Cambridge Assessment International Education

# Cambridge IGCSE™

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

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose **February/March 2023**

**1 hour 30 minutes**

*6110944405*

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

**INSTRUCTIONS**

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

**INFORMATION**

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

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

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## SECTION A: POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

### *SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 1*: from Part 4

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

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

*Ozymandias*

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert … Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed:
And on the pedestal these words appear:
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

(*Percy Bysshe Shelley*)

How does Shelley create vivid impressions of the ruined statue?

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**Or** **2** In what ways does Atwood convey her strong emotions about the city planners?

*The City Planners*

Cruising these residential Sunday

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order in a bland madness of snows.

(*Margaret Atwood*)



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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:

*Stanzas Written in Dejection, Near Naples*

I

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

II

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

III

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

IV

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

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V

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

(*Percy Bysshe Shelley*)

How does Shelley vividly convey the impact of the setting on him?

**Or** **4** How does Wylie memorably portray the speaker in *Now Let No Charitable Hope*?

*Now Let No Charitable Hope*

Now let no charitable hope
Confuse my mind with images
Of eagle and of antelope:
I am by nature none of these.

I was, being human, born alone;
I am, being woman, hard beset;
I live by squeezing from a stone
What little nourishment I get.

In masks outrageous and austere
The years go by in single file;
But none has merited my fear,
And none has quite escaped my smile.

(*Elinor Morton Wylie*)

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**TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 5.**



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**From TED HUGHES: *New Selected Poems***

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

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

*Wind*

This house has been far out at sea all night,

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Hearing the stones cry out under the horizons.

In what ways does Hughes make this such a dramatic poem?

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**Or** **6** How does Hughes vividly convey the excitement of the football match in *Football at Slack*?

*Football at Slack*

Between plunging valleys, on a bareback of hill

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Lifted the cloud's edge, to watch them.



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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:

‘This cell has many interesting characters,’ Jaja says.

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The new rains will come down soon.

To what extent do you think Adichie makes this a satisfying ending to the novel?

**Or** **8** In what ways does Adichie make Papa-Nnukwu such a memorable character?

## CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations*

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

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

'My name is on the first leaf. If you can ever write under my name, "I forgive her," though ever so long after my broken heart is dust – pray do it!'

'O Miss Havisham,' said I, 'I can do it now. There have been sore mistakes; and my life has been a blind and thankless one; and I want forgiveness and direction far too much, to be bitter with you.'

She turned her face to me for the first time since she had averted it, and, to my amazement, I may even add to my terror, dropped on her knees at my feet; with her folded hands raised to me in the manner in which, when her poor heart was young and fresh and whole, they must often have been raised to heaven from her mother's side.

To see her with her white hair and her worn face kneeling at my feet, gave me a shock through all my frame. I entreated her to rise, and got my arms about her to help her up; but she only pressed that hand of mine which was nearest to her grasp, and hung her head over it and wept. I had never seen her shed a tear before, and, in the hope that the relief might do her good, I bent over her without speaking. She was not kneeling now, but was down upon the ground.

'O!' she cried, despairingly. 'What have I done! What have I done!'

'If you mean, Miss Havisham, what have you done to injure me, let me answer. Very little. I should have loved her under any circumstances – Is she married?'

'Yes.'

It was a needless question, for a new desolation in the desolate house had told me so.

'What have I done! What have I done!' She wrung her hands, and crushed her white hair, and returned to this cry over and over again. 'What have I done!'

I knew not how to answer, or how to comfort her. That she had done a grievous thing in taking an impressionable child to mould into the form that her wild resentment, spurned affection, and wounded pride, found vengeance in, I knew full well. But that, in shutting out the light of day, she had shut out infinitely more; that, in seclusion, she had secluded herself from a thousand natural and healing influences; that, her mind, brooding solitary, had grown diseased, as all minds do and must and will that reverse the appointed order of their Maker; I knew equally well. And could I look upon her without compassion, seeing her punishment in the ruin she was, in her profound unfitness for this earth on which she was placed, in the vanity of sorrow which had become a master mania, like the vanity of penitence, the vanity of remorse, the vanity of unworthiness, and other monstrous vanities that have been curses in this world?

'Until you spoke to her the other day, and until I saw in you a looking-glass that showed me what I once felt myself, I did not know what I had done. What have I done! What have I done!' And so again, twenty, fifty times over, What had she done!

'Miss Havisham,' I said, when her cry had died away, 'you may dismiss me from your mind and conscience. But Estella is a different case, and if you can ever undo any scrap of what you have done amiss in keeping a part of her right nature away from her, it will be better to do that, than to bemoan the past through a hundred years.'

'Yes, yes, I know it. But, Pip – my Dear!' There was an earnest



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womanly compassion for me in her new affection. 'My Dear! Believe this: when she first came to me, I meant to save her from misery like my own. At first I meant no more.'

'Well, well!' said I. 'I hope so.'

'But as she grew, and promised to be very beautiful, I gradually did worse, and with my praises, and with my jewels, and with my teachings, and with this figure of myself always before her a warning to back and point my lessons, I stole her heart away and put ice in its place.'

(*from* Chapter 49)

To what extent does Dickens create sympathy for Miss Havisham at this moment in the novel?

**Or** **10** How does Dickens make Joe Gargery such an admirable character?



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## DAPHNE DU MAURIER: *Rebecca*

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

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

I knew they were talking about me. I began to feel more uncomfortable than ever. It was so furtive, the whole business. And I did not want to catch Mrs Danvers in the wrong. Then Jasper turned his head sharply towards the drawing-room. He trotted out, wagging his tail.

'Hullo, you little tyke,' I heard the man say. Jasper began to bark excitedly. I looked round desperately for somewhere to hide. Hopeless of course. And then I heard a footstep quite close to my ear, and the man came into the room. He did not see me at first because I was behind the door, but Jasper made a dive at me, still barking with delight.

The man wheeled round suddenly and saw me. I have never seen anyone look more astonished. I might have been the burglar and he the master of the house.

'I beg your pardon,' he said, looking me up and down.

He was a big, hefty fellow, good-looking in a rather flashy, sunburnt way. He had the hot, blue eyes usually associated with heavy drinking and loose living. His hair was reddish like his skin. In a few years he would run to fat, his neck bulging over the back of his collar. His mouth gave him away, it was too soft, too pink. I could smell the whisky in his breath from where I stood. He began to smile. The sort of smile he would give to every woman.

'I hope I haven't startled you,' he said.

I came out from behind the door looking no doubt as big a fool as I felt. 'No, of course not,' I said, 'I heard voices, I was not quite sure who it was. I did not expect any callers this afternoon.'

'What a shame,' he said heartily, 'it's too bad of me to butt in on you like this. I hope you'll forgive me. The fact is I just popped in to see old Danny, she's a very old friend of mine.'

'Oh, of course, it's quite all right,' I said.

'Dear old Danny,' he said, 'she's so anxious, bless her, not to disturb anyone. She didn't want to worry you.'

'Oh, it does not matter at all,' I said. I was watching Jasper who was jumping up and pawing at the man in delight.

'This little beggar hasn't forgotten me, has he?' he said. 'Grown into a jolly little beast. He was quite a youngster when I saw him last. He's too fat though. He needs more exercise.'

'I've just taken him for a long walk,' I said.

'Have you really? How sporting of you,' he said. He went on patting Jasper and smiling at me in a familiar way. Then he pulled out his cigarette case. 'Have one?' he said.

'I don't smoke,' I told him.

'Don't you really?' He took one himself and lighted it.

I never minded those things, but it seemed odd to me, in somebody else's room. It was surely rather bad manners? Not polite to me.

'How's old Max?' he said.

I was surprised at his tone. It sounded as though he knew him well. It was queer, to hear Maxim talked of as Max. No one called him that.

'He's very well, thank you,' I said. 'He's gone up to London.'

'And left the bride all alone? Why, that's too bad. Isn't he afraid someone will come and carry you off?'

He laughed, opening his mouth. I did not like his laugh. There was



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something offensive about it. I did not like him, either. Just then Mrs Danvers came into the room. She turned her eyes upon me and I felt quite cold. Oh, God, I thought, how she must hate me.

'Hullo, Danny, there you are,' said the man; 'all your precautions were in vain. The mistress of the house was hiding behind the door.' And he laughed again. Mrs Danvers did not say anything. She just went on looking at me. 'Well, aren't you going to introduce me?' he said; 'after all it's the usual thing to do, isn't it, to pay one's respect to a bride?'

(*from* Chapter 13)

How does du Maurier strikingly portray Jack Favell at this moment in the novel?

**Or** **12** The narrator describes herself as 'dull'. To what extent does du Maurier persuade you that this is true?

Do **not** use the passage printed in **Question 11** in answering this question.



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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:

'Is there nothing I can do to make you believe in me?'

'If there were I should be sorry to suggest it, for – don't you see? – I don't want to believe in you!' said the Doctor, smiling.

'I would go and dig in the fields.'

'That would be foolish.'

'I will take the first work that offers, to-morrow.'

'Do so by all means – but for your own sake, not for mine.'

'I see; you think I am an idler!' Morris exclaimed, a little too much in the tone of a man who has made a discovery. But he saw his error immediately and blushed.

'It doesn't matter what I think, when once I have told you I don't think of you as a son-in-law.'

But Morris persisted. 'You think I would squander her money.'

The Doctor smiled. 'It doesn't matter, as I say; but I plead guilty to that.'

'That's because I spent my own, I suppose,' said Morris. 'I frankly confess that. I have been wild. I have been foolish. I will tell you every crazy thing I ever did, if you like. There were some great follies among the number – I have never concealed that. But I have sown my wild oats. Isn't there some proverb about a reformed rake? I was not a rake, but I assure you I have reformed. It is better to have amused oneself for a while and have done with it. Your daughter would never care for a milksop; and I will take the liberty of saying that you would like one quite as little. Besides, between my money and hers there is a great difference. I spent my own; it was because it was my own that I spent it. And I made no debts; when it was gone I stopped. I don't owe a penny in the world.'

'Allow me to inquire what you are living on now – though I admit,' the Doctor added, 'that the question, on my part, is inconsistent.'

'I am living on the remnants of my property,' said Morris Townsend.

'Thank you!' the Doctor gravely replied.

Yes, certainly, Morris's self-control was laudable. 'Even admitting I attach an undue importance to Miss Sloper's fortune,' he went on, 'would not that be in itself an assurance that I should take good care of it?'

