Cambridge Assessment International Education

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/11**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose **May/June 2024**

1 hour 30 minutes

9828567304

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 **32** 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 4**

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The City Planners

Cruising these residential Sunday

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order in a bland madness of snows.

(Margaret Atwood)

How does Atwood convey such striking impressions of the city created by the planners in this poem?

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Or **2** Explore the ways in which Hardy makes *He Never Expected Much* such a memorable poem.

He Never Expected Much

Well, World, you have kept faith with me,
Kept faith with me;
Upon the whole you have proved to be
Much as you said you were.
Since as a child I used to lie
Upon the leaze and watch the sky,
Never, I own, expected I
That life would all be fair.

'Twas then you said, and since have said,
Times since have said,
In that mysterious voice you shed
From clouds and hills around:
'Many have loved me desperately,
Many with smooth serenity,
While some have shown contempt of me
Till they dropped underground.

'I do not promise overmuch,
Child; overmuch;
Just neutral-tinted haps and such,'
You said to minds like mine.
Wise warning for your credit's sake!
Which I for one failed not to take,
And hence could stem such strain and ache
As each year might assign.

(Thomas Hardy)

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TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 3.

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SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 2: from Part 4

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Rooms

I remember rooms that have had their part
In the steady slowing down of the heart.
The room in Paris, the room at Geneva,
The little damp room with the seaweed smell,
And that ceaseless maddening sound of the tide—
Rooms where for good or for ill—things died.
But there is the room where we (two) lie dead,
Though every morning we seem to wake and might just as well seem to sleep again
As we shall somewhere in the other quieter, dustier bed
Out there in the sun—in the rain.

(Charlotte Mew)

How does Mew memorably depict rooms that she has experienced in this poem?

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TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 4.

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Or **4** Explore the ways in which Shelley uses words and images to vivid effect in *Stanzas Written in Dejection, Near Naples*.

Stanzas Written in Dejection, Near Naples

I

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent might,
The breath of the moist earth is light,
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The City's voice itself, is soft like Solitude's.

II

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple seaweeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown:
I sit upon the sands alone,—
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

III

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned—
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;—
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

IV

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

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V

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I, when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan;
They might lament—for I am one
Whom men love not,—and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

(Percy Bysshe Shelley)

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TED HUGHES: 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:

Football at Slack

Between plunging valleys, on a bareback of hill

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Lifted the cloud's edge, to watch them.

In what ways does Hughes vividly convey the pleasure that the men get from the football match?

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TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 6.

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Or **6** Explore the ways in which Hughes creates memorable impressions of his mother and her sister in *Anniversary*.

Anniversary

My mother in her feathers of flame

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Able for all that distance to think me him.

SECTION B: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

CHIMAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE: *Purple Hibiscus*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

When we got to Ezi Icheke, cars lined the road almost bumper to bumper.

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Papa-Nnukwu snapped, turning to glare at Jaja.

How does Adichie make this such a vivid moment in the novel?

Or **8** Explore the ways in which Adichie movingly portrays the relationship between Kambili and Mama.

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CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

They had taken me into the kitchen, and I had lain my head down on the old deal table. Biddy held one of my hands to her lips, and Joe's restoring touch was on my shoulder. 'Which he warn't strong enough, my dear, fur to be surprised,' said Joe. And Biddy said, 'I ought to have thought of it, dear Joe, but I was too happy.' They were both so overjoyed to see me, so proud to see me, so touched by my coming to them, so delighted that I should have come by accident to make their day complete!

My first thought was one of great thankfulness that I had never breathed this last baffled hope to Joe. How often, while he was with me in my illness, had it risen to my lips. How irrevocable would have been his knowledge of it, if he had remained with me but another hour!

'Dear Biddy,' said I, 'you have the best husband in the whole world, and if you could have seen him by my bed you would have – But no, you couldn't love him better than you do.'

'No, I couldn't indeed,' said Biddy.

'And, dear Joe, you have the best wife in the whole world, and she will make you as happy as even you deserve to be, you dear, good, noble Joe!'

Joe looked at me with a quivering lip, and fairly put his sleeve before his eyes.

'And Joe and Biddy both, as you have been to church to-day, and are in charity and love with all mankind, receive my humble thanks for all you have done for me, and all I have so ill repaid! And when I say that I am going away within the hour, for I am soon going abroad, and that I shall never rest until I have worked for the money with which you have kept me out of prison, and have sent it to you, don't think, dear Joe and Biddy, that if I could repay it a thousand times over, I suppose I could cancel a farthing of the debt I owe you, or that I would do so if I could!'

They were both melted by these words, and both entreated me to say no more.

'But I must say more. Dear Joe, I hope you will have children to love, and that some little fellow will sit in this chimney corner of a winter night, who may remind you of another little fellow gone out of it for ever. Don't tell him, Joe, that I was thankless; don't tell him, Biddy, that I was ungenerous and unjust; only tell him that I honoured you both, because you were both so good and true, and that, as your child, I said it would be natural to him to grow up a much better man than I did.'

'I ain't a going,' said Joe, from behind his sleeve, 'to tell him nothink o' that natur, Pip. Nor Biddy ain't. Nor yet no one ain't.'

'And now, though I know you have already done it in your own kind hearts, pray tell me, both, that you forgive me! Pray let me hear you say the words, that I may carry the sound of them away with me, and then I shall be able to believe that you can trust me, and think better of me, in the time to come!'

'O dear old Pip, old chap,' said Joe. 'God knows as I forgive you, if I have anythink to forgive!'

'Amen! And God knows I do!' echoed Biddy.

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‘Now let me go up and look at my old little room, and rest there a few minutes by myself, and then when I have eaten and drunk with you, go with me as far as the finger-post, dear Joe and Biddy, before we say good-by!’

(*from* Chapter 58)

Explore the ways in which Dickens makes this moment in the novel so moving.

Or **10** In what ways does Dickens make Wemmick such an intriguing character?

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DAPHNE DU MAURIER: *Rebecca*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

‘Maxim!’ I cried. ‘Maxim!’

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And the ashes blew towards us
with the salt wind from the sea.

(*from* Chapter 27)

How does du Maurier make this such a dramatic ending to the novel?

Or **12** Explore the ways in which du Maurier vividly conveys the narrator's fear of Mrs Danvers.

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JHUMPA LAHIRI: *The Namesake*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The night is windy, so much so that the car jostles slightly from time to time, and brown leaves as large as human feet fly across the road in the headlights' glare.

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‘You remind me of everything that followed.’

(*from* Chapter 5)

How does Lahiri make this such a powerful moment in the novel?

Or **14** Explore the ways in which Lahiri strikingly portrays Ashima.

JOAN LINDSAY: *Picnic at Hanging Rock*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The door closed on the empty room.

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Miss Lumley, under the stress of a most unpleasant afternoon, had forgotten to unfasten the leather straps that held the child Sara rigid on the horizontal board.

(*from* Chapter 12)

In what ways does Lindsay make this such a disturbing and revealing moment in the novel?

Or **16** Explore the ways in which Lindsay creates such vivid impressions of Miranda.

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YANN MARTEL: *Life of Pi*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

I let myself down the side.

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God be with you.’

(*from* Chapter 94)

How does Martel powerfully depict this moment when Pi finally reaches land?

Or **18** Explore the ways in which Martel vividly conveys Richard Parker’s suffering.

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H G WELLS: *The War of the Worlds*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The fighting was beginning. Almost immediately unseen batteries across the river to our right, unseen because of the trees, took up the chorus, firing heavily one after the other. A woman screamed. Everyone stood arrested by the sudden stir of battle, near us and yet invisible to us. Nothing was to be seen save flat meadows, cows feeding unconcernedly for the most part, and silvery pollard willows motionless in the warm sunlight.

'The sojers'll stop 'em,' said a woman beside me, doubtfully. A haziness rose over the tree-tops.

Then suddenly we saw a rush of smoke far away up the river, a puff of smoke that jerked up into the air and hung; and forthwith the ground heaved underfoot and a heavy explosion shook the air, smashing two or three windows in the houses near, and leaving us astonished.

'Here they are!' shouted a man in a blue jersey. 'Yonder! D'yer see them? Yonder!'

Quickly, one after the other, one, two, three, four of the armoured Martians appeared, far away over the little trees, across the flat meadows that stretch towards Chertsey, and striding hurriedly towards the river. Little cowled figures they seemed at first, going with a rolling motion and as fast as flying birds.

