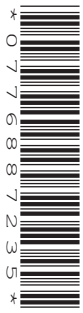
Cambridge Assessment International Education

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/11**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose **May/June 2020**

1 hour 30 minutes



You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total:
  - Section A: answer **one** question.
  - Section B: answer **one** question.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- All questions are worth equal marks.

This document has **28** pages. Blank pages are indicated.

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SECTION A: POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 1: from Part 3

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **1** Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

Marrysong

He never learned her, quite. Year after year
that territory, without seasons, shifted
under his eye. An hour he could be lost
in the walled anger of her quarried hurt
on turning, see cool water laughing where
the day before there were stones in her voice.
He charted. She made wilderness again.
Roads disappeared. The map was never true.
Wind brought him rain sometimes, tasting of sea –
and suddenly she would change the shape of shores
faultlessly calm. All, all was each day new;
the shadows of her love shortened or grew
like trees seen from an unexpected hill,
new country at each jaunty helpless journey.
So he accepted that geography, constantly strange.
Wondered. Stayed home increasingly to find
his way among the landscapes of her mind.

(*Dennis Scott*)

How does Scott strikingly portray the relationship in this poem?

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Or **2** In what ways does Dixon vividly contrast her childhood and her present life in *Plenty*?

Plenty

When I was young and there were five of us,
all running riot to my mother's quiet despair,
our old enamel tub, age-stained and pocked
upon its griffin claws, was never full.

Such plenty was too dear in our expanse of drought
where dams leaked dry and windmills stalled.
Like Mommy's smile. Her lips stretched back
and anchored down, in anger at some fault –

of mine, I thought – not knowing then
it was a clasp to keep us all from chaos.
She saw it always, snapping locks and straps,
the spilling: sums and worries, shopping lists

for aspirin, porridge, petrol, bread.
Even the toilet paper counted,
and each month was weeks too long.
Her mouth a lid clamped hard on this.

We thought her mean. Skipped chores,
swiped biscuits – best of all
when she was out of earshot
stole another precious inch

up to our chests, such lovely sin,
lolling luxuriant in secret warmth
disgorged from fat brass taps,
our old compliant co-conspirators.

Now bubbles lap my chin. I am a sybarite.
The shower's a hot cascade
and water's plentiful, to excess, almost, here.
I leave the heating on.

And miss my scattered sisters,
all those bathroom squabbles and, at last,
my mother's smile, loosed from the bonds
of lean, dry times and our long childhood.

(*Isobel Dixon*)

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SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 2: from Part 2

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **3** Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

You will Know When You Get There

Nobody comes up from the sea as late as this
in the day and the season, and nobody else goes down

the last steep kilometre, wet-metalled where
a shower passed shredding the light which keeps

pouring out of its tank in the sky, through summits,
trees, vapours thickening and thinning. Too

credibly by half celestial, the dammed
reservoir up there keeps emptying while the light lasts

over the sea, where it 'gathers the gold against
it'. The light is bits of crushed rock randomly

glinting underfoot, wetted by the short
shower, and down you go and so in its way does

the sun which gets there first. Boys, two of them,
turn campfirelit faces, a hesitancy to speak

is a hesitancy of the earth rolling back and away
behind this man going down to the sea with a bag

to pick mussels, having an arrangement with the tide,
the ocean to be shallowed three point seven metres,

one hour's light to be left, and there's the excrescent
moon sponging off the last of it. A door

slams, a heavy wave, a door, the sea-floor shudders.
Down you go alone, so late, into the surge-black fissure.

(*Allen Curnow*)

In what ways does Curnow use words and images to powerful effect in this poem?

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Or **4** How does Larkin movingly convey his feelings in *Coming*?

Coming

On longer evenings,

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And starts to be happy.

(*Philip Larkin*)

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CAROL ANN DUFFY: from *New Selected Poems*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **5** Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

War Photographer

In his darkroom he is finally alone
with spools of suffering set out in ordered rows.
The only light is red and softly glows,
as though this were a church and he
a priest preparing to intone a Mass.
Belfast. Beirut. Phnom Penh. All flesh is grass.

He has a job to do. Solutions slop in trays
beneath his hands, which did not tremble then
though seem to now. Rural England. Home again
to ordinary pain which simple weather can dispel,
to fields which don't explode beneath the feet
of running children in a nightmare heat.

Something is happening. A stranger's features
faintly start to twist before his eyes,
a half-formed ghost. He remembers the cries
of this man's wife, how he sought approval
without words to do what someone must
and how the blood stained into foreign dust.

A hundred agonies in black and white
from which his editor will pick out five or six
for Sunday's supplement. The reader's eyeballs prick
with tears between the bath and pre-lunch beers.
From the aeroplane he stares impassively at where
he earns his living and they do not care.

How does Duffy powerfully convey the effect that war has on the photographer?

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Or **6** Explore the ways in which Duffy movingly conveys the passing of time in *Recognition*.

Recognition

Things get away from one.
I've let myself go, I know.
Children? I've had three
and don't even know them.

I strain to remember a time
when my body felt lighter.
Years. My face is swollen
with regrets. I put powder on,

but it flakes off. I love him,
through habit, but the proof
has evaporated. He gets upset.
I tried to do all the essentials

on one trip. Foolish, yes,
but I was weepy all morning.
Quiche. A blond boy swung me up
in his arms and promised the earth.

You see, this came back to me
as I stood on the scales.
I wept. Shallots. In the window,
creamy ladies held a pose

which left me clogged and old.
The waste. I'd forgotten my purse,
fumbled; the shopgirl gaped at me,
compassionless. Claret. I blushed.

Cheese. Kleenex. *It did happen*.
I lay in my slip on wet grass,
laughing. Years. I had to rush out,
blind in a hot flush, and bumped

into an anxious, dowdy matron
who touched the cold mirror
and stared at me. Stared
and said I'm sorry sorry sorry.

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SECTION B: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 7 Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

'Where are you going now, Mrs Fairfax?' for she was moving away.

'On to the leads; will you come and see the view from thence?' I followed still, up a very narrow staircase to the attics, and thence by a ladder and through a trap-door to the roof of the hall. I was now on a level with the crow colony, and could see into their nests. Leaning over the battlements and looking far down, I surveyed the grounds laid out like a map; the bright and velvet lawn closely girdling the gray base of the mansion; the field, wide as a park, dotted with its ancient timber; the wood, dun and sere, divided by a path visibly overgrown, greener with moss than the trees with foliage; the church at the gates, the road, the tranquil hills, all reposing in the autumn day's sun; the horizon bounded by a propitious sky, azure, marbled with pearly white. No feature in the scene was extraordinary, but all was pleasing. When I turned from it and repassed the trap-door, I could scarcely see my way down the ladder; the attic seemed black as a vault compared with that arch of blue air to which I had been looking up, and to that sunlit scene of grove, pasture, and green hill of which the hall was the centre, and over which I had been gazing with delight.

Mrs Fairfax stayed behind a moment to fasten the trap-door. I, by dint of groping, found the outlet from the attic, and proceeded to descend the narrow garret staircase. I lingered in the long passage to which this led, separating the front and back rooms of the third story – narrow, low, and dim, with only one little window at the far end, and looking, with its two rows of small black doors all shut, like a corridor in some Bluebeard's castle.

While I paced softly on, the last sound I expected to hear in so still a region, a laugh, struck my ear. It was a curious laugh – distinct, formal, mirthless. I stopped. The sound ceased, only for an instant. It began again, louder – for at first, though distinct, it was very low. It passed off in a clamorous peal that seemed to wake an echo in every lonely chamber, though it originated but in one, and I could have pointed out the door whence the accents issued.

'Mrs Fairfax!' I called out – for I now heard her descending the great stairs. 'Did you hear that loud laugh? Who is it?'

'Some of the servants, very likely,' she answered; 'perhaps Grace Poole.'

'Did you hear it?' I again inquired.

'Yes, plainly; I often hear her. She sews in one of these rooms. Sometimes Leah is with her; they are frequently noisy together.'

The laugh was repeated in its low, syllabic tone, and terminated in an odd murmur.

'Grace!' exclaimed Mrs Fairfax.

I really did not expect any Grace to answer, for the laugh was as tragic, as preternatural a laugh as any I ever heard; and, but that it was high noon, and that no circumstance of ghostliness accompanied the

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curious cachination; but that neither scene nor season favoured fear, I should have been superstitiously afraid. However, the event showed me I was a fool for entertaining a sense even of surprise.

The door nearest me opened, and a servant came out – a woman of between thirty and forty; a set, square-made figure, red-haired, and with a hard, plain face: any apparition less romantic or less ghostly could scarcely be conceived.

'Too much noise, Grace,' said Mrs Fairfax. 'Remember directions!' Grace curtseyed silently and went in.

'She is a person we have to sew and assist Leah in her housemaid's work,' continued the widow; 'not altogether unobjectionable in some points, but she does well enough. By the bye, how have you got on with your new pupil this morning?'

The conversation, thus turned on Adèle, continued till we reached the light and cheerful region below. Adèle came running to meet us in the hall, exclaiming –

'Mesdames, vous êtes servies!' adding, 'J'ai bien faim, moi!'

We found dinner ready, and waiting for us in Mrs Fairfax's room.

[from Chapter 11]

In what ways does Brontë make this such an intriguing moment in the novel?

Or **8** Explore how Brontë makes Mr Brocklehurst such a hateful character.

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ANITA DESAI: *In Custody*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **9** Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

The door led into an inner courtyard, a small and private one that he had not known lay behind the outer one into which all visitors were admitted.

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And she wants to stop it.'

[from Chapter 7]

How does Desai strikingly convey Deven's experience at this moment in the novel?

Or **10** Explore **two** moments in the novel in which Desai vividly conveys that Deven feels trapped.

Do **not** use the passage printed in **Question 9** in answering this question.

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CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **11** Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

'Harthouse!' cried Mr Bounderby. 'Have you heard?'

'Heard what?' said Harthouse, soothing his horse, and inwardly favouring Mr Bounderby with no good wishes.

'Then you *haven't* heard!'

'I have heard you, and so has this brute. I have heard nothing else.'

Mr Bounderby, red and hot, planted himself in the centre of the path before the horse's head, to explode his bombshell with more effect.

'The Bank's robbed!'

'You don't mean it!'

'Robbed last night, sir. Robbed in an extraordinary manner. Robbed with a false key.'

'Of much?'

Mr Bounderby, in his desire to make the most of it, really seemed mortified by being obliged to reply, 'Why, no; not of very much. But it might have been.'

'Of how much?'

'Oh! as a sum – if you stick to a sum – of not more than a hundred and fifty pound,' said Bounderby, with impatience. 'But it's not the sum; it's the fact. It's the fact of the Bank being robbed, that's the important circumstance. I am surprised you don't see it.'

'My dear Bounderby,' said James, dismounting, and giving his bridle to his servant, 'I *do* see it; and am as overcome as you can possibly desire me to be, by the spectacle afforded to my mental view. Nevertheless, I may be allowed, I hope, to congratulate you – which I do with all my soul, I assure you – on your not having sustained a greater loss.'

'Thank'ee,' replied Bounderby, in a short, ungracious manner. 'But I tell you what. It might have been twenty thousand pound.'

'I suppose it might.'

'Suppose it might! By the Lord, you *may* suppose so. By George!' said Mr Bounderby, with sundry menacing nods and shakes of his head, 'it might have been twice twenty. There's no knowing what it would have been, or wouldn't have been, as it was, but for the fellows' being disturbed.'

Louisa had come up now, and Mrs Sparsit, and Bitzer.

'Here's Tom Gradgrind's daughter knows pretty well what it might have been, if you don't,' blustered Bounderby. 'Dropped, sir, as if she was shot when I told her! Never knew her do such a thing before. Does her credit, under the circumstances, in my opinion!'