'That you should take too much care would be quite as bad as that you should take too little. Catherine might suffer as much by your economy as by your extravagance.'

'I think you are very unjust!' The young man made this declaration decently, civilly, without violence.

'It is your privilege to think so, and I surrender my reputation to you! I certainly don't flatter myself I gratify you.'

'Don't you care a little to gratify your daughter? Do you enjoy the idea of making her miserable?'

'I am perfectly resigned to her thinking me a tyrant for a twelvemonth.'

'For a twelvemonth!' exclaimed Morris, with a laugh.

'For a lifetime, then! She may as well be miserable in that way as in the other.'

Here at last Morris lost his temper. 'Ah, you are not polite, sir!' he cried.

'You push me to it – you argue too much.'

'I have a great deal at stake.'



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'Well, whatever it is,' said the Doctor, 'you have lost it!'

'Are you sure of that?' asked Morris; 'are you sure your daughter will give me up?'

'I mean, of course, you have lost it as far as I am concerned. As for Catherine's giving you up – no, I am not sure of it. But as I shall strongly recommend it, as I have a great fund of respect and affection in my daughter's mind to draw upon, and as she has the sentiment of duty developed in a very high degree, I think it extremely possible.'

Morris Townsend began to smooth his hat again. 'I, too, have a fund of affection to draw upon!' he observed at last.

The Doctor at this point showed his own first symptoms of irritation. 'Do you mean to defy me?'

'Call it what you please, sir! I mean not to give your daughter up.'

(*from* Chapter 12)

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

**Or** **14** Explore the ways in which James vividly portrays Aunt Penniman.



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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 had been on the train, exactly a year ago, that he'd learned of Moushumi's affair.

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A year later, the shock has worn off, but a sense of failure and shame persists, deep and abiding.

(*from* Chapter 12)

In what ways does Lahiri make this such a dramatic and sad moment in the novel?

**Or** **16** Explore **two** moments in the novel when Lahiri makes you feel sympathy for Ashima.

## JOAN LINDSAY: *Picnic at Hanging Rock*

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

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

Here Mike was forced to rest, if only for a moment, his leaden legs. His head on the contrary was less like a head than an air balloon, tethered somewhere above his aching shoulders. The well drilled body accustomed to its hearty British intake of eggs and bacon, coffee and porridge was loudly complaining, although its owner was not conscious of hunger – only beset with a windy longing for gallons of ice cold water. A sloping rock offered a meagre shade. He laid his head on a stone and fell instantly into the thin ragged sleep of exhaustion, waking with a sudden stab of pain over one eye. A trickle of blood was oozing on to the pillow. The pillow was as hard and sharp as a stone under his burning head. The rest of his body was deathly cold. Shivering, he reached out for the coverlet.

At first he thought it was the sound of birds in the oak tree outside his window. He opened his eyes and saw the eucalypts, their long pointed silver leaves hanging motionless on the heavy air. It seemed to be coming from all round him – a low wordless murmur, almost like the murmur of distant voices, with now and then a sort of trilling that might have been little spurts of laughter. But who would be laughing down here under the sea …? He was forcing his way through viscous dark-green water, looking for the musical box whose sweet tinkling voice was sometimes behind, sometimes just ahead. If only he could move faster, trailing useless legs through the green, he might catch up with it. Suddenly it ceased. The water grew thicker and darker; he saw bubbles rising from his mouth, began to choke, thought, 'This is what it feels like to drown,' and woke coughing up the blood that was trickling down his cheek from the cut on his forehead.

He was wide awake and stumbling to his feet when he heard her laughing, a little way ahead. 'Miranda! Where are you? … Miranda!' There was no answering voice. He began running as well as he could towards the belt of scrub. The prickly grey green dogwood tore at his fine English skin. 'Miranda!' Now huge rocks and boulders blocked his path on the rising ground, each a nightmare obstacle to be somehow walked around, clambered over, crawled under, according to size and contour. They grew larger and more fantastic. He cried out: 'Oh, my lost, lovely darling, where are you?' and raising his eyes for an instant from the treacherous ground saw the monolith, black against the sun. A scatter of pebbles went rolling down into the chasm below as he slipped on a jagged spur and fell. A spear of pain jabbed at his ankle, he got up again and started hauling himself up on to the next boulder. There was only one conscious thought in his head: *Go on.* A Fitzhubert ancestor hacking his way through bloody barricades at Agincourt had felt much the same way; and had, in fact, incorporated those very words, in Latin, in the family crest: *Go on.* Mike, some five centuries later, went on climbing.

(*from* Chapter 7)

Explore the ways in which Lindsay creates such a disturbing atmosphere at this moment in the novel.

**Or** **18** In what ways does Lindsay make Dianne de Poitiers such an admirable character?

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**TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 19.**



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## YANN MARTEL: *Life of Pi*

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

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

It was on a Sunday morning.

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I nodded so hard I'm surprised my neck didn't snap and my head fall to the floor.

(*from* Chapter 8)

How does Martel make this moment in the novel both entertaining and serious?

**Or** **20** In what ways does Martel vividly depict Pi's struggles against hunger and thirst?

## from *STORIES OF OURSELVES Volume 2*

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

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

Sharma was late for work. When he signed his name in the attendance register, the clerk in the personnel department shook his head disapprovingly.

'Very bad, very bad, Sharmaji,' he said, clicking his tongue. 'This is the fourteenth time you are late this month.'

Sharma's brow darkened. 'You keep quiet, Mahesh,' he replied. 'Who are you to tell me I'm late? You are a clerk, I am a clerk. You don't have the authority to tell me anything. Understood?'

Mahesh retreated behind his desk. He said, 'What I am telling you, I am telling you for your own good. Why you must take it in the wrong spirit I do not understand.'

'You don't tell me what is good for me,' Sharma said. He raised his voice. 'I am twenty-five years older than you.'

He had an audience by now. The other latecomers and those working in the personnel department were watching with intense interest.

Sharma continued, 'I have been in this company for twenty-five years. At that time you were in your mother's womb.' He surveyed his delighted audience. 'He thinks that after reading our personal files he has power over us.' He snapped his fingers in front of Mahesh's face. 'I can show you how much power you have! What can a pipsqueak like you teach me! It is for *me* to teach *you*!'

'Sharmaji,' said Mahesh, folding his hands, 'I take back my words. Now please leave me alone. And I beg of you, do not shout in the personnel department. It sounds very bad.'

Sharma chuckled. He raised his voice. 'Shouting? I am not shouting. I am talking to you. Is it forbidden to talk in the personnel department? Is this an office or a school?' He smiled again at his audience. Everyone was spellbound. He said, 'So Mahesh, you now think you can tell me how to behave. Very good. What else can you teach me?'

'Yes, Mahesh, tell him,' urged Gupta, the clerk from the accounts department. He was also late, but only for the ninth time in the month.

Mahesh looked harassed. 'You keep out of this, Gupta. This is not your business.'

'Mahesh,' said Gupta. 'You are in the wrong profession. You should have been a teacher, a professor. Join Delhi University. We will all give you recommendations!'

Everyone roared with laughter. Mohan, the peon, was the loudest. 'Today we are having fun,' he said between guffaws. 'Oh, this is wonderful!'

'What is wonderful, Mohan?'

It was the personnel officer, Miss Das. A sudden silence fell in the room. Everyone looked away. She glanced at her watch and then at the silent group. 'What is happening?' she asked. 'Why is there this *mela* here?'

'Madam, we came to sign the attendance register,' Sharma said.

Gupta slid out of the room.

She looked pointedly at her watch. 'The register, should have been signed forty-five minutes ago.'

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Sharma looked her straight in the eyes. 'Madam,' he said, 'what to do, my daughter has a temperature. I had to take her to the clinic so I got a little late.'

'Did you inform your manager that you would be late?'

'I don't have a phone at home, madam.'

'Why didn't you inform him yesterday?'

'Madam, I did not know yesterday. My daughter fell ill this morning.'

She looked at the register. 'Has your daughter been ill fourteen days of the month?'

Mahesh smirked.

'Oh, madam,' said Sharma, 'that was my other daughter. You know this virus, madam. All my daughters have been falling ill, one after the other. I have three.'

'Fourteen days,' she repeated, shaking her head.

'Yes madam, three daughters with this virus. Well, madam, I should be getting along.' He sauntered out of the room.

How does Appachana make this such a striking introduction to Sharma?

**Or** **22** Explore the ways in which Hawthorne vividly depicts the foolishness of the characters in *Dr Heidegger's Experiment*.

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| Surname | StemUp Model Solution |
|---|---|
| Answer booklet | Write the question number in the left-hand margin at the start of each answer. |

Question number

1

Shelley makes the ruined statue vivid by letting us see it in fragments, almost as an archaeologist would, so that each broken piece carries a fresh sting of meaning. What is so striking is that the statue is at once grotesquely physical and deeply ironic: the more clearly we see the stone, the more clearly we see the emptiness of the power it was built to celebrate.

The poem distances us before it shows us anything. We hear of the statue only through "a traveller from an antique land", and this second-hand framing makes the ruin feel remote in both space and time, like a story passed down rather than a monument that still commands. Then the first image arrives with a shock: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone". The adjective "vast" insists on the original ambition of the sculpture, but "trunkless" cuts it off brutally. I find the picture almost comic, two enormous legs standing upright with nothing to support, as if the body of the king has simply walked away. The ellipsis after "Stand in the desert" creates a pause, as though the traveller, or the reader, needs a moment to take in the absurdity.

The face is even more vivid because it is so alive in its expression while being so dead in its condition. It is "Half sunk" and "shattered", words which suggest a slow swallowing by the desert as well as violent breakage. Yet the "frown, / And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command" survive with startling precision. The list of features, linked by the repeated "And", builds up a portrait of arrogance feature by feature, and the harsh sibilance of "sneer" and the hard consonants of "cold command" make the tyrant's contempt almost audible. The enjambment that carries "whose frown" over the line break lets that expression spill forward, refusing

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to be contained, which is fitting for a ruler who wanted to dominate everything.

Shelley then turns our attention from the king to the artist. The sculptor "well those passions read", and the passions "yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things". There is a powerful paradox here: the stone is "lifeless", yet it preserves feelings more durably than the king's living body did. The line "The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed" is beautifully balanced. "Mocked" can mean both imitated and ridiculed, so the sculptor's hand may have been quietly satirising Ozymandias even as it obeyed him. The impression is of a statue that secretly exposes its subject, a work of art that outlasts and judges power.

