Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge IGCSE™

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/12**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose **February/March 2022**

1 hour 30 minutes



You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

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

INFORMATION

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

This document has **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:

Sonnet 29

Pity me not because the light of day
At close of day no longer walks the sky;
Pity me not for beauties passed away
From field to thicket as the year goes by;
Pity me not the waning of the moon,
Nor that the ebbing tide goes out to sea,
Nor that a man's desire is hushed so soon,
And you no longer look with love on me.
This have I known always: Love is no more
Than the wide blossom which the wind assails,
Than the great tide that treads the shifting shore,
Strewing fresh wreckage gathered in the gales:
Pity me that the heart is slow to learn
When the swift mind beholds at every turn.

(Edna St Vincent Millay)

How does Millay strikingly depict the passing of time in this poem?

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Or **2** Explore the ways in which Dixon memorably conveys the speaker's thoughts and feelings in *Plenty*.

Plenty

When I was young and there were five of us,
all running riot to my mother's quiet despair,
our old enamel tub, age-stained and pocked
upon its griffin claws, was never full.

Such plenty was too dear in our expanse of drought
where dams leaked dry and windmills stalled.
Like Mommy's smile. Her lips stretched back
and anchored down, in anger at some fault –

of mine, I thought – not knowing then
it was a clasp to keep us all from chaos.
She saw it always, snapping locks and straps,
the spilling: sums and worries, shopping lists

for aspirin, porridge, petrol, bread.
Even the toilet paper counted,
and each month was weeks too long.
Her mouth a lid clamped hard on this.

We thought her mean. Skipped chores,
swiped biscuits – best of all
when she was out of earshot
stole another precious inch

up to our chests, such lovely sin,
lolling luxuriant in secret warmth
disgorged from fat brass taps,
our old compliant co-conspirators.

Now bubbles lap my chin. I am a sybarite.
The shower's a hot cascade
and water's plentiful, to excess, almost, here.
I leave the heating on.

And miss my scattered sisters,
all those bathroom squabbles and, at last,
my mother's smile, loosed from the bonds
of lean, dry times and our long childhood.

(Isobel Dixon)

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SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 2: from Part 4

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The Character of a Happy Life

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend;

—This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

(Henry Wotton)

How does Wotton powerfully convey what is necessary to live a happy life?

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Or **4** Explore the ways in which Mew makes *Rooms* such a sad poem.

Rooms

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

(Charlotte Mew)

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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:

War Photographer

In his darkroom he is finally alone
with spools of suffering set out in ordered rows.
The only light is red and softly glows,
as though this were a church and he
a priest preparing to intone a Mass.
Belfast. Beirut. Phnom Penh. All flesh is grass.

He has a job to do. Solutions slop in trays
beneath his hands, which did not tremble then
though seem to now. Rural England. Home again
to ordinary pain which simple weather can dispel,
to fields which don't explode beneath the feet
of running children in a nightmare heat.

Something is happening. A stranger's features
faintly start to twist before his eyes,
a half-formed ghost. He remembers the cries
of this man's wife, how he sought approval
without words to do what someone must
and how the blood stained into foreign dust.

A hundred agonies in black and white
from which his editor will pick out five or six
for Sunday's supplement. The reader's eyeballs prick
with tears between the bath and pre-lunch beers.
From the aeroplane he stares impassively at where
he earns his living and they do not care.

In what ways does Duffy make you feel sorry for the photographer in this poem?

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Or **6** Explore the ways in which Duffy makes *Recognition* such a sad poem.

Recognition

Things get away from one.
I've let myself go, I know.
Children? I've had three
and don't even know them.

I strain to remember a time
when my body felt lighter.
Years. My face is swollen
with regrets. I put powder on,

but it flakes off. I love him,
through habit, but the proof
has evaporated. He gets upset.
I tried to do all the essentials

on one trip. Foolish, yes,
but I was weepy all morning.
Quiche. A blond boy swung me up
in his arms and promised the earth.

You see, this came back to me
as I stood on the scales.
I wept. Shallots. In the window,
creamy ladies held a pose

which left me clogged and old.
The waste. I'd forgotten my purse,
fumbled; the shopgirl gaped at me,
compassionless. Claret. I blushed.

Cheese. Kleenex. *It did happen*.
I lay in my slip on wet grass,
laughing. Years. I had to rush out,
blind in a hot flush, and bumped

into an anxious dowdy matron
who touched the cold mirror
and stared at me. Stared
and said I'm sorry sorry sorry.

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SECTION B: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

CHIMAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE: *Purple Hibiscus*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

I went upstairs slowly.

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‘Your feet will be healed in time for school,’ Mama said.

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

Or **8** Explore the ways in which Adichie depicts life in Aunty Ifeoma’s house.

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CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

'I could decide if I were but certain,' I answered: 'were I but convinced that it is God's will I should marry you, I could vow to marry you here and now – come afterwards what would!'

'My prayers are heard!' ejaculated St John. He pressed his hand firmer on my head, as if he claimed me: he surrounded me with his arm, *almost* as if he loved me (I say *almost* – I knew the difference – for I had felt what it was to be loved; but, like him, I had now put love out of the question, and thought only of duty). I contended with my inward dimness of vision, before which clouds yet rolled. I sincerely, deeply, fervently longed to do what was right; and only that. 'Show me, show me the path!' I entreated of Heaven. I was excited more than I had ever been; and whether what followed was the effect of excitement the reader shall judge.

All the house was still; for I believe all, except St John and myself, were now retired to rest. The one candle was dying out: the room was full of moonlight. My heart beat fast and thick: I heard its throb. Suddenly it stood still to an inexpressible feeling that thrilled it through, and passed at once to my head and extremities. The feeling was not like an electric shock, but it was quite as sharp, as strange, as startling: it acted on my senses as if their utmost activity hitherto had been but torpor, from which they were now summoned and forced to wake. They rose expectant: eye and ear waited while the flesh quivered on my bones.

'What have you heard? What do you see?' asked St John. I saw nothing, but I heard a voice somewhere cry –

'Jane! Jane! Jane!' – nothing more.

'O God! what is it?' I gasped.

I might have said, 'Where is it?' for it did not seem in the room, nor in the house, nor in the garden; it did not come out of the air, nor from under the earth, nor from overhead. I had heard it – where, or whence, for ever impossible to know! And it was the voice of a human being – a known, loved, well-remembered voice – that of Edward Fairfax Rochester; and it spoke in pain and woe, wildly, eerily, urgently.

'I am coming!' I cried. 'Wait for me! Oh, I will come!' I flew to the door and looked into the passage: it was dark. I ran out into the garden: it was void.

'Where are you?' I exclaimed.

The hills beyond Marsh Glen sent the answer faintly back, 'Where are you?' I listened. The wind sighed low in the firs: all was moorland loneliness and midnight hush.

'Down superstition!' I commented, as that spectre rose up black by the black yew at the gate. 'This is not thy deception, nor thy witchcraft: it is the work of nature. She was roused, and did – no miracle – but her best.'

I broke from St John, who had followed, and would have detained me. It was *my* time to assume ascendancy. *My* powers were in play and in force. I told him to forbear question or remark; I desired him to leave me: I must and would be alone. He obeyed at once. Where there is energy to command well enough, obedience never fails. I mounted to my chamber; locked myself in; fell on my knees; and prayed in my way – a different way to St John's, but effective in its own fashion. I seemed to penetrate very near a Mighty Spirit; and my soul rushed out in gratitude at His feet. I rose from the thanksgiving – took a resolve

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– and lay down, unscared, enlightened – eager but for the daylight.

(*from* Chapter 35)

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

Or **10** Explore **two** moments in the novel when Brontë memorably conveys Jane's independence of mind.

Do **not** use the passage printed in **Question 9** in answering this question.

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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:

There was something about Joe Starks that cowed the town.

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When the mail came from Maitland and he went inside to sort it out everybody had their say.

(*from* Chapter 5)

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How does Hurston strikingly portray Joe Starks at this moment in the novel?

Or **12** Explore the ways in which Hurston makes Janie such a memorable character.

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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:

Morris walked along a moment, and then he repeated, harshly –
'I must give her up!'
'I think I understand you,' said Mrs Penniman, gently.
'I certainly say it distinctly enough – brutally and vulgarly enough.'
He was ashamed of himself, and his shame was uncomfortable; and as he was extremely intolerant of discomfort, he felt vicious and cruel. He wanted to abuse somebody, and he began, cautiously – for he was always cautious – with himself.
'Couldn't you take her down a little?' he asked.
'Take her down?'
'Prepare her – try and ease me off.'
Mrs Penniman stopped, looking at him very solemnly.
'My poor Morris, do you know how much she loves you?'
'No, I don't. I don't want to know. I have always tried to keep from knowing. It would be too painful.'
'She will suffer much,' said Mrs Penniman.
'You must console her. If you are as good a friend to me as you pretend to be, you will manage it.'
Mrs Penniman shook her head, sadly.
'You talk of my "pretending" to like you; but I can't pretend to hate you. I can only tell her I think very highly of you; and how will that console her for losing you?'
'The Doctor will help you. He will be delighted at the thing being broken off, and, as he is a knowing fellow, he will invent something to comfort her.'
'He will invent a new torture!' cried Mrs Penniman. 'Heaven deliver her from her father's comfort. It will consist of his crowing over her and saying, "I always told you so!"'
Morris coloured a most uncomfortable red.
'If you don't console her any better than you console me, you certainly won't be of much use! It's a damned disagreeable necessity; I feel it extremely, and you ought to make it easy for me.'
'I will be your friend for life!' Mrs Penniman declared.
'Be my friend *now*!' And Morris walked on.
She went with him; she was almost trembling.
'Should you like me to tell her?' she asked.
'You mustn't tell her, but you can – you can –'. And he hesitated, trying to think what Mrs Penniman could do. 'You can explain to her why it is. It's because I can't bring myself to step in between her and her father – to give him the pretext he grasps at so eagerly (it's a hideous sight) for depriving her of her rights.'
Mrs Penniman felt with remarkable promptitude the charm of this formula.
'That's so like you,' she said; 'it's so finely felt.'
Morris gave his stick an angry swing.
'Oh botheration!' he exclaimed perversely.
Mrs Penniman, however, was not discouraged.
'It may turn out better than you think. Catherine is, after all, so very peculiar.' And she thought she might take it upon herself to assure him that,

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whatever happened, the girl would be very quiet – she wouldn't make a noise. They extended their walk, and, while they proceeded, Mrs Penniman took upon herself other things besides, and ended by having assumed a considerable burden; Morris being ready enough, as may be imagined, to put everything off upon her. But he was not for a single instant the dupe of her blundering alacrity; he knew that of what she promised she was competent to perform but an insignificant fraction, and the more she professed her willingness to serve him, the greater fool he thought her.

