Cambridge Assessment International Education

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/12**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose **February/March 2024**

1 hour 30 minutes

7593240227

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

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

INFORMATION

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

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

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SECTION A: POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 1: from Part 4

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Rain

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

(Edward Thomas)

How does Thomas strikingly convey the speaker's thoughts and feelings about death in this poem?

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Or **2** In what ways does Stevenson create such a powerful image of the baby in *The Spirit is too Blunt an Instrument*?

The Spirit is too Blunt an Instrument

The spirit is too blunt an instrument
to have made this baby.
Nothing so unskilful as human passions
could have managed the intricate
exacting particulars: the tiny
blind bones with their manipulating tendons,
the knee and the knucklebones, the resilient
fine meshings of ganglia and vertebrae,
the chain of the difficult spine.

Observe the distinct eyelashes and sharp crescent
fingernails, the shell-like complexity
of the ear, with its firm involutions
concentric in miniature to minute
ossicles. Imagine the
infinitesimal capillaries, the flawless connections
of the lungs, the invisible neural filaments
through which the completed body
already answers to the brain.

Then name any passion or sentiment
possessed of the simplest accuracy.
No, no desire or affection could have done
with practice what habit
has done perfectly, indifferently,
through the body's ignorant precision.
It is left to the vagaries of the mind to invent
love and despair and anxiety
and their pain.

(Anne Stevenson)

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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:

Waterfall

I do not ask for youth, nor for delay
in the rising of time's irreversible river
that takes the jewelled arc of the waterfall
in which I glimpse, minute by glinting minute,
all that I have and all I am always losing
as sunlight lights each drop fast, fast falling.

I do not dream that you, young again,
might come to me darkly in love's green darkness
where the dust of the bracken spices the air
moss, crushed, gives out an astringent sweetness
and water holds our reflections
motionless, as if for ever.

It is enough now to come into a room
and find the kindness we have for each other
– calling it love – in eyes that are shrewd
but trustful still, face chastened by years
of careful judgement; to sit in the afternoons
in mild conversation, without nostalgia.

But when you leave me, with your jauntiness
sinewed by resolution more than strength
– suddenly then I love you with a quick
intensity, remembering that water,
however luminous and grand, falls fast
and only once to the dark pool below.

(Lauris Edmond)

In what ways does Edmond memorably portray love in this poem?

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Or **4** How does Fairburn vividly communicate the speaker's thoughts and feelings in *Rhyme of the Dead Self*?

Rhyme of the Dead Self

Tonight I have taken all that I was
and strangled him that pale lily-white lad
I have choked him with these my hands these claws
catching him as he lay a-dreaming in his bed.

Then chuckling I dragged out his foolish brains
that were full of pretty love-tales heighho the holly
and emptied them holus bolus to the drains
those dreams of love oh what ruinous folly.

He is dead pale youth and he shall not rise
on the third day or any other day
sloughed like a snakeskin there he lies
and he shall not trouble me again for aye.

(A R D Fairburn)

TED HUGHES: *from New Selected Poems*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Roe-Deer

In the dawn-dirty light, in the biggest snow of the year

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Back to the ordinary.

In what ways does Hughes strikingly portray the roe-deer in this poem?

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Or **6** Explore the ways in which Hughes powerfully portrays the jaguar in *The Jaguar.*

The Jaguar

The apes yawn and adore their fleas in the sun.

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Over the cage floor the horizons come.

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:

Sister Margaret saw him as we walked to my class.

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He hugged me, a brief side hug.

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

Or **8** In what ways does Adichie make Obiora a memorable and significant character?

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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:

I had heard of Miss Havisham up town – everybody for miles round, had heard of Miss Havisham up town – as an immensely rich and grim lady who lived in a large and dismal house barricaded against robbers, and who led a life of seclusion.

'Well to be sure!' said Joe, astounded. 'I wonder how she came to know Pip!'

'Noodle!' cried my sister. 'Who said she knew him?'

'– Which some indiwidual,' Joe again politely hinted, 'mentioned that she wanted him to go and play there.'

'And couldn't she ask Uncle Pumblechook if he knew of a boy to go and play there? Isn't it just barely possible that Uncle Pumblechook may be a tenant of hers, and that he may sometimes – we won't say quarterly or half yearly, for that would be requiring too much of you – but sometimes – go there to pay his rent? And couldn't she then ask Uncle Pumblechook if he knew of a boy to go and play there? And couldn't Uncle Pumblechook, being always considerate and thoughtful for us – though you may not think it, Joseph,' in a tone of the deepest reproach, as if he were the most callous of nephews, 'then mention this boy, standing Prancing here' – which I solemnly declare I was not doing – 'that I have for ever been a willing slave to?'

'Good again!' cried Uncle Pumblechook. 'Well put! Prettily pointed! Good indeed! Now Joseph, you know the case.'

'No, Joseph,' said my sister, still in a reproachful manner, while Joe apologetically drew the back of his hand across and across his nose, 'you do not yet – though you may not think it – know the case. You may consider that you do, but you do *not*, Joseph. For you do not know that Uncle Pumblechook, being sensible that for anything we can tell, this boy's fortune may be made by his going to Miss Havisham's, has offered to take him into town to-night in his own chaise-cart, and to keep him to-night, and to take him with his own hands to Miss Havisham's to-morrow morning. And Lor-a-mussy me!' cried my sister, casting off her bonnet in sudden desperation, 'here I stand talking to mere Mooncalfs, with Uncle Pumblechook waiting, and the mare catching cold at the door, and the boy grimed with crock and dirt from the hair of his head to the sole of his foot!'

With that, she pounced upon me, like an eagle on a lamb, and my face was squeezed into wooden bowls in sinks, and my head was put under taps of water-butts, and I was soaped, and kneaded, and towelled, and thumped, and harrowed, and rasped, until I really was quite beside myself. (I may here remark that I suppose myself to be better acquainted than any living authority, with the ridgy effect of a wedding-ring, passing unsympathetically over the human countenance.)

When my ablutions were completed, I was put into clean linen of the stiffest character, like a young penitent into sackcloth, and was trussed up in my tightest and fearfullest suit. I was then delivered over to Mr Pumblechook, who formally received me as if he were the Sheriff, and who let off upon me the speech that I knew he had been dying to make all along: 'Boy, be for ever grateful to all friends, but especially unto them which brought you up by hand!'

'Good-by, Joe!'

'God bless you, Pip, old chap!'

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I had never parted from him before, and what with my feelings and what with soap-suds, I could at first see no stars from the chaise-cart. But they twinkled out one by one, without throwing any light on the questions why on earth I was going to play at Miss Havisham's and what on earth I was expected to play at. *55*

(*from* Chapter 7)

In what ways does Dickens make this such an entertaining and significant moment in the novel?

Or **10** Explore how Dickens powerfully portrays Pip's relationship with Magwitch after he returns to England.

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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:

He whipped round and looked at me as I sat there huddled on the floor.

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It doesn't make for sanity, does it, living with the devil.'

(*from* Chapter 20)

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In what ways does du Maurier make this such a revealing moment in the novel?

Or **12** Explore how du Maurier makes Beatrice such a memorable character.

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JHUMPA LAHIRI: *The Namesake*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

That evening Ashoke goes home to the apartment, checks for the letter.

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She knows the story of the accident, a story she first heard with polite newlywed sympathy, but the thought of which now, now especially, makes her blood go cold.

(*from* Chapter 2)

Explore the ways in which Lahiri makes this such a memorable moment in the novel.

Or **14** How does Lahiri create such vivid impressions of Gogol as he grows up?

JOAN LINDSAY: *Picnic at Hanging Rock*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Doctor McKenzie was right: ‘Don’t think about the Rock, dear child.

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For a person who found difficulty in expressing himself on paper, the writer had conveyed his meaning remarkably well.

(*from* Chapter 11)

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

Or **16** To what extent does Lindsay make it possible for you to feel sorry for Mrs Appleyard?

YANN MARTEL: *Life of Pi*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

In my case, to protect myself from Richard Parker while I trained him, I made a shield with a turtle shell.

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My fifth shield lasted me the rest of his training.