Then, advancing obliquely towards us, came a fifth. Their armoured bodies glittered in the sun as they swept swiftly forward upon the guns, growing rapidly larger as they drew nearer. One on the extreme left, the remotest that is, flourished a huge case high in the air, and the ghostly, terrible Heat-Ray I had already seen on Friday night smote towards Chertsey and struck the town.

At sight of these strange, swift, and terrible creatures the crowd near the water's edge seemed to me to be for a moment horror-struck. There was no screaming or shouting, but a silence. Then a hoarse murmur and a movement of feet – a splashing from the water. A man, too frightened to drop the portmanteau he carried on his shoulder, swung round and sent me staggering with a blow from the corner of his burden. A woman thrust at me with her hand and rushed past me. I turned, with the rush of the people, but I was not too terrified for thought. The terrible Heat-Ray was in my mind. To get under water! That was it!

'Get under water!' I shouted, unheeded.

I faced about again, and rushed towards the approaching Martian, rushed right down the gravelly beach and headlong into the water. Others did the same. A boatload of people putting back came leaping out as I rushed past. The stones under my feet were muddy and slippery, and the river was so low that I ran perhaps twenty feet scarcely waist-deep. Then, as the Martian towered overhead scarcely a couple of hundred yards away, I flung myself forward under the surface. The splashes of the people in the boats leaping into the river sounded like thunderclaps in my ears. People were landing hastily on both sides of the river.

(*from* Book 1, Chapter 12)

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How does Wells make this such a powerful moment in the novel?

Or **20** Explore the ways in which Wells strikingly depicts how the Martians invade Earth.

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from *STORIES OF OURSELVES Volume 2*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **21** Read the following extract from *Sharmaji* (by Anjana Appachana), and then answer the question that follows it:

He got up and was about to leave the room when a thought seemed to strike him.

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Lovingly, he placed it on his desk, licked his pencil and began a new poem.

How does Appachana make this such an amusing ending to the story?

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

- Mr Shi in *A Thousand Years of Good Prayers* (by Yiyun Li)
- Caroline in *The Tower* (by Marghanita Laski)

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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

Atwood's impression of the planned city is striking because it is so unsettling. On the surface the suburb is clean, quiet and orderly, yet the speaker finds this perfection offensive and even frightening. As the poem progresses, the neat streets begin to reveal hidden violence, decay and eventual collapse, until the planners themselves appear as mad figures lost in a white wilderness. Atwood makes us see order not as safety but as a kind of madness.

The poem opens casually, with the speaker and companion "Cruising these residential Sunday / streets in dry August sunlight". The relaxed verb "Cruising" and the image of a hot, still Sunday create a sense of lazy boredom, and the use of "Sunday" as an adjective makes the streets themselves feel like a day of enforced rest. Then comes the surprising complaint: "what offends us is / the sanity". We would expect sanity to be reassuring, so calling it offensive immediately challenges the reader. The short line, isolated by the line break, makes the word "sanity" hit hard.

Atwood then describes the suburb with sharp, ironic adjectives. The houses stand "in pedantic rows", a word usually applied to fussy, rule-obsessed people, which makes the architecture seem narrow-minded and controlling. The trees are "planted" and "sanitary", as though nature has been disinfected. Their "levelness of surface" is like "a rebuke / to the dent in our car door", a brilliant image: the tiny dent, a sign of ordinary human imperfection, is made to feel shameful against such flawless uniformity. Even sound is controlled. There is "No shouting here, or / shatter of glass", and the alliteration of "shouting" and "shatter" evokes exactly the life and conflict that has been removed. The only noise is "the rational whine of a

Question number

power mower", where "rational" is ironically attached to a whining machine, cutting "a straight swath" through "the discouraged grass". Personifying the grass as "discouraged" suggests that nature has been beaten into submission.

The second stanza begins with "But", and the impression changes. The driveways "sidestep hysteria / by being even", as if neatness is a nervous defence against emotion, and the roofs share "the same slant of avoidance", which implies that the whole community is turning away from something. Beneath the order, Atwood lets disturbing details leak through: the "smell of spilt oil", described as a faint "sickness", and "a splash of paint on brick surprising as a bruise". That simile is unsettling because it suggests the houses have been injured, hinting at hidden violence. Similarly, the garden hose is "poised in a vicious / coil", like a snake ready to strike, and the line break after "vicious" lets the threat hang. Even "the too-fixed stare of the wide windows" makes the houses seem blank and staring, almost inhuman.

Atwood then looks forward in time. These details give "momentary access" to a future in which the houses, "capsized", will "slide / obliquely into the clay seas, gradual as glaciers / that right now nobody notices." The imagery of shipwreck and slow natural forces is powerful, implying that the planned city is temporary and that nature will one day overwhelm it. The phrase "nobody notices" criticises the complacency of the inhabitants, who are too comfortable to see the threat.

In the final stanza Atwood turns to the planners themselves, and the impressions become surreal. They have "the insane faces of political conspirators", which reverses the opening: the sanity that offended us now belongs to people who seem insane. They are "scattered over unsurveyed / territories, concealed from each other, / each in his own private blizzard", an image of isolation and blindness.

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Snow suggests a blank page, but also coldness and a loss of direction. Their lines are "transitory" yet "rigid", a paradox that captures both their stiffness and their futility. The poem ends with them "tracing the panic of suburb / order in a bland madness of snows." Pairing "panic" with "order", and "bland" with "madness", sums up the poem's argument: the craving for perfect control is itself a form of fear.

Through ironic diction, unsettling similes and a structure that moves from the visible streets to buried decay and finally to the planners' frozen world, Atwood creates a striking impression of a city that looks rational but is quietly, coldly mad.

2 He Never Expected Much is memorable because it turns what could be a bleak confession into something almost companionable. Hardy, looking back over a long life, does not rage against the world's indifference; instead he thanks it, a little drily, for being honest. The poem's power lies in this tension between a deeply pessimistic view of existence and the calm, even grateful voice in which it is expressed.

The most striking choice is the apostrophe of the opening line: "Well, World, you have kept faith with me". Addressing the world directly, as if it were an old acquaintance, makes the relationship personal and conversational. The casual "Well" sounds like a man settling into his chair to sum things up, and the alliteration of "Well, World" gives the line a wry, balanced rhythm. "Kept faith" is the language of loyalty and promises, which is surprising, because what the world has been faithful to is its warning that life would not be kind. The repetition in the indented second line, "Kept faith with me", works like an echo or a quiet nod of agreement, and Hardy uses this refrain pattern in every stanza, so the poem feels like a patient,

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ballad-like reflection rather than an outburst.

The second stanza takes us back to childhood, which gives the poem its emotional depth. The image of the boy lying "Upon the leaze" to "watch the sky" is gentle and rural, and the dialect word "leaze", a meadow, roots the memory firmly in the countryside. Yet even here, at the age of supposed innocence, the speaker admits "Never, I own, expected I / That life would all be fair." The inverted word order delays "I" to the end of the line, and the parenthetical "I own" sounds like a reluctant confession. I find it poignant that the child already sensed that life would disappoint; Hardy suggests that wisdom, or perhaps sadness, began very early.

In the third stanza the world becomes almost godlike. It speaks "In that mysterious voice you shed / From clouds and hills around", so nature itself is the voice, vast and impersonal rather than a caring creator. The verb "shed" makes the words seem to fall naturally, like rain or leaves, without any particular attention to the listener. When the world finally speaks in direct speech, it describes human responses to it with cool detachment: some "loved me desperately", some with "smooth serenity", and some "shown contempt of me / Till they dropped underground." The phrase "dropped underground" is blunt, almost comic, in its plainness; death is not tragic to the world, just the end of each person's opinion. The list of attitudes suggests that whatever we feel about life, it makes no difference to the outcome.

The fourth stanza contains the poem's most memorable phrase, "neutral-tinted haps and such". "Haps" are happenings or chances, and "neutral-tinted" reduces life to a palette of greys, neither bright with joy nor black with disaster. The vague "and such" is deliberately offhand, as though the world cannot even be bothered to

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finish the list. The repeated "overmuch; / Child; overmuch" adds a tender note: the world calls him "Child", which is both affectionate and condescending, like a stern but honest parent.

The final lines turn the warning into a kind of victory. The exclamation "Wise warning for your credit's sake!" praises the world for its honesty, and the alliteration of "Wise warning" underlines the speaker's approval. Because he "failed not to take" this advice, he could "stem such strain and ache / As each year might assign." The verb "stem" suggests holding back a flood, and the sibilance of "such strain" sounds like effort. The verb "assign" makes suffering sound routine, handed out year by year like a duty. Hardy's conclusion is quietly paradoxical: by expecting little, he has suffered less.

