Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge IGCSE™

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/12**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose **February/March 2020**

1 hour 30 minutes



You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

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

INFORMATION

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

This document has **24** pages. Blank pages are indicated.

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SECTION A: POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 1: from Part 3

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Muliebrity

I have thought so much about the girl
who gathered cow-dung in a wide, round basket
along the main road passing by our house
and the Radhavallabh temple in Maninagar.
I have thought so much about the way she
moved her hands and her waist
and the smell of cow-dung and road-dust and wet canna lilies,
the smell of monkey breath and freshly washed clothes
and the dust from crows' wings which smells different –
and again the smell of cow-dung as the girl scoops
it up, all these smells surrounding me separately
and simultaneously – I have thought so much
but have been unwilling to use her for a metaphor,
for a nice image – but most of all unwilling
to forget her or to explain to anyone the greatness
and the power glistening through her cheekbones
each time she found a particularly promising
mound of dung –

(*Sujata Bhatt*)

How does Bhatt show admiration for the girl in this poem?

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Or **2** Explore the ways in which Rich uses words and images to powerful effect in *Amends*.

Amends

Nights like this: on the cold apple-bough
a white star, then another
exploding out of the bark:
on the ground, moonlight picking at small stones

as it picks at greater stones, as it rises with the surf
laying its cheek for moments on the sand
as it licks the broken ledge, as it flows up the cliffs,
as it flicks across the tracks

as it unavailing pours into the gash
of the sand-and-gravel quarry
as it leans across the hangared fuselage
of the crop-dusting plane

as it soaks through cracks into the trailers
tremulous with sleep
as it dwells upon the eyelids of the sleepers
as if to make amends

(*Adrienne Rich*)

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SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 2: from Part 2

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Written Near a Port on a Dark Evening

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

(*Charlotte Smith*)

Explore the ways in which Smith creates vivid effects in this poem.

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Or **4** In what ways does Peter Reading create powerful impressions of the whales in *Cetacean*?

Cetacean

Out of Fisherman's Wharf, San Francisco, Sunday, early,
our vessel, bow to stern, some sixty-three feet,
to observe Blue Whales – and we did, off the Farallones.

They were swimming slowly, and rose at a shallow angle
(they were grey as slate with white mottling, dorsals tiny and stubby,
with broad flat heads one quarter their overall body-lengths).

They blew as soon as their heads began to break the surface.
The blows were as straight and slim as upright columns
rising to thirty feet in vertical sprays.

Then their heads disappeared underwater, and the lengthy, rolling
expanse of their backs hove into our view – about twenty feet longer
than the vessel herself.

And then the diminutive dorsals
showed briefly, after the blows had dispersed and the heads had
gone under.

Then they arched their backs, then arched their tail stocks ready
for diving.

Then the flukes were visible just before the creatures vanished,
slipping into the deep again, at a shallow angle.

(*Peter Reading*)

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CAROL ANN DUFFY: from *New Selected Poems*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Valentine

Not a red rose or a satin heart.

I give you an onion.
It is a moon wrapped in brown paper.
It promises light
like the careful undressing of love.

Here.
It will blind you with tears
like a lover.
It will make your reflection
a wobbling photo of grief.

I am trying to be truthful.

Not a cute card or a kissogram.

I give you an onion.
Its fierce kiss will stay on your lips,
possessive and faithful
as we are,
for as long as we are.

Take it.
Its platinum loops shrink to a wedding-ring,
if you like.

Lethal.
Its scent will cling to your fingers,
cling to your knife.

How does Duffy make this such a surprising love poem?

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Or **6** Explore the ways in which Duffy movingly writes about prayer in this poem.

Prayer

Some days, although we cannot pray, a prayer
utters itself. So, a woman will lift
her head from the sieve of her hands and stare
at the minims sung by a tree, a sudden gift.

Some nights, although we are faithless, the truth
enters our hearts, that small familiar pain;
then a man will stand stock-still, hearing his youth
in the distant Latin chanting of a train.

Pray for us now. Grade I piano scales
console the lodger looking out across
a Midlands town. Then dusk, and someone calls
a child's name as though they named their loss.

Darkness outside. Inside, the radio's prayer –
Rockall. Malin. Dogger. Finisterre.

SECTION B: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

On the hill-top above me sat the rising moon; pale yet as a cloud, but brightening momently; she looked over Hay, which, half lost in trees, sent up a blue smoke from its few chimneys; it was yet a mile distant, but in the absolute hush I could hear plainly its thin murmurs of life. My ear, too, felt the flow of currents; in what dales and depths I could not tell: but there were many hills beyond Hay, and doubtless many becks threading their passes. That evening calm betrayed alike the tinkle of the nearest streams, the sough of the most remote.

A rude noise broke on these fine ripplings and whisperings, at once so far away and so clear: a positive tramp, tramp; a metallic clatter, which effaced the soft wave-wanderings; as, in a picture, the solid mass of a crag, or the rough boles of a great oak, drawn in dark and strong on the foreground, efface the aërial distance of azure hill, sunny horizon, and blended clouds, where tint melts into tint.

The din was on the causeway: a horse was coming; the windings of the lane yet hid it, but it approached. I was just leaving the stile; yet as the path was narrow, I sat still to let it go by. In those days I was young, and all sorts of fancies bright and dark tenanted my mind: the memories of nursery stories were there amongst other rubbish; and when they recurred, maturing youth added to them a vigour and vividness beyond what childhood could give. As this horse approached, and as I watched for it to appear through the dusk, I remembered certain of Bessie's tales, wherein figured a North-of-England spirit, called a 'Gytrash'; which, in the form of horse, mule, or large dog, haunted solitary ways, and sometimes came upon belated travellers, as this horse was now coming upon me.

It was very near, but not yet in sight; when, in addition to the tramp, tramp, I heard a rush under the hedge, and close down by the hazel stems glided a great dog, whose black and white colour made him a distinct object against the trees. It was exactly one mask of Bessie's Gytrash – a lion-like creature with long hair and a huge head: it passed me, however, quietly enough; not staying to look up, with strange pretercanine eyes, in my face, as I half expected it would. The horse followed – a tall steed, and on its back a rider. The man, the human being, broke the spell at once. Nothing ever rode the Gytrash: it was always alone; and goblins, to my notions, though they might tenant the dumb carcases of beasts, could scarce covet shelter in the commonplace human form. No Gytrash was this – only a traveller taking the short cut to Millcote. He passed, and I went on; a few steps, and I turned; a sliding sound and an exclamation of 'What the deuce is to do now?' and a clattering tumble, arrested my attention. Man and horse were down; they had slipped on the sheet of ice which glazed the causeway. The dog came bounding back, and seeing his master in a predicament, and hearing the horse groan, barked till the evening hills echoed the sound, which was deep in proportion to his magnitude. He snuffed round the prostrate group, and then he ran up to me; it was all

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he could do – there was no other help at hand to summon. I obeyed him, and walked down to the traveller, by this time struggling himself free of his steed. His efforts were so vigorous, I thought he could not be much hurt; but I asked him the question –

'Are you injured, sir?'

I think he was swearing, but am not certain; however, he was pronouncing some formula which prevented him from replying to me directly.

[from Chapter 12]

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

Or **8** In what ways does Brontë vividly convey the conflict between Jane and the Reed family at Gateshead Hall?

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ANITA DESAI: *In Custody*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

'Jackals don't murder,' she said coolly. 'They wait for others to murder, because they haven't the courage. Then they come to feed on the flesh.'

Deven felt a prickling up his spine and Nur tried unsuccessfully to laugh. 'What flesh, *bibi*, my heart? Dear heart, you are ill –'

'Yes, I am,' she cried, sitting bolt upright in bed so that the sheets slipped off her and the women who attended her stepped backwards, and then hurried forwards to adjust them. She waved them aside – nervy, irritable, imperious, inconsiderate and frantic. They trembled as they tried to soothe her with little sucking sounds of their lips – they feared her as much as they admired her, keeping at a distance as from a poisonous snake, a snake that was also an object of worship. Yet there was gentleness in their ministrations that showed they pitied her as well, that they found here much to be pitied. She glared past them at the two men. 'Still my eyes can see more clearly than yours. You,' she said, spitting at Deven from between her very small, sharp teeth, 'you – tell me why you keep coming here. What are you here for?'

'I? I come as – as others come,' Deven tried not to stammer and to hold his ground, feeling he was beginning to understand her a little. 'To pay my respects to – to a distinguished poet, to hear him recite –'

'He will *not* recite,' she hissed, making small white bubbles of spit fly.

'Dear heart, I will not, no, I will not recite,' Nur assured her, coming closer to the bed with his hands outstretched. 'I am giving no recitation again, ever, please don't think I am.'

Suddenly her eyes turned from hard black beads to liquid and tears streamed down her cheeks, blackening them with kohl. 'Yes, you will,' she wailed like a child, 'you may. Call your friends. Call for drinks. Sit and recite your poems. Sing, let everyone clap and dance while I – while I lie here, *dying*.'

Nur clucked with horror, '*Bibi*, how can you think –' he protested, lowering himself to the edge of her bed while the women attendants rose up and began to fuss. 'Please calm yourself – please don't think such things – please lie still – you are ill –'

She threw herself back into her pillows and more black cotton came undone from her head, leaving her scalp very nearly bald. She looked much thinner and smaller suddenly, like a child who has fever, and her hands tore at the sheets in what might have been feigned or else very real anguish. Nur reached out to catch them and still them between his, making small consoling sounds with his lips, and Deven stumbled backwards until he sensed he was near the door, fresh air and sunlight, then turned around and, restraining his impulse to flee, walked out with dignified deliberation.

[from Chapter 7]

In what ways does Desai create powerful impressions of Nur and his wife at this moment in the novel?

Or **10** How far does Desai make it possible for you to feel sympathy for Sarla?

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CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

'Why, my dear Louisa,' said Mr Gradgrind, completely recovered by this time, 'I would advise you (since you ask me) to consider this question, as you have been accustomed to consider every other question, simply as one of tangible Fact. The ignorant and the giddy may embarrass such subjects with irrelevant fancies, and other absurdities that have no existence, properly viewed – really no existence – but it is no compliment to you to say, that you know better. Now, what are the Facts of this case? You are, we will say in round numbers, twenty years of age; Mr Bounderby is, we will say in round numbers, fifty. There is some disparity in your respective years, but in your means and positions there is none; on the contrary, there is a great suitability. Then the question arises, Is this one disparity sufficient to operate as a bar to such a marriage? In considering this question, it is not unimportant to take into account the statistics of marriage, so far as they have yet been obtained, in England and Wales. I find on reference to the figures, that a large proportion of these marriages are contracted between parties of very unequal ages, and that the elder of these contracting parties is, in rather more than three-fourths of these instances, the bridegroom. It is remarkable as showing the wide prevalence of this law, that among the natives of the British possessions in India, also in a considerable part of China, and among the Calmucks of Tartary, the best means of computation yet furnished us by travellers, yield similar results. The disparity I have mentioned, therefore, almost ceases to be disparity, and (virtually) all but disappears.'

'What do you recommend, father,' asked Louisa, her reserved composure not in the least affected by these gratifying results, 'that I should substitute for the term I used just now? For the misplaced expression?'

'Louisa,' returned her father, 'it appears to me that nothing can be plainer. Confining yourself rigidly to Fact, the question of Fact you state to yourself is: Does Mr Bounderby ask me to marry him? Yes, he does. The sole remaining question then is: Shall I marry him? I think nothing can be plainer than that.'

'Shall I marry him?' repeated Louisa, with great deliberation.