She still looked faint and pale. James Harthouse begged her to take his arm; and as they moved on very slowly, asked her how the robbery had been committed.

'Why, I am going to tell you,' said Bounderby, irritably giving his arm to Mrs Sparsit. 'If you hadn't been so mighty particular about the sum, I should have begun to tell you before. You know this lady (for she *is* a lady), Mrs Sparsit?'

'I have already had the honour' –

'Very well. And this young man, Bitzer, you saw him too on the same occasion?' Mr Harthouse inclined his head in assent, and Bitzer knuckled his forehead.

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'Very well. They live at the Bank. You know they live at the Bank, perhaps? Very well. Yesterday afternoon, at the close of business hours, everything was put away as usual. In the iron room that this young fellow sleeps outside of, there was never mind how much. In the little safe in young Tom's closet, the safe used for petty purposes, there was a hundred and fifty odd pound.'

'A hundred and fifty-four, seven, one,' said Bitzer.

'Come!' retorted Bounderby, stopping to wheel round upon him, 'let's have none of *your* interruptions. It's enough to be robbed while you're snoring because you're too comfortable, without being put right with *your* four seven ones. I didn't snore, myself, when I was your age, let me tell you. I hadn't victuals enough to snore. And I didn't four seven one. Not if I knew it.'

Bitzer knuckled his forehead again, in a sneaking manner, and seemed at once particularly impressed and depressed by the instance last given of Mr Bounderby's moral abstinence.

[from Book 2 Chapter 8]

In what ways does Dickens make this moment in the novel so entertaining?

Or **12** To what extent does Dickens persuade you to change your view of Mr Gradgrind?

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ZORA NEALE HURSTON: *Their Eyes Were Watching God*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **13** Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

She was stretched on her back beneath the pear tree soaking in the alto chant of the visiting bees, the gold of the sun and the panting breath of the breeze when the inaudible voice of it all came to her.

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That was the end of her childhood.

[from Chapter 2]

Explore how Hurston strikingly depicts this significant moment in Janie's life.

Or **14** How does Hurston vividly portray the suffering of Janie and Tea Cake after he is bitten by the dog?

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TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 15.

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JOHN KNOWLES: *A Separate Peace*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **15** Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

Finny turned toward me. "You were down at the bottom, weren't you?" he asked, not in the official courtroom tone he had used before, but in a friend's voice.

I had been studying very carefully the way my hands wrinkled when tightly clenched, but I was able to bring my head up and return his inquiring look. "Down at the bottom, yes."

Finny went on. "Did you see the tree shake or anything?" He flushed faintly at what seemed to him the absurdity of his own question. "I've always meant to ask you, just for the hell of it."

I took this under consideration. "I don't recall anything like that …"

"Nutty question," he muttered.

"I thought you were in the tree," the platform voice cut in.

"Well of course," Finny said with an exasperated chuckle, "of course *I* was in the tree—oh you mean Gene?—he wasn't in—is that what you mean, or—" Finny floundered with muddled honesty between me and my questioner.

"I meant Gene," the voice said.

"Of course Finny was in the tree," I said. But I couldn't make the confusion last, "and I was down at the bottom, or climbing the rungs I think …"

"How do you expect him to remember?" said Finny sharply. "There was a hell of a lot of confusion right then."

"A kid I used to play with was hit by a car once when I was about eleven years old," said Brinker seriously, "and I remember every single thing about it, exactly where I was standing, the color of the sky, the noise the brakes of the car made—I never will forget anything about it."

"You and I are two different people," I said.

"No one's accusing you of anything," Brinker responded in an odd tone.

"Well of course no one's *accusing* me—"

"Don't argue so much," his voice tried for a hard compromise, full of warning and yet striving to pass unnoticed by the others.

"No, we're not accusing you," a boy on the platform said evenly, and then I stood accused.

"I think I remember now!" Finny broke in, his eyes bright and relieved. "Yes, I remember seeing you standing on the bank. You were looking up and your hair was plastered down over your forehead so that you had that dumb look you always have when you've been in the water—what was it you said? 'Stop posing up there' or one of those best-pal cracks you're always making." He was very happy. "And I think I did start to pose just to make you madder, and I said, what did I say? something about the two of us … yes, I said 'Let's make a double jump,' because I thought if we went together it would be something that had never been done before, holding hands in a jump—" Then it was as though someone suddenly slapped him. "No, that was on the ground when I said that to you. I said that to you on the ground, and then the two of us started to climb …" he broke off.

"The two of you," the boy on the platform went on harshly for him, "started to climb up the tree together, was that it? And he's just said he was on the ground!"

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"Or on the rungs!" I burst out. "I said I might have been on the rungs!"

"Who else was there?" said Brinker quietly. "Leper Lepellier was there, wasn't he?"

"Yes," someone said, "Leper was there."

"Leper always was the exact type when it came to details," continued Brinker. "He could have told us where everybody was standing, what everybody was wearing, the whole conversation that day, and what the temperature was. He could have cleared the whole thing up. Too bad."

No one said anything. Phineas had been sitting motionless, leaning slightly forward, not far from the position in which we prayed at Devon. After a long time he turned and reluctantly looked at me. I did not return his look or move or speak. Then at last Finny straightened from this prayerful position slowly, as though it was painful for him. "Leper's here," he said in a voice so quiet, and with such quiet unconscious dignity, that he was suddenly terrifyingly strange to me. "I saw him go into Dr. Carhart's office this morning."

"Here! Go get him," said Brinker immediately to the two boys who had come with us. "He must be in Carhart's rooms if he hasn't gone back home."

I kept quiet. To myself, however, I made a number of swift, automatic calculations: that Leper was no threat, no one would ever believe Leper; Leper was deranged, he was not of sound mind and if people couldn't make out their own wills when not in sound mind certainly they couldn't testify in something like this.

[from Chapter 11]

How does Knowles make this such a dramatic and significant moment in the novel?

Or **16** Explore the ways in which Knowles vividly depicts how life at Devon School changes from summer to winter.

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GEORGE ORWELL: *1984*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **17** Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

Winston picked his way up the lane through dappled light and shade, stepping out into pools of gold wherever the boughs parted. Under the trees to the left of him the ground was misty with bluebells. The air seemed to kiss one's skin. It was the second of May. From somewhere deeper in the heart of the wood came the droning of ringdoves.

He was a bit early. There had been no difficulties about the journey, and the girl was so evidently experienced that he was less frightened than he would normally have been. Presumably she could be trusted to find a safe place. In general you could not assume that you were much safer in the country than in London. There were no telescreens, of course, but there was always the danger of concealed microphones by which your voice might be picked up and recognised; besides, it was not easy to make a journey by yourself without attracting attention. For distances of less than a hundred kilometres it was not necessary to get your passport endorsed, but sometimes there were patrols hanging about the railway stations, who examined the papers of any Party member they found there and asked awkward questions. However, no patrols had appeared, and on the walk from the station he had made sure by cautious backward glances that he was not being followed. The train was full of proles, in holiday mood because of the summery weather. The wooden-seated carriage in which he travelled was filled to overflowing by a single enormous family, ranging from a toothless great-grandmother to a month-old baby, going out to spend an afternoon with 'in-laws' in the country, and, as they freely explained to Winston, to get hold of a little black-market butter.

The lane widened, and in a minute he came to the footpath she had told him of, a mere cattle-track which plunged between the bushes. He had no watch, but it could not be fifteen yet. The bluebells were so thick underfoot that it was impossible not to tread on them. He knelt down and began picking some, partly to pass the time away, but also from a vague idea that he would like to have a bunch of flowers to offer to the girl when they met. He had got together a big bunch and was smelling their faint sickly scent when a sound at his back froze him, the unmistakable crackle of a foot on twigs. He went on picking bluebells. It was the best thing to do. It might be the girl, or he might have been followed after all. To look round was to show guilt. He picked another and another. A hand fell lightly on his shoulder.

He looked up. It was the girl. She shook her head, evidently as a warning that he must keep silent, then, parted the bushes and quickly led the way along the narrow track into the wood. Obviously she had been that way before, for she dodged the boggy bits as though by habit. Winston followed, still clasping his bunch of flowers. His first feeling was relief, but as he watched the strong slender body moving in front of him, with the scarlet sash that was just tight enough to bring out the curve of her hips, the sense of his own inferiority was heavy upon him. Even now it seemed quite likely that when she turned round and looked at him she would draw back after all. The sweetness of the air and the greenness of the leaves daunted him. Already on the walk from the station the May sunshine had made him feel dirty and etiolated, a creature of indoors, with the sooty dust

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of London in the pores of his skin. It occurred to him that till now she had probably never seen him in broad daylight in the open. They came to the fallen tree that she had spoken of. The girl hopped over it and forced apart the bushes, in which there did not seem to be an opening. When Winston followed her, he found that they were in a natural clearing, a tiny grassy knoll surrounded by tall saplings that shut it in completely. The girl stopped and turned.

'Here we are,' she said.

He was facing her at several paces' distance. As yet he did not dare move nearer to her.

'I didn't want to say anything in the lane,' she went on, 'in case there's a mike hidden there. I don't suppose there is, but there could be. There's always the chance of one of those swine recognising your voice. We're all right here.'

He still had not the courage to approach her. 'We're all right here?' he repeated stupidly.

'Yes. Look at the trees.' They were small ashes, which at some time had been cut down and had sprouted up again into a forest of poles, none of them thicker than one's wrist. 'There's nothing big enough to hide a mike in. Besides, I've been here before.'

[from Part 2]

How does Orwell memorably convey Winston's thoughts and feelings at this moment in the novel?

Or **18** In what ways does Orwell's portrayal of the Proles contribute to the impact of the novel?

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ALAN PATON: *Cry, the Beloved Country*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **19** Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

Kumalo returned to Mrs Lithebe's tired and dispirited. The two women were silent, and he had no desire to speak to them, and none to play with his small nephew. He withdrew into his room, and sat silent there, waiting till he could summon strength enough to go to the Mission House. But while he sat, there was a knock at his door, and Mrs Lithebe stood there with the young white man. Fresh from the pain of their encounter, Kumalo shrank from him; and at that sign, the young man frowned, and spoke to Mrs Lithebe in Sesuto, so that she withdrew.

Kumalo stood up, an old bowed man. He sought for humble and pleading words, but none came to him. And because he could not look at the young man, he fixed his eyes on the floor.

– Umfundisi.

– Sir?

The young man looked angrier than ever. I am sorry, umfundisi, that I spoke such angry words, he said. I have come to speak to you about this matter of a lawyer.

– Sir?

Indeed it was hard to speak to a man who stood thus before one. Umfundisi, do you wish me to speak to you?

Kumalo struggled within himself. For it is thus with a black man, who has learned to be humble and who yet desires to be something that is himself.

– Sir, he said again.

– Umfundisi, said the young man patiently, I know how it is. Will you not sit down?

So Kumalo sat down, and the young man, still frowning angrily, stood and talked to him.

– I spoke like that because I was grieved and because I try to give myself to my work. And when my work goes wrong, I hurt myself and I hurt others also. But then I grow ashamed, and that is why I am here.

And then because Kumalo was still silent, he said, Do you understand?

And Kumalo said, Yes, I understand. He turned his face so that the young man could see that the hurt was gone out of it. I understand completely, he said.

The young man stopped frowning. About this lawyer, he said. I think you must have a lawyer. Not because the truth must not be told, but because I do not trust your brother. You can see what is in his mind. His plan is to deny that his son and the third man were with your son. Now you and I do not know whether that will make matters worse or not, but a lawyer would know. And another thing also, Absalom says that he fired the revolver because he was afraid, with no intention of killing the white man. It needs a lawyer to make the court believe that that is true.

– Yes, I see that.

– Do you know of any lawyer, of your Church maybe?

– No, sir, I do not. But it was my plan to go to see Father Vincent at the Mission House, when I had rested for a while.

– Are you rested now?