What makes the poem so memorable, then, is its unusual tone. The regular rhyme scheme, the refrains and the gentle rhythm give a sense of order and acceptance that matches the speaker's hard-won calm. Some readers may find the outlook depressing, but I think Hardy offers a strangely comforting wisdom: a life without great expectations can be endured with dignity, and even with a little humour.

3 In Rooms, Mew depicts the places she has lived not as comforting shelters but as witnesses to loss. Each room is remembered for what ended there, and the poem moves from a list of past rooms to one final, present room which feels like a tomb. What makes the depiction memorable is the way Mew compresses a whole life of disappointment into a handful of spaces, and the way the poem's restless form seems to enact the "slowing down" it describes.

The opening line, "I remember rooms that have had their part", sounds at first like

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gentle nostalgia, but the phrase "had their part" makes the rooms into actors in a drama, almost accomplices. Their role is revealed in the next line: they have played a part "In the steady slowing down of the heart." The adjective "steady" is chilling because it suggests something gradual and inevitable, not a single heartbreak but a long wearing away. "Heart" works on two levels, as the emotional centre of a person and as the physical organ, so the slowing down hints at both fading love and approaching death. The rhyming couplet "part" and "heart" gives the opening a neat, final click, as though the speaker has already reached her conclusion.

The lines that follow list the rooms themselves. "The room in Paris, the room at Geneva" sounds glamorous, cosmopolitan places of travel and romance, yet Mew gives them no description at all. The bare repetition of "the room" makes them blur together, as if the specific places matter less than the pattern of loss they share. By contrast, "The little damp room with the seaweed smell" is vivid and sensory. "Little" and "damp" suggest poverty, discomfort and decay, and the "seaweed smell" brings in the sea, an image of rot and endless motion. It is the humble, unpleasant room that lingers most, which is a moving detail.

Sound is used powerfully here. "That ceaseless maddening sound of the tide" is the most emotionally charged line so far. "Ceaseless" and "maddening" convey obsession and torment; the tide's repetitive noise becomes a symbol of time passing relentlessly, wearing the speaker down just as the sea wears down the shore. Then comes the dash and the summary: these were "Rooms where for good or for ill" things "died." The phrase "for good or for ill" is strikingly ambivalent; she admits that some endings may have been for the best, yet the stark final word "died" lands heavily at the end of the first stanza. Mew leaves "things" vague, so we do not know whether she means love, hope, friendships or people, and this vagueness makes the loss feel larger and more universal.

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The second stanza turns from memory to the present with "But there is the room where we (two) lie dead". The shift to "we" introduces a relationship for the first time, and the bracketed "(two)" is strange and intimate, like a whispered aside insisting on the pair's togetherness, or perhaps on their isolation from everyone else. The paradox that they "lie dead" while they still "seem to wake" each morning suggests a relationship, or a life, which has lost all vitality; they go through the motions of living without truly being alive. The extremely long line that follows, running on with "and might just as well seem to sleep again", breaks the poem's earlier shape. Its weary, sprawling rhythm mirrors the monotony of days that are indistinguishable, and the repetition of "seem" stresses that waking and sleeping are equally unreal.

The poem ends by looking forward to a literal grave: "the other quieter, dustier bed / Out there in the sun" and "in the rain." The comparative adjectives "quieter" and "dustier" imply that their present room is already quiet and dusty, a rehearsal for death. Calling the grave a "bed" is tender as well as bleak, suggesting rest at last. The final image of the sun and the rain is beautifully understated: the natural world will carry on, indifferent, above them.

Mew therefore depicts rooms memorably by turning them into a map of a life's slow decline, moving from the specific places of the past to the final room no one escapes. The irregular line lengths, sudden shifts and unsettling paradoxes leave the reader with a haunting sense of how ordinary spaces hold our deepest losses.

4 Shelley's poem is built on a painful contrast: the Bay of Naples is radiant with light and life, yet the speaker sitting in the middle of it feels empty and close to

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death. His words and images are vivid precisely because the beauty of the scene sharpens his dejection. The more glorious the world appears, the more isolated he seems.

The first stanza is a dazzling celebration of the scene. The plain, balanced opening, "The sun is warm, the sky is clear", sounds calm and certain, and then the scene starts to move: "The waves are dancing fast and bright". Personifying the waves as dancers makes the sea joyful and energetic. Colour is everywhere, from "Blue isles" to "snowy mountains", which "wear / The purple noon's transparent might". This is a beautiful and slightly strange image: noon is given a royal colour, "purple", and a power that is "transparent", as if the light itself is a garment the landscape puts on. Even the earth breathes, with "The breath of the moist earth" resting lightly on "unexpanded buds", a hint of springtime promise. The stanza ends by gathering all the sounds into a single harmony, "Like many a voice of one delight", until even "The City's voice itself, is soft like Solitude's." That final simile is telling: the noise of Naples is soothing, but it is compared to solitude, foreshadowing the loneliness to come.

In the second stanza the speaker's eye moves closer and becomes almost visionary. The repeated "I see" introduces precise, jewel-like images: the "untrampled floor" of the sea, "green and purple seaweeds strown", and waves breaking "Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown". This simile is wonderfully vivid, turning spray into falling stars and making the sea seem cosmic. The "lightning of the noontide ocean" flashing around him suggests electric brilliance. Yet one short line quietly undermines it all: "I sit upon the sands alone". The word "alone" sits at the heart of the stanza, and the closing exclamation, "How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion", turns delight into longing. The beauty is only half enjoyed because there is no one to share it.

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The third stanza abruptly changes tone with "Alas!" The bright imagery disappears and is replaced by a relentless list of negatives: "nor hope nor health, / Nor peace within nor calm around". The repetition of "nor" creates a hollow, tolling rhythm, as though he is counting up everything he lacks, culminating in "Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure." He contrasts himself with "The sage", who walked "with inward glory crowned", and with "Others" who are "Smiling" and "call life pleasure". The final image, "To me that cup has been dealt in another measure", uses the metaphor of a cup of life's portion, suggesting that fate has poured him a bitter, meagre share. The shift in the poem's language from outward splendour to inward poverty is stark and moving.

The fourth stanza is perhaps the most haunting, because despair itself becomes gentle: "despair itself is mild, / Even as the winds and waters are". Shelley links the calm of nature to a calm acceptance of death. The simile "I could lie down like a tired child" is tender and pitiful, making the poet seem vulnerable and exhausted. He imagines death arriving "like sleep", stealing on him softly, and the sensory contrast between the "warm air" and his "cheek grow cold" is unsettling. The stanza ends with the sea that "Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony." The sea that was "dancing" in stanza one is now a dull, endless "monotony", which shows how his mood has transformed the very same scene.

In the last stanza, Shelley compares himself with the day. He admits his "untimely moan" "Insults" this "sweet day", a striking word that shows guilt at spoiling such beauty. As one "Whom men love not", he imagines his death bringing only lament and regret, whereas the day, setting in "stainless glory", will "linger" like "joy in memory". The final simile is bittersweet: the day leaves behind pleasure, but he expects to leave behind only sorrow, or nothing at all.

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Through this sequence of radiant images collapsing into weary, negative language, Shelley makes the reader feel the cruelty of depression, which can see beauty perfectly clearly yet cannot feel it.

8 Adichie portrays the relationship between Kambili and Mama as one of deep, unspoken love trapped inside a house ruled by fear. Because Papa controls every word and action, mother and daughter can rarely express affection openly; instead, their bond is shown through small gestures, shared silences and acts of quiet care. What makes it so moving is that we see it through Kambili's eyes, a narrator who often notices more than she can understand, so the reader grasps the full pain of Mama's suffering before Kambili does.

From the opening chapter, Adichie shows how Kambili learns to read her mother's coping rituals. After Papa hurls his missal and breaks the figurines on the étagère, Kambili recalls how Mama used to polish those ballet-dancer figurines after the sounds of beatings in Papa's room. The detail is devastating because neither of them ever names what has happened; Kambili simply watches, and the polishing becomes Mama's silent language of endurance. Mama's quiet response to the broken figurines, picking up the pieces and saying very little, suggests that their destruction marks a change, and the reader senses that Kambili's narration is circling something she cannot yet say.