(*from* Chapter 28)

How does James make this such a revealing and significant moment in the novel?

Or **14** Explore the ways in which James memorably conveys Dr Sloper's disappointment in Catherine.

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JHUMPA LAHIRI: *The Namesake*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

It is here that his twenty-seventh birthday is celebrated, the first birthday in his life that he hasn't spent with his own parents, either in Calcutta or on Pemberton Road.

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That here at Maxine's side, in this cloistered wilderness, he is free.

(*from* Chapter 6)

In what ways does Lahiri make this such a memorable and significant moment in the novel?

Or **16** Explore how Lahiri vividly conveys different attitudes to marriage in *The Namesake*.

YANN MARTEL: *Life of Pi*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Inside the ship, there were noises. Deep structural groans. I stumbled and fell. No harm done. I got up. With the help of the handrails I went down the stairwell four steps at a time. I had gone down just one level when I saw water. Lots of water. It was blocking my way. It was surging from below like a riotous crowd, raging, frothing and boiling. Stairs vanished into watery darkness. I couldn't believe my eyes. What was this water doing here? Where had it come from? I stood nailed to the spot, frightened and incredulous and ignorant of what I should do next. Down there was where my family was.

I ran up the stairs. I got to the main deck. The weather wasn't entertaining any more. I was very afraid. Now it was plain and obvious: the ship was listing badly. And it wasn't level the other way either. There was a noticeable incline going from bow to stern. I looked overboard. The water didn't look to be eighty feet away. The ship was sinking. My mind could hardly conceive it. It was as unbelievable as the moon catching fire.

Where were the officers and the crew? What were they doing? Towards the bow I saw some men running in the gloom. I thought I saw some animals too, but I dismissed the sight as illusion crafted by rain and shadow. We had the hatch covers over their bay pulled open when the weather was good, but at all times the animals were kept confined to their cages. These were dangerous wild animals we were transporting, not farm livestock. Above me, on the bridge, I thought I heard some men shouting.

The ship shook and there was that sound, the monstrous metallic burp. What was it? Was it the collective scream of humans and animals protesting their oncoming death? Was it the ship itself giving up the ghost? I fell over. I got to my feet. I looked overboard again. The sea was rising. The waves were getting closer. We were sinking fast.

I clearly heard monkeys shrieking. Something was shaking the deck. A gaur—an Indian wild ox—exploded out of the rain and thundered by me, terrified, out of control, berserk. I looked at it, dumbstruck and amazed. Who in God's name had let it out?

I ran for the stairs to the bridge. Up there was where the officers were, the only people on the ship who spoke English, the masters of our destiny here, the ones who would right this wrong. They would explain everything. They would take care of my family and me. I climbed to the middle bridge. There was no one on the starboard side. I ran to the port side. I saw three men, crew members. I fell. I got up. They were looking overboard. I shouted. They turned. They looked at me and at each other. They spoke a few words. They came towards me quickly. I felt gratitude and relief welling up in me. I said, 'Thank God I've found you. What is happening? I am very scared. There is water at the bottom of the ship. I am worried about my family. I can't get to the level where our cabins are. Is this normal? Do you think—'

One of the men interrupted me by thrusting a life jacket into my arms and shouting something in Chinese. I noticed an orange whistle dangling from the life jacket. The men were nodding vigorously at me. When they took hold of me and lifted me in their strong arms, I thought nothing of it. I thought they were helping me. I was so full of trust in them that I felt grateful as they carried me in the air. Only when they threw me overboard did I begin to have doubts.

(*from* Chapter 38)

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How does Martel vividly capture Pi's panic at this moment in the novel?

Or **18** Explore how Martel strikingly depicts Pi's loneliness during his time at sea.

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GEORGE ORWELL: *1984*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

He had seen her; he had even spoken to her. There was no danger in it. He knew as though instinctively that they now took almost no interest in his doings. He could have arranged to meet her a second time if either of them had wanted to. Actually it was by chance that they had met. It was in the Park, on a vile, biting day in March, when the earth was like iron and all the grass seemed dead and there was not a bud anywhere except a few crocuses which had pushed themselves up to be dismembered by the wind. He was hurrying along with frozen hands and watering eyes when he saw her not ten metres away from him. It struck him at once that she had changed in some ill-defined way. They almost passed one another without a sign, then he turned and followed her, not very eagerly. He knew that there was no danger, nobody would take any interest in them. She did not speak. She walked obliquely away across the grass as though trying to get rid of him, then seemed to resign herself to having him at her side. Presently they were in among a clump of ragged leafless shrubs, useless either for concealment or as protection from the wind. They halted. It was vilely cold. The wind whistled through the twigs and fretted the occasional, dirty-looking crocuses. He put his arm round her waist.

There was no telescreen, but there must be hidden microphones: besides, they could be seen. It did not matter, nothing mattered. They could have lain down on the ground and done *that* if they had wanted to. His flesh froze with horror at the thought of it. She made no response whatever to the clasp of his arm; she did not even try to disengage herself. He knew now what had changed in her. Her face was sallower, and there was a long scar, partly hidden by the hair, across her forehead and temple; but that was not the change. It was that her waist had grown thicker, and, in a surprising way, had stiffened. He remembered how once, after the explosion of a rocket bomb, he had helped to drag a corpse out of some ruins, and had been astonished not only by the incredible weight of the thing, but by its rigidity and awkwardness to handle, which made it seem more like stone than flesh. Her body felt like that. It occurred to him that the texture of her skin would be quite different from what it had once been.

He did not attempt to kiss her, nor did they speak. As they walked back across the grass she looked directly at him for the first time. It was only a momentary glance, full of contempt and dislike. He wondered whether it was a dislike that came purely out of the past or whether it was inspired also by his bloated face and the water that the wind kept squeezing from his eyes. They sat down on two iron chairs, side by side but not too close together. He saw that she was about to speak. She moved her clumsy shoe a few centimetres and deliberately crushed a twig. Her feet seemed to have grown broader, he noticed.

'I betrayed you,' she said baldly.

'I betrayed you,' he said.

She gave him another quick look of dislike.

'Sometimes,' she said, 'they threaten you with something – something you can't stand up to, can't even think about. And then you say, "Don't do it to me, do it to somebody else, do it to so-and-so." And perhaps you might pretend, afterwards, that it was only a trick and that you just said it to make them stop and didn't really mean it. But that isn't true. At the time when it happens you

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do mean it. You think there's no other way of saving yourself, and you're quite ready to save yourself that way. You *want* it to happen to the other person. You don't give a damn what they suffer. All you care about is yourself.'

'All you care about is yourself,' he echoed.

'And after that, you don't feel the same towards the other person any longer.'

'No,' he said, 'you don't feel the same.'

There did not seem to be anything more to say.

(*from* Part 3, Chapter 6)

In what ways does Orwell make this meeting between Winston and Julia so shocking?

Or **20** Explore the ways in which Orwell changes your feelings about O'Brien as you read the novel.

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from *STORIES OF OURSELVES VOLUME 2*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **21** Read this passage from *The Furnished Room* (by O Henry), and then answer the question that follows it:

The furnished room received its latest guest with a first glow of pseudo-hospitality, a hectic, haggard, perfunctory welcome like the specious smile of a demirep. The sophistical comfort came in reflected gleams from the decayed furniture, the ragged brocade upholstery of a couch and two chairs, a footwide cheap pier glass between the two windows, from one or two gilt picture frames and a brass bedstead in a corner.

The guest reclined, inert, upon a chair, while the room, confused in speech as though it were an apartment in Babel, tried to discourse to him of its divers tenantry.

A polychromatic rug like some brilliant-flowered rectangular, tropical islet lay surrounded by a billowy sea of soiled matting. Upon the gay-papered wall were those pictures that pursue the homeless one from house to house – The Huguenot Lovers, The First Quarrel, The Wedding Breakfast, Psyche at the Fountain. The mantel's chastely severe outline was ingloriously veiled behind some pert drapery drawn rakishly askew like the sashes of the Amazonian ballet. Upon it was some desolate flotsam cast aside by the room's marooned when a lucky sail had borne them to a fresh port – a trifling vase or two, pictures of actresses, a medicine bottle, some stray cards out of a deck.

One by one, as the characters of a cryptograph become explicit, the little signs left by the furnished room's procession of guests developed a significance. The threadbare space in the rug in front of the dresser told that lovely woman had marched in the throng. Tiny finger-prints on the wall spoke of little prisoners trying to feel their way to sun and air. A splattered stain, raying like the shadow of a bursting bomb, witnessed where a hurled glass or bottle had splintered with its contents against the wall. Across the pier glass had been scrawled with a diamond in staggering letters the name 'Marie.' It seemed that the succession of dwellers in the furnished room had turned in fury – perhaps tempted beyond forbearance by its garish coldness – and wreaked upon it their passions. The furniture was chipped and bruised; the couch, distorted by bursting springs, seemed a horrible monster that had been slain during the stress of some grotesque convulsion. Some more potent upheaval had cloven a great slice from the marble mantel. Each plank in the floor owned its particular cant and shriek as from a separate and individual agony. It seemed incredible that all this malice and injury had been wrought upon the room by those who had called it for a time their home; and yet it may have been the cheated home instinct surviving blindly, the resentful rage at false household gods that had kindled their wrath. A hut that is our own we can sweep and adorn and cherish.

The young tenant in the chair allowed these thoughts to file, soft-shod, through his mind, while there drifted into the room furnished sounds and furnished scents. He heard in one room a tittering and incontinent, slack laughter; in others the monologue of a scold, the rattling of dice, a lullaby, and one crying dully; above him a banjo tinkled with spirit. Doors banged somewhere; the elevated trains roared intermittently; a cat yowled miserably upon a back fence. And he breathed the breath of the house – a dank savour rather than a smell – a cold, musty effluvium as from underground vaults mingled with the reeking exhalations of linoleum and mildewed and rotten woodwork.

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Then, suddenly, as he rested there, the room was filled with the strong, sweet odour of mignonette.

Explore the ways in which Henry builds up such a disturbing atmosphere at this moment in the story.

Or **22** How does Hughes make you sympathise with Roger in *Thank You M'am*?

