Cambridge Assessment International Education

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/11**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose **May/June 2021**

1 hour 30 minutes

5720251325

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. Any 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:

Those Winter Sundays

Sundays too my father got up early
and put his clothes on in the blueblack cold,
then with cracked hands that ached
from labor in the weekday weather made
banked fires blaze. No one ever thanked him.

I'd wake and hear the cold splintering, breaking.
When the rooms were warm, he'd call,
and slowly I would rise and dress,
fearing the chronic angers of that house,

Speaking indifferently to him,
who had driven out the cold
and polished my good shoes as well.
What did I know, what did I know
of love's austere and lonely offices?

(Robert Hayden)

Explore how Hayden powerfully conveys memories of childhood in this poem.

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Or **2** How does Angelou use words and images to striking effect in *Caged Bird*?

Caged Bird

A free bird leaps
on the back of the wind
and floats downstream
till the current ends
and dips his wing
in the orange sun's rays
and dares to claim the sky.

But a bird that stalks
down his narrow cage
can seldom see through
his bars of rage
his wings are clipped and
his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings
with a fearful trill
of things unknown
but longed for still
and his tune is heard
on the distant hill
for the caged bird
sings of freedom.

The free bird thinks of another breeze
and the trade winds soft through the sighing trees
and the fat worms waiting on a dawn-bright lawn
and he names the sky his own.

But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams
his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings
with a fearful trill
of things unknown
but longed for still
and his tune is heard
on the distant hill
for the caged bird
sings of freedom.

(Maya Angelou)

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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:

Written Near a Port on a Dark Evening

Huge vapors brood above the clifted shore,
  Night on the Ocean settles, dark and mute,
Save where is heard the repercussive roar
  Of drowsy billows, on the rugged foot
Of rocks remote; or still more distant tone
  Of seamen in the anchored bark that tell
The watch relieved; or one deep voice alone
  Singing the hour, and bidding “Strike the bell.”
All is black shadow, but the lucid line
  Marked by the light surf on the level sand,
Or where afar the ship-lights faintly shine
  Like wandering fairy fires, that oft on land
Mislead the Pilgrim—Such the dubious ray
That wavering Reason lends, in life’s long darkling way.

(Charlotte Smith)

Explore the ways in which Smith creates a powerful atmosphere in this poem.

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Or **4** How does Cowper make *The Poplar-Field* such a moving poem?

The Poplar-Field

The poplars are felled, farewell to the shade
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade,
The winds play no longer, and sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I last took a view
Of my favourite field and the bank where they grew,
And now in the grass behold they are laid,
And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade.

The blackbird has fled to another retreat
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat,
And the scene where his melody charmed me before,
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,
With a turf on my breast, and a stone at my head,
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

'Tis a sight to engage me, if any thing can,
To muse on the perishing pleasures of man;
Though his life be a dream, his enjoyments, I see,
Have a being less durable even than he.

(William Cowper)

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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:

A Child's Sleep

I stood at the edge of my child's sleep
hearing her breathe;
although I could not enter there,
I could not leave.

Her sleep was a small wood,
perfumed with flowers;
dark, peaceful, sacred,
acred in hours.

And she was the spirit that lives
in the heart of such woods;
without time, without history,
wordlessly good.

I spoke her name, a pebble dropped
in the still night,
and saw her stir, both open palms
cupping their soft light;

then went to the window. The greater dark
outside the room
gazed back, maternal, wise,
with its face of moon.

How does Duffy vividly convey the mother's feelings for her child in this poem?

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Or **6** What does Duffy's writing make you feel for the speaker in *Originally*?

Originally

We came from our own country in a red room
which fell through the fields, our mother singing
our father's name to the turn of the wheels.
My brothers cried, one of them bawling, *Home*,
Home, as the miles rushed back to the city,
the street, the house, the vacant rooms
where we didn't live any more. I stared
at the eyes of a blind toy, holding its paw.

All childhood is an emigration. Some are slow,
leaving you standing, resigned, up an avenue
where no one you know stays. Others are sudden.
Your accent wrong. Corners, which seem familiar,
leading to unimagined pebble-dashed estates, big boys
eating worms and shouting words you don't understand.
My parents' anxiety stirred like a loose tooth
in my head. *I want our own country*, I said.

But then you forget, or don't recall, or change,
and, seeing your brother swallow a slug, feel only
a skelf of shame. I remember my tongue
shedding its skin like a snake, my voice
in the classroom sounding just like the rest. Do I only think
I lost a river, culture, speech, sense of first space
and the right place? Now, *Where do you come from?*
strangers ask. *Originally?* And I hesitate.

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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:

'Helen, why do you stay with a girl whom everybody believes to be a liar?'

'Everybody, Jane? Why, there are only eighty people who have heard you called so, and the world contains hundreds of millions.'

'But what have I to do with millions? The eighty I know despise me.'

'Jane, you are mistaken: probably not one in the school either despises or dislikes you; many, I am sure, pity you much.'

'How can they pity me after what Mr Brocklehurst said?'

'Mr Brocklehurst is not a god: nor is he even a great and admired man: he is little liked here; he never took steps to make himself liked. Had he treated you as an especial favourite, you would have found enemies, declared or covert, all around you; as it is, the greater number would offer you sympathy if they dared. Teachers and pupils may look coldly on you for a day or two, but friendly feelings are concealed in their hearts; and if you persevere in doing well, these feelings will ere long appear so much the more evidently for their temporary suppression. Besides, Jane—' She paused.

'Well, Helen?' said I, putting my hand into hers. She chafed my fingers gently to warm them, and went on –

'If all the world hated you, and believed you wicked, while your own conscience approved you, and absolved you from guilt, you would not be without friends.'

'No; I know I should think well of myself; but that is not enough: if others don't love me, I would rather die than live – I cannot bear to be solitary and hated, Helen. Look here; to gain some real affection from you, or Miss Temple, or any other whom I truly love, I would willingly submit to have the bone of my arm broken, or to let a bull toss me, or to stand behind a kicking horse, and let it dash its hoof at my chest—'

'Hush, Jane! you think too much of the love of human beings; you are too impulsive, too vehement: the sovereign Hand that created your frame, and put life into it, has provided you with other resources than your feeble self, or than creatures feeble as you. Besides this earth, and besides the race of men, there is an invisible world and a kingdom of spirits: that world is round us, for it is everywhere; and those spirits watch us, for they are commissioned to guard us; and if we were dying in pain and shame, if scorn smote us on all sides, and hatred crushed us, angels see our tortures, recognise our innocence (if innocent we be: as I know you are of this charge which Mr Brocklehurst has weakly and pompously repeated at second-hand from Mrs Reed; for I read a sincere nature in your ardent eyes and on your clear front), and God waits only the separation of spirit from flesh to crown us with a full reward. Why, then, should we ever sink overwhelmed with distress, when life is so soon over, and death is so certain an entrance to happiness – to glory?'

I was silent: Helen had calmed me; but in the tranquillity she imparted

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there was an alloy of inexpressible sadness. I felt the impression of woe as she spoke, but I could not tell whence it came; and when, having done speaking, she breathed a little fast and coughed a short cough, I momentarily forgot my own sorrows to yield to a vague concern for her.

Resting my head on Helen's shoulder, I put my arms round her waist; she drew me to her, and we reposed in silence. We had not sat long thus, when another person came in. Some heavy clouds, swept from the sky by a rising wind, had left the moon bare; and her light, streaming in through a window near, shone full both on us and on the approaching figure, which we at once recognised as Miss Temple.

'I came on purpose to find you, Jane Eyre,' said she; 'I want you in my room; and as Helen Burns is with you, she may come too.'

(*from* Chapter 8)

How does Brontë make this moment in the novel so moving?

Or **8** How does Brontë vividly convey Jane's changing feelings towards Mr Rochester?

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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:

Before he could make out who had opened the door and now stood behind it, he heard an immense voice, cracked and hoarse and thorny, boom from somewhere high above their heads: 'Who is it that disturbs the sleep of the aged at this hour of the afternoon that is given to rest?

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> Although there were no angels singing 'Hallelujah! Hallelujah!' in accompaniment, the pigeons cooed loudly with agitation and the old man could be heard muttering incredulously, 'Fool, says he's a fool – hah!' and Deven took that as sufficient invitation to enter.
>
> (*from* Chapter 3)

How does Desai make this such a memorable moment in the novel?

Or **10** Explore how Desai strikingly portrays the relationship between Murad and Deven.

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ZORA NEALE HURSTON: *Their Eyes Were Watching God*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Then the strange white man that was going to talk for her got up there.

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So the sun went down.

(*from* Chapter 19)

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Explore how Hurston makes this moment in the novel so dramatic and moving.

Or **12** 'Joe Starks (Jody) wants to be in control.'

How far does Hurston's writing suggest that he succeeds?

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HENRY JAMES: *Washington Square*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

After dinner Morris Townsend went and stood before Catherine, who was standing before the fire in her red satin gown.

'He doesn't like me – he doesn't like me at all!' said the young man.

'Who doesn't like you?' asked Catherine.

'Your father; extraordinary man!'

'I don't see how you know,' said Catherine, blushing.

'I feel; I am very quick to feel.'

'Perhaps you are mistaken.'

'Ah, well; you ask him and you will see.'

'I would rather not ask him, if there is any danger of his saying what you think.'

Morris looked at her with an air of mock melancholy.

'It wouldn't give you any pleasure to contradict him?'

'I never contradict him,' said Catherine.

'Will you hear me abused without opening your lips in my defence?'