Their closeness is most tender in moments of shared confidence. Mama tells Kambili, almost shyly, that she is pregnant again after many miscarriages, and Kambili is touched to be trusted with this news. Yet Adichie immediately turns this hope into horror. Kambili hears the thud of Papa's blows and then sees him

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carrying Mama downstairs, leaving a trail of blood on the floor. The image of Kambili scrubbing her mother's blood from the floor is one of the most painful in the novel, because her act of care is also an act of concealment. Mama returns from hospital and says the baby is gone, speaking in a flat, numb voice, and the reader recalls the figurines she polishes after such episodes. Adichie's restrained style, refusing melodrama, makes the scene more moving: the horror lies in how ordinary it has become for them.

Mama also protects Kambili in small, risky ways. When Kambili has painful period cramps on a Sunday morning, Mama gives her cereal and painkillers before Mass, breaking the Eucharistic fast to ease her daughter's suffering. Papa discovers it and beats Mama, Jaja and Kambili with his belt. This episode shows that Mama's love is real and brave, but also powerless, since every attempt to shield her children brings punishment on them all.

The visits to Aunty Ifeoma in Nsukka make the limits of their relationship clearer. In contrast to Ifeoma, who speaks frankly and laughs with her children, Mama remains loyal to Papa, asking where she could possibly go if she left Eugene's house. Kambili, who is herself learning to laugh and speak in Nsukka, begins to see her mother from a new angle, and the reader feels the sadness of a daughter slowly growing beyond a mother who seems unable to change.

Adichie then overturns this impression with Mama's confession that she has been putting poison in Papa's tea. The revelation is shocking, and Kambili's response is complicated: she cannot simply condemn her mother, yet she struggles to accept what has been done. The moment reveals that Mama's silence was never simple submission; it concealed desperation and strength. It also deepens the bond between them, because Kambili now shares a terrible secret about the woman she

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thought she knew.

By the end of the novel, the roles have partly reversed. Jaja takes the blame and goes to prison, and Mama becomes withdrawn and frail, while Kambili, now older, is the one who plans, hopes and comforts. As they drive to visit Jaja, Kambili imagines a future of new rains, with orange trees and purple hibiscus planted at Abba, and there is tenderness in the way she now looks after her mother. Adichie leaves their relationship scarred but enduring, which I find deeply moving: love has survived the violence, even if it cannot undo the damage.

Adichie therefore portrays Kambili and Mama movingly by showing a love expressed through gestures rather than words, constantly shadowed by fear, yet strong enough to carry them both into a cautiously hopeful future.

9 This moment is so moving because it brings Pip's long journey of pride and ingratitude to a humble close. He has returned to the forge, recovering from illness and hoping to ask Biddy to marry him, only to discover that it is her wedding day to Joe. Instead of self-pity, Dickens gives us a scene of generous love on every side, in which Pip finally recognises the goodness of the people he once looked down on and begs for their forgiveness.

Dickens opens with a tableau of tenderness. Pip has "lain my head down on the old deal table", a posture of exhaustion and defeat, and the plain "old deal table" takes us back to the forge kitchen of his childhood. Biddy holds his hand "to her lips" and Joe's "restoring touch" is on his shoulder, so both of them physically comfort him, and the adjective "restoring" suggests that Joe heals him emotionally as well as physically. Joe's dialect, "Which he warn't strong enough, my dear, fur to

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be surprised", is touching because even now his concern is entirely for Pip. The long sentence beginning "They were both so overjoyed to see me" piles up phrases with repeated "so": "so proud", "so touched", "so delighted". This rhythm conveys the overflowing warmth of their welcome, and the dramatic irony is painful: they believe he has come "by accident to make their day complete", while the reader knows he came hoping to claim Biddy for himself.

Pip's first reaction is a turning point in his character. He feels "great thankfulness" that he "had never breathed this last baffled hope to Joe". The phrase "last baffled hope" is poignant, suggesting the final collapse of all his expectations, from Estella to wealth to Biddy herself. The exclamation "How irrevocable would have been his knowledge of it" shows that his priority is now Joe's happiness, not his own disappointment. This selflessness is new for Pip, and it moves us because it proves he has truly changed.

His speeches to the couple are full of heartfelt praise. The parallel structure of "you have the best husband in the whole world" and "you have the best wife in the whole world" is simple and balanced, like a blessing on the marriage. His broken sentence to Biddy, "if you could have seen him by my bed you would have", trails off with a dash as though his feelings are too strong to express. The triple adjectives "dear, good, noble Joe" elevate Joe, whose nobility lies in character, not class, which is exactly what Pip failed to see when he was ashamed of him. Joe's response is wordless: he "looked at me with a quivering lip, and fairly put his sleeve before his eyes". This small physical gesture, hiding his tears with his working sleeve, is more affecting than any speech.

The emotional climax comes as Pip asks for forgiveness and imagines their future child. His long, rushing sentences, full of exclamations, mirror his desperate need

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to be heard. He insists he could never "cancel a farthing of the debt", which shows he now understands that love cannot be repaid with money, the very lesson his expectations taught him. The image of "some little fellow" sitting "in this chimney corner of a winter night" is cosy and nostalgic, but it is shadowed by "another little fellow gone out of it for ever", Pip's view of his own lost childhood self. His repeated pleas, "Don't tell him, Joe, that I was thankless; don't tell him, Biddy, that I was ungenerous and unjust", are a confession of his faults.

Joe's reply, "I ain't a going... to tell him nothink o' that natur, Pip", is gently comic in its dialect but deeply loyal. When he says "God knows as I forgive you, if I have anythink to forgive!", the conditional "if" reveals his humility: he cannot see that Pip has wronged him at all. Biddy's "Amen!" turns the forgiveness into something almost sacred, fitting for their wedding day.

The final request, to rest in "my old little room" before walking to "the finger-post", is quietly symbolic. The finger-post is where Pip once set out to become a gentleman; now he leaves again, wiser and sadder. Dickens makes this moment so moving by combining dramatic irony, tender gesture and simple, sincere speech, so that Pip's loss is outweighed by his hard-won recognition of true goodness.

10 Wemmick is intriguing because he is really two men living in one body. In the office in Little Britain he is a dry, guarded clerk who seems to care only about money; at home in Walworth he is warm, playful and devoted to his father. Dickens makes the reader, like Pip, keep revising their view of him, and the fascination lies in watching a decent man protect his humanity by keeping it locked away from his work.

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Dickens first presents Wemmick almost as an object rather than a person. Pip describes his wooden, square face, which looks as if it has been roughly chipped out with a blunt tool, and his mouth is so fixed and narrow that it resembles a post-office slot, into which he seems to post his food rather than eat it. The image is comic, but it is also telling: a post-office is impersonal, a place where things are received and passed on without feeling, and this is exactly how Wemmick behaves at Jaggers's office. His advice to Pip to collect "portable property" sounds chillingly mercenary, and his mourning rings and brooches, gifts from condemned clients, suggest a man who has turned the gallows into a source of jewellery. At this stage the reader may find him cold, even sinister.

Yet Dickens immediately complicates this impression when Pip visits Walworth. Wemmick's tiny wooden cottage is a "Castle", complete with a flagstaff, a gun that is fired at nine o'clock every night, and a drawbridge over a ditch only a few feet wide. The mock-heroic absurdity is delightful, and Wemmick takes boyish pride in having made everything himself. The drawbridge is more than a joke, however: when he raises it, he literally cuts himself off from the world of Little Britain. Dickens turns the old saying that an Englishman's home is his castle into a symbol of how Wemmick defends his private self. Most moving of all is his tenderness towards the Aged Parent, his deaf father, whom he greets with cheerful nods and who is overjoyed when the gun goes off. The man who seemed to be a post-office turns out to be a loving son.

Dickens makes the division explicit. As they walk back towards the city, Pip notices Wemmick growing drier and harder, his mouth tightening back into its slot, and Wemmick himself insists that the office is one thing and private life another, and that Walworth sentiments must never be mentioned in front of Jaggers. The

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scene in which Jaggers and Wemmick discover each other's softer sides, Wemmick's pleasant home and Jaggers's own unexpected feelings about Estella's past, is wonderfully awkward: both men seem almost embarrassed to have been caught being human, and they quickly return to business with extra severity. Dickens uses Wemmick here to satirise a world of work that forces people to suppress their best qualities.