The most chilling detail is the inscription on the pedestal. The boastful imperative "Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!" is placed in quotation marks, so the king seems to speak directly to us across centuries. The grand title "king of kings" and the exclamation mark convey absolute confidence. But Shelley immediately undercuts this with the bluntest sentence in the poem: "Nothing beside remains." The caesura after it is like a sudden silence. The command to "despair" is turned against its author: we do despair, but at the futility of his pride rather than at the size of his empire.

The final image widens the frame until the statue almost disappears. "Round the decay / Of that colossal wreck" places the ruin at the centre of an endless emptiness, and the noun "wreck" suggests something smashed and abandoned, like a ship run aground. The alliteration of "boundless and bare" and "lone and level sands" slows the closing lines, and the long vowels in "stretch far away" make the desert seem to roll on beyond the edge of the poem. The sonnet form itself, so often used for love and praise, here becomes a monument that mocks monuments.

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Overall, Shelley creates a vivid impression of the ruined statue through precise, fragmented visual detail, but its true vividness lies in its irony. The sneer still survives while the empire has vanished, and the desert, patient and indifferent, has the final word.

2

Atwood's emotions about the city planners are strong but never shouted: they come through as a cold, sardonic disgust which slowly darkens into something closer to dread. What makes the poem so unsettling is that she directs her anger at order itself, suggesting that the neat suburb the planners have created is a kind of madness disguised as sanity.

The opening places the speaker and the reader together, "Cruising these residential Sunday / streets", and the casual verb "Cruising" suggests a lazy drive with nothing to see. Then comes the poem's first sting: "what offends us is / the sanity". The word "offends" is surprisingly strong, and the line break makes us wait for the object of offence, so that "the sanity" lands with a shock. We expect to be offended by chaos, not by sense, and this inversion immediately tells us that Atwood finds the planners' world deeply wrong. The plural "us" also draws the reader into her judgement, as if any thoughtful person would share her revulsion.

Her contempt is sharpened through the precise, mocking adjectives she attaches to the suburb. The houses stand "in pedantic rows", and "pedantic" suggests a fussy, small-minded obsession with correctness, as though the buildings themselves were lecturing us. The "sanitary trees" sound clinical rather than natural, more like hospital equipment than living things. Atwood says the flatness of the place acts "like a rebuke / to the future", and the enjambment stretches the rebuke across the line, implying that this enforced levelness is a refusal to allow change,

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imagination or growth. Even the driveways "sidestep hysteria / by being even", and the roofs show "the same slant of avoidance" to the sky. I find "avoidance" especially telling: Atwood seems to feel that the whole design is an act of cowardice, a way of hiding from anything real or uncontrolled.

Yet the most disturbing part of the poem is her sense that this control cannot entirely suppress what lies beneath. She notices tiny signs of disorder that break through: a splash of paint on a wall "surprising as a bruise", and a hose "poised in a vicious / coil". These similes and images are violent. The "bruise" suggests that the clean surface of the suburb hides injury, while the hose, coiled like a snake ready to strike, makes an ordinary garden object seem threatening. Atwood's emotion here is unease, almost fear, as if violence and chaos are waiting underneath the tidy façade. She even imagines the houses, "capsized", sliding slowly into the earth "gradual as glaciers", a vision of collapse that no one in this complacent place "notices". Her anger at the planners is partly that their false order is temporary, and that nature and time will eventually overwhelm it.

The final stanza turns directly to the planners themselves, and here Atwood's tone becomes openly hostile. They have "the insane faces of political conspirators", a startling phrase which reverses the opening: the people who impose sanity are themselves "insane". The comparison to "conspirators" suggests something secretive and sinister, as if planning a suburb were a plot against human freedom. They are "concealed from each other, / each in his own private blizzard", an image of isolation and blindness which implies that the planners do not even understand one another. The "blizzard" also suggests a white, featureless emptiness, which matches the blankness they create.

The poem ends with their plans described as lines "rigid as wooden borders",

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"tracing the panic of suburb / order in a bland madness of snows." The oxymoron of "panic" and "order" captures Atwood's central idea: the obsessive need for control is itself a symptom of fear. "Bland madness" is a brilliantly contradictory phrase, suggesting an insanity so dull that nobody recognises it as insanity at all.

Atwood therefore conveys her strong emotions through irony, unsettling imagery and carefully placed line breaks. Her contempt for the planners' sterile world is clear from the start, but by the end it has deepened into a chilling warning: that a society which values order above life is not sane, merely frightened.

3 Shelley conveys the impact of the setting on him through a painful contrast: the Bay of Naples is radiant, alive and joyful, yet its beauty only deepens his sense of isolation and despair. The setting does not cure his dejection; instead it acts as a mirror in which he sees how cut off he is from the happiness around him, and finally it soothes him into a strangely peaceful longing for death.

The first stanza is almost overwhelming in its brightness. The simple, confident statements "The sun is warm, the sky is clear" create a world without shadow, and the personification of "The waves are dancing fast and bright" gives the sea a carefree, celebratory energy. Colour floods the scene, with "Blue isles and snowy mountains" wearing "The purple noon's transparent might", a phrase which makes the light itself seem like a royal robe, both powerful and delicate. Everything here is harmonious: the winds, birds, ocean and even "The City's voice" join together "Like many a voice of one delight". Yet the stanza ends on a quietly telling simile, as the city's voice is "soft like Solitude's". Even at his happiest, Shelley reaches for an image of being alone, hinting at the loneliness to come.

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In the second stanza the speaker's eye moves closer, to "the Deep's untrampled floor" and the waves "Like light dissolved in star-showers". These images are dazzling and almost magical, as if the sea were made of light. But the repeated "I see" begins to separate the observer from what he observes: he watches the beauty rather than feeling part of it. The key line, "I sit upon the sands alone", is short and plain after the shimmering description, and the word "alone" isolates him physically and emotionally. The stanza ends with a cry that reveals the true impact of the setting: "How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion." The exclamation responds to the beauty, but the yearning question shows that beauty unshared only sharpens his loneliness.

Stanza three marks a sudden collapse, signalled by "Alas!" The relentless negatives, "nor hope nor health, / Nor peace within nor calm around", pile up like a list of losses, and the long catalogue "Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure" makes his emptiness feel total. The setting has not disappeared, but it now stands as a painful contrast: "calm around" is exactly what the bay possesses and he lacks. He sees "Others" who are "Smiling", and the metaphor of a "cup" dealt "in another measure" suggests that life has served him a bitter portion while everyone else drinks joy.

The fourth stanza is perhaps the most moving, because here the setting begins to affect him in a gentler way. "Yet now despair itself is mild, / Even as the winds and waters are". The calm of nature seeps into his feelings, softening his despair rather than removing it. The simile "like a tired child" makes him seem vulnerable and exhausted, longing simply to "weep away the life of care". Disturbingly, this peace leads him to imagine death, which comes "like sleep" as he feels his "cheek grow cold" in the "warm air". The contrast between warmth and coldness is haunting, and the image of the sea that will "Breathe o'er my dying brain its last

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monotony" turns the waves from dancing figures into a lullaby or a funeral murmur. The long final alexandrine of each stanza slows the rhythm, and here it seems to fade away like a last breath.

In the final stanza Shelley contrasts himself with the day. He is "one / Whom men love not", while the day, when it sets "on its stainless glory", will "linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet." The setting will be remembered fondly; he fears he will not.

Ultimately, Shelley vividly conveys that the beautiful setting has a double impact on him. It exposes his loneliness and suffering by contrast, yet its mildness also lulls him into a calm, almost tender acceptance of death. The beauty of Naples is real, but it belongs to everyone except him.

4 Wylie portrays the speaker as fiercely honest, self-reliant and quietly defiant. She refuses comforting illusions about herself, admits the hardness of her life without self-pity, and ends by facing time and fate with an unbeaten, almost mocking smile. What makes the portrait so memorable is the tension between how little she claims and how much strength she reveals.

The opening line is a kind of command: "Now let no charitable hope / Confuse my mind". The speaker rejects hope not because she is gloomy but because she sees it as a distraction from the truth. The adjective "charitable" is telling, suggesting that hope is a kind of pity offered to the weak, which she proudly refuses. The images she dismisses, "Of eagle and of antelope", are of grace, power and freedom: the eagle soaring, the antelope swift and elegant. She states flatly, "I am by nature none of these." The monosyllables and the full stop give this line a blunt

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finality. She will not flatter herself with noble animal metaphors, and this refusal itself makes her seem admirably clear-sighted.

The second stanza explains why, using two strikingly balanced lines: "I was, being human, born alone; / I am, being woman, hard beset". The parallel structure links two conditions. Being "human" means fundamental isolation, a bleak view that everyone enters the world alone. Being "woman" adds a further burden, and "hard beset" suggests being surrounded and attacked on all sides. The shift from the past tense "was" to the present tense "am" shows that this difficulty is not a memory but an ongoing reality. Yet the tone is not a complaint. The calm, controlled syntax suggests a speaker who has analysed her situation coolly and accepted it.

The most vivid image of the poem follows: "I live by squeezing from a stone / What little nourishment I get." This metaphor reverses the proverb that you cannot get blood from a stone. Her life is so barren that she must force sustenance from the hardest, driest material, and the physical, effortful verb "squeezing" conveys both hardship and determination. "What little" is understated, but it reveals that she survives on almost nothing. I find this image memorable because it shows her toughness: she does not wait for nourishment to be given, she extracts it herself.

In the final stanza the poem widens to consider the passing of time. The years go by "In masks outrageous and austere", personified as a procession of masked figures "in single file". The masks suggest that the years arrive in disguise, some extravagant and shocking, some severe and grim, and the image has a theatrical, almost carnival quality. One might expect the speaker to be frightened by this parade of unpredictable fortunes, but the final couplet overturns that: "But none has merited my fear, / And none has quite escaped my smile." The word "merited"

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implies that she judges the years and finds them unworthy of fear, a reversal in which she, not time, holds the power. The last line is wonderfully subtle. "Quite escaped my smile" suggests a wry, ironic amusement; she sees through each year's mask, and her smile may be mocking as much as cheerful.

The form reinforces this portrait. The tight quatrains, regular rhythm and neat rhymes such as "hope" and "antelope", "alone" and "stone" create a sense of discipline and control that mirrors the speaker's self-command. There is no ornate language or emotional outburst; the poem is spare, like the life it describes.