'Precisely. And it is satisfactory to me, as your father, my dear Louisa, to know that you do not come to the consideration of that question with the previous habits of mind, and habits of life, that belong to many young women.'

'No, father,' she returned, 'I do not.'

'I now leave you to judge for yourself,' said Mr Gradgrind. 'I have stated the case, as such cases are usually stated among practical minds; I have stated it, as the case of your mother and myself was stated in its time. The rest, my dear Louisa, is for you to decide.'

[from Chapter 15]

How does Dickens make this moment in the novel so powerful?

Or **12** Explore the ways in which Dickens creates a striking portrait of young Tom Gradgrind.

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ZORA NEALE HURSTON: *Their Eyes Were Watching God*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

He waited a week exactly to come back for Janie's snub.

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Then she had to smuggle Tea Cake out by the back gate and that made it seem like some great secret she was keeping from the town.

[from Chapter 11]

Explore the ways in which Hurston makes this moment in the novel so amusing.

Or **14** How does Hurston's writing show that life in Eatonville is difficult for Janie?

JOHN KNOWLES: *A Separate Peace*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Whatever Brinker had in his mind to do, I thought he had chosen a terrible place for it. There was nothing funny about the Assembly Room. I could remember staring torpidly through these windows a hundred times out at the elms of the Center Common. The windows now had the closed blankness of night, a deadened look about them, a look of being blind or deaf. The great expanses of wall space were opaque with canvas, portraits in oil of deceased headmasters, a founder or two, forgotten leaders of the faculty, a beloved athletic coach none of us had ever heard of, a lady we could not identify—her fortune had largely rebuilt the school; a nameless poet who was thought when under the school's protection to be destined primarily for future generations; a young hero now anonymous who looked theatrical in the First World War uniform in which he had died.

I thought any prank was bound to fall flat here.

The Assembly Hall was used for large lectures, debates, plays, and concerts; it had the worst acoustics in the school. I couldn't make out what Brinker was saying. He stood on the polished marble floor in front of us, but facing the platform, talking to the boys behind the balustrade. I heard him say the word 'inquiry' to them, and something about 'the country demands …'

'What is all this hot air?' I said into the blur.

'I don't know,' Phineas answered shortly.

As he turned toward us Brinker was saying '… blame on the responsible party. We will begin with a brief prayer.' He paused, surveying us with the kind of wide-eyed surmise Mr Carhart always used at this point, and then added in Mr Carhart's urbane murmur, 'Let us pray.'

We all slumped immediately and unthinkingly into the awkward crouch in which God was addressed at Devon, leaning forward with elbows on knees. Brinker had caught us, and in a moment it was too late to escape, for he had moved swiftly into the Lord's Prayer. If when Brinker had said 'Let us pray' I had said 'Go to hell' everything might have been saved.

At the end there was an indecisive, semiserious silence and then Brinker said, 'Phineas, if you please.' Finny got up with a shrug and walked to the center of the floor, between us and the platform. Brinker got an armchair from behind the balustrade, and seated Finny on it with courtly politeness. 'Now just in your own words,' he said.

'What own words?' said Phineas, grimacing up at him with his best you-are-an-idiot expression.

'I know you haven't got many of your own,' said Brinker with a charitable smile. 'Use some of Gene's then.'

'What shall I talk about? You? I've got plenty of words of my own for that.'

'*I'm* all right,' Brinker glanced gravely around the room for confirmation, 'you're the casualty.'

'Brinker,' began Finny in a constricted voice I did not recognize, 'are you off your head or what?'

'No,' said Brinker evenly, 'that's Leper, our other casualty. Tonight we're investigating you.'

'What the hell are you talking about!' I cut in suddenly.

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'Investigating Finny's accident!' He spoke as though this was the most natural and self-evident and inevitable thing we could be doing.

I felt the blood flooding into my head. 'After all,' Brinker continued, 'there *is* a war on. Here's one soldier our side has already lost. We've got to find out what happened.'

'Just for the record,' said someone from the platform. 'You agree, don't you, Gene?'

'I told Brinker this morning,' I began in a voice treacherously shaking, 'that I thought this was the worst—'

'And I said,' Brinker's voice was full of authority and perfectly under control, 'that for Finny's good,' and with an additional timbre of sincerity, 'and for your own good too, by the way, Gene, that we should get all this out into the open. We don't want any mysteries or any stray rumors and suspicions left in the air at the end of the year, do we?'

A collective assent to this rumbled through the blurring atmosphere of the Assembly Room.

'What are you talking about!' Finny's voice was full of contemptuous music. 'What rumors and suspicions?'

'Never mind about that,' said Brinker with his face responsibly grave. He's enjoying this, I thought bitterly, he's imagining himself Justice incarnate, balancing the scales. He's forgotten that Justice incarnate is not only balancing the scales but also blindfolded.

[from Chapter 11]

In what ways does Knowles make this such a tense moment in the novel?

Or **16** Explore the ways in which Knowles makes Gene's visit to Leper's home in Vermont such a memorable and significant part of the novel.

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GEORGE ORWELL: *1984*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

There was a sound of marching boots outside. The steel door opened with a clang. A young officer, a trim black-uniformed figure who seemed to glitter all over with polished leather, and whose pale, straight-featured face was like a wax mask, stepped smartly through the doorway. He motioned to the guards outside to bring in the prisoner they were leading. The poet Ampleforth shambled into the cell. The door clanged shut again.

Ampleforth made one or two uncertain movements from side to side, as though having some idea that there was another door to go out of, and then began to wander up and down the cell. He had not yet noticed Winston's presence. His troubled eyes were gazing at the wall about a metre above the level of Winston's head. He was shoeless; large, dirty toes were sticking out of the holes in his socks. He was also several days away from a shave. A scrubby beard covered his face to the cheekbones, giving him an air of ruffianism that went oddly with his large weak frame and nervous movements.

Winston roused himself a little from his lethargy. He must speak to Ampleforth, and risk the yell from the telescreen. It was even conceivable that Ampleforth was the bearer of the razor blade.

'Ampleforth,' he said.

There was no yell from the telescreen. Ampleforth paused, mildly startled. His eyes focused themselves slowly on Winston.

'Ah, Smith!' he said. 'You too!'

'What are you in for?'

'To tell you the truth——' He sat down awkwardly on the bench opposite Winston. 'There is only one offence, is there not?' he said.

'And you have committed it?'

'Apparently I have.'

He put a hand to his forehead and pressed his temples for a moment, as though trying to remember something.

'These things happen,' he began vaguely. 'I have been able to recall one instance—a possible instance. It was an indiscretion, undoubtedly. We were producing a definitive edition of the poems of Kipling. I allowed the word "God" to remain at the end of a line. I could not help it!' he added almost indignantly, raising his face to look at Winston. 'It was impossible to change the line. The rhyme was "rod". Do you realise that there are only twelve rhymes to "rod" in the entire language? For days I had racked my brains. There *was* no other rhyme.'

The expression on his face changed. The annoyance passed out of it and for a moment he looked almost pleased. A sort of intellectual warmth, the joy of the pedant who has found out some useless fact, shone through the dirt and scrubby hair.

'Has it ever occurred to you,' he said, 'that the whole history of English poetry has been determined by the fact that the English language lacks rhymes?'

No, that particular thought had never occurred to Winston. Nor, in the circumstances, did it strike him as very important or interesting.

'Do you know what time of day it is?' he said.

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Ampleforth looked startled again. 'I had hardly thought about it. They arrested me—it could be two days ago—perhaps three.' His eyes flitted round the walls, as though he half expected to find a window somewhere. 'There is no difference between night and day in this place. I do not see how one can calculate the time.'

They talked desultorily for some minutes, then, without apparent reason, a yell from the telescreen bade them be silent. Winston sat quietly, his hands crossed. Ampleforth, too large to sit in comfort on the narrow bench, fidgeted from side to side, clasping his lank hands first round one knee, then round the other. The telescreen barked at him to keep still. Time passed. Twenty minutes, an hour—it was difficult to judge. Once more there was a sound of boots outside. Winston's entrails contracted. Soon, very soon, perhaps in five minutes, perhaps now, the tramp of boots would mean that his own turn had come.

The door opened. The cold-faced young officer stepped into the cell. With a brief movement of the hand he indicated Ampleforth.

[from Part 3]

How does Orwell make this moment in the novel so distressing?

Or **18** What does Orwell's portrayal of Emmanuel Goldstein contribute to the impact of the novel?

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ALAN PATON: *Cry, the Beloved Country*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

A young man met them at the airport.

– Mr and Mrs Jarvis.

– Yes.

– I'm John Harrison. Mary's brother. I don't think you remember me. I was only a youngster when you saw me last. Let me carry your things. I've a car here for you.

As they walked to the control building, the young man said, I needn't tell you how grieved we are, Mr Jarvis. Arthur was the finest man I ever knew.

In the car he spoke to them again. Mary and the children are at my mother's, and we're expecting you both to stay with us.

– How is Mary?

– She's suffering from the shock, Mr Jarvis, but she's very brave.

– And the children?

– They've taken it very badly, Mr Jarvis. And that has given Mary something to occupy herself.

They did not speak again. Jarvis held his wife's hand, but they all were silent with their own thoughts, until they drove through the gates of a suburban house, and came to a stop before a lighted porch. A young woman came out at the sound of the car, and embraced Mrs Jarvis, and they wept together. Then she turned to Jarvis, and they embraced each other. This first meeting over, Mr and Mrs Harrison came out also, and after they had welcomed one another, and after the proper words had been spoken, they all went into the house.

Harrison turned to Jarvis. Would you like a drink? he asked.

– It would be welcome.

– Come to my study, then.

– And now, said Harrison, you must do as you wish. If there's anything we can do, you've only to ask us. If you would wish to go to the mortuary at once, John will go with you. Or you can go tomorrow morning if you wish. The police would like to see you, but they won't worry you tonight.

– I'll ask my wife, Harrison. You know, we've hardly spoken of it yet. I'll go to her, don't you worry to come.

– I'll wait for you here.

He found his wife and his daughter-in-law hand in hand, tip-toeing out of the room where his grandchildren were sleeping. He spoke to her, and she wept again and sobbed against him. Now, she said. He went back to Harrison, and swallowed his drink, and then he and his wife and their daughter-in-law went out to the car, where John Harrison was waiting for them.

While they were driving to the Police Laboratories, John Harrison told Jarvis all that he knew about the crime, how the police were waiting for the house-boy to recover consciousness, and how they had combed the plantations on Parkwold Ridge. And he told him too of the paper that Arthur Jarvis had been writing just before he was killed, on 'The Truth About Native Crime'.

– I'd like to see it, said Jarvis.

– We'll get it for you tomorrow, Mr Jarvis.

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– My son and I didn't see eye to eye on the native question, John. In fact, he and I got quite heated about it on more than one occasion. But I'd like to see what he wrote.

– My father and I don't see eye to eye on the native question either, Mr Jarvis. You know, Mr Jarvis, there was no one in South Africa who thought so deeply about it, and no one who thought so clearly, as Arthur did. And what else is there to think deeply and clearly about in South Africa? he used to say.

So they came to the Laboratories, and John Harrison stayed in the car, while the others went to do the hard thing that had to be done. And they came out silent but for the weeping of the two women, and drove back as silently to the house, where Mary's father opened the door to them.

– Another drink, Jarvis? Or do you want to go to bed?

– Margaret, do you want me to come up with you?

– No, my dear, stay and have your drink.

– Good night, then, my dear.

– Good night, James.

He kissed her, and she clung to him for a moment. And thank you for all your help, she said. The tears came again into her eyes, and into his too for that matter. He watched her climb the stairs with their daughter-in-law, and when the door closed on them, he and Harrison turned to go to the study.