The comedy of Wemmick's courtship of Miss Skiffins adds another layer. His arm creeps round her waist only to be calmly removed and laid aside as if it were a belt, a running joke that shows his romantic persistence beneath the stiffness. His wedding is staged with mischievous innocence: he and Pip set off for a walk, and Wemmick pretends to be surprised to come across a church, then produces the ring as if by chance. This playfulness makes him one of the most endearing figures in the novel, a man who enjoys small private theatres of his own making.

Above all, Wemmick is intriguing because his kindness proves real and practical. It is through his Walworth self that he helps Pip secretly buy Herbert into Clarriker's business, an act of generosity that Pip regards as the one good thing he did with his expectations. Later his warning note, "Don't go home", saves Magwitch from Compeyson, and he advises on how to hide the convict. Even so, Dickens keeps him consistent: he will only speak of such matters as his Walworth self, never as the clerk in the office.

Wemmick therefore embodies one of the novel's central concerns, the difference between outward appearance and inner worth. What makes him so intriguing is that Dickens never fully resolves the split: the reader is left admiring a man who has survived a harsh world by being two people, and wondering how many others in Victorian London might be living the same double life.

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11 Du Maurier makes this ending dramatic by withholding it for as long as possible and then delivering it in a few stark sentences. After the long, exhausting drive back from London, the narrator and Maxim believe that the danger is over, and the passage moves from the murky confusion of a dream to a sudden, terrible clarity as they realise that the glow on the horizon is Manderley burning. The drama lies less in action than in recognition.

The passage opens with a cry: "'Maxim!' I cried. 'Maxim!'" The repeated name, and the exclamation marks, plunge us straight into the narrator's panic as she wakes. The nightmare she has been caught up in has mingled her own identity with Rebecca's, and her urgent calling of her husband's name seems almost an attempt to reassert who she is and to whom she belongs. Du Maurier makes the reader share her disorientation: for a moment it is unclear what is real and what is nightmare, which is fitting for a novel in which the dead Rebecca has always seemed more present than the living narrator.

Du Maurier then builds suspense through a slow process of misreading. The light ahead is first taken for something natural, as if it were the dawn or some strange trick of light in the night sky, and the truth dawns only gradually. The reader, however, may already sense the truth, and this dramatic irony makes every delay more agonising. When the realisation comes, it is expressed in Maxim's blunt recognition that the light is Manderley itself. The simplicity of the statement makes it devastating: the house that has dominated the whole novel, and the narrator's every thought, is reduced to a glow in the sky.

The imagery of the sky is especially powerful. The darkness above them is

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contrasted with the colour on the horizon, which is compared to a splash of blood. The simile links the fire with violence and death, recalling Rebecca's murder and suggesting that the house is being punished, or perhaps that Rebecca's presence has finally consumed it. The colour red has been associated throughout the novel with Rebecca's passion and with her flowers, the rhododendrons that crowd the drive, and here it returns in its most destructive form.

The final sentence, "And the ashes blew towards us with the salt wind from the sea", is quiet and almost lyrical, yet it carries enormous weight. Beginning with "And" makes it feel like an afterthought, as if there is nothing more to say. The "ashes" are all that is left of Manderley, and as they blow "towards us" they seem to reach out and touch the couple, a reminder that they will never be free of the past. The "salt wind from the sea" is especially significant, because the sea is where Rebecca died and where her boat was found. It is as if Rebecca herself sends the ashes to them, having the last word. The soft sibilance of "salt" and "sea" gives the line a hushed, elegiac rhythm that contrasts sharply with the cries at the start of the passage.

The ending is also dramatic because of what it leaves unsaid. Du Maurier does not show who started the fire, though the reader is likely to suspect Mrs Danvers, who has disappeared, and she does not describe the couple's reaction at length. This restraint forces the reader to imagine the scene, and it gives the ending the force of a curtain falling. It also creates a circular structure: the novel opened with the narrator dreaming of a ruined Manderley that she can never return to, and now we see how it came to be destroyed. The reader realises that the strange, exiled life described in the opening chapters, in which the couple drift between hotels, is the consequence of this night.

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Du Maurier therefore makes this a dramatic ending by combining the suspense of slow recognition with the shock of a single, final image. Manderley's destruction frees the narrator from its oppressive grandeur, but at a cost, and the ashes drifting from the sea suggest that Rebecca's shadow has not been entirely escaped.

12 Du Maurier conveys the narrator's fear of Mrs Danvers so vividly because it is told from inside the narrator's own anxious mind. The young second Mrs de Winter is shy, inexperienced and convinced that she does not belong at Manderley, and Mrs Danvers becomes the living embodiment of everything she dreads: the house's judgement of her and the lingering presence of Rebecca. The fear grows from unease to something close to terror, and du Maurier makes the housekeeper seem less a servant than a ghost.

From the very first meeting, Mrs Danvers is described in deathly terms. She stands at the head of the assembled servants, tall and gaunt in black, and the narrator sees a "skull's face, parchment-white", with hollow eyes set on a skeleton's frame. The imagery of skulls and bones links her with death, and so with the dead Rebecca, before the reader knows of her devotion. When she shakes hands, her hand is limp and cold, like something lifeless, and the narrator drops her gloves in confusion. Du Maurier makes the narrator's physical clumsiness a sign of her inner panic: she feels judged and found wanting in a single glance, and Mrs Danvers's cold, formal speech of welcome, delivered without warmth, confirms her fear that she is an intruder.

Much of the fear comes from Mrs Danvers's silence and stillness. She appears without warning, as if she has been standing in a doorway or watching from a

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window, and the narrator never hears her approach. Du Maurier repeatedly shows the narrator imagining what Mrs Danvers is thinking, comparing her with Rebecca, and these imagined judgements are as frightening as anything the housekeeper actually says. The first-person retrospective narration lets us feel the narrator's paranoia while also hinting, through her older voice, how much of it was self-torment. The ordinary routines of the house, the menus, the morning room, Rebecca's writing desk, all seem to be under the control of this watchful figure.

The scene in the west wing marks a turning point. Mrs Danvers catches the narrator in Rebecca's bedroom and, instead of anger, shows her round it with a horrible intimacy. She strokes Rebecca's clothes, holds up the nightdress kept in its case, and invites the narrator to imagine Rebecca sitting at the dressing table having her hair brushed. Her voice becomes soft and confiding, which is far more disturbing than coldness, and she suggests that Rebecca still walks the house and watches Maxim and his new wife together. Du Maurier blurs the line between the living and the dead here, and the narrator's fear becomes almost supernatural: she longs to escape but feels unable to move.

Mrs Danvers's malice is then turned into action. She suggests the costume for the fancy dress ball, knowing that it copies the portrait Rebecca herself once imitated, so that the narrator descends the stairs to Maxim's horror. The narrator's excitement collapses into humiliation, and her later realisation that she was deliberately trapped makes Mrs Danvers seem calculating as well as eerie.

The fear reaches its climax at the open window of Rebecca's room the morning after the ball. Mrs Danvers speaks gently, almost hypnotically, telling the narrator that she has nothing to live for and that Maxim does not want her, and urging her to jump. Du Maurier slows the scene down, with the fog outside and the drop

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below, so that the reader feels how close the narrator comes to obeying. It is only the sudden explosion of the rockets signalling the shipwreck that breaks the spell.

Finally, after the truth about Rebecca is revealed, Mrs Danvers vanishes, and her absence is as frightening as her presence. The novel's ending, with Manderley in flames, leaves the reader suspecting that she is responsible. Du Maurier thus makes Mrs Danvers a figure of fear that never quite leaves the narrator, and through her shows how a timid young woman is haunted not only by a housekeeper but by her own sense of inferiority to the woman she replaced.

13 Lahiri makes this a powerful moment because it is the point at which the secret behind Gogol's name is finally revealed, and it arrives quietly, in a car at night, between a father and son who have rarely spoken openly. The scene is powerful not because of dramatic action but because of what is confessed, and because of the painful irony that Gogol learns the true meaning of his name only after he has rejected it.

Lahiri establishes an unsettled atmosphere from the start. The night is "windy", the car "jostles slightly", and "brown leaves as large as human feet fly across the road in the headlights' glare". The simile comparing leaves to "human feet" is strange and faintly disturbing: it introduces the idea of bodies and walking at the very moment Ashoke is about to describe lying crushed and unable to move after the train crash. The fact that the leaves are dead and blown helplessly about also hints at the fragility of life and at forces beyond human control, which is exactly what Ashoke's story is about. The "headlights' glare" lights up only a small space ahead in the darkness, much as the conversation suddenly illuminates a part of the past that has always been hidden.

