Cambridge Assessment International Education

# Cambridge IGCSE™

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH** **0475/12**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose **February/March 2021**

**1 hour 30 minutes**

*9635318348*

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

**INSTRUCTIONS**

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

**INFORMATION**

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

This document has **28** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

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## SECTION A: POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

***SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 1*: from Part 3**

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

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

*Farmhand*

You will see him light a cigarette

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Clear, without fault, of a new tractor engine.

(James K Baxter)

How does Baxter vividly contrast the farmhand's life and his dreams?

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**Or** **2** Explore how Smith movingly depicts the life and death of the man in this poem.

*Not Waving But Drowning*

Nobody heard him, the dead man,
But still he lay moaning:
I was much further out than you thought
And not waving but drowning.

Poor chap, he'd always loved larking
And now he's dead
It must have been too cold for him his heart gave way,
They said.

Oh, no no no, it was too cold always
(Still the dead one lay moaning)
I was much too far out all my life
And not waving but drowning.

(Stevie Smith)

## *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:

*Ode on Melancholy*

I

No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist
  Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd
  By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;
Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
  Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
    Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
  For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
    And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

II

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
  Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
  And hides the green hill in an April shroud;
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
  Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
    Or on the wealth of globed peonies;
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
  Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
    And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

III

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
  And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
  Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:
Ay, in the very temple of Delight
  Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
    Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
  His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
    And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

(John Keats)

How does Keats strikingly convey feelings of sadness in this poem?

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**Or** **4** Explore the ways in which Bridges vividly conveys how snow transforms the city in *London Snow*.

*London Snow*

When men were all asleep the snow came flying,
In large white flakes falling on the city brown,
Stealthily and perpetually settling and loosely lying,
  Hushing the latest traffic of the drowsy town;
Deadening, muffling, stifling its murmurs failing;
Lazily and incessantly floating down and down:
  Silently sifting and veiling road, roof and railing;
Hiding difference, making unevenness even,
Into angles and crevices softly drifting and sailing.
  All night it fell, and when full inches seven
It lay in the depth of its uncompacted lightness,
The clouds blew off from a high and frosty heaven;
  And all woke earlier for the unaccustomed brightness
Of the winter dawning, the strange unheavenly glare:
The eye marvelled—marvelled at the dazzling whiteness;
  The ear hearkened to the stillness of the solemn air;
No sound of wheel rumbling nor of foot falling,
And the busy morning cries came thin and spare.
  Then boys I heard, as they went to school, calling,
They gathered up the crystal manna to freeze
Their tongues with tasting, their hands with snowballing;
  Or rioted in a drift, plunging up to the knees;
Or peering up from under the white-mossed wonder,
'O look at the trees!' they cried, 'O look at the trees!'
  With lessened load a few carts creak and blunder,
Following along the white deserted way,
A country company long dispersed asunder:
  When now already the sun, in pale display
Standing by Paul's high dome, spread forth below
His sparkling beams, and awoke the stir of the day.
  For now doors open, and war is waged with the snow;
And trains of sombre men, past tale of number,
Tread long brown paths, as toward their toil they go:
  But even for them awhile no cares encumber
Their minds diverted; the daily word is unspoken,
The daily thoughts of labour and sorrow slumber
At the sight of the beauty that greets them, for the charm they have broken.

(Robert Bridges)



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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:

*In Mrs Tilscher's Class*

You could travel up the Blue Nile
with your finger, tracing the route
while Mrs Tilscher chanted the scenery.
Tana. Ethiopia. Khartoum. Aswan.
That for an hour, then a skittle of milk
and the chalky Pyramids rubbed into dust.
A window opened with a long pole.
The laugh of a bell swung by a running child.

This was better than home. Enthralling books.
The classroom glowed like a sweet shop.
Sugar paper. Coloured shapes. Brady and Hindley
faded, like the faint, uneasy smudge of a mistake.
Mrs Tilscher loved you. Some mornings, you found
she'd left a good gold star by your name.
The scent of a pencil slowly, carefully, shaved.
A xylophone's nonsense heard from another form.

Over the Easter term, the inky tadpoles changed
from commas into exclamation marks. Three frogs
hopped in the playground, freed by a dunce,
followed by a line of kids, jumping and croaking
away from the lunch queue. A rough boy
told you how you were born. You kicked him, but stared
at your parents, appalled, when you got back home.

That feverish July, the air tasted of electricity.
A tangible alarm made you always untidy, hot,
fractious under the heavy, sexy sky. You asked her
how you were born and Mrs Tilscher smiled,
then turned away. Reports were handed out.
You ran through the gates, impatient to be grown,
as the sky split open into a thunderstorm.

Explore the ways in which Duffy creates memorable impressions of being in Mrs Tilscher's class.

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**Or** **6** How does Duffy strikingly portray the relationship between the parents and child in *We Remember Your Childhood Well*?

*We Remember Your Childhood Well*

Nobody hurt you. Nobody turned off the light and argued
with somebody else all night. The bad man on the moors
was only a movie you saw. Nobody locked the door.

Your questions were answered fully. No. That didn't occur.
You couldn't sing anyway, cared less. The moment's a blur, a *Film Fun* *5*
laughing itself to death in the coal fire. Anyone's guess.

Nobody forced you. You wanted to go that day. Begged. You chose
the dress. Here are the pictures, look at you. Look at us all,
smiling and waving, younger. The whole thing is inside your head.

What you recall are impressions; we have the facts. We called the tune. *10*
The secret police of your childhood were older and wiser than you, bigger
than you. Call back the sound of their voices. Boom. Boom. Boom.

Nobody sent you away. That was an extra holiday, with people
you seemed to like. They were firm, there was nothing to fear.
There was none but yourself to blame if it ended in tears. *15*

What does it matter now? No, no, nobody left the skidmarks of sin
on your soul and laid you wide open for Hell. You were loved.
Always. We did what was best. We remember your childhood well.



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## SECTION B: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

### CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

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

'I require and charge you both (as ye will answer at the dreadful Day of Judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed), that if either of you know any impediment why ye may not lawfully be joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it; for be ye well assured that so many as are coupled together otherwise than God's Word doth allow, are not joined together by God, neither is their matrimony lawful.'

He paused, as the custom is. When is the pause after that sentence ever broken by reply? Not, perhaps, once in a hundred years. And the clergyman, who had not lifted his eyes from his book, and had held his breath but for a moment, was proceeding: his hand was already stretched towards Mr Rochester, as his lips unclosed to ask, 'Wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife?' – when a distinct and near voice said –

'The marriage cannot go on: I declare the existence of an impediment.'

The clergyman looked up at the speaker and stood mute; the clerk did the same; Mr Rochester moved slightly, as if an earthquake had rolled under his feet: taking a firmer footing, and not turning his head or eyes, he said, 'Proceed.'

Profound silence fell when he had uttered that word, with deep but low intonation. Presently Mr Wood said –

'I cannot proceed without some investigation into what has been asserted, and evidence of its truth or falsehood.'

'The ceremony is quite broken off,' subjoined the voice behind us. 'I am in a condition to prove my allegation: an insuperable impediment to this marriage exists.'

Mr Rochester heard, but heeded not: he stood stubborn and rigid, making no movement but to possess himself of my hand. What a hot and strong grasp he had! and how like quarried marble was his pale, firm, massive front at this moment! How his eye shone, still watchful, and yet wild beneath!

Mr Wood seemed at a loss. 'What is the nature of the impediment?' he asked. 'Perhaps it may be got over – explained away?'

'Hardly,' was the answer. 'I have called it insuperable, and I speak advisedly.'

The speaker came forward and leaned on the rails. He continued, uttering each word distinctly, calmly, steadily, but not loudly –

'It simply consists in the existence of a previous marriage. Mr Rochester has a wife now living.'

My nerves vibrated to those low-spoken words as they had never vibrated to thunder – my blood felt their subtle violence as it had never felt frost or fire; but I was collected, and in no danger of swooning. I looked at Mr Rochester: I made him look at me. His whole face was colourless rock: his eye was both spark and flint. He disavowed nothing: he seemed

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as if he would defy all things. Without speaking, without smiling, without seeming to recognise in me a human being, he only twined my waist with his arm and riveted me to his side. *45*

(*from* Chapter 26)

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

**Or** **8** Explore the ways in which Brontë makes the friendship between Jane and Helen Burns such a memorable part of the novel.



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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:

His first feeling on turning around at the tap on his shoulder while he was buying cigarettes at the college canteen and seeing his old friend Murad was one of joy so that he gasped ‘Murad?

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Then he swung away with such desperation that he dashed right into a group of girl students also coming up the stairs and caused much offence, affront, tittering and giggling which Murad stood and watched with a grin.

(*from* Chapter 1)

In what ways does Desai make this such a revealing opening to the novel?

**Or** **10** How does Desai strikingly convey Deven's obsession with Nur and Urdu poetry?

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## ZORA NEALE HURSTON: *Their Eyes Were Watching God*

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

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

Soon after that Tea Cake felt he couldn't walk anymore.

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'Lemme rest awhile, then us got tuh make it on intuh town somehow.'

(*from* Chapter 18)

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In what ways does Hurston make this such a dramatic moment in the novel?

**Or** **12** Explore how Hurston memorably conveys Janie's marriage to Logan Killicks.

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## HENRY JAMES: *Washington Square*

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

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

'You said you wouldn't make a scene!' cried Morris. 'I call this a scene.'

'It's you that are making it! I have never asked you anything before. We have waited too long already.' And it was a comfort to her to think that she had hitherto asked so little; it seemed to make her right to insist the greater now.

Morris bethought himself a little. 'Very well, then; we won't talk about it any more. I will transact my business by letter.' And he began to smooth his hat, as if to take leave.

'You won't go?' And she stood looking up at him.

He could not give up his idea of provoking a quarrel; it was so much the simplest way! He bent his eyes on her upturned face, with the darkest frown he could achieve. 'You are not discreet. You mustn't bully me!'