– It's always worse for the mother, Jarvis.

– Yes.

He pondered over it, and said then, I was very fond of my son, he said. I was never ashamed of having him.

[from Book 2 Chapter 2]

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

Or **20** In what ways does Paton convey the impact of city life in Johannesburg on Stephen Kumalo?

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from *Stories of Ourselves*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **21** Read this passage from *The Moving Finger* (by Edith Wharton), and then answer the question that follows it:

'You fellows knew enough of my early history to guess what my second marriage meant to me. I say guess, because no one could understand – really. I've always had a feminine streak in me, I suppose: the need of a pair of eyes that should see with me, of a pulse that should keep time with mine. Life is a big thing, of course; a magnificent spectacle; but I got so tired of looking at it alone! Still, it's always good to live, and I had plenty of happiness – of the evolved kind. What I'd never had a taste of was the simple inconscient sort that one breathes in like the air.

'Well – I met her. It was like finding the climate in which I was meant to live. You know what she was – how indefinitely she multiplied one's points of contact with life, how she lit up the caverns and bridged the abysses! Well, I swear to you (though I suppose the sense of all that was latent in me) that what I used to think of on my way home at the end of the day, was simply that when I opened this door she'd be sitting over there, with the lamp-light falling in a particular way on one little curl in her neck … When Claydon painted her he caught just the look she used to lift to mine when I came in – I've wondered, sometimes, at his knowing how she looked when she and I were alone. – How I rejoiced in that picture! I used to say to her, "You're my prisoner now – I shall never lose you. If you grew tired of me and left me you'd leave your real self there on the wall!" It was always one of our jokes that she was going to grow tired of me—

'Three years of it – and then she died. It was so sudden that there was no change, no diminution. It was as if she had suddenly become fixed, immovable, like her own portrait: as if Time had ceased at its happiest hour, just as Claydon had thrown down his brush one day and said, "I can't do better than that."

'I went away, as you know, and stayed over there five years. I worked as hard as I knew how, and after the first black months a little light stole in on me. From thinking that she would have been interested in what I was doing I came to feel that she *was* interested – that she was there and that she knew. I'm not talking any psychical jargon – I'm simply trying to express the sense I had that an influence so full, so abounding as hers couldn't pass like a spring shower. We had so lived into each other's hearts and minds that the consciousness of what she would have thought and felt illuminated all I did. At first she used to come back shyly, tentatively, as though not sure of finding me; then she stayed longer and longer, till at last she became again the very air I breathed … There were bad moments, of course, when her nearness mocked me with the loss of the real woman; but gradually the distinction between the two was effaced and the mere thought of her grew warm as flesh and blood.

'Then I came home. I landed in the morning and came straight down here. The thought of seeing her portrait possessed me and my heart beat like a lover's as I opened the library door. It was in the afternoon and the room was full of light. It fell on her picture – the picture of a young and radiant woman. She smiled at me coldly across the distance that divided us. I had the feeling that she didn't even recognise me. And then I caught

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sight of myself in the mirror over there – a gray-haired broken man whom she had never known!

'For a week we two lived together – the strange woman and the strange man. I used to sit night after night and question her smiling face; but no answer ever came. What did she know of me, after all? We were irrevocably separated by the five years of life that lay between us. At times, as I sat here, I almost grew to hate her; for her presence had driven away my gentle ghost, the real wife who had wept, aged, struggled with me during those awful years … It was the worst loneliness I've ever known. Then, gradually, I began to notice a look of sadness in the picture's eyes; a look that seemed to say: "Don't you see that *I* am lonely too?" And all at once it came over me how she would have hated to be left behind! I remembered her comparing life to a heavy book that could not be read with ease unless two people held it together; and I thought how impatiently her hand would have turned the pages that divided us! – So the idea came to me: "It's the picture that stands between us; the picture that is dead, and not my wife. To sit in this room is to keep watch beside a corpse." As this feeling grew on me the portrait became like a beautiful mausoleum in which she had been buried alive: I could hear her beating against the painted walls and crying to me faintly for help …

How does Wharton make you feel sympathy for Mr Grancy here?

Or **22** Explore the ways in which McGahern strikingly portrays Miss McCabe in *The Stoat.*

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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

Bhatt shows admiration for the girl by refusing to look down on her. A girl who gathers cow-dung by a busy road might easily be pitied or ignored, yet the speaker treats her with a reverence usually reserved for the sacred, and the poem becomes an act of remembering her with dignity. Even the title, "Muliebrity", a rare and formal word for womanhood, elevates her: it suggests that this humble girl embodies the essence of what it is to be a woman.

The first thing that strikes me is the repeated refrain "I have thought so much". It opens the poem, returns in line 5 and again in line 12, and this obsessive repetition shows that the girl has occupied the speaker's mind for a long time. Admiration here is not a passing glance but a lasting preoccupation. The setting is precise, "the main road passing by our house / and the Radhavallabh temple in Maninagar", and placing the girl beside a temple quietly hints that she is worthy of worship herself. The basket is "wide, round", a full, generous shape that gives her work a kind of wholeness.

Bhatt then focuses on the girl's body in motion: "the way she / moved her hands and her waist". The enjambment after "she" makes us wait, so that her movement seems graceful and flowing, almost like a dance. The speaker admires physical skill and natural poise in a task most people would find degrading.

The most vivid section is the long list of smells. "Cow-dung and road-dust and wet canna lilies" mixes the unpleasant with the beautiful, and the polysyndeton, the piling up of "and", recreates the rush of sensations. "Monkey breath", "freshly washed clothes" and the "dust from crows' wings" are so specific that the memory

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feels intensely alive. By placing dung beside lilies, Bhatt refuses any hierarchy: everything in the girl's world is part of a rich, living whole. The phrase "surrounding me separately / and simultaneously" shows the speaker overwhelmed, almost immersed in the girl's environment, as if admiration were a full sensory experience rather than a judgement.

Then comes the turning point: the speaker has been "unwilling to use her for a metaphor, / for a nice image". This is a remarkable moment of self-awareness. The poet admits the temptation to turn the girl into decoration for a poem, and rejects it, because that would reduce a real person to an object. The slightly dismissive word "nice" shows how inadequate a pretty image would be. I find this the deepest form of admiration in the poem: respect for the girl as an individual who exists in her own right, not as material for art. The paradox, of course, is that Bhatt is writing a poem about her, but she does so without prettifying her work.

The speaker is "most of all unwilling / to forget her or to explain to anyone" her "greatness". Refusing to explain suggests that what the girl possesses cannot be translated into ordinary terms, and perhaps that others would not understand. The climax, "the greatness / and the power glistening through her cheekbones", is strikingly grand. "Glistening" suggests sweat and light together, so her physical labour becomes radiant. "Power" is a surprising word for a poor girl collecting dung, and it shows the speaker seeing strength and authority where society sees only lowliness.

The ending is gently humorous and deeply affectionate: this power shines "each time she found a particularly promising / mound of dung". The mock-formal "particularly promising" treats the discovery as a triumph, and the poem ends on the blunt word "dung". Bhatt does not retreat into elegance; she ends with the

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reality of the girl's work, which is exactly the point. The whole poem is a single unfolding sentence, held together by dashes and enjambment, which mirrors the continuous, unbroken nature of the speaker's thoughts. It never reaches a full stop, as if the admiration itself is ongoing. Bhatt shows admiration through attention, honesty and respect, finding greatness in the overlooked.

2

In "Amends" Rich turns moonlight into a gentle, almost living presence that moves across a damaged landscape and tries, perhaps hopelessly, to heal it. The power of the poem comes from this single sustained image, from the restless movement of its syntax, and from the quiet surprise of its final line, which reveals that the moon's journey has been a kind of apology.

The poem opens with a fragment, "Nights like this", which suggests that what follows is repeated and familiar, a pattern of many nights rather than one. The first image is startling: "on the cold apple-bough / a white star, then another / exploding out of the bark". Read literally, these may be blossoms or stars glimpsed through branches, but "exploding" is a violent verb that gives the scene sudden energy. Beauty appears to burst out of something "cold" and hard, and this prepares us for the idea of light and life breaking into a harsh world.

The heart of the poem is the extended personification of moonlight. It is "picking at small stones / as it picks at greater stones", an image of patient, careful attention, as if the moon were searching or tending. It "rises with the surf / laying its cheek for moments on the sand", which is tender and intimate: the cheek suggests affection, even a mother resting her face against a child. Then the verbs change in quality: it "licks the broken ledge", "flows up the cliffs", "flicks across the tracks". "Licks" suggests an animal tending a wound, and "broken" introduces

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the idea of damage that needs mending. The quick, light sound of "flicks" catches the speed of light moving over railway lines.

Rich builds the poem almost entirely from the anaphora "as it", repeated line after line. This creates a single, unbroken sentence that never pauses for a full stop, so the moonlight seems to travel continuously across the land, and the reader is carried along with it. The structure enacts the meaning: the moon's attention is tireless and inclusive, reaching everything from the sea to the most ordinary human objects.

What makes the poem powerful is that the landscape gradually reveals human damage. The moonlight "unavailing pours into the gash / of the sand-and-gravel quarry". "Gash" is the language of a wound, so the quarry becomes a scar cut into the earth, and "unavailing" admits that the moon's light cannot fill or heal it. This is the first hint of sadness and futility. The light then "leans across the hangared fuselage / of the crop-dusting plane". The crop-dusting plane suggests chemicals sprayed on the land, another quiet sign of human harm, and "leans" gives the moon a weary, almost compassionate posture.

The final movement shifts to people. The light "soaks through cracks into the trailers / tremulous with sleep". The trailers suggest poverty or impermanence, homes with "cracks" in them, and "tremulous" transfers the sleepers' fragility to their dwellings. The moonlight "dwells upon the eyelids of the sleepers", and "dwells" is beautifully chosen: it means both to linger and to live somewhere, so the moon seems to stay with these vulnerable people with infinite gentleness.

The last line, "as if to make amends", is the poem's key. It finally explains the title and recasts everything before it: the moon's careful touching of stones,

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ledges, quarry and sleepers has been an attempt to atone. Yet "as if" keeps it tentative; the moon cannot truly repair anything. One reading is that the natural world offers comfort for the wounds humans inflict on the land and on each other. Another, darker reading is that the amends are owed by humanity, and the moon does on our behalf what we fail to do. Either way, the ending leaves a sense of tender, incomplete reconciliation, and because the poem ends without a full stop, the work of making amends seems to go on night after night.

3 Smith creates vivid effects by making darkness something we hear rather than see. In this sonnet, the night over the sea is almost entirely black, so the poem builds its picture from distant sounds and a few faint lights, and then, in the final couplet, turns the whole scene into a sombre image of human uncertainty. The vividness is therefore both sensory and philosophical.

The opening line is heavy and oppressive: "Huge vapors brood above the clifted shore". "Brood" personifies the mist, giving it a dark, sullen mood, as if the weather itself were thinking gloomy thoughts. The long vowels of "Huge" and "brood" slow the line down, so the atmosphere feels thick and weighty. "Night on the Ocean settles, dark and mute" continues this: "settles" suggests something descending and staying, and "mute" makes the silence almost absolute. The capitalised "Ocean" gives the sea a grand, impersonal presence.

Against this silence Smith sets sound. The word "Save" introduces exceptions, and the poem becomes a catalogue of noises at different distances. First there is "the repercussive roar / Of drowsy billows". "Repercussive" is an unusual, echoing word that imitates the boom of waves striking rocks, and the alliteration of "repercussive roar" and "rugged" gives a rough, rolling sound. Yet the billows are

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"drowsy", which is a lovely contrast: even the roar seems sleepy, which keeps the overall mood hushed. The rocks are "remote", and the enjambment from "the rugged foot / Of rocks remote" pushes the sound further away.