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Millay depicts the passing of time as something utterly natural and therefore not worth pitying, yet the poem's quiet sting is that the speaker's heart refuses to accept what her mind already knows. Time is shown in the turning of days, seasons, moons and tides, and the end of a love affair is slipped in among these cycles as if it were just another one. What makes the depiction so striking is the tension between this calm, almost stoical acceptance and the pain that breaks through in the final couplet.

The insistent anaphora of "Pity me not" dominates the octave. Repeated three times, it sounds proud and controlled, as if the speaker is refusing sympathy before anyone can offer it. Each refusal is attached to a different scale of time. The day comes first: "the light of day / At close of day no longer walks the sky". The personification of light that "walks" makes daylight seem like a living presence that simply strolls away, and the repetition of "day" within two lines mimics the circular, repetitive nature of time itself. Next comes the year, with "beauties passed away / From field to thicket as the year goes by". The movement "from field to thicket" suggests beauty retreating gradually, almost hiding, while "goes by" is deliberately casual, as if the loss of a whole summer is nothing remarkable.

The moon and the sea extend this pattern. "The waning of the moon" and "the ebbing tide" both describe slow withdrawal, and both are cyclical: the moon will wax again and the tide will return. Millay seems to invite us to see all loss as part of a rhythm. Then, crucially, she places human feeling in the same list: "a man's desire is hushed so soon". The word "hushed" is gentle, almost tender, but "so soon" carries the first hint of bitterness. The octave closes on its most personal

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line, "And you no longer look with love on me", and the shift into direct address to the lover is quietly devastating. By placing this at the climax of a list of natural events, Millay suggests the speaker is trying to persuade herself that the end of love is as inevitable as nightfall.

The volta at line nine changes the tone from refusal to declaration: "This have I known always". The inverted syntax gives the line a weighty, almost proverbial quality. Love is "no more / Than the wide blossom which the wind assails". The blossom is "wide", open and beautiful, but the verb "assails" turns time into a violent attacker rather than a gentle walker. The next image is grander still: "the great tide that treads the shifting shore, / Strewing fresh wreckage gathered in the gales". The alliteration of "treads", "tide" and the sibilance of "shifting shore" and "Strewing" create a heavy, relentless sound, like waves pounding. "Fresh wreckage" is a striking oxymoron: wreckage is usually old and ruined, but here it is new, as though every passing moment leaves fresh damage. Time now seems destructive, not merely cyclical.

The couplet finally overturns the poem's opening refusal. After all the repetitions of "Pity me not", the speaker at last says "Pity me", and the reversal is all the more moving because it has been delayed for twelve lines. What deserves pity is not time itself but "that the heart is slow to learn / When the swift mind beholds at every turn". The antithesis of "slow" heart and "swift" mind is the emotional core of the poem. Intellectually she accepts that everything passes, and she can see evidence "at every turn", a phrase that recalls the turning of days, seasons and tides. Emotionally, however, she lags behind time, still hoping and grieving.

The sonnet form itself reinforces this. Traditionally the form of love poetry, it is used here to describe love's ending, and its tight, regular rhyme scheme reflects

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the speaker's attempt to impose order on loss. I find the poem striking because Millay makes time feel both vast and intimate: it governs moon and ocean, yet its cruellest effect is on one heart that cannot keep pace with it.

2 In Plenty, Dixon conveys an adult speaker looking back on a childhood of scarcity with a mixture of guilt, amusement, nostalgia and, finally, a new understanding of her mother. The poem is memorable because it moves from the child's resentful view of a "mean" mother to the adult's recognition that the mother's tight smile was an act of love, and this shift in perspective gives the poem its emotional power.

The opening establishes the noisy, crowded household. The five children are "all running riot to my mother's quiet despair", and the contrast between the alliterative energy of "running riot" and the hushed phrase "quiet despair" captures the gap between the carefree children and the burdened adult. The bath, which becomes the central symbol of the poem, is described with affectionate precision: "old enamel tub, age-stained and pocked / upon its griffin claws". The griffin claws hint at faded grandeur, while "age-stained and pocked" shows that nothing in the house is new. The blunt statement that it "was never full" introduces the poem's central idea of lack.

Dixon then widens the scarcity to the landscape. "Such plenty was too dear in our expanse of drought" is ironic, since the title word "plenty" appears only to be denied. "Too dear" works on two levels, meaning both too expensive and too precious. The image of "dams leaked dry and windmills stalled" makes the whole country seem exhausted, and the short sentence "Like Mommy's smile" links this barren landscape directly to the mother. Her smile is "stretched back / and

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anchored down", a forced, effortful expression held in place like a ship in a storm. The child assumes this is "in anger at some fault", and the isolated aside "of mine, I thought" reveals the guilt a child feels when she cannot understand adult worry. The adult speaker now sees it was "a clasp to keep us all from chaos", and the word "clasp" suggests both a fastening and an embrace.

The imagery of containment continues in the second stanza. The mother sees "snapping locks and straps, / the spilling", as though the family's life is an overstuffed suitcase about to burst open. The list "aspirin, porridge, petrol, bread" is plain and unpoetic, mirroring the relentless arithmetic of poverty, and "Even the toilet paper counted" shows how nothing escaped her calculation. The hyperbole "each month was weeks too long" is memorable because it turns time itself into another thing they could not afford. The stanza ends with a harsh metaphor: "Her mouth a lid clamped hard on this". The mother is presented as the lid that keeps everything inside, protecting her children from her anxiety.

The third stanza shifts to the children's view, beginning with the curt, guilty "We thought her mean." The short sentences and list of misdeeds, "Skipped chores, / swiped biscuits", are lively and almost comic. The greatest sin is stealing "another precious inch" of bath water, and the oxymoron "such lovely sin" captures the delight of forbidden pleasure. The language becomes sensuous: "lolling luxuriant in secret warmth" uses soft, lingering sounds to recreate the indulgence, and the taps become "our old compliant co-conspirators", a playful personification that makes the bath an accomplice in their rebellion.

The final stanza moves to the present with a sudden change of tense: "Now bubbles lap my chin." The speaker calls herself "a sybarite", a lover of luxury, and the "hot cascade" of the shower contrasts sharply with the half-filled tub. Yet

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"plentiful, to excess, almost" contains a note of unease, as if abundance now feels slightly wrong. The simple line "I leave the heating on" is perhaps a small act of defiance against the old worries, or a reminder of how far she has come.

Plenty does not bring happiness alone, however. The speaker admits she will "miss my scattered sisters", and even the "bathroom squabbles" are recalled fondly. The final image is of "my mother's smile, loosed from the bonds / of lean, dry times". "Loosed" releases all the earlier images of clasps, lids and anchors, and the poem ends with a sense of tender relief. I find this ending memorable because Dixon suggests that true plenty lay in the crowded, loving family, and that understanding her mother has come only with time.

3 Wotton powerfully conveys that a happy life depends not on wealth, status or reputation but on inner freedom: honesty, self-control, a clear conscience and faith. The poem works like a portrait of an ideal man, built up through a long list of qualities, and its power comes from the way Wotton defines happiness largely through what this man does not need. By the end, the paradox that he has "nothing, yet hath all" overturns the usual worldly idea of success.

The opening line, "How happy is he born and taught", is an exclamation that immediately celebrates the man before we know who he is. "Born and taught" suggests that happiness comes from both nature and education, a combination of character and discipline. The first quality is independence: he "serveth not another's will". Wotton then uses military imagery: "Whose armour is his honest thought, / And simple truth his utmost skill!" Instead of physical armour, his protection is honesty, which suggests that a truthful mind cannot be wounded by the world. The word "simple" is important, since it implies that this man's greatest

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skill is not cunning or ambition but plainness.

The repeated relative pronoun "Whose" and later "Who" creates a cumulative structure, each line adding another virtue, so the reader feels the portrait growing steadily. Self-mastery is central: "Whose passions not his masters are". The language of mastery and service runs through the poem, and here Wotton suggests that being ruled by emotion is just another form of slavery. The man is also "still prepared for death", calm rather than afraid, and "Untied unto the world by care / Of public fame or private breath". "Untied" presents worldly concerns as ropes, while "private breath" suggests gossip whispered about him. He is free because he does not care what others say.

The poem becomes powerful in its rejection of envy and flattery. He "envies none that chance doth raise", which suggests that worldly success is often a matter of luck rather than merit. One of the most striking lines is the paradox that he "never understood / How deepest wounds are given by praise". It seems odd that praise could wound, but Wotton implies that flattery corrupts, making people vain or dependent on approval. The happy man is innocent of this danger because he never sought praise in the first place. The balanced antithesis "Nor rules of state, but rules of good" contrasts political cunning with moral goodness, and the repetition of "rules" makes the choice between them clear.

Wotton continues with images of security. "Whose conscience is his strong retreat" presents the conscience as a fortress, picking up the earlier image of armour. The line "Whose state can neither flatterers feed, / Nor ruin make oppressors great" suggests that since he has no great fortune, flatterers cannot feed on him and enemies gain nothing by ruining him. His modest position becomes a kind of protection.

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Faith and simple pleasures complete the picture. He prays to God "late and early", constantly, and asks for "More of His grace than gifts", preferring spiritual blessings to material rewards. He "entertains the harmless day / With a religious book or friend". "Harmless" is a gentle, unexciting word, yet that is the point: happiness lies in quiet, innocent days rather than dramatic achievement.

The final stanza draws the portrait together into a conclusion. "This man is freed from servile bands / Of hope to rise or fear to fall". The image of "servile bands" returns to the language of slavery, and Wotton boldly suggests that even hope for advancement is a chain, alongside fear of loss. The balanced phrases "hope to rise" and "fear to fall" capture the anxieties of a life of ambition. The closing couplet is the most memorable part: "Lord of himself, though not of lands, / And having nothing, yet hath all." The word "Lord" reverses the theme of service: he is master of himself rather than of property. The final paradox is powerful because it is so compressed and certain, and it leaves the reader with a challenge to measure happiness by inner freedom rather than possessions.

The form supports this message. The regular quatrains and steady rhymes give the poem a calm, ordered movement, like the controlled life it describes. I find the poem persuasive because its simplicity of style matches its ideal of simplicity of life.

4 Mew makes Rooms a sad poem by turning a list of remembered places into a quiet record of emotional decline, ending with the haunting suggestion that a relationship, or perhaps two lives, have already died while the people in them carry on. The sadness is never loud; it comes from the poem's weary tone, its unsettled

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rhythm and its movement from rooms of memory to the final room of the grave.