(*from* Chapter 72)

How does Martel strikingly portray Pi at this moment in the novel?

Or **18** Explore **two** moments in the novel which Martel makes particularly moving.

Do **not** use the passage printed in **Question 17** in answering this question.

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H G Wells: *The War of the Worlds*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

A moderate incline runs towards the foot of Maybury Hill, and down this we clattered. Once the lightning had begun, it went on in as rapid a succession of flashes as I have ever seen. The thunderclaps, treading one on the heels of another and with a strange crackling accompaniment, sounded more like the working of a gigantic electric machine than the usual detonating reverberations. The flickering light was blinding and confusing, and a thin hail smote gustily at my face as I drove down the slope.

At first I regarded little but the road before me, and then abruptly my attention was arrested by something that was moving rapidly down the opposite slope of Maybury Hill. At first I took it for the wet roof of a house, but one flash following another showed it to be in swift rolling movement. It was an elusive vision – a moment of bewildering darkness, and then, in a flash like daylight, the red masses of the Orphanage near the crest of the hill, the green tops of the pine-trees, and this problematical object came out clear and sharp and bright.

And this Thing I saw! How can I describe it? A monstrous tripod, higher than many houses, striding over the young pine-trees, and smashing them aside in its career; a walking engine of glittering metal, striding now across the heather; articulate ropes of steel dangling from it, and the clattering tumult of its passage mingling with the riot of the thunder. A flash, and it came out vividly, heeling over one way with two feet in the air, to vanish and reappear almost instantly as it seemed, with the next flash, a hundred yards nearer. Can you imagine a milking-stool tilted and bowled violently along the ground? That was the impression those instant flashes gave. But instead of a milking-stool imagine it a great body of machinery on a tripod stand.

Then suddenly the trees in the pine-wood ahead of me were parted, as brittle reeds are parted by a man thrusting through them; they were snapped off and driven headlong, and a second huge tripod appeared, rushing, as it seemed, headlong towards me. And I was galloping hard to meet it! At the sight of the second monster my nerve went altogether. Not stopping to look again, I wrenched the horse's head hard round to the right, and in another moment the dogcart had heeled over upon the horse; the shafts smashed noisily, and I was flung sideways and fell heavily into a shallow pool of water.

I crawled out almost immediately, and crouched, my feet still in the water, under a clump of furze. The horse lay motionless (his neck was broken, poor brute!) and by the lightning flashes I saw the black bulk of the overturned dogcart and the silhouette of the wheel still spinning slowly. In another moment the colossal mechanism went striding by me, and passed uphill towards Pyrford.

Seen nearer, the Thing was incredibly strange, for it was no mere insensate machine driving on its way. Machine it was, with a ringing metallic pace, and long, flexible, glittering tentacles (one of which gripped a young pine-tree) swinging and rattling about its strange body. It picked its road as it went striding along, and the brazen hood that surmounted it moved to and fro with the inevitable suggestion of a head looking about. Behind the main body was a huge mass of white metal like a gigantic fisherman's basket, and puffs of green smoke squirted out from the joints of the limbs as the monster swept by me. And in an instant it was gone.

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So much I saw then, all vaguely for the flickering of the lightning, in blinding high lights and dense black shadows.

As it passed it set up an exultant deafening howl that drowned the thunder – 'Aloo! aloo!' – and in another minute it was with its companion, half a mile away, stooping over something in the field. I have no doubt this Thing in the field was the third of the ten cylinders they had fired at us from Mars.

For some minutes I lay there in the rain and darkness watching, by the intermittent light, these monstrous beings of metal moving about in the distance over the hedge-tops. A thin hail was now beginning, and as it came and went their figures grew misty and then flashed into clearness again. Now and then came a gap in the lightning, and the night swallowed them up.

(*from* Book 1, Chapter 10)

How does Wells make this moment in the novel so dramatic?

Or **20** Explore the ways in which Wells strikingly portrays the artilleryman.

from *STORIES OF OURSELVES Volume 2*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **21** Read the following extract from *And Women Must Weep* (by Henry Handel Richardson), and then answer the question that follows it:

She was ready at last, the last bow tied, the last strengthening pin in place, and they said to her – Auntie Cha and Miss Biddons – to sit down and rest while Auntie Cha 'climbed into her own togs': 'Or you'll be tired before the evening begins.' But she could not bring herself to sit, for fear of crushing her dress – it was so light, so airy. How glad she felt now that she had chosen muslin, and not silk as Auntie Cha had tried to persuade her. The gossamer-like stuff seemed to float around her as she moved, and the cut of the dress made her look so tall and so different from everyday that she hardly recognised herself in the glass; the girl reflected there – in palest blue, with a wreath of cornflowers in her hair – might have been a stranger. Never had she thought she was so pretty … nor had Auntie and Miss Biddons either; though all they said was: 'Well, Dolly, you'll *do*,' and: 'Yes, I think she will be a credit to you.' Something hot and stinging came up her throat at this: a kind of gratitude for her pinky-white skin, her big blue eyes and fair curly hair, and pity for those girls who hadn't got them. Or an Auntie Cha either, to dress them and see that everything was 'just so'.

Instead of sitting, she stood very stiff and straight at the window, pretending to watch for the cab, her long white gloves hanging loose over one arm so as not to soil them. But her heart was beating pit-a-pat. For this was her first real grown-up ball. It was to be held in a public hall, and Auntie Cha, where she was staying, had bought tickets and was taking her.

True, Miss Biddons rather spoilt things at the end by saying: 'Now mind you don't forget your steps in the waltz. One, two, together; four, five, six.' And in the wagonette, with her dress filling one seat, Auntie Cha's the other, Auntie said: 'Now, Dolly, remember not to look too *serious*. Or you'll frighten the gentlemen off.'

She was only doing it now because of her dress: cabs were so cramped, the seats so narrow.

Alas! in getting out a little accident happened. She caught the bottom of one of her flounces – the skirt was made of nothing else – on the iron step, and ripped off the selvedge. Auntie Cha said: 'My *dear*, how clumsy!' She could have cried with vexation.

The woman who took their cloaks hunted everywhere, but could only find black cotton; so the torn selvedge – there was nearly half a yard of it – had just to be cut off. This left a raw edge, and when they went into the hall and walked across the enormous floor, with people sitting all round, staring, it seemed to Dolly as if every one had their eyes fixed on it. Auntie Cha sat down in the front row of chairs beside a lady-friend; but she slid into a chair behind.

The first dance was already over, and they were hardly seated before partners began to be taken for the second. Shyly she mustered the assembly. In the cloakroom, she had expected the woman to exclaim: 'What a sweet pretty frock!' when she handled it. (When all she did say was: 'This sort of stuff's bound to fray.') And now Dolly saw that the hall was full of *lovely* dresses, some much, much prettier than hers, which suddenly began to seem rather too plain, even a little dowdy; perhaps after all it would have been better to have chosen silk.

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She wondered if Aunt Cha thought so too. For Auntie suddenly turned and looked at her, quite hard, and then said snappily: 'Come, come, child, you mustn't tuck yourself away like that, or the gentlemen will think you don't want to dance.' So she had to come out and sit in the front; and show that she had a programme, by holding it open on her lap. *50*

How does Richardson vividly convey Dolly's thoughts and feelings in this opening to the story?

Or **22** In what ways does Laski make *The Tower* such a disturbing story?

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

Question number

1

Thomas's speaker does not fear death so much as long for it, and what makes the poem so striking is the way the rain itself becomes the medium through which that longing is felt. The poem moves from a lonely man listening in a hut, through a prayer for others who suffer, to a final, unsettling admission that death is the only thing he still loves. The poem is one unbroken block of eighteen lines, with no stanza breaks to offer relief, and its long, winding final sentence mirrors the relentless rainfall and the speaker's mind circling the same thought.

The opening line is hypnotic. The repetition of "Rain, midnight rain, nothing but the wild rain" builds an incantation, and the phrase "nothing but" shrinks the speaker's world to sound and darkness. The list "this bleak hut, and solitude, and me" places the speaker last, almost as one more object in the bleak scene, which suggests how small and isolated he feels. Midnight, the hour between days, is a fitting moment for "Remembering again that I shall die": the word "again" quietly tells us that this thought is not new but a constant companion.