The second sound is human: the "still more distant tone / Of seamen in the anchored bark that tell / The watch relieved". This gives a glimpse of life on board, but it is faint and far away, and it reminds us of the routine of keeping watch through the night, a detail that hints at vigilance against danger. The third sound is the most poignant: "one deep voice alone / Singing the hour". The word "alone" isolates the singer, and his call "Strike the bell" is the only direct speech in the poem, like a single clear note cutting through the dark. By moving from the natural roar to the distant seamen to a single voice, Smith narrows our attention, creating a sense of loneliness within a vast space.

At the turn, the visual scene is summed up in stark terms: "All is black shadow". The bluntness of this short phrase is striking after the long, winding sentences before it. The only exceptions are "the lucid line / Marked by the light surf on the level sand". The soft alliteration of "lucid line", "light" and "level" creates a gentle, smooth sound like the surf itself, and the thin white edge of foam becomes the one clear boundary in the darkness. Then "afar the ship-lights faintly shine / Like wandering fairy fires". The simile is enchanting but unsettling: these "fairy fires" are will-o'-the-wisps, lights that "oft on land / Mislead the Pilgrim". Beauty becomes deceptive.

This prepares for the couplet, where Smith makes her most powerful move. "Such the dubious ray / That wavering Reason lends, in life's long darkling way." The seascape becomes an allegory: human reason is like those faint, uncertain lights, offering only a "dubious ray" in the darkness of life. "Wavering" echoes "wandering",

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so reason is as unreliable as the misleading fires. The final line is longer than the others, and its slow, heavy rhythm, together with the alliteration of "life's long", makes life feel like an endless journey through dark. "Darkling" is an archaic word that gives the ending a melancholy, almost elegiac tone.

The sonnet form contributes too. The ordered rhyme scheme and controlled quatrains contrast with the formless "black shadow" they describe, as if the poet were trying to impose order on uncertainty, and the closing couplet delivers the bleak conclusion with a sense of finality. What makes the poem so vivid, for me, is this movement from a precisely heard and seen night to a deeply felt despair: the darkness outside becomes the darkness of the speaker's mind.

4 Peter Reading creates powerful impressions of the whales in an unexpected way: rather than writing in elevated, emotional language, he describes them with the cool precision of a naturalist's log. Paradoxically, this restraint makes the whales more impressive, because their enormous size and grace emerge from plain facts, and the reader is left to feel the awe that the speaker never directly states.

The poem opens like a record in a logbook: "Out of Fisherman's Wharf, San Francisco, Sunday, early". The list of place and time, separated by commas, sounds clipped and factual, and the measurement of "our vessel, bow to stern, some sixty-three feet" seems almost irrelevant at first. In fact it is a careful set-up. Reading gives us the size of the boat so that, later, we can measure the whales against it. The purpose of the trip is stated simply, "to observe Blue Whales", and the short confirmation "and we did" has a quiet satisfaction, as if the whole poem were evidence of a successful sighting.

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The physical description is detailed and scientific. The whales are "grey as slate with white mottling", a plain simile that fixes their colour precisely, and their dorsals are "tiny and stubby". These small, almost comic adjectives contrast with the creatures' bulk, and they show the observer noticing every feature. The heads are "one quarter their overall body-lengths", a proportion that hints at a scale too large to grasp all at once. The parentheses around this description give the effect of a field note added for accuracy, and this technical tone makes the whales seem real rather than romanticised.

The most striking image is the blow. "The blows were as straight and slim as upright columns / rising to thirty feet in vertical sprays." The simile of "upright columns" is architectural, almost classical, giving the whales a monumental grandeur, as if they raised pillars of water from the sea. The repetition of the idea of straightness, "straight", "upright", "vertical", emphasises the power and control of the exhalation, and the figure of "thirty feet" again measures the immense force of the animal.

Reading then makes the sheer length of the whales felt through structure. "The lengthy, rolling / expanse of their backs hove into our view". The enjambment after "rolling" stretches the line, so the sentence itself seems to roll on like the back emerging from the water. "Expanse" is a word normally used of landscapes or seas, which makes the whale's back seem like a territory. "Hove" is a nautical verb, as though the whale were itself a ship. Then comes the comparison prepared at the start: the back is "about twenty feet longer / than the vessel herself." Suddenly the sixty-three-foot boat seems small, and the reader grasps that this creature is larger than the human craft carrying its observers. This is perhaps the most powerful moment in the poem, because the awe is created by plain arithmetic.

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The lineation becomes irregular in the second half, with long lines and indented fragments such as "And then the diminutive dorsals". This uneven shape imitates the uneven rhythm of the whales appearing and disappearing, glimpses rather than a full view. The sequence is driven by repeated "Then": the heads disappear, the dorsals show, "they arched their backs, then arched their tail stocks", then "the flukes were visible". This anaphora creates a slow, ordered choreography, and the repetition of "arched" gives a sense of fluid, graceful curves. The whales move with a calm, unhurried rhythm, never threatened, never rushed.

The ending is quietly beautiful. The creatures are "slipping into the deep again, at a shallow angle". "Slipping" is soft and smooth, and "the deep" is a traditional, almost mysterious term for the ocean, the only point where the language moves towards poetry. The final phrase echoes "at a shallow angle" from line 4, so the poem comes full circle, mirroring the whales' rise and descent. The impression we are left with is of creatures that belong to a vast, unknowable world which humans can only briefly observe. By restraining emotion, Reading lets the whales' size, grace and mystery speak for themselves.

5

Duffy makes "Valentine" a surprising love poem by rejecting the clichés of romance and replacing them with an onion, an object that is ordinary, earthy and capable of making us cry. Through this extended metaphor she presents love not as sweet and perfect but as complex, painful, possessive and lasting, and the surprise is that this harsher picture feels more truthful than any card.

The poem begins with a refusal: "Not a red rose or a satin heart." Opening with "Not" immediately overturns our expectations of a Valentine poem, and the two most familiar symbols of romance are dismissed in a single line. The next line is

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blunt and almost comic: "I give you an onion." The short, declarative sentence, standing alone, gives the gift a deadpan confidence.

Duffy then shows that the onion is more romantic than it seems. "It is a moon wrapped in brown paper." The metaphor transforms the humble vegetable into something luminous and mysterious; the moon is a traditional symbol of love, yet here it is hidden in "brown paper", like an unglamorous parcel. This suggests that real love may look plain on the outside while holding something beautiful within. "It promises light / like the careful undressing of love" is sensual and tender: peeling the onion becomes an image of lovers slowly revealing themselves to each other, and "careful" suggests trust and intimacy.

The one-word line "Here." is a striking moment. It sounds like the speaker physically thrusting the onion at the lover, and the direct address makes the poem feel like a dramatic monologue rather than a polished sonnet. Then the poem darkens: "It will blind you with tears / like a lover." This is perhaps the most surprising simile, since love is usually associated with joy, but Duffy insists that lovers cause pain and grief. "It will make your reflection / a wobbling photo of grief" extends this: tears distort our image of ourselves, and love can unsettle our very identity. The line "I am trying to be truthful" explains the speaker's purpose, and its plainness is disarming. The surprise of the poem is that it values honesty over flattery.

The second rejection, "Not a cute card or a kissogram", is more contemptuous. "Cute" and "kissogram" belong to the commercial, trivial side of Valentine's Day, and the speaker dismisses them as shallow. Repeating "I give you an onion" gives the poem a stubborn, insistent rhythm. The onion's "fierce kiss will stay on your lips", a witty image of its strong taste lingering, but also of love's intensity.

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"Possessive and faithful / as we are, / for as long as we are" is the most ambiguous moment. "Possessive" admits the jealousy and control that love can bring, while "faithful" is reassuring. The qualification "for as long as we are" is quietly unsettling: it can mean "for as long as we live" or "for as long as we stay together", so the poem refuses to promise that love will last forever.

The command "Take it." is sharper than the earlier "Here." and sounds almost impatient. The onion's "platinum loops shrink to a wedding-ring, / if you like." The image of the cut rings becoming a wedding ring is clever, and "platinum" makes them precious, yet "if you like" is casual, even offhand, as if marriage were optional rather than the goal. Then comes the single word "Lethal." Isolated on its own line, it is the most shocking moment of the poem: love is dangerous, even deadly.

The ending lingers threateningly. The scent "will cling to your fingers, / cling to your knife." The repetition of "cling" suggests that love, once experienced, cannot be washed away, and the final word "knife" is menacing. It is literally the knife used to cut the onion, but it also hints at violence, betrayal or heartbreak. The free verse form, with its irregular line lengths and abrupt one-word lines, reinforces the speaker's refusal of conventional, neatly rhymed love poetry. What makes the poem so surprising, to me, is that it finishes not with a kiss but with a blade, leaving us to feel that real love is as powerful and as dangerous as it is precious.

6 Duffy writes movingly about prayer by suggesting that, even when people have lost the ability or the faith to pray, moments of grace arrive unbidden through ordinary things. The poem is a sonnet, a form traditionally associated with love and devotion, and Duffy uses it to show that the longing, consolation and sorrow once

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expressed in prayer still exist in everyday life, in the sound of a tree, a train, piano scales or the radio.

The opening is paradoxical and gentle: "Some days, although we cannot pray, a prayer / utters itself." The concession "although we cannot pray" acknowledges a world of doubt, and the inclusive "we" draws the reader into this shared condition. Yet the prayer "utters itself", as though it has a will of its own, coming to us rather than from us. The enjambment across the line break lets the prayer spill over unexpectedly, imitating its sudden arrival.

Duffy then gives a series of individual scenes, each like a small snapshot. A woman will "lift / her head from the sieve of her hands". The metaphor of the "sieve" is very moving: her hands, presumably covering her face in grief or exhaustion, cannot hold anything, as if sorrow or life itself were slipping through her fingers. She stares "at the minims sung by a tree, a sudden gift". "Minims" are musical notes, so the rustling leaves become a kind of hymn, and "a sudden gift" presents this moment as grace, given freely. The movement from lowering to lifting her head suggests a small resurrection of spirit.

The second quatrain mirrors the first with "Some nights, although we are faithless". The parallel structure makes the poem feel like a liturgy, with its own repeated responses. "The truth / enters our hearts, that small familiar pain" is quietly honest: the truth is not dramatic revelation but a "small familiar pain", perhaps grief or regret we have long carried. A man stands "stock-still, hearing his youth / in the distant Latin chanting of a train". The rhythm of the train becomes the sound of Latin chant, and this memory perhaps recalls a childhood religion he has lost. "Distant" applies both to the train and to his youth, so the line is full of nostalgia. I find this image especially poignant because the sacred

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has become something heard only faintly, in the noise of machinery.

The third quatrain opens with "Pray for us now", which echoes the words of a traditional prayer, and here the poem itself seems to become an act of prayer for all these lonely people. "Grade I piano scales / console the lodger looking out across / a Midlands town." The image is deliberately humble: a child's simple practice, perhaps heard through a wall, comforts a lodger, someone living alone in rented rooms in an ordinary town. The word "console" shows that consolation, once sought through prayer, now comes through these everyday sounds. "Then dusk, and someone calls / a child's name as though they named their loss." This is the most heartbreaking line. A parent calling a child in at nightfall becomes a cry of grief, and "as though they named their loss" suggests that naming something we love is also, in a sense, mourning it.