But, as usual, she conceded everything. 'No, I am not discreet; I know I am too pressing. But isn't it natural? It is only for a moment.'

'In a moment you may do a great deal of harm. Try and be calmer the next time I come.'

'When will you come?'

'Do you want to make conditions?' Morris asked. 'I will come next Saturday.'

'Come to-morrow,' Catherine begged; 'I want you to come to-morrow. I will be very quiet,' she added; and her agitation had by this time become so great that the assurance was not unbecoming. A sudden fear had come over her; it was like the solid conjunction of a dozen disembodied doubts, and her imagination, at a single bound, had traversed an enormous distance. All her being, for the moment, centred in the wish to keep him in the room.

Morris bent his head and kissed her forehead. 'When you are quiet, you are perfection,' he said; 'but when you are violent, you are not in character.'

It was Catherine's wish that there should be no violence about her save the beating of her heart, which she could not help; and she went on, as gently as possible, 'Will you promise to come tomorrow?'

'I said Saturday!' Morris answered smiling. He tried a frown at one moment, a smile at another; he was at his wit's end.

'Yes, Saturday too,' she answered, trying to smile. 'But tomorrow first.' He was going to the door, and she went with him, quickly. She leaned her shoulder against it; it seemed to her that she would do anything to keep him.

'If I am prevented from coming to-morrow, you will say I have deceived you!' he said.

'How can you be prevented? You can come if you will.'

'I am a busy man – I am not a dangler!' cried Morris, sternly.

His voice was so hard and unnatural that, with a helpless look at him, she turned away; and then he quickly laid his hand on the door-knob. He felt as if he were absolutely running away from her. But in an instant she was close to him again, and murmuring in a tone none the less penetrating for being low, 'Morris, you are going to leave me.'

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'Yes, for a little while.'
'For how long?'
'Till you are reasonable again.'
'I shall never be reasonable in that way!' And she tried to keep him longer; it was almost a struggle. 'Think of what I have done!' she broke out. 'Morris, I have given up everything!'
'You shall have everything back!'
'You wouldn't say that if you didn't mean something. What is it? – what has happened? – what have I done? – what has changed you?'
'I will write to you – that is better,' Morris stammered.
'Ah, you won't come back!' she cried, bursting into tears.
'Dear Catherine,' he said, 'don't believe that! I promise you that you shall see me again!' And he managed to get away and to close the door behind him.

(*from* Chapter 29)

What does James's writing make you feel about Catherine and Morris at this moment in the novel?

**Or** **14** Explore the ways in which James creates vivid impressions of life in New York for the Slopers.



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## JOHN KNOWLES: *A Separate Peace*

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

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

Far ahead of us four boys, looking like white flags on the endless green playing fields, crossed toward the tennis courts. To the right of them the gym meditated behind its gray walls, the high, wide, oval-topped windows shining back at the sun. Beyond the gym and the fields began the woods, our, the Devon School's woods, which in my imagination were the beginning of the great northern forests. I thought that, from the Devon Woods, trees reached in an unbroken, widening corridor so far to the north that no one had ever seen the other end, somewhere up in the far unorganised tips of Canada. We seemed to be playing on the tame fringe of the last and greatest wilderness. I never found out whether this is so and perhaps it is.

Bombs in Central Europe were completely unreal to us here, not because we couldn't imagine it – a thousand newspaper photographs and newsreels had given us a pretty accurate idea of such a sight – but because our place here was too fair for us to accept something like that. We spent that summer in complete selfishness, I'm happy to say. The people in the world who could be selfish in the summer of 1942 were a small band, and I'm glad we took advantage of it.

'The first person who says anything unpleasant will get a swift kick in the ass,' said Finny reflectively as we came to the river.

'All right.'

'Are you still afraid to jump out of the tree?'

'There's something unpleasant about that question, isn't there?'

'That question? No, of course not. It depends on how you answer it.'

'Afraid to jump out of that tree? I expect it'll be a very pleasant jump.'

After we had swum around in the water for a while Finny said, 'Will you do me the pleasure of jumping out of the tree first?'

'My pleasure.'

Rigid, I began climbing the rungs, slightly reassured by having Finny right behind me. 'We'll jump together to cement our partnership,' he said. 'We'll form a suicide society, and the membership requirement is one jump out of this tree.'

'A suicide society,' I said stiffly. 'The Suicide Society of the Summer Session.'

'Good! The *Super* Suicide Society of the Summer Session! How's that?'

'That's fine, that's okay.'

We were standing on a limb, I a little farther out than Finny. I turned to say something else, some stalling remark, something to delay even a few seconds more, and then I realised that in turning I had begun to lose my balance. There was a moment of total, impersonal panic, and then Finny's hand shot out and grabbed my arm, and with my balance restored, the panic immediately disappeared. I turned back toward the river, moved a few more steps along the limb, sprang far out and fell into the deep water. Finny also made a good jump, and the Super Suicide Society of the Summer Session was officially established.

It was only after dinner, when I was on my way alone to the library,

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that the full danger I had brushed on the limb shook me again. If Finny hadn't come up right behind me … if he hadn't been there … I could have fallen on the bank and broken my back! If I had fallen awkwardly enough I could have been killed. Finny had practically saved my life. *50*

(*from* Chapter 2)

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

**Or** **16** To what extent does Knowles make you like Gene?

Do **not** use the passage printed in **Question 15** in answering this question.



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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:

Syme looked up. 'Here comes Parsons,' he said.

Something in the tone of his voice seemed to add, 'that bloody fool.' Parsons, Winston's fellow-tenant at Victory Mansions, was in fact threading his way across the room – a tubby, middle-sized man with fair hair and a froglike face. At thirty-five he was already putting on rolls of fat at neck and waistline, but his movements were brisk and boyish. His whole appearance was that of a little boy grown large, so much so that although he was wearing the regulation overalls, it was almost impossible not to think of him as being dressed in the blue shorts, grey shirt and red neckerchief of the Spies. In visualising him one saw always a picture of dimpled knees and sleeves rolled back from pudgy forearms. Parsons did, indeed, invariably revert to shorts when a community hike or any other physical activity gave him an excuse for doing so. He greeted them both with a cheery 'Hullo, hullo!' and sat down at the table, giving off an intense smell of sweat. Beads of moisture stood out all over his pink face. His powers of sweating were extraordinary. At the Community Centre you could always tell when he had been playing table-tennis by the dampness of the bat handle. Syme had produced a strip of paper on which there was a long column of words, and was studying it with an ink-pencil between his fingers.

'Look at him working away in the lunch hour,' said Parsons, nudging Winston. 'Keenness, eh? What's that you've got there, old boy? Something a bit too brainy for me, I expect. Smith, old boy, I'll tell you why I'm chasing you. It's that sub you forgot to give me.'

'Which sub is that?' said Winston, automatically feeling for money. About a quarter of one's salary had to be earmarked for voluntary subscriptions, which were so numerous that it was difficult to keep track of them.

'For Hate Week. You know – the house-by-house fund. I'm treasurer for our block. We're making an all-out effort – going to put on a tremendous show. I tell you, it won't be my fault if old Victory Mansions doesn't have the biggest outfit of flags in the whole street. Two dollars you promised me.'

Winston found and handed over two creased and filthy notes, which Parsons entered in a small notebook, in the neat handwriting of the illiterate.

'By the way, old boy,' he said. 'I hear that little beggar of mine let fly at you with his catapult yesterday. I gave him a good dressing-down for it. In fact I told him I'd take the catapult away if he does it again.'

'I think he was a little upset at not going to the execution,' said Winston.

'Ah, well – what I mean to say, shows the right spirit, doesn't it? Mischievous little beggars they are, both of them, but talk about keenness! All they think about is the Spies, and the war, of course. D'you know what that little girl of mine did last Saturday, when her troop was on a hike out Berkhamsted way? She got two other girls to go with her, slipped off from the hike and spent the whole afternoon following a strange man. They kept

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on his tail for two hours, right through the woods, and then, when they got into Amersham, handed him over to the patrols.'

'What did they do that for?' said Winston, somewhat taken aback. Parsons went on triumphantly:

'My kid made sure he was some kind of enemy agent – might have been dropped by parachute, for instance. But here's the point, old boy. What do you think put her onto him in the first place? She spotted he was wearing a funny kind of shoes – said she'd never seen anyone wearing shoes like that before. So the chances were he was a foreigner. Pretty smart for a nipper of seven, eh?'

'What happened to the man?' said Winston.

'Ah, that I couldn't say, of course. But I wouldn't be altogether surprised if –' Parsons made the motion of aiming a rifle, and clicked his tongue for the explosion.

'Good,' said Syme abstractedly, without looking up from his strip of paper.

'Of course we can't afford to take chances,' agreed Winston dutifully.

'What I mean to say, there is a war on,' said Parsons.

(*from* Part 1)

In what ways does Orwell make this moment in the novel so disturbing?

**Or** **18** Explore the ways in which Orwell strikingly conveys Winston's rebellion against the State.



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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:

There is laughter in the house, the kind of laughter of which one is afraid.

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She sobs too.

(*from* Book 1 Chapter 6)

How does Paton make this such a striking introduction to Gertrude?

**Or** **20** Explore the ways in which Paton vividly depicts crime in the novel.



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**from *Stories of Ourselves***

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

**Either** **21** Read this passage from *There Will Come Soft Rains* (by Ray Bradbury), and then answer the question that follows it:

A dog whined, shivering, on the front porch.

The front door recognised the dog voice and opened. The dog, once huge and fleshy, but now gone to bone and covered with sores, moved in and through the house, tracking mud. Behind it whirred angry mice, angry at having to pick up mud, angry at inconvenience.

For not a leaf fragment blew under the door but what the wall panels flipped open and the copper scrap rats flashed swiftly out. The offending dust, hair, or paper, seized in miniature steel jaws, was raced back to the burrows. There, down tubes which fed into the cellar, it was dropped into the sighing vent of an incinerator which sat like evil Baal in a dark corner.