Wylie therefore portrays a speaker who rejects false hope, acknowledges isolation and hardship as a human being and a woman, and yet remains unafraid and even amused by what life brings. The memorable quality of the portrait lies in this hard won dignity: she is no eagle or antelope, but she is unconquered.

5 Hughes makes "Wind" a dramatic poem by presenting a storm not as weather but as a violent, almost living force that besieges a house and the people inside it. The drama comes from the sheer energy of his language, from the way the whole landscape seems to come alive and buckle, and from the tense ending, where human beings sit helpless while their shelter threatens to break apart.

The opening line is a bold metaphor: "This house has been far out at sea all night". The house is imagined as a ship tossed through a storm, and this immediately creates a sense of danger and instability. Though it is on land, it is no longer anchored or safe. The night is filled with violent sound, as "The woods crashing through darkness, the booming hills" fill the air. The verbs "crashing" and "booming" are loud and percussive, and the fact that the hills themselves boom

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suggests that the solid earth is being shaken. The winds are "stampeding the fields", a metaphor that turns them into a herd of panicking animals, wild and impossible to control. The sentence runs on across several lines without pause, so the rhythm itself feels breathless and turbulent.

When day comes, the drama changes rather than ends. Under "an orange sky" the hills have "new places", as though the storm has rearranged the landscape. The wind "wielded / Blade-light, luminous black and emerald", and "wielded" makes it a warrior with a weapon, while the colours are brilliant and unnatural. The simile "Flexing like the lens of a mad eye" is one of the most unsettling images in the poem. It suggests that the wind is not only powerful but insane, watching and distorting the world.

The speaker's attempt to go outside dramatises human weakness. He "scaled along the house-side", a verb usually used for climbing cliffs, as if a short walk to "The coal-house door" were a dangerous expedition. The wind is so forceful that it "dented the balls of my eyes", a physical, painful image that makes us feel its pressure on the body. Looking up, he sees "The tent of the hills" that "drummed and strained its guyrope". This extended metaphor makes the entire landscape seem temporary and fragile, a tent that might "bang and vanish with a flap" at any second. The skyline becomes "a grimace", personified as a face twisted in pain or strain. Even creatures are overpowered: the wind "flung a magpie away", and a gull is "bent like an iron bar slowly". This simile is brilliant because it shows the bird resisting with all its strength, but the slow bending suggests that resistance is useless.

The sense of threat reaches its height with the image of the house which "Rang like some fine green goblet in the note / That any second would shatter it." The

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simile shifts the house from a ship or a solid building to something delicate and glassy, vibrating at a pitch that could destroy it. The enjambment leaves us suspended, waiting for a shatter that never quite comes, and this suspense is the heart of the poem's drama.

The final stanza moves indoors, and the drama becomes psychological. The people are "deep / In chairs, in front of the great fire", yet they "grip / Our hearts". This suggests both fear and a physical attempt to hold themselves together. They "cannot entertain book, thought, / Or each other", which shows how the storm has destroyed ordinary human life, even conversation. They "feel the roots of the house move", a metaphor that makes the house a tree being torn up, and they watch the window "tremble to come in", as though the storm wants to invade. The poem closes with the most haunting line: "Hearing the stones cry out under the horizons." Even the most solid, enduring things in nature are in pain.

Hughes therefore makes "Wind" dramatic through vivid, violent imagery, relentless rhythm and a growing sense that nothing, not land, birds, houses or people, can withstand nature's power. The drama lies in our helplessness: we can only sit, listen and endure.

6 Hughes conveys the excitement of the football match at Slack by refusing to see it as an ordinary game. He sets a small amateur match on a wild Pennine hilltop and lets the energy of the players and the energy of the weather feed each other, so that the poem becomes a joyful celebration of human vitality holding its own against a vast, changeable landscape.

The opening line establishes the drama of the setting: "Between plunging valleys,

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on a bareback of hill". The verb "plunging" makes the valleys seem to fall away dizzily on either side, so the pitch appears perched on a precarious height. The metaphor "bareback of hill" is especially lively. It suggests the hill is an unsaddled horse, so the match is taking place on the back of a living, moving creature, and this gives the whole scene a wild, untamed excitement from the start.

The players themselves are introduced as "Men in bunting colours", and the word "bunting" suggests festive flags at a celebration, bright against the dull hillside. Hughes then gives us a line full of bounce: "Bounced, and their blown ball bounced." The repetition of "Bounced" and the plosive "b" sounds create a springy, rhythmic effect, as though the line itself is leaping. Interestingly, the men and the ball move in the same way, which makes the players seem almost weightless and childlike in their enthusiasm, as if they have become part of the game's playful energy.

This sense of exhilarating movement continues throughout. When the ball jumps, the "merry-coloured men / Spouted like water to head it", a simile that makes them burst upwards like a fountain or a whale's spout, suggesting sudden, uncontrollable energy. The alliteration of "merry" and "men" adds a sense of carefree fun. Most memorable of all are the lines in which "The wingers leapt, they bicycled in air / And the goalie flew horizontal". The image of players cycling in mid-air captures the frantic kicking of legs as they jump, and the goalkeeper who "flew horizontal" seems to defy gravity completely. Hughes uses comic exaggeration here, but it is affectionate: the players are transformed into acrobats or even birds.

The weather adds a further layer of drama and excitement. In the middle of the poem a storm blows in over the hills and rain lashes the pitch, darkening and

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drenching the landscape. One might expect this to stop the game or dampen the mood, yet the men play on regardless, and Hughes presents their persistence as part of the fun. The violence of the elements seems to increase rather than diminish their energy, and the contrast between the gloomy, soaked hillside and the bright, bouncing players makes their enthusiasm all the more striking.

The ending is a moment of glorious release. Hughes writes that "once again a golden holocaust / Lifted the cloud's edge, to watch them." The phrase "golden holocaust" is startling: "holocaust" originally means a sacrifice consumed by fire, so the sunlight bursting through is imagined as a blaze of overwhelming brilliance. The personification of the sun, which lifts the edge of the cloud "to watch them", suggests that nature itself has become a spectator, drawn to the excitement of the match. This is a lovely, generous conclusion, implying that the players' energy is so remarkable that even the sky pauses to admire it.

Overall, Hughes vividly conveys the excitement of the match through bouncing rhythms, playful alliteration, exaggerated images of flight and a dramatic interplay between the players and the weather. The game becomes much more than football: it is a joyful affirmation of life, lit up at the end by the sun itself.

7 Adichie makes this a largely satisfying ending, but it is satisfying precisely because it is not neat. She refuses a fairy-tale conclusion in which suffering is simply undone; instead she offers a fragile, hard-won hope, rooted in Kambili's growth and in the promise of renewal, while leaving us aware of the damage that Papa's violence has caused. For me the ending works because it feels honest.

One reason the ending satisfies is the change in Kambili herself. The final section

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is narrated in the present tense, in contrast with the past tense of most of the novel, and this shift suggests that Kambili has stepped out of the frozen, fearful world of her childhood and is now living in the moment. The section's title, "A Different Silence", is telling. The silence of the Achike household under Papa was one of terror, of things that could not be said. Now the silence is different: it contains grief and unspoken truths, but no longer fear. Kambili, who once could barely speak at school or stammered when spoken to, now talks to Jaja, notices details about him and even laughs. Adichie makes us feel that Kambili has found her voice, which is perhaps the most important journey of the novel.

Jaja's situation complicates this satisfaction. His dry comment, "This cell has many interesting characters", shows the wry humour he has kept, but Kambili notices how prison has changed him: he has grown broader and harder, and something of his old spirit seems weighed down. We remember that he has taken the blame for Papa's death to protect Mama, who actually poisoned Papa's tea. There is a painful irony that the most defiant member of the family, the boy who refused communion and broke out of Papa's control, is the one now confined. Adichie does not allow us to forget the cost of the family's liberation, and this makes the ending less comfortable but more truthful.

Mama, too, is presented as diminished. She is quieter and seems withdrawn, shaped by guilt and loss. The ending does not suggest that she has been healed. This restraint feels realistic: years of abuse cannot be erased by a single act of rebellion, however justified.

Yet the ending also contains real hope. The news that Jaja will soon be released, following the change of government, suggests that the political oppression that mirrored Papa's domestic tyranny is easing as well. Kambili's plans for the future

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are full of life: she imagines visiting Aunty Ifeoma in America, and planting new orange trees in Abba, with Jaja planting purple hibiscus. This is deeply symbolic. The purple hibiscus from Aunty Ifeoma's garden in Nsukka represented freedom, experiment and a new kind of life, unlike the red hibiscus at Enugu associated with control. By imagining Jaja planting them, Kambili looks forward to the family carrying that freedom into their own home and their own land.

The final image of the clouds and the coming rain is what makes the ending most satisfying for me. Rain in the novel brings growth and renewal, and the closing sentence, "The new rains will come down soon", is quiet but powerful. The word "new" suggests a fresh beginning, while "soon" holds the hope just out of reach. The short, simple sentence contrasts with the violence and intensity of earlier chapters and leaves us with a calm, open sense of possibility. It is fitting that the novel, which begins with Papa throwing a missal and breaking the figurines, ends not with a dramatic event but with patient waiting.

Some readers might find the ending unsatisfying because so much is unresolved: Jaja is not yet free, Mama is broken, and Kambili's feelings for Father Amadi remain only in letters. However, I think Adichie deliberately leaves these threads open. The novel is about growing up and learning to hope without illusions, and the ending reflects exactly that. It is satisfying not because everything is mended, but because Kambili can finally imagine a future.

8 Adichie makes Papa-Nnukwu memorable because, although he appears in only a few chapters and is poor, old and frail, he becomes one of the moral centres of the novel. Through him she presents warmth, humour, tolerance and a deep connection to Igbo tradition, and by setting him against his son Eugene, she

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exposes the cruelty and hypocrisy of Papa's rigid faith.

We first meet Papa-Nnukwu through Papa's prejudice. Papa calls him a "heathen" and allows Kambili and Jaja only fifteen minutes with him at Christmas, forbidding them to eat or drink anything in his house. This rule shapes our first impression: Kambili approaches him nervously, as though he might be dangerous. Yet Adichie immediately overturns these expectations. His small compound and simple life contrast sharply with Papa's huge house in Abba, and he greets the children with obvious affection and teasing humour. He offers them food despite having little, and gently mocks their refusal. The painful irony that his wealthy son leaves him with hardly enough to eat, while giving lavishly to the Church and the village, makes us sympathise with him at once. He remarks, without bitterness, on his son's neglect, and this lack of resentment makes him more admirable.

