Cambridge Assessment International Education

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/11**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose **May/June 2025**

1 hour 30 minutes

1722747686

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 4

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Rain

Rain, midnight rain, nothing but the wild rain
On this bleak hut, and solitude, and me
Remembering again that I shall die
And neither hear the rain nor give it thanks
For washing me cleaner than I have been
Since I was born into this solitude.
Blessed are the dead that the rain rains upon:
But here I pray that none whom once I loved
Is dying to-night or lying still awake
Solitary, listening to the rain,
Either in pain or thus in sympathy
Helpless among the living and the dead,
Like a cold water among broken reeds,
Myriads of broken reeds all still and stiff,
Like me who have no love which this wild rain
Has not dissolved except the love of death,
If love it be for what is perfect and
Cannot, the tempest tells me, disappoint.

(*Edward Thomas*)

Explore how Thomas makes you feel sympathy for the speaker in this poem.

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Or **2** How does Turner movingly convey the speaker's thoughts about death in *On Finding a Small Fly Crushed in a Book*?

On Finding a Small Fly Crushed in a Book

Some hand, that never meant to do thee hurt,
Has crushed thee here between these pages pent;
But thou has left thine own fair monument,
Thy wings gleam out and tell me what thou wert:
Oh! that the memories, which survive us here,
Were half as lovely as these wings of thine!
Pure relics of a blameless life, that shine
Now thou art gone. Our doom is ever near:
The peril is beside us day by day;
The book will close upon us, it may be,
Just as we lift ourselves to soar away
Upon the summer-airs. But, unlike thee,
The closing book may stop our vital breath,
Yet leave no lustre on our page of death.

(*Charles Tennyson Turner*)

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SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 2: from Part 3

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The Capital

Quarter of pleasures where the rich are always waiting,

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Night after night to the farmer's children you beckon.

(*W H Auden*)

How does Auden powerfully convey the speaker's feelings about the capital?

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Or **4** In what ways does Cato use words and images to striking effect in *The Road*?

The Road

I made the rising moon go back

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I drove towards the sun.

(*Nancy Fotheringham Cato*)

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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:

Wind

This house has been far out at sea all night,

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Hearing the stones cry out under the horizons.

How does Hughes make this poem so frightening?

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TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 6.

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Or **6** In what ways does Hughes make the horses so mysterious in *The Horses*?

The Horses

I climbed through woods in the hour-before-dawn dark.

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Hearing the horizons endure.

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SECTION B: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Things Fall Apart*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Okonkwo was inwardly pleased at his son's development, and he knew it was due to Ikemefuna.

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An oil lamp was lit and Okonkwo tasted from each bowl, and then passed two shares to Nwoye and Ikemefuna.

(*from* Chapter 7)

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In what ways does Achebe make this such a moving moment in the novel?

Or **8** Explore how Achebe strikingly conveys the impact of Okonkwo's banishment.

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ANITA DESAI: *Fire on the Mountain*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Commotion preceded her like a band of *langurs*.

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At this there was a roar and the band parted and fell aside, leaving the old umbrella stuck helplessly between two rails from which undignified position it was rescued by Ram Lal, who had come marching down the path in policeman-sized strides, sent by Nanda Kaul who stood at the top of the hill by the gate, watching the scene with a frown of disgust.

(*from* Part 3, Chapter 1)

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How does Desai make this moment in the novel both comical and sad?

Or **10** Explore how Desai vividly conveys Nanda Kaul's changing feelings towards Raka.

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CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

'Hold your noise!' cried a terrible voice, as a man started up from among the graves at the side of the church porch. 'Keep still, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat!'

A fearful man, all in coarse grey, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. A man who had been soaked in water, and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briars; who limped, and shivered, and glared and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by the chin.

'O! Don't cut my throat, sir,' I pleaded in terror. 'Pray don't do it, sir.'

'Tell us your name!' said the man. 'Quick!'

'Pip, sir.'

'Once more,' said the man, staring at me. 'Give it mouth!'

'Pip. Pip, sir!'

'Show us where you live,' said the man. 'Pint out the place!'

I pointed to where our village lay, on the flat in-shore among the alder-trees and pollards, a mile or more from the church.

The man, after looking at me for a moment, turned me upside-down and emptied my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. When the church came to itself – for he was so sudden and strong that he made it go head over heels before me, and I saw the steeple under my feet – when the church came to itself, I say, I was seated on a high tombstone, trembling, while he ate the bread ravenously.

'You young dog,' said the man, licking his lips, 'what fat cheeks you ha' got.'

I believe they were fat, though I was at that time undersized for my years, and not strong.

'Darn Me if I couldn't eat 'em,' said the man, with a threatening shake of his head, 'and if I han't half a mind to't!'

I earnestly expressed my hope that he wouldn't, and held tighter to the tombstone on which he had put me; partly, to keep myself upon it; partly, to keep myself from crying.

'Now then, lookee here!' said the man. 'Where's your mother?'

'There, sir!' said I.

He started, made a short run, and stopped and looked over his shoulder.

'There, sir!' I timidly explained. 'Also Georgiana. That's my mother.'

'Oh!' said he, coming back. 'And is that your father alonger your mother?'

'Yes, sir,' said I, 'him too; late of this parish.'

'Ha!' he muttered then, considering. 'Who d'ye live with – supposin' you're kindly let to live, which I han't made up my mind about?'

'My sister, sir – Mrs Joe Gargery – wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, sir.'

'Blacksmith, eh?' said he. And looked down at his leg.

After darkly looking at his leg and at me several times, he came closer to my tombstone, took me by both arms, and tilted me back as far as he could hold me; so that his eyes looked most powerfully down into mine, and mine looked most helplessly up into his.

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‘Now lookee here,’ he said, ‘the question being whether you’re to be let to live. You know what a file is.’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘And you know what wittles is.’

‘Yes sir.’

After each question he tilted me over a little more, so as to give me a greater sense of helplessness and danger.

‘You get me a file.’ He tilted me again. ‘And you get me wittles.’ He tilted me again. ‘You bring ’em both to me.’ He tilted me again. ‘Or I’ll have your heart and liver out.’ He tilted me again.

I was dreadfully frightened, and so giddy that I clung to him with both hands, and said, ‘If you would kindly please to let me keep upright, sir, perhaps I shouldn’t be sick, and perhaps I could attend more.’

(*from* Chapter 1)

Explore the ways in which Dickens makes this such a vivid moment in the novel.

Or **12** How does Dickens strikingly portray Pip’s intense feelings for Estella?

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DAPHNE DU MAURIER: *Rebecca*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

‘I killed Rebecca,’ Maxim had said.

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normal.’