– Your visit has put a fresh heart into me, sir. I felt …

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– Yes, I know.

The young man frowned and said, as if to himself, It is my great fault. Shall we go then?

So they walked to the Mission House, and were shown into Father Vincent's room, and there they talked for a long time with the rosy-cheeked priest from England.

– I think I could get a good man to take the case, said Father Vincent. I think we are all agreed that it is to be the truth and nothing but the truth, and that the defence will be that the shot was fired in fear and not to kill. Our lawyer will tell us what to do about this other matter, the possibility, my friend, that your nephew and the other young man will deny that they were there. For it appears that it is only your son who states that they were there. For us it is to be the truth, and nothing but the truth, and indeed, the man I am thinking of would not otherwise take the case. I shall see him as soon as possible.

– And what about the marriage? asked the young man.

– I shall ask him about that also. I do not know if it can be arranged, but I should gladly marry them if it can be.

So they rose to separate, and Father Vincent put his hand on the old man's arm. Be of good courage, he said. Whatever happens, your son will be severely punished, but if his defence is accepted, it will not be the extreme punishment. And while there is life, there is hope for amendment of life.

– That is now always in my mind, said Kumalo. But my hope is little.

– Stay here and speak with me, said Father Vincent.

– And I must go, said the young white man. But umfundisi, I am ready to help if my help is needed.

[from Book 2 Chapter 15]

How does Paton make this such a moving moment in the novel?

Or **20** How does Paton powerfully convey James Jarvis's changing attitude to Ndotsheni?

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from *Stories of Ourselves*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **21** Read this passage from *The Fall of the House of Usher* (by Edgar Allan Poe), and then answer the question that follows it:

No sooner had these syllables passed my lips, than – as if a shield of brass had indeed, at the moment, fallen heavily upon a floor of silver – I became aware of a distinct, hollow, metallic, and clangorous, yet apparently muffled reverberation. Completely unnerved, I leaped to my feet; but the measured rocking movement of Usher was undisturbed. I rushed to the chair in which he sat. His eyes were bent fixedly before him, and throughout his whole countenance there reigned a stony rigidity. But, as I placed my hand upon his shoulder, there came a strong shudder over his whole person; a sickly smile quivered about his lips; and I saw that he spoke in a low, hurried, and gibbering murmur, as if unconscious of my presence. Bending closely over him, I at length drank in the hideous import of his words.

'Not hear it? – yes, I hear it, and *have* heard it. Long – long – long – many minutes, many hours, many days, have I heard it – yet I dared not – oh, pity me, miserable wretch that I am! – I dared not – I *dared* not speak! *We have put her living in the tomb!* Said I not that my senses were acute? I *now* tell you that I heard her first feeble movements in the hollow coffin. I heard them – many, many days ago – yet I dared not – I *dared not speak!* And now – to-night – Ethelred – ha! ha! – the breaking of the hermit's door, and the death-cry of the dragon, and the clangour of the shield! – say, rather, the rending of her coffin, and the grating of the iron hinges of her prison, and her struggles within the coppered archway of the vault! Oh whither shall I fly? Will she not be here anon? Is she not hurrying to upbraid me for my haste? Have I not heard her footstep on the stair? Do I not distinguish that heavy and horrible beating of her heart? MADMAN!' – here he sprang furiously to his feet, and shrieked out his syllables, as if in the effort he were giving up his soul – 'MADMAN! I TELL YOU THAT SHE NOW STANDS WITHOUT THE DOOR!'

As if in the superhuman energy of his utterance there had been found the potency of a spell – the huge antique panels to which the speaker pointed, threw slowly back, upon the instant, their ponderous and ebony jaws. It was the work of the rushing gust – but then without those doors there DID stand the lofty and enshrouded figure of the lady Madeline of Usher. There was blood upon her white robes, and the evidence of some bitter struggle upon every portion of her emaciated frame. For a moment she remained trembling and reeling to and fro upon the threshold, then, with a low moaning cry, fell heavily inward upon the person of her brother, and in her violent and now final death-agonies, bore him to the floor a corpse, and a victim to the terrors he had anticipated.

From that chamber, and from that mansion, I fled aghast. The storm was still abroad in all its wrath as I found myself crossing the old causeway. Suddenly there shot along the path a wild light, and I turned to see whence a gleam so unusual could have issued; for the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. The radiance was that of the full, setting, and blood-red moon which now shone vividly through that once barely-discernible fissure of which I have before spoken as extending from the roof of the building, in a zigzag direction, to the base. While I gazed,

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this fissure rapidly widened – there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind – the entire orb of the satellite burst at once upon my sight – my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder – there was a long tumultuous shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters – and the deep and dank tarn at my feet closed sullenly and silently over the fragments of the 'HOUSE OF USHER'. *50*

Explore the ways in which Poe makes this such a frightening ending to the story.

Or **22** In the story *The Bath* (by Janet Frame), how does Frame movingly depict the old woman's life?

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Surname	StemUp Model Solution
Answer booklet	Write the question number in the left-hand margin at the start of each answer.

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1

Scott strikingly portrays the relationship as a lifelong journey of exploration, in which a husband tries and repeatedly fails to understand his wife, yet comes to love her precisely because she can never be fully known. The poem's central conceit turns the wife into a landscape and the husband into a mapmaker, and what begins as frustration ends in wonder and acceptance.

The opening sentence is quietly startling: "He never learned her, quite." Using "learned" with a person as its object makes the wife seem like a subject of study or a foreign country, and the delayed "quite", isolated by the comma, softens the failure into something almost affectionate. Before the reader is even told how long the marriage has lasted, the poem admits that knowledge will always be incomplete. "Year after year" then stretches this attempt across decades, so the relationship feels long and patient rather than troubled.

Scott develops the conceit through images of an unstable terrain. The wife is a "territory, without seasons", which suggests that her moods follow no predictable pattern, and it "shifted / under his eye", the enjambment itself making the line shift as the reader crosses it. Her emotions are given a physical, geological weight. "The walled anger of her quarried hurt" is a dense, harsh phrase: "walled" implies that she shuts him out, while "quarried" hints that her hurt has been dug out of deep places, perhaps by him. Yet the very next image is "cool water laughing", and the contrast with the earlier "stones in her voice" shows how rapidly she changes. The verbs "lost" and "turning" make the husband sound like a traveller who has taken a wrong path, and I find it touching that he is described as lost for "an hour", as though even her anger is a place he must wander through rather than

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escape.

The short, blunt sentences at the centre of the poem capture the struggle between them. "He charted. She made wilderness again." The balance of the two clauses presents the marriage as a kind of contest between order and freedom: he tries to fix her in place, and she undoes his work. "Roads disappeared. The map was never true." These clipped statements sound almost comic in their defeat, and there is no bitterness in them. Scott seems to suggest that the wife's unpredictability is not cruelty but vitality, a refusal to be reduced to a diagram.

The middle of the poem moves towards delight. "Wind brought him rain sometimes, tasting of sea" is a sensuous image, and the sea suggests depth and something beyond the horizon of his understanding. When "she would change the shape of shores / faultlessly calm", the word "faultlessly" is ambiguous: her calm may be perfect, or it may mean that she changes without anyone being at fault. The repetition in "All, all was each day new" sounds like an exclamation of astonishment, and the rhyme of "new" with "grew" chimes like a moment of harmony. The simile of shadows "like trees seen from an unexpected hill" implies that her love does not vanish but looks different depending on where he stands, so the problem is partly his perspective. The oxymoron "jaunty helpless journey" beautifully sums up his position: he is cheerful and powerless at once, enjoying the trip even though he cannot steer it.

The ending resolves the poem with acceptance. "So he accepted that geography, constantly strange" turns the struggle into a decision, and "constantly strange" is a lovely paradox, since the only constant thing about her is change. The single word "Wondered." stands as its own sentence, suggesting both puzzlement and awe. The final rhyming couplet, "find" and "mind", gives the poem the closure of a marriage

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song, which the title "Marrysong" has promised. He "Stayed home increasingly", which reverses the idea of travel: the adventure he needs is in his own home, inside the "landscapes of her mind".

Overall, Scott makes the relationship striking because he refuses the romantic cliché of perfect understanding. Instead, he presents love as a humble and endless exploration, and the husband's willingness to keep journeying, without ever arriving, feels more truthful and more tender than any finished map.

2 Dixon vividly contrasts a childhood of scarcity, worry and stolen pleasures with an adult life of comfort and excess, yet the contrast is not simply between bad and good. The poem moves from want to "plenty", but it ends with longing, suggesting that the speaker's richer present has lost something that the lean years held: her sisters, the noise of family life, and an understanding of her mother that she only gains with time.

The childhood stanzas are dominated by images of lack. The "old enamel tub, age-stained and pocked" is described with harsh, clipped adjectives that make it seem worn and tired, and the fact that it "was never full" becomes the emblem of the whole household. The grotesque "griffin claws" add a slightly fantastical, childlike detail, as if the bath were a creature. Dixon widens the drought beyond the house with the striking line "Such plenty was too dear in our expanse of drought", where "dear" means both expensive and precious. The landscape itself seems to fail, as "dams leaked dry and windmills stalled", and the alliteration and heavy stresses make the country sound exhausted.

The most powerful image of childhood is the mother's face. The short sentence

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"Like Mommy's smile" connects the dry dams to her expression, as though she too has run dry. Her lips are "stretched back / and anchored down", a nautical image that suggests effort and restraint, and the child's mistaken belief that this was anger "of mine, I thought" is poignant because it shows how children blame themselves. The adult speaker now recognises it as "a clasp to keep us all from chaos". The vocabulary of fastening continues in "snapping locks and straps" and "Her mouth a lid clamped hard", presenting the mother as someone holding a bursting suitcase of family needs together. The list of "aspirin, porridge, petrol, bread" is deliberately ordinary and unpoetic, and the detail that "Even the toilet paper counted" captures the humiliating precision of poverty. "Each month was weeks too long" is a clever reversal of time that conveys how money ran out before the month did.

Yet childhood is not only grim. The confession "We thought her mean" leads into a lively list of mischief: "Skipped chores, / swiped biscuits". The short lines quicken the pace, and the secret extra "precious inch" of bathwater becomes a thrilling crime. The oxymoron "such lovely sin" is affectionate and playful, and the sensuous "lolling luxuriant in secret warmth" slows the rhythm with soft "l" sounds, letting the reader feel the guilty pleasure. Even the taps become "compliant co-conspirators", a personification that shows how the children turned scarcity into adventure.

The present arrives abruptly with "Now bubbles lap my chin. I am a sybarite." The single word "Now" and the shift to the present tense mark the change of life, and "sybarite", a word for someone devoted to luxury, sounds self-mocking, as if she is slightly embarrassed by her ease. The "hot cascade" of the shower contrasts sharply with the tub that was never full, and water is "plentiful, to excess, almost". The hesitant "almost" and the throwaway "I leave the heating on" hint at

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guilt, as though she can never quite forget the drought.

The final stanza turns the contrast inside out. The verb "miss" reveals that the present, for all its comfort, is lonelier: her "scattered sisters" suggest a family dispersed, and she even misses the "bathroom squabbles" which once seemed annoying. The poem's last image returns to the mother's smile, now "loosed from the bonds / of lean, dry times". The language of release answers the earlier language of clasps and anchors, and the phrase "at last" suggests both the relief of the mother and the speaker's late understanding of her sacrifice.

Dixon therefore contrasts the two lives vividly through water, faces and tense, but the deeper contrast is emotional. The title "Plenty" becomes ironic and moving: true plenty, the poem implies, lay in the crowded, anxious childhood and the love that held it together, rather than in the hot water of the present.

3

Curnow uses words and images to create a descent that is both literal and mysterious: a man walks down a steep road at dusk to gather mussels, but the poem's dense, shifting language makes the journey feel like a passage towards darkness, solitude and perhaps death. The title, with its calm reassurance that "You will Know When You Get There", becomes increasingly unsettling as the light drains away.