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The setting of the car is significant. Father and son sit side by side rather than face to face, looking ahead at the road, and this seems to make it possible for Ashoke to speak. Lahiri shows that intimacy in this family is rarely expressed directly, and the enclosed, private space of the car, cut off from the windy night, becomes a kind of confessional. Ashoke's account of the accident is told plainly, without self-pity: the book of Gogol's stories he had been reading, and the crumpled page still in his hand that made the rescuers realise he was alive. The restraint of his storytelling makes it more moving, and the reader recognises that this is a memory he has carried privately for years.

Gogol's reaction gives the moment its emotional power. Lahiri presents his shock and growing guilt, as he realises that the name he found embarrassing and has legally cast off was a tribute to survival and to the second life his father was given. His earlier resentment now seems shallow, and Lahiri allows the reader to feel the gap between what Gogol thought his name meant and what it truly meant. His question to his father, whether he reminds him of that terrible night, reveals his fear that he is linked in his father's mind with pain and death.

Ashoke's reply is the climax of the passage: "You remind me of everything that followed." The sentence is simple, but its effect is profound. It transforms the meaning of the name from a reminder of disaster to a celebration of everything that came after it: his recovery, his journey to America, his marriage and the birth of his son. "Everything" is an expansive, generous word, suggesting that Gogol is not a symbol of trauma but the fulfilment of a life saved. The quiet, understated tone is typical of Ashoke, whose love is shown through gestures rather than declarations, and it is all the more touching for that.

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Lahiri also makes the moment powerful through its place in the structure of the novel. The reader has known about the accident since the first chapter, so we have waited, alongside Ashoke, for Gogol to be told. This dramatic irony means that we feel the weight of his discovery more keenly than he can at first. The timing is also poignant, coming after the name change, when the knowledge can no longer alter his choice but can only make him reflect on it. Later, after Ashoke's death, the memory of this conversation gains even greater significance.

Lahiri therefore creates a powerful moment by combining a symbolic, unsettling setting with restrained dialogue and a final line of great tenderness. It is a turning point in Gogol's understanding of his father and of himself, showing that identity is shaped by stories we may not know until we are ready to hear them.

14 Lahiri portrays Ashima strikingly as a woman whose life is defined by displacement, yet who grows, almost without noticing it, from a homesick young bride into a strong and independent woman. What makes her so memorable is the quiet precision with which Lahiri shows her inner life: her loneliness, her loyalty to Bengali customs, and finally her acceptance that she belongs to two places at once.

The novel opens with a striking image of Ashima, heavily pregnant in her kitchen in Cambridge, Massachusetts, mixing Rice Krispies and peanuts with chopped onion, salt, lemon juice and chilli, trying to recreate a snack sold on the streets of Calcutta. Lahiri notes that something is always missing. This detail captures her whole situation in miniature: she is improvising with American ingredients to reproduce a lost home, and the result is never quite right. The use of the present tense makes us share her experience intimately, and the domestic setting

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establishes her as a figure whose emotional world is rooted in food, family and memory.

Lahiri shows the depth of Ashima's isolation through the birth of Gogol. In the hospital she is surrounded by strangers and feels terrified at the thought of raising a child in a country where she has no relatives, and Lahiri reveals her sadness that her son will be born without the grandparents and aunts who would have surrounded him in India. Her sense of being foreign is famously compared to "a sort of lifelong pregnancy", a perpetual wait, a constant burden and a feeling of being out of the ordinary. The metaphor is especially striking because it draws on the experience that first made her loneliness so acute: her pregnancy becomes a symbol of her permanent emotional condition, one of expectation and discomfort that never resolves.

Ashima's traditional values are portrayed through small details. She never speaks her husband's name aloud, as is the custom for Bengali wives, and Lahiri uses this to show the private, unspoken nature of their marriage, which has been arranged and grows into love only gradually. She keeps her letters from her parents, wears saris, and creates a circle of Bengali friends in the suburbs, holding gatherings that become a substitute extended family. Yet Lahiri also shows her quiet strength: as the children grow up she takes a job at the public library, forms friendships with American women and gains confidence in a world beyond her home.

The most moving part of her portrayal comes after Ashoke's sudden death in Cleveland. Lahiri shows her grief through her actions, sitting alone in the house, and through the realisation that the person she shared her exile with has gone. Her strength is revealed in how she continues, managing the household and

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supporting her children. It is also striking that, in her widowhood, she finally finds a kind of freedom: she makes the decision to divide her year between India and America.

The final chapter shows Ashima preparing a last Christmas Eve party before she sells the house on Pemberton Road. Lahiri presents her as transformed. She now feels at home in neither country completely, yet she embraces this rather than mourning it, realising that she will miss the life she has built in America and the people in it. The young bride who wept over letters from home has become a woman who lives without borders, belonging to both worlds. Lahiri makes this change subtle but profound, so that the reader recognises how far she has travelled emotionally as well as geographically.

Lahiri therefore portrays Ashima strikingly through vivid domestic detail, powerful metaphors of exile and a structure that traces her growth across thirty years. She is at once a figure of loneliness and a figure of endurance, and in many ways she is the emotional centre of the novel: the character who most fully experiences the cost of migration and most fully discovers its rewards.

16 Lindsay creates vivid impressions of Miranda by presenting her almost entirely through the eyes of others. She is rarely given long speeches or access to her own thoughts; instead, she is seen, admired and remembered by teachers, schoolgirls and young men, and each of them seems to see something slightly different. The result is a character who is luminous and vivid yet always slightly out of reach, which makes her disappearance on Hanging Rock feel like the loss of something rare and almost unearthly.

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From the opening chapter, set on St Valentine's Day, Lindsay associates Miranda with beauty, light and grace. Her long, pale golden hair is repeatedly noticed, and she moves with a calm, unhurried ease that sets her apart from the fussing and gossiping of the other girls at Appleyard College. She is universally loved: her schoolfellows look to her for leadership, the younger girls adore her, and even the formidable Mrs Appleyard seems to regard her as an ornament to the College. Lindsay creates the impression of a natural, unforced goodness, as though Miranda belongs to a gentler world than the stiff, corseted one of the College.

The most memorable description comes from Mademoiselle de Poitiers, the French mistress, who watches Miranda walk away towards the Rock and suddenly realises that she is a "Botticelli angel". The comparison is vivid and suggestive. It links Miranda with Renaissance paintings of ethereal, golden-haired figures, and it hints that she is not quite of this earth. Because this recognition comes at the very moment Miranda is leaving, it carries a sense of foreboding: Mademoiselle seems to understand Miranda's beauty fully only as it is about to vanish.

Lindsay also creates Miranda through Sara Waybourne, the lonely orphan who loves her devotedly. To Sara, Miranda is the one source of kindness in a cruel institution, and Miranda's gentleness towards the younger girl makes her seem compassionate as well as beautiful. After the disappearance, Sara's grief and growing desperation intensify the reader's sense of what Miranda meant: her absence leaves a gap that the College cannot fill, and Sara's own tragic fate seems bound up with the loss of her protector.

Miranda's link with the natural world is especially vivid. As the girls climb, she seems more at ease on the Rock than any of her companions, and Lindsay describes the landscape in a dreamy, hypnotic way that seems to draw Miranda

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forward. When Edith flees in terror, Miranda, Irma and Marion move on as if in a trance, and Miranda becomes the leader of this strange ascent. Lindsay never explains what happens to her, and this silence turns her into an enigma. She becomes the centre of the novel's mystery precisely because she is the one most completely lost.

Michael Fitzhubert's impression of Miranda adds a further dimension. He glimpses the girls crossing the creek, and the image of Miranda remains with him obsessively. Later, Lindsay links her with a white swan, an emblem of purity and grace, which seems to haunt Michael in his dreams. The swan suggests that Miranda has been transformed into something natural and free, and it reinforces her association with beauty that cannot be possessed. Michael's search for her on the Rock is driven by this almost mystical longing, though he never really knew her.

Lindsay's structure intensifies these impressions. Miranda is present only in the opening chapters, yet her absence dominates the rest of the novel, as the College gradually collapses and those connected to it suffer. In this way, Lindsay makes Miranda seem more powerful in her absence than in her presence, and each memory of her becomes more idealised.

Lindsay therefore creates vivid impressions of Miranda through the admiring gazes of other characters, through imagery of light, angels and swans, and through the unresolved mystery of her fate. She is less a fully realised individual than a symbol of youth, beauty and innocence, and her disappearance becomes the haunting heart of the novel.