Kambili's narration is important here. Because she has absorbed Papa's views, she is anxious, even fearful, and watches to see whether he will do something sinful. When he does not, the reader recognises before Kambili does that he is simply a kind old man. This gap between Kambili's understanding and ours makes him memorable, because we watch her gradually learn to see him truly.

His time in Nsukka is where he becomes most vivid. When he falls ill, Aunty Ifeoma brings him to her flat, and Kambili spends real time with him for the first time. He tells folk tales to the children, with Amaka and her brothers responding warmly, and his storytelling links them to an oral Igbo heritage which Papa has tried to erase from his own children's lives. Aunty Ifeoma insists that he is not a heathen but a traditionalist, and this distinction helps both Kambili and the reader to reconsider him.

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The most memorable moment is his morning ritual, which Kambili secretly watches. He sits on a low stool, draws lines of chalk on the floor, and speaks to the gods with simple sincerity. Adichie makes this scene beautiful through its gentleness and honesty. He asks blessings not only for himself and for Ifeoma's family but also for Eugene, praying that the curse on him might be lifted. This is profoundly moving: the son who rejects and humiliates him is still included in his prayers. For Kambili, the sight is a revelation. She notices his body, old and thin, yet she sees an innocence and peace that she has never felt in her own family's anxious, rule-bound prayers. Adichie uses him to suggest that true faith lies in love and generosity rather than in rigid observance.

His influence continues even after his death, which makes him lingering and memorable. He dies peacefully in his sleep at Nsukka, and his death becomes a turning point. Papa's reaction is shocking: rather than mourning, he is concerned with whether his father converted, and he punishes Kambili and Jaja brutally for staying under the same roof as a "heathen". Later, Amaka's painting of Papa-Nnukwu becomes a powerful symbol. When Papa finds Kambili and Jaja with it and tears it apart, Kambili lies over the pieces in a desperate attempt to protect them, and is beaten savagely. Through this, Papa-Nnukwu becomes associated with everything that Kambili is learning to love and defend: family, tradition and her own feelings.

Adichie therefore makes Papa-Nnukwu memorable through his warmth, humour, generosity and quiet dignity, and through the stark contrast with Eugene. He is a figure of acceptance in a novel dominated by control, and his presence helps Kambili begin to grow towards freedom.

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At this moment Dickens creates a great deal of sympathy for Miss Havisham, more than at any earlier point in the novel, because he shows her finally broken, remorseful and humbled. Yet the sympathy is never simple. Through Pip's mature narration Dickens balances compassion with judgement, so that we pity her deeply while still recognising the real harm she has done.

The passage opens with her plea that Pip might one day write "I forgive her" under her name, "though ever so long after my broken heart is dust". The image of her heart turning to dust is both pathetic and morbid, reminding us of the decay that has surrounded her for decades, and the desperate imperative "pray do it!" shows how badly she needs forgiveness. Pip's immediate reply, "I can do it now", is generous and moving, and his admission that his own life "has been a blind and thankless one" places them on the same level as people who have made "sore mistakes". This shared humility encourages us to view her not as a villain but as a fellow sufferer.

Dickens then gives us one of the most striking images of the novel: she "dropped on her knees at my feet". The reversal is dramatic. The woman who once ordered the young Pip to "play" for her amusement now kneels before him. The narrator's comment that he felt "amazement" and even "terror" shows how unnatural this seems, yet the description that follows is full of tenderness. Her folded hands are compared to the way they must have been raised in prayer "when her poor heart was young and fresh and whole". The triplet of adjectives looks back to a lost innocence, and the word "poor" reveals Pip's pity. Dickens invites us to imagine the hopeful girl she once was, which makes her present ruin all the more tragic.

The physical details intensify our sympathy. Pip sees "her white hair and her worn face", and the shock passes "through all my frame". He notes that he had "never

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seen her shed a tear before", which makes her weeping especially powerful: the cold, controlling figure of earlier chapters has finally become human. The gradual movement from kneeling to being "down upon the ground" suggests total collapse.

Her repeated cry, "What have I done! What have I done!", is perhaps the most affecting element. The repetition, returning "over and over again", conveys an obsessive, almost mad remorse, and Pip's narration later stresses that it came "twenty, fifty times over". The exclamations show someone tormented by guilt, and the image of her wringing her hands and crushing "her white hair" makes her despair visible. Here Dickens arguably makes her more pitiable than ever before.

However, Dickens does not allow sympathy to erase responsibility. Pip states plainly that she had "done a grievous thing" in taking "an impressionable child" and moulding her through "wild resentment, spurned affection, and wounded pride". The list of her motives is clear-sighted rather than forgiving. Pip's long reflection is complex: he condemns her for "shutting out the light of day" and suggests her mind, "brooding solitary, had grown diseased". Yet even this judgement turns into compassion, as he asks whether he could look upon her "without compassion, seeing her punishment in the ruin she was". The repetition of "vanity", in "the vanity of sorrow", "the vanity of penitence", "the vanity of remorse", suggests that her suffering has been self-indulgent, but also that she has been punished terribly by it.

Her final confession completes the effect. She insists that at first she "meant to save her from misery like my own", which suggests her intentions were once protective. But she admits that she "gradually did worse", and the climactic metaphor "I stole her heart away and put ice in its place" is devastating in its honesty. By owning her guilt so fully, she earns more sympathy than any excuse

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could. Her new tenderness towards Pip, calling him "my Dear", also shows a softening that makes her seem capable of love at last.

To a large extent, then, Dickens creates powerful sympathy for Miss Havisham here, through her humbled posture, her tears and her obsessive remorse. Yet through Pip's balanced narration he reminds us that her suffering is partly self-made and that Estella has paid the price. The moment is moving precisely because sympathy and judgement exist side by side.

10 Joe Gargery is admirable because his goodness never depends on status, money or reward. In a novel crowded with people who use one another, Miss Havisham, Estella, Pumblechook and, for a time, Pip himself, Dickens makes Joe the moral centre: a man whose love is constant even when it is not returned. What makes him so moving, I think, is that Dickens never makes him grand. His virtue is shown through humble words, clumsy manners and quiet actions, so that the reader learns to value exactly what the snobbish young Pip learns to despise.

From the opening chapters Dickens establishes Joe's gentleness against the violence of his household. Pip describes him as "a mild, good-natured, sweet-tempered, easy-going, foolish, dear fellow" and as "a sort of Hercules in strength, and also in weakness." The long string of soft adjectives is affectionate, and even "foolish" is cancelled out by "dear". The Hercules comparison is especially telling: Joe has the physical power to dominate Mrs Joe, but he chooses not to use it. When he later explains that his own father beat his mother, and that he would rather put up with being ill-treated himself than risk treating a woman badly, his apparent weakness is revealed as a deliberate, painful moral choice. Dickens makes us admire a strength that consists in restraint.

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Joe's kindness also stretches beyond his family. When the escaped convict confesses to stealing the food from the forge, Joe tells him that they would not have him starved, calling him a "poor miserable fellow-creatur". The dialect spelling keeps Joe's voice homely and unpretentious, but the phrase itself is profoundly generous: Joe sees a fellow human being where everyone else sees a criminal. Dickens quietly sets this beside the soldiers and the rough justice of the hulks, so that Joe's instinctive compassion seems more truly Christian than any of the respectable characters around him.

His bond with Pip is presented through simple, repeated words that gain power over the novel. Joe's "ever the best of friends" and his delighted "what larks" are childlike phrases, yet they express a loyalty Pip will betray. The most painful scene, for me, is Joe's visit to London. Dressed awkwardly, fussing over his hat as it keeps falling off the chimney piece, and calling Pip "sir", Joe is made comic, and Pip is ashamed of him. Yet Dickens turns the comedy against Pip. Joe recognises the gap between them with dignity, explaining that life is made of "ever so many partings welded together", an image drawn from his own trade as a blacksmith. The metaphor of welding is beautiful because it suggests that even separation can be shaped into something strong, and Joe leaves without bitterness. The reader feels that the uneducated man is the true gentleman in the room.

Dickens also makes Joe admirable through what he refuses. When Jaggers offers him compensation for releasing Pip from his apprenticeship, Joe is offended at the idea that Pip's loss could be paid for with money, and squares up to fight. In a novel driven by expectations of wealth, Joe alone treats love as something that cannot be bought.

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The climax of his goodness comes near the end, when Pip lies ill and in debt. Joe nurses him tenderly, as if Pip were a small boy again, pays his debts in secret and then slips away, leaving a note beginning "Not wishful to intrude". The misspelt, modest note is deeply touching: he does not want gratitude, only Pip's recovery. Because he says so little about his own feelings, the reader feels them all the more, and Pip's belated recognition of Joe's worth becomes the emotional turning point of his redemption.

Finally, Dickens rewards Joe with a happy marriage to Biddy and a son named Pip, which suggests that his love has finally been passed on to someone who can return it. Joe is admirable not because he changes but because he never does: while Pip rises, falls and learns, Joe remains steady. Dickens uses him as a measure against which every other character, and the reader's own values, can be judged.

11 Du Maurier portrays Jack Favell as an intruder who is at once charming and repellent, and the striking thing about this moment is that we see him entirely through the narrator's nervous, watchful eyes. He fills the room with noise, smoke and false warmth, while she shrinks behind a door in her own house. The passage makes Favell memorable because his easy confidence exposes how insecure she is, and because every friendly word he speaks seems to hide something.

His entrance is staged like a small drama of reversed roles. The narrator is literally "behind the door", and when he sees her she remarks, "I might have been the burglar and he the master of the house." This ironic reversal is striking: Favell behaves as if he belongs at Manderley, while the real mistress feels like a trespasser. Even Jasper betrays her, making "a dive" at her and "barking with

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delight", and the dog's later joy at seeing Favell suggests that this man was once a familiar visitor. Du Maurier hints, without explaining, at a past from which the narrator is excluded.

The physical description is the most vivid part of the portrait, and it moves from admiration to disgust. He is "good-looking in a rather flashy, sunburnt way", where "flashy" immediately cheapens the compliment. The "hot, blue eyes usually associated with heavy drinking and loose living" turn his face into a record of his habits, and the narrator projects him forward in time: "In a few years he would run to fat, his neck bulging over the back of his collar." I find this prediction unsettling and also rather funny, because it shows the timid narrator judging sharply in private. The detail "His mouth gave him away, it was too soft, too pink" uses repetition to create a sense of something almost indecent, and the smell of "whisky in his breath" confirms the impression. Finally, "The sort of smile he would give to every woman" reduces his charm to a routine he performs for anyone.