'My father won't abuse you. He doesn't know you enough.'

Morris Townsend gave a loud laugh, and Catherine began to blush again.

'I shall never mention you,' she said, to take refuge from her confusion.

'That is very well; but it is not quite what I should have liked you to say. I should have liked you to say: "If my father doesn't think well of you, what does it matter?"'

'Ah, but it would matter; I couldn't say that!' the girl exclaimed.

He looked at her for a moment, smiling a little; and the Doctor, if he had been watching him just then, would have seen a gleam of fine impatience in the sociable softness of his eye. But there was no impatience in his rejoinder – none, at least, save what was expressed in a little appealing sigh. 'Ah, well, then, I must not give up the hope of bringing him round!'

He expressed it more frankly to Mrs Penniman, later in the evening. But before that he sang two or three songs at Catherine's timid request; not that he flattered himself that this would help to bring her father round. He had a sweet, light tenor voice, and when he had finished, every one made some exclamation – every one, that is, save Catherine, who remained intensely silent. Mrs Penniman declared that his manner of singing was 'most artistic', and Dr. Sloper said it was 'very taking – very taking indeed', speaking loudly and distinctly, but with a certain dryness.

'He doesn't like me – he doesn't like me at all,' said Morris Townsend, addressing the aunt in the same manner as he had done the niece. 'He thinks I'm all wrong.'

Unlike her niece, Mrs Penniman asked for no explanation. She only smiled very sweetly, as if she understood everything; and, unlike Catherine too, she made no attempt to contradict him. 'Pray, what does it matter?' she murmured softly.

'Ah, you say the right thing!' said Morris, greatly to the gratification of Mrs Penniman, who prided herself on always saying the right thing.

(*from* Chapter 7)

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What vivid impressions of Morris Townsend does James create at this moment in the novel?

Or **14** To what extent does James make Dr Sloper a frightening character?

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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:

None of us was allowed near the infirmary during the next days, but I heard all the rumours that came out of it.

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‘Sports are finished for him, after an accident like that. Of course.’

(*from* Chapter 5)

How does Knowles powerfully portray Gene at this moment in the novel?

Or **16** ‘The war is always present at Devon School.’

Explore the ways in which Knowles memorably conveys this to you.

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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:

Presently they fell asleep for a little while. When Winston woke up the hands of the clock had crept round to nearly nine. He did not stir, because Julia was sleeping with her head in the crook of his arm. Most of her make-up had transferred itself to his own face or the bolster, but a light stain of rouge still brought out the beauty of her cheekbone. A yellow ray from the sinking sun fell across the foot of the bed and lighted up the fireplace, where the water in the pan was boiling fast. Down in the yard the woman had stopped singing, but the faint shouts of children floated in from the street. He wondered vaguely whether in the abolished past it had been a normal experience to lie in bed like this, in the cool of a summer evening, a man and a woman with no clothes on, making love when they chose, talking of what they chose, not feeling any compulsion to get up, simply lying there and listening to peaceful sounds outside. Surely there could never have been a time when that seemed ordinary? Julia woke up, rubbed her eyes and raised herself on her elbow to look at the oilstove.

'Half that water's boiled away,' she said. 'I'll get up and make some coffee in another moment. We've got an hour. What time do they cut the lights off at your flats?'

'Twenty-three thirty.'

'It's twenty-three at the hostel. But you have to get in earlier than that, because – Hi! Get out, you filthy brute!'

She suddenly twisted herself over in the bed, seized a shoe from the floor and sent it hurtling into the corner with a boyish jerk of her arm, exactly as he had seen her fling the dictionary at Goldstein, that morning during the Two Minutes Hate.

'What was it?' he said in surprise.

'A rat. I saw him stick his beastly nose out of the wainscoting. There's a hole down there. I gave him a good fright, anyway.'

'Rats!' murmured Winston. 'In this room!'

'They're all over the place,' said Julia indifferently as she lay down again. 'We've even got them in the kitchen at the hostel. Some parts of London are swarming with them. Did you know they attack children? Yes, they do. In some of these streets a woman daren't leave a baby alone for two minutes. It's the great huge brown ones that do it. And the nasty thing is that the brutes always – '

'*Don't go on!*' said Winston, with his eyes tightly shut.

'Dearest! You've gone quite pale. What's the matter? Do they make you feel sick?'

'Of all horrors in the world – a rat!'

She pressed herself against him and wound her limbs round him, as though to reassure him with the warmth of her body. He did not re-open his eyes immediately. For several moments he had had the feeling of being back in a nightmare which had recurred from time to time throughout his life. It was always very much the same. He was standing in front of a wall of darkness, and on the other side of it there was something unendurable, something too dreadful to be faced. In the dream his deepest feeling was always one of self-deception, because he did in fact know what was behind the wall of darkness. With a deadly effort, like wrenching a piece out of his

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own brain, he could even have dragged the thing into the open. He always woke up without discovering what it was: but somehow it was connected with what Julia had been saying when he cut her short.

'I'm sorry,' he said; 'it's nothing. I don't like rats, that's all.'

'Don't worry, dear, we're not going to have the filthy brutes in here. I'll stuff the hole with a bit of sacking before we go. And next time we come here I'll bring some plaster and bung it up properly.'

(*from* Part 2)

How does Orwell make this moment in the novel so memorable and significant?

Or **18** Explore how Orwell strikingly portrays the absolute power of the Party.

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:

Yes, it was true what Msimangu had said.

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The tribe was broken, and would be mended no more.

(*from* Book 1 Chapter 13)

How does Paton powerfully convey Stephen's thoughts and feelings at this moment in the novel?

Or **20** Explore **two** moments in the novel where Paton's writing makes you feel particularly angry about the treatment of black people.

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from *Stories of Ourselves*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **21** Read this passage from *On Her Knees* (by Tim Winton), and then answer the question that follows it:

It was a lonely apartment.

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And then could it be possible that her failure to report a theft to the cops was an act of kindness towards my mother, an act of mercy toward me?

What striking impressions of the apartment and its owner does Winton create for you here?

Or **22** How does the writer make you feel sympathy for **one** of the following characters?

- the prisoner in *The Lemon Orchard* (by Alex La Guma)
- the old man in *Journey* (by Patricia Grace)
- Miss McCabe in *The Stoat* (by John McGahern)

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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.

Question number

1

Hayden conveys childhood memory as something painfully double: the adult speaker remembers the cold, fear and indifference of his boyhood, but he now sees within those same mornings a quiet, unthanked love that he was too young to recognise. What makes the poem so powerful is that the memory is not simply recalled but re-judged, so that a scene of ordinary domestic routine becomes a confession of guilt and a belated act of gratitude.

The opening word "Sundays" is immediately qualified by "too", a tiny word that carries a great deal. It suggests that the father's early rising was relentless, extending even into the one day meant for rest, and it lets the speaker imply a whole working week without describing it. The physical hardship is made vivid through sound and texture. The compound "blueblack cold" fuses colour and temperature so that the cold seems almost visible, a dense darkness the father must move through alone. The harsh consonants of "cracked hands that ached" make the line itself feel rough and effortful, and the reference to "labor in the weekday weather" shows that his body carries the damage of his work into the home. Yet this suffering is turned into an act of creation: he "made / banked fires blaze", the enjambment pushing the reader forward to the explosive, alliterative "blaze" as if warmth bursts out of his effort. Then comes the bluntest sentence in the poem: "No one ever thanked him." Its short, flat statement, placed at the end of the first stanza, falls like a verdict, and I read it as the adult speaker's self-accusation, all the more painful because "No one" includes himself.

The second stanza shifts to the child's perspective. "I'd wake and hear the cold splintering, breaking" is a striking memory because it is aural rather than visual:

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the child, still in bed, experiences his father's labour only as sound. The cold is personified as something solid that "splintering, breaking" shatters, as though the father is physically fighting it off. The child, by contrast, rises only when "the rooms were warm", and "slowly I would rise" suggests reluctance and comfort bought by someone else's sacrifice. The phrase "the chronic angers of that house" is deliberately unspecific. "Chronic" suggests a long-lasting, almost illness-like tension, and the distancing "that house" rather than "our house" hints at how the speaker still holds the memory at arm's length. Hayden does not tell us whose angers these were, which allows a darker reading: the childhood was genuinely frightening, and this makes the adult's sympathy more complex and more honest than simple nostalgia.

The final stanza turns on the contrast between the child's coldness and the father's care. "Speaking indifferently to him" makes the boy's emotional chill mirror the physical cold, while the father "had driven out the cold" in both senses. The detail that he "polished my good shoes as well" is quietly devastating: it is a small, unasked-for service, and the casual "as well" shows how invisible such acts were to the child. The repetition "What did I know, what did I know" breaks the controlled tone of the poem, and I hear in it the voice of a man rebuking himself, the question rhetorical because the answer is "nothing". The closing phrase "love's austere and lonely offices" redefines love entirely. "Offices" suggests duties performed faithfully, almost religiously, rather than spoken affection; "austere" captures the father's harsh, undemonstrative manner; and "lonely" reminds us that he performed them unnoticed.

Structurally, the poem moves from the father's actions, through the child's experience, to the adult's realisation, so the reader shares the speaker's slow dawning of understanding. The loose, unrhymed lines feel conversational, like

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memory itself, yet the tight fourteen-line shape gives the reflection the weight of a sonnet of love. Hayden powerfully conveys childhood memory, then, not as a comforting retreat but as a place where the adult discovers, too late, the love he failed to return.