(*from* Chapter 20)

How does du Maurier make this such a dramatic moment in the novel?

Or **14** In what ways does du Maurier portray Jack Favell as a villain?

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HARPER LEE: *To Kill a Mockingbird*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Miss Stephanie's nose quivered with curiosity.

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‘That’s something you’ll have to take up with your father,’ Miss Maudie said.

(*from* Chapter 22)

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

Or **16** In what ways does Lee make Dill such an intriguing character?

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JOAN LINDSAY: *Picnic at Hanging Rock*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The immediate impact of its soaring peaks induced a silence so impregnated with its powerful presence that even Edith was struck dumb.

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'He bought Mama a ruby ring.'

(*from* Chapter 3)

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

Or **18** In what ways does Lindsay portray Mrs Appleyard as such an unpleasant character?

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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 little steamer was already flapping her way eastward of the big crescent of shipping, and the low Essex coast was growing blue and hazy, when a Martian appeared, small and faint in the remote distance, advancing along the muddy coast from the direction of Foulness. At that the captain on the bridge swore at the top of his voice with fear and anger at his own delay, and the paddles seemed infected with his terror. Every soul aboard stood at the bulwarks or on the seats of the steamer and stared at that distant shape, higher than the trees or church towers inland, and advancing with a leisurely parody of a human stride.

It was the first Martian my brother had seen, and he stood, more amazed than terrified, watching this Titan advancing deliberately towards the shipping, wading further and further into the water as the coast fell away. Then, far away beyond the Crouch, came another, striding over some stunted trees, and then yet another, still further off, wading deeply through a shiny mud-flat that seemed to hang halfway up between sea and sky. They were all stalking seaward, as if to intercept the escape of the multitudinous vessels that were crowded between Foulness and the Naze. In spite of the throbbing exertions of the engines of the little paddle-boat, and the pouring foam that her wheels flung behind her, she receded with terrifying slowness from this ominous advance.

Glancing north-westward, my brother saw the large crescent of shipping already writhing with the approaching terror; one ship passing behind another, another coming round from broadside to end on, steamships whistling and giving off volumes of steam, sails being let out, launches rushing hither and thither. He was so fascinated by this and by the creeping danger away to the left that he had no eyes for anything seaward. And then a swift movement of the steamboat (she had suddenly come round to avoid being run down) flung him headlong from the seat upon which he was standing. There was a shouting all about him, a trampling of feet, and a cheer that seemed to be answered faintly. The steamboat lurched and rolled him over upon his hands.

He sprang to his feet and saw to starboard, and not a hundred yards from their heeling, pitching boat, a vast iron bulk like the blade of a plough tearing through the water, tossing it on either side in huge waves of foam that leapt towards the steamer, flinging her paddles helplessly in the air, and then sucking her deck down almost to the waterline.

A douche of spray blinded my brother for a moment. When his eyes were clear again he saw the monster had passed and was rushing landward. Big iron upper-works rose out of this headlong structure, and from that twin funnels projected and spat a smoking blast shot with fire. It was the torpedo-ram, *Thunder Child*, steaming headlong, coming to the rescue of the threatened shipping.

(*from* Book 1, Chapter 17)

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

Or **20** To what extent does Wells's portrayal of the Martians suggest that they are admirable?

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from *STORIES OF OURSELVES VOLUME 2*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **21** Read this passage from *Fluke* (by Romesh Gunesekera), and then answer the question that follows it:

I helped myself to a spoonful from every dish and sat at a table by the water's edge.

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The rest of the world will follow.'

How does Gunesekera make this moment in the story so entertaining?

Or **22** In what ways does Christina Rossetti make *Nick* such a powerful story about jealousy?

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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

Thomas makes us feel deep sympathy for the speaker because he lets us overhear a man who is utterly alone, thinking about his own death, and yet still finds room in his mind to worry about the suffering of others. The poem is a single unbroken meditation, eighteen lines of blank verse without stanza breaks, and this relentless form feels like the rain itself: it never stops, and neither do the speaker's sombre thoughts.

The opening line traps us in the speaker's situation at once. The repetition of "Rain, midnight rain, nothing but the wild rain" is almost hypnotic, as if he can hear nothing else, and the phrase "nothing but" suggests that the rain has blotted out every other comfort. "Midnight" places him at the loneliest hour, and the "bleak hut" is a pitifully small shelter against the "wild" weather. Most moving of all is the list "and solitude, and me", where the speaker places himself last, almost as an afterthought, as though he is no more important than the hut or the loneliness around him. The polysyndeton makes his isolation feel heavy and accumulated rather than momentary.

We pity him further because his thoughts turn so quickly to death. He is "Remembering again that I shall die", and the word "again" implies that this is a familiar, recurring fear rather than a passing mood. There is something painfully tender in his regret that he will "neither hear the rain nor give it thanks". He imagines the rain as a kind of baptism, "washing me cleaner than I have been / Since I was born", which suggests a man who feels stained or burdened by life and longs for purity. The phrase "born into this solitude" is especially sad: it implies that loneliness is not a temporary condition but the state he has always

Question number

lived in.

The line "Blessed are the dead that the rain rains upon" echoes the language of the Beatitudes, but it twists them so that it is the dead, not the living, who are blessed. This could be read as a bleak, even shocking, statement, yet it makes us sympathise because it reveals how weary he is of living. The doubled sound of "rain rains" mimics the steady, unending downpour, as though the weather is pressing this idea upon him.

What makes the speaker most sympathetic is his selflessness. The turn at "But here I pray" shows him moving outwards, hoping that "none whom once I loved" is suffering as he is. The phrase "once I loved" is quietly heartbreaking, hinting at relationships that are lost or over. He imagines others "lying still awake / Solitary, listening to the rain", and the enjambment stretches their sleeplessness across the line, mirroring his own. He seems to fear that his loneliness might be shared, and in caring about this he becomes a figure of compassion rather than self-pity. The phrase "Helpless among the living and the dead" captures a man caught between two worlds, belonging to neither.

The imagery then becomes stark and wintry. The simile "Like a cold water among broken reeds" and the repetition of "Myriads of broken reeds all still and stiff" create a landscape of damaged, lifeless things. The heavy alliteration of "still and stiff" has a deathly rigidity, and "broken" suggests people shattered by pain. The speaker then explicitly compares himself to them: "Like me", which tells us that he too feels broken.