The dog ran upstairs, hysterically yelping to each door, at last realising, as the house realised, that only silence was here.

If sniffed the air and scratched the kitchen door. Behind the door, the stove was making pancakes which filled the house with a rich baked odour and the scent of maple syrup.

The dog frothed at the mouth, lying at the door, sniffing, its eyes turned to fire. It ran wildly in circles, biting at its tail, spun in a frenzy, and died. It lay in the parlour for an hour.

*Two o'clock*, sang a voice.

Delicately sensing decay at last, the regiments of mice hummed out as softly as blown gray leaves in an electrical wind.

*Two-fifteen.*

The dog was gone.

In the cellar, the incinerator glowed suddenly and a whirl of sparks leaped up the chimney.

*Two thirty-five.*

Bridge tables sprouted from patio walls. Playing cards fluttered onto pads in a shower of pips. Martinis manifested on an oaken bench with egg-salad sandwiches. Music played.

But the tables were silent and the cards untouched.

At four o'clock the tables folded like great butterflies back through the panelled walls.

*Four-thirty.*

The nursery walls glowed.

Animals took shape: yellow giraffes, blue lions, pink antelopes, lilac panthers cavorting in crystal substance. The walls were glass. They looked out upon colour and fantasy. Hidden films clocked through well-oiled sprockets, and the walls lived. The nursery floor was woven to resemble a crisp, cereal meadow. Over this ran aluminium roaches and iron crickets, and in the hot still air butterflies of delicate red tissue wavered among the sharp aroma of animal spoors! There was the sound like a great matted yellow hive of bees within a dark bellows, the lazy bumble of a purring lion. And there was the patter of okapi feet and the murmur of a fresh jungle rain, like other hoofs, falling upon the summer-starched grass. Now

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the walls dissolved into distances of parched weed, mile on mile, and warm endless sky. The animals drew away into thorn brakes and water holes.

It was the children's hour.

What does Bradbury's writing make you feel as you read this passage?

**Or** **22** How does MacLaverty make you feel sympathy for the boy in *Secrets*?

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What makes Smith's poem so moving is the gap between how the man was seen and what he actually felt. His life and his death are told twice over: once by the casual, careless voices of the people around him, and once by the dead man himself, whose quiet moaning reveals a lifetime of loneliness that nobody noticed. The poem is short and almost nursery-rhyme simple, yet that simplicity makes the tragedy feel all the more painful, because something so obvious was missed by everyone.

The opening line is immediately unsettling. "Nobody heard him, the dead man" places the man's isolation before anything else, and the pronoun "Nobody" is absolute: not one person listened. Smith then gives us the paradox of a dead man who still "lay moaning", a ghostly, impossible image which suggests that his suffering is so deep it continues even beyond death. The present participle "moaning" is low and wordless, as if his pain was never quite turned into speech that others could understand. I find it heartbreaking that the only time we hear him clearly is after it is too late.

His words in lines 3 and 4 are the emotional centre of the poem. "I was much further out than you thought" works literally, as a swimmer drifting from the shore, but it also suggests that he was always more distressed, more isolated, than his friends realised. The direct address "you" turns the line into an accusation aimed at the onlookers, and perhaps at the reader too. The refrain "not waving but drowning" is devastatingly simple: a raised arm can mean a cheerful greeting or a desperate cry for help, and the people on the shore chose the comfortable reading. Smith shows how easily distress can be mistaken for happiness.

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The second stanza switches to the voice of the crowd, and its tone is chillingly offhand. "Poor chap" is affectionate but dismissive, the kind of phrase used for a minor misfortune rather than a death. The detail that he "always loved larking" reveals how he was remembered: as a joker, someone playful and carefree. This is cruelly ironic, because the larking may have been his own version of waving, a cheerful mask over his misery. The bluntness of "And now he's dead" sounds almost bored, and the long, unpunctuated line "It must have been too cold for him his heart gave way" rushes through an easy explanation, as if the speakers want to settle the matter quickly. The short tag "They said" distances them further: they are anonymous gossips, offering a physical cause for what was really an emotional one.

In the final stanza the dead man answers back, and the effect is deeply moving. The repetition "Oh, no no no" sounds like a desperate, almost childlike protest, correcting their verdict with a rush of feeling. Smith takes their word "cold" and transforms it: "it was too cold always". The coldness was not the water on one day but the emotional chill of his whole existence, a lack of warmth and understanding that lasted his entire life. The parenthesis "(Still the dead one lay moaning)" is quietly placed in brackets, mirroring the way his voice has always been pushed to the margins. The shift from "the dead man" to "the dead one" also makes him sound even more anonymous, stripped of identity.

The final two lines echo the first stanza, but with crucial changes. "Much further out than you thought" becomes "much too far out all my life". The word "too" suggests that he was beyond rescue, and "all my life" makes it clear that the drowning was not a single accident but a lifelong state of despair. The refrain returns unchanged, "And not waving but drowning", and its repetition gives the

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| | poem a circular, inescapable shape, just as the man was trapped in a misunderstanding he could never escape. |
| | Smith's achievement is to make a whole life and death visible in twelve lines. The contrast between the flat, conversational voices of the living and the haunting voice of the dead creates a powerful sense of injustice, and the plain language leaves us with an uncomfortable question: how many people around us are drowning while we believe they are waving? |
| 3 | Keats conveys sadness in this ode not as something to be escaped or numbed, but as an intense, almost luxurious feeling that lives at the very heart of beauty and joy. The poem moves from warning the reader against deadening their grief, to urging them to feed it on beautiful things, and finally to the striking claim that melancholy is enthroned inside delight itself. Sadness becomes something to be fully tasted, and that is what makes the poem so arresting. |
| | The first stanza opens with an emphatic refusal: "No, no, go not to Lethe". The repeated negatives and the imperative tone create urgency, as if the speaker is physically restraining someone sinking into despair. Keats piles up images of death and oblivion: Lethe, the river of forgetfulness, "Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine", and nightshade, the "ruby grape of Proserpine", queen of the underworld. These images are seductive as well as deadly. "Poisonous wine" and "ruby grape" make poison sound rich and tempting, suggesting that the sufferer is drawn towards self-destruction. The "pale forehead" being "kiss'd" by nightshade turns death into a lover, a sinister intimacy. Yet the gothic props, the "yew-berries", "the beetle" and "the death-moth", are all rejected. The reason is given in the final lines: "shade to shade will come too drowsily, / And drown the |

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wakeful anguish of the soul." I find this the most surprising idea in the poem. Keats does not want sadness dulled. "Wakeful anguish" is something precious, and gloomy symbols would only send the soul to sleep. The heavy alliteration of "shade to shade" itself sounds drowsy, enacting the numbness he warns against.

The second stanza shows how sadness should be felt. The "melancholy fit" falls "Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud". The simile makes sorrow natural, even heaven-sent, and the cloud's tears are not purely destructive: it "fosters the droop-headed flowers all". Sadness nourishes, even as the "April shroud" covers the green hill. The word "shroud" reminds us of death, but "April" is the month of spring growth, so the image holds grief and renewal together. Then comes the startling imperative "glut thy sorrow on a morning rose". "Glut" is a greedy, physical verb, as if sorrow were an appetite to be gorged. The objects offered are all beautiful but fleeting: a "morning rose" that will fade by evening, the "rainbow of the salt sand-wave" that vanishes as the wave breaks, the "wealth of globed peonies". Keats suggests that we feel sadness most keenly when we look at beauty and know it cannot last. Even the mistress's "rich anger" becomes something to savour, as the lover is urged to "feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes". The repetition of "deep" conveys an almost overwhelming hunger for intense feeling.

The final stanza turns this into a philosophy. Melancholy "dwells with Beauty, Beauty that must die". The repetition of "Beauty" lets the word linger before it is undercut by "must die", so the line itself enacts the loss it describes. Joy is personified with "his hand is ever at his lips / Bidding adieu", a beautiful image of a happiness that is always already waving goodbye, perhaps blowing a farewell kiss. "Aching Pleasure" turns "to poison while the bee-mouth sips", so sweetness and pain are inseparable, recalling the "poisonous wine" of the first stanza. Keats then reveals that "in the very temple of Delight / Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran

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shrine". The religious language of "temple" and "shrine" gives sadness a sacred, regal status, and "Veil'd" suggests that she is hidden, only discovered by those who seek joy most intensely. Only the one "whose strenuous tongue / Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine" will see her. The sensuous, explosive image of bursting a grape implies that it is the person who experiences pleasure most completely who will also taste "the sadness of her might".

The ending is deeply poignant. Such a person will "be among her cloudy trophies hung", like a captured prize displayed in a goddess's temple. The "cloudy" trophies echo the "weeping cloud" of stanza two, giving the poem a sense of completion. Sadness wins in the end, yet the tone is not despairing. Keats strikingly conveys sadness as the price and proof of a life lived with full sensitivity, and the richness of his imagery makes that sadness feel almost beautiful.

4 Bridges presents the snow as a quiet, almost magical force that transforms London overnight: it softens the city's ugliness, silences its noise, fills its people with wonder and, for a brief moment, lifts even the weary workers out of their daily cares. The poem moves from the secret arrival of the snow, through the astonished waking of the city, to the return of ordinary life, and its flowing form mirrors the way the snow itself drifts endlessly over everything.

The opening stresses the stealth of the transformation. "When men were all asleep the snow came flying" suggests that the change happens unseen, almost like a gift left in the night. The contrast between "large white flakes" and "the city brown" sets up the central idea: a drab, dirty city is being covered in purity. Bridges then piles up present participles, "Stealthily and perpetually settling and loosely lying", "Lazily and incessantly floating down and down". These long,

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unpunctuated lines, full of soft sounds, create the effect of continuous, gentle falling, and the repetition of "down and down" makes the motion feel hypnotic. The poem's long sentences and lack of stanza breaks seem to imitate the snow, which never pauses.