2 Angelou builds Caged Bird around a single extended contrast between two birds, and her words and images are striking because they make freedom feel effortless and luxurious while making captivity feel cramped, violent and yet defiant. The poem's most powerful effect is that the caged bird, deprived of everything the free bird takes for granted, still possesses a voice, so that song itself becomes an act of resistance.

The free bird's opening stanza is written as one long, flowing sentence, linked by repeated "and", which mirrors the ease of his flight. The verbs "leaps", "floats" and "dips" are light and playful, and the image of him riding "on the back of the wind" suggests that nature itself carries him. He "dips his wing / in the orange sun's rays" as if the sun were a pool to bathe in, a richly coloured image of pleasure and ownership. The stanza ends with him daring "to claim the sky", which is striking because the word "claim" suggests entitlement: the whole world appears to belong to him.

The conjunction "But" swings the poem abruptly to the caged bird, and the language narrows as his space does. He "stalks / down his narrow cage", and "stalks" implies restless, frustrated pacing, almost the movement of a predator denied its prey. The phrase "his bars of rage" is especially striking, as the bars are both physical and emotional: his anger is so intense that it seems to imprison him further, clouding his vision so he "can seldom see through". The flat, monosyllabic

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statement "his wings are clipped and / his feet are tied" presents a double mutilation, removing both flight and movement, yet the stanza ends with a turn: "so he opens his throat to sing." The word "so" makes the singing a direct response to his suffering, and "opens his throat" sounds raw and physical, not pretty.

The refrain then shifts the poem into song. The short lines and insistent rhymes of "trill", "still" and "hill" give it a hymn-like or blues-like simplicity. "Fearful trill" is a powerful oxymoron, joining terror with a delicate musical sound, and "things unknown / but longed for still" shows that the caged bird yearns for a freedom he has never experienced. Yet his tune "is heard / on the distant hill", suggesting that his voice escapes the cage even though his body cannot, reaching others far away.

When Angelou returns to the free bird, the images become almost greedy in their abundance. He thinks of "another breeze", always wanting more, and the long lines are crowded with soft sounds and comfortable images: "the trade winds soft through the sighing trees" and "the fat worms waiting on a dawn-bright lawn". The internal rhyme of "dawn-bright lawn" and the word "fat" make his world seem lavish and easy, and his food literally lies "waiting" for him. He "names the sky his own", which develops the earlier "claim" into possession. I find this subtly critical: the free bird is complacent, thinking only of his own comfort.

The contrast that follows is the darkest image in the poem: "a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams". This metaphor suggests that his hopes have died and that he is literally standing over their burial place, while "his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream" turns silence into anguish, as if even his shadow cannot bear his condition. The harsh repeated "s" and "sh" sounds give the line a hissing intensity. Then Angelou repeats exactly the line about his clipped wings and his

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singing, and the repetition suggests that his situation never changes, but neither does his response.

By ending with the refrain a second time, Angelou gives the caged bird the final word. The last line, "sings of freedom", isolated and short, is triumphant rather than defeated. Through her vivid contrasts and her shift into song, Angelou strikingly shows that the oppressed, though denied everything else, cannot be denied their voice, and that it is their song, not the free bird's comfort, that truly carries meaning.

3

Smith creates an atmosphere of brooding darkness, isolation and uncertainty, in which the night-time sea is felt through sound far more than sight, and the few faint lights only deepen the sense of gloom. The atmosphere is powerful because it is not merely descriptive: in the final couplet Smith reveals that this murky seascape is an image of the human mind, struggling to find its way by the weak light of reason.

The opening line sets an oppressive, heavy tone. "Huge vapors brood above the clifted shore" personifies the mist as something sullen and threatening, and "brood" suggests both dark, gathering weather and a mind turning over unhappy thoughts. The long vowels of "Huge" and "brood" slow the line, giving it a weighty, ominous feel. In the second line "Night on the Ocean settles, dark and mute", the verb "settles" makes darkness seem to fall and stay, like something descending to rest, while "mute" creates an eerie silence. The capitalised "Ocean" and "Night" lend these forces a vast, almost godlike presence that dwarfs any human observer.

Yet the silence is immediately broken, and Smith builds much of her atmosphere

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through sound. The "repercussive roar / Of drowsy billows" is a striking combination: "repercussive" and "roar" suggest echoing, booming force, while "drowsy" makes the waves seem sleepy and sluggish. The effect is of a huge power at rest but still menacing as it breaks on "the rugged foot / Of rocks remote". The alliteration of "rugged", "rocks" and "remote" gives a hard, grinding sound, and "remote" stresses distance and loneliness. The enjambment across these lines imitates the rolling movement of the sea, each line spilling into the next.

Human presence enters the poem only as distant sound. The "still more distant tone / Of seamen in the anchored bark" reaches the speaker faintly, and their talk of "The watch relieved" reminds us of the routine of sailors keeping guard through the dark. Most haunting is "one deep voice alone / Singing the hour", with its call to "Strike the bell." The isolated "alone" at the end of the line emphasises solitude, and the single voice in the vast darkness makes the scene feel both comforting and desolate: there are people out there, but they are far off, unseen and separate from the speaker.

The sestet turns from sound to light, but light that barely exists. "All is black shadow" is absolute and bleak, the monosyllables "All" and "black" creating a stark, final statement. The only exceptions are "the lucid line / Marked by the light surf on the level sand", where the soft, liquid "l" sounds create a gentle, delicate image, a thin pale edge of foam against the dark. The "ship-lights" that "faintly shine" are compared to "wandering fairy fires", a simile that introduces something eerie and supernatural. These are lights that look like guidance but are deceptive, for they "oft on land / Mislead the Pilgrim". Here the atmosphere becomes unsettling: what seems to promise safety may lead the traveller astray.

The final couplet transforms the whole poem. "Such the dubious ray / That

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wavering Reason lends" explicitly makes the scene a metaphor. Reason, like the lights, is "dubious" and "wavering", flickering and unreliable, and life itself becomes a "long darkling way", a journey through gloom. The archaic "darkling" gives the ending a melancholy, almost elegiac tone, and the lengthened final line seems to stretch out like the road it describes. Smith's choice of the sonnet form, usually associated with love, is subverted to convey despair, and the alternating rhyme of the octave gives way to this weary closing couplet.

In this way Smith's atmosphere is powerful on two levels. On the surface it is a vivid, sensory picture of a port at night, full of muffled sounds and faint lights. Beneath it lies a deeply pessimistic vision of human life, in which we grope through darkness with only uncertain glimmers to guide us, and I find that this shift from landscape to inner feeling gives the poem its lingering sadness.

4 Cowper makes The Poplar-Field moving because what begins as a lament for a row of felled trees gradually becomes a lament for himself. The loss of a beloved, familiar place forces the speaker to confront the passing of time and his own death, and the poem's gentle, lilting music makes this realisation all the more poignant.

The poem opens with an abrupt statement of loss: "The poplars are felled". The passive verb hides who cut them down, so the destruction seems impersonal and final, and the immediate "farewell to the shade" turns the line into a small funeral speech. Cowper then describes what has gone through the senses, remembering "the whispering sound of the cool colonnade". The soft sibilance of "whispering sound" recreates the rustle of the leaves, while "colonnade" is a beautiful metaphor which turns the line of trees into the pillars of a classical temple, suggesting

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something grand, ordered and almost sacred. Its loss is therefore felt as the collapse of a kind of sanctuary. The negatives that follow, "The winds play no longer" and "Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives", build a sense of emptiness. Personification is important here: the winds once "play" and "sing" in the leaves, and the river Ouse is given a "bosom" that held the trees' reflection, so that nature itself seems to mourn. The image of the vanished reflection is especially moving, because even the trees' ghostly image in the water has gone.

The second stanza introduces time explicitly. "Twelve years have elapsed" suggests a long absence and a speaker returning to a place he assumed would be unchanged, and the possessive "my favourite field" shows how personal the attachment is. The shock of the present is captured in "behold they are laid", where "behold" has a solemn, almost biblical tone and "laid" sounds like a body laid out for burial. The line "the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade" is quietly ironic: the tree that sheltered him now serves as a bench, a reversal that is both homely and sad. The verb "lent" is telling, because it suggests the shade was only ever borrowed, never permanent.

The third stanza extends the loss to the blackbird, which "has fled to another retreat". The bird, unlike the speaker, can simply move on, and the place "where his melody charmed me before" now "Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more". There is a gentle paradox in "resounds" followed by "no more": the very word for echoing sound is used to describe silence, so that the absence of song seems to ring out.

The fourth stanza is the emotional turning point. "My fugitive years are all hasting away" applies the language of flight to the speaker's own life: like the blackbird, his years have fled. He then imagines his own grave: "I must ere long lie as lowly

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as they, / With a turf on my breast, and a stone at my head". The comparison with the fallen trees is direct, and the concrete images of turf and stone make death physical and close. The final line of the stanza adds another layer of sadness: no new grove will grow before he dies, so he will never see such beauty again.

The last stanza becomes reflective and philosophical. Cowper says the scene leads him "To muse on the perishing pleasures of man", where the alliteration of "perishing pleasures" binds enjoyment to decay. The conclusion is bleak: if human life is only "a dream", human enjoyments are even less lasting. This final twist is moving because it is so humble and resigned; the speaker does not rage, but quietly accepts that everything he loves is more fragile than he is, and he is fragile enough.

Throughout, the regular rhyming couplets and the bouncing anapaestic rhythm create a lilting, song-like quality, which might seem at odds with the subject. However, I think this tension is part of what makes the poem moving: its sweetness recalls the music of the lost trees and the blackbird, so the form itself seems to hold on to the beauty that the poem says has passed away.