His speech is just as revealing. It is full of hearty, slangy phrases, "butt in", "popped in", "jolly little beast", "How sporting of you", which sound friendly but are too familiar for a stranger. His repeated "Dear old Danny" and "old Max" are pointed: the narrator notes that "No one called him that", so the nickname suggests an intimacy with Maxim and Mrs Danvers that she cannot share. Du Maurier makes his politeness hollow. He apologises, "I hope you'll forgive me", yet lights a cigarette in her room, which she thinks "rather bad manners". Her hesitant questions, "It was surely rather bad manners? Not polite to me", show how she doubts even her own right to be offended.

The most disturbing line is his joke, "Isn't he afraid someone will come and carry you off?" On the surface it is flirtatious teasing, but it carries a sexual and

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slightly threatening undertone, and his laugh, "opening his mouth", becomes almost predatory. The narrator's flat, short sentences, "I did not like his laugh" and "I did not like him, either", break through her usual politeness and give us a rare moment of firm judgement.

The arrival of Mrs Danvers deepens the menace. As soon as she enters the narrator feels "quite cold", and Favell's mocking comment that "all your precautions were in vain" reveals that the two of them were trying to keep this visit secret. His final demand to be introduced, because it is "the usual thing to do", is pure performance: he knows exactly who she is. Mrs Danvers's silent stare and Favell's laughter together make the narrator feel surrounded.

Overall, du Maurier strikingly presents Favell as vulgar, sensual and sly, a man whose surface friendliness cannot hide his contempt. Because we do not yet know his connection to Rebecca, the scene works through suspicion, and Favell becomes one of the novel's most unsettling reminders that the past of Manderley is still alive.

12 The narrator certainly sees herself as dull, and for much of the novel du Maurier lets other characters seem to agree. Yet I am only partly persuaded that it is true. What du Maurier really shows is a young woman made to feel dull by comparison with the dazzling, absent Rebecca, while her own narration is anything but dull: it is anxious, imaginative, observant and often painfully funny. Her "dullness" is a judgement she inherits from others, and the novel traces how she slowly outgrows it.

At the start, du Maurier gives us plenty of evidence for the narrator's own view. As

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the paid companion of Mrs Van Hopper in Monte Carlo, she is shy, awkward and socially invisible, spoken over and ordered about. She has no money, no family and, strikingly, no first name that we ever learn. Maxim tells her she has "a very lovely and unusual name", but du Maurier withholds it, so that even her identity seems faint beside the name "Rebecca", which is written boldly everywhere. The structural choice makes her seem a blank, a woman defined only as the second Mrs de Winter.

Her life at Manderley appears to confirm this. Beside the memory of a woman supposedly blessed with breeding, brains and beauty, she feels plain and inexperienced. She cannot manage servants, does not know what to do in the morning room, and when she breaks the china cupid she hides the pieces in a drawer like a guilty child. Beatrice's frank comments on her clothes and hair, and Maxim's habit of treating her like a girl or a pet, add to the impression. Even his proposal, "I'm asking you to marry me, you little fool", is affectionate but belittling. Du Maurier makes us feel how a person can be persuaded of her own insignificance.

However, the way du Maurier writes her voice works strongly against the claim. The famous first line, "Last night I dreamt I went to Manderley again", opens a narrative full of rich, dreamlike imagery, and her mind is restless and inventive. Again and again she imagines whole scenes that never happen: conversations between Maxim and Rebecca, gossip among the guests, the future of her marriage. These daydreams are sometimes ridiculous, but they are vivid and emotionally sharp, showing an inner life far more interesting than her silent exterior suggests. She is also a perceptive observer of others: her description of Jack Favell's "hot, blue eyes" and too-pink mouth, for example, is shrewd and merciless. A dull person could not tell a story with such tension and wit.

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Her retrospective voice also changes how we judge her. The older narrator looks back on her younger self with irony, commenting, for example, that she is glad first love cannot happen twice. This double perspective suggests that her younger self was not dull so much as young, frightened and lacking confidence, and that the narrating woman understands this.

The turning point is Maxim's confession that he killed Rebecca and that he never loved her. Once she knows that Rebecca was cruel and deceitful, the comparison that made her feel dull collapses. Du Maurier shows an immediate change: she speaks firmly to Mrs Danvers, gives orders about the household with new authority, and becomes the protector of her husband during the inquest and Favell's accusations. She has, in her own words, grown up suddenly. The timid girl who hid behind doors becomes the steady partner on whom Maxim depends.

So to a limited extent du Maurier persuades me that the narrator appears dull: to Mrs Van Hopper, to the servants and at first to herself. But the novel's deeper purpose is to expose that judgement as false. By giving her such an intense, imaginative voice, du Maurier makes the supposedly dull narrator the most interesting mind in the book, and suggests that Rebecca's glamour was the real deception.

13 James makes this a dramatic moment by staging it as a duel of words in which the polite surface of conversation barely contains a bitter conflict. Two clever men are fighting over Catherine, who is not even present, and the tension comes from watching Morris's carefully controlled performance slowly crack under the Doctor's cool, ironic resistance. By the end, what began as a plea has become an open

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declaration of defiance.

The opening line, "Is there nothing I can do to make you believe in me?", establishes Morris as the suppliant, and the Doctor's reply is startling in its frankness: "I don't want to believe in you!" The fact that he says this "smiling" makes it more chilling. James shows that the Doctor's mind is already closed, so the drama lies not in whether Morris will persuade him, but in how long Morris can keep up the effort. Morris's offers, "I would go and dig in the fields" and "I will take the first work that offers", are almost comically exaggerated, and the Doctor's brisk, short replies, "That would be foolish", deflate them instantly. The rhythm of the exchange, long eager speeches against curt answers, makes the imbalance of power vivid.

James also makes the reader watch Morris as a performer. When he exclaims "you think I am an idler!", the narrator observes that he speaks "a little too much in the tone of a man who has made a discovery", and that "he saw his error immediately and blushed." This tiny detail is dramatic because it lets us glimpse calculation behind his apparent sincerity. His long speech of confession, "I have been wild. I have been foolish", is cleverly made: he admits small faults to seem honest, offers the proverb of the "reformed rake", and flatters the Doctor by suggesting he would not want "a milksop" either. Yet the speech dwells so much on money that it rather proves the Doctor's suspicion. His insistence "I don't owe a penny in the world" is answered by the dry question of what he lives on now, and the reply, "the remnants of my property", is met with a crushing "Thank you!" The exclamation is a small verbal victory, and I find the Doctor's irony both admirable and cruel.

The narrator's own comment, "Yes, certainly, Morris's self-control was laudable",

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adds another layer. It is hard to tell whether this is sincere or ironic, and the ambiguity keeps the reader uncertain about Morris, which is the central suspense of the novel.

The Doctor's wit becomes increasingly harsh. His paradox that Catherine "might suffer as much by your economy as by your extravagance" shows a mind that will turn any argument against Morris. Most disturbing is his indifference to his daughter's pain. When Morris asks whether he enjoys "making her miserable", he replies that he is resigned to her thinking him "a tyrant for a twelvemonth", and when Morris laughs, he raises it to "For a lifetime, then!" The escalation is shocking: the Doctor treats Catherine's lifelong unhappiness as an acceptable cost of being proved right. Here James makes us question whether the father's judgement, however accurate, is truly loving.

The climax comes when Morris finally "lost his temper" and cries, "Ah, you are not polite, sir!" The protest is oddly mild, a complaint about manners rather than justice, yet after so much restraint it feels like an explosion. The Doctor's reply, "you have lost it!", sounds final, but James adds a twist when Morris asks whether Catherine will really give him up. The Doctor's confident reference to his "great fund of respect and affection" in his daughter's mind is answered by Morris's pointed echo: "I, too, have a fund of affection to draw upon!" The financial metaphor of a "fund" is wonderfully apt, since both men treat Catherine's love as a kind of capital.

The final lines turn the scene into open warfare. The Doctor shows his "first symptoms of irritation", and Morris's "I mean not to give your daughter up" ends the passage on a note of defiance. James makes the moment dramatic because it fixes the battle lines of the novel: two men competing for possession of Catherine,

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both sure of their power over her, neither truly considering her feelings.

14 James portrays Aunt Penniman vividly as a comic busybody whose love of romance turns her niece's real unhappiness into a novel she would like to read. She is funny, foolish and oddly touching, but James also makes her dangerous, because her meddling helps to bring Catherine the very suffering she imagines she is preventing. Much of her vividness comes from the narrator's ironic voice, which lets us see her far more clearly than she sees herself.

From her introduction, James uses gently mocking description. Mrs Penniman is a clergyman's widow who comes to live in Washington Square, and the narrator sums her up as having "a taste for light literature, and a certain foolish indirectness and obliquity of character." The phrase "light literature" is the key to her: she has absorbed the plots of sentimental fiction and longs to live inside one. "Indirectness and obliquity" are elaborate, rather pompous words, and their formality is itself a joke, because they describe a woman who can never do anything straightforwardly. Dr Sloper's dry, sardonic attitude towards his sister adds to the comedy: he treats her as an amiable nuisance, and their exchanges are full of his irony and her flustered self-importance.

Her vividness grows once Morris Townsend appears. Mrs Penniman immediately casts herself as the confidante and protector of young love, and James shows her enjoying the situation far more than Catherine does. She encourages Morris, offers him advice, and arranges secret meetings, most memorably their rendezvous in an oyster saloon. The setting is a brilliant comic touch: Mrs Penniman thinks she is in a romantic drama of forbidden passion, but James places her in a rather sordid public eating house, and the gap between her fantasy and reality is delightful. She

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is flattered by Morris's attention, and we sense that she is half in love with the role of matchmaker, or perhaps a little with Morris himself.

James also uses her to reveal other characters. Morris handles her with easy charm, using her as an ally and a messenger, and his skill in managing her makes us more suspicious of him. Catherine, by contrast, is honest and direct, and her aunt's constant hints and whispers often bewilder her. Mrs Penniman longs for a secret marriage and a defiant elopement, the sort of thrilling climax she has read about, while Catherine simply wants to marry the man she loves openly and with her father's blessing. The contrast makes Mrs Penniman seem shallow, but it also deepens our sympathy for Catherine, who is surrounded by people treating her life as material for their own purposes.