The snow also transforms sound. "Hushing the latest traffic of the drowsy town" personifies London as sleepy, and the sequence "Deadening, muffling, stifling its murmurs failing" is striking because the verbs grow increasingly heavy, almost suffocating, as if the snow is smothering the city's voice. The sibilance of "Silently sifting and veiling road, roof and railing" is itself quiet and whispering, while the alliteration on "r" lists the city's hard, man-made structures being softly covered. Most memorable for me is "Hiding difference, making unevenness even". The snow becomes a leveller, erasing the distinctions of the city, perhaps even between rich and poor, so that everything is made equal and peaceful.

The morning reveals the scale of the change. People wake "earlier for the unaccustomed brightness", and the "strange unheavenly glare" suggests a light that is unnatural, almost unsettling. Bridges conveys the senses being astonished: "The eye marvelled, marvelled at the dazzling whiteness", where the repetition of "marvelled" captures a double take of disbelief, and "The ear hearkened to the stillness of the solemn air". "Solemn" gives the silence an almost religious quality. The city's usual sounds are absent: there is "No sound of wheel rumbling nor of foot falling", and the "busy morning cries came thin and spare", as if London's energy has been thinned out by the snow.

The boys going to school show the joyful side of the transformation. Bridges calls the snow "the crystal manna", a biblical image of food sent from heaven, which makes the snow seem a miraculous gift. The boys freeze "Their tongues with

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tasting, their hands with snowballing", and the energetic verbs "rioted" and "plunging up to the knees" convey their wild delight. The direct speech, "'O look at the trees!' they cried", with its repetition and exclamation, captures childlike wonder in a way that feels spontaneous and real. The trees are now a "white-mossed wonder", the city turned into something almost like a fairy-tale landscape.

Bridges then shows the slow return of ordinary life. The few carts "creak and blunder" along "the white deserted way", and the sun stands "by Paul's high dome", rooting the vision in a real London landmark while spreading "sparkling beams". But the language of the city fights back: "doors open, and war is waged with the snow", a military metaphor that shows people trying to clear the snow away. The "trains of sombre men, past tale of number" tread "long brown paths", and the colour brown returns, the dirt of the city reappearing as the workers march to their "toil". The image of countless, gloomy men feels almost bleak.

Yet the ending is quietly uplifting. For "awhile no cares encumber / Their minds diverted"; "the daily word is unspoken" and the "daily thoughts of labour and sorrow slumber". The repeated "daily" stresses the monotony of their usual lives, which the snow has briefly suspended. The final, unusually long line, "At the sight of the beauty that greets them, for the charm they have broken", is poignant. The very act of walking to work breaks the spell, yet the beauty has still touched them. Bridges vividly conveys the snow's transformation as both magical and fleeting, a reminder that wonder can interrupt even the hardest routine.

5 Duffy creates impressions of Mrs Tilscher's class that are vivid because they are recalled through the senses of a child: the classroom is a bright, safe world of

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wonder, yet the poem gradually reveals the pressures of growing up pressing in from outside, until the child bursts out of school "impatient to be grown". The memorable quality lies in this movement from innocence to an uneasy awakening, traced across the school year.

The first stanza conveys the magic of learning. The use of the second person, "You could travel up the Blue Nile / with your finger", draws the reader into the memory, as if we too are children sitting at the desk. The idea of travelling with a finger captures a child's imagination, turning a map into a real journey. Mrs Tilscher "chanted the scenery", and the verb "chanted" suggests something rhythmic, almost spell-like. The list of minor sentences, "Tana. Ethiopia. Khartoum. Aswan.", recreates the sound of her voice and the pleasure of exotic names. Yet even here there is a hint of loss: "the chalky Pyramids rubbed into dust" suggests that the lesson, however wonderful, is temporary, wiped from the board at the end. The "skittle of milk" is a playful metaphor that is exactly right for the small bottles of school milk.

The classroom's warmth is conveyed through more sensory details. "The laugh of a bell swung by a running child" personifies the bell as happy, while the blunt sentence "This was better than home" quietly hints that home was less comforting. The simile "The classroom glowed like a sweet shop" is perhaps the most memorable image in the poem, making the room feel colourful, inviting and full of treats, the kind of comparison a child would make. The minor sentences "Sugar paper. Coloured shapes." continue the sense of a safe, happy world. But Duffy then introduces "Brady and Hindley", the Moors murderers, who "faded, like the faint, uneasy smudge of a mistake". This is a chilling intrusion. The outside world of fear and danger is present, but the classroom is powerful enough to make it fade, like a smudge on a page. The words "uneasy" and "mistake" suggest that

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the fear never entirely disappears.

The second stanza shows Mrs Tilscher's care. "Mrs Tilscher loved you" is simple and direct, and "a good gold star by your name" captures the child's pride. The line "The scent of a pencil slowly, carefully, shaved" slows the rhythm through its commas, mirroring the careful, peaceful atmosphere, and the "xylophone's nonsense heard from another form" adds a gentle, comic note. The whole stanza feels secure and orderly.

The third stanza marks a turning point. The image of the "inky tadpoles" changing "from commas into exclamation marks" is brilliantly inventive. It links nature to writing, the materials of the classroom, and also symbolises the children's own transformation: the small, pausing comma of childhood becomes the excited, urgent exclamation of adolescence. The frogs "freed by a dunce" escape the classroom, just as the children will. Then comes "A rough boy / told you how you were born". The child's reaction, staring "at your parents, appalled", is both funny and touching, conveying the shock of innocence being lost.

The final stanza creates a powerful sense of tension. "That feverish July, the air tasted of electricity" uses synaesthesia to make the atmosphere feel charged, physical and restless. "A tangible alarm" and the list "untidy, hot, / fractious" convey the uncomfortable emotions of puberty, and "the heavy, sexy sky" openly links the weather to the child's new awareness. Mrs Tilscher, asked how babies are born, "smiled, / then turned away": the teacher who once explained the whole world can no longer guide the child, and this moment feels like the end of the classroom's power. The final lines are exhilarating. "You ran through the gates, impatient to be grown" shows the child leaving childhood behind, and "as the sky split open into a thunderstorm" provides a dramatic climax, releasing all the

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built-up tension of the stanza.

Duffy's structure, moving through the seasons of a school year from calm lessons to summer storm, mirrors the child's growth. The memorable impressions of the class are made all the more precious because we sense, by the end, that this safe and glowing world has been outgrown forever.

6 Duffy portrays the relationship between the parents and child as one of power, denial and silencing. The whole poem is spoken by the parents, who insist that nothing bad happened, yet their denials are so specific and so repeated that they reveal exactly what they want to hide. The child never speaks; we only hear the questions through the parents' answers. What makes the portrayal so striking is that the title, which sounds warm and nostalgic, becomes deeply sinister: the parents "remember" the childhood in order to overwrite the child's own memory.

The opening, "Nobody hurt you", is a direct response to an accusation we never hear. The anaphora of "Nobody" runs through the poem, "Nobody turned off the light", "Nobody locked the door", "Nobody forced you", "Nobody sent you away", and the repetition becomes suspicious. The details are too precise to be invented: arguments "all night", a locked door, a dark room. The more the parents deny, the more the reader believes the child. The reference to "The bad man on the moors" suggests a childhood fear of the Moors murderers, which the parents dismiss as "only a movie you saw", trivialising a frightened child's anxiety.

The parents' voice is clipped and controlling. "Your questions were answered fully. No. That didn't occur." The short sentences sound like a cold interrogation, or official statements, closing down any discussion. The single word "No." is a flat

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refusal. Duffy also shows them belittling the child: "You couldn't sing anyway, cared less" suggests a talent or hope crushed, then dismissed as unimportant. "The moment's a blur" and "Anyone's guess" are deliberately vague, as if the parents are blurring the past on purpose. The odd image of the "Film Fun / laughing itself to death in the coal fire" suggests a comic being burnt, perhaps as a punishment, and the grotesque personification hints that the child's pleasures were destroyed.

The parents use evidence to defeat the child's memory. "Here are the pictures, look at you. Look at us all, / smiling and waving, younger." Photographs, which show only surfaces, are offered as proof of happiness, and the imperative "look" forces the child to accept their version. The line "The whole thing is inside your head" is a classic way of making someone doubt their own mind. The parents claim authority with "What you recall are impressions; we have the facts. We called the tune." The contrast between "impressions" and "facts" shows them asserting adult power, and the idiom "We called the tune" unintentionally confesses that they were in complete control.

The fourth stanza makes this power frightening. "The secret police of your childhood were older and wiser than you, bigger / than you." The metaphor of "secret police" presents the parents as a totalitarian regime, watching and punishing. The enjambment that leaves "bigger" hanging at the end of the line emphasises the physical threat of adults over a small child. "Boom. Boom. Boom." is especially striking: the onomatopoeic, booming voices are recalled as terrifying noise, and the repetition sounds like a heavy, pounding drumbeat that dominates the child's memory.

Duffy shows the parents shifting blame onto the child. "Nobody sent you away. That was an extra holiday" disguises what may have been a painful separation, and

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"There was none but yourself to blame if it ended in tears" makes the child responsible. The rhetorical question "What does it matter now?" dismisses the adult child's pain altogether. Yet the denial becomes most revealing when it is most extreme: "No, no, nobody left the skidmarks of sin / on your soul and laid you wide open for Hell." The image of "skidmarks of sin" is ugly and violent, suggesting damage left by a harsh religious upbringing, guilt stamped onto the child. Again, the denial is so vivid that it reads as a confession.

The ending is chilling. "You were loved. / Always. We did what was best." These short, defensive statements feel hollow after everything that has been hinted at. The final sentence, "We remember your childhood well", echoes the title and closes the poem with the parents' voice firmly in charge. Duffy makes the reader feel the child's silenced perspective, and the relationship is portrayed as one in which even memory itself is controlled by those with power.