5

Duffy conveys the mother's feelings as a mixture of tender devotion, awe and a gentle sense of separation. She loves her child so intensely that she cannot leave her, yet she recognises that the child's sleep is a private world she cannot enter, and the poem moves from this longing at the threshold to a calm, reassuring sense that the child is protected by something larger than herself.

The opening line places the mother "at the edge of my child's sleep", a striking

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image which turns sleep into a physical place with borders. The word "edge" suggests both closeness and exclusion: she is as near as she can be, but she remains outside. Her simple act of "hearing her breathe" shows how attentively she watches, and the short line conveys the hush of the room and the mother's absorption in this most basic sign of life. The balanced lines "although I could not enter there, / I could not leave" express her feelings with great economy. The repetition of "I could not" captures a double helplessness: she is shut out of the child's inner world yet held there by love, and this paradox is, I think, the emotional heart of the poem.

In the second stanza Duffy develops the idea through an extended metaphor: "Her sleep was a small wood, / perfumed with flowers". The wood suggests something natural, enclosed and enchanted, like a fairy-tale place, and "small" emphasises the child's size and vulnerability. The sensuous "perfumed" makes the sleep seem sweet and fragrant, a reflection of how precious the child seems to her mother. The list "dark, peaceful, sacred" moves from mystery to calm to holiness, and "sacred" shows that the mother almost reveres her child's sleep, as something not to be disturbed. Duffy's wordplay in "acred in hours" is particularly clever: by echoing "sacred", it turns time into land, as if the child's hours of sleep stretch out like a field, measured in acres. The internal rhyme gives the stanza a lullaby quality, appropriate to the subject.

The third stanza turns the child herself into "the spirit that lives / in the heart of such woods". This makes her seem magical and pure, a presence beyond the ordinary world. The repeated "without time, without history" suggests that the child is innocent and untouched by the past or the future, and the mother seems to treasure this timelessness, perhaps aware that it cannot last. "Wordlessly good" is especially moving: the child's goodness does not need to be spoken or proved,

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and the mother's love is equally beyond words.

In the fourth stanza the mother tries to reach across the boundary. "I spoke her name, a pebble dropped / in the still night" is a beautiful simile, suggesting a small sound sending ripples across a calm surface. It shows how carefully she speaks, testing the stillness, and how much power the simple name holds. The child's response is tender: she begins to "stir", and her "open palms / cupping their soft light" create an image of innocence and openness, the hands seeming to hold light like something fragile and precious. Perhaps the mother sees in this gesture her child's trust.

The final stanza widens the perspective as the mother goes "to the window". "The greater dark / outside the room" could be threatening, but Duffy surprises us: it "gazed back, maternal, wise, / with its face of moon." The night itself becomes a mother figure, watching over the child just as she does. I read this as a moment of comfort, as the mother realises that her child belongs to a larger, protective world, and she can share the burden of care. There may also be a hint of humility, as she recognises that her own love, though deep, is only part of what will shelter her daughter.

The poem's short lines, quiet half-rhymes such as "breathe" and "leave", and soft sounds throughout give it the hushed rhythm of someone speaking in a whisper beside a sleeping child. Duffy therefore vividly conveys the mother's feelings not only through her images of woods, pebbles and moonlight, but through the gentle music of the poem itself, which mirrors the tender, watchful love it describes.

6 Duffy's writing makes me feel deep sympathy for the speaker, a child uprooted

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from "our own country" who experiences moving as a kind of loss, and who, as an adult, is left uncertain about who she really is. What I feel most strongly by the end is not pity for a single painful move, but sadness at the quiet, gradual erosion of identity that the poem presents as part of every childhood.

The opening stanza recreates the move from a child's viewpoint. The family travels "in a red room / which fell through the fields", a strange, dreamlike metaphor for a train or car carriage. A child would not think of it as a vehicle but as a room, and "fell" suggests a frightening lack of control, as if the family is tumbling away from home. The mother "singing / our father's name to the turn of the wheels" is a tender detail, but it may also hint at her own anxiety as she comforts herself. The brother "bawling, Home, / Home" makes the grief raw and noisy, and the repetition across the line break sounds like a cry echoing after the place they are leaving. The image of "the miles rushed back to the city" reverses the motion, as if home itself is being pulled away from them, and the "vacant rooms / where we didn't live any more" create an aching sense of emptiness. I feel particularly moved by the speaker's response: she "stared / at the eyes of a blind toy, holding its paw." Her silence contrasts with her brother's noise, and clutching a toy that cannot see suggests her helplessness, perhaps her own blindness to what lies ahead.

The second stanza opens with a striking generalisation: "All childhood is an emigration." Duffy widens the speaker's experience to include the reader, suggesting that growing up always involves leaving something behind. The contrast between moves that are "slow" and "sudden" makes her own move seem especially brutal. The short sentence "Your accent wrong." is blunt and painful, mirroring how abruptly she is judged by others. The new place is unsettling: corners that "seem familiar" lead to "unimagined pebble-dashed estates", and the "big boys / eating worms and shouting words you don't understand" seem threatening and alien. The

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simile "My parents' anxiety stirred like a loose tooth / in my head" is especially effective because it is so childlike: the anxiety is a constant, nagging discomfort that she cannot stop noticing, and it shows that she senses her parents' fear without fully understanding it. Her direct plea, "I want our own country", is simple and heartfelt, and its simplicity makes me feel her longing keenly.

In the final stanza the tone becomes more reflective and ambiguous. "But then you forget, or don't recall, or change" suggests that adapting is not a single decision but a slow drift. Seeing her brother "swallow a slug" shows that he too has become like the boys who once frightened them, and she feels "only / a skelf of shame". The Scottish word "skelf", meaning a splinter, is itself a sign of her new identity, since she has absorbed the dialect of her new home, while the smallness of the shame suggests how little resistance she now feels. The image of her "tongue / shedding its skin like a snake" is powerful and slightly disturbing, as it presents losing her accent as a natural but painful transformation, leaving an old self behind like a discarded skin. Her voice "sounding just like the rest" suggests belonging but also a loss of individuality.

The ending makes me feel most sympathy. The list "a river, culture, speech, sense of first space / and the right place" builds a sense of everything that may have been lost, yet it is framed as a question, "Do I only think", so she is unsure even of her loss. When "strangers ask" where she comes from, the single word "Originally?" isolates the question of origins, and the final phrase "And I hesitate" ends the poem on uncertainty. I feel for the speaker because she has no simple answer: she belongs neither fully to the old country nor wholly to the new, and Duffy leaves her, and us, suspended in that hesitation.

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7

Brontë makes this moment moving because it captures a lonely, humiliated child finding comfort in friendship, while the reader senses, before Jane does, that the friend who comforts her is fragile and perhaps dying. The tenderness between the two girls is real, but it is shadowed throughout by sadness, so that the scene is consoling and heartbreaking at once.

The passage opens with Jane's raw sense of disgrace. Her question, "why do you stay with a girl whom everybody believes to be a liar?", shows how deeply Mr Brocklehurst's public accusation has wounded her, and her use of "everybody" reveals a child's tendency to feel that the whole world is against her. Helen's gentle, almost humorous reply, pointing out that only "eighty people" have heard it while "the world contains hundreds of millions", tries to put her suffering into perspective. Jane's retort, "The eighty I know despise me", is moving because it is so true to childhood: the wider world means nothing to her compared with the small community she must live among. The contrast between Helen's calm reasoning and Jane's passionate distress shapes the whole scene.

Helen's judgement of Mr Brocklehurst is quietly bold. In declaring that he "is not a god", she diminishes the figure who has humiliated Jane, and her prediction that "friendly feelings are concealed in their hearts" offers real hope. Brontë then adds a small physical gesture which says more than speech: Jane puts her hand into Helen's, and Helen "chafed my fingers gently to warm them". The detail is tender and maternal, and it is especially affecting because Jane, who has been starved of affection all her life, receives it from another child.

The emotional climax is Jane's outburst about love. "I cannot bear to be solitary and hated" lays bare her deepest need, and the extravagant list that follows, in which she would willingly have her arm broken, be tossed by a bull or stand

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behind a kicking horse, is moving precisely because it is so excessive. The violent, physical images reveal the intensity of her longing; she would rather suffer pain than be unloved. Yet the hyperbole also has a childlike quality, and it reminds the reader how young and vulnerable she is.

Helen's response is calm and otherworldly. She gently rebukes Jane as "too impulsive, too vehement", and then describes "an invisible world and a kingdom of spirits" in long, flowing sentences built on repeated clauses, which give her speech the rhythm of a sermon. Her faith is sincere and beautiful, but it is also unsettling, because she speaks of death with longing. When she asks why we should be overwhelmed "when life is so soon over", the words take on a terrible irony. Her reassurance that she reads "a sincere nature in your ardent eyes" is a loving affirmation of Jane's innocence, the first she has received.

The narrative voice then shifts subtly. Jane says Helen "had calmed me", but in that calm there was "an alloy of inexpressible sadness". The metaphor of an alloy suggests something mixed, peace combined with grief, and Jane cannot tell "whence it came". Brontë then provides the answer for the reader: Helen "breathed a little fast and coughed a short cough". The understated, simple detail is chilling, hinting at her illness, and it is moving that Jane "momentarily forgot my own sorrows" in her concern. For the first time, Jane's feelings turn outward, and her love for Helen shows her growing capacity for selflessness.