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Martel depicts Pi's arrival on land powerfully because the moment he has longed for through two hundred and twenty-seven days at sea turns out to be not triumphant but painful and anticlimactic. Physically, Pi is too weak to stand; emotionally, he is devastated by Richard Parker's abrupt departure. Martel uses the moment to show that survival brings its own kind of loss.

The passage opens with a simple, quiet sentence: "I let myself down the side." There is no fanfare, no cry of joy, only a careful, exhausted action. The verb "let" suggests passivity and frailty, as if Pi is barely in control of his own body. Martel's flat, understated narration reflects Pi's state of mind: after so long in a world of struggle, he has no energy left for celebration. The reader, who has shared his ordeal, may expect a moment of release, and the restraint is all the more powerful for denying it.

Martel stresses the physical sensation of reaching land. Pi's body, used to the movement of the sea, seems unable to cope with solid ground, and he lies on the beach, feeling the sand beneath him. The contrast between the endless, unstable ocean and the firm, warm earth makes the moment almost sacred: land is a gift he can hardly believe in. Martel's attention to touch and texture makes the reader feel Pi's exhaustion and relief.

The emotional centre of the passage is Richard Parker's departure. The tiger leaps from the boat, passes Pi and moves towards the jungle. Pi watches, expecting the animal to turn and acknowledge him, but Richard Parker simply walks into the trees without looking back. Martel describes him as the "companion of my torment, awful, fierce thing that kept me alive", and this paradoxical phrasing captures the complexity of their relationship. The tiger is both a source of terror and the reason Pi survived, because the need to tame and feed him gave Pi a

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purpose and kept him alert. The list of contradictory descriptions shows that Pi's feelings cannot be simplified: he fears and loves the animal at once.

Martel makes the departure heartbreaking through its abruptness. Pi's reaction is to weep, not because he has been saved, but because Richard Parker has left him so unceremoniously. The older Pi, narrating years later, reflects on how this unfinished goodbye still pains him, and Martel uses this retrospective voice to show that the wound has never healed. It is striking that an animal, which cannot feel or understand human farewells, should matter so much to him. Martel suggests that Pi has projected onto Richard Parker a human relationship that may never have existed, and the tiger's indifference exposes the loneliness at the heart of Pi's survival.

The ending of the passage, with Pi's imagined farewell speech closing on "God be with you", is deeply moving. Pi offers the words that he wishes he had spoken, thanking the tiger and bidding him goodbye. The religious blessing connects with Pi's faith, which has sustained him throughout the novel, and it shows his generosity: he wishes well to the creature that could have killed him. The phrase also brings a sense of closure that the actual moment lacked, as though narration itself can give Pi the farewell that life denied him. The quiet, prayer-like tone ends the passage on a note of grace rather than bitterness.

Martel's structure gives this moment further significance. It follows the long, harrowing account of the voyage, and is followed by the interviews with the Japanese officials, in which Pi tells a second, brutal version of his story. The reader may therefore look back on Richard Parker's departure and wonder what the tiger truly represented. Its disappearance into the jungle might symbolise the wild, savage part of Pi that he needed to survive and now leaves behind.

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Martel therefore depicts Pi's arrival on land powerfully by combining physical exhaustion, emotional loss and spiritual reflection. The moment of rescue becomes a moment of grief, and Pi's final blessing shows a boy who has survived with his humanity intact.

18 Martel conveys Richard Parker's suffering vividly by refusing to treat him as a symbol only. Although the tiger is terrifying, Pi observes him with the close, unsentimental eye of a zookeeper's son, and through this perspective Martel shows a powerful animal reduced to fear, hunger, thirst and sickness. The reader comes to see that Richard Parker is as much a victim of the shipwreck as Pi, and his suffering mirrors and sometimes even exceeds Pi's own.

Martel first reveals Richard Parker's suffering through his hidden presence. For the early days in the lifeboat, the tiger lies beneath the tarpaulin, seasick and silent, and Pi does not even realise he is there. This detail is unsettling, but it is also pitiful: the great predator has been reduced to a helpless creature curled up in a dark space, overwhelmed by the motion of the sea. When he finally emerges and kills the hyena, his violence seems as much the product of desperation as of savagery.

Hunger and thirst are presented with particular vividness. Martel describes the tiger's growing thinness, his ribs showing, and his frantic eagerness when Pi provides fish, turtle meat and fresh water. Pi's discovery that he must feed and water the animal to keep himself safe forces him to watch Richard Parker's needs closely, and Martel uses Pi's practical narration to emphasise the scale of the animal's suffering: a tiger requires vast amounts of food and drink, and the open

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ocean offers almost none. The image of the tiger lapping desperately at the water Pi collects, or lying listless in the heat, makes the reader feel his helplessness. Martel also stresses that, unlike Pi, Richard Parker cannot understand why he is in this situation, which adds pathos.

The weather intensifies his suffering. Martel describes the relentless sun, the glaring sea and the violent storms that toss the lifeboat. In the storms, Richard Parker can only crouch under the tarpaulin, and Pi recognises that the animal, for all his strength, is utterly at the mercy of the elements. Martel's vivid descriptions of crashing waves and torrential rain highlight how small and fragile even a Bengal tiger becomes in the face of nature.

The episode in which both Pi and Richard Parker go blind shows their suffering at its most extreme. Pi realises that the tiger is also blind and dying, and Martel presents a terrible equality between them: the boy and the animal are both close to death, their bodies failing. The darkness of this section, with its hallucinatory encounter with the other blind castaway, shows how far suffering has broken down their sense of reality. When Richard Parker kills the stranger, the act is shocking, yet it again comes from extreme hunger.

On the algae island, Martel briefly relieves the tiger's suffering. Richard Parker regains his strength, hunts meerkats and swims, and Pi delights in seeing him healthy again. The contrast makes the earlier suffering more vivid by showing what the tiger was like when free from torment. Yet the island too proves dangerous, as its acid at night forces the animal back to the boat, reminding us that his suffering has only been paused.

Martel also conveys Richard Parker's suffering through Pi's growing empathy. Pi

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notices the tiger's moods and sounds, including the soft, friendly noise he makes, called prusten, and comes to see him as a companion in pain. Pi's taming of the animal, using a whistle and the turtle shell as a shield, is partly about control, but it also involves understanding, and this allows the reader to sympathise with Richard Parker as a fellow sufferer rather than simply a threat.

Finally, Martel's dual narrative in the final section complicates our understanding of the tiger's suffering. If Richard Parker represents the savage part of Pi, then his suffering is also Pi's own, displaced onto an animal so that it can be faced. Martel therefore conveys Richard Parker's suffering vividly through physical detail, extreme situations and Pi's compassionate observation, making the tiger one of the most memorable and moving figures in the novel.

19 This is a powerful moment because Wells lets the reader feel the battle before seeing it, and then shows what happens to ordinary people when the Martians finally stride into view. The passage moves from tense waiting, to sudden terror, to panic, and finally to the narrator's desperate plunge into the river, so that we experience the attack exactly as a bewildered bystander would.

Wells begins with sound rather than sight. The "unseen batteries" are "unseen because of the trees", and the repetition stresses how helpless the crowd is: they can hear the guns taking up "the chorus" but cannot understand what is happening. The musical metaphor "chorus" is unsettling, as if war were a performance, and the single short sentence "A woman screamed." cuts through it abruptly. I find the most chilling detail to be the peaceful landscape that refuses to react: "cows feeding unconcernedly" and "silvery pollard willows motionless in the warm sunlight". This gentle, almost pastoral English scene, bathed in "warm

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sunlight", makes the violence that follows feel even more shocking, and the word "motionless" mirrors the people who "stood arrested", frozen by something they cannot see.

The dialogue deepens the tension. The woman's reassurance that "The sojers'll stop 'em" is undercut by the single adverb "doubtfully", and her dialect makes her an ordinary, believable voice whose confidence in the army is already crumbling. Wells then delays the Martians once more with "A haziness rose", before the explosion arrives with startling force: the "puff of smoke" seems harmless until "forthwith the ground heaved underfoot". The verb "heaved" makes the solid earth itself seem unstable, and the smashed windows bring the destruction into the human world of "the houses near".