7 Brontë makes this a dramatic moment by building it around a sudden reversal: the wedding that seems about to complete Jane's happiness is broken open by a single voice, and the solemn ritual of the church becomes a scene of shock, defiance and exposure. The drama comes from Brontë's control of pace, from the contrast between stillness and violence, and from the way Jane's narration lets us feel the blow while she remains, astonishingly, "collected".

The passage opens with the words of the marriage service itself, and their weight creates tension at once. The reference to "the dreadful Day of Judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed" is deeply ironic, because a secret is about to be disclosed in this very church. The legal and religious language, "impediment", "lawfully", "God's Word doth allow", reminds us what is at stake: a

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marriage which is not lawful is not blessed by God. Brontë then slows time with the narrator's rhetorical question, "When is the pause after that sentence ever broken by reply?", and the answer, "Not, perhaps, once in a hundred years". This lulls the reader into expecting the ceremony to continue, which makes the interruption even more shocking.

The interruption itself is carefully placed. The clergyman's hand is "already stretched towards Mr Rochester", and his lips are opening to ask "Wilt thou have this woman", when "a distinct and near voice" breaks in. Brontë cuts the sentence with a dash, so that the service is literally interrupted on the page. The speaker is unnamed, simply "the voice", which makes him sound almost supernatural, a voice of judgment rather than a person. His words, "The marriage cannot go on: I declare the existence of an impediment", are formal and absolute, echoing the language of the service against itself.

The reactions are presented through stillness. The clergyman "stood mute; the clerk did the same", and the simile that Rochester moved "as if an earthquake had rolled under his feet" conveys the enormity of the shock in a single image. Yet Rochester's response is one word, "Proceed", spoken "with deep but low intonation". This is a thrilling moment, because it shows his desperate determination to force the marriage through regardless of the truth. The "Profound silence" that follows heightens the suspense, and Mr Wood's cautious reply, that he "cannot proceed without some investigation", puts the law of the church against Rochester's will.

Brontë builds suspense by delaying the revelation. The stranger insists the impediment is "insuperable", Mr Wood hopefully asks whether it may be "explained away", and the answer is the crushing, one-word "Hardly". The speaker comes forward and speaks "distinctly, calmly, steadily, but not loudly", and the list of

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adverbs slows the moment almost unbearably before the truth: "Mr Rochester has a wife now living." The plain, short sentence lands with enormous force precisely because it is so quiet.

Throughout, Rochester is described in images of stone and fire. His forehead is "like quarried marble", his face "colourless rock", and his eye "both spark and flint". These images suggest a man hardened, immovable and defiant, yet with dangerous passion burning beneath. The exclamations "What a hot and strong grasp he had!" and "How his eye shone, still watchful, and yet wild beneath!" convey Jane's intense awareness of him, and the word "wild" hints at the secret violence in his past. He "disavowed nothing" and "seemed as if he would defy all things", which makes him both admirable in his strength and frightening in his refusal to admit wrong.

Jane's own response is the most striking contrast. Her "nerves vibrated to those low-spoken words as they had never vibrated to thunder", and her blood felt "their subtle violence as it had never felt frost or fire". These comparisons with the elements show that this quiet sentence is more devastating than any natural force. Yet she is "collected, and in no danger of swooning", which reveals the strength of character that will soon lead her to leave Thornfield. She makes Rochester look at her, asserting herself, but he does not seem "to recognise in me a human being". The final image is unsettling: he "twined my waist with his arm and riveted me to his side". The verb "riveted" is mechanical and possessive, as if Jane were an object being held in place.

This is such a dramatic moment because Brontë turns a scene of expected joy into a crisis, using silence, delay and powerful imagery so that one quietly spoken sentence shatters everything Jane has hoped for.

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8 Brontë makes the friendship between Jane and Helen Burns memorable because it is the first real experience of love and understanding in Jane's life, and because the two girls are so different. Jane is passionate, rebellious and quick to resent injustice; Helen is patient, forgiving and almost saintly. Their conversations at Lowood shape Jane's growth, and the friendship's tragic ending, with Helen dying in Jane's arms, gives it a lasting emotional power.

The friendship begins with curiosity. Jane, lonely in the cold, harsh world of Lowood, approaches Helen because she is reading a book, a link to the young Jane who escaped into books at Gateshead. Helen answers her questions about the school calmly and explains the institution's charitable purpose, revealing at once a thoughtful and accepting mind. Brontë quickly shows Helen's suffering. She is repeatedly singled out by Miss Scatcherd, scolded for untidiness and flogged with a bundle of twigs, yet she does not cry. Jane, watching, is astonished that Helen can endure such treatment without resentment, and the reader shares her indignation.

Their differences are dramatised through dialogue. Jane declares that if she were struck without reason she would strike back very hard, so that the person would never do it again. Helen, by contrast, believes in endurance and in the Christian teaching to return good for evil. She tells Jane that "Life appears to me too short to be spent in nursing animosity or registering wrongs." This memorable line expresses her whole philosophy: she lives for the next world rather than this one. Brontë presents the two views as a genuine debate. Jane's sense of justice is natural and sympathetic, while Helen's faith gives her an inner peace that Jane cannot yet understand. Neither is simply right, and much of the novel is about

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Jane learning to balance passion with self-control.

The friendship is tested and proved after Mr Brocklehurst's humiliation of Jane. Made to stand on a stool before the whole school and branded a liar, Jane feels utterly disgraced. Helen, passing by, lifts her eyes to Jane and smiles, and Jane describes that smile as giving her strength, as if a martyr or hero had passed a slave. This simple gesture is moving because it shows that kindness, even silent kindness, can restore a person's dignity. Afterwards Helen comforts Jane, reminding her that she is not hated and that, even if the whole world hated her, her own conscience and God's love would sustain her. Jane, who so desperately longs to be loved, admits that she could not bear to be alone and unloved, and Helen gently corrects her for valuing human love too much.

Brontë also shows Helen through Jane's admiring eyes in Miss Temple's room. Over tea and seed-cake, Helen speaks with remarkable eloquence about books and history, and she and Miss Temple discuss things Jane has never heard of, Helen even reading and translating Latin. Jane is filled with wonder, and Helen's face seems transformed by an inner radiance. This scene presents Helen as intellectually gifted as well as good, and it makes her early death all the more painful.

The ending of the friendship is the most memorable part. During the typhus epidemic, Helen is dying of consumption, and Jane slips into her room at night. Their final conversation is tender and calm. Helen tells Jane that she is happy and that she is going to God, and she tries to comfort Jane rather than herself. The two girls fall asleep together in Helen's bed, and when Jane wakes, she is being carried back to her own room, because Helen is dead. Brontë's restraint here is powerful: the death is not described directly, but revealed through Jane's waking,

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which makes the loss feel sudden and shocking to the reader as well as to Jane.

The final detail gives the friendship a lasting resonance. Jane tells us that years later a grey marble tablet was placed on Helen's grave, inscribed with her name and the word "Resurgam", meaning "I shall rise again". The quiet, mature voice of the adult narrator shows that Helen has never been forgotten.

Brontë makes this friendship memorable because it combines intimacy, intellectual debate and tragedy. Helen gives Jane her first experience of unselfish love and a model of patience and faith, and although Jane never fully adopts Helen's submissiveness, the friendship remains one of the foundations of the person she becomes.

10 Desai strikingly conveys Deven's obsession with Nur and Urdu poetry as a mixture of worship and self-deception. For Deven, Nur is a god and Urdu is a lost paradise of beauty that redeems his drab life, yet the closer he comes to the poet the more the dream is soiled by squalor, greed and humiliation. What makes Desai's portrayal so striking is that the obsession survives every disappointment, until by the end Deven understands that he is bound to Nur whether he likes it or not.

Desai first establishes the obsession by contrasting it with the dullness of Deven's existence. He is a poorly paid lecturer in Hindi at a provincial college in Mirpore, a dusty, shabby town, with a disappointed wife, Sarla, and a sense of having failed. He teaches Hindi to earn a living, but his heart belongs to Urdu, the language his father loved and taught him, and the language of the great tradition of poetry. Desai makes Urdu poetry a private refuge, almost a secret life, and when Murad offers him the chance to interview Nur for his magazine, Deven's excitement is so

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intense that he can barely believe his good fortune. The opportunity is presented as a summons from another, finer world.

The first visit to Nur in Delhi is a brilliant piece of writing because it shows the obsession meeting reality. Deven makes his way through the crowded lanes of Chandni Chowk and climbs to Nur's house with reverence, as though approaching a shrine. Yet Nur is old, ill and surrounded by hangers-on who drink, eat and flatter him, and the rooftop with its pigeons is noisy and chaotic rather than sacred. Desai contrasts Deven's awed silence with the coarse behaviour around the poet, and Nur's own bitterness that Urdu is dying, overtaken by Hindi, wounds Deven deeply, since he is himself a teacher of Hindi. The irony is sharp: the disciple belongs to the very world that the master despises.

Desai develops the obsession through a series of humiliating episodes. Deven longs to hear Nur recite his verses, but the poet drinks heavily, and at one gathering he is violently sick in front of his guests while Deven looks on in horror. Desai's physical detail is deliberately unpleasant, puncturing the romance of the poet. Nevertheless, whenever Nur does recite or speak of poetry, Deven is transported, and Desai's language becomes lyrical, showing how a few lines can make him forget everything sordid around him. This alternation between disgust and rapture is the pattern of his obsession.

The plan to record Nur's poetry on tape shows how far Deven is willing to go. He borrows money and obtains funds from his college, buys a cheap second-hand tape recorder, and relies on a young technician, Chiku, who is barely competent. Desai turns the recording sessions into comic disaster: the machine fails, Nur rambles and tells crude stories instead of reciting, and Nur's household demands more and more money. Deven's desperation to capture the poet's voice before it is lost

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conveys his sense of himself as a guardian of a dying art, yet the useless tapes make his mission seem absurd.