The opening couplet sets the tone of reflection: "I remember rooms that have had their part / In the steady slowing down of the heart." The alliteration of "remember rooms" makes the memory feel soft and lingering, while "steady slowing down of the heart" is a deeply sad image. It could refer literally to ageing and approaching death, but it also suggests the gradual fading of feeling, as if love or hope has drained away little by little. The word "steady" is particularly painful because it implies the decline was not sudden but constant and inevitable. The rooms "have had their part", which presents them almost as actors in a drama of loss.

Mew then lists specific rooms: "The room in Paris, the room at Geneva". The repetition of "the room" makes these places sound interchangeable, as though the glamour of foreign cities offered no protection from unhappiness. The third room is more vivid and more oppressive: "The little damp room with the seaweed smell". The adjectives "little" and "damp" create a cramped, uncomfortable space, and the "seaweed smell" adds a sense of decay. This leads into the most disturbing line of the first stanza: "that ceaseless maddening sound of the tide". "Ceaseless" and "maddening" suggest that the speaker's mind was worn down by repetition, and the tide, which comes and goes endlessly, becomes a symbol of time wearing away at life. The long, drawn-out vowels in "ceaseless" and "maddening" slow the line, so the reader feels its weariness.

The stanza closes with "Rooms where for good or for ill", and then, after a dash in the original, "things died". The pause before this blunt monosyllabic ending makes the reader wait for the word, increasing its impact. "Things" is deliberately vague: we do not know whether these are hopes, loves, friendships or illusions, and this

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vagueness makes the sadness universal. The phrase "for good or for ill" suggests a weary resignation, as if it no longer matters whether these endings were right or wrong.

The second stanza turns from memory to the present with "But there is the room where we (two) lie dead". This is the saddest moment of the poem, because the speaker is still alive, yet describes herself and another person as dead. The bracketed "(two)" is unusual and striking: it emphasises intimacy, that only these two share this fate, yet its separation in brackets also seems to isolate them, almost like a whisper. The image suggests a relationship that has died even though both partners continue to live in the same room.

The next line is dramatically longer than any other: "Though every morning we seem to wake and might just as well seem to sleep again". Its sprawling length mimics the dragging monotony of their days. The repetition of "seem" shows that their waking life is only an appearance, not real living, and "might just as well" conveys apathy, as though there is no difference between living and sleeping. Mew then links this to death directly: "As we shall somewhere in the other quieter, dustier bed". The comparatives "quieter" and "dustier" describe the grave as merely a slightly more silent version of the bedroom they already share, which is a bleak and chilling thought. The final rooms of life and death blur together.

The ending is "Out there in the sun", followed by "in the rain". This image is unexpectedly gentle. The grave lies under ordinary weather, open to sun and rain, while the dead remain unaware of both. The simple, balanced phrases seem to suggest that the world continues indifferently, and the final word "rain" leaves a melancholy note.

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The irregular line lengths and rhymes, such as "part" and "heart", and "dead" and "bed", give the poem a song-like quality, yet the uneven rhythm stops it from ever feeling settled. For me, the poem is so sad because Mew suggests that death is not only an ending but something that can creep into life itself, room by room.

5 Duffy makes us feel sorry for the photographer because he carries the weight of other people's suffering alone, is haunted by what he has witnessed, and yet knows that his work changes very little. He is presented as a man trapped between two worlds: the war zones where horror is real, and a comfortable England that glances at his pictures and forgets them. Our sympathy grows as we realise how isolated, troubled and ultimately powerless he is.

The opening line, "In his darkroom he is finally alone", establishes his isolation immediately. "Finally" suggests relief, as if solitude is the only escape from the chaos he has seen, but it also hints at loneliness: there is no one with whom he can share his burden. The metaphor "spools of suffering" turns rolls of film into containers of pain, and the alliteration makes the phrase lingering and heavy. These are "set out in ordered rows", which perhaps suggests his attempt to impose control on horror, or even recalls rows of graves. The red light that "softly glows" leads to the religious simile "as though this were a church and he / a priest preparing to intone a Mass". He treats the dead with reverence, as though developing the photographs is a solemn ritual of remembrance. We pity him because he takes on a role of mourning that no one else seems to share.

The list "Belfast. Beirut. Phnom Penh." uses short, blunt sentences that sound like a roll call of tragedy, suggesting how many conflicts he has witnessed. The biblical "All flesh is grass" stresses that human life is fragile and brief, a grim truth he

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cannot escape. The next sentence, "He has a job to do", is flat and businesslike, as if he must suppress his feelings to carry on. Duffy then reveals a telling detail: his hands "did not tremble then / though seem to now". In the war zone he had to remain detached, but at home, in safety, the emotional impact finally reaches him. This delayed reaction makes him seem deeply human and vulnerable.

Duffy contrasts his memories with "Rural England", where there is only "ordinary pain which simple weather can dispel". The enjambment and the contrast with "fields which don't explode beneath the feet / of running children in a nightmare heat" bring the horror vividly into the peaceful English setting. The image of children running across minefields is unbearable, and we sympathise with a man who carries this memory into an otherwise calm landscape.

In the third stanza, the developing photograph becomes almost supernatural: "A stranger's features / faintly start to twist before his eyes, / a half-formed ghost." The verb "twist" suggests both the chemical process and the agony of the dead man, and "ghost" shows that these images haunt the photographer. He "remembers the cries / of this man's wife", and the sound makes the memory painfully personal. Most moving is that he "sought approval / without words to do what someone must". He felt a moral conflict about photographing grief, needing permission from a suffering woman, and the phrase "what someone must" shows he believes his work is a duty, even when it feels intrusive. The final line of the stanza, "how the blood stained into foreign dust", suggests the permanence of this violence and its distance from home.

The final stanza is the most bitter, and here our pity is strongest. "A hundred agonies in black and white" reduces suffering to images, yet the editor "will pick out five or six / for Sunday's supplement". The casual selection reveals how little of

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the truth reaches the public. The reader's "eyeballs prick / with tears between the bath and pre-lunch beers", a rhyme that sounds almost mocking, showing that the public's sympathy is brief and squeezed between comforts. The last image shows him on the plane as he "stares impassively at where / he earns his living and they do not care". "Impassively" suggests he has had to numb himself, while "they do not care" is ambiguous: it may refer to the English readers, or perhaps to the people in the war zones who have no reason to care about him. Either way, he is isolated.

The tightly regular stanzas and rhyme scheme mirror his ordered rows of film, a control which barely contains the trauma beneath. I feel sorry for him because Duffy shows a man who sees everything and is able to change almost nothing.

6 Duffy makes Recognition such a sad poem by giving voice to an ageing woman who feels her life has slipped away from her, and then ending with the devastating twist that the "anxious dowdy matron" she bumps into is her own reflection. The sadness lies not only in her regret but in her failure, until the very end, to recognise herself.

The opening line, "Things get away from one.", sets a tone of weary resignation. The formal, impersonal pronoun "one" suggests she is distancing herself from her own life, unable to say "I" directly. Immediately afterwards she admits "I've let myself go, I know", and the internal rhyme of "go" and "know" gives the line a resigned, sing-song quality, as if she has repeated this to herself many times. The question "Children?" followed by "I've had three / and don't even know them" is especially painful, because the relationships which should have given her life meaning seem empty. The enjambment isolates "and don't even know them",

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making the confession more shocking.

Duffy repeatedly connects her sadness to her body and the passing of time. She says "I strain to remember a time / when my body felt lighter", and the verb "strain" shows how distant that past self has become. The one-word sentence "Years." appears twice in the poem, acting like a sigh that summarises everything lost. The metaphor "My face is swollen / with regrets" turns emotional pain into a physical burden, and the attempt to cover it, "I put powder on, / but it flakes off", shows the futility of her efforts to hide her ageing and unhappiness. Even her marriage has faded: "I love him, / through habit, but the proof / has evaporated." The verb "evaporated" suggests love has disappeared quietly and completely, leaving only routine.

The poem's structure is fragmented, mixing her thoughts with items from a shopping list: "Quiche.", "Shallots.", "Claret.", "Cheese. Kleenex." These abrupt interruptions show the mundane chores of her life constantly breaking into her memories, and they emphasise how her inner life has been reduced to errands. "Kleenex" is especially poignant, placed among food as if tears are just another household necessity. The contrast between these items and her memories is heartbreaking. "A blond boy swung me up / in his arms and promised the earth" recalls youthful romance and limitless hope, but the memory returns "as I stood on the scales", a cruel juxtaposition of past joy and present self-judgement. She simply says "I wept", a short, plain sentence which carries great sadness.

Shopping exposes her to further humiliation. The "creamy ladies" in the shop window, presumably mannequins, "held a pose / which left me clogged and old". "Creamy" suggests smooth perfection, while "clogged" conveys heaviness and blockage, as though she feels stuck in her body and her life. "The waste." is

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another short, bleak sentence: it may refer to food, but more painfully to her wasted years. When she forgets her purse, the "shopgirl gaped at me, / compassionless", and "compassionless" placed alone at the start of a line underlines how invisible and pitiable she feels.

Then comes a flash of defiance: "It did happen." She seems to insist that her vivid, joyful past was real: "I lay in my slip on wet grass, / laughing." This is the only moment of happiness in the poem, and its sensuous detail makes the present seem even greyer. But the repeated "Years." pulls her back again.

The ending creates the poem's greatest sadness. Rushing out "blind in a hot flush", she bumps into "an anxious dowdy matron / who touched the cold mirror / and stared at me". The reader realises, perhaps before she does, that the matron is her own reflection. The title "Recognition" becomes deeply ironic: she cannot recognise herself, so far has she drifted from the woman she remembers. The "cold mirror" suggests harsh, unflattering truth. The final words, "I'm sorry sorry sorry", are a polite apology to a stranger, but the repetition turns them into a lament, an apology to herself for the life she has let slip away.

Duffy's dramatic monologue, with its short lines and broken sentences, captures a mind in distress. For me the poem is so sad because the woman's loss is ordinary and gradual, and that is exactly what makes it believable.

8 Adichie depicts life in Aunty Ifeoma's house in Nsukka as materially poor but emotionally and intellectually rich, a place of noise, argument, laughter and freedom that stands in stark contrast to the silent, fearful luxury of Papa's house in Enugu. Seen through Kambili's astonished eyes, the small university flat

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becomes the setting in which she and Jaja begin to discover who they are, and Adichie uses it to show that love and freedom matter far more than wealth.

The first thing Adichie emphasises is the physical modesty of the house. The flat is cramped, the furniture is worn, and the family must cope with power cuts, a kerosene stove and shortages of fuel and water. Kambili notices how carefully food is portioned, and how powdered milk and meat are treated as luxuries. Because Kambili is used to a large compound with servants and plentiful food, these details are presented with a kind of bewilderment, and Adichie invites the reader to see the irony: the poorer household is the happier one. The narrative voice, quiet and observant, records everything precisely, as though Kambili is learning a new language.