The opening line immediately establishes isolation. The repeated "Nobody comes up" and "nobody else goes down" frame the man as the only figure moving against the habits of others, and "as late as this / in the day and the season" suggests that he is doing something at the wrong hour, perhaps even late in life. The "last steep kilometre" carries a sense of finality, and the matter-of-fact detail

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"wet-metalled", describing the road surface after rain, grounds the poem in a real place before it begins to open into strangeness.

Curnow's most powerful images are of light, which he treats as a liquid. The shower is "shredding the light which keeps / pouring out of its tank in the sky", a surprising and almost industrial metaphor that turns the heavens into plumbing. This is developed in "the dammed / reservoir up there keeps emptying while the light lasts". The pun on "dammed" and damned is hard to ignore, and it adds a faintly ominous, spiritual note, while the phrase "Too / credibly by half celestial" shows the speaker half mocking his own grand imagery, as though the sky is almost too obviously heavenly to be believed. The enjambment throughout, especially the broken "Too / credibly", makes the lines spill forward like the light itself, so the form enacts the steady pouring and emptying.

The poem then brings the light down to earth, literally. The quotation "gathers the gold against / it" sounds like a borrowed, romantic description of a sunset over the sea, but Curnow deflates it at once: "The light is bits of crushed rock randomly / glinting underfoot". This is a striking shift from the sublime to the gritty, and the adverb "randomly" removes any sense of divine design. The simple phrase "down you go" shifts into the second person, drawing the reader into the descent, and the observation that the sun "gets there first" quietly suggests that everything, even the sun, is going down.

The boys with "campfirelit faces" provide a brief human warmth, and the compound adjective glows against the darkening scene. Yet the moment is filled with hesitation: "a hesitancy to speak / is a hesitancy of the earth rolling back and away". Curnow links a tiny social pause to the vast movement of the planet turning from the sun, which makes the man's journey feel cosmic.

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The precision of "three point seven metres" and "one hour's light" shows a practical knowledge of tides, and the phrase "having an arrangement with the tide" is gently humorous, as if the man has negotiated with nature. However, the calm is threatened by "the excrescent / moon sponging off the last of it". "Excrescent", meaning an ugly outgrowth, is an unexpectedly hostile word for the moon, and "sponging" presents it as a parasite stealing the remaining light.

The ending is the most powerful part of the poem. The fragmented line "A door / slams, a heavy wave, a door, the sea-floor shudders" uses repetition and commas to mimic the pounding of waves, and the image of a slamming door suggests something closing for good. The final line, "Down you go alone, so late, into the surge-black fissure", gathers the poem's ideas together: "alone" and "so late" echo the opening, while the compound "surge-black" and the harsh "fissure" create a terrifying image of an opening in the rock, almost a mouth or a grave. I find this ending haunting because it can be read as a simple act of mussel-gathering at nightfall, or as an image of an old man going alone into death.

Curnow's words and images are powerful because they move constantly between the factual and the visionary. By pouring light, crushing it, and finally shutting it out, he turns an evening errand into a profound meditation on endings.

4 Larkin movingly conveys a sudden, fragile happiness at the approach of spring, a feeling all the more touching because it rises out of a speaker who seems unused to joy. The poem moves from close observation of an evening scene to a startling personal simile, and its emotional power lies in the way the speaker does not fully understand his own happiness, but simply "starts to be happy".

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The opening creates a mood of gentle anticipation. "On longer evenings" immediately signals the turn of the year, the lengthening days of late winter, without naming spring yet. The light is "chill and yellow", a delicate combination that captures the exact quality of early spring light: it is bright but not yet warm, and the cold adjective keeps the hope restrained. The light "Bathes the serene / Foreheads of houses", a tender personification that makes the houses seem calm, almost human, as if they too are lifting their faces to the season. The short lines, many of only two or three words, slow the poem down and give it a hushed, careful rhythm, like someone noticing small things one at a time.

The thrush is the centre of the scene. It sings "Laurel-surrounded / In the deep bare garden", and the bareness of the garden reminds us that winter has not quite gone, so the song is a first sign rather than a full arrival. Larkin's description of its "fresh-peeled voice" is one of the most striking images in the poem: the song is imagined as something newly uncovered, raw and clean like a peeled fruit or stick, suggesting freshness after a long, hard covering of winter. The voice is "Astonishing the brickwork", a gently comic and moving personification. The solid, dull brick of the suburban houses is shocked into life by the beauty of the song, and perhaps the brickwork also stands for the speaker himself, hard and ordinary, suddenly surprised.

The repetition of "It will be spring soon, / It will be spring soon" is the emotional turning point. The plain, childlike phrasing sounds like someone saying the words to themselves to be sure they are true, and the future tense keeps the happiness as a promise rather than a fact. The repetition feels like the thrush's own song taken up by the speaker, so nature's joy passes into human feeling.

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The second part of the poem turns inward and becomes more moving. The speaker describes himself as one "whose childhood / Is a forgotten boredom". This is a bleak, characteristically Larkin-like admission: he has no warm memories to return to, only an emptiness he cannot even remember properly. Yet he says he feels "like a child / Who comes on a scene / Of adult reconciling". This simile is extraordinary because it does not compare spring to a simple childhood pleasure, but to a child stumbling upon grown-ups making up after a quarrel. The child cannot follow what has happened and "can understand nothing / But the unusual laughter". The word "unusual" is quietly heartbreaking, implying that laughter was rare in that household, and so the happiness of the scene is strange and precious. In the same way, the speaker does not understand why the coming of spring should move him, but he recognises that something has been mended.

The final line, "And starts to be happy", is deliberately understated. "Starts" suggests a beginning rather than complete joy, matching the title "Coming", which also points to something not yet arrived. The present tense brings the feeling into the moment, and the absence of any triumphant flourish or grand imagery makes it feel honest.

Larkin's feelings are moving because they are so tentative. Through the delicate imagery of light and birdsong, the hesitant short lines, and the surprising simile of the bewildered child, he shows a guarded, perhaps lonely man being caught off guard by hope. The poem does not claim that spring solves anything, only that, for a moment, happiness begins.

5

Duffy powerfully conveys that war has left the photographer haunted, isolated and morally troubled. Although he has returned home and seems to be carrying out a

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routine job, the poem shows that the suffering he witnessed has entered him permanently, and that his distress is sharpened by the knowledge that the comfortable public he works for will barely care.

The opening line places him "finally alone", and the adverb "finally" suggests relief, as though he has been longing to escape the crowds and noise of conflict. Yet his solitude is filled with "spools of suffering set out in ordered rows". The sibilance creates a hushed tone, and the neat "ordered rows" show his attempt to impose control on chaos. There is something disturbing in the way suffering has become a physical object he can arrange, and the image hints at rows of graves.

Duffy then develops a sustained religious image. The red light "softly glows, / as though this were a church and he / a priest preparing to intone a Mass". The photographer's work becomes a ritual of mourning, as if developing the photographs is a way of honouring the dead. The list "Belfast. Beirut. Phnom Penh." uses full stops to create heavy, separate pauses, each place a site of atrocity, and the biblical "All flesh is grass" reminds us of the brevity of human life.

The second stanza reveals the change war has made in him. "He has a job to do" sounds like a phrase he repeats to keep himself functioning, a defence against feeling. The onomatopoeic "Solutions slop in trays" is unpleasantly physical, and "solutions" carries a bitter double meaning, since there are no solutions to the horrors he photographs. The most telling detail is that his hands "did not tremble then / though seem to now": in the field he had to suppress his reactions, but back home the delayed shock finally emerges. The contrast between war zones and "Rural England" is sharp. At home there is only "ordinary pain which simple weather can dispel", and the image of "fields which don't explode beneath the feet / of running children" reveals that he cannot see an English field without

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imagining a landmine. The war has altered the way he perceives his own home.

The third stanza is the most intense. The present tense "Something is happening" builds suspense as an image emerges, and "A stranger's features / faintly start to twist" suggests both the developing chemicals and the agony of the dying man. Calling the image "a half-formed ghost" shows that the dead return to haunt him. He "remembers the cries / of this man's wife", which brings sound into a silent darkroom and makes his memory painfully vivid. Crucially, he "sought approval / without words to do what someone must", a moment of moral discomfort, as though he needed permission to photograph her grief. The final image, "how the blood stained into foreign dust", lingers on the indelible mark of violence and on the remoteness of these deaths from British readers.

In the final stanza Duffy shifts to bitter social criticism. "A hundred agonies in black and white" will be reduced to "five or six / for Sunday's supplement", showing how the photographer's painful work is filtered and diminished by the media. The reader's eyes "prick / with tears between the bath and pre-lunch beers", a rhyme that sounds almost glib and exposes how brief and shallow the public's sympathy is. The last couplet presents the photographer staring "impassively" from the aeroplane. This adverb is ambiguous: he may have become numb as a way of coping, or he may be hiding feelings he cannot express. The final phrase "they do not care" is blunt and devastating, and it is unclear whether "they" refers to the readers at home or to the wider world, which makes the indifference seem universal.

Duffy therefore shows that war affects the photographer by leaving him traumatised, morally uneasy, and alienated from the safe society he returns to. The controlled form of the poem mirrors his attempt to stay detached, but the

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haunting images break through, suggesting that he can never truly leave the war behind.

6

Duffy movingly conveys the passing of time through the confused, fragmented voice of an ageing woman who suddenly realises how much of her life has slipped away. The poem is a dramatic monologue built from interrupted thoughts, shopping items and flashes of memory, and its climax, when she fails to recognise her own reflection, reveals that time has made her a stranger to herself.

The opening lines are casual and resigned. "Things get away from one" uses the formal, distancing pronoun "one", as if she cannot bear to say "I", and the vague "Things" suggests that she cannot even name exactly what has been lost. "I've let myself go, I know" sounds like a phrase she has heard said about her, and the internal rhyme of "go" and "know" gives it a weary, sing-song quality. The most painful admission comes early: "Children? I've had three / and don't even know them." The question mark suggests that she is answering an imagined listener, and the line break before "and don't even know them" creates a shocking pause. Time has not only aged her body but separated her from the people closest to her.

Duffy presents the passing of time through the body. She strains to remember "a time / when my body felt lighter", and the single-word sentence "Years." lands like a sigh. Her face "is swollen / with regrets", a striking metaphor that turns emotional pain into physical heaviness, and the powder that "flakes off" shows her futile attempts to disguise age. Even her marriage has faded: "I love him, / through habit, but the proof / has evaporated." The verb "evaporated" suggests that love has slowly disappeared without anyone noticing, and the enjambment across the lines makes the loss feel gradual.

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The structure of the poem is crucial in conveying time. The shopping list, "Quiche", "Shallots", "Claret", "Cheese. Kleenex.", interrupts her thoughts, and these one-word sentences mimic the disorientated mind of someone in a supermarket, drifting between the present and the past. Their banality contrasts with the romantic memory that breaks through: "A blond boy swung me up / in his arms and promised the earth." This is the most vivid and youthful image in the poem, full of energy and hope, and it is placed beside her standing "on the scales", a cruel juxtaposition of past romance and present self-consciousness. The "creamy ladies" in the window, perhaps mannequins, "held a pose", their unchanging perfection making her feel "clogged and old". The adjective "clogged" suggests that time has blocked and congested her.

Later, a second memory surfaces: "It did happen. / I lay in my slip on wet grass, / laughing." The insistence of "It did happen" is moving because it shows her clinging to proof that she was once young and carefree, as though she can hardly believe it herself. The repetition of "Years." echoes the earlier fragment, reminding us of the vast distance between that moment and now. The phrase "The waste" is an equally brief and devastating judgement on her whole life.