The final paragraph is an image of stillness and intimacy. Jane rests her head on Helen's shoulder and puts her arms round her waist, and the two "reposed in silence". The moonlight that streams in after the clouds are "swept from the sky" bathes them in a soft, almost spiritual light, as if they are blessed. The arrival of Miss Temple, who has come "on purpose" to find Jane, completes the sense of

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rescue: for once, Jane is sought out rather than rejected.

Brontë makes the moment moving, then, through the contrast between Jane's fierce need for love and Helen's serene acceptance of suffering, and through the quiet hints of Helen's illness which give every gesture of comfort a poignant, fragile beauty.

8 Brontë traces Jane's feelings towards Mr Rochester from curiosity and respect, through a secret and painful love, to a sense of betrayal and finally to a love between equals. What makes this development so vivid is that Brontë tells it through Jane's own intense, intimate first-person voice, so that we experience her feelings as she struggles to reconcile passion with self-respect.

Their first meeting is deliberately unromantic. On the icy lane near Thornfield, Rochester's horse slips and he falls, and Jane, rather than being rescued by a hero, helps the injured stranger back onto his horse. Brontë reverses the conventions of romance here, and Jane's reaction is telling: she is not frightened by his stern manner, and she later admits that his roughness put her at ease, since she could not have spoken so freely to a handsome, gracious gentleman. This early moment establishes what draws her to him, a frankness that treats her as an equal. Their fireside conversations at Thornfield develop this. When he asks whether she thinks him handsome, she answers bluntly "No, sir", and the reader enjoys her honesty and wit. Her feelings at this stage are of interest and stimulation: after the deprivation of Lowood, his abrupt, challenging talk awakens her mind.

Brontë charts the growth of love through dramatic incidents. When Jane saves Rochester from the fire in his bedroom, their parting is charged with feeling, and

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afterwards she cannot sleep, tossed on what she describes as a sea of troubled joy. The vivid imagery of emotion as a stormy sea suggests that her feelings are now beyond her control. Yet Brontë also shows her fighting them. When Blanche Ingram arrives, Jane forces herself to draw two portraits, one of herself plain and one of Blanche beautiful, as a harsh lesson to her own heart. This self-discipline is painful to watch, and her jealousy as she observes Rochester courting Blanche reveals how deeply she loves him while believing that love hopeless.

The proposal scene in the orchard brings these feelings to a climax. Believing Rochester will marry Blanche and send her away, Jane bursts out with her famous defence of her own worth, demanding whether he thinks that because she is "poor, obscure, plain, and little" she is "soulless and heartless". The rhythm of this list, with its build-up of adjectives, conveys the force of feelings she has long suppressed, and her insistence on spiritual equality is striking. When she declares "I am no bird; and no net ensnares me", the image asserts her independence even at the moment she confesses her love. Brontë immediately undercuts the happiness, however: that night the great chestnut tree under which he proposed is split by lightning, a symbolic warning that something is wrong.

During the engagement, Jane's feelings become uneasy. She resists Rochester's attempts to dress her in silks and jewels, feeling that he is trying to turn her into a possession, and she longs for some independence of her own. This shows that her love never overwhelms her sense of self. The revelation at the wedding that Rochester already has a living wife, Bertha, shatters her. Jane describes her hopes as dead, her love chilled and her world turned to winter, and Brontë's imagery of frozen desolation makes her grief vivid. Yet her decision to leave, though she still loves him passionately, is the true turning point. She refuses to become his mistress, and her inner struggle is dramatised almost as a battle between feeling

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and conscience. I find this deeply moving, because she chooses integrity over the man she loves.

At Moor House, Jane's feelings remain constant despite distance. When St John Rivers urges her to marry him without love, she nearly yields, but she hears Rochester's voice calling "Jane! Jane! Jane!" across the moors. The supernatural element suggests a bond between them so strong that it transcends space. When she returns to find Thornfield burnt and Rochester blind and maimed at Ferndean, her feelings have changed again: she now loves him with tenderness and pity, but also as an equal, since she is independent and he depends on her. The simple statement "Reader, I married him" is striking because Jane is the subject of the verb; she chooses.

Brontë therefore vividly conveys Jane's changing feelings through symbolism, dramatic confrontation and an intensely personal narrative voice, showing a love that deepens only when it can be reconciled with Jane's dignity and freedom.

10 Desai portrays the relationship between Murad and Deven as a friendship in name only: beneath the warm language of old schoolfellows lies a bond of exploitation, in which the confident, careless Murad uses Deven's timidity, his love of Urdu and his hunger for importance for his own ends. What makes the portrayal so striking is that Desai lets us see the imbalance far more clearly than Deven himself does, so that the relationship becomes both comic and quietly painful.

From the opening chapter Desai establishes the pattern. Murad arrives unannounced in Mirpore, the dusty provincial town where Deven teaches Hindi at the college, and at once takes charge. He mocks Deven's job and the language he

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is forced to teach for a living, and treats the small town with metropolitan contempt. Yet Deven, instead of resenting this, is flattered and excited. Desai shows his eagerness through the way he abandons his own concerns to listen, and through his secret pleasure at being singled out by a friend from Delhi. I find this opening uncomfortable because Deven seems to accept humiliation as the price of feeling connected to a larger, more literary world.

The central commission, to interview the great Urdu poet Nur for a special number of Murad's magazine, Awaaz, is the clearest expression of the relationship. Murad presents it as a gift, an honour that only a true lover of Urdu could receive, and Deven seizes it as the chance to escape the drabness of his life. But Desai makes it plain that Murad gives nothing of substance. He offers no money for the work, vague promises about payment and publication, and leaves Deven to find his own way into Nur's chaotic household. The irony is sharp: the man who claims to be the champion of Urdu culture is a shrewd small businessman who wants a valuable piece of writing for free.

Desai develops the relationship through repeated visits to Murad's cramped office in Delhi, which become almost ritual scenes. Deven arrives anxious, hoping for help, reassurance or the payment he is owed, and Murad deflects him with jokes, complaints about the financial struggles of an Urdu journal, and fresh demands. The comedy lies in the predictability: we know before Deven does that he will leave with nothing. Desai's narrative voice, closely tied to Deven's anxious consciousness, lets us share his hopes while seeing through them, so the reader becomes more frustrated with Murad, and with Deven's passivity, than Deven allows himself to be.

The relationship is also striking because it mirrors the other unequal bonds in the

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novel. Just as Nur and his household drain Deven of money and energy, Murad drains him of time and self respect. Deven is, in each case, the willing servant of people who claim to embody a culture he reveres. Desai seems to suggest that his devotion to Urdu poetry makes him vulnerable: his idealism is exactly what Murad exploits, because Murad understands that Deven will endure almost anything to stay close to the world of poets. The title, In Custody, resonates here, since Deven appears to be held in the custody of his friend as much as he tries to take the poet's words into his own custody.

As the novel nears its close, the tape recording project collapses into failure and debt, and Murad, so eager to claim the poet for his magazine, has offered nothing that could save his friend from the consequences. Desai does not give Deven a triumphant break from his friend. Instead, Deven reaches a quieter, more ambiguous acceptance that he is bound to those he serves, whatever they make of him.

Overall, Desai portrays Murad and Deven's relationship with sharp comic irony and real sadness. Murad's charm, bluster and mercenary instincts are vividly drawn, but it is Deven's eager, self-deceiving loyalty that gives the relationship its sting, leaving me feeling that the greatest exploitation lies in how readily the weak collude with the strong.

11 Hurston makes the trial both dramatic and moving by turning a legal process into a test of whether Janie can be understood. The courtroom drama comes from the danger she is in and from the hostile audience watching her, but the emotional power comes from the quiet dignity with which she tells the truth about Tea Cake, a man she loved and had to kill. By the end of the passage, when "the sun

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went down", Hurston leaves us with a victory that feels strangely close to grief.

The tension begins with the arrangement of the courtroom itself. The "strange white man that was going to talk for her" is a telling phrase: he is a stranger to Janie, and the idea that someone must speak for her reminds us how little voice a black woman is allowed in this world. Hurston has spent the whole novel tracing Janie's struggle to find her own voice, from Nanny's plans to Jody's silencing of her on the store porch, so it is dramatic that at the most dangerous moment of her life her story should again risk being told by someone else. The white women at the front, the white men of the jury and the crowd of black people at the back form a pattern of division, and Hurston makes the black community the most frightening presence. Their hostility is captured in the striking image of their tongues "cocked and loaded", which turns gossip into a gun. It is a bitter irony, since Janie has just been forced to use a real gun on Tea Cake, and now words are aimed at her by her own people.

The most moving part of the moment is Janie's testimony. Hurston chooses not to give us her words directly, but summarises how she goes back over her life with Tea Cake, his illness and her impossible choice. This narrative distance is powerful: it suggests that what Janie says is too private, and too complete, to be broken into courtroom dialogue, and it lets the reader recall for themselves the hurricane, the mad dog and Tea Cake's slow transformation. Janie's fear, Hurston tells us, is not of death but of misunderstanding. This is perhaps the emotional heart of the scene, because for Janie the worst punishment would be for her love to be judged as murder. Her calm, steady account contrasts with the frantic feelings of the hurricane chapters and shows how far she has grown in self possession.

The verdict creates a sudden release of tension. The jury does not take long, and

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Janie is free, but Hurston complicates the triumph. The white women weep and comfort her, while the black spectators sulk and mutter that she has been let off because of who she is. Hurston exposes, with real sharpness, how race and gender shape sympathy in this society: the justice Janie receives is real, yet it comes from people who do not truly know her, while those who should understand her turn against her. I find this deeply uncomfortable and also moving, because Janie must bear Tea Cake's loss largely alone.