The ending is the most poignant moment. He claims to have "no love which this wild rain / Has not dissolved except the love of death". The verb "dissolved" makes

Question number

the loss of love sound gradual and inevitable, washed away like soil in a storm. Yet Thomas adds hesitation, "If love it be", and the line break after "perfect and" makes us pause, as if the speaker himself is unsure. Death is attractive only because it "Cannot, the tempest tells me, disappoint", which implies that everything in life has disappointed him. The interrupting clause "the tempest tells me" suggests he is listening only to the storm, with no human voice to contradict it. We are left feeling profound sympathy for a gentle, lonely man whose longing for peace has been worn down by suffering until death seems the only thing he can trust.

2

Turner movingly turns a trivial discovery, a dead fly pressed between the pages of a book, into a meditation on human mortality. The poem begins with tenderness towards the insect but gradually becomes a sombre reflection on our own fate, and what is most moving is the speaker's humble recognition that the fly's death, unlike ours, leaves behind something beautiful.

The opening lines are gentle and forgiving. "Some hand, that never meant to do thee hurt" insists that the fly's death was an accident, and the vague "Some hand" makes the killer anonymous, almost like fate itself. The archaic, intimate address "thee" treats the fly as a companion worthy of respect rather than a pest, and this courtesy immediately draws our sympathy. The word "pent" emphasises how the creature has been confined and crushed, yet Turner quickly transforms the image: "thou has left thine own fair monument". A monument is usually built for the great and the famous, so applying it to a fly is touching, suggesting that even the smallest life deserves to be remembered. The bright verb in "Thy wings gleam out" makes the remains seem luminous, as if the fly still speaks to the speaker and will "tell me what thou wert".

Question number

The poem then turns towards human beings with the heartfelt exclamation "Oh!". The speaker wishes that "the memories, which survive us here, / Were half as lovely as these wings of thine". This is a modest and rather sad admission: our reputations and the memories others keep of us are flawed, while the fly's legacy is pure. The phrase "Pure relics of a blameless life" uses religious language, since relics are the sacred remains of saints. The fly becomes almost saintly because it has never sinned, which implicitly contrasts with humans, whose lives are not "blameless". Its wings "shine / Now thou art gone", and the enjambment allows "shine" to glow at the end of the line before the reminder of absence.

At this point the mood darkens abruptly. The short, stark sentence "Our doom is ever near" arrives in the middle of the line, and the caesura makes it feel like a sudden shadow falling over the poem. "Doom" is a weighty, final word, and "ever near" suggests constant threat. This is reinforced by "The peril is beside us day by day", where the repetition of "day by day" conveys the relentless, everyday nature of danger. Death is not presented as a distant event but as a companion walking with us.

Turner then extends his central metaphor with great skill. "The book will close upon us, it may be, / Just as we lift ourselves to soar away / Upon the summer-airs." Human life becomes a book, and death the closing of its pages, exactly as happened to the fly. The tentative phrase "it may be" adds uncertainty, reminding us that we cannot know when this will happen. Most poignant is the timing: death may strike "Just as we lift ourselves to soar away", at the very moment of hope, freedom and ambition. The light, warm image of "summer-airs" makes the loss feel especially cruel, because it suggests life cut off in its prime.

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The final couplet delivers the poem's most moving thought. The sonnet form builds to this closing contrast: "But, unlike thee," the speaker admits, "The closing book may stop our vital breath, / Yet leave no lustre on our page of death." The word "lustre" recalls the gleaming wings, and its absence for humans is quietly devastating. The fly is remembered as beautiful, but we may simply vanish, leaving nothing radiant behind. The rhyme of "breath" and "death" closes the poem with a firm, final sound, like the book itself snapping shut.

Overall, Turner moves us by finding humility in a tiny creature. The speaker does not rage against death; instead, he gently envies the fly, and his realisation that we may be remembered less kindly than an insect leaves the reader with a sobering, tender sense of our own fragility.

5

Hughes makes "Wind" frightening by showing a storm so violent that nothing, not the landscape, not the house, not even the human mind, seems safe from it. The wind is never simply weather: it becomes a destructive living force, and the poem moves from the wild night outside to the people huddled helplessly within, so that by the end the fear has entered their very hearts.

The opening line is immediately unsettling: "This house has been far out at sea all night". The metaphor turns a solid, rooted building into a fragile ship tossed on an ocean, which suggests that the storm has removed every certainty. Hughes then piles up violent verbs and images: "The woods crashing through darkness, the booming hills". The hills, usually the most permanent features of a landscape, seem to boom like guns, and the darkness makes the destruction unseen and therefore more terrifying. The winds are "stampeding the fields", an image of panicking animals that could trample anything in their way, and the long,

Question number

enjambed sentence races on without pause, mimicking the relentlessness of the storm.

Even when "day rose", relief does not come. The sky is "orange", an unnatural, almost apocalyptic colour, and "The hills had new places", as if the storm has physically rearranged the earth. Hughes personifies the wind as a warrior that "wielded / Blade-light", and the dangerous image of a blade suggests that the light itself can cut. The simile "Flexing like the lens of a mad eye" is perhaps the most disturbing moment: the whole landscape seems to be watched by an insane, unpredictable intelligence. The word "mad" implies that this force cannot be reasoned with.

Hughes then places the speaker inside the danger. He "scaled along the house-side" as if climbing a cliff, simply to reach "The coal-house door", which shows how a short, ordinary journey has become perilous. The physical violence is felt on his own body, as the wind "dented the balls of my eyes", a shocking image that makes the wind seem solid and brutal. Looking up, he sees "The tent of the hills drummed and strained its guyrope". The metaphor reduces the vast hills to a flimsy tent that might be torn away, and the plosive "drummed" conveys the constant battering. The "skyline a grimace" personifies the horizon as a face twisted in pain, and the fear that everything might "bang and vanish with a flap" suggests that the entire world could simply disappear.

Living creatures are equally powerless. The wind "flung a magpie away", the casual verb showing how easily it discards life, while the gull "bent like an iron bar slowly". This simile is frightening because iron is strong, yet the wind bends it, and the slow pace of "slowly" suggests irresistible strength. Hughes cleverly breaks the line after "black-", so that the poem's form itself seems to be snapped by the

Question number

gale.

The house itself is now in danger. It "Rang like some fine green goblet in the note / That any second would shatter it." The image of a delicate wine glass vibrating at a pitch that will destroy it creates unbearable tension. The phrase "any second" keeps us waiting for a catastrophe that never quite arrives, which is arguably more frightening than destruction itself.

In the final stanza the focus turns to the people inside, and here the fear becomes psychological. Sitting "deep / In chairs, in front of the great fire", they ought to feel secure, yet they "grip / Our hearts". The enjambment leaves "grip" hanging, conveying physical tension and terror. They "cannot entertain book, thought, / Or each other", which shows how the storm has destroyed not only calm but human connection; they are isolated even in the same room. They "feel the roots of the house move", suggesting that its very foundations are failing, and the window seems to "tremble to come in", personifying the storm as a predator trying to break into their shelter. The closing line, "Hearing the stones cry out under the horizons", is haunting: even stones, the most lifeless things, are suffering and crying out. Hughes ends without any calm or resolution, leaving us, like the people in the house, trapped in the fear of a power far greater than ourselves.