The ending is the poem's most poignant moment. In a state of panic, "blind in a hot flush", a phrase that hints at the menopause and her physical vulnerability, she bumps into "an anxious, dowdy matron / who touched the cold mirror". The reader realises before she seems to that this matron is her own reflection, and the title "Recognition" becomes deeply ironic. The adjectives "anxious" and "dowdy" show how harshly she judges what time has made of her, and the "cold mirror" suggests an unforgiving truth. The final line, "and said I'm sorry sorry sorry", is moving because the repetition sounds like both a polite apology for bumping into

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someone and a deeper apology to herself for the life she has let go. The absence of punctuation makes the words spill out helplessly.

Duffy therefore conveys the passing of time not as a gentle process but as a sudden, shocking discovery. Through fragmented structure, contrasting memories and the final moment of misrecognition, she makes the reader feel the loneliness of a woman who looks up after years of routine and no longer knows who she is.

7 Brontë makes this an intriguing moment by placing Jane between two worlds: the open, sunlit view from the roof and the dark, enclosed passage beneath it, where she hears a strange laugh that nobody will properly explain. The passage moves from calm to mystery and then back to everyday cheerfulness, and this sudden shifting of mood leaves both Jane and the reader with an unsettling sense that Thornfield is hiding something.

The view from the leads is described with expansive delight. Jane is "on a level with the crow colony", which gives her an unusual, elevated perspective, and she surveys the grounds "laid out like a map". The long, flowing sentence that follows, punctuated by semicolons, moves across "the bright and velvet lawn", "the field, wide as a park", "the church at the gates, the road, the tranquil hills", so that the reader's eye travels outwards with hers. The sky is "azure, marbled with pearly white", and the soft, precious adjectives create a sense of peace. Jane's verdict, "No feature in the scene was extraordinary, but all was pleasing", is characteristically honest and modest, and it makes the quiet beauty feel trustworthy.

The return indoors creates a powerful contrast. The attic seems "black as a vault

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compared with that arch of blue air". The simile of a "vault" suggests a tomb, and the shift from "arch of blue air" to enclosure prepares us for something sinister. Jane is now "groping" her way, a verb that conveys blindness and uncertainty. The third-storey passage is "narrow, low, and dim", the triple adjectives making it feel claustrophobic, with "two rows of small black doors all shut". The allusion to "some Bluebeard's castle" is especially intriguing. In the fairy tale, Bluebeard forbids his wife to open one locked room, which hides the bodies of his former wives. Through this reference Brontë hints, perhaps without Jane realising it, that a terrible secret about a wife lies behind one of these doors, and the reader who knows the novel will see how fitting the comparison is.

The laugh is the heart of the moment. It strikes her ear as "the last sound I expected to hear in so still a region", and Brontë builds it carefully. It is "distinct, formal, mirthless", a contradictory description, since a laugh should express joy. It grows "louder" and passes into "a clamorous peal that seemed to wake an echo in every lonely chamber", so that the whole house seems to respond, while Jane notes precisely that it came from one door. Later it returns "in its low, syllabic tone" and ends "in an odd murmur". Jane calls it "as tragic, as preternatural a laugh as any I ever heard", and the word "tragic" suggests suffering rather than mischief, which deepens the mystery.

Mrs Fairfax's response increases the intrigue rather than settling it. Her casual "Some of the servants, very likely" and "perhaps Grace Poole" sound evasive, and the uncertainty of "perhaps" sits oddly with her later claim that she "often" hears her. Her sharp "Grace!" and the command "Remember directions!" suggest that rules have been laid down about this room, which hints at a hidden arrangement. When Grace appears, she is "a set, square-made figure, red-haired, and with a hard, plain face", and Jane comments that "any apparition less romantic or less

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ghostly could scarcely be conceived". Brontë cleverly deflates the Gothic suspense with this solid, ordinary woman, but the deflation is unconvincing: a plain servant does not seem to account for such a laugh.

Finally, Mrs Fairfax abruptly changes the subject to Adèle, and Jane and the reader are brought back to "the light and cheerful region below", where Adèle chatters in French about dinner. This return to domestic normality is itself intriguing, because the mystery has been closed off without any explanation. Jane, as a mature narrator, even remarks that "the event showed me I was a fool for entertaining a sense even of surprise", a sentence that seems to dismiss her fear while quietly suggesting that she later learned much more.

Brontë therefore makes the moment intriguing by blending Gothic suspense with realistic detail, contrasting light and darkness, and using evasive dialogue. The reader, like Jane, is left curious and uneasy, sensing that the "Bluebeard's castle" image is more than a passing fancy.

8 Brontë makes Mr Brocklehurst hateful by presenting him as a cold, hypocritical tyrant who uses religion as a weapon against children. Seen through the eyes of a young, vulnerable Jane, he is frightening from the moment he appears, and as the Lowood chapters unfold his cruelty is exposed as both personal and institutional, so that the reader's dislike deepens into moral outrage.

Brontë first makes him hateful through Jane's childlike perception of his appearance. When she is summoned to meet him at Gateshead, she sees a "black pillar", a tall, narrow figure dressed in black, and his grim face seems like "a carved mask" placed on top. The architectural image makes him rigid, inhuman and

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unyielding, as if he were made of stone rather than flesh. Jane's exclamations about his great nose, his mouth and his large, prominent teeth recall the wolf in "Little Red Riding Hood", turning him into a predatory figure from a fairy tale. Because the narrative is filtered through a child's terror, the reader feels his menace immediately.

His conversation with Jane makes him even more repellent. He asks her where the wicked go after death, and when she answers "They go to hell", he presses her with grim questions about the "pit full of fire" and whether she would like to burn there for ever. Brontë shows him trying to frighten a ten-year-old girl into submission rather than offering comfort or guidance. Jane's famous reply, that she must keep in good health and not die, is both comic and brave, and her honest admission that the Psalms are "not interesting" draws from him a horrified response and a story of a pious child who preferred a verse of a psalm to a gingerbread nut. Brontë uses Jane's directness to expose the absurdity of his religion, which values fear and outward performance above sincerity.

At Lowood, his hatefulness becomes clearer still because Brontë shows its consequences. The girls are cold, underfed and given burnt porridge, and when Miss Temple orders bread and cheese to replace an inedible breakfast, Brocklehurst rebukes her. He argues that the girls must be made "hardy, patient, self-denying", and he contrasts feeding their "vile bodies" with starving their "immortal souls". Brontë makes his language sound pious, but the reader sees that it disguises meanness and a desire for control. The same is true of his attack on Julia Severn's naturally curly hair, which he insists must be cut off because the girls are "not to conform to nature". His obsession with crushing nature reveals a fear of individuality and beauty.

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Brontë then exposes his hypocrisy with a brilliantly timed entrance. While he is condemning vanity, his wife and daughters arrive richly dressed in velvet, silk and furs, with elaborately curled hair. The juxtaposition is satirical and almost comic: the luxury he denies the orphans is enjoyed by his own family, paid for, the reader suspects, partly by the savings he makes at Lowood. This moment turns him from a frightening figure into a contemptible one.

The scene of Jane's public humiliation is perhaps the most hateful act of all. After she drops her slate, he makes her stand on a stool before the whole school and declares her a liar, warning teachers and pupils to shun her and calling her worse than a heathen child. His theatrical language and his demand that others "punish her body to save her soul" show a cruelty that delights in public shame.

Finally, Brontë shows the deadly results of his rule. The typhus epidemic that sweeps Lowood, killing many pupils, is linked to the damp site, the poor food and the neglect he has overseen. When the public learns the truth, his influence is reduced, although his wealth and connections allow him to keep a role, which makes his escape from real punishment even more infuriating.

Through grotesque description, cruel dialogue, satire and the suffering of the girls, Brontë makes Brocklehurst a truly hateful character. He embodies a hypocritical, loveless religion that the novel rejects in favour of the genuine kindness of Helen and Miss Temple, and his hatefulness gives force to Jane's lifelong resistance to injustice.

10 Desai presents Deven as a man who is trapped almost everywhere he turns: by his dull job, his unhappy marriage, his poverty, and finally by the very dream that

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seemed to offer escape. Two moments convey this especially vividly: the opening of the novel in Mirpore, where his daily life is shown as a kind of slow suffocation, and the ending, where his adventure with Nur leaves him caught in a web of debts, accusations and obligations. Placed side by side, they reveal Desai's bleak and ironic insight that Deven's attempt to break free only binds him more tightly.

At the start of the novel, Desai establishes Deven's entrapment through setting. Mirpore is a small, dusty, unremarkable town, and Deven is a lecturer in Hindi at a minor college, a post he took for security rather than love. His real passion is Urdu poetry, a language he has loved since childhood and associates with a richer, more graceful culture, but it has no place in his working life. Desai's narration dwells on the dreariness of his routine: the classroom of bored students, the cramped rented house, the heat and the dust. These details work cumulatively, so that the reader feels the weight of a life that has narrowed rather than grown.

His marriage deepens this sense of confinement. Sarla, his wife, is herself disappointed, having hoped for a more comfortable life, and Desai shows that the two are bound together by duty and resentment rather than affection. Deven's shy, apologetic manner, his habit of shrinking from conflict and his anxiety about money all suggest a man who is trapped as much by his own timidity as by circumstance. When his old friend Murad arrives and asks him to interview the great Urdu poet Nur for his magazine, the offer feels like a door opening. Yet Desai makes the reader uneasy even here: Murad is careless and exploitative, and Deven is too weak to refuse him. The moment of apparent escape is already shadowed by his inability to control his own life.

The ending of the novel brings this pattern to a crushing conclusion. The project to record Nur's poetry, paid for with money Deven has borrowed and begged for,

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has largely failed: much of what was captured on tape is drinking, quarrelling and gossip rather than verse. Deven now faces bills he cannot pay and the prospect of explaining the missing money to his college. Desai makes his panic vivid through his restless movements and his sense of being hunted, as though the consequences of his folly are closing in on him from all sides. The town that once bored him now feels like a prison from which there is no exit at all.

This entrapment is intensified by the letters he receives. Imtiaz Begum, Nur's second wife, writes bitterly accusing Deven of ignoring her own poetry and of using her husband for his own advantage, and her anger exposes the uncomfortable truth that his devotion to Nur was partly selfish. Nur himself writes to ask for more money. Desai's irony is sharp: the poet Deven worshipped as a symbol of a free, noble culture turns out to be a dependent, demanding old man, and Deven is now responsible for him.

Yet Desai complicates the idea of being trapped in the final pages. Deven realises that in accepting Nur's friendship he has become the custodian of his poetry, and that this burden cannot be put down. The title, In Custody, carries a double meaning: to hold something in custody is to protect it, but to be in custody is to be imprisoned. Deven is both guardian and prisoner. His acceptance is not quite a victory, but it gives his entrapment a kind of dignity, because it is a commitment to something beyond himself.

Desai therefore vividly conveys Deven's sense of being trapped through setting, character and irony. In the first moment he is confined by a small life; in the second by the consequences of trying to escape it. The novel suggests, with a mixture of comedy and sadness, that the dream of freedom can become the strongest bond of all.

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11 Dickens makes this moment entertaining by turning a crime into a stage on which Bounderby performs his own self-importance. The robbery itself is almost trivial; what delights the reader is the gap between Bounderby's furious inflation of the event and the cool, ironic responses of everyone around him. Dickens builds the comedy through dialogue, exaggeration and a series of deflations, and beneath the laughter he quietly exposes the vanity and self-mythology of the Coketown "self-made man".

From the opening, Bounderby treats the news as a piece of theatre. He plants himself "in the centre of the path before the horse's head, to explode his bombshell with more effect", and the military metaphor of the "bombshell" is comically out of proportion to a theft from a petty cash safe. The repetition of "Robbed last night, sir. Robbed in an extraordinary manner. Robbed with a false key" has the rhythm of a public announcement, as though he is relishing his role as victim. Dickens's narrator undercuts this immediately: Bounderby seems "mortified" to admit the sum is not large. The idea that a man could be disappointed by how little he has lost is wonderfully absurd, and it tells us that what Bounderby really values is attention.