What is strikingly original is that death is imagined not as terror but as a loss of gratitude. He will "neither hear the rain nor give it thanks", and the rain is presented as cleansing, "washing me cleaner than I have been / Since I was born into this solitude." The religious idea of purification is unmistakable, and the phrase "born into this solitude" implies that loneliness is not a mood but the condition of his whole life. The line "Blessed are the dead that the rain rains upon" echoes the rhythm of a beatitude, yet it reverses the expected comfort: the dead are blessed because they are beyond feeling. The doubled "rain rains" makes the sound insistent, almost monotonous, as though the weather and the speaker's

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thoughts are locked together.

The middle of the poem turns outwards, and this is where the speaker's feelings become most moving. "But here I pray" introduces a gentler tone as he hopes that no one he "once" loved is "dying to-night or lying still awake". The near rhyme and parallel of "dying" and "lying" link physical death with sleepless misery, as if the two are scarcely different. The word "once" is painful, hinting that love belongs to the past. Thomas presents such sufferers as "Helpless among the living and the dead", caught between two states, and the speaker clearly sees himself there too.

The simile "Like a cold water among broken reeds" is one of the poem's most haunting images. The reeds are "broken", and the repetition in "Myriads of broken reeds all still and stiff" makes the image spread until it seems to cover a whole landscape. "Still and stiff" carries the suggestion of corpses, and the hard alliteration slows the line. The speaker then folds himself into the comparison, "Like me", so that he becomes part of this frozen, ruined scene.

The ending is the most disturbing and the most honest moment. He has "no love which this wild rain / Has not dissolved except the love of death". The verb "dissolved" is perfectly chosen: the cleansing rain from earlier is now shown to wash away every attachment, leaving only one desire. Yet Thomas immediately hesitates with "If love it be", a qualification that suggests the speaker is uneasy with his own feelings. Death is loved because it is "perfect" and "Cannot, the tempest tells me, disappoint." The enjambment across "perfect and / Cannot" delays the final thought, and the parenthetical "the tempest tells me" presents the storm almost as a voice persuading him. Life, by implication, is full of disappointment.

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Overall, Thomas conveys a mind that is weary, tender and dangerously drawn to oblivion. I find the poem powerful because it never shouts: the soft sounds, long sentence and quiet prayer make the speaker's attraction to death feel calm and reasoned, and that calmness is far more chilling than despair.

2 Stevenson's image of the baby is powerful because it is built almost entirely from the language of anatomy rather than sentiment. Instead of the soft, cooing vocabulary we might expect in a poem about a newborn, she gives us bones, tendons and capillaries, and the effect is to make the baby seem astonishingly intricate, a feat of engineering that dwarfs human feeling. The poem's argument is announced in its title and first line: "The spirit is too blunt an instrument / to have made this baby."

The metaphor of the "blunt instrument" is a provocative choice. It sounds like the language of a crime report or a clumsy tool, and it sets up a contrast with the precision of the body. Stevenson insists that "Nothing so unskilful as human passions" could manage "the intricate / exacting particulars", and the enjambment after "intricate" makes the reader pause on the word, as if marvelling at it. The poem refuses the comforting idea that a baby is simply the product of love.

The baby is then assembled before our eyes through an accumulating list. "The tiny / blind bones with their manipulating tendons" splits "tiny" from its noun across the line break, enacting how small and hidden these parts are, while "blind bones" suggests structures that work without seeing or knowing. The alliteration of "the knee and the knucklebones" and the sibilance of "the resilient / fine meshings of ganglia and vertebrae" create a delicate, woven texture, so that the sound of the verse imitates the "meshings" it describes. Technical words such as "ganglia"

Question number

and "vertebrae" give the image a scientific exactness, and "the chain of the difficult spine" reminds us how complex even a single structure is.

Stevenson also directs our attention like a teacher at a dissection. The imperative "Observe" invites close looking at "the distinct eyelashes and sharp crescent / fingernails", details that are both tender and precise. "Crescent" turns the fingernail into a tiny moon, one of the few moments of lyrical beauty, and "the shell-like complexity / of the ear" uses a natural simile to suggest spiralling perfection. The phrase "concentric in miniature to minute / ossicles" is crowded with small sounds, and the repeated "min" sounds shrink the image further and further inward. Then the command shifts to "Imagine", because now the details are internal and invisible: "infinitesimal capillaries", "flawless connections", "invisible neural filaments". The progression from what we can see to what we can only picture makes the baby seem endlessly complex, and the sentence ends with the quietly astonishing claim that "the completed body / already answers to the brain."

The poem's structure turns on a challenge to the reader: "Then name any passion or sentiment / possessed of the simplest accuracy." After such an overwhelming catalogue, the question is almost unanswerable. The emphatic "No, no desire or affection" closes the argument, and Stevenson credits instead "habit", which has worked "perfectly, indifferently, / through the body's ignorant precision." The oxymoron "ignorant precision" is memorable: the body does not know what it is doing, yet it does it flawlessly. The word "indifferently" is slightly chilling, suggesting that the miracle of the baby has nothing to do with care.

The final lines give the poem its emotional sting. It is "the vagaries of the mind" that "invent / love and despair and anxiety / and their pain." The polysyndeton piles up human emotions as though they are inventions, unreliable and wandering

Question number

compared to the body's certainty, and the short final line "and their pain" lands with quiet weight. This makes the image of the baby even more powerful in retrospect: the perfect body arrives first, and only later will the child acquire the messy feelings of human life.

Stevenson therefore creates a baby that is both clinical and wondrous. By refusing sentimentality, she makes us feel a deeper awe, and I think the poem's real power lies in that tension between scientific detachment and the reader's growing amazement.

3

Edmond portrays love in later life as something quieter than youthful passion but no less intense, and she makes it memorable by setting this calm, companionable love against the central image of the waterfall, a symbol of time rushing towards an end. The poem moves from what the speaker does not ask for, to what is "enough", and finally to a sudden surge of feeling, so that its structure itself enacts the way love can flare up when we remember it will not last.

The first two stanzas are built on refusal. "I do not ask for youth, nor for delay" sets a tone of dignified acceptance, and the "irreversible river" of time makes clear that the speaker knows nothing can be undone. Yet the waterfall is not presented as grim: its "jewelled arc" is beautiful, and the speaker glimpses in it, "minute by glinting minute, / all that I have and all I am always losing". The pun on "minute", as both time and tininess, and the glittering alliteration of "glinting" suggest that each moment is precious precisely because it is passing. The balanced phrasing of "all that I have and all I am always losing" captures the double nature of love in age: possession and loss happen at the same moment. The repetition in "fast, fast falling" quickens the rhythm, as though the line itself is tumbling.

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The second stanza conjures the romance of youth only to set it aside. "I do not dream that you, young again, / might come to me darkly in love's green darkness" is lush and sensual, and the repetition of "darkly" and "darkness" gives the memory a secret, enveloping quality. Edmond appeals to the senses: the bracken "spices the air" and crushed moss "gives out an astringent sweetness". "Astringent sweetness" is a lovely oxymoron, suggesting that young love was sharp as well as sweet. The water that "holds our reflections / motionless, as if for ever" is a deliberate contrast to the waterfall: young lovers believe time can be frozen, but "as if" quietly exposes the illusion.

The third stanza defines the love the speaker now has, and its plainness is part of its power. "It is enough now" signals contentment rather than resignation. Love is "the kindness we have for each other", and the hesitant aside "calling it love" suggests a mature honesty about how different this feeling is from passion. Edmond's description of her partner is tender and precise: eyes "shrewd / but trustful still", a face "chastened by years / of careful judgement". "Chastened" implies that life has humbled and refined them both. The image of afternoons "in mild conversation, without nostalgia" presents a love that is steady and realistic, and the word "mild" contrasts strikingly with the wildness of the waterfall.