Her most damaging moment is perhaps when Morris decides to withdraw. Rather than warning Catherine honestly, Mrs Penniman colludes with him, encouraging a gradual, gentle parting that leaves Catherine to discover the truth painfully on her own. James makes her well-meaning foolishness here seem almost cruel. She cannot face plain truth, because plain truth would spoil the story.

Finally, James gives her one last vivid act at the end of the novel. Years later, after the Doctor's death, she is still meddling, and she arranges for Morris, now older and heavier, to visit Catherine again. She still believes in a romantic reunion. Catherine's calm refusal to receive him back exposes, once and for all, how little her aunt understood her. The final image of Catherine returning to her needlework, "for life, as it were", contrasts powerfully with Mrs Penniman's endless appetite for drama.

James portrays Aunt Penniman vividly because she is both a figure of comedy and

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a quiet source of harm. Through ironic narration, comic settings and her contrast with Catherine, he creates a woman who loves romance more than she loves the people in it. I find her entertaining, but by the end she also seems a little sad: someone who has spent her life imagining feelings instead of truly understanding them.

16 Lahiri makes Ashima deeply sympathetic because her life is shaped by loneliness and loss that she bears with quiet endurance. Two moments stand out for me: the opening of the novel, when she is pregnant and alone in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and the moment many years later when she learns that her husband Ashoke has died. In both, Lahiri uses small domestic details and a calm, present-tense narrative voice to make enormous feelings seem all the more painful because Ashima does not dramatise them.

The novel opens in Ashima's kitchen, where she is mixing Rice Krispies and peanuts with chopped onion, salt, lemon juice and green chilli, trying to recreate a street snack from Calcutta. Lahiri calls it "a humble approximation" of the food sold for pennies on Calcutta pavements, and the word "approximation" captures her whole situation: everything in America is nearly, but never quite, what she longs for. Even this tiny craving reminds her of what is missing, and I feel sympathy because the moment is so ordinary. She is not making a grand complaint; she is simply homesick.

Lahiri develops this loneliness when Ashima goes into labour. In the hospital she is surrounded by strangers and American customs, without her mother, grandmother or any of the women who would have attended a birth in India. Lahiri lets us into her thoughts as she worries about raising a child in a country where she knows

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almost no one, where life feels provisional and unsupported. The narrative's present tense makes her fear immediate, and the contrast with the crowded, loving family life she remembers is heartbreaking. Even her relationship with Ashoke is shaped by reserve: following custom, she never says his name aloud, so their intimacy is expressed through gestures rather than words. Lahiri presents her as someone who has given up a whole world to follow her husband, and her quiet observation that being a foreigner is like a lifelong pregnancy, a constant burden and a perpetual wait, is one of the most moving ideas in the novel. It turns her personal experience into a universal image of exile.

The second moment comes when Ashoke dies suddenly of a heart attack while working away from home in Ohio. Lahiri presents the news through a telephone call, and the effect is devastating precisely because the scene is so understated. Ashima is at home in the house on Pemberton Road, absorbed in an ordinary task, when the call comes, and at first she cannot take in what she is told, insisting that there must be a mistake because her husband is not ill. The abrupt shift from the routine of her afternoon to the stark fact of death mirrors the way grief strikes without warning. Her disbelief makes her seem vulnerable and very human.

What follows increases my sympathy. Lahiri shows Ashima alone in the house, unable to share the shock in the presence of her husband, and having to break the news to her children by phone. The rituals of Bengali widowhood, including giving up the vermilion in her parting, mark how utterly her identity is changed. Yet Lahiri also stresses her strength: she manages the practical arrangements and gathers the family together. We sympathise not only because she suffers but because she copes with such dignity, as she has throughout her life in America.

Lahiri links these two moments through structure. At the start Ashima longs for

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home and family; after Ashoke's death the home she has built in America begins to empty. By the end, when she decides to divide her life between India and the United States, Lahiri recalls that her name means "without borders", and the meaning becomes both liberating and sad. She belongs everywhere and nowhere.

In both moments, then, Lahiri creates sympathy through restraint. By focusing on food, silence, telephone calls and small rituals rather than outbursts of emotion, she makes Ashima's loneliness and grief feel real, and makes her endurance quietly admirable.

17 Lindsay creates a disturbing atmosphere by dissolving the boundary between Mike's body, his dreams and the hostile landscape of the Rock. As he searches alone for the missing girls, the reader is never quite sure what is real, and this uncertainty, together with the sense of a mysterious presence that draws him on, makes the passage feel like a nightmare from which he cannot wake.

The passage begins with the body failing. Mike's legs are "leaden", while his head is "less like a head than an air balloon, tethered somewhere above his aching shoulders." The simile is unsettling because it splits him apart: his heavy limbs drag him down while his mind floats away. Lindsay gently mocks his "hearty British intake of eggs and bacon, coffee and porridge", and the comfortable English breakfast seems absurdly out of place in this burning Australian heat. The phrase "windy longing for gallons of ice cold water" conveys a desperate, almost delirious thirst, and we sense that his mind is losing its hold.

His sleep is described as "the thin ragged sleep of exhaustion", and Lindsay then creates a disturbing confusion of place. The "trickle of blood" falls on to "the

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pillow", which is "as hard and sharp as a stone". The stone becomes a pillow and then a stone again, and the reader, like Mike, slips between the Rock and his bedroom at home. The contrast between his "burning head" and a body that is "deathly cold" adds a sinister hint of fever, even of death.

The sounds are the most eerie element. At first he imagines "birds in the oak tree outside his window", an English image, before he opens his eyes to "the eucalypts, their long pointed silver leaves hanging motionless on the heavy air." The stillness of the leaves makes the sound more mysterious, because there is no breeze to explain it. Lindsay describes "a low wordless murmur, almost like the murmur of distant voices", with "little spurts of laughter". The tentative words "almost like" and "might have been" leave us unsure whether the girls are nearby or whether the Rock itself is calling. Laughter should be comforting, but here it feels teasing and uncanny.

The dream of drowning intensifies the horror. The Rock turns into a sea of "viscous dark-green water", and the musical box, "sometimes behind, sometimes just ahead", lures him on like a siren. Its "sweet tinkling voice" is delicate and childlike, which makes its sudden silence more frightening: "Suddenly it ceased." The short sentence cuts off hope abruptly, and then the water grows "thicker and darker" until he thinks, "This is what it feels like to drown". Lindsay makes us experience his suffocation, and when he wakes "coughing up the blood", the dream and the reality merge horribly.

The final paragraph shifts into frantic movement. He hears "her laughing", and his cries of "Miranda!" receive "no answering voice", an emptiness that is chilling after the earlier murmurs. The landscape becomes actively hostile: the dogwood "tore at his fine English skin", and the boulders are "each a nightmare obstacle", growing

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"larger and more fantastic". The list "walked around, clambered over, crawled under" captures his exhausting struggle. His cry, "Oh, my lost, lovely darling", is surprisingly passionate for a young man who barely knew Miranda, which suggests something like enchantment. The image of "the monolith, black against the sun" is stark and ominous, and the "chasm below" reminds us of how close he is to falling to his death. Pain comes as a "spear", a violent image, yet he goes on.

Lindsay ends with a strange historical echo: a Fitzhubert ancestor at Agincourt hacking through "bloody barricades" with the same thought, "Go on". The comparison gives Mike a kind of heroism, but it is also disturbing, because his courage seems to be driven by something beyond his own will. The flat closing statement that Mike "went on climbing" leaves us fearing for him.

Overall, Lindsay creates a disturbing atmosphere by blending fever, dream and landscape, using mysterious sounds and an increasingly hostile Rock, so that Mike's search feels less like a rescue than a descent into the same mystery that swallowed the girls.

19 Martel makes this moment both entertaining and serious by filtering a brutal lesson through the voice of the adult Pi, who remembers his childhood terror with affectionate comedy. The scene in which Father forces his sons to watch the tiger kill a goat is shocking, yet the narration is full of comic exaggeration and family detail. The humour does not weaken the seriousness; it makes the lesson more memorable, and it prepares us for the far more dangerous relationship Pi will have with Richard Parker.

The opening, "It was on a Sunday morning", sounds like the start of a gentle

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family anecdote. Sunday suggests rest, leisure, perhaps even church, and Martel deliberately places violence inside this ordinary domestic frame. The boys are summoned without being told why, and the slightly ominous build-up creates suspense that is half comic and half fearful. The reader, like the young Pi, senses that something is wrong before knowing what it is.

Much of the entertainment comes from the characterisation of the family. Father is stern and theatrical, a zookeeper who stages a demonstration as if it were a lesson in school. Mother's protest that the spectacle is too much for young boys introduces a note of domestic disagreement that is very human and gently funny, since Father's determination overrides her. Ravi, usually the confident older brother who teases Pi, is as frightened as his younger brother, and there is comedy in seeing his bravado disappear. Pi's own reactions are exaggerated for effect, and the adult narrator seems to smile at the child he once was.

Yet the central event is genuinely serious. The goat is tethered and helpless, and the tiger's attack is sudden and swift. Martel does not linger on gore, but the speed of the killing is itself shocking, and the boys' horrified silence conveys the impact. Father's purpose is clear: Pi has been too ready to see animals as friends with human feelings, and Father wants to destroy that illusion. The lesson connects to the narrator's earlier claim that the most dangerous animal in a zoo is Man, because people who project human kindness onto wild animals end up being hurt. The scene therefore introduces one of the novel's key ideas: animals must be respected as animals, not sentimentalised.

There is also a darker undertone in Father's method. Making children watch an animal die is a harsh form of teaching, and some readers may feel that Father's rigidity is as frightening as the tiger. Martel allows us to question whether fear is

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the right way to teach respect, even while we see that Father acts out of love and anxiety for his sons' safety in a zoo full of creatures that could kill them.

The final line shows how Martel holds the two tones together. "I nodded so hard I'm surprised my neck didn't snap and my head fall to the floor" is comic hyperbole: the image of a head dropping to the floor is absurd, and it captures a terrified child's eager, desperate agreement. At the same time, the language of snapping and falling heads echoes the violence the boys have just witnessed, so the joke carries the shadow of the goat's death. The physical exaggeration suggests that the lesson has been driven deep into Pi's body as well as his mind.