The entertainment grows as Harthouse refuses to play along. His questions, "Of much?" and "Of how much?", are short and dry, each one pricking Bounderby's balloon. Bounderby's defensive "if you stick to a sum" and his insistence that "it's not the sum; it's the fact" are funny because this is a man who, in every other context, worships facts and figures. Harthouse's reply is a masterpiece of mock sincerity: he is "as overcome as you can possibly desire me to be". The phrase "you can possibly desire" lets the reader see that he is laughing at Bounderby, while

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Bounderby, too self-absorbed to notice, answers with a "short, ungracious" thank you. Dickens enjoys pairing the blustering manufacturer with the languid aristocrat, and both are mocked: one for noise, the other for weary insincerity.

Bounderby's exaggeration then becomes almost a game of escalating numbers. The loss "might have been twenty thousand pound", then "twice twenty", and the oaths "By the Lord" and "By George!" with his "menacing nods and shakes of his head" make him a pantomime figure, threatening an imaginary disaster. His muddled conclusion, that there is "no knowing what it would have been, or wouldn't have been", collapses into nonsense, which is itself comic: the man who claims to deal only in hard reality is now inventing losses that never happened.

There is a darker undercurrent that a careful reader enjoys in a different way. Bounderby boasts that Louisa "Dropped, sir, as if she was shot" and takes this as something that "Does her credit". The dramatic irony is sharp, because the reader suspects Louisa fainted from fear that her brother Tom is the thief, and Harthouse, offering her his arm, may suspect the same. Bounderby, who prides himself on seeing through everyone, understands nothing about his own wife, and that blindness is both funny and sad.

The ending of the passage adds a final comic turn with Bitzer. His precise interruption, "A hundred and fifty-four, seven, one", is the perfect product of Gradgrind's schooling: a boy reduced to an exact figure. Bounderby's explosion at him, "let's have none of your interruptions", is entertaining because Bounderby has just complained that Harthouse was too "particular about the sum". He then slides, inevitably, into his favourite myth of his deprived childhood: "I hadn't victuals enough to snore." The joke is that he turns even sleep into a boast of hardship, and his strange verb "I didn't four seven one" turns Bitzer's numbers into a crime.

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Bitzer, "impressed and depressed", knuckling his forehead "in a sneaking manner", completes the scene with a small, servile gesture that hints at his future treachery.

The passage is so entertaining because Dickens lets Bounderby condemn himself through his own mouth. The exaggeration, the ironic narrator, the deflating questions and the final self-pitying boast make him ridiculous, but they also make a serious point: a man so full of himself cannot see the truth about the robbery, his wife or his own past.

12 Dickens persuades me to change my view of Mr Gradgrind to a considerable extent, though not completely. At the start he is a figure of satire, almost a machine for producing facts, yet by the end he has become a broken and humbled father whom I pity and even respect. Dickens achieves this shift through structure, through the suffering of his children, and through letting Gradgrind see the consequences of his own system. What stops my view changing entirely is that Dickens never lets us forget the damage he has done.

The opening chapters make Gradgrind hard to like. His first words, "Now, what I want is, Facts", are blunt and dogmatic, and the narrator's description of his "square" appearance and his voice turns him into a set of hard angles. He is described as a kind of cannon loaded with facts, ready to blow children "clean out of the regions of childhood". The classroom scene where Sissy Jupe becomes "girl number twenty" shows a man who reduces a child to a number, and her warm knowledge of horses is dismissed while Bitzer's lifeless definition is praised. Dickens's narrator repeatedly calls him "eminently practical", and the irony grows heavier each time. When he catches Louisa and Tom peeping at the circus, his

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horror is comic, and his response to Louisa's quiet admission that she is tired of everything is simply to be baffled.

Yet even early on Dickens plants hints of decency. Gradgrind takes Sissy into his house when her father abandons her, and although he sees it as an experiment, it is still an act of shelter. This complicates the satire: he is wrong rather than wicked, unlike Bounderby, who is a liar and a bully. The proposal scene in Book 1 is where Dickens most powerfully condemns him. Louisa looks out of the window at the factory chimneys and says that fire bursts out at night, a hint of the passion inside her, but Gradgrind, using statistics about marriage, cannot see her, and she agrees to marry Bounderby with the empty words "What does it matter?" The scene is painful because his love is real but has no language.

The turning point comes in the "Reaping" book. Dickens's titles, "Sowing", "Reaping" and "Garnering", make it clear that Gradgrind must harvest what he has planted. When Louisa flees Harthouse and returns to her father, she accuses him of starving her heart and asks what he has done with the garden that should have bloomed in her, before collapsing at his feet. Dickens describes his system lying senseless on the floor, a stark image that forces Gradgrind, and the reader, to see the human cost. From this moment his tone changes: he is gentle, uncertain, and he admits his wisdom has failed. I begin to feel sympathy, because his suffering comes from the recognition that he hurt the people he loved.

Dickens then deepens this change through Tom. When Gradgrind discovers that his son robbed the bank and finds him hiding in Sleary's circus, disguised as a comic servant with a blackened face, the image is grotesque and humiliating: the son of the man of facts is reduced to a clown. When Bitzer arrives to arrest Tom, he uses Gradgrind's own principles of self-interest against him, and Gradgrind's appeal

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to his heart is met with a cold, logical reply. This is the most persuasive moment of all. His philosophy, spoken back to him by his star pupil, sounds monstrous, and Gradgrind's pleading shows he has now learned to value feeling. It is Sleary, with his lisping kindness, and Sissy, the child he once dismissed, who save Tom.

By the ending, Dickens tells us that Gradgrind becomes a man who makes his facts and figures serve Faith, Hope and Charity, and that he is mocked by his former allies in Parliament. The reversal is complete in his values. However, my view is not wholly changed. Louisa remains childless and alone, Tom dies abroad, and these are consequences Gradgrind cannot undo. Dickens persuades me to pity him and to see him as a man capable of change, but he also makes sure I see that change comes too late to repair the lives his system has shaped.

13 Hurston depicts this moment as an awakening that is at once sensual, spiritual and almost mythic. Janie, at sixteen, discovers desire and a vision of what love and marriage might be, and Hurston makes the moment striking by filling it with the language of nature, music and revelation. Yet the passage closes with a blunt sentence that tells us this wonder is also an ending, and the tension between the dream and the reality that follows makes the moment significant for the whole novel.

The opening sentence immerses the reader in Janie's senses. She is "stretched on her back beneath the pear tree", a posture of openness and surrender, and she is "soaking in" the world as if her whole body is absorbing it. Hurston layers sound, light and touch: the "alto chant of the visiting bees", the "gold of the sun" and the "panting breath of the breeze". The word "chant" gives the scene a religious quality, as though the bees are singing a hymn, while "panting breath" personifies

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the breeze in a way that is already faintly erotic. The long, flowing sentence, with its rhythmic alliteration of "breath" and "breeze", mirrors the dreamy, timeless state Janie is in. Most strikingly, Hurston writes of "the inaudible voice of it all", a paradox that suggests a truth Janie hears without sound, like a mystical calling.

That truth comes through the image of the bee and the blossom. Janie watches a "dust-bearing bee sink into the sanctum of a bloom", and the word "sanctum" again turns the act of pollination into something sacred. The blossoms arch to meet "the love embrace", and the tree shivers "from root to tiniest branch", an image of total, joyful response. Her conclusion, "So this was a marriage!", is one of the most important sentences in the novel. Hurston presents Janie's ideal of marriage as mutual, natural and ecstatic, a union in which both partners give and receive delight. The exclamation captures her innocent excitement, and her longing to be a pear tree, any tree in bloom, shows how completely she wants to belong to this vision.

Hurston then makes the reader feel the gap between dream and world. Janie looks down the road and sees Johnny Taylor, whom she had known as "shiftless" and "tall and lean". Now the "golden dust of pollen" has "beglamored his rags and her eyes". This is a subtle and witty moment: the verb "beglamored" admits that her vision is a kind of enchantment, and the pairing of "his rags and her eyes" suggests that the change is in her perception rather than in him. Hurston lets us share Janie's wonder while gently signalling that the boy is not worthy of it. Her kiss over the gatepost is the first clumsy attempt to turn the pear tree into reality.

The arrival of Nanny breaks the spell. Hurston describes her grandmother's head and face as looking like "the standing roots of some old tree that had been torn

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away by storm". The contrast is powerful: Janie is a tree in blossom, while Nanny is an uprooted tree, damaged by the storms of slavery and suffering she has survived. The two tree images frame the passage and set the generations against each other. Nanny's love is real, but her fear for Janie's safety will lead her to arrange the marriage to Logan Killicks, a marriage that has nothing of the pear tree about it.

The passage ends with the stark, isolated sentence: "That was the end of her childhood." After the rich, sensuous prose, the plainness is shocking, like a door closing. The past tense and the word "end" give the moment a sense of irreversible loss. It is significant because Janie's whole journey, through Logan, Jody and finally Tea Cake, is a search to find again the marriage she glimpsed beneath this tree. Hurston therefore makes the moment unforgettable both as a celebration of awakening and as the beginning of a long struggle between Janie's dream and the world's demands.

14 Hurston portrays the suffering of Janie and Tea Cake after the dog bite as a slow, cruel tragedy in which love itself becomes the source of pain. The bite happens in an act of heroic devotion, and what follows is a gradual transformation of Tea Cake into someone Janie no longer recognises, until she is forced to kill the man she loves to save herself. Hurston makes this suffering vivid through dramatic irony, the contrast between Tea Cake's old self and his illness, the imagery of the indifferent sky, and Janie's isolation.

The bite itself is born from love. During the hurricane, as they struggle through the floodwater, Janie is threatened by a dog riding on the back of a cow, and Tea Cake fights it to protect her. He is bitten high on the cheek, and the wound

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seems small. Hurston makes the reader feel the irony: the act that proves the depth of his love is the act that will destroy him. At first Tea Cake dismisses it, and in the relief of survival and the grim work of burying the dead, the danger is forgotten. This calm makes the later suffering more painful, because the reader senses what the characters do not.

Hurston then presents the illness through small, disturbing signs. Back on the muck, Tea Cake has a headache and cannot keep water down; when he tries to drink, his throat closes and he chokes. For a man who has always been full of laughter, music and appetite, this is a terrible change. Dr Simmons recognises rabies and tells Janie privately that the dog must have been mad and that it is too late. Hurston gives Janie the burden of knowledge, and her suffering is the suffering of watching. She cannot tell Tea Cake the truth, and she is told to keep away from him, which isolates her from the one person she wants to be close to.

The most painful element is how the disease twists Tea Cake's love into suspicion. He becomes jealous and resentful, accusing Janie of wanting to leave him for Mrs Turner's brother, and he begins to sleep with his pistol under his pillow. Hurston's narrator describes the illness almost as a possession, saying the fiend in him must kill and Janie is the only living thing he sees. This makes the reader feel both pity and fear: Tea Cake is not to blame, yet he has become dangerous. Janie's careful act of loading the pistol so that the first three chambers are empty shows her trying to protect both of them, hoping he will never fire.

The climax is written with terrible economy. Tea Cake raises the pistol and the hammer clicks on the empty chambers while Janie holds the rifle. When he fires a live round and she fires at the same moment, he falls, and in his last movement he bites her arm. Hurston calls it the meanest moment of eternity, a phrase that

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combines the smallness of "mean" with the vastness of "eternity", suggesting that one instant can contain endless suffering. Janie cradles him as he dies, and the image of her holding the man she has just shot captures the paradox of the whole episode: she has killed him out of necessity, but she mourns him out of love.