The women in Nur's life complicate Deven's idealism. Imtiaz Begum, Nur's younger wife, writes poetry of her own and resents being ignored, while his first wife, Safiya Begum, treats Deven as a source of money. Desai uses them to show that Deven's worship of Nur is blind: he cannot see anyone else's claim to art or to suffering, and Imtiaz's later accusation that he has neglected her talent exposes the narrowness of his devotion.

The ending of the novel conveys the obsession most strikingly. Back in Mirpore, debt-ridden and in trouble with his college, Deven is pursued by Nur's household: a letter from Nur asks for further help, and Imtiaz sends a package of her poems with a bitter letter accusing him. At first he wants to escape, but finally he realises that he has accepted Nur's friendship and his trust, and so has taken the poet and his poetry into his custody. Desai's title becomes a double meaning: Deven is both the keeper of Nur's legacy and a kind of prisoner of it. The obsession is therefore presented as burden and honour at once, and Desai leaves us moved by Deven's loyalty even as we see how much it has cost him.

12 Hurston memorably conveys Janie's marriage to Logan Killicks as the death of her first dream. It is a marriage arranged out of fear and practicality by her grandmother, and Hurston sets it against the radiant image of the blossoming pear tree so that we feel, with Janie, the gap between the love she longs for and the dull, loveless security she is given.

The marriage grows directly out of the pear tree vision. Hurston describes Janie

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lying beneath the tree, watching a bee sink into a blossom, in sensuous, lyrical language that makes love seem natural, mutual and ecstatic. Janie's sense that "this was a marriage" defines the ideal against which Logan will be measured. When Nanny sees her kissing Johnny Taylor over the gate, she decides at once that Janie must be married to Logan. The sudden shift from the dreamlike garden to Nanny's harsh decision is jarring and shows how quickly Janie's youthful longing is crushed.

Hurston makes us understand Nanny's motives even as we pity Janie. Nanny's speech that "De nigger woman is de mule uh de world" reveals her own bitter experience of slavery and abuse, and her wish for Janie to have protection and property is born of love. Logan's sixty acres and his house represent safety to her. Yet Hurston shows that this view of marriage as a refuge ignores Janie's spirit, and the dialect of the dialogue gives Nanny's voice an authority and pain that make the conflict between the generations deeply human.

The marriage itself is presented through images of emptiness. Logan's house is described as lonesome and set apart, and Hurston makes it seem lifeless, a place without flavour where Janie cannot feel at home. When Janie returns to Nanny and asks whether love will come, she complains that she wants things to be sweet in her marriage, the way they were when she sat under the pear tree. Her physical revulsion at Logan, his appearance and his habits, is conveyed with blunt humour, which makes the mismatch painfully clear. Nanny's impatience with her, dismissing her longing, shows that there is no one who understands what Janie needs.

Hurston's narration marks the end of this hope in one of the most memorable sentences in the novel: "She knew now that marriage did not make love. Janie's first dream was dead, so she became a woman." The short, balanced clauses have

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the finality of a verdict, and the link between the death of the dream and becoming a woman suggests that disillusionment is a kind of painful growing up. The seasons pass in the narration almost wordlessly, conveying the waiting and stagnation of her life.

Logan's treatment of Janie becomes steadily harsher. He stops speaking to her in the sweet, coaxing tones of their early days and begins to treat her as a worker. His plan to buy a second mule so that she can plough is memorable because it makes Nanny's metaphor literal: Janie is to become a mule herself. When she resists, he insults her family background and suggests she should be grateful to him. Hurston presents his insecurity as well as his harshness, which prevents him from being a simple villain, but it is clear that he wants a servant, not a partner.

The arrival of Joe Starks, walking down the road with confidence and talk of a new town, offers Janie an escape. Hurston notes that he does not represent the pear tree and its blossoms, yet he speaks for far horizons, and Janie leaves Logan without a backward look. Her departure is presented as an act of courage and hope, the first time she chooses for herself.

Hurston therefore conveys the marriage to Logan memorably through the contrast between the lush imagery of the pear tree and the barren imagery of Logan's farm. It is the first stage of Janie's journey, and its failure teaches her that love cannot be arranged, a lesson that shapes all her later searching.

13 James's writing makes me feel a painful mixture of pity for Catherine and contempt for Morris at this moment. It is the scene in which the fortune hunter, having realised that Dr Sloper will never relent, tries to escape the engagement

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without the inconvenience of honesty, and James lets us watch both the cowardice of the man and the dawning terror of the woman who loves him. What makes it so uncomfortable is that we understand Morris's intentions long before Catherine does.

Morris's dishonesty is exposed almost immediately. His complaint, "You said you wouldn't make a scene!", is absurd, since Catherine has only asked when they will marry, and her reply, "It's you that are making it!", is the plain truth. The narrator then removes any doubt about his motive: "He could not give up his idea of provoking a quarrel; it was so much the simplest way!" The exclamation mark is deliciously ironic, mimicking Morris's own lazy relief, and it makes me despise him, because he wants Catherine to seem to cause the break so that he can leave with his self-regard intact. James presents his performance almost comically: he manages "the darkest frown he could achieve", and later he "tried a frown at one moment, a smile at another; he was at his wit's end." The verbs "achieve" and "tried" show that every expression is an act, and he is not even a good actor.

Catherine, by contrast, is utterly sincere, and that makes her heartbreaking. "But, as usual, she conceded everything" sums up the whole relationship in a phrase: the words "as usual" remind us how habitually she has deferred to every man in her life. When he calls her a bully she agrees, "No, I am not discreet", accepting his false accusation simply to keep him. Her pleading, "Come to-morrow", repeated with childlike insistence, and the promise "I will be very quiet" make her seem pitiably young. James's narration moves inside her mind at the crucial moment: "A sudden fear had come over her; it was like the solid conjunction of a dozen disembodied doubts". The image is striking, as if all the suspicions she has been suppressing suddenly harden into one shape, and her "imagination, at a single bound" grasps the truth before she can name it.

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Morris's patronising cruelty is at its worst when he "kissed her forehead" and says "When you are quiet, you are perfection". The kiss on the forehead is the gesture of a parent rather than a lover, and the compliment is really a demand that she be passive. James's narrator responds with quiet tenderness: Catherine wishes there should be "no violence about her save the beating of her heart, which she could not help". This gentle line made me feel her love is the only real thing in the room.

The physical struggle at the door intensifies the drama. She "leaned her shoulder against it", and Morris "felt as if he were absolutely running away from her", which is exactly what he is doing. His outburst, "I am a busy man", is grotesque coming from someone with no profession at all, and his voice is "so hard and unnatural" that the mask nearly slips. The dialogue then shortens into rapid exchanges, "For how long?" / "Till you are reasonable again", and Catherine's broken string of questions, "what has happened?", "what have I done?", conveys her desperation through its fragmented rhythm.

Her cry, "Morris, I have given up everything!", is answered with "You shall have everything back!", a cruelly double-edged promise, since what she will get back is her father's approval and her fortune, which Morris wanted, without the lover she wanted. The final lie, "I promise you that you shall see me again!", is technically true, as he will indeed return many years later, and this irony makes the ending of the passage even bleaker. He "managed to get away", like a man escaping a trap. I am left feeling deep sympathy for Catherine, whose dignity survives his treatment, and a cold dislike for Morris, whose charm is revealed as nothing more than calculation.

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14

James creates vivid impressions of life in New York for the Slopers by presenting the city as a world of polished respectability, social ritual and quiet watchfulness. Through the house in Washington Square, the family parties, and the contrast with poorer or more fashionable districts, he shows a society in which money and reputation matter enormously, and in which a shy, plain heiress like Catherine is constantly observed and judged.

The house in Washington Square is central. James's narrator describes it with affectionate detail as a handsome, modern, wide-fronted house, and the square itself seems to have an air of established repose and dignity. This setting reflects Dr Sloper perfectly: he has moved there because it suits a successful physician, and the solidity of the house mirrors his solid wealth and social standing. The narrator's fond reminiscences about the square, its trees and its quiet, give the impression of a gentle, orderly world, but that same orderliness becomes a kind of confinement for Catherine, who spends much of her life within its walls.

James also shows a city that is changing and moving outward. The narrator comments on how New York was expanding northward, with new streets and newer houses, and this sense of a growing, commercial city gives life to the background. It explains, too, why a man like Morris Townsend, with no money and no profession, sees opportunity there: in a society built on rising fortunes, an heiress is a prize. Dr Sloper's warnings about Morris are rooted in this world of property and calculation.

The social gatherings are vividly drawn. Catherine first meets Morris at a party given by her aunt, Mrs Almond, to celebrate her cousin Marian's engagement. James captures Catherine's awkwardness amid the dancing and conversation, and her choice of a rich red satin dress, which her father mocks with his dry irony,

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shows how dress and appearance are used to judge character. Catherine's love of fine clothes, at odds with her quiet nature, makes her seem slightly out of place in society, and the doctor's sarcasm suggests how harshly New York measures women by their elegance and wit.

Life in the Sloper household is shaped by Dr Sloper's cool intelligence and Lavinia Penniman's romantic fussiness. Mrs Penniman lives with them as a widowed sister and fills the house with intrigue, encouraging Morris and arranging secret meetings with him, including one in an oyster saloon. James presents her with comic exaggeration, as a woman who treats her niece's life as a melodrama, and this lightens the atmosphere while also revealing how little real freedom Catherine has. The doctor's ironic remarks at the dinner table, often lost on his daughter, convey a home that is comfortable but emotionally cold.

James contrasts the Sloper world with that of Mrs Montgomery, Morris's widowed sister, who lives in a modest house in a far less fashionable part of town. Dr Sloper's visit there, and Mrs Montgomery's anxious honesty, give us a glimpse of a humbler New York, in which a woman struggles to raise her children while her brother lives on her small means. The contrast makes Dr Sloper's comfortable world seem privileged and makes Morris's ambitions easier to understand.