When the Martians do appear, Wells counts them out: "one, two, three, four", and then "a fifth". This simple counting slows the reader down and builds dread with each number, as if the narrator can hardly believe what he sees. At first they look almost small, "Little cowled figures", and the simile "as fast as flying birds" suggests an unnatural speed for such huge machines. The shift as they come "growing rapidly larger" is cinematic: we feel them approach. Their "armoured bodies glittered in the sun", which is strangely beautiful, and this beauty makes them more alien. The "ghostly, terrible Heat-Ray" is personified as it "smote" Chertsey; the archaic, almost biblical verb gives the weapon the power of divine punishment, and the narrator's reminder that he had "already seen" it on Friday night makes the reader share his knowledge of what it can do.

The crowd's reaction is described with remarkable restraint. Wells writes that "There was no screaming or shouting, but a silence", and this silence is more frightening than any noise, as if horror has stripped people of speech. Then the

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silence breaks into "a hoarse murmur" and the "splashing" of feet, and the passage dissolves into chaos. The details are vivid and almost comic in their ordinariness: a man "too frightened to drop the portmanteau" knocks the narrator "staggering", and a woman "thrust at me" and rushes past. Wells shows how terror makes people selfish and blind, clinging to possessions that are now meaningless.

Against this, the narrator insists that he "was not too terrified for thought". The exclamations "To get under water! That was it!" capture his racing mind in short bursts of free indirect thought, and his shout is "unheeded", isolating him further. His decision to rush "towards the approaching Martian" is a bold reversal of the crowd's movement, which makes the reader admire and fear for him at once. The ending is full of physical immediacy: the stones are "muddy and slippery", the river "scarcely waist-deep", and the Martian "towered overhead". As he flings himself "under the surface", the splashes sound "like thunderclaps in my ears", a simile that turns small human noises into something enormous and threatening.

The moment is powerful, then, because Wells controls what we see and hear so precisely. By setting monstrous machines against a calm summer landscape and frightened, ordinary people, he makes the invasion feel real, close and overwhelming, and he leaves the reader holding their breath underwater with the narrator.

20 Wells depicts the Martian invasion strikingly by making it slow, then sudden, then total. What begins as a curiosity on a suburban common grows into the collapse of an entire civilisation, and Wells constantly makes the reader feel how small and unprepared humanity is. The invasion is striking not only for its violence but because it overturns mankind's belief that it is the master of the world.

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From the very first sentence, Wells frames the invasion as something that has been planned while humanity looked the other way. The narrator tells us that "No one would have believed" that this world was being watched "keenly and closely by intelligences greater than man's". The long, measured opening sentence has the calm authority of a historian, and the phrase "intellects vast and cool and unsympathetic" makes the Martians frightening precisely because they feel nothing towards us. Wells even compares human beings to the tiny creatures that swarm in a drop of water under a microscope, which shocks the reader by reversing our usual position as observers.

The arrival itself is strikingly undramatic. The cylinder lands on Horsell Common and becomes a local spectacle: people gather, boys throw stones, and the crowd treats it as an entertainment. Wells deliberately makes his characters complacent so that the first emergence of a Martian is more horrifying. The creature is described with disgust, "the size, perhaps, of a bear", glistening and heaving, with a quivering mouth and tentacles, and the narrator's revulsion is physical. The hesitant "perhaps" shows a mind struggling to find comparisons for something entirely outside human experience. When the deputation approaches waving a white flag, it is struck down by the Heat-Ray, an invisible weapon that turns people to flame in an instant. The gesture of peace meeting instant annihilation tells the reader that there will be no negotiation.

Wells then makes the invasion more striking through scale. The fighting-machines, the giant tripods, stride across the Surrey countryside, and the narrator's first sight of one during the thunderstorm is described in flashes of lightning, so that it seems to appear and vanish like a nightmare. He compares its movement to a milking stool tilted and bowled along, an image that is almost absurd yet makes

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the reader see a monstrous machine moving with inhuman ease. The domestic comparison is typical of Wells: he places alien technology in familiar English places like Woking, Weybridge and Shepperton, so that the invasion seems to be happening on the reader's doorstep.

The black smoke and the flight from London show the invasion spreading through society itself. Wells widens his narrative by using the brother's account, and the description of crowds jammed in the roads, fighting for carts and trains, presents what the narrator calls the beginning of "the rout of civilisation". The striking point is that the Martians barely need to fight: the panic of the people does much of the destruction for them. Only the ironclad Thunder Child, ramming a tripod before it is destroyed, offers a moment of heroic resistance, and Wells lets the reader cheer briefly before the steamers escape into the haze.

In Book Two, Wells shows the invasion close up and in its most disturbing form. Trapped in the ruined house with the curate, the narrator watches the Martians through a crack and learns that they feed by injecting the blood of living creatures into themselves. Wells describes this with clinical calm, which makes it even more horrifying. The spread of the red weed, choking the rivers and fields, suggests that the invasion is also an alteration of the earth itself, as if England is being turned into Mars.

Yet the ending is the most striking twist of all. The narrator walks through an empty London, hearing the eerie cry "Ulla, ulla" from a dying Martian, and finds the invaders dead, killed not by guns but by bacteria, "the humblest things" on earth. Wells structures the novel so that the mightiest power is undone by the smallest, and the invasion becomes a lesson in humility. I find this depiction striking because Wells refuses to give mankind a victory it has earned: humanity

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survives by chance, and the narrator is left feeling that our sense of security has been permanently shaken.

22 Yiyun Li makes us feel deep sympathy for Mr Shi because he is a lonely, ageing man who has crossed the world to help a daughter who does not seem to want him, and because, slowly and quietly, the story reveals that his whole life has been shaped by silence. Li never asks for pity directly; instead she lets us notice the gap between Mr Shi's cheerful efforts and the coldness he meets, and then she uncovers the hidden sadness that explains him.

From the start, Li presents Mr Shi as a man trying hard to be useful. A widower who has come to America after his daughter Yilan's divorce, he believes it is his duty to make her happy again, and he shows his love in the only way he knows: by cooking elaborate dinners every evening. The pathos lies in how little these efforts achieve. Yilan eats little, says less, and returns late, and their meals pass in near silence. Li's restrained, almost understated narration mirrors his politeness; he does not complain, and so the reader feels the hurt on his behalf. I find it particularly moving that he keeps reading her moods, worrying that she is unhappy, while she seems to find him merely an inconvenience.

Li deepens our sympathy through his isolation in a foreign culture. Mr Shi has very little English, yet he befriends an Iranian woman in the park, whom he calls Madam. Neither speaks the other's language well, but they talk happily each morning in a mixture of broken English and their own tongues, and somehow understand each other. This friendship is touching and gently comic, and it shows that Mr Shi longs for conversation. The irony is painful: he communicates more warmly with a stranger whose language he cannot speak than with his own

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daughter, with whom he shares a language. When Madam's own circumstances change and she too faces loneliness, the reader sees that Mr Shi's situation reflects a wider sadness about the elderly being left behind by their children.

The turning point comes when Mr Shi overhears Yilan speaking freely and laughing on the telephone in English, and discovers that she is involved with a married man. When he tries to talk to her, she tells him, in effect, that she grew up in a home where nobody spoke about their feelings, and that it is easier to talk in a new language than in Chinese. This accusation is one of the most painful moments in the story, because Li makes us see that Mr Shi's silence has been passed down to his daughter. We sympathise with Yilan too, but Mr Shi's hurt is quieter and more lonely; he cannot defend himself without revealing the secret he has kept.

That secret is the heart of our sympathy. Mr Shi has proudly told people he was a rocket scientist, and the reader may at first smile at this vanity. Li then reveals the truth: years earlier, his innocent friendship with a young woman at work, which consisted of nothing more than talking, led to accusations that destroyed his career, and he spent the rest of his working life in a lowly position. He has carried this shame and this injustice silently for decades. The reader realises that his pride in being a rocket scientist is not boastfulness but a way of holding on to the man he might have been. The story's title, drawn from the proverb about how many years of prayer it takes for two people to share a boat or a pillow, takes on a sad weight: Mr Shi wonders what bad prayers lie behind a father and daughter who live together yet cannot speak.

Li ends without a neat resolution, and this adds to the pathos. Mr Shi finally tells his story, but to Madam, in Chinese, which she cannot understand. The confession

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is made, yet no one truly hears it. Li's quiet, unsentimental style makes this moment almost unbearably moving, because the reader is the only one who receives his truth.

Overall, Li makes us feel sympathy for Mr Shi by showing a gentle, dignified man whose love goes unnoticed and whose life has been damaged by forces beyond his control. Our sympathy grows as we learn more, so that by the end the cheerful old man of the opening has become a figure of profound loneliness.