The final stanza turns on "But", and this shift is what makes the poem so memorable. When he leaves, the speaker notices his "jauntiness / sinewed by resolution more than strength", a beautifully observed phrase that shows his cheerfulness is now a matter of will rather than physical vigour. This glimpse of his ageing triggers a sudden feeling: "suddenly then I love you with a quick / intensity". The enjambment after "quick" propels the line forward, mirroring the rush of emotion. The speaker is "remembering that water", returning us to the

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waterfall, which "however luminous and grand, falls fast / and only once to the dark pool below." The phrase "only once" is devastating in its simplicity, and the "dark pool" quietly suggests death without naming it.

Edmond's portrayal of love is therefore memorable because it holds two truths together: the calm kindness of a long relationship and the fierce love that awareness of mortality brings. The final image transforms the gentle domestic scene, and I feel the poem's real insight is that love is felt most intensely not in youthful passion but at the moment we realise it will be lost.

4 Fairburn's speaker describes the murder of his younger, romantic self, and the poem vividly conveys a mixture of bitterness, cruel glee and wounded disillusionment. The violence is metaphorical, yet Fairburn presents it with shocking physicality, so that the reader feels how savagely the speaker wants to destroy the part of himself that once believed in love. The ballad-like title "Rhyme" and the jaunty sound effects clash with the brutal content, and that clash is central to the poem's effect.

The opening line is startling in its finality: "Tonight I have taken all that I was". The speaker separates his past self from his present one, and the phrase "all that I was" suggests that this youthful identity was once his entire being. The victim is a "pale lily-white lad", and the lily, a flower associated with purity and with funerals, makes the boy seem innocent and already deathly. The hyphenated "lily-white" also carries a hint of contempt, as though the speaker now despises that innocence as weakness.

The violence is described with deliberate brutality. "I have choked him with these

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my hands these claws" begins with human hands and then corrects itself to "claws", suggesting that the speaker has become something bestial in killing his gentler self. The absence of punctuation throughout the poem makes the lines run on breathlessly, conveying a frenzied, perhaps unstable state of mind. The detail that the boy was "a-dreaming in his bed" makes the attack seem cowardly and intimate: dreams, the source of romance, are where the youth is most defenceless. The archaic "a-dreaming" also links him to old songs and ballads, the world of sentimental love the speaker rejects.

The second stanza is the most grotesque and the most bitterly comic. "Then chuckling I dragged out his foolish brains" shows the speaker taking pleasure in the act, and "chuckling" is disturbing because it treats violence as a joke. The brains were "full of pretty love-tales", and the adjective "pretty" is dismissive, reducing romance to something decorative and childish. The sudden refrain "heighho the holly" is a fragment of old song which jars wildly with the gore around it. Its effect is ironic: the speaker mocks the kind of jolly, romantic verse his younger self might have loved. Similarly, "holus bolus", a playful phrase meaning all at once, makes the emptying of the brains "to the drains" sound careless and contemptuous. Love is literally flushed away as waste. The cry "those dreams of love oh what ruinous folly" reveals the emotion beneath the mockery: "ruinous" implies that these dreams did real damage, hinting that the speaker has been badly hurt in love.

The final stanza is a defiant epitaph. "He is dead pale youth and he shall not rise / on the third day or any other day" deliberately echoes the language of Christ's resurrection, and in rejecting it the speaker insists that his romantic self is gone for ever, with no hope of renewal. The simile "sloughed like a snakeskin there he lies" is particularly vivid: a snake sheds its skin to grow, which suggests the

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speaker sees this murder as a necessary shedding, leaving behind something empty and lifeless. Yet the snake also carries associations of the Fall and of coldness, perhaps suggesting that what remains is harder and more dangerous. The last line, "he shall not trouble me again for aye", uses the archaic "for aye" with a mock-solemn finality.

The poem's alternating rhymes, such as "brains" and "drains" or "holly" and "folly", and its loose ballad rhythm reinforce its bitter irony, since they lend a song-like lightness to a story of murder. I think the vividness lies in that tension. On the surface the speaker sounds triumphant and gleeful, but the extremity of his violence and the insistence that the youth "shall not trouble me again" suggest someone protesting too much. The poem leaves me feeling that the speaker's cynicism is a defence against pain, and that killing his dreams of love has cost him more than he admits.

5 Hughes portrays the roe-deer as visitors from another world, creatures who appear for a few moments in a snowstorm and seem to offer the speaker a glimpse of something beyond ordinary experience. What makes the portrayal so striking is that the deer are never fully explained: they are physical, alert animals, yet they also feel like messengers, and the poem captures the brief, almost mystical encounter before the world closes over again.

The setting prepares us for something unusual. "In the dawn-dirty light, in the biggest snow of the year" combines two disorienting conditions. The compound "dawn-dirty" is typical of Hughes, fusing time and texture so that the half-light seems murky and smeared, while "the biggest snow of the year" suggests an extreme, transformed landscape where the normal rules might be suspended. The

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deer are "blue-dark", another compound that makes them seem shadowy and strange against the white snow, almost part of the dim light itself. The single word "alerted", placed at the end of the line, freezes them in a moment of tense awareness, and the reader shares the stillness of the encounter.

Hughes then presents the meeting as a kind of chance collision between two worlds. The deer "had happened into my possibility", an odd, abstract phrase which suggests that they have entered the speaker's range of experience by accident, as if they normally belong to a separate realm. The speaker even feels that the deer are waiting for him to remember a "password", as though the moment is a ritual or a secret exchange he has forgotten how to complete. This gives the deer an almost supernatural quality: the snow has drawn a curtain aside, the familiar trees and road seem to lose their ordinary identity, and the animals appear to have come specifically for him. Hughes leaves the reader, like the speaker, uncertain whether this is real communication or a trick of perception.

The deer's departure is described with remarkable fluidity. As they go through the hedge and away downhill, they seem to ride their own legs, an image that conveys their upright, graceful movement as if they are carried rather than running. The "snow-lonely field" is another compound that projects the speaker's feeling onto the landscape: the field is empty and desolate once they leave. Most strikingly, the deer seem to drift and fly up into "the boil of big flakes". The verb "boil" makes the falling snow churn with energy, and the soft alliteration of "big flakes" blurs the deer into the storm until they are indistinguishable from it. The animals do not simply leave; they dissolve.

The ending is quietly powerful. The snow takes the deer and then their nearby hoofprints too, erasing every trace of the encounter. Hughes personifies the snow

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as an artist "Revising its dawn inspiration", as if the vision was a draft that nature has now corrected. The final line, "Back to the ordinary", is flat and abrupt after the dreamlike movement that precedes it. Its brevity enacts the loss: the magic is over, and the speaker is left in a normal morning.

Throughout, Hughes's long, flowing lines and free verse mirror the drifting of the snow and the sense of a vision unfolding, while the short closing line snaps the spell. I find the portrayal striking because the deer are both precisely seen and finally mysterious. Hughes suggests that nature holds a secret life we can only glimpse in rare moments, and the poem makes us feel both the wonder of that glimpse and the sadness of losing it.

6 Hughes portrays the jaguar as a creature of such overwhelming energy that the cage seems unable to contain it. The poem's power comes from contrast: the first half shows a zoo of exhausted, ridiculous animals, so that when the jaguar appears it bursts upon the reader as a force of pure, furious life. By the end, Hughes suggests that the jaguar's freedom is internal, and that no bars can confine a spirit like his.

The opening stanzas deliberately deflate the other animals. "The apes yawn and adore their fleas in the sun" is mock-religious: "adore" makes their idle grooming sound absurdly devout, and the yawning establishes a mood of torpor. The parrots "shriek as if they were on fire", yet their noise is empty display, and the simile comparing them to "cheap tarts" strutting "to attract the stroller with the nut" makes them seem degraded, performing for scraps. The tiger and lion, normally symbols of ferocity, are "Fatigued with indolence" and "Lie still as the sun". Hughes then cuts the boa-constrictor down with a blunt, short sentence: its coil

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"Is a fossil". The animals have become relics. "Cage after cage seems empty", and the zoo "might be painted on a nursery wall", a simile which reduces wild beasts to harmless decoration.