The final short sentence, "So the sun went down", is beautifully understated. After the noise and judgement of the courtroom, Hurston closes with a simple natural image, as if the day itself is ending along with Janie's life with Tea Cake. The plain monosyllables and the conjunction "So" give a sense of exhausted acceptance. There may also be a quiet echo of the novel's pattern of horizons and sunsets, suggesting that one chapter of her life has closed and a lonelier one, but a freer one, is beginning.

Through this blend of courtroom tension, symbolic imagery and restrained narration, Hurston makes the moment dramatic because Janie's life hangs in the balance, and moving because what she is really defending is the truth of her love.

12

Joe Starks certainly wants to be in control, and for a long time Hurston shows him succeeding brilliantly in public: he builds Eatonville almost in his own image. Yet her writing suggests that his control is ultimately hollow. He can command a town, but he cannot command Janie's inner self, and in the end he cannot control his own body, his reputation or his death. I would argue that Hurston presents Jody's success as real but shallow, and his failure as the more lasting truth.

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From his first appearance Jody is a figure of ambition. He arrives stylishly dressed and full of plans, and he tells Janie he means to be a "big voice". Hurston uses this phrase as a key to his character: he wants not just to speak but to be heard over everyone else. In Eatonville his success is dramatic. He buys land, builds the store, sets up the post office and becomes mayor. The ceremony of lighting the street lamp shows control turned into ritual, with Jody as the man who literally brings light to the town. His repeated exclamation "I god" is darkly comic, since it sounds almost like a claim to be God himself. His grand house, towering over the others, suggests that his control echoes the very power structures the all black town was supposed to escape.

His control of Janie is shown most clearly through the act of silencing. When the townspeople ask her to make a speech, he interrupts to say that his wife knows nothing about speech making and belongs in the home. Hurston makes this moment painful by showing Janie's response inwardly rather than outwardly: Jody's interruption, without giving her any chance to speak, takes the bloom off her new life. Jody's insistence that she cover her hair with a head rag is another form of control, since her long hair is a symbol of her beauty and individuality, and he cannot bear other men to see it. He keeps her behind the counter and away from the lively storytelling on the porch, so that she is present at the heart of the community and yet excluded from it.

However, Hurston also shows the limits of his success. When Jody slaps Janie over a badly cooked meal, Hurston uses a startling domestic image: something "fell off the shelf" inside her, and when she looks she finds her image of him "tumbled down and shattered". Here Hurston suggests that force wins outward obedience while losing inner loyalty. Janie learns to separate an inside self from an outside self, so that Jody controls only the shell. The mule episode makes the same point

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in a subtler way. Jody buys the mule's freedom, which looks generous and earns Janie's praise, but he does it largely to display his own greatness, and the town's mock funeral for the mule hints that his authority is becoming something to laugh at.

The turning point comes in the store, when Jody mocks Janie's age and body in front of the men and she finally answers him publicly. Her retort, that without his trousers he looks like the change of life, strikes at his manhood before the very audience he depends on. Hurston shows that this public humiliation does more damage than any illness: Jody's "big voice" has been taken from him, and the men will never quite see him the same way. From then on his control crumbles. He moves out of their bedroom and turns to a root doctor, as though blaming her for his illness.

His deathbed scene completes the reversal. Janie speaks frankly to him at last, telling him he was never satisfied with her as she was, and Jody dies resisting her words. Afterwards Janie tears off the head rag and lets her hair down, a simple but powerful image of control lifted. She plays the grieving widow in public, but inside she is free.

So how far does Jody succeed? Hurston allows him a large measure of success over Eatonville and over Janie's outward life for twenty years. But her writing, through imagery of breaking, silencing and release, suggests that control built on domination is fragile. In the end it is Janie's voice, not Jody's, that survives to tell the story.

13 In this passage James creates a vivid and unsettling impression of Morris

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Townsend as a skilled performer: charming, playful and quick, but also calculating, impatient and already working out how to manage the people around him. James gives us almost everything through Morris's own words and gestures, yet he quietly lets the narrator tilt the scene, so that we enjoy Morris's charm while feeling increasingly suspicious of it.

From the start Morris dominates the space. He "went and stood before Catherine", a phrase that suggests he is taking the stage, while she stands quietly by the fire in her red satin gown. His first words, "He doesn't like me", delivered with a flourish, are less a complaint than a strategy. He wants Catherine to declare herself on his side. The exclamation "extraordinary man!" sounds admiring, but it is also faintly mocking, showing a young man confident enough to judge the Doctor in his own house. When he says "I feel; I am very quick to feel", James lets him advertise his own sensitivity, which is ironic, because Morris is far quicker to read others than to feel for them.

James presents Morris as someone who tests Catherine. His questions grow more pointed: "It wouldn't give you any pleasure to contradict him?" and "Will you hear me abused without opening your lips in my defence?" The exaggerated word "abused" turns a mild dinner party into a melodrama in which he is the wronged hero, and the question pressures Catherine to choose between him and her father. His "air of mock melancholy" is a perfect phrase: James signals that the sadness is put on, a mask he wears knowingly. When he tells her exactly what she should have said, "If my father doesn't think well of you, what does it matter?", he is literally scripting her loyalty. The impression is of a man who wants not just love but obedience.

The most revealing moment comes when the narrator shifts perspective. James

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writes that the Doctor, if he had been watching, "would have seen a gleam of fine impatience" in Morris's eye. The contrast between "gleam of fine impatience" and "sociable softness" captures his double nature: the soft surface is social, for show, while the impatience underneath is real. James is careful to say this would have been seen by the Doctor, inviting us to share Dr Sloper's sceptical gaze. Morris immediately conceals it with "a little appealing sigh" and the line "I must not give up the hope of bringing him round!" The word "appealing" suggests he knows exactly how a sigh will look.

James then moves the scene into public performance as Morris sings. His "sweet, light tenor voice" is genuinely attractive, and the room responds with exclamations. Yet the narrator's aside, that he did not flatter himself the singing would win over the father, reminds us that Morris is always calculating effects. The Doctor's verdict, "very taking indeed", spoken "with a certain dryness", is a sharp double meaning: Morris is pleasing, but he is also someone who takes. Catherine's "intensely silent" response shows how completely she is under his spell, which makes his manipulation feel more troubling.

Finally, James shows Morris adapting to a new audience. He repeats the same line to Mrs Penniman, "addressing the aunt in the same manner as he had done the niece". The repetition exposes the performance: his feelings are a routine he can reuse. Mrs Penniman, who loves romance and intrigue, gives him exactly the answer he wanted from Catherine, "Pray, what does it matter?", and his delighted "Ah, you say the right thing!" reveals that for Morris the right thing is whatever serves him.

Overall, James creates an impression of Morris as attractive and entertaining but quietly predatory, a man who reads and manages people like an actor reading his

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audience. The humour of the scene makes him likeable, but the narrator's small, precise hints leave me uneasy about what he really wants from Catherine.

14 Dr Sloper is not frightening in the way a villain in a melodrama is frightening: he never shouts, threatens violence or behaves wildly. James makes him frightening to a large extent, however, precisely because of his calm. His cold intelligence, his irony and his absolute certainty that he is right give him enormous power over his daughter, and the most chilling thing about him is how little he seems to feel while he uses it. At the same time, James lets us see his wit and his accurate judgement of Morris, so that our fear is mixed with a reluctant respect.

James lays the foundations early. Dr Sloper is a respected physician, a man of science who prides himself on observation, and he has suffered real losses: his brilliant wife and his young son both die. James suggests that these deaths leave him with an ideal against which Catherine, plain, shy and slow, is always measured and found wanting. The narrator tells us that he is never cruel in an obvious way, yet his disappointment colours everything he says to her. Much of his frightening quality comes from his irony. He speaks to Catherine in polite, teasing phrases whose sharpness she rarely grasps, so that he can wound her while appearing perfectly courteous. For the reader, who understands what Catherine does not, these exchanges are uncomfortable to watch.

His treatment of Morris shows the same cool, investigative mind. He decides quickly that Morris is a fortune hunter and sets about proving it like a doctor confirming a diagnosis. His visit to Mrs Montgomery, Morris's sister, is a striking scene: he questions her politely but relentlessly until she admits, in effect, that Catherine should not marry her brother. James presents his judgement as accurate,

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which complicates our response, but the method is unsettling. He seems to enjoy the case as an intellectual experiment, wondering aloud whether Catherine will hold firm, as if his daughter's heart were a specimen.

The most frightening moment comes during the journey to Europe, when Sloper takes Catherine abroad in the hope that she will forget Morris. In a lonely Alpine valley at nightfall, he stops and tells her quietly that he is very angry, and that although he appears civilised he can be very hard. James sets the scene with care: the wild, empty landscape, the gathering darkness and the isolation of father and daughter make his words feel like a threat. Catherine is afraid, and for a moment the reader wonders what he might do. Yet he does nothing physical at all. The menace lies in the contrast between his self controlled voice and the passion he admits to, and in Catherine's sudden recognition of how completely she is in his power.

James also makes him frightening through his persistence. Years later, when Morris has abandoned Catherine and she has no thought of marrying him, the Doctor still demands a promise that she will never marry Morris after his death. Catherine, now strong and quietly dignified, refuses, not because she wants Morris but because she will not be dictated to. Sloper's response is to change his will, leaving her only a small part of his fortune and explaining in it that she is already provided for, with a pointed warning about adventurers. This final act is frightening because it shows that his need to control her continues beyond the grave. It also feels petty and cold, a punishment for the one moment of independence he cannot forgive.