The most striking feature of life in the house is its sound. In Enugu, Kambili and Jaja speak in whispers and silences, and Adichie describes a home where even laughter feels dangerous. In Nsukka, meals are full of teasing, debate and loud voices. Ifeoma's children, Amaka, Obiora and Chima, are encouraged to question and to argue, even with their mother, and Obiora in particular speaks with a confidence that amazes Kambili. Ifeoma's approach to parenting is to let her children think for themselves, and this freedom of speech is central to the house. Kambili's inability to join in, her stammering and her silence, are painful to read, and Amaka's sharp mockery of her as rich and spoiled shows that this world is not instantly welcoming. Adichie suggests that freedom can be uncomfortable for someone raised in fear.

Faith also takes a different form here. Ifeoma is a devout Catholic, but prayers in her house involve lively singing in Igbo, and she even prays that her family might find laughter. This contrasts with Papa's rigid, punishing religion and his rejection

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of anything traditional. Most significantly, Ifeoma welcomes Papa-Nnukwu, the grandfather Papa calls a heathen, into her home when he is ill. Through Kambili's secret observation of his morning ritual, in which he declares his innocence to the gods and prays for his children, including Eugene, Adichie shows that the house allows different beliefs to exist side by side with respect. Kambili's growing tenderness towards her grandfather marks a turning point in her understanding.

The house is also a place of creativity and growth. Amaka paints, and her portrait of Papa-Nnukwu becomes a treasured object for Kambili, later the cause of a terrible beating at home. Jaja spends time in Ifeoma's garden, and Adichie uses the purple hibiscus as the central symbol of the novel. Kambili later describes Jaja's defiance as being like Aunty Ifeoma's experimental purple hibiscus, "rare, fragrant with the undertones of freedom". The flower grows in Nsukka's soil just as the children's courage does, and the fact that Jaja takes stalks home to plant suggests that the influence of this house cannot be contained.

Father Amadi's visits add another dimension. He is a young priest who plays football with the boys and laughs easily, and Kambili's feelings for him awaken her sense of herself as a young woman. Through him, Adichie shows that the house allows Kambili to imagine a gentler, more joyful faith. Her first real laughter, which surprises even her, is a quiet but crucial moment, and Adichie presents Nsukka as a place that can release something long buried, like a freedom song.

Yet Adichie does not idealise the house completely. It is under real pressure from the political crisis at the university: unpaid salaries, strikes, and the threatening visit of security agents who search the flat. Ifeoma's eventual decision to leave for America suggests that this space of free thought is fragile in a corrupt, unstable country. This makes the house even more precious, since its warmth survives

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despite hardship.

Overall, Adichie presents Aunty Ifeoma's house as a vital refuge and a place of awakening. Its noise, laughter and open debate expose the oppression of Papa's home, and it is here that Kambili and Jaja first glimpse what Kambili calls "a freedom to be, to do".

9 Brontë makes this a powerful moment because it is the climax of Jane's struggle between duty and love, and she resolves it through an experience that is both mysterious and deeply emotional. At the very instant Jane is about to surrender to St John, a supernatural call from Rochester restores her to herself. The passage moves from submission to self-assertion, and Brontë uses intense sensory language, dramatic setting and a shift in power to make the turning point unforgettable.

At the opening Jane is perilously close to yielding. Her words "come afterwards what would!" show a reckless willingness to sacrifice herself, and St John's triumphant "My prayers are heard!" makes it seem that he has won. Brontë's description of his physical gesture is unsettling: he presses his hand on her head "as if he claimed me", and surrounds her with his arm "almost as if he loved me". The repetition of "as if" exposes the gap between appearance and truth, and Jane's parenthesis, "I say almost", reminds us that she "had felt what it was to be loved". This brief memory of Rochester is crucial, because it shows that love has not truly been put "out of the question", whatever she claims. Her prayer, "Show me, show me the path!", with its urgent repetition, conveys her desperation, and the direct address to "the reader" draws us into judging what follows.

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Brontë then builds suspense through setting. "All the house was still", "The one candle was dying out" and "the room was full of moonlight" create a hushed, Gothic atmosphere. The dying candle may suggest Jane's fading resistance, while the moonlight, often linked in the novel to Jane's intuition and to moments of warning, prepares us for something beyond the ordinary. The physical description of Jane's heart, which "beat fast and thick" and then "stood still", slows the narrative to a single moment of suspense. Brontë is careful to say that the feeling was "not like an electric shock, but it was quite as sharp, as strange, as startling", and the tripling of adjectives with alliteration conveys its overwhelming force. The idea that her senses had previously been in "torpor" and were now "summoned and forced to wake" suggests that her life with St John has been a kind of emotional sleep. Even her body responds: "the flesh quivered on my bones".

The call itself is stark and simple: "Jane! Jane! Jane!" The triple repetition of her name is powerful because it is a call to her identity, the very self St John wants to absorb into his mission. Brontë stresses its mystery through a long sequence of negatives: it did not seem "in the room, nor in the house, nor in the garden". Yet the voice is "a known, loved, well-remembered voice", and the triplet of adjectives contrasts sharply with the coldness of St John. It speaks "in pain and woe, wildly, eerily, urgently", and the rush of adverbs mirrors Jane's racing emotions. Her response, "I am coming!" followed by "Wait for me!", is immediate and instinctive, showing that her heart has answered before her reason. The emptiness she finds outside, "it was dark", "it was void", and the faint echo from the hills of "Where are you?" heighten the eeriness and her loneliness on the moors.

Strikingly, Jane refuses a purely superstitious explanation. "Down superstition!" she declares, insisting that this is "the work of nature" which did "no miracle" but "her best". This suggests a spiritual bond between Jane and Rochester that feels

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natural rather than magical, and it allows Brontë to blend Gothic mystery with Jane's rational, independent mind.

The final paragraph is the most significant shift. "It was my time to assume ascendancy", Jane says, and the language of power, "My powers were in play and in force", reverses the earlier image of St John claiming her. Now she commands, and he "obeyed at once". Her prayer "in my way", which she says is "a different way to St John's", shows that she has found a faith of her own rather than accepting his. She ends "unscared, enlightened", eager for daylight, and the reader senses that her decision is made.

This moment is powerful in the novel as a whole because it is the turning point that sends Jane back to Rochester, and Brontë later deepens its mystery when Rochester reveals that he called her name on the same night. For me, the passage is so powerful because Jane is saved not by surrender but by recovering her own voice.

10 Jane's independence of mind is not something she grows into gradually; Brontë makes it a fire that is there from the start, which the adult Jane learns to govern rather than extinguish. Two moments show this memorably: the ten-year-old Jane's outburst against Mrs Reed in Chapter 4, and the adult Jane's declaration to Rochester in the orchard in Chapter 23. Placed side by side, they reveal the same refusal to be defined by others, first as raw rebellion and then as a reasoned claim to equality.

At Gateshead, Jane has been beaten by John Reed, locked in the red-room and branded a liar to Mr Brocklehurst. Brontë builds the pressure through the older

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narrator's retrospective comment that "Speak I must: I had been trodden on severely, and must turn." The inverted syntax places the compulsion first, as though speech is forced out of her, while "trodden on" and "turn" make her a small creature that has been stepped on too often and finally bites. What makes the moment so striking is the precision of the child's attack. She does not simply rage; she exposes Mrs Reed's hypocrisy with almost legal clarity: "I am not deceitful: if I were, I should say I loved you; but I declare I do not love you". The logic is devastating, because Jane turns the accusation of deceit back on the adult who pretends to be charitable. Her final rejection, "I am glad you are no relation of mine: I will never call you aunt again as long as I live", is an extraordinary thing for a dependent orphan to say, since it severs the only family tie she has. Brontë lets the reader feel the exhilaration of this when Jane describes how an "invisible bond had burst" and she had struggled into "unhoped-for liberty".

Yet Brontë complicates the triumph, and this is what makes the moment more than a child's tantrum. Almost at once Jane compares her mind to "A ridge of lighted heath", which blazes and then leaves only blackened ground, a "meet emblem of my mind" once the anger has burnt out. The image suggests that independence driven purely by passion is self-consuming. The adult narrator, looking back, knows that Jane must learn a different kind of strength, and the rest of the novel, through Helen Burns's patience and Miss Temple's calm, shows her doing so.

The orchard scene shows that lesson learned without the spirit being lost. Jane believes Rochester is about to marry Blanche Ingram and has spoken of sending her to Ireland, and his teasing is cruel. Her response is the most famous assertion of selfhood in the novel: "Do you think, because I am poor, obscure, plain, and little, I am soulless and heartless?" The list of four adjectives gathers up every

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way in which society has made her small, only for the rhetorical question to dismiss them all. Where the child's speech attacked, the woman's argues. She insists that "it is my spirit that addresses your spirit", imagining them standing before God as "equal", so that her independence now rests on a spiritual conviction that no difference of rank or money can touch. When Rochester tries to hold her, she declares "I am no bird; and no net ensnares me: I am a free human being with an independent will". The bird image deliberately rejects the role of pretty, caged pet that a governess, or a wife, might be expected to accept, and the balanced clauses sound composed rather than wild.

What I find most powerful is that this independence is tested at the very moment she is offered what she most desires. Rochester proposes immediately afterwards, and Jane accepts only once she believes he is sincere, not because she has given way. Brontë's ominous detail of the great horse-chestnut split by lightning that same night hints that the union is not yet built on truth, and when Jane later learns of Bertha she again chooses her own principles over her love, leaving Thornfield with nothing.

Together the two moments trace an arc from a child who claims her freedom in fury to a woman who claims it in reason and faith. Brontë makes Jane memorable because her mind is never for sale: whether she is facing a tyrannical aunt or the man she adores, she will not let anyone else tell her who she is.

12 Janie is memorable because Hurston lets us watch a woman find her own voice in a world that keeps trying to silence her. Her story is a long journey from the girl under the pear tree to the woman who returns to Eatonville in overalls, and Hurston makes that journey vivid through lyrical imagery, through the contrast

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between Janie's silence and her eventual speech, and through the frame narrative in which Janie tells her own story to Pheoby.

The novel opens with a provocative image that already sets Janie apart: "Ships at a distance have every man's wish on board." Hurston contrasts men, whose dreams sail away, with women, who remember what they want to remember. Janie is then introduced as she walks back into town under the judging eyes of the porch-sitters, who gossip about her muddy overalls and her loose hair. Hurston makes her memorable from the first page because she does not explain herself to them; she saves her story for her friend, and so the whole novel becomes an act of self-expression.