Throughout, Hurston links their suffering to the novel's questions about God. During the storm the people sat with their eyes watching God, and after the bite Janie looks to the sky for a sign, but it stays silent and hard. This sense of an indifferent universe deepens her pain, because there is no explanation for why their happiness should be taken away. The suffering continues after Tea Cake's death, in the trial, where the Black community turns against Janie while the white women sit in her support, adding loneliness to grief.

Hurston therefore portrays this suffering vividly by making it intimate and slow, by showing love turned against itself, and by refusing any comforting answer. Yet she also lets Janie survive it. By the end Tea Cake lives on in her memory, and her suffering becomes the price of having truly loved.

15 Knowles makes this moment dramatic by turning a late-night gathering in the First Building into a trial, in which Gene is slowly cornered while Finny, the one person who could condemn him, tries desperately not to. It is significant because it is the point at which the truth Gene has hidden since the fall from the tree begins to surface, and because Finny's dawning knowledge leads directly to his second fall. The drama comes from the shifting tones of voice, the silences, and the gap between what Gene says aloud and what he thinks.

The passage begins with a deceptive gentleness. Finny asks his question "not in

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the official courtroom tone he had used before, but in a friend's voice". Knowles makes clear that this is a courtroom, and that Finny is reluctant to play prosecutor. Gene's response is telling: he has been "studying very carefully the way my hands wrinkled when tightly clenched". The tightly clenched hands betray his tension, and the careful study of them is a way of avoiding Finny's eyes. Finny's question about the tree shaking is "Nutty", he says, but it shows he has always half suspected. The reader watches a friendship trying to survive a question it cannot bear.

The drama intensifies through the anonymous voices that cut in. "The platform voice" is never named at first, which makes it seem impersonal, like the voice of the school or of judgement itself. Finny's confusion, conveyed in broken, interrupted syntax as he moves from "of course I was in the tree" to "oh you mean Gene?", shows "muddled honesty": he is so truthful that he cannot lie for Gene even when he wants to. Gene's attempt to "make the confusion last" is a striking admission that he is deliberately hiding in uncertainty, and his correction, "or climbing the rungs I think", already contradicts his earlier statement.

Brinker's role is particularly menacing. His story about remembering every detail of a car accident when he was eleven is a quiet trap, exposing Gene's claim not to remember. When he says "No one's accusing you of anything" in "an odd tone", the words mean the opposite of what they say. Knowles then delivers one of the most chilling sentences in the passage: "No, we're not accusing you," a boy says evenly, "and then I stood accused." The short final clause marks the instant when denial collapses into guilt, and Gene's narration admits the truth even as his voice in the scene resists it.

Finny's memory provides the emotional climax. At first he is "bright and relieved",

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happily recalling Gene's "dumb look" and the "double jump", the idea of the two of them "holding hands in a jump". The image of togetherness is painfully ironic, because the jump ended in betrayal. Then Knowles writes that it was "as though someone suddenly slapped him": Finny realises that they climbed the tree together, which destroys Gene's account. The physical simile shows how violently the truth strikes him, and his speech simply "broke off". The boy on the platform finishes his sentence "harshly for him", as if the crowd is completing the accusation Finny cannot make.

The final section slows the scene into silence. Finny sits "motionless", leaning forward in a posture like prayer, and when he finally looks at Gene, Gene does not return the look. The religious imagery suggests both Finny's innocence and a kind of grief, as though he is praying for the friendship or for himself. When he reveals that Leper is here, his "quiet unconscious dignity" makes him "terrifyingly strange" to Gene: Finny is no longer the familiar friend but someone who sees him clearly. This is the moment Gene loses control.

The passage ends with Gene's cold "swift, automatic calculations" that Leper is "deranged" and could never be believed. The legalistic reasoning, comparing Leper to someone who cannot make a will, is shocking in its ruthlessness and shows how far Gene will go to protect himself. It is significant because, moments later, Finny will storm out and fall on the marble stairs, breaking his leg again. Knowles therefore makes this a dramatic and significant moment by staging a trial in which the truth is forced out, a friendship is broken, and the novel moves towards its tragedy.

16 Knowles depicts the change at Devon from summer to winter as a movement from

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a brief, magical freedom into a world of rules, cold and war. The summer session is Finny's season, a time of games and innocence, while the winter belongs to discipline, snow and the encroaching reality of the Second World War. Knowles uses the seasons symbolically, and through Gene's retrospective narration he makes the reader feel that the loss of summer is also the loss of Finny and of youth itself.

The summer is presented as a season apart from normal time. Gene calls it a gypsy summer, and the phrase captures its wandering, carefree quality. The masters are older men, many of whom seem to be lenient because the boys remind them of what peace was like before the war. Finny thrives in this atmosphere. He wears the school tie as a belt at the headmaster's tea and talks his way out of trouble with sheer charm, and he invents blitzball, a game in which everyone is the enemy of everyone else, yet which is played with joy rather than hostility. The founding of the Super Suicide Society of the Summer Session, with its nightly jumps from the tree into the river, sums up this season: dangerous, playful and bound by a loyalty that seems unbreakable. Knowles fills these chapters with heat, water and light, from the river to the beach at night, so that summer feels expansive and free.

Even in summer, however, Knowles hints that this paradise is fragile. The tree is described as a tremendous, forbidding thing, and the jumps are a test of courage linked to the war that awaits the boys. Gene's growing envy and suspicion of Finny darken the season from within, and the summer ends with the fall from the tree. Structurally, the season of freedom closes with the act that destroys it, so the change to winter is not only seasonal but moral.

When the winter session begins, Devon returns to its usual order. The regular

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masters come back, such as the strict Mr Ludsbury, and the gentle tolerance of summer disappears. Gene, without Finny, decides to become assistant crew manager rather than an athlete, and his fight with Quackenbush at the river shows how the friendly rivalry of summer has turned into bitterness. Knowles uses the weather to reflect this shift: the clear, warm Devon river of the summer jumps is replaced by the Naguamsett, the ugly, salty tidal river where the crews train, and the long New England winter settles in.

The war becomes much more visible in winter. The boys are sent to shovel snow from the railway tracks so that troop trains can pass, and the sight of the young soldiers on the train makes the war feel close and real. Brinker's talk of enlisting and his bustling organisation contrast with Finny's earlier games, and Leper, the gentlest boy, is persuaded by a film about ski troops to enlist. His later breakdown and desertion show the cold, destructive force of the real world reaching into the school.

Yet Knowles allows one last flash of summer within winter. When Finny returns, he insists that the war is invented by fat old men and creates the Winter Carnival, with cider, prizes and games in the snow. Finny's one-legged dance on the prize table gives the scene a fleeting, almost holy joy, and Gene describes the afternoon as a momentary, special and separate peace torn from the grey encroachments of 1943. But the carnival is interrupted by Leper's telegram, and Gene must go to Vermont to find his friend broken by the army. The summer's peace cannot survive the winter's reality.

By the end of the novel, the change is complete. The trial in the Assembly Room, Finny's second fall on the marble stairs and his death take place in this cold season, and the school is finally taken over by an army unit training on the

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campus. Knowles therefore depicts the change from summer to winter as a symbolic journey from innocence to experience, and he makes it vivid through contrasting atmospheres, the growing presence of war, and the loss of Finny, whose spirit belonged entirely to summer.

17 Orwell memorably conveys Winston's thoughts and feelings at this moment as a fragile mixture of wonder, fear and self-doubt. He is on his way to his first secret meeting with Julia, in a landscape that seems to belong to a different world from London, yet the habits of surveillance follow him even into the wood. Orwell makes the moment powerful by setting the beauty of nature against Winston's constant watchfulness and his painful sense of his own inadequacy.

The opening paragraph is unusually lyrical for the novel. Winston walks "through dappled light and shade, stepping out into pools of gold", and the ground is "misty with bluebells". The colours and softness are a striking contrast to the grey, decaying London of Part 1. The personification "The air seemed to kiss one's skin" is sensuous and tender, anticipating the love affair, and the "droning of ringdoves" adds a peaceful, almost timeless sound. Even the short sentence "It was the second of May" matters: it suggests spring, renewal and perhaps May Day, a festival of freedom that the Party has emptied of meaning. Through this description Orwell lets us feel how starved Winston's senses have been.

Yet his thoughts immediately turn back to danger. The second paragraph is full of cautious, calculating language: "Presumably she could be trusted", "the danger of concealed microphones", "patrols hanging about the railway stations". The long, careful sentences reflect a mind that cannot relax, checking every risk. Even in the countryside, he reminds himself, "you could not assume that you were much safer".

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His "cautious backward glances" show how fear has become a physical habit. Orwell suggests that the Party's control is internal: Winston carries the telescreen inside his head.

The detail of the proles on the train adds another layer. The "enormous family", from a "toothless great-grandmother to a month-old baby", is noisy and cheerful, going to get "a little black-market butter", and they "freely" explain their plans. The word "freely" is pointed: the proles can speak openly in a way Winston, a Party member, cannot. Their warm, ordinary life is something he observes from outside, which deepens the sense of his loneliness.

The episode with the bluebells is the most memorable part of the passage. Winston picks them partly from boredom but also from "a vague idea" of offering flowers to the girl, a touchingly old-fashioned, romantic gesture. Yet the flowers have a "faint sickly scent", hinting that even beauty is tainted for him. When he hears "the unmistakable crackle of a foot on twigs", the sound "froze him", and Orwell's short sentences, "He went on picking bluebells. It was the best thing to do", show his mind working rapidly beneath an outward calm. The logic, "To look round was to show guilt", is chilling, because it reveals that innocence must be performed. The tension is released by "A hand fell lightly on his shoulder", a gentle touch where he had feared arrest.

After relief, Winston's feelings shift to insecurity. Watching Julia's "strong slender body" and the "scarlet sash", he feels "the sense of his own inferiority was heavy upon him". The sash is ironic, since it is the emblem of the Junior Anti-Sex League, yet here it emphasises her body. Orwell is honest about Winston's self-consciousness: the May sunshine makes him feel "dirty and etiolated, a creature of indoors", with the "sooty dust of London" in his pores. The scientific

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word "etiolated", used for plants grown without light, captures how the Party has drained him of vitality. Even "the sweetness of the air and the greenness of the leaves daunted him", a surprising verb that shows how unfamiliar happiness has become.

The passage ends with a moment of awkward stillness. Winston "did not dare move nearer", and he repeats her words "stupidly", a sign of his nervousness and his inexperience. Julia, by contrast, is practical and confident. Orwell therefore conveys Winston's thoughts and feelings memorably by placing a man shaped by fear in a place of natural freedom: he longs for it, but he is not yet able to trust it.

18 Orwell's portrayal of the proles contributes enormously to the impact of the novel, because they carry both its faint hope and its deepest despair. They are the vast majority of Oceania, free from the constant surveillance that crushes Party members, yet they are kept too distracted and too ignorant to use their strength. Through Winston's changing view of them, Orwell creates a painful tension between the possibility of rebellion and the certainty that it will never come.

The proles first appear as the focus of Winston's hope. In his diary he writes, "If there is hope, it lies in the proles." The conditional "If" is significant: even his hope is hesitant. He reasons that they make up eighty-five per cent of the population and could destroy the Party simply by rising up, like a horse shaking off flies. Yet he also writes the haunting paradox that "Until they become conscious they will never rebel, and until after they have rebelled they cannot become conscious." The circular syntax traps the proles, and the reader, in a closed loop, and this sentence shapes the novel's bleak logic. The impact is unsettling, because the solution is

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visible yet impossible.

Orwell makes the reader see why. The Party's slogan that "Proles and animals are free" reveals its contempt: they are left alone because they are not considered dangerous. They are kept busy with the Lottery, cheap gin, films, football and pornography produced by the Ministry of Truth. When Winston hears a crowd of proles shouting, he thinks for a moment that a riot has begun, but it is only women fighting over saucepans in a market. The bathos is bitterly comic and deeply disappointing. Orwell shows how anger that could change the world is spent on trivial things, and this makes the Party's power seem even more complete.

