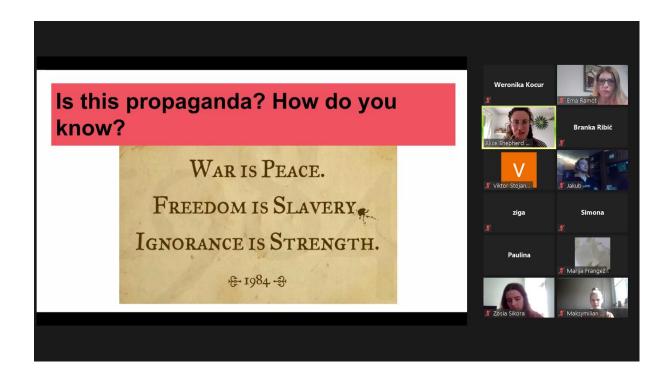




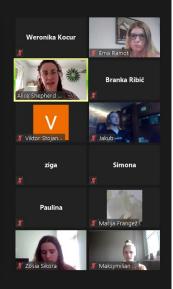






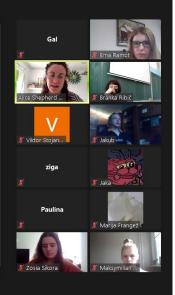


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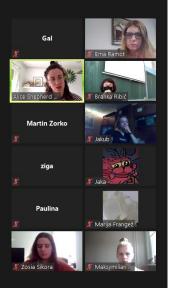
Language has also changed, so the way we speak and write does not exist. Instead, they have Newspeak which shortens words and has rigid rules to make everything clear and simple. How is this an example of leaders controlling people?



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Language has also changed, so the way we speak and write does not exist. Instead, they have Newspeak which shortens words and has rigid rules to make everything clear and simple. *How is this an example of leaders controlling people?*

Two very important buildings are the Ministry of Truth and the Ministry of Love. *What do you think happens in these places?*



Looking the text - How does Winston feel in this world full of propaganda and fake news?

Momentarily he caught O'Brien's eye. O'Brien had stood up. He had taken off his spectacles and was in the act of resettling them on his nose with his characteristic gesture. But there was a fraction of a second when their eyes met, and for as long as it took to happen Winston knew—yes, he KNEW!—that O'Brien was thinking the same thing as himself. An unmistakable message had passed. It was as though their two minds had opened and the thoughts were flowing from one into the other through their eyes. 'I am with you,' O'Brien seemed to be saying to him. 'I know precisely what you are feeling. I know all about your contempt, your hatred, your disgust. But don't worry,' I am on your side!' And then the flash of intelligence was gone, and O'Brien's face was as inscrutable as everybody else's.

That was all, and he was already uncertain whether it had happened. Such incidents never had any sequel. All that they did was to keep alive in him the belief, or hope, that others besides himself were the enemies of the Party. Perhaps the rumours of vast underground conspiracies were true after all—perhaps the Brotherhood really existed! It was impossible, in spite of the endless arrests and confessions and executions, to be sure that the Brotherhood was not simply a myth. Some days he believed in it, some days not. There was no evidence, only fleeting glimpses that might mean anything or nothing: snatches of overheard conversation, faint scribbles on lavatory walls—once, even, when two strangers met, a small movement of the hand which had looked as though it might be a signal of recognition. It was all guesswork: very likely he had imagined everything. He had gone back to his cubicle without looking at O'Brien again. The idea of following up their momentary contact hardly crossed his mind. It would have been inconceivably dangerous even if he had known how to set about doing it. For a second, two seconds, they had exchanged an equivocal glance, and that was the end of the story. But even that was a memorable event, in the locked loneliness in which one had to live.