The pear tree scene is the heart of Janie's character. Lying beneath the blossoming tree, she listens to "the alto chant of the visiting bees" and sees in their union with the flowers her vision of what love should be. Her outburst, "So this was a marriage!", reveals a romantic, sensuous and idealistic nature. The pear tree becomes a recurring symbol against which every later relationship is measured, and its natural richness is in stark contrast to Nanny's harsh experience. Nanny, who has known slavery, tells her that the black woman is "de mule uh de world", and marries her to Logan Killicks for protection. Janie's disappointment that love does not simply arrive with marriage is quietly devastating: Hurston tells us that her first dream was dead, so she became a woman.

With Joe Starks, Hurston shows Janie's long silencing. Joe is ambitious and charismatic, but he sets her apart on a pedestal, forbids her to make a speech when he becomes mayor, and makes her tie up her hair in a head-rag in the store. Hurston powerfully captures Janie's inner withdrawal: she learns to keep an inside self and an outside self, and to say nothing. That is why her eventual retort to

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Joe, in front of the men on the porch, is so electric. When he mocks her age, she humiliates him by telling him that when he pulls down his trousers he looks "lak de change uh life". The vernacular is earthy and witty, and the moment is memorable because Janie uses the very public speech Joe denied her to destroy his authority. After his death, she burns her head-rags, a small, symbolic act of liberation.

With Tea Cake, Janie finally finds something close to the pear tree. He teaches her to play checkers, takes her fishing at night and to the Everglades, where she works in the fields and joins the laughter and storytelling of "the muck". Hurston does not make this an idealised romance, and this is what makes Janie so complex. Tea Cake takes her money, and later beats her to show his possession of her, and Janie's love survives. Most memorably, in the hurricane, Tea Cake is bitten by a rabid dog saving her, and when he turns on her in his madness, she is forced to shoot him. Her calm courage at the trial, and her grief, show a woman who has paid the full price of love.

The ending makes Janie memorable as a woman who has achieved wisdom. She tells Pheoby that there are two things everybody has to do for themselves: go to God, and find out about living for themselves. Hurston ends with Janie pulling in her horizon "like a great fish-net", draping it over her shoulder. The image suggests that she has gathered her whole life, joy and pain, into herself, and is at peace. Through Janie, Hurston creates a character whose voice, once found, cannot be silenced again, which is why she stays with the reader long after the novel ends.

13 This is a revealing moment because Morris, alone with the one person he need not impress, finally lets his mask slip, and it is significant because it is here that

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Catherine's fate is sealed without her even being present. James stages the scene as a walk and a conversation between two people who are both, in different ways, deceiving themselves, while his narrator watches them with cool, devastating irony.

The passage opens with Morris's blunt repetition, "I must give her up!", spoken "harshly". The exclamation sounds like anguish, but James immediately undercuts it. Morris admits that he says it "brutally and vulgarly enough", and the narrator explains his feelings with merciless precision: he was ashamed, and "as he was extremely intolerant of discomfort, he felt vicious and cruel." The causal chain is revealing. Morris's shame does not lead to remorse but to irritation, because what he really dislikes is not having hurt Catherine but feeling uncomfortable himself. The dry aside that he began to abuse somebody "cautiously" with himself, "for he was always cautious", exposes a man whose every emotion is calculated.

His request to Mrs Penniman is equally telling. He asks her to "take her down a little" and to "ease me off", and the colloquial, almost mechanical phrasing reduces Catherine's heartbreak to a practical problem of disengagement. The pronoun "me" is significant: even here, his concern is for himself. When Mrs Penniman asks whether he knows how much Catherine loves him, his reply, "No, I don't. I don't want to know", is one of the most chilling lines in the novel. It reveals that he has deliberately avoided understanding her feelings, so that he could exploit them without guilt.

Mrs Penniman is presented with gentle but sharp comedy. She speaks "very solemnly" and "sadly", enjoying the melodrama of the situation, and her declaration "I will be your friend for life!" is absurdly theatrical. Morris's curt "Be my friend now!" shows that he values her only for her usefulness. Most revealing of all is the "formula" Morris invents: that he cannot bear to come between Catherine and her

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father and deprive her of her "rights". It is a noble-sounding lie, and James tells us that Mrs Penniman felt "the charm of this formula". The word "formula" exposes it as a script, and her gushing response, "it's so finely felt", shows how easily her romantic imagination can be manipulated. Morris's angry swing of his stick and his "Oh botheration!" suggest that even he is irritated by how foolish she is.

Ironically, Mrs Penniman also reveals something important about Dr Sloper. Her cry that he will invent "a new torture" and crow over Catherine, "I always told you so!", reminds us that the Doctor's cold cleverness is another danger to his daughter. The significance of the scene is that Catherine is surrounded by people who see her only as an object: a fortune for Morris, a romantic heroine for her aunt, a disappointing proof of his judgement for her father.

The ending of the passage is particularly bleak. Mrs Penniman assures Morris that Catherine "wouldn't make a noise", and this phrase is heartbreakingly prophetic, since Catherine does indeed suffer in silence for the rest of her life. The final sentence returns to Morris's contempt: "the more she professed her willingness to serve him, the greater fool he thought her." The balanced structure reveals that he despises the very person helping him. James uses the narrator's ironic distance to make the reader see clearly what the characters cannot.

This moment is significant because it confirms that Dr Sloper was right about Morris's mercenary motives, and yet that rightness brings no comfort. Morris abandons Catherine through an intermediary, without the courage to face her, and leaves Mrs Penniman, in her "blundering alacrity", to manage a pain she cannot understand. James makes us feel the full injustice of Catherine's position: the most sincere person in the novel is the one who is never consulted.

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Dr Sloper's disappointment in Catherine is the quiet tragedy at the centre of Washington Square. James conveys it memorably not through outbursts but through irony: the Doctor's polished wit, his private judgements and the narrator's cool commentary all reveal a father who has decided in advance that his daughter is a failure, and who cannot forgive her for being ordinary.

James roots the disappointment in loss. In the opening chapters we learn that the Doctor's brilliant son died young and that his charming, clever wife died soon after Catherine's birth. The narrator makes clear that Catherine is, in his eyes, a poor substitute for both. He had hoped for a daughter who would resemble her mother, and instead she is plain, quiet and, as the narrator bluntly puts it, not clever. What is memorable is the restraint of James's presentation: the Doctor is never openly cruel, but his expectation is fixed. Discussing Catherine with his sister, he remarks that he expects nothing, so that if she gives him a surprise, it will be all gain. The epigrammatic neatness of this is typical: his disappointment has hardened into a clever formula, which protects him from feeling it.

His irony towards his daughter is one of James's most effective methods. At Mrs Almond's party, Catherine appears in a red satin dress with a gold fringe, which she imagines makes her look splendid. The Doctor's comment, "Is it possible that this magnificent person is my child?", is delivered with a smile, and Catherine does not fully understand it. The reader does. The hyperbole of "magnificent" mocks her clumsy taste, while the question "my child?" hints that he can hardly believe she belongs to him. James makes the moment painful because Catherine adores her father and takes the joke as a kind of affection.

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The courtship of Morris Townsend intensifies the disappointment, and James shows how it becomes something like contempt. The Doctor sees immediately that Morris is a fortune-hunter, and he is right, but his reaction reveals that he assumes no one could love Catherine for herself. His conversations with Morris, with Mrs Montgomery and with Mrs Almond are conducted like a clinical investigation, and he takes an intellectual pleasure in watching the affair. Even when Catherine shows unexpected firmness, he treats her obstinacy as a curious case rather than as evidence of real feeling, and seems almost entertained by the question of whether she will hold out.

The journey to Europe brings this to a climax. In the Alps, the Doctor finally drops his irony and speaks to Catherine with a hard, frightening intensity, telling her that he is a passionate man and that he is very angry. James places them alone in a bleak, desolate valley at dusk, and the wild setting mirrors the cold emotion beneath his civilised surface. Catherine is deeply shaken, and the reader senses that his disappointment has become a will to dominate her.

The most memorable effect James achieves is that the Doctor's disappointment is eventually turned back on him. After Morris abandons her, Catherine refuses to let her father see her suffering, and the Doctor is frustrated precisely because she will not give him the satisfaction of admitting he was right. In old age he asks her to promise never to marry Morris after his death, and she refuses, not because she wishes to, but because she will not be dictated to. He responds by reducing her inheritance in his will. This petty revenge shows that his disappointment was never really about her happiness: it was about his own pride and need to be proved correct.

James's ironic ending makes the Doctor's view seem both wrong and tragic.

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Catherine, whom he thought dull, proves to be the person with the greatest dignity in the novel, rejecting Morris when he returns and taking up her fancy-work again "for life, as it were". The Doctor never sees the strength in his daughter, and James invites us to feel that the real failure of imagination was his.

16 In The Namesake, marriage becomes a way of measuring the distance between two generations and two cultures. Lahiri vividly contrasts the quiet, unspoken love that grows within Ashima and Ashoke's arranged marriage with the freer but more fragile relationships of their children's generation, and she leaves us with the unsettling suggestion that choice does not guarantee closeness.

Lahiri presents Ashima and Ashoke's marriage first through a small, intimate detail. Waiting to be introduced to the man her parents have chosen, the young Ashima notices his shoes outside the door and, on an impulse, slips her feet into them. The image is beautifully understated: she literally steps into the place of a stranger, and the warmth left inside the shoes hints at a closeness that will come later. Lahiri does not romanticise the arrangement. Ashima arrives in a cold Cambridge apartment, pregnant and homesick, and the marriage is at first a matter of duty and routine. Yet Lahiri's quiet, present-tense narration reveals a tenderness that is never openly declared. Ashima never speaks her husband's name, in keeping with Bengali custom, and this silence becomes a sign of respect rather than distance. Ashoke's love is shown through actions rather than words, in his steady patience with her homesickness and loneliness.

The strength of this marriage is most vivid at the moment of its ending. When Ashoke dies suddenly of a heart attack in Cleveland, Ashima's grief exposes how deeply their lives have grown together. Lahiri shows her alone in the house on

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Pemberton Road, grieving for a husband who had quietly shaped every part of her American life. The attitude to marriage here is one of endurance and gradual devotion: love that is not chosen at the start but built over a lifetime. Gogol, too, learns as a young man of the train accident that shaped his father, and realises how much his parents' marriage held that he never saw.