The volta comes with the jaguar's cage, where "the crowd stands, stares, mesmerized, / As a child at a dream". The verbs slow to a halt, and the alliteration of "stands, stares" captures the crowd's fixation. The comparison with a child at a dream suggests wonder and perhaps fear: the jaguar seems to belong to another, more intense reality. Unlike the static animals, the jaguar is "hurrying enraged / Through prison darkness after the drills of his eyes". "Enraged" gives him a fierce purpose, and the metaphor of "the drills of his eyes" makes his gaze seem mechanical, boring through the darkness with relentless force. He is "On a short fierce fuse", an explosive image that presents him as a bomb about to detonate, and the clipped monosyllables make the line itself sound tense and compressed.

Hughes then insists that this is "Not in boredom". The jaguar's senses are overwhelmed by inner energy: "The eye satisfied to be blind in fire, / By the bang of blood in the brain deaf the ear". The plosive alliteration of "bang of blood in the brain" creates a pounding rhythm, like a heartbeat or a drum, and the idea that he is "blind in fire" and deaf suggests he is consumed by his own instinct rather than by anything in the cage. He does not see the bars or hear the crowd; his fury is self-sufficient.

The final stanza transforms the cage. "He spins from the bars, but there's no cage to him / More than to the visionary his cell". The comparison with a visionary, perhaps a prophet or mystic imprisoned in a cell, suggests that the jaguar's mind ranges far beyond physical walls. "His stride is wildernesses of freedom" is a bold metaphor: the plural "wildernesses" suggests boundless space, as if every step

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carries a whole wild landscape within it. The image "The world rolls under the long thrust of his heel" makes the jaguar seem godlike, turning the earth itself with his stride, and the long vowels give the line a powerful, sweeping rhythm. The final line, "Over the cage floor the horizons come", is extraordinary because it reverses expectation: instead of the jaguar escaping to the horizons, the horizons come to him. The cage floor becomes a whole world.

The structure of the poem is therefore central to its power. The slack, sprawling sentences of the opening give way to tight, energetic lines once the jaguar appears, and enjambment between the later stanzas mirrors his restless movement. Hughes makes the jaguar powerful not by describing his strength in conventional terms, but by showing how his inner life overwhelms everything around him. I find the ending both thrilling and slightly unsettling: the jaguar is admirable in his untamed energy, yet his rage reminds us that the cage is a cruelty he refuses to accept.

9 Dickens makes this moment entertaining through the comic energy of Mrs Joe and Pumblechook and the wry voice of the older Pip looking back, yet it is also significant because it launches Pip towards Miss Havisham's, the event that will shape his expectations, his shame and his whole sense of himself. The passage balances farce with a quieter, more poignant note, so that the reader laughs at the adults while sensing how powerless and bewildered the child is.

The description of Miss Havisham establishes her mystery before we meet her. She is "an immensely rich and grim lady" in "a large and dismal house barricaded against robbers", and the repetition "everybody for miles round, had heard of Miss Havisham" turns her into a local legend. The words "grim", "dismal" and "seclusion"

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create a gothic atmosphere, hinting that this house will be strange and unsettling rather than a place of play.

Much of the comedy comes from Mrs Joe's bullying rhetoric. When Joe innocently wonders how Miss Havisham "came to know Pip", she snaps "Noodle!", and her long speech is a masterpiece of self-important sarcasm. The repeated rhetorical questions, "And couldn't she ask Uncle Pumblechook", pile up absurdly, and her mock-precise aside about rent, "we won't say quarterly or half yearly", is designed to belittle Joe. Dickens makes her hypocrisy funny: she praises Pumblechook as "always considerate and thoughtful for us" and calls herself Pip's "willing slave", when the reader knows she treats him harshly. Pip's dry interjection that he was "not doing" any prancing exposes the injustice with understated humour. Joe's gentle, ungrammatical "Which some indiwidual" and his habit of drawing his hand across his nose make him endearing, and the contrast between his mildness and her aggression is both comic and touching.

Pumblechook is equally ridiculous. His applause, "Good again! ... Well put! Prettily pointed!", treats Mrs Joe's tirade as a performance, and his flattery reveals how pleased he is with his own importance. Mrs Joe's insults "mere Mooncalfs" and her panic about "the mare catching cold at the door" add to the frantic, farcical pace.

The scrubbing of Pip is the comic climax. The simile "like an eagle on a lamb" casts Mrs Joe as a predator and Pip as helpless prey, and the long list of verbs, "soaped, and kneaded, and towelled, and thumped, and harrowed, and rasped", uses polysyndeton to make the ordeal seem endless. Words like "kneaded" and "harrowed" treat Pip as dough or a field rather than a child, which is funny yet also reveals the roughness of his upbringing. The adult narrator's parenthesis about "the ridgy effect of a wedding-ring, passing unsympathetically over the human

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countenance" is wonderfully dry, and the pompous Latinate phrasing makes a painful experience absurd.

Pip is then put into clothes "of the stiffest character, like a young penitent into sackcloth", and "trussed up" like a bird for cooking. These images suggest punishment and discomfort, as if his journey towards gentility begins with constraint. Pumblechook receives him "as if he were the Sheriff", reinforcing the idea of Pip as a prisoner, and his pompous advice to be grateful to those who "brought you up by hand" repeats Mrs Joe's favourite phrase, a reminder of the beatings Pip has endured.

The significance deepens in the final lines. The simple exchange "Good-by, Joe!" and "God bless you, Pip, old chap!" is moving after so much noise, and Pip admits he "had never parted from him before". This is the first of many separations from Joe, and it foreshadows how Pip's rise will draw him away from the one adult who truly loves him. Tears and "soap-suds" mingle, a lovely blend of comedy and pathos. The stars "twinkled out one by one, without throwing any light" on why he is going, an image which suggests that fate is at work but remains obscure. Pip's question about "what on earth I was expected to play at" is comic, yet it hints at the games Miss Havisham will play with him and at the false expectations to come. Dickens thus makes the passage both delightfully entertaining and a crucial turning point.

10 Dickens powerfully portrays Pip's relationship with Magwitch after his return as a journey from revulsion to love. What begins as a nightmare, in which Pip's dream of gentility collapses, slowly becomes the most morally important bond in the novel, and by the end I feel that Magwitch has given Pip something far more

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valuable than money: the chance to become a better man.

Dickens makes the return itself unforgettable through setting. It is a wild, stormy night when Pip is alone in his rooms at the Temple, and the violent weather seems to announce that his comfortable life is about to be overturned. The slow way the stranger reveals himself, holding out his hands and gazing at Pip with obvious pride, builds suspense, so that the reader shares Pip's dawning horror. When the truth arrives, Magwitch's words are exultant: "Yes, Pip, dear boy, I've made a gentleman on you! It's me wot has done it!" The repeated exclamations and the dialect of "wot" make his joy almost childlike, and the pathos is intense because Pip cannot share it. Instead he feels "abhorrence" and "repugnance". Dickens lets us see both points of view at once, which is what makes the scene so painful.

The shock is also a shock of identity. Pip had believed that Miss Havisham was his patron and that Estella was meant for him, and now he realises that it was all a dream. Magwitch's line "I lived rough, that you should live smooth" is simple and balanced, and its contrast between "rough" and "smooth" exposes the hidden cost of Pip's elegant life: every comfort was paid for by a convict's suffering in New South Wales. I find this deeply uncomfortable, because the reader, like Pip, has been seduced by the idea of the gentleman, and Dickens forces us to see what lies underneath it. Pip even compares himself to the student in Frankenstein, but reverses the image: he is pursued not by a creature he made but by the man who made him. This inversion is powerful, as Magwitch is both Pip's creator and, in Pip's eyes at this point, a kind of monster.

In the middle section, Dickens shows the relationship slowly changing through small domestic details. Pip disguises Magwitch as "Provis", hides him in lodgings by

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the river and watches him eat with the coarse habits of a man who has lived like a dog. Pip's narration is still disgusted, yet Magwitch's constant tenderness, calling him "dear boy" and asking only to look at his gentleman, begins to soften both Pip and the reader. Magwitch's own story of his life, a child stealing turnips to survive and later exploited by Compeyson, makes him sympathetic, because we see that society made him a criminal long before he chose crime. Pip refuses to take any more of his money, which shows that his values are already shifting.