Finally, the moment is serious because of what it foreshadows. The tiger who kills the goat looks forward to Richard Parker, and Pi's survival in the lifeboat will depend on remembering exactly what Father taught him here: that a tiger is a predator, not a pet. Martel makes the scene entertaining so that we enjoy the family comedy, but serious so that, later, we understand why Pi never fully trusts the animal he comes to love.

20 Martel depicts Pi's struggles against hunger and thirst as a slow, physical and moral erosion. At first they are practical problems to be solved with tins, manuals and ingenuity; by the end they have worn away his body, his eyesight and even his vegetarian identity. What makes the depiction so vivid is the combination of precise, almost technical detail with moments of shocking intimacy, so that we both understand exactly how Pi survives and feel what survival costs him.

Early in the voyage Martel uses lists and inventories to convey Pi's anxiety. When Pi discovers the lifeboat's locker, the narrative slows down to record its contents

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item by item: the emergency rations, the cans of drinking water, the solar stills, the survival manual. For a starving, terrified boy, each tin represents another day of life, and the listing gives him a sense of control in a situation that is otherwise chaotic. Pi's careful rationing of biscuits and water, and his calculations of how long they will last, create a tension that runs underneath the whole of the second part.

Thirst is depicted with particular physical force. Martel describes the agony of a dry mouth and a swollen tongue, and the solar stills, inflated cones that slowly produce fresh water from the sea, become almost sacred objects. The rain catchers Pi improvises are a sign of his resourcefulness, and when rain does come, his gulping relief is described with sensual intensity. Hunger is more morally complicated because it forces Pi to abandon his principles. A lifelong vegetarian, he finds the first act of killing a flying fish almost unbearable. He wraps the fish and breaks its neck, and he weeps over it, a moment that is vivid precisely because it is so small: a boy grieving over a tiny fish in the middle of the ocean. Martel then traces how quickly this sensitivity fades. Pi learns to kill turtles and drink their blood, to gut dorados, and he admits that he came to eat with an animal's greed, noisy and hurried. The contrast between the weeping boy and the efficient killer shows how hunger reshapes identity. Martel seems to suggest that survival is not noble but humbling.

The relationship with Richard Parker intensifies this. Pi must feed the tiger to keep himself safe, so every fish he catches is divided between predator and boy. The famous episode of the shoal of flying fish crashing into the boat, with Richard Parker leaping to catch them, is both thrilling and comic, but it also reminds us that food is the currency of power on the lifeboat. At his lowest point Pi even fights over scraps and tries to eat the tiger's waste, a detail so degrading that it

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forces the reader to recognise how far starvation has pushed him towards the animal.

As the voyage continues, malnutrition takes physical form. Pi's body weakens, his skin breaks out in sores, and he eventually goes blind. In this state he meets another blind castaway, the Frenchman, who talks dreamily of food and then confesses to having killed and eaten people before he tries to eat Pi. Richard Parker kills him, and Pi admits that he too ate some of the man's flesh. Martel presents this almost quietly, which makes it more disturbing: hunger has led Pi to the final taboo.

The algae island offers a strange reprieve. Its fresh water ponds and edible plants seem miraculous after months of deprivation, yet the island turns out to be carnivorous, digesting anything that stays too long. Martel uses it as a symbol of the danger of comfort: total satisfaction of hunger would mean spiritual death, so Pi must return to the sea.

Finally, the alternative story Pi tells the Japanese investigators casts all of this in a darker light. There, hunger drives the cook to cannibalism, and Pi himself becomes the killer. Martel leaves us to choose which story we believe, but in both versions hunger and thirst strip away civilisation. Through lists, sensory detail, moral confession and symbolism, Martel makes Pi's struggle against hunger and thirst not only a fight for physical survival but a test of what it means to remain human.

21 Appachana makes this a striking introduction because she presents Sharma not through description but through performance. We meet him at the moment he is

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caught out, late "for the fourteenth time", and instead of shrinking he turns the personnel department into a stage. The opening is comic, even farcical, yet it quietly reveals a man whose pride, cunning and resentment of petty authority will define him, and the reader is left uncertain whether to admire his nerve or disapprove of his dishonesty.

The very first sentence, "Sharma was late for work", is blunt and deflating, and the clerk's disapproving "Very bad, very bad, Sharmaji" is undercut by the precise, almost absurd statistic "the fourteenth time". Sharma's reaction is immediate and disproportionate: "Sharma's brow darkened." Rather than apologise, he attacks Mahesh's right to speak at all. The balanced phrasing of "You are a clerk, I am a clerk" is shrewd, because it exposes the pettiness of office hierarchy, yet the abrupt "Understood?" shows how quickly Sharma moves to dominate. I find it striking that his argument rests on seniority rather than innocence: "I am twenty-five years older than you." He never denies being late.

Appachana then makes the scene theatrical. The sentence "He had an audience by now" marks a turning point, and from here Sharma plays to the crowd. He "surveyed his delighted audience", "smiled again at his audience", and the narrator notes that "Everyone was spellbound." The repeated word "audience" turns Sharma into a comic actor relishing his role. His insult that when he joined the company Mahesh was "in your mother's womb" is crude hyperbole designed to get a laugh, and the gesture of snapping "his fingers in front of Mahesh's face" is physical and contemptuous. Calling Mahesh "a pipsqueak" and reversing the roles with "It is for me to teach you!" shows a man determined to win every exchange. His mock-innocent question "Is this an office or a school?" is especially funny because he raises his voice while claiming he is "not shouting".

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The minor characters sharpen our sense of Sharma. Mahesh, "folding his hands" and begging to be left alone, is reduced to a harassed figure, and the dry aside that Gupta was late "only for the ninth time in the month" is a lovely ironic touch: the whole office seems to share Sharma's casual attitude, which makes his defiance seem less a personal failing than a shared rebellion against bureaucracy. Mohan's delighted "Today we are having fun" turns the office into a kind of carnival.

Then Appachana changes the mood with a single entrance. "A sudden silence fell in the room. Everyone looked away." The short sentences mark a collapse of the festive atmosphere, and Gupta, who had urged Sharma on, simply "slid out of the room", a verb that suggests cowardly slipperiness. Miss Das's questions are brief and pointed, and her repeated glances at her watch act as a silent accusation. What is most striking, though, is that Sharma does not collapse. He "looked her straight in the eyes" and produces a ready excuse about his sick daughter. Each of her logical questions is met by another invention, until her devastating "Has your daughter been ill fourteen days of the month?" seems to trap him.

His escape is the comic climax. The sudden appearance of "my other daughter" and the explanation that "All my daughters have been falling ill, one after the other. I have three" are so outrageous that the reader laughs at his ingenuity. Miss Das can only repeat "Fourteen days", as though stunned, while Mahesh "smirked", a single word that suggests he has won a small victory. Yet the final verb belongs to Sharma: he "sauntered out of the room". The leisurely movement shows that he is completely unrepentant and in control.

This is a striking introduction, then, because Appachana creates a character who is both a rogue and a survivor. His bullying of a junior clerk is unpleasant, and his

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lies are transparent, but his wit, confidence and refusal to be humbled make him vivid and oddly likeable. The extract leaves us wanting to know more about the man behind the performance, and perhaps about the pressures of family and work that lie behind his mention of three daughters.

22 Hawthorne depicts the foolishness of Dr Heidegger's guests as something deeply ingrained, a folly that age has not cured and that youth only reveals more nakedly. The story is structured as a scientific experiment, but what it really tests is whether people can learn from experience, and Hawthorne's answer, delivered with dry irony, is that they cannot. The vividness comes from the contrast between the calm, observing doctor and the increasingly ridiculous behaviour of his four friends.

Hawthorne establishes their foolishness from the opening introductions. Each guest is defined by a past failure: Mr Medbourne, a merchant who lost his fortune through reckless speculation; Colonel Killigrew, who wasted his health on pleasure and dissipation; Mr Gascoigne, a ruined politician with a scandalous reputation; and the Widow Wycherly, once a beauty whose scandals drove her from society. The narrator's portraits are brief and almost like moral labels, which suggests that these people have become their vices. The detail that the three men were once rivals for the widow's affection, and nearly cut each other's throats over her, plants the seed of the folly that will return.

The setting adds to the sense that the guests are blind to warnings. Dr Heidegger's study is dusty and ominous, filled with old books, a skeleton, and a mirror said to show ghostly reflections. Above all, there is the faded rose given to him by Sylvia Ward, the young woman he was to marry, who died after taking one of his remedies. The rose is a symbol of mortality and loss, and Heidegger treats it

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with gravity. His guests, by contrast, are sceptical and impatient, and when the rose and then a withered butterfly are revived by the water from the Fountain of Youth, they want only to drink.

Their foolishness is made explicit when Heidegger, before they drink, invites them to draw up rules from their experience so that they will not repeat their old mistakes. The guests laugh at the idea. This is the central irony of the story: they believe that they could never be so foolish again, yet the reader can already see that they will. Once they drink, Hawthorne depicts the return of youth in a way that makes their folly increasingly grotesque. Very soon each guest reverts to his or her old vice. Gascoigne begins to talk in patriotic political phrases with no real meaning, the colonel sings drinking songs and toasts the widow, and Medbourne calculates absurd money-making schemes. The widow rushes to the mirror to admire her restored face. Hawthorne presents their speech as noise, a babble of empty rhetoric and vanity, so that the youth they gain seems to bring no wisdom at all.

The climax is vivid and theatrical. The three men compete for the widow, seizing her and struggling with one another, and Hawthorne's crucial detail is the mirror, which is said to reflect not three young men fighting over a beautiful girl but three old men grappling for a withered old woman. The image strips away the illusion and exposes the ugliness of their behaviour. Their brawl knocks over the vase, the precious water spills, the butterfly falls dead and the rose withers again. The destruction of the water through their own quarrelling is a perfect symbol of folly: they waste the gift in the act of abusing it.

As the effect fades they grow old again, and Hawthorne ends with two contrasting responses. Dr Heidegger, holding the dead rose, says that he would not drink from

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the fountain even if it flowed at his doorstep, because the brief delirium has taught him a lesson. His guests learn nothing. They resolve to travel to Florida to drink from the fountain morning, noon and night. This final decision is the most vivid expression of their foolishness, because it shows that even the evidence of their own eyes cannot change them.

Hawthorne therefore uses symbolism, irony, a carefully staged structure and a detached narrative voice to depict foolishness as a permanent human weakness. The guests are comic, but they are also a warning: the desire to recapture youth, without the will to learn from age, only repeats the same mistakes.