To what extent, then, is he frightening? He is right about Morris, and James gives him some of the cleverest lines in the novel, so he is never simply a monster. But

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his coldness, his irony and his love of being correct do lasting harm. The real fear he inspires is not of sudden violence but of a father who can quietly crush his child's confidence while believing he acts for her good. In the end Catherine survives him, but James leaves no doubt that the emotional damage he caused is permanent.

15 Knowles powerfully portrays Gene at this moment as a young man trapped inside his own guilt, swinging between dread, self deception and a disturbing longing to escape himself altogether. Because the novel is narrated by the adult Gene looking back, the passage is doubly powerful: we watch the frightened boy in the days after Finny's fall, while sensing an older voice that understands, painfully, what that boy was doing.

The opening sentence immediately isolates Gene. He is not allowed near the infirmary, and instead he hears "all the rumours that came out of it". Knowles makes the injury something Gene experiences second hand, through gossip, which heightens his anxiety. Rumours are unreliable, constantly changing, and they mirror the uncertainty in Gene's mind: he does not know how badly Finny is hurt, and he cannot know whether Finny suspects the truth about the jounced limb. The fact that Gene listens so closely suggests guilt; he is searching every rumour for a hint that he will be found out. At the same time, the school around him carries on, and Knowles conveys how lonely it is to hold a secret that no one else even imagines.

The most startling moment in this part of the chapter is Gene's decision to put on Finny's clothes. Alone in their room, he dresses in Finny's things, including the pink shirt that once symbolised Finny's carefree confidence, and looks at himself

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in the mirror. Knowles describes the result as a kind of transformation: Gene feels he is "Phineas to the life". This is a deeply unsettling image. On one level it shows Gene's long buried envy finally given form, as if, with Finny broken, he can at last take his place. On another level it is an act of escape: Gene tells us that he felt he would never again have to struggle with the confusions of his own character. Knowles powerfully suggests that Gene does not simply envy Finny; he wants to stop being Gene, because being Gene now means being the person who caused the fall. The relief he feels is shocking precisely because it is so peaceful.

Knowles then breaks this fantasy with Dr Stanpole's report. The doctor's tone is sympathetic and matter of fact, which is cruel in its own way, since he has no idea he is speaking to the person responsible. As he describes the damage, the reader watches Gene absorbing each detail. The bluntness of the closing line, "Sports are finished for him, after an accident like that. Of course.", is devastating. The short final sentence "Of course." treats as obvious the loss of everything that defined Finny, his athletic brilliance and his joy in play. The word "accident" is especially painful, because Gene knows, and the reader suspects, that it may not have been one. Knowles uses the gap between the doctor's innocent language and Gene's knowledge to create intense dramatic irony.

Gene's reaction shows how fragile his composure is. Having briefly imagined himself as Finny, he is now forced to face the real Finny's ruin, and the guilt he has been avoiding returns with full force. Knowles portrays him as torn between grief for his friend and fear for himself, and the fact that he cannot speak the truth to the kindly doctor shows how deeply his secret has taken hold. It prepares for his later attempt to tell Finny the truth, which Finny refuses to believe.

Overall, Knowles portrays Gene here with great psychological power. Through the

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rumours, the mirror and the doctor's calm verdict, he shows a boy who is frightened, envious and desperate to escape responsibility, and he lets the older narrator's restraint make that portrait all the more haunting.

16 The war is always present at Devon School, but what makes Knowles's portrayal so memorable is that it is rarely present directly. No bombs fall on New Hampshire, and the boys spend most of the novel playing games, studying and arguing. Instead the war presses in from the edges, shaping their moods, their ambitions and finally their friendships, until Gene recognises that the real war he fought was the one inside himself. Knowles conveys this through setting, through the contrasting attitudes of the boys and through Gene's reflective adult narration.

Even in the summer session, the most idyllic part of the novel, the war casts a shadow. Gene describes the boys as reminders to the masters of what the war is taking away, which is why they are treated so gently: they are the last generation of carefree youth before conscription. Finny's pink shirt, which he wears as an emblem to celebrate the first American bombing of Central Europe, is a brilliant detail. It turns the war into a joke and a costume, yet the very fact that he needs an emblem shows that the war is on everyone's mind. Knowles presents a summer that feels like a separate peace, but the reader senses how temporary it is.

The war becomes more insistent in the winter session. The landscape itself grows harsh and grey, and the boys are sent to shovel snow in a railway yard so that troop trains can pass. Knowles makes this a striking moment: the trains full of young soldiers, only slightly older than the boys, wave at them, and Gene feels the pull of real action. Afterwards, he decides to enlist, and only Finny's return, needing his help, persuades him to stay. Brinker's eagerness to join up and his talk

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of the war show how it shapes the boys' sense of what it means to be a man. The war is present as a constant question: when will we go, and what will it make of us?

Finny's response is the most memorable of all. He insists that there is no war, that it has been invented by old men to keep the young in their place. Knowles makes this denial both funny and painful. On one level it is Finny's way of coping with his injury, since he cannot fight; on another it reflects his deep innocence and his refusal to accept a world of enemies. The Winter Carnival he organises is his attempt to create a moment of pure peace, yet it is interrupted by a telegram from Leper, which drags the war back in.

Leper's fate shows the war's presence most frighteningly. Gentle Leper, who loved nature and skiing, enlists in the ski troops after seeing a recruiting film, believing it will be like his snowy winter pleasures. Instead he breaks down and deserts. When Gene visits him in Vermont, Leper's wild accusations and his hysterical behaviour reveal that the war has already destroyed one of Devon's boys. Knowles uses this scene to show that the war is not a distant adventure but a force that can unmake a personality. It also forces Gene to hear, from Leper, the truth about what happened at the tree.

By the end, the war arrives physically. A unit of the military moves into Devon, and its buildings are given over to training, so that the school's peace is literally occupied. Gene and the others enlist, but the adult narrator tells us that his real war was already over. His claim that he killed his enemy there, at school, is perhaps the most haunting line in the novel. The enemy was not a foreign army but his own envy and fear, and the casualty was Finny.

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Knowles therefore conveys the presence of the war memorably by letting it shape every season of school life, from the joking emblems of summer to the troop trains, to Leper's breakdown. Ultimately he suggests that war is not only a world event but a condition of the human heart, and that Devon, for all its beauty, could never truly be separate from it.

17

Orwell makes this moment memorable by placing a scene of rare peace and tenderness beside a sudden eruption of horror, and significant because the rat that Julia throws a shoe at is a quiet foreshadowing of the torture that will finally break Winston in Room 101. The passage begins as a fragile glimpse of what human life could be outside the Party, and ends with the reminder that, in Oceania, even private happiness is shadowed by terror.

The opening paragraph is deliberately calm. Winston and Julia "fell asleep for a little while", and the gentle rhythm of the sentences mirrors the stillness of the room. Orwell fills the scene with soft, warm sensory detail: the "light stain of rouge" on Julia's cheekbone, the "yellow ray from the sinking sun", the water "boiling fast" in the pan and the "faint shouts of children" from the street. These ordinary sights and sounds are memorable because they are so rare in the novel. The make-up itself is an act of rebellion, since Party women are expected to be plain, and the fact that it has "transferred itself to his own face" suggests intimacy and a blurring of the boundaries between them. The sinking sun, however, hints that this moment, like the day, is ending.

Winston's reflection gives the scene its political significance. He wonders whether in "the abolished past" it had been normal simply to lie together, "talking of what they chose, not feeling any compulsion to get up". The word "abolished" is chilling:

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the Party has not merely changed the past but erased it, so that freedom and leisure seem impossible to imagine. His rhetorical question, "Surely there could never have been a time when that seemed ordinary?", reveals how deeply the Party has shaped his sense of what is normal. Orwell makes us feel that this small room is a precious island of humanity, and also that Winston can barely believe in it.

The tone breaks abruptly with Julia's cry, "Hi! Get out, you filthy brute!" The dash and the exclamation interrupt her casual talk about curfews and the hostel, and the scene shifts from peace to violence. Orwell links her "boyish jerk of her arm" to the moment she flung the dictionary at Goldstein during the Two Minutes Hate, a detail that reminds us how Julia moves easily between Party rituals and private rebellion. Her practical, almost cheerful account of rats that "attack children" is grotesque, and the more she says, the more Winston recoils. His desperate "Don't go on!" with his "eyes tightly shut" is memorable because it is so unlike his usual curiosity; for once he refuses to know.

The final paragraphs explore Winston's recurring nightmare, and this is where the moment becomes deeply significant. He stands before "a wall of darkness" behind which lies "something unendurable, something too dreadful to be faced". The repetition of "something" leaves the horror unnamed, which makes it more frightening. Orwell adds that his deepest feeling is "self-deception", because he does know what lies there. The simile "like wrenching a piece out of his own brain" anticipates the way O'Brien will later reach into Winston's mind. Earlier, Winston dreamed of O'Brien saying they would meet in the place where there is no darkness; here darkness is linked to fear, so that Orwell builds a web of foreshadowing around the rat.

The passage closes with Julia's reassurance: she will "stuff the hole with a bit of

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sacking" and come back with plaster. The homely solution is touching, but also dramatically ironic. A bit of sacking cannot keep out what the Party will bring, and the hole in the wainscoting becomes a symbol of the crack in their refuge. In Room 101, O'Brien will use exactly this terror of rats to make Winston betray Julia.