Finally, James shows how the city's rhythms continue unchanged while Catherine's life narrows. After the trip to Europe and Morris's desertion, she settles into a quiet existence in the square, becoming a figure of charitable work and kindness, well respected by society. When Morris returns, many years later, she sends him away, and the novel closes with her taking up her needlework again, "for life, as it were." The quiet house and orderly routine that began as a picture of comfortable New York life become, in the end, an image of loneliness.

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James's impressions of New York are therefore vivid because they are never merely descriptive. Every street, party and drawing room reveals something about wealth, status and judgement, and through them we feel the pressures that shape and limit Catherine's life.

15 Knowles makes this a memorable moment because it seems, on the surface, a carefree episode of summer friendship, yet every detail is shadowed by what will come later. The founding of the Super Suicide Society and Finny's rescue of Gene on the limb foreshadow the fall that will cripple Finny on the very same tree, and the adult Gene's narration lets us feel both the innocence of the summer and the guilt that hangs over his memory of it.

The passage opens with an idyllic, almost dreamlike setting. The boys are "looking like white flags on the endless green playing fields", a simile that suggests purity, but white flags are also signs of surrender, a quiet hint of war. The gym "meditated behind its gray walls", personified as calm and thoughtful, and Gene's imagination extends the Devon woods into "the great northern forests" stretching to Canada. The phrase "the tame fringe of the last and greatest wilderness" is especially memorable: the school feels safe, but it borders on something vast and wild, just as the boys' sheltered world borders on the war and on darker forces within Gene himself.

The war is deliberately pushed away. "Bombs in Central Europe were completely unreal to us here" because "our place here was too fair". The adult narrator's comment, "We spent that summer in complete selfishness, I'm happy to say", is disarmingly honest, and the reference to "the summer of 1942" fixes the moment

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in history so that we know this happiness is fragile and borrowed. The tone is nostalgic, yet the word "selfishness" also hints at the self-absorption that will lead Gene to betray his friend.

Finny dominates the dialogue with playful energy. His threat that anyone unpleasant will get "a swift kick" is delivered "reflectively", a comic contrast, and his teasing question about the tree exposes Gene's fear. The exchange is full of strained politeness, "Will you do me the pleasure", "My pleasure", which sounds like friendly banter but also like a duel. Gene's replies are clipped: he speaks "stiffly" and says only "That's fine, that's okay", while Finny revels in alliteration, expanding the name into "The Super Suicide Society of the Summer Session". The sibilance is joyful and absurd, but the word "suicide" is darkly ironic. Finny's wish to "cement our partnership" is touching, and makes the later betrayal more painful.

The climax on the limb is narrated with startling speed. Gene describes "a moment of total, impersonal panic", and then "Finny's hand shot out and grabbed my arm". The verb "shot" captures Finny's instinctive athleticism and loyalty. Gene's description is strangely matter of fact; he moves on, jumps, and the Society is "officially established", as though nothing happened. This mirrors the later scene where Gene jounces the limb and Finny falls, so the moment is memorable because it is an exact reversal: here Finny saves Gene, there Gene destroys Finny.

The final paragraph delays Gene's reaction until he is "alone" on the way to the library. The broken syntax, with ellipses in "If Finny hadn't come up right behind me ... if he hadn't been there ...", conveys a delayed shock, and the escalating possibilities, "broken my back", "could have been killed", build to "Finny had practically saved my life." The word "practically" is revealing: Gene cannot quite give Finny full credit, a small hesitation that hints at the envy and resentment

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already growing in him.

Knowles therefore makes this moment memorable by setting a scene of beauty and comradeship and then quietly undermining it through irony, foreshadowing and the retrospective voice of a narrator who knows how the story ends. We finish the passage moved by Finny's generosity and uneasy about Gene.

16 Knowles makes me like Gene only partly, and uneasily. He is clever, sensitive and, above all, honest about his own failings, which draws me to him; yet the envy and cruelty he reveals, especially in causing Finny's fall, make it impossible to like him without reservation. Much of the tension comes from the fact that Gene is narrating his own story fifteen years later, so we are always judging a man who is also judging himself.

The opening of the novel immediately creates sympathy. The adult Gene returns to Devon on a raw, rainy day and seeks out the tree and the marble stairs, places that still haunt him. His sense of being drawn back to the scene of his guilt suggests a man who has never stopped thinking about what he did. Knowles makes us curious and slightly protective of him before we know the facts, because his tone is reflective, regretful and quietly intelligent.

As the summer story unfolds, however, Gene's jealousy of Finny makes him much harder to like. When Finny breaks the school swimming record and refuses to let anyone know, Gene is not admiring but unsettled, and he begins to believe that Finny is secretly trying to wreck his studies so that he cannot become head of the class. Knowles lets us see how absurd and self-serving this belief is, since Finny is plainly incapable of such scheming, and Gene's resentment of a friend who is

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generous to him is painful to watch. Yet his honesty in admitting it, recognising that he was "not of the same quality" as Finny, keeps some sympathy alive.

The central event, when Gene "jounced the limb" and Finny fell, is the hardest moment to forgive. Knowles narrates it with chilling brevity: Gene's knees bend, the limb shakes, Finny falls, and almost the next thing Gene does is jump easily into the river himself. The ambiguity over whether he acted deliberately or on a sudden impulse is never fully resolved, and this makes the act seem even more disturbing, as though a dark force within him simply took over. Afterwards, Gene's dressing in Finny's clothes and feeling that he has become Finny is unsettling, suggesting a wish to take over the identity of the friend he injured.

Nevertheless, Knowles shows Gene trying, however clumsily, to confess. He visits Finny at his home and tells him the truth, and when Finny refuses to believe him, Gene withdraws the confession to spare him pain. This is both cowardly and kind. Later, when Finny returns to Devon, Gene agrees to train for the Olympics in Finny's place, and their friendship in the winter, with the Winter Carnival and its joyful chaos, shows Gene at his most likeable, generous and devoted.

The mock trial in the Assembly Room tests our feelings again. Brinker and the others question Gene and Finny, and Leper's evidence points to the truth. Gene is silent, letting Finny discover it in the worst possible way, and Finny, rushing out in distress, falls on the marble stairs and breaks his leg again. When Gene visits him in the infirmary, Finny weeps and demands that Gene tell him it was not personal, and Gene explains that it was some blind impulse rather than hatred. Finny accepts this, which invites us to accept it too, and Gene's grief at Finny's death during the operation to set the bone is genuine even though he does not cry at the funeral. He says he felt it was his own funeral, which suggests that part of

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him died with Finny.

By the end, Gene concludes that he "killed my enemy" at school, before the war ever touched him. This mature recognition that the real enemy was the envy within himself makes me respect him more than like him. Knowles therefore leaves us with a complex response: Gene is not a villain, but a deeply flawed young man whose honesty in confessing his flaws is the most likeable thing about him.

17 Orwell makes this moment disturbing because it shows the Party's corruption not in the torture chamber but in an ordinary lunch-hour conversation. Parsons is cheerful, friendly and harmless-seeming, and that is exactly what is so frightening: he happily boasts that his seven-year-old daughter has handed a stranger over to be shot, and nobody at the table is horrified. Orwell reveals a society in which loyalty to the state has replaced all human feeling, even in children.

The description of Parsons is grotesque and almost comic. He has "a froglike face", he is "putting on rolls of fat", and his whole appearance is "that of a little boy grown large". Orwell repeatedly links him to childhood: we picture him in the uniform of the Spies, with "dimpled knees" and "pudgy forearms". The implication is unsettling, because Parsons is an adult with the mind of an obedient child, exactly the kind of citizen the Party wants. His physical unpleasantness, "an intense smell of sweat" and "Beads of moisture", makes him repellent, and the absurd detail about the "dampness of the bat handle" adds a dark humour that makes us laugh uneasily.

Even Syme's tone, implying "that bloody fool", is disturbing, since Syme himself is a fanatic. Orwell shows that intelligence and stupidity both serve the Party equally

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The conversation about money exposes the hypocrisy of the state. A quarter of one's salary goes on "voluntary subscriptions", an oxymoron, because these payments are compulsory in all but name. Parsons is busy with flags for "Hate Week", and his phrase "a tremendous show" reveals how hatred has been organised into a community festival. Winston hands over "two creased and filthy notes", details that suggest the squalor of life in Oceania, and the narrator's sly remark about "the neat handwriting of the illiterate" mocks Parsons's diligent ignorance.

The most disturbing part is the discussion of the children. We learn that Parsons's son shot Winston with a catapult, and Winston's dry explanation, that the boy was "a little upset at not going to the execution", is chilling because it is said so casually. Public execution is treated as a children's treat. Parsons responds, "shows the right spirit, doesn't it?", proud rather than worried. His story about his daughter is even worse. A group of little girls follows a stranger for two hours and hands him "over to the patrols" because he wears "a funny kind of shoes". The flimsiness of the evidence is horrifying: difference itself is treated as guilt. Parsons's triumphant question, "Pretty smart for a nipper of seven, eh?", uses affectionate slang to praise a betrayal that probably led to a man's death.

Orwell's handling of the man's fate is particularly powerful. When Winston asks what happened, Parsons cannot say, but makes "the motion of aiming a rifle" and "clicked his tongue for the explosion". The silent mime is more disturbing than words would be, because it shows how death has become a cheerful gesture, almost a game. Syme's response, "Good", spoken "abstractedly, without looking up", is perhaps the coldest moment of all, and Winston's "dutifully" agreeing remark shows that even he must perform approval.

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Parsons's final line, "there is a war on", is the Party's all-purpose excuse, and the vague phrasing shows how fear of an invisible enemy justifies anything. The passage also carries a terrible irony: Parsons's enthusiasm will not protect him, as his own daughter later denounces him for something he murmurs in his sleep. Orwell therefore disturbs us by presenting a world where family, childhood and friendship have all been turned into instruments of surveillance, and where murder can be described over lunch with a grin.

18 Orwell conveys Winston's rebellion as something both heroic and doomed. It begins in tiny, secret acts of thought, grows through love and illicit pleasure into an attempt at political resistance, and ends in complete surrender. What makes it so striking is that Orwell lets us hope alongside Winston while dropping constant hints that the Party has been watching all along.