6 Hughes makes the horses mysterious by presenting them less as ordinary animals than as ancient, silent presences that seem to belong to another order of existence. The speaker stumbles upon them twice, once in the grey stillness before dawn and once in the blaze of sunrise, and on both occasions they remain unmoving and unknowable, so that by the end they have become a kind of sacred

Question number

memory he hopes to carry with him for the rest of his life.

The setting prepares us for something strange. The speaker climbs "in the hour-before-dawn dark", a hyphenated phrase that places us in a threshold time, neither night nor day. The air is "Evil", the stillness is "frost-making", and the list "Not a leaf, not a bird" creates an eerie emptiness, as if the world has been drained of life. His breath leaves "tortuous statues in the iron light", a startling image in which even something as fleeting as breath is frozen into sculpture. The whole landscape seems petrified, which is why the horses, when they appear, seem to belong to it rather than to the living world.

The first sight of them is deliberately understated: "And I saw the horses". The plainness of the statement gives the moment a sense of revelation. They are "Huge in the dense grey", and the dashes around "ten together" isolate the number, as though the speaker is counting them in awe. The compound "Megalith-still" is the key to their mystery. Megaliths are prehistoric standing stones, so the horses seem as old and as inexplicable as Stonehenge, monuments whose meaning we cannot fully grasp. Hughes stresses their silence again and again: they are "Making no sound", and "not one snorted or jerked its head". Ordinary horses would shift and stamp, so their stillness feels unnatural, almost supernatural. The repetition in "Grey silent fragments / Of a grey silent world" makes them part of the landscape itself, fragments of something larger and older than the speaker.

Hughes then shifts the focus to the sky in one of the poem's most dramatic passages. The sun appears "Orange, red, red", the repetition conveying the speaker's dazzled struggle to name its colour, and it "erupted", a volcanic verb suggesting enormous, primal energy. The sun "tore and flung cloud" and "Shook the gulf open",

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violent verbs which make the dawn seem like an act of creation. In contrast to this explosion, the horses remain untouched, which deepens their mystery: the whole world is transformed, but they are not.

Stumbling "in the fever of a dream", the speaker returns to find them still standing. The phrase suggests that he has passed into a visionary, almost trance-like state, and we are no longer sure whether this is ordinary reality. Now the horses are "steaming and glistening under the flow of light", which gives them a new, radiant life, yet their "draped stone manes" and "tilted hind-hooves" are described in almost the same words as before. The repetition creates a ritual quality, as though they are eternal and unchanging while time moves around them. Even now, "still they made no sound". Most mysterious of all is the simile "Their hung heads patient as the horizons". Their patience is not that of animals waiting to be fed, but something vast and timeless, linked to the landscape's furthest edges.

The final stanza moves into the future and explains why the horses matter so much. The speaker imagines himself in the "din of the crowded streets", a noisy, crowded world in sharp contrast to the silent moor. He wishes that he may "still meet my memory in so lonely a place", and the horses become a memory he wants to preserve as a source of calm and meaning. The closing line, "Hearing the horizons endure", is haunting because it is impossible to hear a horizon. Hughes suggests that the horses have given him access to something beyond ordinary perception, a sense of permanence and stillness. In the end they remain mysterious precisely because Hughes never explains them: they are silent witnesses to a world older than humanity, and their meaning, like their silence, is left for us to feel rather than to understand.

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Achebe strikingly conveys Okonkwo's banishment as the turning point of the novel: an accident that strips him of everything he has built, wounds him emotionally, separates him from his son and, crucially, keeps him away from Umuofia at the very moment his world begins to change. The seven years of exile are not simply a punishment to be endured; they quietly destroy the man Okonkwo believed himself to be.

Achebe makes the moment of the crime itself shocking because it is so sudden and so ironic. At Ezeudu's funeral, amid the drums, the dancing and the firing of guns, Okonkwo's gun explodes and a piece of iron pierces the heart of Ezeudu's sixteen-year-old son. The irony is painful: Ezeudu was the elder who warned Okonkwo not to take part in killing Ikemefuna, and now Okonkwo has killed this old man's son at his own funeral. Achebe presents the killing as a "female" crime because it was inadvertent, which is why the punishment is seven years rather than permanent exile.

The aftermath is conveyed with stark, unemotional narration. Okonkwo and his family flee by night, and at dawn men from Ezeudu's quarter set fire to his houses, demolish his red walls, kill his animals and destroy his barn. Achebe stresses that they have no hatred for him; even his friend Obierika is among them, because they are cleansing the land he has polluted. The calm tone makes the destruction more striking: years of labour are erased in a morning. Achebe then gives us Obierika's private reflection, wondering why a man should suffer so grievously for an offence he did not intend. This is the first time the novel openly questions the clan's customs, and the doubt it plants grows stronger as the book continues.

In Mbanta, his mother's land, Achebe shows the psychological impact of exile.

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Although his uncle Uchendu and his kinsmen help him build a compound and give him land, Okonkwo has lost his zest for work. Achebe compares him to a fish cast onto a dry beach, panting, an image of a creature removed from the only element in which it can live. His lifelong ambition to become one of the lords of the clan has been shattered, and he feels his chi was not made for great things. Uchendu's speech on "Mother is Supreme" is a striking response to this despair. He reminds Okonkwo that a man seeks refuge in his motherland in times of sorrow, and that he himself has buried many wives and children. The speech challenges Okonkwo's contempt for the feminine, implying that he must learn humility and gentleness. Characteristically, he does not.

The most painful impact falls on his family. During the exile the missionaries arrive in Mbanta, and Nwoye, already troubled by the death of Ikemefuna, is drawn to the new religion's hymns and its compassion for the outcast. When Okonkwo seizes him by the neck and demands to know where he has been, Nwoye leaves for good. Okonkwo's bitter reflection, "Living fire begets cold, impotent ash", is a striking metaphor: he sees himself as a blazing fire and his son as its dead remains. The image reveals his deepest fear, that his line will become weak like his father Unoka, and it shows how the exile has left him powerless to shape his family.

Structurally, the banishment is the hinge between Part One and Part Two, and Achebe uses it to show how the clan changes while Okonkwo is absent. Obierika visits with news of Abame's destruction by white men, and the church quietly establishes itself in Umuofia. Okonkwo convinces himself that if he had been there he would have resisted it, but the novel suggests that the world he left no longer exists.