The final couplet moves from dusk to night: "Darkness outside. Inside, the radio's prayer". The contrast of outside and inside suggests comfort and shelter against the dark. The "radio's prayer" is the shipping forecast, and the closing line, "Rockall. Malin. Dogger. Finisterre.", is a list of sea areas. Separated by full stops, the names have a slow, incantatory rhythm, like a litany or the beads of a rosary. They are practical information, yet their repetition night after night has a soothing, ritual quality. The poem ends with names of remote, stormy places, which perhaps hints that we are all at sea, and that this familiar voice keeps us safe.

The regular rhyme scheme, such as "prayer" and "stare", "truth" and "youth", gives the poem a calm, ordered music that itself feels consoling. Duffy's achievement is to find holiness in the ordinary, and the poem is moving because it offers comfort to the faithless without pretending that loss has gone away.

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7

This is a memorable moment because it is Jane's first meeting with Mr Rochester, and Brontë stages it with a careful mixture of romance and anticlimax. She builds an atmosphere of stillness and supernatural suspense, then shatters it with a very human fall, so that the man who will transform Jane's life enters not as a hero or a phantom but as a swearing traveller lying on the ice. The reader senses the importance of the encounter even though Jane herself does not yet know who he is.

Brontë begins with an exquisitely calm scene. The "rising moon" is "pale yet as a cloud, but brightening momently", and this gradual brightening seems to anticipate something about to be revealed. The personified moon "looked over Hay", as if watching events below. The emphasis on sound is striking: "in the absolute hush I could hear plainly its thin murmurs of life". Jane is so attentive that she hears both "the tinkle of the nearest streams" and "the sough of the most remote". The soft sibilance and gentle sounds create a mood of delicate, dreamy solitude, and show Jane's sensitive, imaginative nature.

This harmony is then broken: "A rude noise broke on these fine ripplings and whisperings". The onomatopoeic "tramp, tramp" and the "metallic clatter" are harsh and intrusive, and Brontë extends the effect with a painterly comparison. Just as a crag or "the rough boles of a great oak, drawn in dark and strong on the foreground" overwhelms the soft "aërial distance" of a picture, so the noise "effaced the soft wave-wanderings". This simile reflects Jane's own love of drawing, and it powerfully suggests that the approaching figure is strong, dark and dominant, an apt foreshadowing of Rochester's forceful personality.

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Brontë then heightens suspense. "The din was on the causeway: a horse was coming; the windings of the lane yet hid it". Delaying the sight of the horse makes the reader wait with Jane. Her mind fills with "fancies bright and dark", especially Bessie's tale of the "Gytrash", a spirit that haunted "solitary ways" and came upon "belated travellers". The phrase "as this horse was now coming upon me" places Jane inside her own ghost story. When the dog appears, "a lion-like creature with long hair and a huge head", it seems "exactly one mask of Bessie's Gytrash", and the coined word "pretercanine" playfully suggests something more than a dog. Brontë lets us share Jane's thrill of fear, which makes the scene feel enchanted.

The turning point is deliberately deflating: "The man, the human being, broke the spell at once." The repetition stresses his ordinary humanity, and Jane's reasoning, that "Nothing ever rode the Gytrash", is gently humorous. "No Gytrash was this", she concludes, but only "a traveller taking the short cut to Millcote". Then comes comic anticlimax: "a sliding sound and an exclamation" and "a clattering tumble". The rider's irritable "What the deuce is to do now?" is far from heroic. "Man and horse were down", slipped on "the sheet of ice which glazed the causeway", and the image of the "prostrate group" humbles this dark, strong figure.

I find the reversal of roles the most memorable aspect. It is the dog who "ran up to me" for help, and Jane "obeyed him", so even the animal recognises her as the one who must act. Jane, a plain, poor governess, becomes the helper, while the powerful man is helpless on the ground. Her polite question, "Are you injured, sir?", is calm and composed, and contrasts amusingly with his response: "I think he was swearing, but am not certain". The understated wit of the narrating Jane, looking back, adds to the charm.

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Brontë makes this moment memorable by blending a quiet, almost mystical landscape with Gothic suspense and comic realism. The scene hints at the relationship to come: Rochester is dark, forceful and abrupt, yet dependent on Jane, and she is independent and useful rather than merely admiring. Their first meeting, in which she literally helps him to his feet, quietly foreshadows the ending of the novel, when Jane returns to support him after his own fall.

8 Brontë vividly conveys the conflict between Jane and the Reed family as a struggle between an oppressed, passionate child and a household that uses power, wealth and religion to crush her. Because the story is told by the adult Jane looking back on her childhood, we experience the injustice from inside, with all its fear and anger, and the conflict becomes a battle for Jane's sense of her own worth.

From the very first chapter, Brontë establishes Jane as an outsider. Mrs Reed keeps her apart from Eliza, John and Georgiana, who are gathered round their mother by the fire, until Jane can acquire a more sociable and "childlike disposition". Jane is excluded for her nature, not for any wrong she has done. She retreats to the window seat behind the red curtain with Bewick's "History of British Birds", and the bleak images of Arctic wastes and desolate shores mirror her own loneliness.

The conflict erupts with John Reed. Brontë presents him as a bully who demands that Jane call him "Master Reed" and tells her she has no business to take "our books" because she is a dependent. His throwing the book at her, which cuts her head, makes the abuse violently physical. Jane's response is the first sign of the rebellion that defines her: she calls him "Wicked and cruel boy!" and compares him

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to a murderer, a slave-driver and the Roman emperors. The exclamations and the escalating comparisons show how her suppressed resentment bursts out. It is Jane, not John, who is punished, and Brontë makes the injustice vivid through the servants' reaction, as Jane is dragged away and likened to a "mad cat". Jane herself admits she was like a "rebel slave", which captures both her powerlessness and her defiance.

The red-room scene is the most intense expression of the conflict. Brontë uses Gothic techniques to dramatise Jane's terror: the room is where Mr Reed died, it is dominated by deep red and white, and Jane sees her own reflection as a strange little figure, like a phantom. The silence and stillness build until she believes a light on the wall is a ghost, and she screams. Mrs Reed's refusal to release her, and her cold belief that Jane is merely being deceitful, show the adult's complete lack of sympathy. The single word "Unjust", cried out by Jane's reason, makes the reader feel the cruelty of the punishment. I find the scene powerful because it shows the conflict scarring Jane psychologically; she faints, and the experience haunts her.

Brontë also conveys the conflict through Jane's acute sense of difference. She describes herself as "a discord in Gateshead Hall", like nobody there. This musical metaphor suggests she is out of harmony with the whole household, and Brontë makes us understand that the Reeds resent her because she is different, plain, poor and fiercely honest.

The conflict reaches its climax after Mr Brocklehurst's visit, when Mrs Reed tells him that Jane is deceitful. Humiliated, Jane confronts her aunt directly. She declares that she is glad Mrs Reed is no relation of hers and that she will never call her aunt again as long as she lives. The force of her speech, with its blunt,

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repeated declarations, shows a child daring to judge an adult, and Mrs Reed's alarm reveals that Jane has won. Brontë vividly conveys the aftermath: Jane feels a strange sense of freedom and triumph, but the narrator then compares her anger to a ridge of burning heath which leaves only blackness behind, and she feels the bitterness of revenge. This suggests that the conflict damages Jane as well as liberating her.

Finally, Brontë returns to Gateshead years later, when Jane visits the dying Mrs Reed. John has ruined himself and died, and Mrs Reed confesses that she kept from Jane a letter from her uncle, John Eyre. Even now Mrs Reed cannot love her, but Jane offers forgiveness. This later scene shows how far Jane has grown: the passionate child has become a woman of principle, able to rise above the hatred that once consumed her. The conflict at Gateshead is therefore vivid not only for its drama but because it shapes the independent, morally strong heroine Jane becomes.

9

Desai creates powerful impressions of Nur and his wife by presenting their relationship as a volatile, theatrical drama in which power keeps shifting. The wife is fierce, perceptive and frightening, yet also pitiable and childlike, while Nur, the great poet whom Deven idolises, appears anxious, submissive and almost helpless before her. Seen through the eyes of the bewildered Deven, the scene is both disturbing and strangely moving.

The passage opens with the wife's cutting metaphor: "Jackals don't murder... They wait for others to murder, because they haven't the courage. Then they come to feed on the flesh." The calm, deliberate sentences, spoken "coolly", contrast with the brutality of the image. She sees the visitors who gather round Nur as

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scavengers living off a dying talent, and Deven, feeling "a prickling up his spine", is clearly included in this accusation. From the start she appears sharp-sighted and dangerous. Nur's response, trying "unsuccessfully to laugh", exposes his discomfort, and his endearments, "bibi, my heart" and "Dear heart", sound placating rather than loving, as if he were trying to soothe a storm.

Desai's description of the wife is vivid and contradictory. Sitting "bolt upright in bed", she waves her attendants aside, and the list "nervy, irritable, imperious, inconsiderate and frantic" piles adjectives on top of one another, so that her personality seems too large and restless to contain. The attendants' reaction is especially revealing. They fear her "as from a poisonous snake, a snake that was also an object of worship". This simile captures the paradox at the heart of her character: she is venomous and threatening, yet commands a kind of awe. Desai adds that there was "gentleness in their ministrations" and that they "pitied her", which complicates our response; we are invited to see her suffering as well as her cruelty.

Her attack on Deven is fierce. She speaks "spitting at Deven from between her very small, sharp teeth", an animal image that makes her almost predatory, and her questions, "tell me why you keep coming here. What are you here for?", are blunt and accusatory. Deven's stammering reply, broken by hesitations, shows how intimidated he is, and his claim that he has come to hear the poet recite is crushed by her hissed "He will not recite". The sibilance of "hissed" and the "small white bubbles of spit" return us to the snake image, and make her feel venomous. Nur's reaction is striking: "Dear heart, I will not, no, I will not recite". The repetition sounds like a frightened child making promises, and the great poet becomes a figure of humiliation, completely dominated by his wife.

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Then Desai abruptly reverses the mood. "Her eyes turned from hard black beads to liquid", and tears stream down, "blackening them with kohl". The contrast between hardness and liquidity marks a sudden collapse from rage into grief. She now "wailed like a child", and her bitter list of commands, "Call your friends. Call for drinks. Sit and recite", is sarcastic and self-pitying, revealing her fear that Nur will abandon her for his admirers while she lies "dying". Whether she is truly dying or exaggerating, the outburst exposes jealousy and insecurity beneath her ferocity.

The final paragraph makes her physically diminished. As black cotton comes undone from her head, it leaves "her scalp very nearly bald", and she looks "much thinner and smaller suddenly, like a child who has fever". The fierce, snake-like figure is reduced to a sick child, and her hands tear at the sheets in what "might have been feigned or else very real anguish". This ambiguity is crucial: Desai refuses to tell us whether she is manipulative or genuinely suffering, and the reader, like Deven, is left uncertain. Nur, catching her hands and "making small consoling sounds", appears tender and patient, perhaps genuinely devoted, perhaps simply trapped.

The passage ends with Deven's retreat. He "stumbled backwards", longing for "fresh air and sunlight", yet walks out "with dignified deliberation", trying to preserve his self-respect. Desai's powerful impression is of a marriage full of passion, dependence and conflict, in which the revered poet is not a figure of grandeur but a weak, harassed man, and his wife is at once tyrant and victim.

10 Desai makes it possible to feel a great deal of sympathy for Sarla, though she makes us work for it. Because almost everything we see of her is filtered through Deven's irritable, self-pitying gaze, she first appears as a sullen, nagging wife.

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Gradually, however, Desai lets us see past Deven's resentment to a woman whose hopes have been as cruelly disappointed as his own, and with far less freedom to escape them. I feel that the sympathy is real but quiet, and that this restraint is part of Desai's point.