The escape down the Thames is the turning point. When the boat is overtaken and Magwitch struggles with Compeyson, he is badly injured and recaptured. Pip's response is the emotional heart of the novel: he says that his repugnance had "all melted away", and that he "only saw in him a much better man than I had been to Joe". The verb "melted" suggests something frozen in Pip finally thawing, and the comparison with Joe is devastatingly honest. Pip judges himself, not Magwitch, and his snobbery is exposed as the real moral failing.

Dickens ends the relationship with great tenderness. Pip sits by Magwitch's bed in the prison infirmary day after day and holds his hand, and as Magwitch is dying Pip tells him that the child he thought lost is alive, a lady and very beautiful, and that Pip loves her. Magwitch's last gesture is to raise Pip's hand to his lips. Pip's prayer, "O Lord, be merciful to him a sinner!", echoes the humble tax collector's prayer in the parable, and Pip seems aware that he too needs mercy. The quiet, restrained prose here contrasts sharply with the storm of the return, mirroring the calm Pip has reached.

For me, this relationship is the most powerful in the novel because it reverses everything Pip expected. The man he found most degrading turns out to be the most loyal and loving, and through Magwitch Dickens teaches Pip, and the reader,

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that true gentility lies in gratitude and loyalty, not in class or wealth.

12 Du Maurier makes Beatrice memorable because she is everything that Manderley usually is not: loud, frank, physical and kind. In a novel full of whispers, secrets and the silent pressure of a dead woman, Beatrice blurts out what she thinks, and her bluntness is both comic and quietly important, since she is one of the few people who treats the narrator as a real person rather than a pale shadow of Rebecca.

Much of her vividness comes from the way she is seen through the narrator's anxious eyes. Before they meet, the narrator dreads her as a sister-in-law who will judge her, so when Beatrice arrives for lunch, tall, tweedy and hearty, the contrast with the narrator's timidity is immediately funny. Beatrice talks about horses, hunting and her own household with a cheerful lack of tact, and her husband Giles, large, good-natured and rather dim, makes the pair a comic double act. Du Maurier uses them to puncture the oppressive grandeur of the house: Beatrice does not tiptoe through Manderley, she strides through it.

Yet her frankness is double-edged, and this is what makes her more than a comic figure. She tells the narrator, with no apparent malice, how very different she is from Rebecca, and she comments on her clothes and hair, suggesting she should do something about it. Each remark wounds the narrator, who spends the novel measuring herself against her predecessor, and du Maurier makes us feel the sting through the narrator's silent embarrassment. The irony is that Beatrice means well. She is simply too straightforward to imagine how fragile the narrator is, and so she becomes, without intending it, one more voice reminding her of Rebecca.

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Beatrice is also important because she gives information that no one else will. In her conversation with the narrator she explains that Mrs Danvers worshipped Rebecca and may resent the new wife, and she speaks openly about Maxim's moods and the dark temper he occasionally shows. These hints build suspense, because the reader senses that the family knows more than it says. Beatrice also notices that Maxim looks better and seems happier, which reassures the narrator in a way that Maxim himself never does. She is a useful window into a world the narrator cannot read.

Du Maurier gives Beatrice moments of real warmth that I find touching. Her wedding present of books on art, chosen because she has heard the narrator likes sketching, is clumsy but thoughtful, and the narrator's delight shows how starved she is of simple kindness. When Beatrice takes her to visit their old grandmother, the scene is painful: the confused old woman keeps asking for Rebecca and the narrator is humiliated, but Beatrice's embarrassed attempts to smooth things over reveal her decency, even if she cannot control the situation.

The fancy dress ball is where Beatrice is most memorable. When the narrator comes down the stairs in the white dress copied from the portrait, it is Beatrice's horrified reaction that tells the reader something is terribly wrong, before the narrator herself understands. Afterwards Beatrice is the one who comes to her, explaining that Rebecca wore the same costume and insisting that of course the narrator could not have known. In a house where Mrs Danvers has laid a cruel trap, Beatrice's practical sympathy is a small light. Du Maurier uses her to show the narrator, and us, that the house's cruelty is not universal.

Beatrice is also memorable for what she does not know. She never suspects the truth about Rebecca's death, and once we learn what Maxim's first marriage was

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really like, her cheerful ignorance of it creates a sharp dramatic irony. Her ordinariness makes the gothic secrets of Manderley seem even darker by contrast.

For me, Beatrice stays in the mind because du Maurier balances comedy and pathos in her. She is tactless, noisy and sometimes hurtful, but she is honest in a novel built on concealment, and her rough kindness offers the narrator a glimpse of a normal family life that Manderley, haunted by Rebecca, can never give her.

14 Lahiri creates vivid impressions of Gogol as he grows up by tying every stage of his development to his name. The pet name chosen in a panic in a hospital becomes a weight he carries from the playground to university, and through it Lahiri shows a boy, and then a young man, struggling to belong to two cultures while fully belonging to neither. What makes him so vivid for me is that his embarrassment is so ordinary and so painfully recognisable.

From the very start, Lahiri makes Gogol's identity something that happens to him. Because the letter from Ashima's grandmother carrying his real name never arrives, a hospital official insists on a name for the certificate, and Ashoke offers "Gogol". The comedy of the bureaucracy is gentle, but the consequences are lasting. When he starts kindergarten his parents announce that his good name will be Nikhil, yet the small boy refuses to answer to it, and the teacher lets him keep Gogol. Lahiri presents this as a child's simple wish to stay himself, and the irony is that the name he clings to at five is the name he will later reject. This early scene is vivid because we see Gogol's stubbornness and his parents' bafflement at an American school that will not follow Bengali custom.

As Gogol grows older, Lahiri uses small, sharply observed episodes to show his

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growing self-consciousness. On a school trip to a graveyard he makes rubbings of old gravestones and is drawn to the strange names of the dead, while Ashima is unsettled that he has brought such things into the house. The scene is quietly symbolic: Gogol is already fascinated by names and by a past that is not his own. On his fourteenth birthday Ashoke gives him a book of Nikolai Gogol's stories, but the teenager barely glances at it and pushes it onto a shelf. Lahiri lets us see what Gogol cannot: Ashoke almost tells him why the name matters, then decides to wait. The reader feels the loss of that moment, while Gogol simply feels bored and irritated.

Lahiri's narrative method makes these impressions especially vivid. The novel is written in the present tense and in a close third person, so we experience Gogol's moods as they happen, without the comfort of hindsight. When an English teacher discusses the Russian writer's unhappy life and strange death, Gogol squirms in his seat as classmates turn to look at him, and Lahiri captures the hot, private shame of adolescence. He comes to hate that his name is "both absurd and obscure", belonging neither to India nor to America. The balanced adjectives make his complaint sound almost like a joke, but it reveals how deeply he feels he is out of place.

The turning point comes when, at a college party, he introduces himself to a girl called Kim as Nikhil and kisses her. Lahiri presents this as a liberation: speaking the other name, he feels like a different person, and it is as though Gogol never did it at all. Soon afterwards he changes his name legally before leaving for Yale. Yet Lahiri complicates his freedom. His family still call him Gogol, and he is never fully comfortable as Nikhil either, so the change divides him rather than heals him.

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The most moving impression comes when Ashoke, driving him home from the station, finally tells him about the train crash and the book of Gogol's stories that saved his life. Gogol asks whether he reminds his father of that night, and Ashoke replies "You remind me of everything that followed." This simple, tender sentence transforms the name from a joke into a gift, and Gogol's guilt is deepened later by his father's sudden death.

By the end, Gogol, now in his thirties, finally opens the book his father gave him. Lahiri leaves him at the threshold of understanding rather than at a neat resolution. I find this the most vivid impression of all: a man who has spent his youth running from his name, beginning at last to read it.

16 Lindsay makes it possible to feel sorry for Mrs Appleyard, but only partly and only late in the novel. For most of the story she is a cold, snobbish and finally cruel figure whose treatment of Sara is hard to forgive. Yet as the disappearance on the Rock destroys her school and her certainties, Lindsay reveals a lonely, frightened woman behind the imposing front, and her collapse becomes genuinely pitiable, even if my sympathy is always mixed with judgement.