Against this, Lahiri sets the marriages and relationships of Gogol's American world. The Ratliffs, Maxine's parents, embody a very different ideal. Gerald and Lydia are openly affectionate, intellectual and relaxed, and their Chelsea home, with its long dinners and wine, seduces Gogol. Lahiri makes their marriage attractive but self-contained: they absorb Gogol into their life without any curiosity about his own family, and Maxine's casual attitude to his parents suggests that this freedom has its limits. Gogol's relationship with Maxine ends, after his father's death, because her world cannot hold his grief.

Gogol's marriage to Moushumi is the most complex portrayal in the novel. Their mothers encourage the meeting, so the relationship carries a trace of the arranged match, yet both of them have spent their lives resisting their Bengali upbringing. Lahiri suggests that they are drawn together partly by a shared sense of displacement, and partly by nostalgia. Moushumi had earlier broken off an engagement to Graham, an American who mocked Bengali customs at a dinner party, and her decision to marry Gogol seems partly a retreat into the familiar. The marriage soon feels hollow. She grows restless, and her affair with Dimitri Desjardins, a man from her past, shows that she longs for the adventure she feels the marriage has denied her. Lahiri presents the divorce without melodrama, which makes it all the more poignant: neither partner is a villain, but each has married an idea rather than a person.

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Through Sonia's engagement to Ben at the end of the novel, Lahiri gently suggests that the children of immigrants will build marriages on new terms, and Ashima's acceptance of this shows how she too has changed. Yet the novel's final emphasis falls on Ashima, preparing to divide her year between India and America, and on Gogol, alone, opening the book his father gave him. By ending this way, Lahiri implies that the arranged marriage, for all its constraints, produced the deepest bond in the novel, while the freedom of the next generation has not yet taught them how to make love last.

17 Martel captures Pi's panic not by describing it from a distance but by trapping the reader inside it. The older Pi narrates, yet the prose collapses into the breathless, confused perceptions of the sixteen-year-old boy on the sinking Tsimtsum, so that we experience his terror, disbelief and helplessness moment by moment, until the final sentence lands with a shock of dark irony.

The most striking feature of the passage is its sentence structure. Martel uses strings of short, simple sentences: "I stumbled and fell. No harm done. I got up." The clipped rhythm mimics the jolting movement of the ship and the jerky, physical reactions of a frightened body. This pattern recurs throughout, "I fell over. I got to my feet", and "I fell. I got up. They were looking overboard. I shouted. They turned." The repetition of falling and rising becomes almost mechanical, suggesting that Pi is reacting rather than thinking, his body moving while his mind lags behind.

Martel also conveys panic through Pi's inability to make sense of what he sees. The sudden fragment "Lots of water" sounds childlike, as though he can find no better words, and the barrage of questions, "What was this water doing here?

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Where had it come from?", shows a mind reaching desperately for explanation. The simile of the water "surging from below like a riotous crowd, raging, frothing and boiling" gives the sea a violent, human will, and the list of present participles builds a sense of uncontrollable energy. The detail that "Stairs vanished into watery darkness" makes the familiar world disappear, and the short, devastating sentence "Down there was where my family was" quietly turns physical fear into emotional dread. Martel places it at the end of the paragraph so that its weight lingers.

Pi's disbelief is emphasised by hyperbolic comparison. The sinking is "as unbelievable as the moon catching fire", an image so cosmic and absurd that it shows how completely his sense of order has been overturned. Earlier, he admits he "stood nailed to the spot", the metaphor capturing the paralysis of shock, while the triplet "frightened and incredulous and ignorant" uses repeated "and" to pile up his feelings without control.

Sound adds to the terror. The ship gives "Deep structural groans" and a "monstrous metallic burp", which is both grotesque and oddly comic, a mixture typical of Martel. Pi's questions about it, whether it was "the collective scream of humans and animals" or the ship "giving up the ghost", personify the vessel as a dying creature and hint at the deaths to come. The escaped gaur that "exploded out of the rain and thundered by me" introduces the animals that will dominate the rest of the novel, and the verbs "exploded" and "thundered" convey the chaos of the moment.

Martel heightens the panic further through Pi's misplaced trust. He runs to the officers, "the masters of our destiny", certain that "They would explain everything." The repeated "They would" shows the child's need to believe in adult authority. His

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speech to the crew pours out in short, anxious sentences and breaks off unfinished, which reveals how desperately he wants reassurance. The detail of the "orange whistle dangling from the life jacket" is oddly precise, the kind of trivial thing a shocked mind notices.

The final sentence is a masterstroke: "Only when they threw me overboard did I begin to have doubts." The understatement is darkly humorous, and the delayed structure mirrors Pi's slowness to understand. It also leaves the reader uneasy, since we never learn why the crew threw him, and it marks the brutal moment when Pi's old life ends and his ordeal at sea begins. Martel's control of rhythm, image and irony makes the panic vivid and unforgettable.

18 Pi's loneliness during his 227 days at sea is total, and yet Martel depicts it with remarkable variety: as grief, as tedium, as fear, and even as a kind of companionship with a tiger. What makes it so striking is that Martel often lets Pi describe his isolation with wit and precision, so that the calm voice of the survivor makes the suffering underneath all the more painful.

Martel first presents loneliness as sudden bereavement. After the sinking, Pi waits for rescue and slowly realises that his family is gone. His summary of his situation is one of the most memorable sentences in the novel: "I was alone and orphaned in the middle of the Pacific, hanging on to an oar, an adult tiger in front of me, sharks beneath me, a storm raging about me." The long, accumulating sentence surrounds the single word "alone" with threats on every side, as though the structure itself encircles him. The word "orphaned" is heartbreaking in its plainness, and it reminds us that his loneliness is not only physical but a loss of everything that gave his life meaning.

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Martel also captures loneliness through Pi's sense of scale. In one of the most striking images, Pi says that "To be a castaway is to be a point perpetually at the centre of a circle." The geometric metaphor reduces him to a dot, without dimension, while the horizon stays forever the same distance away. Martel suggests that loneliness at sea is a kind of imprisonment in emptiness. Pi describes the alternation of moods that follows, observing that the worst pair of opposites is boredom and terror, and the short, list-like chapters of his routine, fishing, collecting rainwater, writing in his diary, show the monotony that fills his days.

Paradoxically, the strongest response to loneliness is Richard Parker. Martel makes the tiger both the greatest danger and the greatest comfort. Pi admits that without Richard Parker he would not have survived, since caring for and taming the tiger gives him purpose and keeps him from despair. Martel creates poignant scenes in which Pi talks to the animal, blows his whistle and trains him, and Pi comes to feel something like love for him. This shows how desperately the human mind needs another presence, even a terrifying one.

As the voyage continues, Martel conveys Pi's loneliness through his physical and mental breakdown. Starving and temporarily blind, Pi hears a voice and begins a conversation that he first believes is with Richard Parker. It turns out to be another castaway, a blind Frenchman, who tries to kill and eat him and is himself killed by the tiger. The surreal episode suggests that loneliness has pushed Pi to the edge of madness, and that the only other human he meets brings not comfort but horror. Pi's faith also becomes a refuge: he continues to pray, though he admits that his faith sometimes falters, and his religion becomes a way of feeling less alone in the universe.

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The carnivorous island is another, more disturbing image of loneliness. The island offers food, fresh water and rest, and Pi is tempted to stay. However, when he discovers human teeth inside a fruit, he realises the island devours whatever lingers there. Martel suggests that the comfort of escaping loneliness can itself be deadly, and Pi chooses to return to the sea with Richard Parker rather than be consumed.

The most painful moment comes at the end of the voyage. When the lifeboat reaches the coast of Mexico, Richard Parker walks into the jungle without looking back, and Pi weeps. He says he still cannot understand how the tiger could abandon him so unceremoniously. This final loss makes the reader realise how deeply Pi depended on his companion, and that the loneliness of the ocean leaves scars on him even after he is saved.

Martel depicts Pi's loneliness strikingly because he refuses to show it in only one way. It is grief, tedium and terror, but it is also the force that drives Pi to invent ways of surviving, which perhaps includes the story itself.

19 What makes this meeting so shocking is that it is the reunion the whole love story has been building towards, and Orwell turns it into something cold, empty and almost dead. The lovers who once defied the Party now meet as strangers, and the passage shows, with terrible quietness, that the Party has not simply punished them but has reached inside them and destroyed what they felt.

The opening is shocking in its flatness. The short, plain sentences, "He had seen her; he had even spoken to her. There was no danger in it", have none of the

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excitement we expect, and the reason given is chilling: the Party now takes "almost no interest in his doings". Once, every glance at Julia risked death; now Winston is so harmless that nobody bothers to watch. The fact that they met "by chance" rather than by the careful arrangements of Part 2 underlines how little the relationship now matters, even to them.

Orwell makes the setting reflect this death of feeling. The Golden Country of their first meeting was full of bluebells and birdsong, but here it is "a vile, biting day in March", the earth "like iron" and the grass "dead". The crocuses, small signs of spring and hope, have only "pushed themselves up to be dismembered by the wind". The violent verb "dismembered" suggests that any new growth, like any love, will be torn apart, and the repetition of "vile" and "vilely cold" makes the scene feel hostile. Even the "ragged leafless shrubs" are "useless either for concealment or as protection", a bitter reminder that there is nowhere left to hide.

The most disturbing moment is Winston's physical contact with Julia. When he puts his arm round her waist she makes "no response whatever", and he realises the change in her is not the scar but that her waist has "stiffened". Orwell then gives us a horrifying memory of dragging a corpse from ruins after a rocket bomb, its "rigidity and awkwardness" making it seem "more like stone than flesh". The short sentence "Her body felt like that" lands with brutal simplicity. The woman whose body was once Winston's "political act" of rebellion is now compared to a corpse. Equally shocking is Winston's reaction to the idea of sex: "His flesh froze with horror at the thought of it." Desire, which was their weapon against the Party, has been replaced by revulsion.

Their looks and gestures confirm the loss. Her first direct glance is "full of contempt and dislike", and Winston wonders whether it is caused by the past or

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by his "bloated face" and watering eyes, a pathetic image of how far he has decayed. They sit "side by side but not too close together", and her "clumsy shoe" deliberately crushes a twig, a small, cruel action which seems to repeat the crushing of the crocuses and perhaps of their love.