Winston's visit to the old man in the pub adds to this effect. He hopes that someone old enough to remember life before the Revolution can tell him whether things were better, but the old man remembers only fragments, such as top hats and the taste of beer in pints, and cannot answer the real question. Orwell suggests that the Party has destroyed collective memory, and even the proles cannot hold on to the past. The scene is poignant, because Winston's search for truth meets only confusion.

At the same time, Orwell presents the proles as the last place where humanity survives. They have kept private loyalties and emotions, which the Party has stamped out in its own members. Winston remembers his mother's protective gesture, connects it to the woman shielding a child in the war film he described in his diary, and realises that the proles have stayed human, just as it was a prole woman in the audience who had protested that such a film should not be shown in front of children. The washerwoman singing beneath the window of the room above Mr Charrington's shop is the strongest symbol of this. She sings a sentimental song composed by a machine, "It was only an 'opeless fancy", and yet

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she makes it almost beautiful. Winston comes to see her, with her powerful arms and her endless work, as beautiful too, and he thinks that the future belongs to people like her. The bird singing in the wood, the proles singing and the Party never singing are linked in his mind, so that song becomes a sign of life the Party cannot reach.

However, Orwell undermines even this hope. The prole district is where the trap is set: Mr Charrington, the kindly old shopkeeper, turns out to be a member of the Thought Police, and the room above his shop, the lovers' refuge, becomes the place of their arrest. The song of the washerwoman is still in the air at the moment the voice from behind the picture speaks. This structural irony is devastating, because the space associated with the proles' freedom is shown to be watched all along. In the Ministry of Love, O'Brien dismisses the idea that the proles will ever revolt, and nothing in the ending contradicts him.

The proles therefore contribute to the impact of the novel by giving Winston, and the reader, a reason to hope, and then showing why that hope is so fragile. They embody human warmth, memory and strength, but also the ignorance on which the Party depends. Orwell's portrayal leaves us with a disturbing warning: freedom is useless to those who have been taught not to understand it.

19 This is a moving moment because Paton shows two men, both wounded, finding their way past pride and humiliation towards a fragile kind of trust. Kumalo arrives broken, and the young white man arrives ashamed, and the slow, awkward conversation between them becomes a small act of reconciliation inside a story full of fear and loss. What moves me most is that the comfort offered is real but limited: there is kindness here, yet Kumalo's hope remains "little".

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Paton opens by stressing Kumalo's exhaustion. He returns "tired and dispirited", and the repetition of silence, with the women "silent" and Kumalo sitting "silent there", creates a heavy stillness. Even his love for his "small nephew" cannot reach him. When the young man appears, Kumalo "shrank from him", a verb that makes the old priest seem almost childlike, physically recoiling from further pain. The description "an old bowed man" is especially poignant: "bowed" suggests age, grief and submission all at once, and his eyes "fixed" on the floor show a man who no longer feels able to meet another's gaze.

The dialogue is the heart of the passage's power. Kumalo can only reply "Sir?" and then "Sir" again, and the repetition is painful to read. Paton uses the dash-led speech without quotation marks, so the words seem bare and exposed, and the single syllable carries all of Kumalo's humility and fear. The narrator's comment that it is "hard to speak to a man who stood thus" invites us to see the scene from the young man's side too. Then Paton pauses to explain Kumalo's struggle: he "has learned to be humble" and yet "desires to be something that is himself". This is a deeply sympathetic insight, because it shows that Kumalo's deference is not weakness but a conflict between a lifetime's habit of submission and a longing for dignity.

The young man is presented with equal subtlety. His repeated frowning, "angrier than ever" and "still frowning angrily", could make him seem harsh, but his words reveal that the anger is turned on himself. He admits, "I hurt myself and I hurt others also", and confesses that he grows "ashamed". It is moving that a younger man in a position of authority apologises to an old man he has hurt. The simple question "Will you not sit down?" is a gesture of respect, inviting Kumalo to be at ease. The turning point comes when Kumalo turns his face "so that the young

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man could see that the hurt was gone out of it", and says he understands "completely". The emphatic adverb suggests a generous, total forgiveness, and immediately "The young man stopped frowning". Paton shows reconciliation happening through tiny physical signs rather than speeches.

Kumalo's admission, "Your visit has put a fresh heart into me", left trailing with "I felt", is touching because he cannot finish; the young man's quick "Yes, I know" completes the thought for him, as if they now understand each other without words. His muttered "It is my great fault" shows how seriously he takes his own failing.

The scene at the Mission House widens this kindness into a small community of support. Father Vincent's insistence on "the truth and nothing but the truth", repeated, gives the moment moral seriousness: they will help Absalom, but not by lying. His gentle touch on "the old man's arm" and his words "Be of good courage" offer comfort, yet he is honest that Absalom "will be severely punished". The phrase "while there is life, there is hope for amendment of life" is consoling, but Kumalo's reply, "my hope is little", undercuts it, and this restraint is what makes the moment so affecting. Paton does not pretend that kindness can undo Kumalo's sorrow.

The passage ends with the young man's quiet promise that he is "ready to help". The moment is moving, then, because Paton balances grief with grace: two proud and hurt men humble themselves before each other, and in their clumsy, sincere exchange we glimpse the possibility of compassion across the barriers that divide them, even while the shadow of Absalom's fate remains.

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Paton presents James Jarvis's attitude to Ndotsheni as a journey from detached ownership to active, humble care. At the start he looks down on the valley from above, both literally and morally; by the end he is working, quietly and almost secretly, to restore it. The power of this change lies in how Paton makes it gradual and understated, so that grief, rather than argument, transforms him.

When we first meet Jarvis in Book 2, Paton places him on his farm at High Place, looking down over Ndotsheni. The setting is symbolic: his land is fertile and well kept, while the valley below is eroded, dry and failing. He notices the poverty of the land and the lack of rain, but he regards it as a problem without a solution, something sad but not his concern. Paton makes his position physically superior, and this elevation suggests the distance between the white landowner and the black community whose suffering he can see without feeling. His conversation about native crime with his neighbour Harrison is conventional and unthinking; he has accepted the views of those around him.

The news of Arthur's murder is the turning point. In Johannesburg Jarvis enters his dead son's study and reads his writings, and Paton slows the narrative to follow him as he reads. Arthur's argument, that white South Africa has destroyed the old tribal life without putting anything worthwhile in its place, confronts Jarvis with ideas he had never considered. Paton is careful not to show a sudden conversion: Jarvis reads, pauses, thinks, and reads again. The pictures and books in the room, especially those about Abraham Lincoln, suggest a moral seriousness in Arthur that the father is only now discovering. It is powerful because Jarvis comes to know his son only after he has lost him, and his changing attitude to the black community becomes a way of continuing Arthur's work.

His encounter with Kumalo at Barbara Smith's house is handled with great

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restraint. Kumalo trembles and can hardly speak when he realises whose father this is, and Jarvis, after a long pause, says that he understands and that there is no anger in him. Paton makes this one of the novel's most moving moments, because the silence between the two old men carries more than any speech.

In Book 3 Jarvis's new attitude becomes action. When Arthur's small son visits Kumalo's house and learns that children in Ndotsheni are dying for want of milk, milk soon arrives for them from Jarvis. Paton presents this almost as a miracle from Kumalo's point of view, and the simplicity of the gift is what makes it powerful: Jarvis does not make speeches, he acts. He then sends the young agricultural demonstrator, Napoleon Letsitsi, to teach the people to farm the valley properly, and plans a dam. The scene in which Jarvis shelters from the storm in Kumalo's leaking church, while sticks are being placed in the ground for the dam, is quietly symbolic: the rain the valley has longed for has come, and Jarvis is now inside the community's church rather than looking down on it.

The death of Mrs Jarvis deepens his commitment. When the women of Kumalo's church send a wreath, Jarvis responds by offering to build a new church in her memory. Paton suggests that private grief has become public generosity, and that Jarvis now sees the people of Ndotsheni as fellow mourners rather than strangers.

At the end, as he prepares to leave, Jarvis meets Kumalo on the road, and Kumalo thanks him for all that he has done. Jarvis's reticence is striking: he cannot or will not explain his motives, and Paton leaves much unsaid. I find this the most powerful aspect of his presentation. Jarvis's change is not a neat moral lesson but the slow, painful awakening of a reserved man, and his gifts to Ndotsheni are a way of living with a loss he can never fully speak about. The valley that once lay helplessly below him has become, through Arthur's death, the place where he tries

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to mend what is broken.

21 Poe makes this ending frightening by letting horror arrive in stages: first a sound, then a confession, then an appearance, and finally the destruction of the house itself. Each stage confirms the narrator's worst fear and then exceeds it, so that the reader is given no relief, only a mounting sense that the supernatural and the psychological have become one.

The passage opens with sound. The simile "as if a shield of brass had indeed, at the moment, fallen heavily upon a floor of silver" connects the romance the narrator is reading with the real house, and the word "indeed" is chilling, because the fictional noise seems to have come true. The pile of adjectives, "distinct, hollow, metallic, and clangorous", makes the sound almost physical, yet it is "apparently muffled", a contradiction that suggests something hidden and enclosed. The narrator is "Completely unnerved", while Usher's "measured rocking movement" is "undisturbed". This contrast is frightening: Usher's calm is not peace but a kind of trance, confirmed by his "stony rigidity", which makes him seem already half turned to stone or to a corpse.

Usher's speech is the emotional climax. Poe fractures it with dashes and repetitions, "Long", "long", "long", and "I dared not", so that we hear a mind breaking apart. The gradual expansion from "many minutes" to "many hours, many days" is horrifying, because it reveals how long Madeline has been struggling while he listened. The blunt sentence "We have put her living in the tomb!" is the most terrifying line in the passage: the word "living" turns a burial into a murder. Poe then reinterprets every sound of the story the narrator has been reading, as Usher insists that the "breaking of the hermit's door" was really "the rending of her

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coffin". This retrospective twist makes the reader realise that the horror was happening all along, just out of sight. The questions that follow, such as "Will she not be here anon?", build suspense, and the "heavy and horrible beating of her heart" uses alliteration to make the sound throb. His double cry of "Madman!", aimed perhaps at the narrator or at himself, leaves us unsure who is sane.

Madeline's entrance is staged with terrible precision. The doors open "as if" in response to a "spell", and the "ebony jaws" personify them as a monstrous mouth, as if the house is about to devour its inhabitants. The narrator offers a rational explanation, "the rushing gust", but immediately overturns it with "but then", and the reader's relief is snatched away. The image of Madeline is stark: "blood upon her white robes" contrasts violence with purity, and her "emaciated frame" shows the cost of her "bitter struggle". She falls "heavily inward" upon her brother, and the phrase "a victim to the terrors he had anticipated" suggests that Usher's fear has fulfilled itself. I find this the most disturbing idea of all: he dies of the very dread that has consumed him.

Poe does not end with the deaths. The narrator flees "aghast", but nature itself seems to pursue him: the storm is "in all its wrath", and the "blood-red moon" lights up the fissure that was "once barely-discernible". The return to this tiny detail from the opening of the story is structurally powerful, since what was nearly invisible now splits the whole building. The breathless sequence of clauses separated by dashes, "my brain reeled", "the mighty walls rushing asunder", imitates panic, and the "voice of a thousand waters" gives the collapse an apocalyptic scale. The final sentence is quieter, and that is what makes it so chilling: the tarn closes "sullenly and silently" over the fragments. The alliteration of "s" sounds creates a hush, as if the earth has swallowed the family and its house without a trace.

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The ending is frightening, then, because Poe fuses the human and the architectural. The "House of Usher", in its closing quotation marks, means both the building and the family line, and both are destroyed together. Poe leaves us with silence, with no survivor except a terrified witness, and with the unsettling sense that madness, guilt and the supernatural have become impossible to separate.