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When he finally returns in Part Three, Achebe delivers a crushing anticlimax. Okonkwo has planned a triumphant homecoming, but the clan is preoccupied with the new church and government and pays him little attention. Obierika's lament that the white man "has put a knife on the things that held us together and we have fallen apart" echoes the novel's title and suggests that Okonkwo has returned to a world falling apart. In this sense the banishment is arguably the true cause of his tragedy: it removes him at the decisive moment, and when he comes back, he is a stranger in his own home, which leads him, finally, to despair and death.

10 Desai traces Nanda Kaul's feelings towards Raka as a journey from cold resentment, through a surprising and almost desperate longing, to a final collapse in which the child seems to embody everything Nanda Kaul has hidden from herself. What makes the portrayal so vivid is that Desai shows these feelings largely from inside Nanda Kaul's mind, so that we sense the gap between the calm, dignified surface she presents and the turbulence beneath it.

At the start of the novel Nanda Kaul has retreated to Carignano, her house high in the hills at Kasauli, after a lifetime of duty as the wife of a Vice-Chancellor and the mother of a large family. Desai presents her solitude as something fiercely chosen: she wants nothing more than to be left alone with the bare, pine-scented landscape. The letter announcing that her great-granddaughter is coming to stay therefore arrives as an intrusion. Desai conveys her irritation through small, sharp details: she resents the postman's arrival, dreads the disruption of her ordered routine and sees the child as yet another claim on her, like the demands of the family she thought she had escaped. Her first feeling is not love but a wish to keep Raka at a distance.

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The turning point is that Raka refuses to be the kind of child Nanda Kaul feared. Desai makes Raka thin, silent and secretive, a child who wants no company and slips away into the ravines and the burnt hillside. Ironically, Raka is more of a recluse than Nanda Kaul herself, and this unsettles her. The older woman, who had planned to ignore the child, finds herself ignored, and Desai cleverly reverses the situation so that it is Nanda Kaul who begins to pursue. Her coolness turns to curiosity and then to a kind of jealous admiration, because Raka seems to possess naturally the true independence that Nanda Kaul has only performed.

Desai shows this growing need most vividly through the stories Nanda Kaul tells. In an effort to capture Raka's attention she invents a glamorous childhood: a father who travelled to Tibet, wild animals kept at home, a life of adventure. These fantasies are poignant because the reader senses they are lies, and because the more elaborate they become, the more they reveal her loneliness. Raka listens politely but remains unmoved, and Desai suggests that Nanda Kaul is courting the child almost as one might court a lover, offering gifts that are not wanted. Her pride, which once made her keep others away, now bends towards a child who does not need her.

There is also a protective tenderness that grows in her. When Raka wanders off alone for hours among the ravines, Nanda Kaul's watchfulness and unease reveal real attachment. Desai links Raka's damaged home life, with a father who mistreats her mother, to Nanda Kaul's own buried unhappiness, so that the old woman's feeling for the child mingles sympathy with recognition.

The climax brings these feelings to a devastating conclusion. The news of Ila Das's rape and murder shatters Nanda Kaul's composure, and Desai reveals the truth behind her dignified life: her husband's long affair, a marriage without love,

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children she never truly wanted. Her retreat to Carignano is exposed as an escape from pain rather than a serene choice. In this moment, Raka's final words, that she has "set the forest on fire", are chilling. The child who embodies wildness and withdrawal has gone further than Nanda Kaul ever dared, and the burning hillside suggests both destruction and a terrible release.

Desai therefore conveys Nanda Kaul's changing feelings with great subtlety. Resentment becomes fascination, fascination becomes need, and need is finally overwhelmed by grief. By the end, Raka is less a child to be loved than a mirror, showing Nanda Kaul the isolation she claimed to desire and the cost of a life lived behind a mask.

11 Dickens makes this opening encounter vivid by placing us inside the mind of a small, terrified child and letting us feel, almost physically, the shock of being seized in a graveyard. Yet what makes the moment so memorable is that the terror is laced with dark comedy and with flashes of pity, so that the convict is at once a monster from a nightmare and a suffering, hungry man.

The violence of the opening is immediate. There is no gentle introduction: the "terrible voice" bursts in with the command "Hold your noise!" and the threat "I'll cut your throat!", and the man "started up from among the graves" as if he were a corpse rising from the dead. Dickens exploits the setting so that the convict seems to belong to the churchyard itself, and the young Pip's fear becomes ours.

The description that follows is one of the most striking in the novel. Dickens builds a long, breathless list of what has happened to the man: "soaked in water, and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by

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nettles, and torn by briars". The repeated "and" piles up his injuries until the sentence itself seems exhausted, and the alliteration of "smothered" and "stung" makes each hurt sharp. Interestingly, these are all passive verbs: things have been done to him. Even as he terrifies Pip, Dickens quietly suggests that he is a victim of a harsh world, and the rhythm of "limped, and shivered, and glared and growled" mixes the pitiful with the animal.

The dialogue sharpens the drama. Pip's pleading, "Pray don't do it, sir", is absurdly polite, and his repeated "sir" shows a child clinging to good manners as his only defence. The convict's dialect, "Give it mouth!" and "Pint out the place!", is rough and urgent, and the clipped commands contrast with Pip's anxious courtesy. The contrast is comic, but it also exposes how powerless Pip is.

Dickens uses the older Pip's narrating voice to create humour without losing the fear. When the convict turns him upside down, Pip reports that the church "made it go head over heels" and he "saw the steeple under my feet". The world literally flips, and by attributing the movement to the church rather than to himself, the narrator captures a child's disorientation with wry exaggeration. Similarly, the man's remark about Pip's "fat cheeks" and his threat that he has "half a mind" to eat them sounds like an ogre in a fairy tale, while the adult narrator's dry reply that he "earnestly expressed" his hope that he wouldn't is gently comic. Even the detail that he held the tombstone "partly, to keep myself from crying" shows a child's attempt at dignity that is both funny and touching.

The most poignant moment comes with Pip's parents. When Pip points to the gravestone and says "There, sir!", the convict "started" and ran, thinking someone is coming, which is darkly funny. The revelation that his mother is a grave, and that his father is "late of this parish", reminds the reader that Pip is an orphan,

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as isolated in this marsh landscape as the convict himself. This hints at a bond between them that the novel will later develop, and the man's sudden thoughtful "Ha!" and his glance at his leg when he hears "Blacksmith" suggests a mind calculating how Pip might free him from the "great iron".