At first Lindsay invites satire rather than sympathy. Mrs Appleyard is introduced as the grand headmistress of a college built to impress, with its pretentious architecture and its promise to turn colonial daughters into young ladies. She herself is described as solid and imposing, her hair piled high, more like a monument than a woman. Her concerns are respectability, fees and reputation, and Lindsay's dry, ironic narrative voice makes her seem faintly ridiculous. It is hard to pity someone whose response to the beauty of a summer's day is to worry about proper deportment and the school's good name.

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What makes sympathy most difficult is her treatment of Sara Waybourne, the orphan whose guardian has stopped paying the fees. Mrs Appleyard keeps Sara back from the picnic as a punishment, and as the novel goes on her coldness hardens into cruelty. Sara is isolated, mocked for her devotion to the missing Miranda, and finally told that she will be sent back to the orphanage where she suffered as a small child. Lindsay places us so close to Sara's misery that Mrs Appleyard seems monstrous here. When Sara is found dead and the headmistress has already lied that her guardian collected her, I find it very difficult to feel anything but anger.

However, Lindsay complicates this response by showing us Mrs Appleyard's inner life. After the disappearance she cannot sleep, and she sits alone at night drinking brandy in her study, thinking of her late husband Arthur, the one person who seems ever to have loved her. These glimpses suggest that her severity is a kind of armour. She has built her identity entirely around the college, and as parents withdraw their daughters and staff leave, she is losing not just money but the only thing that gives her life meaning. The Rock, which she cannot understand or control, defeats her rational, orderly world, and there is something tragic in watching a woman so certain of herself become helpless.

Lindsay increases this sense of pity through structure. The disasters pile up relentlessly in the later chapters: the girls vanish, Irma's return causes hysteria, Sara dies, staff and pupils desert the school. Mrs Appleyard is at the centre of a spreading circle of misfortune, and the narrative suggests that the events of Valentine's Day have a power beyond any individual's guilt. Seen this way, she is as much a victim of the Rock's mysterious influence as the girls who disappeared.

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Her death is the moment where sympathy is strongest. Lindsay has her make her way, alone, to the Hanging Rock itself, the place she has dreaded, and her body is later found at its foot. The image of this stiff, proper woman climbing among the rocks in her formal clothes is pathetic and disturbing. It suggests both guilt and a strange compulsion, as if the Rock has finally claimed her too. Because Lindsay gives us so little explanation, we are left to imagine her despair, and imagination makes it more moving.

Even so, Lindsay never asks us to forget what she has done. The pity I feel is the pity we feel for someone destroyed by her own rigidity, not for an innocent. Her refusal to show warmth to Sara, the child who most needed it, mirrors her inability to bend in the face of the inexplicable, and both lead to destruction.

Overall, Lindsay makes it possible to feel sorry for Mrs Appleyard to a considerable extent by the end, because she shows her loneliness, fear and terrible isolation. But this sympathy is uneasy and limited, since her cruelty to Sara remains the darkest act in the novel, and our pity is always shadowed by that memory.

18 Two moments in Life of Pi that Martel makes particularly moving are the sinking of the Tsimtsum, when sixteen-year-old Pi loses his whole family in a single night, and the end of the voyage, when Richard Parker walks into the Mexican jungle without a backward glance. Both are moments of loss, but they move me in different ways: the first through shock and confusion, the second through a quieter, lingering grief that the adult Pi has never been able to resolve.

Martel makes the sinking moving partly by the way he structures it. Up to this point the novel has been leisurely and often comic, full of Pi's school nicknames,

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his three religions and his father's zoo in Pondicherry. The sudden shift into terror is therefore jarring. Pi wakes in the night, goes up on deck out of curiosity, and finds the ship in chaos. Everything happens too fast for him to understand, and Martel's short, urgent sentences and Pi's bewildered questions capture the confusion of a boy who does not yet grasp that he is watching his family die. The ship goes down with a sound Pi compares to "a monstrous metallic burp", an image so grotesque and almost comic that it is horribly inappropriate. I find this deeply moving because it is exactly how a shocked mind might register catastrophe: not in noble language but in a strange, ugly detail.

The pathos lies also in what Pi cannot do. His mother, father and his brother Ravi are below decks, and he never sees them again. Martel does not give us a farewell or a final glimpse, only absence. In the lifeboat Pi keeps scanning the water and hoping, and the reader knows what he does not want to admit. When he later describes himself as "alone and orphaned" in the middle of the Pacific, the plainness of the words is more powerful than any elaborate description of grief. There is also painful irony in Pi's first frantic action: he urges Richard Parker to swim to the boat and throws him a lifebuoy, only to realise with horror what he has done. Martel mixes terror and dark humour, so that the scene moves us while also preparing us for the strange companionship to come.

The second moment, Richard Parker's departure, is moving because by then the tiger has become Pi's reason for living. Throughout the voyage Pi has fed him, trained him, feared him and, in a sense, loved him, and he has admitted that without the tiger he would have died of despair. When the lifeboat reaches the beach in Mexico, Pi is too weak to stand, and Richard Parker leaps out, moves along the shore and pauses at the edge of the jungle. Pi waits for him to turn and acknowledge him, and he never does. He simply disappears into the trees, and that

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is the last Pi sees of him.

Martel makes this unbearably sad by giving the memory to the older Pi in Canada, whose grief is still raw years later. He explains that it was not the tiger's indifference itself that hurt, but the fact that their relationship ended without being properly concluded. He imagines the goodbye he would have liked to say, thanking Richard Parker for saving his life. This is moving because it shows that the deepest wound of the whole ordeal is not hunger or fear but the lack of a farewell, and this links back to the sinking, where Pi also lost his family without any goodbye. Martel structures the novel so that these two losses echo each other, and the second reopens the first.

There is another layer that deepens the pathos. When Pi offers the Japanese investigators a second, human version of events, the reader begins to wonder whether Richard Parker was Pi himself, the savage part of his nature that allowed him to survive. If so, the tiger walking away without looking back may represent Pi leaving that fierce self behind on the beach. This reading makes the farewell even more poignant: Pi mourns not only a companion but a part of himself he needed and could not keep.

Both moments are moving because Martel refuses easy comfort. The sinking shocks us with sudden, total loss, while the farewell lingers in the memory of a grown man, and together they show that survival in this novel always comes at the cost of grief.

19 Wells makes this moment dramatic by staging the narrator's first sight of a Fighting-Machine in the middle of a violent storm, so that the reader, like him,

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glimpses the Martian only in fragments, through sudden flashes of light. The passage moves from confusion to terrible clarity, from a desperate drive to a crash, and finally to helpless watching, and at every stage Wells makes us share the narrator's shock.

The storm itself is the first source of drama. The thunderclaps come "treading one on the heels of another", a personification that gives the weather a relentless, pursuing energy, and they sound "more like the working of a gigantic electric machine". This simile is cleverly unsettling: before we have even seen the tripod, nature already sounds mechanical, as if the Martians had infected the sky itself. The "flickering light was blinding and confusing", and the "thin hail smote gustily" at his face. The archaic verb "smote" makes the hail feel like a blow, and the whole opening paragraph places a small, exposed man on a slope at the mercy of forces far bigger than himself.

Wells then uses the lightning to control what we see. The narrator first mistakes the object for "the wet roof of a house", a homely misreading that makes the truth more startling. The vision is "elusive", with "a moment of bewildering darkness" followed by "a flash like daylight" in which the Orphanage and the pine-trees appear "clear and sharp and bright". This alternation builds suspense because the full horror is delayed.

When the reveal comes, the narrator's voice breaks down: "And this Thing I saw! How can I describe it?" The exclamation, the capitalised "Thing" and the rhetorical question suggest that ordinary language cannot cope with what is in front of him. What follows is a breathless, piled-up sentence: "A monstrous tripod, higher than many houses", "a walking engine of glittering metal", "articulate ropes of steel dangling from it". The semicolons let the details tumble out without a main verb,

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as if he can only list impressions. The comparison with "many houses" and the casual "smashing" of the pine-trees convey a scale that dwarfs the human world. Strikingly, Wells then turns to the reader directly, "Can you imagine a milking-stool tilted and bowled violently along the ground?" The domestic, rural image is almost absurd, yet it captures the lurching gait precisely, and the gap between the humble stool and "a great body of machinery" makes the Martian more alien, not less.