At first Desai seems to invite us to share Deven's view. In the scenes in their cramped house in Mirpore, Sarla is shown in terms of complaint and silence: her lips are set, her movements around the kitchen are tense and resentful, and she rarely speaks to Deven except to remind him of what is lacking. Deven sees her as a burden, part of the dreary domestic life that keeps him from poetry. A careless reader might simply condemn her as shrewish. Yet Desai plants hints that this is unfair. We learn that Sarla had married with modest, ordinary dreams, shaped by the advertisements and magazines of middle-class life: a comfortable home, appliances, a husband with prospects. Deven, an underpaid lecturer in Hindi at a provincial college, has given her none of this. Her bitterness is therefore a response to genuine deprivation rather than mere bad temper.

Desai deepens our sympathy through Deven's own behaviour, which often seems more selfish than anything Sarla does. He leaves for Delhi in pursuit of Nur with little thought for her, sinks money the household cannot spare into the disastrous tape recording, and hides his difficulties from her. When he does think of her, it is usually with impatience or guilt rather than tenderness. The irony is sharp: Deven sees himself as a sensitive soul trapped by circumstance, but he is blind to the fact that his wife is trapped too, and more completely, since she has no poetry, no trips to Delhi and little escape beyond visits to her parents. Desai's narrative method, staying so close to Deven, allows us to notice what he fails to notice.

The parallel with Nur's household is one of Desai's most effective ways of directing

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our sympathy. Nur's wives are treated by Nur and his admirers as nuisances, and Deven shares their contempt. But Imtiaz Begum's angry letter, accusing Deven of treating her as a woman whose work and voice did not matter, forces both Deven and the reader to reconsider. If Deven cannot see the frustration of a woman who writes poetry herself, it is no surprise that he cannot see Sarla's. The letter casts a new light backwards on his marriage, and I find that from this point Sarla's silences seem less like hostility and more like the stifled protest of someone who has never been listened to.

Desai also gives Deven a brief moment of recognition, which completes our sympathy. Late in the novel he comes to see, if only fleetingly, that Sarla's disappointment mirrors his own: both of them hoped for more from life and have been defeated by poverty, dullness and the gap between dream and reality. This shared failure makes her seem less an obstacle than a fellow sufferer. Their son Manu, often left at the edge of the scenes, quietly reminds us that Sarla carries the daily burden of the family while Deven chases his illusions.

How far, then, does Desai make sympathy possible? I would say very far, though never sentimentally. Desai refuses to make Sarla charming or articulate, and she remains a shadowy figure, sour and withdrawn. But that is precisely why she is moving. She is denied the voice and the attention the novel gives to Deven and Nur, and in a novel so concerned with men who fail to care for what is entrusted to them, Sarla becomes one more neglected thing in Deven's custody.

11 This moment is powerful because Dickens lets us watch a father talk his daughter into a loveless marriage without ever noticing what he is doing. Gradgrind believes he is being scrupulously fair, yet every sentence he speaks shuts a door on Louisa's

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feelings. The power lies in the gap between his complacent reasoning and the quiet desperation we sense beneath her "reserved composure", so that the scene becomes both grimly comic and deeply sad.

Dickens makes Gradgrind's language the chief weapon of the passage. He advises Louisa to treat the proposal "simply as one of tangible Fact", and the capital letter turns Fact into something like a god whom she must obey. Love is dismissed in advance as "irrelevant fancies" and "absurdities that have no existence", and the hurried repetition of "really no existence" sounds almost anxious, as if Gradgrind needs to convince himself. I find it chilling that the word "love", which Louisa has evidently just used, is never spoken by him at all: he cannot bring himself to name it.

The satire becomes sharper as Gradgrind turns a marriage into a sum. Louisa is "twenty years of age" and Bounderby "fifty", both "in round numbers", a phrase which reduces a thirty year gap to tidy arithmetic. He then reaches for "the statistics of marriage" in "England and Wales", and finally for "the Calmucks of Tartary". The absurd widening of his evidence is wonderfully comic, but the comedy has a cruel edge, because the more facts he piles up the further he moves from the one fact that matters: his daughter does not love this man. His conclusion that the disparity "almost ceases to be disparity, and (virtually) all but disappears" is a masterpiece of hedging. The bracketed "(virtually)" and the qualifying "almost" and "all but" reveal that the problem has not disappeared at all; it has merely been buried under words.

Louisa's replies are short, and their brevity is what makes them so powerful. Her question about what she should "substitute for the term I used just now", the "misplaced expression", is heavy with irony. She seems to be mocking her father's

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system by pretending to accept it, and Dickens's comment that her composure was "not in the least affected by these gratifying results" invites us to share that irony. The word "gratifying" is clearly Dickens's own sarcasm, since nothing here could gratify her. Her repetition "Shall I marry him?" spoken "with great deliberation" slows the scene down, and I sense her turning the question over as if it were a stone she must swallow.

Gradgrind's satisfaction that she lacks "the previous habits of mind, and habits of life, that belong to many young women" is the most painful line in the passage. He is praising the very education that has crippled her. When she answers "No, father, I do not", the simple statement works almost as an accusation: she has never been allowed the imaginative life of other girls, and this is the result. A reader who remembers her staring into the fire, wondering what she could ever be, feels the weight of this admission.

The ending seals her fate while pretending to free her. "I now leave you to judge for yourself" sounds generous, but he has already framed the question so narrowly that there is only one answer. His remark that he stated it "as the case of your mother and myself was stated" is darkly revealing, since Mrs Gradgrind is a feeble, crushed figure, and we glimpse a cycle of emotionless marriages repeating itself. "The rest, my dear Louisa, is for you to decide" is the final irony: the affectionate "my dear" is sincere, which makes Gradgrind not a villain but something sadder, a loving father blinded by his own philosophy.

Dickens therefore makes the moment powerful by letting the reader see what neither speaker says. Gradgrind's logic is ridiculous, yet its consequences are tragic, and the restraint of Louisa's replies makes her suffering more moving than any outburst could. It is a turning point which prepares for her collapse at her father's

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feet later in the novel, when she tells him that his philosophy has brought her to this.

12 Dickens creates a striking portrait of young Tom Gradgrind as the most corrupted product of his father's system: a boy whose imagination has been starved until all that remains is selfishness, resentment and appetite. What makes him so striking, I think, is that Dickens never lets him become a grand villain. He is sulky, petty and cowardly, and his smallness is exactly what makes his betrayal of Louisa so shocking.

From the start Tom is defined by rebellion without any real direction. When he and Louisa are caught peeping at Sleary's circus, it is Louisa who looks at her father defiantly, while Tom gives himself up "to be taken home like a machine". The image suggests that Gradgrind's education has already emptied him of will. Later, alone with Louisa, he admits that he hates everything and wishes he could put barrels of gunpowder under all the facts and figures and blow them up together. The violence of the wish is revealing: Tom is not hungry for beauty or wonder, as his sister is, only for destruction and escape. He plans to enjoy himself once he leaves home, and his idea of freedom is simply indulgence.

The chapter title "The Whelp" fixes Dickens's view of him, and the narrator returns to the label repeatedly, so that Tom is reduced to a young animal, greedy and untrained. Dickens's method here is almost satirical caricature. Tom lounges, sulks and smokes the cigars Harthouse gives him; his body language is always slouching and graceless. When he realises that Louisa's marriage to Bounderby would benefit him, he presses her coolly to accept, and Dickens makes us notice that he has calculated his sister's feelings as something he can use. His careless pet name for

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her, "Loo", sounds affectionate, yet the way Louisa endures his moods contrasts painfully with his indifference to her happiness.

Harthouse's scenes with Tom are among the most striking in the novel because they expose Tom's weakness from the outside. Flattered and drunk on tobacco and attention, Tom pours out family secrets, including the fact that Louisa never loved Bounderby. Dickens shows him as both manipulated and manipulative: he is a fool in Harthouse's hands, yet he has already exploited Louisa for his own comfort. I find that the reader's contempt deepens because Tom is always willing to blame others; he complains that Louisa could get money from Bounderby if she wanted to, as though her sacrifice were a debt she still owes him.

The bank robbery shows how far this self-pity has hardened into cruelty. Tom deliberately makes Stephen Blackpool loiter outside the bank, knowing that suspicion will fall on him, and so destroys an honest, suffering man to protect himself. Dickens arranges the plot so that Stephen dies after falling into the Old Hell Shaft while trying to return and clear his name. The juxtaposition of Stephen's patient goodness with Tom's sly cowardice makes Tom's crime seem not only dishonest but morally ugly.

Dickens's most memorable image of Tom comes at the end, when he hides in Sleary's circus disguised as a comic servant. The once sulky son of the great Eminently Practical Gradgrind is now a ludicrous figure in absurd costume, and the humiliation is the logical end of his father's philosophy. When Bitzer, another of Gradgrind's pupils, coolly arrests him for his own advancement, Tom is shown his own self-interest in a mirror. Gradgrind's plea to Bitzer to show feeling is met with the cold logic he taught him, and the irony is complete. Even here Tom remains ungrateful, turning on Louisa for betraying him.

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Yet Dickens does not leave Tom entirely without pity. We learn that he dies abroad of fever, repentant and longing to see his sister. This brief ending reminds us that he was a child formed by his upbringing as much as a villain by nature. Dickens's portrait is striking, then, because Tom embodies the warning at the heart of Hard Times: a mind denied fancy and affection does not become rational, it becomes selfish, and Tom's moral emptiness is the bill Gradgrind finally has to pay.

14 Hurston's writing shows that life in Eatonville is difficult for Janie because the town offers her status without freedom. As Mrs Mayor Starks she lives in the biggest house and stands behind the counter of the busiest store, yet she is silenced, watched and judged. Hurston uses the gap between Janie's outer life and her inner life, together with the lively voices of the porch, to show a woman who is surrounded by talk but forbidden to join it.

The difficulty begins at the very moment of Joe's triumph. When the townspeople ask to hear from the new mayor's wife, Joe cuts in with "mah wife don't know nothin' 'bout no speech-makin'". The dialect makes the line sound casual, almost jovial, but its effect is brutal: in front of the whole town Janie's voice is taken from her. Hurston tells us that she felt something fall off the shine of the day, and I find this understated reaction more painful than an outburst would be. Joe's ambition to be a "big voice" depends on her being quiet.

Hurston shows the store porch as the vibrant heart of Eatonville, full of storytelling, "lying" sessions and comic arguments, and this is exactly what makes Janie's exclusion so cruel. She loves the talk and longs to contribute, but Joe

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forbids her to sit on the porch with people he considers trashy. The mule episode captures this tension perfectly. The men's teasing of Matt Bonner's mule is warm, funny and imaginative, and when Joe buys the animal to let it rest, Janie makes a speech praising him that briefly earns her praise too. Yet even here her words serve to glorify her husband. When the mule dies and the town holds a mock funeral, Joe goes, but Janie must stay behind in the store.

Hurston uses physical details to show Joe's control. He makes her tie her hair up in a head rag in the store because he is jealous of other men admiring it, and the image of her beautiful hair hidden away becomes a symbol of her suppressed self. When she makes a mistake cutting a plug of tobacco or cooks a dinner that disappoints him, he humiliates or even slaps her. After one slap Hurston writes that something fell off the shelf inside her, and Janie discovers that her image of Joe was never real. The metaphor turns her mind into a store whose goods are falling and breaking.

Hurston's structure shows this damage accumulating over years. In a crucial image, Janie realises that she has "an inside and an outside now" and learns not to mix them. The division suggests survival rather than peace: she continues to perform the role of the mayor's wife while her real self withdraws. Hurston also shows the marriage dying through the line that the spirit of the marriage left the bedroom and took to living in the parlour, a domestic image that makes their relationship seem like a house in which no one truly lives.