Finally, Dickens controls the climax through repetition. The phrase "He tilted me again" is repeated after each demand for a "file" and "wittles", so the structure mimics the rocking motion and the mounting threat until it ends with "your heart and liver out". The eyes that look "most powerfully down" and "most helplessly up" balance the two characters precisely. Pip's final request to be kept upright so that he "could attend more" is ridiculous and pitiful at once, and it leaves the reader both laughing and anxious. Dickens therefore makes the moment vivid by fusing horror, humour and sympathy, and by planting the relationship that will shape Pip's whole life.

12 Dickens portrays Pip's feelings for Estella as an obsession rather than a simple romance: a love that begins in humiliation, becomes bound up with his longing to be a gentleman, and persists painfully against all reason. Because the novel is narrated by the older Pip looking back, Dickens is able to show both the intensity of the young man's passion and the mature narrator's rueful awareness of how much it cost him.

From the first visit to Satis House, Pip's feelings are inseparable from shame. Estella mocks him as a "common labouring-boy" and sneers at his "coarse hands" and "thick boots", and Dickens makes these small details unforgettable because Pip cannot forget them either. After she scornfully gives him his food "as if I were a dog in disgrace", he hides and cries, kicking the brewery wall and twisting his hair.

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The physical violence of his reaction shows how deeply she has wounded him. Strikingly, his love and his social shame grow together: on the walk home he looks at his own hands and boots with new disgust and wishes Joe had been "more genteelly brought up". Estella becomes the measure by which he despises his home, so his feeling for her is, from the start, a destructive force.

Dickens intensifies this through Miss Havisham, who deliberately stirs Pip's passion. Her repeated command, "Love her, love her, love her!", is chilling rather than tender, and she goes on to insist that he must love Estella even if she wounds him and tears his heart to pieces. The incantatory repetition makes love sound like a curse. Dickens suggests that Pip's feelings are partly manufactured by a woman bent on revenge against men, and that Estella herself has been raised to be cold. This makes his devotion seem doomed and pitiable.

Once Pip comes into his expectations, his feelings deepen into torment. He believes, wrongly, that Miss Havisham intends Estella for him, and this fantasy fuels his snobbery and his neglect of Joe and Biddy. The narrator admits that he loved her "against reason, against promise, against peace, against hope, against happiness". The relentless anaphora of "against" builds a list of everything his love defies, and the effect is almost of a man confessing an addiction. Dickens shows that Pip knows Estella brings him no happiness, yet he cannot stop. His jealousy when she encourages the brutish Bentley Drummle is especially intense, and his anguish at her choice to marry Drummle reveals how completely his sense of self is tied to her.

The confrontation at Satis House, when Pip finally declares his love before she marries, is perhaps the most powerful expression of his feelings. He tells her that she is part of his existence, that she has been in every line he has ever read and

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every prospect he has ever seen. This sweeping, rhythmic speech raises his love almost to a religious devotion; Estella has become the whole landscape of his imagination. Yet Dickens undercuts it with Estella's calm insistence that she has no heart to give, which makes Pip's outpouring tragic rather than triumphant.

There is also a painful irony in the discovery that Estella is the daughter of Magwitch, the convict Pip once feared and then despised. The woman he idolised as the height of refinement comes from the very criminal world he was ashamed of, and Dickens uses this to expose how hollow Pip's ideas of gentility were. His love survives the revelation, which suggests it was deeper than snobbery after all.

The ending leaves his feelings poignantly unresolved. Meeting a changed, softened Estella in the ruins of Satis House, Pip says that he "saw no shadow of another parting from her", a hopeful yet ambiguous line that may hint at reunion or may simply show a man still hoping. Dickens therefore portrays Pip's love as intense, self-destructive and enduring, a passion that shapes his whole story and teaches him, at great cost, the difference between real worth and false expectations.

14 Du Maurier portrays Jack Favell as a villain of a very particular kind: not a mysterious, Gothic figure like Mrs Danvers, but a coarse, greedy opportunist whose charm barely hides his menace. He is Rebecca's cousin and lover, and in many ways he is her living representative, so his villainy exposes the corruption behind the glamorous image of Manderley's first mistress.

Favell's first appearance is carefully staged to make him seem sly and intrusive. He arrives at Manderley while Maxim is away, and the narrator discovers that Mrs Danvers has secretly let him into the west wing. Du Maurier makes his manner

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unsettlingly familiar: he is flashy, overconfident and too friendly, and he talks to the young narrator with a knowing ease that makes her uncomfortable. His request that she should not mention his visit to Maxim immediately casts him as someone who belongs to a hidden world of deceit. The secrecy and the alliance with Mrs Danvers align him with the forces that threaten the narrator's fragile happiness.

He is also a villain because of how he speaks about Rebecca and Maxim. He refers to Rebecca with a crude intimacy, suggesting the affair that the narrator does not yet understand, and he treats Maxim with sneering contempt. Du Maurier uses his vulgar, slangy speech to set him apart from the restrained, upper-class world of Manderley. Where Maxim and Frank Crawley are reserved and guarded, Favell is loud, careless and boastful. This contrast makes him seem not only dishonest but morally cheap.

Favell's villainy becomes most open after the inquest. Having learned that Rebecca's boat was deliberately sunk, he arrives at Manderley drunk and confrontational, and he produces the note Rebecca wrote to him on the day she died, asking him to come to the cottage. Du Maurier turns him into a blackmailer: he suggests that Maxim could make life comfortable for him in return for his silence, and when Maxim refuses he threatens to expose him. His behaviour at this point is grotesque. He lounges in the room, drinks Maxim's whisky and makes insinuating remarks to the narrator, and the reader feels his presence as a stain on the house. Interestingly, du Maurier allows him a kind of truth here, since he is right that Maxim killed Rebecca. This makes him more dangerous, because his villainy lies not in lying but in using the truth for profit and revenge.

Du Maurier heightens the tension by making Favell persistent. He insists on calling Colonel Julyan, the magistrate, and he follows the investigation to London to see

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Dr Baker, determined to prove that Rebecca had a motive for meeting him and that Maxim had a motive for murder. During the journey his coarseness continues, and the narrator's fear of him grows because he seems to hold their future in his hands. His villainy is ordinary and modern, the villainy of a man who wants money and the satisfaction of humiliating a rich rival.

The collapse of his plan is one of the most satisfying moments in the novel. When Dr Baker reveals that Rebecca was seriously ill, Favell is shaken and suddenly deflated; the bluster drains out of him. Du Maurier shows that his power always depended on Rebecca, and without her secrets he is nothing. Yet even in defeat he remains threatening, leaving with bitter hints that this is not over, and the ending, with Manderley burning in the distance, leaves the reader wondering whether he, or Mrs Danvers, has taken revenge.

