Knowing knows before remembering can ever have remembered that knowing was thinking about anything that remembering could have known.

The sentences of Yuckhuffpuff County were deep and he had many to go before he could sleep and know he was literate, know that he had come face-to-face with Old Bill, alone, without Cliff's Notes, in the dark, mysterious, mute depth of the looming tome—seen him, known his power, felt the accumulated ages of wisdom and wordiness that he who could not be fathomed unless he allowed it by virtue of his pact with his own nature which had necessarily changed by accommodating to man, for man, though man knew it not and seemed to care not however much he lived and spoke and breathed the words bore.

And suddenly, emerged from a clearing of dialogue, there it was, over a page in length, exactly as Spam Feathers and Major Deegan and Christian Brothers and the Composts had said it would be. It was the largest sentence he had ever seen, white with clear traces of black and part French. He was so close to it now he could see a participial clause as long as a snake hanging from one of its branches.