Orwell therefore makes this moment memorable through its contrast of tenderness and horror, and significant because it plants the seed of Winston's final defeat. The rat in the corner shows that no private space in Oceania is truly safe.

18

Orwell portrays the absolute power of the Party as something that reaches far beyond ordinary tyranny. It controls not only what people do but what they see, remember, say and finally think, and its power has no purpose beyond itself. What makes the portrayal so striking is the way Orwell moves from the outer world of surveillance and propaganda in Part 1 to the inner world of Winston's mind in Part 3, so that by the end the reader understands that nothing, not even love or memory, can escape.

From the opening chapter the Party's power is visible everywhere. The posters announcing "BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU" create a sense of permanent observation, and the telescreen in Winston's flat, which can never be switched off, turns the home into a place of surveillance. Orwell's description of the grimy, decaying city of London, with its crumbling houses and the vast white pyramid of the Ministry of Truth towering above, suggests that the Party's grandeur has been built on the misery of everyone else. The slogans "WAR IS PEACE", "FREEDOM IS SLAVERY" and "IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH" are striking because they are deliberate contradictions. The Party is so powerful that it can force people to accept nonsense, and this anticipates the idea of doublethink, holding two opposing

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beliefs at once.

Orwell shows that the Party's power extends to the past. Winston's work at the Ministry of Truth involves rewriting old newspapers and dropping the originals into the memory hole, so that history exists only as the Party wishes it to. The slogan "Who controls the past controls the future: who controls the present controls the past" captures this circular logic. People who fall out of favour are "vaporised", erased from the record as though they had never existed. Syme, the cheerful expert on Newspeak, disappears in exactly this way, and Orwell's flat reporting of his absence makes it more chilling. Newspeak itself is designed to narrow the range of thought, so that rebellion will one day become literally unthinkable.

The Party's control of private life is equally disturbing. The Parsons children, who play at hanging people and spy on adults, show how the family has been turned into an instrument of the state, and Parsons is eventually denounced by his own daughter. Even Parsons, the most loyal of Party members, ends up in the Ministry of Love, which suggests that obedience offers no protection. The Two Minutes Hate shows the Party manipulating collective emotion, as the crowd's hatred of Goldstein can be switched instantly to love for Big Brother.

The most striking portrayal of the Party's power comes in Part 3, through O'Brien. Winston and Julia's rebellion, which seemed for a time to create a private refuge, is revealed to have been watched all along, and Mr Charrington turns out to be a member of the Thought Police. In the Ministry of Love, O'Brien explains that the Party seeks power entirely for its own sake, and that power is not a means but an end. His image of the future as "a boot stamping on a human face, for ever" is perhaps the most memorable line in the novel: brutal, simple and eternal. O'Brien's demand that Winston believe two plus two make five shows that the Party claims

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power over reality itself. It does not want martyrs; it wants to reshape the mind until the victim sincerely agrees.

Room 101 completes this process. By confronting Winston with the rats he fears above all, the Party forces him to betray Julia, crying that they should do it to her instead. Love, the last part of him that seemed his own, is destroyed. When Winston and Julia meet afterwards, they admit to betraying each other, and there is nothing left between them. The final sentence, "He loved Big Brother", is devastating in its simplicity. The Party has won not by killing Winston but by making him love his oppressor.

Overall, Orwell portrays the Party's power as total: it watches, rewrites, controls language and finally conquers the human heart. The structure of the novel, moving from hope to complete defeat, leaves the reader with a powerful sense of warning about what absolute power could do.

20 Paton rarely raises his voice in anger, and that is exactly why his writing makes the reader so angry. Instead of preaching, he lets the facts of black South African life speak in calm, almost biblical prose, so that injustice appears as something ordinary, accepted and therefore all the more shocking. Two moments that stirred my anger most are the opening of Book I, where the land of Ndotsheni is shown to be dying, and the moment in Book 2 when James Jarvis reads his murdered son's writing on the "native problem" and discovers what white South Africa has done.

The novel opens with a lyrical description of the hills above Ixopo, where the grass is rich and the land is cared for. Paton then lets the road fall away into the valley

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where the black people live, and the tone changes completely: "the great red hills stand desolate, and the earth has torn away like flesh." The simile is disturbing because it makes the land a wounded body, and the reader senses that the people who live on it are being torn too. Paton's earlier instruction to "keep it, guard it, care for it" gains a bitter edge here, because the black farmers have been given too little land to keep. The structure of the opening chapter is itself an accusation: the fertile land at the top belongs to white farmers, while the eroded, overgrazed land below is left to the black majority, and the young men and women have all gone to Johannesburg. What angers me is that Paton presents this as simply the way things are, in quiet, repeated phrases, as though the injustice has become part of the landscape. The fate of Kumalo's family grows out of this broken earth: Gertrude, Absalom and John all leave for the city and are lost to it.

When Kumalo reaches Johannesburg, Paton shows the consequences of this hunger for land. Msimangu explains that it is the white man who "has broken the tribe", and that the men are taken to the mines for low wages while the old ways collapse and nothing is put in their place. Through Msimangu's gentle voice, Paton makes the reader see that crime, prostitution and despair among black people are not natural failings but the results of a system. His great fear, that by the time the white men are "turned to loving" the black men will be "turned to hating", is spoken so humbly that it makes the cruelty of the situation even harder to bear.

The second moment that makes me angry comes in Book 2, after Arthur Jarvis has been murdered by Absalom. Alone in his son's study, surrounded by books about Lincoln, James Jarvis reads Arthur's unfinished manuscript. Paton cleverly gives the most direct condemnation of white policy to a white man, and lets another white man, a conservative farmer, be the reader. Arthur argues that it was perhaps permissible to destroy the tribal system, but that "it is not permissible" to

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watch its destruction and replace it by nothing, so that a whole people deteriorates. The repetition of "it is not permissible" has the force of a sermon or a legal judgement, and each repetition tightens the case against white South Africa. Arthur goes further, suggesting that the civilisation which claims to be Christian is in fact built on fear and on cheap black labour for the mines. I felt angry because the argument is so reasonable: the injustice is not hidden, it is simply ignored by people who profit from it.

The tragic irony of this moment makes it even more painful. The man who understood black suffering most clearly has been killed by a young black man produced by exactly the conditions he described. Paton does not use this irony to excuse Absalom, but to show how injustice destroys everyone it touches. James Jarvis's slow, silent reading among his dead son's books mirrors the reader's own dawning realisation.

Both moments anger me because of Paton's restraint. Whether through the torn red earth or the measured rhetoric of a dead man's essay, he refuses melodrama, so that the reader, like Jarvis, has to recognise the truth alone. The famous cry for "the unborn child that's the inheritor of our fear" sums up his purpose: the anger he provokes is meant not to end in hatred, but to awaken the conscience of a nation.

22 In The Lemon Orchard, La Guma makes us feel deep sympathy for the prisoner not by letting him speak about his suffering, but by forcing us to watch him in silence as he is marched through the dark towards a beating. The prisoner says almost nothing, yet everything in the story, from the cold night to the cruel jokes of his captors, works to make him the only figure of dignity in a scene of cowardly

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violence.

Our sympathy begins with his isolation. La Guma never gives him a name: he is simply "the prisoner", or the coloured man, while his captors are a group of armed white men with a lantern and a shotgun. The lack of a name is chilling, because it shows how his captors see him, not as a person but as a type to be punished. At the same time it makes him representative of every black and coloured person in a society where the law offers no protection. His hands are tied, and the men walk around him, so that the reader feels the imbalance of power at every step: one bound, unarmed man against several who can do as they please.

The setting intensifies this feeling. The story takes place at night among the rows of lemon trees, and La Guma dwells on the darkness and the cold, with only the swinging light of the lantern breaking the blackness. The sharp, sour scent of the lemons hangs over the scene, and it seems to me to become a symbol of the bitterness of the whole situation. An orchard ought to suggest growth, care and fruitfulness, but here it is a hidden place where violence can happen out of sight. The barking of a dog in the distance adds to the menace, as if the prisoner is being hunted, and the reader senses how alone he is.

What makes us feel most for him, however, is the reason for his punishment. He is an educated man, a schoolteacher, and his "crime" is that he has dared to stand up for himself through the law, laying a complaint against the predikant. To his captors this is unforgivable cheek from someone they regard as beneath them. The leader's sneering speech, in which he calls the prisoner a "hotnot" and demands to be addressed as "baas", reveals that the beating is meant to humiliate him and put him back in his place. The bitter irony is clear: the prisoner has done nothing but trust in justice, and the men who claim to defend the respectable order of the

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town, and of its church, are the ones acting outside the law.

La Guma also builds sympathy through contrast. The white men talk constantly, boasting, joking and threatening, and some of them seem uneasy and jumpy in the dark, which exposes the fear beneath their bullying. The prisoner, by contrast, remains silent, refusing to beg or to say the word they want from him. His silence is powerful: we sense the hatred and contempt in him, but also the self control of a man who will not give them the satisfaction of seeing him broken. I find myself admiring him as much as pitying him, and that admiration makes his fate harder to bear.

Finally, the structure of the story leaves the reader in painful suspense. It ends before the beating actually takes place, with the men stopping in the orchard to carry out their plan. Because we never see the violence, we are left to imagine it, and the prisoner's suffering seems endless rather than finished. La Guma refuses to offer any rescue or resolution, which reflects the hopelessness of a society where such acts went unpunished.

Through the nameless, silent figure of the prisoner, La Guma makes sympathy inseparable from outrage. We pity him because he is helpless, but we also respect him because he is the only person in the orchard who keeps his humanity, and that is what makes the story so moving.