Overall, du Maurier presents Favell as a villain who is less frightening than repellent: vulgar, greedy and spiteful. He is important because he drags Rebecca's hidden life into the open. Through him, du Maurier suggests that Rebecca's world was not glamorous but rotten, and that the true threat to Manderley came from the corruption she left behind.

16

Lee makes Dill intriguing because he is a bundle of contradictions: a boastful little storyteller who is also a lonely, neglected child, and a figure of comedy who turns out to have the most tender conscience of the three children. Seen through Scout's eyes, he is at first a curiosity; by the end he has become one of the novel's clearest voices against cruelty.

His entrance is memorably odd. He announces himself with the line "I'm Charles

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Baker Harris. I can read", and when Jem doubts his age he insists that he is "little but I'm old". Lee immediately establishes him as a performer, eager to impress and quick to defend himself. Scout's description of him as a "curiosity" with snow-white hair that stuck to his head "like duckfluff" makes him almost comic, a strange visitor from Meridian, Mississippi, who arrives each summer to stay with his aunt, Miss Rachel. The humour invites us to like him, but there are hints of something sadder.

Dill's imagination drives much of the children's play. He has seen films such as Dracula and acts them out, and it is Dill who becomes fascinated by Boo Radley and dares Jem to touch the Radley house. Lee uses him as a catalyst: the children's games about Boo, their attempts to make him come out and their nighttime raid on the Radley yard all owe a great deal to Dill's restless curiosity. He seems to want to solve mysteries because his own life is so unsettled.

That unsettled life is the key to his intrigue. Dill tells extravagant stories about his family, and Scout comes to realise that his tales are a cover for absence. When he runs away in Part Two and is found hiding under Scout's bed, he first spins a dramatic story of being chained in a basement and kept alive on raw peas. Only later does he admit the quieter, sadder truth: his mother and new father are not unkind, but they do not seem to need him. Lee makes this one of the most moving moments in the novel, because the lying, boastful boy is revealed as a child who simply wants to be wanted. His suggestion that Boo Radley perhaps stays inside because he has nowhere to run off to shows that his own loneliness gives him insight into another outsider.

Dill becomes most significant during the trial. Watching Mr Gilmer cross-examine Tom Robinson, he begins to cry and has to be taken outside. He explains that he

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cannot bear the way the prosecutor called Tom "boy" and sneered at him. Lee uses the child's innocent reaction to expose a racism the adults in the courtroom accept as normal. When Dolphus Raymond tells the children that Dill will soon stop crying at the "simple hell people give other people", Lee suggests that Dill's sensitivity is precious precisely because it is so fragile. He sees injustice clearly because he has not yet been taught to ignore it.

His plan, after the verdict, to become a clown who will laugh at people is another intriguing detail. It sounds childish, but it is really a bitter response to the adult world: if people are so foolish and cruel, the only answer may be mockery. Lee gives a small, comic boy one of the darkest judgements in the novel.

Overall, Lee makes Dill intriguing by combining comedy, mystery and pathos. He is the outsider who brings imagination into Maycomb, the neglected child whose stories conceal pain, and the conscience who weeps at injustice. Through him, Lee shows that innocence can see the truth more clearly than experience, and that loneliness can create both fantasy and compassion.

18 Lindsay portrays Mrs Appleyard as unpleasant above all because she values appearances more than people. As headmistress of Appleyard College she presides over a world of rules, fees and social polish, and the disappearance at Hanging Rock gradually strips away her composure to reveal a woman who is snobbish, cold and, finally, cruel. What makes her so memorable is that Lindsay's narrator treats her with a mixture of irony and horror, so that she is at first faintly ridiculous and then genuinely frightening.

From the opening, Lindsay presents the College itself as an extension of its

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headmistress. It is a pretentious building, oddly grand and out of place in the Australian bush, and Mrs Appleyard runs it as a business designed to impress wealthy parents. The narrator's dry tone exposes her pretensions: her imposing appearance, her widowhood, her careful manners and her concern for the College's reputation are described with a gentle mockery that invites the reader to see through her. She is a woman who has invented a respectable identity and is anxious to protect it.

Her coldness is shown most clearly in her treatment of Sara Waybourne, the orphan whose guardian has stopped paying her fees. Mrs Appleyard refuses to let Sara go on the picnic on St Valentine's Day, apparently as a punishment, and the decision is petty and spiteful. The contrast between the excited girls setting off in their white dresses and the lonely child left behind makes her harshness obvious. Lindsay makes the reader feel that Mrs Appleyard sees Sara not as a child to be cared for but as an unpaid debt.

After the disappearance, her unpleasantness deepens. Rather than grieving for the missing girls and their teacher, she is consumed by the threat to her school. Lindsay shows her worrying about parents withdrawing their daughters, about gossip and about money, as if the missing girls matter chiefly as a danger to her business. Her private drinking in her study suggests a woman whose control is crumbling, and Lindsay's description of her shut up alone, brooding and calculating, makes her seem increasingly isolated and sinister.

Her cruelty reaches its height with Sara. As the fees remain unpaid, Mrs Appleyard tells the child that she will be sent back to the orphanage, a threat that devastates a girl whose only comfort was her friendship with the missing Miranda. Soon afterwards Sara is found dead, and Mrs Appleyard hides the truth, pretending

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that the girl has been collected by her guardian. Lindsay makes this deception especially chilling because it shows that, even facing a child's death, her first instinct is to protect her reputation. The reader cannot help feeling that she bears a large share of responsibility for the tragedy.

Yet Lindsay complicates the portrait. By the end Mrs Appleyard is broken, tormented by the Rock and by guilt, and she travels to Hanging Rock herself, where she dies at its foot. Her end is grimly fitting, since the place that destroyed her College claims her too, but it also invites a flicker of pity. The Rock seems to punish those who try to impose rigid order on a mysterious natural world, and Mrs Appleyard, with her rules, bells and timetables, represents that order more than anyone.

Overall, Lindsay makes Mrs Appleyard unpleasant through her snobbery, her obsession with money and status, and above all her cruelty to the vulnerable Sara. The ironic narrative voice exposes her pretensions, while the gradual unravelling of her control turns her into a figure of menace and, in the end, of desperate collapse. She embodies the cold, artificial world of the College that the mystery at the Rock so unsettlingly breaks apart.

19 Wells makes this moment frightening because he traps us, alongside the narrator's brother, on a slow and fragile boat while an unstoppable power closes in from every side. The terror lies less in violence than in helplessness and suspense: the Martians barely seem to hurry, the steamer cannot get away, and the chaos of the passage builds until a "monster" bursts out of the water that the reader, for a dreadful moment, takes to be one more enemy.