The rebellion begins with the diary. Simply writing the date, April 4th 1984, feels to Winston like a dangerous act, and Orwell presents his first entry as almost involuntary: after a stream of disordered writing, he finds that his hand has written "DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER" over and over. The capital letters and repetition convey a pent-up fury bursting out, while the fact that he hardly knows he is doing it suggests that the urge to rebel is deeply human. Yet Winston immediately recognises the futility of it: he knows that the Thought Police will get him, because "Thoughtcrime does not entail death: thoughtcrime IS death." This fatalism shadows everything that follows.

Orwell makes Winston's rebellion intellectual as well as emotional. He clings to the idea of objective truth, writing that "Freedom is the freedom to say that two plus

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two make four." The simplicity of the arithmetic makes the point powerfully: in a world where the Party rewrites history, even the most basic fact becomes an act of defiance. Winston's job at the Ministry of Truth, where he alters records himself, makes his longing for truth more poignant, and his memory of holding the photograph of Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford, proof that the Party had lied, shows how fragile and precious such evidence is. His hope that the proles might rise, "If there is hope, it lies in the proles", is moving, though Orwell undercuts it by showing the proles absorbed in the lottery and petty quarrels.

The relationship with Julia turns rebellion into something sensual and joyful. The note slipped into his hand reading "I love you" is a shock precisely because love is forbidden; Orwell shows that private feeling is itself political in Oceania. Their meeting in the countryside, with the thrush singing, contrasts vividly with the grey city, and Winston sees their lovemaking as "a political act". Julia rebels for pleasure rather than principle, and this contrast deepens our sense of Winston as the more serious, idealistic rebel. The rented room above Mr Charrington's shop, with its glass paperweight, becomes a symbol of a lost past and a private world. When they say together "We are the dead", the line expresses their awareness that they are already condemned.

Winston's rebellion reaches its most active stage when he and Julia go to O'Brien and pledge themselves to the Brotherhood, agreeing to commit terrible acts for the cause. Orwell makes this moment strikingly ironic: Winston has trusted O'Brien because of a look and a dream, yet O'Brien is an agent of the Party, and Mr Charrington is revealed as a member of the Thought Police. The smashing of the paperweight when they are arrested symbolises the destruction of their private world, and the voice from behind the picture shows that the room was never safe.

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In the Ministry of Love, Orwell conveys the breaking of Winston's rebellion with horrifying thoroughness. O'Brien's torture forces him to see five fingers when he holds up four, reversing his earlier faith in two plus two. Finally, in Room 101, facing the rats he fears most, Winston screams "Do it to Julia!", betraying the one person he loved. The rebellion is destroyed not just physically but at its emotional root.

The ending is devastating. Sitting in the Chestnut Tree Café, Winston idly traces a sum in the dust on the table, the very arithmetic he once defended now emptied of meaning, and the final sentence tells us simply that "He loved Big Brother." The plainness of the statement is chilling. Orwell's conveying of Winston's rebellion is therefore striking because it is so human and so hopeless: we admire his courage while watching the Party prove that no individual can resist it.

20

Paton depicts crime vividly not by dwelling on violence for its own sake, but by showing it from many angles at once: as the private shame of one family, as the collective fear of a city, and as the symptom of a society that has broken something it does not know how to mend. What makes his depiction so powerful is that the single crime at the heart of the novel, the killing of Arthur Jarvis, joins two fathers who would otherwise never have met, so that crime becomes the means by which Paton explores both suffering and the possibility of reconciliation.

Paton first makes crime vivid through Kumalo's slow, fearful journey into Johannesburg. Before he even knows what Absalom has done, crime surrounds him: he is robbed of his bus fare almost as soon as he arrives, and when he finds Gertrude she has been brewing illegal liquor and selling herself. Msimangu explains that the city has corrupted people who came from the broken tribe, and his

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remark that the white man "has broken the tribe" suggests that crime is something done to people as much as by them. Paton then structures Kumalo's search for Absalom as a series of trails that grow colder and more alarming, from the factory to Alexandra to Shanty Town to the reformatory, so that the reader shares the old man's dread long before the truth arrives.

Paton's most striking method is his use of choric chapters, where individual voices give way to the voice of the whole society. In Book I he presents white Johannesburg's terror of "native crime" through a rush of anonymous speakers, and the frightened solution of living from day to day and putting "more locks on the doors" captures a society that tries to shut out crime rather than understand it. The lament that follows, "Cry, the beloved country", turns this fear into something tragic, because the unborn child will be "the inheritor of our fear". Paton shows that crime does not only harm its victims; it poisons the whole country with suspicion. Msimangu's warning that "when they are turned to loving, they will find we are turned to hating" makes crime part of a cycle that threatens the future.

The murder itself is depicted with deliberate restraint. We learn of it through a newspaper report that Arthur Jarvis, a young engineer known for his work for justice, has been shot by intruders in his Parkwold home. The irony is bitter and vivid: the man killed is precisely the white South African who understood the causes of the crime. When James Jarvis reads his son's writings, Paton lets Arthur's voice explain what the choric chapters only fear. Arthur argues that it was permissible to allow the old tribal system to be destroyed, but not to replace it with almost nothing, and that native crime springs not from the nature of the people but from the loss of the order that once held them together. Through this, Paton makes crime an indictment of white society rather than simply of the criminals.

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Paton also humanises the criminal, which is perhaps the most moving part of his depiction. Absalom is not a hardened villain: he took the revolver, he says, only to frighten, and fired because he was afraid when the servant was struck and Arthur appeared. His flat, repeated inability to explain himself to his father is painful to read. The trial adds further irony, since Absalom's companions, Matthew Kumalo and Johannes Pafuri, are acquitted after John Kumalo pays for a lawyer, while the one boy who tells the truth is condemned. The judge insists he must apply the law, not make it, which suggests that justice in this society is formal rather than truly just.

Finally, Paton shows that crime can be the beginning of healing as well as destruction. The meeting between Kumalo and Jarvis, two fathers united in grief by the same act, leads to Jarvis's help for Ndotsheni. Yet Paton refuses an easy ending: Absalom is still hanged at dawn, and the novel closes with the hope of release from "the fear of bondage and the bondage of fear", while admitting that when it will come "is a secret". Crime is therefore depicted vividly because Paton makes us feel its full cost, while insisting that its roots lie in a broken land that must be mended.

21

Bradbury's writing makes me feel a deeply uncomfortable mixture of pity, horror and eerie sadness. The passage sets the last living creature in the house against the machines that keep it running, and the effect is chilling: the house carries on caring for a family that no longer exists, while it completely ignores the one being that actually needs care. By the end I feel that I have watched not just a dog die, but the last trace of human life being efficiently swept away.

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The dog's arrival immediately provokes pity. The contrast in "once huge and fleshy, but now gone to bone and covered with sores" shows how far it has fallen, and the blunt nouns "bone" and "sores" make its suffering physical and real. Yet the house responds only mechanically: the door opens because it "recognised the dog voice", as though the dog were simply a password. I find it painful that the house's first concern is not the animal's hunger but the mud it is "tracking". The cleaning mice are "angry at having to pick up mud, angry at inconvenience", and the repetition of "angry" gives these tiny machines a petty, fussy irritation. Bradbury makes them seem almost more alive in their resentment than in any kindness, which leaves me feeling that this technology has absorbed the worst of human fussiness and none of its warmth.

There is something sinister, too, in the efficiency of the cleaning. The "copper scrap rats" flash out with "miniature steel jaws", and the metallic vocabulary turns housekeeping into a kind of predation. The simile of the incinerator sitting "like evil Baal in a dark corner" is the most disturbing image in this section: Baal was a pagan god to whom sacrifices were offered, so the furnace becomes a hungry idol waiting to be fed. This makes me dread what will happen to the dog, and the foreshadowing is grimly fulfilled later.

The dog's death is written so that its desperation is impossible to ignore. It runs "hysterically yelping to each door, at last realising, as the house realised, that only silence was here". The phrase "only silence" is quietly devastating, because it tells me the family is truly gone. Cruelly, the stove is making pancakes, and the sensuous "rich baked odour and the scent of maple syrup" taunts the starving animal with food it can never reach. The verbs then accelerate: it "frothed", "ran wildly in circles", "spun in a frenzy, and died". The short final clause, "and died", is shockingly abrupt, and the flat follow-up, "It lay in the parlour for an hour", makes

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me feel the coldness of a world in which no one notices.

What follows is perhaps the most horrifying moment of all, because it is so gentle. The mice, "Delicately sensing decay", hum out "as softly as blown gray leaves in an electrical wind". The soft, natural simile is grotesquely at odds with what they are doing, which is disposing of a body as though it were dust. Bradbury's three-word sentence, "The dog was gone", followed by the incinerator glowing and "a whirl of sparks" leaping up the chimney, tells me the dog has been fed to "Baal" without a single mention of the act itself. The understatement leaves me to imagine it, which is far worse.

Throughout, the time announcements, "Two o'clock", "Two-fifteen", "Two thirty-five", keep marching on regardless, and their short, isolated lines create a cold, clinical rhythm. The house then prepares a bridge party: tables "sprouted", cards "fluttered", martinis "manifested", the verbs suggesting magical abundance. But the single line "But the tables were silent and the cards untouched" punctures this, and I feel the emptiness of a home performing pleasures for ghosts.

The final section, the nursery, is beautiful and heartbreaking. The colourful list of "yellow giraffes, blue lions, pink antelopes, lilac panthers" and the rich sounds of the "purring lion" and "fresh jungle rain" create a dazzling fantasy, yet it is staged for children who will never come. The closing line, "It was the children's hour", is tender in tone but terribly ironic. I am left feeling a profound sadness: Bradbury shows that the machines we build to serve us can outlive us, carrying on with heartless perfection after everything that gave them meaning has been destroyed.