The dialogue delivers the final shock. "I betrayed you," she says "baldly", and Winston simply repeats her words. The echo is devastating: once they promised that the Party could never get inside them, but now even their confession is identical, as if they have become hollow copies. Julia's speech explains the betrayal with frightening honesty. She insists that when you beg them to "do it to somebody else" you really "do mean it", and the blunt "All you care about is yourself" exposes how torture reduced love to pure self-preservation. Winston's echoes, "All you care about is yourself" and "you don't feel the same", show that he has no words of his own left.

The passage ends with the understated line "There did not seem to be anything more to say." This silence is perhaps the most shocking thing of all. Orwell denies us any anger, grief or tenderness; the love which once seemed to promise freedom simply runs out. The meeting therefore becomes proof of the Party's total victory, and I find it more disturbing than the violence of Room 101 because it shows the damage that remains long after the pain has stopped.

20 Orwell shapes our feelings about O'Brien with great cunning, because for most of the novel we see him only through Winston's hopeful eyes. We begin, like Winston, by trusting and even admiring him, and the shock of Part 3 is that this trust is turned into the Party's sharpest weapon. By the end O'Brien seems less a man than the embodiment of power itself, and our feelings move from curiosity and

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hope to horror, with a disturbing trace of fascination that never quite disappears.

At the start of the novel O'Brien is intriguing rather than threatening. At the Two Minutes Hate Winston notices him as a large, burly Inner Party member with a coarse but humorous face, and Orwell picks out one small habit: the way he resettles his spectacles on his nose. Winston finds the gesture curiously civilised and disarming, and because the detail is so human it softens our view too. When their eyes meet during the Hate, Winston feels sure that O'Brien is thinking the same thoughts as him. Orwell deliberately gives us no evidence beyond this glance, so we are drawn into Winston's wishful reading. The dream in which a voice tells him "We shall meet in the place where there is no darkness" adds a mysterious, almost prophetic quality, and at this point the words sound like a promise of freedom and light.

In Part 2 Orwell builds our hope further. O'Brien approaches Winston in a corridor, praises his Newspeak and gives him his address on the pretext of lending him the new dictionary. Winston reads this as a secret signal, and so do we, because it seems so carefully done. The visit to O'Brien's flat is the high point of our trust. O'Brien switches off the telescreen, something only the Inner Party can do, offers wine, and calmly confirms that the Brotherhood exists. Yet Orwell plants unease here. O'Brien asks Winston and Julia whether they would commit murder, spread disease or throw acid in a child's face, and they agree to everything except separating from each other. Looking back, we realise that Winston has just confessed his willingness to become as cruel as the Party, and that O'Brien is recording his weakness. His toast "To the past" seems like a gesture of shared rebellion, but it is also bitterly ironic, given that the Party controls the past.

The turning point is O'Brien's appearance in the Ministry of Love. When Winston

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cries out that they have got him too, O'Brien replies "They got me a long time ago". The simple sentence destroys everything we believed, and it is shocking because Orwell has made us complicit in Winston's trust. Our feelings now become horror, yet Orwell keeps them complicated. O'Brien acts as teacher, doctor and almost father, speaking patiently even while operating the dial that causes Winston agony. The repeated question "How many fingers am I holding up?" shows his calm intellectual control, as he insists that reality exists only in the mind of the Party. What disturbs me most is that Winston still feels close to him, and even seems to love him, because O'Brien is the only person who truly understands him. The torturer and the friend have become one.

O'Brien's speeches about power reveal him at his most terrifying. He rejects any pretence that the Party wants the good of others: it seeks power for its own sake, and he calls the Inner Party "the priests of power". The religious metaphor presents him as a fanatic for whom cruelty is worship. His image of the future, "a boot stamping on a human face", is brutal in its simplicity, and the words "for ever" remove all hope. We now see that the earlier promise of "the place where there is no darkness" was a cruel pun: it was the Ministry of Love, where the lights are never switched off.

Finally, in Room 101, O'Brien uses his knowledge of Winston's terror of rats to force him to betray Julia. The intimacy that once made him attractive is exactly what makes him so dangerous: he knows Winston completely. Orwell therefore moves us from hope to dread, and in doing so he warns readers how easily the desire to find an ally can be exploited by those in power. O'Brien remains the most frightening figure in the novel precisely because he once seemed the most trustworthy.

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Henry makes this moment disturbing by turning the furnished room into a living presence: a false, damaged and almost haunted place that seems to remember every unhappy person who has passed through it. The young tenant sits "inert" while the room does all the speaking, and the effect is that the reader, like him, feels trapped among the traces of lost lives.

From the first sentence the welcome is exposed as fake. The room greets him with "pseudo-hospitality", and the cluster of adjectives "hectic, haggard, perfunctory" suggests something exhausted and insincere. The simile comparing this welcome to "the specious smile of a demirep" is unsettling, because it likens the room to a woman who sells herself, so its warmth becomes a commercial transaction. Even its comfort is "sophistical", a mere appearance glinting from "decayed furniture" and "ragged brocade". Henry establishes at once that nothing here can be trusted.

The room is then personified as a crowd of voices, "confused in speech" like Babel. This biblical allusion suggests a chaos of past tenants all talking at once, none understood. The décor deepens the sense of homelessness. The rug is a "tropical islet" in a "sea of soiled matting", and the mantel holds "desolate flotsam" left by the room's "marooned". The extended image of shipwreck presents each tenant as a castaway, washed up for a while and then gone, and the left-behind objects, including "a medicine bottle" and "stray cards", hint quietly at illness and gambling. The sentimental pictures "that pursue the homeless one from house to house" are disturbing in their own way, mocking the idea of love and marriage in a place where nobody belongs.

The atmosphere darkens as the signs of earlier guests become "explicit" like the letters of a "cryptograph". Henry makes the reader decode the room alongside the tenant. Some clues are poignant: "Tiny finger-prints on the wall" belong to "little

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prisoners trying to feel their way to sun and air", a heartbreaking image of children confined in the gloom. Others are violent. The stain "raying like the shadow of a bursting bomb" records a thrown glass, and the name "Marie" scratched in "staggering letters" suggests drunkenness or despair. That single name is especially haunting, since it is a trace of an individual whose fate we never learn.

Henry then makes the room seem physically wounded. The furniture is "chipped and bruised", words more suited to a body than to wood, and the couch with its "bursting springs" seems "a horrible monster" slain in "some grotesque convulsion". Most strikingly, each floorboard has its own "cant and shriek as from a separate and individual agony". The room itself appears to suffer, as if absorbing the pain of everyone who lived there. Henry offers a reason: the tenants' "cheated home instinct" and their "resentful rage at false household gods". The short sentence "A hut that is our own we can sweep and adorn and cherish" is almost painfully simple after the elaborate description, and it exposes what this room can never be: a home.

The sounds and smells complete the oppressive mood. The sentence listing "slack laughter", "the monologue of a scold", "the rattling of dice", "a lullaby" and someone "crying dully" brings the whole lodging house to life as a place of loneliness, quarrelling and sorrow, with even the cat yowling "miserably". The smell is worse: "a dank savour rather than a smell", a "cold, musty effluvium as from underground vaults". The comparison to vaults gives the house the atmosphere of a tomb, as if the tenant has entered a place of the dead.

The final, separate line is the most disturbing of all. "Then, suddenly", the room is filled with "the strong, sweet odour of mignonette". After so much rot, this sweet

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scent is startling, and it feels uncanny because it has no visible source. For a reader who knows the young man is searching for the woman he loves, the smell is an eerie hint that she has been here. Henry ends the passage on this sudden, ghostly presence, leaving us unsettled and anxious about what the room is hiding.

22 Hughes makes us sympathise with Roger by showing, very quickly, that the would-be thief is really a neglected, lonely child, and by letting Mrs Luella Bates Washington Jones treat him with a mixture of toughness and kindness that reveals how little care he has known. Our sympathy grows as Roger changes from a frightened captive into a boy who wants to be trusted, and it is sealed by the moving ending, where he cannot find the words he needs.

At first Hughes seems to invite laughter rather than pity. Roger's attempt to snatch the large purse fails comically: the strap breaks, his own weight throws him off balance and he lands on his back on the pavement. The woman simply kicks him, picks him up by his shirt front and shakes him. This physical comedy makes Roger seem clumsy and inexperienced, more a foolish boy than a dangerous criminal, so we are already less inclined to condemn him. Hughes describes him as "frail and willow-wild" in tennis shoes and blue jeans, and the image of a thin, slight youth beside this "large woman" emphasises his vulnerability.

Our sympathy deepens through what we learn about his home life. When Mrs Jones asks whether he has anybody at home to tell him to wash his face, his answer is a quiet "No'm". The brevity of the reply is moving: Hughes does not let Roger complain or explain, so the neglect is suggested rather than stated, and it hits harder for that. His dirty face becomes a sign that nobody looks after him. Even his motive is sympathetic. He tried to steal not out of cruelty but because

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he wanted a pair of blue suede shoes, an ordinary teenage longing that makes him seem young and human rather than wicked.

Hughes then uses Mrs Jones's reactions to shape ours. She drags him home in a half nelson, yet she feeds him, makes him wash and talks to him with a gruff warmth. Crucially, she leaves the door open and her purse within reach. Roger could easily run, but he chooses to stay, and Hughes tells us that he does not want to be mistrusted now. This is the turning point of his character: the boy who began by stealing now wants, above everything, to be seen as trustworthy. We sympathise because we sense how rarely anyone has trusted him before. Mrs Jones's confession that she was young once and wanted things she could not get, and that she too did things she would not tell anyone, places her on his level and invites us to see his mistake as something shared and forgivable.

The small details of the meal are also touching. Hughes gives us a simple supper of lima beans and ham, cocoa and a piece of cake, eaten in a small furnished room. Roger offers to go to the store for her, and she declines, but the offer shows a new eagerness to be useful and good. His sitting where she can see him, choosing to stay visible, suggests a boy learning to be trusted, and we warm to him as he softens.

The ending completes our sympathy in a subtle way. Mrs Jones gives him ten dollars to buy the shoes and sends him off with a warning to behave himself. Roger wants to say something more than "Thank you, m'am", but he cannot even manage that before the door shuts, and he never sees her again. Hughes's restraint here is powerful. Roger's speechlessness suggests how overwhelmed he is by kindness he has never experienced, and the fact that the encounter ends so abruptly leaves us feeling for a boy who has been briefly cared for and then left

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alone again. The title, the very words he is unable to say, keeps his gratitude at the centre of the story.

Overall, Hughes makes us sympathise with Roger by stripping away the label of thief and showing a hungry, unloved teenager capable of change. Through comedy, understatement and the quiet growth of trust, he suggests that compassion, rather than punishment, is what transforms people, and Roger's silent gratitude is the proof.