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The passage opens with a deceptive calm. The "low Essex coast" is "growing blue and hazy", and the steamer seems on the verge of safety, so the arrival of a Martian "small and faint in the remote distance" punctures that hope at once. What follows is a sharp shift of scale. The figure that looked small is soon "higher than the trees or church towers inland", and the comparison is unsettling because church towers are the tallest, most permanent marks of human civilisation in the landscape; the Martian dwarfs them. Most chilling of all is its "leisurely parody of a human stride". The word "leisurely" suggests total confidence, as if the Martian has no need to rush, and "parody" makes it a grotesque imitation of us, recognisably walking yet utterly alien. Wells later calls it a "Titan", lifting it into the realm of myth, a giant that ordinary people cannot hope to resist.

Fear spreads through the people on board as though it were contagious. The captain "swore at the top of his voice with fear and anger", and even the machinery seems to share his panic, since the paddles appear "infected with his terror". This personification is striking: the boat itself becomes a frightened creature. The image of "every soul aboard" staring at the shape is almost frozen, a crowd paralysed by what they see. Interestingly the brother is "more amazed than terrified", and this calmer viewpoint may make the scene more frightening for the reader, because his fascination keeps him watching while the danger creeps closer.

The threat then multiplies. Wells adds the Martians one at a time, "another" and "then yet another", so that the single figure becomes a pattern, and the verb "stalking" turns them into hunters closing on prey. The phrase "as if to intercept the escape" suggests intelligent, coordinated purpose, which is far worse than random destruction. The setting itself becomes eerie: the mud-flat "seemed to hang halfway up between sea and sky", a dreamlike image in which the normal boundaries of the world dissolve. Against this, the "throbbing exertions" of the

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engines and the "pouring foam" sound frantic, yet the boat recedes "with terrifying slowness from this ominous advance". The oxymoronic sense of a slow, desperate race is the essence of nightmare: running as hard as you can and hardly moving.

In the third paragraph Wells turns from the Martians to human panic. The shipping is "writhing with the approaching terror", a verb that makes the whole fleet seem like one tortured body. The long sentence that follows, a breathless list of ships turning, "steamships whistling", sails being let out and "launches rushing hither and thither", mirrors the disorder through its piled-up clauses. Then the brother is "flung" headlong without warning, and the sudden physical jolt, with "shouting", "trampling of feet" and a "cheer" that he cannot yet explain, plunges us into confusion. We, like him, do not know what is happening.

The climax is built around this delay. He sees "a vast iron bulk like the blade of a plough tearing through the water", and the violent verbs "tearing", "tossing", "flinging" and "sucking" show the steamer nearly swamped. Calling it "the monster" encourages the reader to assume it is a Martian machine, and the fire-shot "smoking blast" spat from its funnels seems demonic. Only in the final sentence does Wells reveal that this is the "Thunder Child", "coming to the rescue". The reversal is thrilling, yet the fear does not entirely vanish: the rescuer is as terrifying as the threat, and the reader suspects that one small ship is a desperate gamble against these Titans.

Ultimately Wells makes the moment frightening through a slow, tightening build of scale, helplessness and confusion, so that even the arrival of hope is experienced first as terror.

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Wells's portrayal of the Martians suggests that they are admirable only in a narrow, unsettling sense. Their intelligence, organisation and technology command a kind of awed respect, and Wells invites us to see their ruthlessness as a reflection of our own. Yet he surrounds them with such physical horror and such cold indifference to suffering that admiration never becomes approval. To my mind the novel uses the Martians less as heroes or simple monsters than as a mirror, and what we see in it is uncomfortable.

From the opening, Wells grants them intellectual superiority. They are "intellects vast and cool and unsympathetic" who regard the earth "with envious eyes", and the narrator imagines mankind being studied as "a man with a microscope" might study the creatures in "a drop of water". The tricolon of adjectives is carefully balanced: "vast" impresses, "cool" suggests composure, but "unsympathetic" withholds any warmth. Their planning is admirable as a feat of reason, but the microscope image reduces humans to specimens, and the reader is made to feel how it is to be the lesser species.

Their technology deepens this ambivalence. The fighting-machines, the Heat-Ray and the black smoke are described with a horrified fascination, and later the handling-machine at the pit is so fluid and complex that the narrator seems almost to marvel at its workmanship. There is genuine respect for a species able to build such things. However, Wells repeatedly shows that this brilliance serves annihilation. When the Deputation approaches the pit at Horsell Common under a white flag, the Martians answer an attempt at communication with the Heat-Ray, and later Thunder Child, the one human success, is a desperate exception. The gulf between their skill and their purpose undercuts any admiration we feel.

Wells's physical description pushes the reader towards revulsion. The narrator

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speaks of "the strange horror of its appearance" when the first Martian emerges, lingering on the oily skin, lipless mouth and writhing tentacles. Later, in the ruined house, he learns that they have become little more than huge heads with hands, that they do not sleep or eat as we do, and that they live by injecting the fresh blood of living creatures, including humans, into their own veins. Wells presents this as the logical result of evolution, the narrator citing a speculative writer who had predicted that man himself might one day develop in this direction. That idea is profoundly disturbing: the Martians may be admirable as a triumph of mind over body, but they have lost everything that makes life humane.

Crucially, Wells refuses to let the reader condemn them comfortably. The narrator reminds us of the "ruthless and utter destruction" humanity has caused, citing extinct species and the near-extermination of the Tasmanians by European settlers, and asks: "Are we such apostles of mercy as to complain if the Martians warred in the same spirit?" The rhetorical question is a turning point in how we judge them. Their behaviour is not admirable, but it is no worse than that of empires the Victorian reader might have admired. In this way Wells uses the Martians to expose hypocrisy rather than to praise them.

The artilleryman offers a further, darker perspective. He speaks of the Martians with grudging respect and imagines humans being kept and bred like animals, and his half-admiring fantasies of surviving underground reveal how fear can make people worship power. The narrator eventually rejects him as a dreamer, which suggests that Wells sees this kind of admiration as a moral failure. The narrator's own sense of being "an animal among the animals, under the Martian heel" is presented not as admiration but as humiliation.

The ending finally limits their greatness. The Martians are "slain", after all human

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efforts have failed, by bacteria, "the humblest things that God, in his wisdom, has put upon this earth". The mournful "Ulla, ulla" that echoes over London even lends the last Martian a strange pathos, and the narrator's feelings shift towards something like pity. Their vast intellect could not protect them from the smallest living things on earth.

To a limited extent, then, Wells makes the Martians admirable for their intelligence and ingenuity, and he forces us to recognise ourselves in their ruthlessness. But their cruelty, their grotesque bodies and their final helplessness show that intellect without sympathy is something to fear and to learn from, not something to admire.