The drama sharpens into action with the second tripod. The trees are "parted, as brittle reeds are parted by a man thrusting through them", a simile that reduces a wood to fragile reeds and hints at how easily humanity, too, can be brushed aside. The irony of "And I was galloping hard to meet it!" adds a note of horrified disbelief. Short, urgent clauses follow: his "nerve went altogether", he "wrenched the horse's head", the shafts "smashed noisily", and he is "flung sideways". The aftermath is quiet and pitiful. The parenthesis "(his neck was broken, poor brute!)" is a moment of tenderness that reminds us of real, ordinary suffering, and the image of "the wheel still spinning slowly" is a haunting detail of wreckage left in motion.

Seen closer, the Thing becomes more frightening because it is "no mere insensate machine". Its "glittering tentacles", one gripping "a young pine-tree", and the "brazen hood" moving "with the inevitable suggestion of a head looking about", blur the line between machine and creature. The "puffs of green smoke" and the "gigantic fisherman's basket" behind it hint at a sinister purpose, perhaps the gathering of human prey. Its "exultant deafening howl", "Aloo! aloo!", is a chilling sound, triumphant and inhuman, and it "drowned the thunder", so the Martian is now louder than the storm.

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The passage ends not with escape but with helplessness. The narrator lies "in the rain and darkness watching" as the figures "grew misty and then flashed into clearness again", until "the night swallowed them up". That final verb leaves the reader with a sense of a dark, devouring world in which the Martians may reappear at any moment. Wells makes the moment dramatic, then, not just through spectacle but through the fragile, overwhelmed human eye that witnesses it.

20

Wells portrays the artilleryman strikingly as a figure of contradictions: a survivor with a clear, unsentimental grasp of humanity's defeat, and at the same time a boastful dreamer whose grand plans collapse into laziness and self-indulgence. Through him Wells seems to test how people respond to catastrophe, and the narrator's changing view of him guides our own.

When he first appears in Book One, he is striking simply as a broken man. He climbs into the narrator's garden at Maybury, blackened and exhausted, a soldier from a battery that has been wiped out by the Heat-Ray. Wells lets him tell his story in rough, colloquial speech, and the details of how the guns and horses were destroyed, and how he lay hidden among the dead, convey the sheer helplessness of the British army. A trained soldier, the very symbol of national strength, has been reduced to a frightened fugitive grateful for bread and meat in a stranger's kitchen. His plainness makes him convincing: he does not dramatise, and that makes the horror he describes all the more vivid.

At first he is a practical companion, keen to get away and to report back to the army, and he shows a soldier's instinct to keep moving rather than wait. Yet even here there is a hint of the man who will later emerge, someone who adapts quickly and thinks of his own survival first.

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The second portrayal, on Putney Hill in Book Two, is far more striking. Wells builds the meeting with tension: the artilleryman challenges the narrator as an intruder, claiming the ground as his own, before recognising him as the man from Woking. The territorial aggression shows how quickly the shared rules of society have fallen away. What follows is a long, energetic monologue, and Wells gives him some of the most memorable lines in the novel. He insists that "It never was a war, any more than there's war between man and ants", a brutally honest image that confirms the narrator's own sense of human insignificance. His blunt verdict, "We're beat", has a force that the narrator's more cautious reflections lack.

Much of his speech is a sharp satire on ordinary life. He sneers at the clerks and office workers who lived for routine, suggesting they will be glad to be kept and fattened by the Martians like tame animals, and he mocks the comforts of the old world with the dry remark that there will be no more "blessed concerts" for a very long time. Wells, who distrusted complacency, seems partly to speak through him here, and the reader may feel a disturbing pull towards his vision of a hardened, "able-bodied" humanity living in the drains, keeping books and science alive and one day seizing a Fighting-Machine.

Yet Wells immediately undercuts that vision. His ideal of survival involves casting out the weak, and its cold, almost tyrannical logic makes the narrator, and us, uneasy. Then comes the striking deflation. The tunnel he boasts about, meant to reach the main drain, turns out to be only a few yards long after a week's work. Within hours he abandons digging for food, champagne, cigars and games of cards, and the narrator is drawn into this for a while before shaking himself free. The contrast between his magnificent words and his tiny achievement is both comic and sad. The narrator finally leaves him, calling him a "strange undisciplined

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dreamer of great things", a phrase that is precise: he is not simply a fraud, but a man whose imagination far outruns his will.

The artilleryman is therefore striking because Wells makes him both persuasive and pathetic. He sees the truth of humanity's position more clearly than almost anyone, but he cannot act on it, and his talk becomes a substitute for courage. In the end he acts as a warning about the gap between grand theories and real effort, and his failure throws into relief the narrator's own quieter, more honest struggle to survive.

21

Richardson conveys Dolly's thoughts and feelings by keeping us almost entirely inside her mind, so that we follow her swings from shy delight to anxiety and self-doubt within a few minutes. The opening traces a fragile happiness being worn away, and the dress, at first a source of joy, becomes the measure of how exposed and judged she feels.

At the start Dolly is full of innocent excitement. The repetition in "the last bow tied, the last strengthening pin in place" captures the ritual of preparation, and her refusal to sit "for fear of crushing her dress" shows how precious it is to her. Richardson's language is light and airy to match her mood: the muslin is "gossamer-like stuff" that seems "to float around her". She "hardly recognised herself in the glass", and the girl in "palest blue, with a wreath of cornflowers" might have been "a stranger". This suggests a young girl glimpsing a grown-up self, thrilled and slightly unsettled by the transformation. The ellipsis after "Never had she thought she was so pretty" lets us linger in her private pleasure, before the adults' grudging comments, "Well, Dolly, you'll do", show how little her feelings are matched by those around her.

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Richardson's free indirect style lets us hear Dolly's naive, slightly self-satisfied thoughts. The "Something hot and stinging" that rises in her throat is a vivid physical image of overwhelming emotion, and her "pity for those girls" without her looks, or "an Auntie Cha", is touching but also gently ironic, since the reader suspects she will soon need pity herself. Her "heart was beating pit-a-pat", a childlike phrase that reminds us how young she is at "her first real grown-up ball".

The adults keep puncturing her happiness. Miss Biddons "rather spoilt things" with her reminder about the waltz steps, and Auntie Cha's instruction "remember not to look too serious" adds pressure, implying that the evening is a test of whether she can attract "the gentlemen". The narrative tone stays sympathetic, but these orders reveal that the ball is less a pleasure than a performance.

The accident is the turning point. The exclamation "Alas!" mimics Dolly's own sense of disaster, and Auntie Cha's sharp "My dear, how clumsy!" wounds her, so that she "could have cried with vexation". The torn selvedge, cut off to leave "a raw edge", becomes a powerful symbol of her feelings: her confidence, too, has been left raw and exposed. Walking across "the enormous floor, with people sitting all round, staring", she imagines every eye "fixed on it". The adjective "enormous" conveys her sense of being small and conspicuous, and her decision to slip "into a chair behind" shows her retreat into shyness.

In the final section her earlier certainty collapses. She had hoped the cloakroom woman would admire the "sweet pretty frock", but the bracketed reply, "This sort of stuff's bound to fray", is deflatingly practical and seems to predict the fraying of her hopes. Now she sees dresses "much, much prettier than hers", and the repetition conveys the force of her disappointment. Her own dress begins to seem

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"rather too plain, even a little dowdy", and her thought that "perhaps after all it would have been better to have chosen silk" exactly reverses her opening pride in choosing muslin. Richardson structures the extract around this reversal, so that we feel how quickly a young girl's self-worth can be undone.

The ending leaves her exposed once more. Auntie Cha looks at her "quite hard" and speaks "snappily", and Dolly must sit in the front and hold her programme open "on her lap", advertising that she wants a partner. The image is quietly painful: she is put on display, waiting to be chosen. Richardson vividly conveys a mixture of hope, embarrassment and dawning insecurity, and the reader is left anxious on Dolly's behalf about the evening ahead.