Eventually Janie strikes back. When Joe mocks her age in front of the men, she replies that when he pulls down his trousers he looks like "the change uh life". The porch roars, and Joe's authority is shattered. This moment shows how powerful Janie's voice is, but also why Eatonville is difficult: her one public victory comes at

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the cost of open war, and Joe dies soon afterwards, still refusing to forgive her.

Even after his death, Eatonville remains a hard place for her. The town expects her to mourn correctly and marry respectably, and suitors circle her for her money. When she takes up with Tea Cake, the gossip is relentless; and at the very start of the novel, on her return, the porch-sitters judge her overalls and her lost companion with "mass cruelty". Hurston thus frames the whole story with the town's voices, showing that Eatonville's difficulty for Janie is not only Joe but a community that watches women and decides what they may be. That Janie finally tells her own story to Pheoby is a quiet answer to all the years in which she was not allowed to speak.

15 Knowles makes this a tense moment by turning a school prank into a trial, and by letting us experience it through Gene, the one person in the room who knows the truth and dreads it being found. The tension comes from the setting, from Brinker's calculated control of the proceedings, and above all from the gap between what Gene narrates and what he cannot bring himself to say.

The setting is oppressive before anything happens. Gene thinks Brinker has "chosen a terrible place", and the windows have "the closed blankness of night", looking "blind or deaf". The personification is ominous: the room seems to shut out the world and refuse to hear, which suggests that no help or reason can enter. The walls are covered with portraits of the dead, and the list grows steadily sadder, ending with "a young hero now anonymous" who died in the First World War. In a novel overshadowed by the Second World War, this image quietly reminds us that boys like these are being sent to die, and it hints that Finny, too, is a "casualty". The isolated one-line paragraph "I thought any prank was bound to fall

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flat here" shows Gene trying to reassure himself, which only increases our unease.

Knowles uses sound to create confusion. The hall has "the worst acoustics in the school", and Gene catches only fragments: "inquiry", "the country demands", "blame on the responsible party". These ominous phrases, heard out of context, are more frightening than a full speech would be, because Gene and the reader must fill the gaps. The repeated idea of a "blur" and later "the blurring atmosphere" makes the room feel dreamlike and unstable, as if events are slipping out of Gene's control.

Brinker's mastery of ritual is a key source of tension. By imitating Mr Carhart and saying "Let us pray", he makes the boys slump "immediately and unthinkingly" into the posture of worship, and Gene realises that "Brinker had caught us". The structure of the sentence, with escape becoming impossible "in a moment", traps the reader as well. Gene's comment that if he had said "Go to hell" then "everything might have been saved" is a devastating piece of retrospective narration. The older Gene, looking back, knows that this night will end in disaster, and his regret creates a terrible sense of foreboding.

The interrogation itself is full of barbed politeness. Brinker seats Finny in an armchair "with courtly politeness", a mock-formality that feels like a trap, and his "charitable smile" as he insults Finny is quietly cruel. Finny's defiant humour, his "best you-are-an-idiot expression", begins to crack when Brinker calls him "the casualty", and his voice becomes "constricted" in a way Gene does "not recognize". This is a moment of real tension, because Finny, usually so confident and graceful, is suddenly vulnerable. Brinker's chilling joke about Leper, "our other casualty", links Finny's injury to the war's psychological damage and reminds us of what Leper knows.

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Gene's own reactions build the tension further. He cuts in "suddenly", feels "the blood flooding into my head", and speaks "in a voice treacherously shaking". The adverb "treacherously" is brilliantly chosen: his voice betrays him, just as he once betrayed Finny. When someone asks "You agree, don't you, Gene?" the question seems innocent but strikes directly at his guilt, and his sentence breaks off before he can finish it.

The passage ends with Gene's bitter thought that Brinker imagines himself "Justice incarnate" but forgets that Justice is "blindfolded". The image is ironic in two directions. Brinker is not impartial: he is "enjoying this". Yet Gene, the guilty party, is in no position to judge him. Knowles leaves us suspended between Gene's resentment and our knowledge that the truth Brinker seeks is real, and that suspense makes this one of the most tense moments in the novel.

16 Gene's visit to Leper's home in Vermont is memorable because it is the moment when the war, which has so far been a game at Devon, arrives in its true and terrifying form. It is significant because Leper, broken by the army, becomes the first person to tell Gene openly what he did to Finny. Knowles makes the episode unsettling through its wintry setting, its sudden violence and Gene's desperate refusal to listen.

The visit begins with a telegram from Leper saying that he has escaped and needs Gene. The word "escaped" is alarming because we know Leper enlisted, and Gene's anxious journey north carries the reader into the unknown. Knowles makes the Vermont landscape bleak and isolating: Gene arrives in the dark winter morning and walks through snow to a solitary house. The snow, which earlier at Devon was the setting for the boys' cheerful snowball fight and Leper's dreamy skiing trips,

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now feels cold and threatening. It is as if the innocence associated with Leper has frozen over.

Leper himself is shockingly changed. The gentle, eccentric boy who collected snails and searched for beaver dams is now twitchy and tearful, and he admits that he deserted because he was about to be given a Section Eight discharge, the kind given to men judged mentally unfit. Knowles makes his account of army life memorable through its disturbing images. He describes seeing a man's face turn into a woman's, and the arm of a chair turn into a human arm. These hallucinations are horrifying because they confuse identity and humanity, which mirrors the novel's interest in how war distorts people. For Gene, who has been half-dreaming of enlisting, Leper is a living warning of what the war truly does.

The most significant part of the visit is Leper's accusation. Gene tries to stay detached, but Leper calls him "a savage underneath" and says, in effect, that he always was one, recalling the time Gene knocked Finny out of the tree. This is the first time anyone has spoken the truth aloud, and its source is surprising: the outsider, the boy everyone ignored, has seen what the others missed. Gene's reaction is to kick the chair from under Leper and send him sprawling. The sudden violence is deeply shocking, because it repeats, in miniature, the impulse that made him jounce the limb. Gene's attack on the helpless Leper proves the accusation true even as he tries to silence it.

Knowles adds an uncomfortable domestic detail when Leper's mother appears and Leper, rather than holding a grudge, invites him to stay for lunch. The ordinary kindness of the meal, set against what has just happened, makes Gene's cruelty seem even uglier, and Leper's forgiveness makes him more sympathetic. Afterwards, as they walk in the snow, Leper begins to describe his breakdown in more detail.

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Gene cannot bear it. He shouts that he does not want to hear any more and runs away across the snowy field. His flight is a powerful image of denial: Gene runs from Leper exactly as he has been running from the truth about Finny, and from the realities of the war.

The episode is also significant structurally. It comes just before the trial in the Assembly Room, where Leper reappears as a witness and confirms that Gene was in the tree, leading Finny to rush out and fall on the marble stairs. The Vermont visit therefore prepares for the novel's climax: it plants the knowledge that will destroy the illusion of the separate peace at Devon.

For me, the visit is memorable because it brings together the novel's two great themes, Gene's private guilt and the public cruelty of war, and suggests that they are the same. Leper calls Gene a savage, and the war has unhinged Leper; Knowles implies that the enemy is not somewhere overseas but inside human nature itself, and that Gene's journey to Vermont is really a journey towards seeing himself.

17 Orwell makes this moment distressing not through violence, which never appears on the page, but through waiting, dread and the sight of a gentle, harmless man destroyed by a system he barely understands. Ampleforth's arrest for a rhyme exposes the absurd cruelty of the Party, and the passage ends with the terror of the next summons, which we know will one day be Winston's.

The opening establishes the machinery of power. The "sound of marching boots" and the door that opens "with a clang" are harsh, mechanical sounds, and the officer seems "to glitter all over with polished leather". His face is "like a wax mask", a simile which makes him inhuman and expressionless, an instrument

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rather than a person. Against this figure Ampleforth "shambled into the cell", and the contrast is immediate: power is polished and precise, while its victim is clumsy and bewildered.

Orwell's description of Ampleforth's body is painfully undignified. He is "shoeless", with "large, dirty toes" poking through his socks, and a "scrubby beard" that gives him an "air of ruffianism" quite at odds with "his large weak frame and nervous movements". These details strip him of the dignity of a poet and make him seem pitiable. His "uncertain movements", as though looking for "another door to go out of", are especially distressing: he cannot yet grasp that there is no way out, a truth the reader already knows.

The dialogue is distressing because of its calm, almost polite tone. Ampleforth greets Winston with "Ah, Smith! You too!" as if meeting a colleague, and his question "There is only one offence, is there not?" reveals that he understands thoughtcrime as an all-embracing guilt. "Apparently I have" committed it, he says, and the word "Apparently" is chilling: he does not even know what he has done. When he recalls leaving the word "God" at the end of a line of Kipling, the crime seems absurdly trivial. His indignant "I could not help it!" and his explanation that there are "only twelve rhymes to 'rod'" are almost comic, but the comedy deepens the horror. A man may be tortured and erased for loyalty to a rhyme.

Orwell then gives Ampleforth a brief moment of happiness. He looks "almost pleased", with "the joy of the pedant", as he reflects that English poetry has been shaped by a lack of rhymes. This "intellectual warmth" shining "through the dirt" is the last flicker of a free, curious mind, and it is moving precisely because it is so useless in the Ministry of Love. Winston's dry comment that the thought did not strike him "as very important or interesting" reminds us that survival has

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replaced every other concern.

The passage also distresses through its treatment of time. Ampleforth cannot say how long he has been held, guessing at "two days ago" before adding "perhaps three", and complains that there is "no difference between night and day in this place". The loss of time is a form of psychological torture, cutting the prisoners off from reality, and it echoes the Party's control of the past.

The ending is the most distressing part. The telescreen "barked" at Ampleforth to keep still, an animal verb that treats him like a dog. Time becomes uncertain, "Twenty minutes, an hour", and then the boots return. Winston's "entrails contracted", a visceral image of fear, and the repetition in "Soon, very soon, perhaps in five minutes, perhaps now" captures the spiralling panic of anticipation. Finally the "cold-faced young officer" indicates Ampleforth with "a brief movement of the hand". The gesture is tiny, which is exactly what makes it terrible: a life is disposed of without a word. We know from the novel that Room 101 lies ahead, and Orwell leaves us, like Winston, waiting for our turn.

18

Emmanuel Goldstein never appears in person in 1984, yet Orwell's portrayal of him contributes enormously to the novel's impact. He is the Party's necessary enemy, a face to hate and a name to blame, and later the supposed author of the book that offers Winston hope. What makes him so powerful, I think, is that the more we learn about him, the less certain it becomes that he exists at all, and that uncertainty is the novel's most frightening idea.

Orwell introduces Goldstein in the Two Minutes Hate, one of the most vivid scenes in the novel. His face flashes onto the telescreen and the audience erupts. Orwell

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describes him as the Enemy of the People, the primal traitor who once stood almost level with Big Brother before turning against the Party. His features are lean, with a mass of white hair and a small goatee, and Orwell repeatedly compares his face and voice to a sheep's, so that his speech becomes a bleating. The comparison is cleverly double-edged. It makes Goldstein ridiculous and contemptible, yet sheep are harmless creatures, which hints that he is a scapegoat rather than a real threat. Behind his image on the screen march endless columns of Eurasian soldiers, linking internal and external enemies in a single target for hatred.

The Hate shows the effect Goldstein has on the people of Oceania. Within thirty seconds, Orwell tells us, the hatred becomes impossible to resist; Winston himself finds he is shouting and kicking, and the dark-haired girl hurls a dictionary at the screen. The rage is described as flowing like an electric current that can be switched from one object to another, and Winston notices that he can turn his hatred away from Goldstein towards Big Brother and the Party. This is crucial to the impact of the novel. Goldstein shows how the Party channels the frustrations of a deprived people into ritual violence, so that anger which might threaten the regime instead strengthens it. Hate Week, the riots and the cheering at public executions grow from the same root.

Goldstein matters to the plot as well. Winston longs to believe in the Brotherhood, the secret organisation Goldstein is supposed to lead, and his meeting with O'Brien seems to confirm it. When he finally receives Goldstein's book, The Theory and Practice of Oligarchical Collectivism, Orwell lets us read long extracts with Winston, and they explain the logic behind the Party's slogans, perpetual war and doublethink. The book gives the reader, as well as Winston, a moment of clarity and almost hope. Winston and Julia read it in the room above Mr Charrington's

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shop, the one place they believe is safe, which makes the scene feel like a brief paradise of understanding.

The impact of Goldstein is overturned in Part Three. O'Brien tells Winston that he helped to write the book, and when Winston asks whether the Brotherhood exists, he answers that Winston will never know. The revelation is devastating. The enemy and the hope have both been manufactured by the Party, and even the language of rebellion turns out to be part of its machinery. Winston's sense that he has found the truth is crushed, and the reader's trust in the book is shaken too. We realise that the Party controls not only obedience but opposition.

Goldstein therefore contributes to the novel's impact by embodying its central horror: that reality itself can be manufactured. Whether he is a real man, a dead man or a fiction, he performs the same role, giving the people someone to hate and giving dissidents something to hope for, both under the Party's control. Orwell's choice never to show him directly is masterly. Like Big Brother, Goldstein exists as a face on a screen, and the novel suggests that in such a world the face is all that is needed. The bleating enemy is, in the end, as essential to the Party as Big Brother himself.

19 What makes this moment so moving is its restraint. Paton presents a family overwhelmed by grief, yet almost nobody names the death directly; instead, sorrow is conveyed through silence, ritual politeness and small physical gestures. For me, the passage is most affecting because it shows James Jarvis, a reserved and rather stiff man, beginning to realise how little he understood the son he has lost.

From the start, Paton lets the plain, understated dialogue carry the emotion. John

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Harrison's formal "Mr and Mrs Jarvis" and practical "Let me carry your things" show how people cling to ordinary courtesies when they cannot cope with the enormity of what has happened. His single direct tribute, "Arthur was the finest man I ever knew", is all the more powerful because it is so brief. Paton's use of dashes rather than speech marks gives the exchanges a hushed, clipped quality, and the short replies, "Yes" and later "It would be welcome", suggest a man holding himself together by saying as little as possible.

Silence becomes a structural device. "They did not speak again" ends the conversation abruptly, and the sentence that follows, in which Jarvis holds his wife's hand while they are "silent with their own thoughts", conveys a shared but private suffering. The grief is shown through touch rather than words: the women "wept together", Jarvis and Mary "embraced", and later Margaret "clung to him for a moment". Paton deliberately avoids describing the emotions themselves, trusting the reader to feel them. Even the phrase "after the proper words had been spoken" is quietly poignant, because it implies that the proper words are empty conventions which cannot touch the real loss.

The tenderness between the women and children deepens the pathos. The image of Margaret and Mary "hand in hand, tip-toeing" out of the room where the grandchildren sleep is gentle and domestic, and it reminds us that Arthur leaves behind young children who are still innocent of the full meaning of their loss. Mrs Jarvis's single word, "Now", is heartbreaking in its courage: she chooses to face the body immediately rather than delay the pain.

Paton handles the visit to the mortuary with great delicacy. He refuses to describe it, calling it only "the hard thing that had to be done". This euphemism, with its simple monosyllables, makes the experience more unbearable by leaving it to our

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imagination, and the return journey "as silently" mirrors the silent drive from the airport, so that the structure of the chapter seems to circle around an emptiness at its centre.

What I find most moving, however, is the hint of regret in Jarvis himself. When he admits that he and his son "didn't see eye to eye on the native question" and that they "got quite heated", yet still says "I'd like to see what he wrote", Paton shows a father reaching out to a son who can no longer answer him. John Harrison's praise of Arthur, that no one thought "so deeply" or "so clearly", widens the loss beyond the family: Arthur's paper, "The Truth About Native Crime", suggests that South Africa has lost a voice of conscience. The reader may sense that Jarvis's journey of understanding is only beginning.

The ending is quietly devastating. Harrison's remark "It's always worse for the mother" is a conventional comfort, and Jarvis answers only "Yes". Then, after he "pondered over it", he offers the clumsy, deeply felt confession, "I was very fond of my son". The understatement of "fond" is almost painfully inadequate for a father's love, and the following sentence, "I was never ashamed of having him", sounds strangely defensive, as though Jarvis is answering an accusation in his own mind. Paton reveals a reserved man who has perhaps never said such things aloud and now can say them only when it is too late. The detail that tears came into his eyes "too for that matter" captures this awkward masculinity perfectly: he almost apologises for his own grief.

Overall, Paton makes this a moving moment by allowing silence, gesture and understatement to speak for emotions too great for words, and by showing, in Jarvis's halting final speech, the first stirrings of a love and regret that will transform him.

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20

Paton presents Johannesburg as a place that tests Stephen Kumalo to the very edge of his endurance. The city strips the humble country priest of his innocence, his certainty and almost his faith, yet it also teaches him compassion and humility. Paton conveys this impact by structuring Book One as a painful quest, by contrasting the city sharply with Ndotsheni, and by letting us share Kumalo's fears from the inside.

From the outset the city is a lure and a threat. The phrase "All roads lead to Johannesburg" suggests both its irresistible pull and its power to swallow those who go there, and the fact that Gertrude, John and Absalom have all gone and not returned makes Kumalo's journey feel like entering a place from which people vanish. On the train his anxiety grows, and Paton makes the arrival bewildering: the noise, the traffic and the crowds frighten him so much that he hardly dares to cross a street. The incident in which a smiling young man offers to buy his bus ticket and disappears with his pound is small but telling. Kumalo's trusting rural courtesy is immediately exploited, and Paton shows that the moral codes of the village do not survive here.

The deepest impact comes through what the city has done to his family. Gertrude, who left to look for her husband, has become a liquor seller and prostitute, and Kumalo's first meeting with her is harsh before it becomes forgiving. His brother John has become a confident carpenter and politician who mocks the Church and the chiefs; Kumalo is stung by his brother's cynicism, which suggests that the city has severed the bonds of family and tribe. Through these encounters Paton conveys his central idea, voiced in the novel's reflection that the tragedy is not that things are broken but that they are not mended again: Johannesburg breaks

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the old order without offering anything to replace it.

The search for Absalom is the structural heart of this impact. Paton takes Kumalo and Msimangu from one address to the next, each a step further down: the factory, the lodgings, Alexandra, Shanty Town, the reformatory. The repetition of near misses creates mounting dread, and the long walk during the bus boycott emphasises Kumalo's physical exhaustion. Paton often builds this suspense through short exchanges and the refrain of Kumalo's silent fear, so that we share his growing sense that something terrible is coming. When the news arrives that Absalom has killed Arthur Jarvis, Kumalo is crushed, and Paton presents him as an old man who seems suddenly broken. The city has turned his son into a murderer of the very man who fought for justice for black South Africans.

What I find most powerful is that the city also reveals Kumalo's own capacity for bitterness. In his anguish he speaks cruelly to the pregnant girl, testing her with a crude question, and later he deliberately frightens John with an untruth out of resentment that John's son may escape while Absalom will die. Each time he is ashamed. Paton shows honestly that suffering can corrupt even a good man, which makes Kumalo more human and his later humility more convincing.

Yet Johannesburg is not wholly destructive. Through Msimangu, Mrs Lithebe and Father Vincent, Kumalo finds kindness and steadfast support, and Msimangu's warning that he has "one great fear in my heart" about hatred replacing love gives Kumalo's private grief a wider meaning. The city forces Kumalo to understand that his family's tragedy belongs to a whole broken society.

When he returns to Ndotsheni with Gertrude's son and Absalom's wife, the impact of the city is visible in him. He is sadder and humbler, but also more

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compassionate and more willing to act, as his later efforts to restore the valley show. Paton therefore conveys Johannesburg as a crucible: it wounds Kumalo terribly, but it also deepens his understanding, so that his final vigil on the mountain is the prayer of a man who has suffered and been changed.

21 Wharton makes us feel deep sympathy for Mr Grancy by letting him tell his own story in a confiding, halting voice, so that we experience both the rare happiness he found and the peculiar, almost unbearable loneliness that followed. His grief is not simply for his wife's death but for the cruel gap that time has opened between him and her unchanging portrait.

From the first paragraph, Grancy's openness invites our compassion. He admits to "a feminine streak" and to needing "a pair of eyes that should see with me". The image of a "pulse that should keep time with mine" is intimate and physical, revealing a man who longed for companionship rather than status or comfort. His exclamation that he "got so tired of looking at it alone!" is touchingly simple, and the dashes and hesitations of his speech, such as "no one could understand", suggest how hard it is for him to put his feelings into words.

Wharton makes his happiness vivid so that its loss hurts more. Meeting his wife was "like finding the climate in which I was meant to live", a metaphor which presents her as essential to his survival. The grand images of how she "lit up the caverns and bridged the abysses" are then followed by an intensely ordinary detail: the lamp-light falling "on one little curl in her neck". This shift from the sublime to the tiny shows the tenderness of his love, and the trailing ellipsis after it suggests he is lost in the memory. The playful joke, "You're my prisoner now", becomes painfully ironic in retrospect, because the portrait does keep her, while he

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is the one who is left.

Her death is presented with stark brevity: "Three years of it", followed abruptly by "and then she died". After the lyrical description that precedes it, the plain clause is a shock. Wharton then introduces the idea at the centre of the passage, that she became "fixed, immovable, like her own portrait", as if "Time had ceased at its happiest hour". We feel for Grancy because time has not ceased for him.

During his years abroad, Wharton traces his slow recovery with great delicacy. "A little light stole in on me" suggests a gradual, fragile healing, and the gentle personification of her spirit returning "shyly, tentatively" and staying "longer and longer" shows how he kept her alive in imagination until she was "the very air I breathed". We are moved by his loyalty, and also by his honesty that there were "bad moments" when her nearness "mocked" him.

The climax of his suffering comes on his return. The simile that his heart "beat like a lover's" makes his hope eager and youthful, so the reversal is crushing: the "young and radiant" woman in the picture smiles "coldly across the distance that divided us". The mirror then confronts him with "a gray-haired broken man whom she had never known!" Wharton's juxtaposition of the ageless painting and the aged reflection is deeply poignant, and the exclamation conveys his anguish. It is cruelly fitting that the portrait he once rejoiced in should now exclude him.

Wharton intensifies our sympathy by showing how isolated this leaves him. "The strange woman and the strange man" echoes the earlier intimacy but reverses it, and the repeated failure of his questioning, "no answer ever came", makes the room feel like a prison. His confession that he "almost grew to hate her" is painful precisely because it is so honest, and he calls it "the worst loneliness I've ever

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known".

Finally, the Gothic imagery shows his grief turning to something close to torment. The portrait becomes "a beautiful mausoleum" in which she has been "buried alive", and he imagines hearing her "beating against the painted walls". To sit in the room is "to keep watch beside a corpse". We pity him because his love is so intense that it has become a haunting, and because, even here, his concern is for her loneliness as much as his own: he imagines her saying "Don't you see that I am lonely too?" Wharton thus makes Grancy profoundly sympathetic as a man whose devotion outlives the person he loved and leaves him stranded in time.