Cambridge Assessment International Education

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/12**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose **February/March 2025**

1 hour 30 minutes

4137282443

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:

Request to a Year

If the year is meditating a suitable gift,

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reach back and bring me the firmness of her hand.

(*Judith Wright*)

How does Wright powerfully portray the speaker's great-great-grandmother in this poem?

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Or **2** Explore how Cheng strikingly conveys the speaker's thoughts and feelings in *The Planners*.

The Planners

They plan. They build. All spaces are gridded,
filled with permutations of possibilities.
The buildings are in alignment with the roads
which meet at desired points
linked by bridges all hang
in the grace of mathematics.
They build and will not stop.
Even the sea draws back
and the skies surrender.

They erase the flaws,
the blemishes of the past, knock off
useless blocks with dental dexterity.
All gaps are plugged
with gleaming gold.
The country wears perfect rows
of shining teeth.
Anaesthesia, amnesia, hypnosis.
They have the means.
They have it all so it will not hurt,
so history is new again.
The piling will not stop.
The drilling goes right through
the fossils of last century.

But my heart would not bleed
poetry. Not a single drop
to stain the blueprint
of our past's tomorrow.

(*Boey Kim Cheng*)

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SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 2: from Part 3

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The Instant of My Death

The bus was crammed and the fat man rubbed against my leg like
a damp cat
while you read *The Jataka Tales* three rows from the back

and we all stumbled on; wheels and hours grinding, tripping
as Spiti rose up around us, sky propped open by its peaks.

I traced the rockline on the window with my finger,
counted cows and gompas, felt my eyes glaze over

until we reached Gramphoo. There, where the road divided,
I saw a thin boy in red flannel squat between two dhabas;

a black-eyed bean, slipped-in between two crags, he was so small
that I almost missed him, until he turned, gap-toothed, and shot me

with a toy gun. And a piece of me stopped then, though the bus
moved on,
and the fat man beside me cracked open an apple with his thumb.

(*Sarah Jackson*)

How does Jackson vividly portray the speaker's feelings in this poem?

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Or **4** In what ways does Jennings create a sense of mystery in *The Enemies*?

The Enemies

Last night they came across the river and
Entered the city. Women were awake
With lights and food. They entertained the band,
Not asking what the men had come to take
Or what strange tongue they spoke
Or why they came so suddenly through the land.

Now in the morning all the town is filled
With stories of the swift and dark invasion;
The women say that not one stranger told
A reason for his coming. The intrusion
Was not for devastation:
Peace is apparent still on hearth and field.

Yet all the city is a haunted place.
Man meeting man speaks cautiously. Old friends
Close up the candid looks upon their face.
There is no warmth in hands accepting hands;
Each ponders, 'Better hide myself in case
Those strangers have set up their homes in minds
I used to walk in. Better draw the blinds
Even if the strangers haunt in my own house.'

(*Elizabeth Jennings*)

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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:

Anniversary

My mother in her feathers of flame

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Able for all that distance to think me him.

How does Hughes create moving impressions of his mother in *Anniversary*?

Or **6** Explore the ways in which Hughes makes *The Thought-Fox* such a powerful poem.

The Thought-Fox

I imagine this midnight moment's forest:

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SECTION B: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Things Fall Apart*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Ikemefuna came to Umuofia at the end of the carefree season between harvest and planting.

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He rose and left the hut.

(*from* Chapter 4)

In what ways does Achebe make this moment in the novel so memorable?

Or **8** How does Achebe encourage you to feel sorry for Nwoye?

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ANITA DESAI: *Fire on the Mountain*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Nanda Kaul paused under the pine trees to take in their scented sibilance and listen to the cicadas fiddling invisibly under the mesh of pine needles when she saw the postman slowly winding his way along the Upper Mall.

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Instead she turned and climbed up the knoll, the topmost height of her garden, where the wind was keenest and the view widest.

(*from* Part 1, Chapter 1)

How does Desai create such memorable first impressions of Nanda Kaul in this opening to the novel?

Or **10** Explore how Desai strikingly conveys Raka's desire to be alone.

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CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Anyhow, I sat with my elbow on my knee and my face upon my hand, looking into the fire, as those two talked about my going away, and about what they should do without me, and all that. And whenever I caught one of them looking at me, though never so pleasantly (and they often looked at me – particularly Biddy), I felt offended: as if they were expressing some mistrust of me. Though Heaven knows they never did by word or sign.

At those times I would get up and look out at the door; for, our kitchen door opened at once upon the night, and stood open on summer evenings to air the room. The very stars to which I then raised my eyes, I am afraid I took to be but poor and humble stars for glittering on the rustic objects among which I had passed my life.

'Saturday night,' said I, when we sat at our supper of bread-and-cheese and beer. 'Five more days, and then the day before *the* day! They'll soon go.'

'Yes, Pip,' observed Joe, whose voice sounded hollow in his beer mug. 'They'll soon go.'

'Soon, soon go,' said Biddy.

'I have been thinking, Joe, that when I go down town on Monday, and order my new clothes, I shall tell the tailor that I'll come and put them on there, or that I'll have them sent to Mr Pumblechook's. It would be very disagreeable to be stared at by all the people here.'

'Mr and Mrs Hubble might like to see you in your new gen-teel figure too, Pip,' said Joe, industriously cutting his bread, with his cheese on it, in the palm of his left hand, and glancing at my untasted supper as if he thought of the time when we used to compare slices. 'So might Wopsle. And the Jolly Bargemen might take it as a compliment.'

'That's just what I don't want, Joe. They would make such a business of it – such a coarse and common business – that I couldn't bear myself.'

'Ah, that indeed, Pip!' said Joe. 'If you couldn't abear yourself –'

Biddy asked me here, as she sat holding my sister's plate, 'Have you thought about when you'll show yourself to Mr Gargery, and your sister, and me? You will show yourself to us; won't you?'

'Biddy,' I returned with some resentment, 'you are so exceedingly quick that it's difficult to keep up with you.'

('She always were quick,' observed Joe.)

'If you had waited another moment, Biddy, you would have heard me say that I shall bring my clothes here in a bundle one evening – most likely on the evening before I go away.'

Biddy said no more. Handsomely forgiving her, I soon exchanged an affectionate good night with her and Joe, and went up to bed. When I got into my little room, I sat down and took a long look at it, as a mean little room that I should soon be parted from and raised above, for ever. It was furnished with fresh young remembrances too, and even at the same moment I fell into much the same confused division of mind between it and the better rooms to which I was going, as I had been in so often between the forge and Miss Havisham's, and Biddy and Estella.

The sun had been shining brightly all day on the roof of my attic, and the room was warm. As I put the window open and stood looking out, I saw Joe come slowly forth at the dark door below, and take a turn or two in the air; and then I saw Biddy come, and bring him a pipe and light it for

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him. He never smoked so late, and it seemed to hint to me that he wanted comforting, for some reason or other.

He presently stood at the door, immediately beneath me, smoking his pipe, and Biddy stood there too, quietly talking to him, and I knew that they talked of me, for I heard my name mentioned in an endearing tone by both of them more than once. I would not have listened for more, if I could have heard more: so, I drew away from the window, and sat down in my one chair by the bedside, feeling it very sorrowful and strange that this first night of my bright fortunes should be the loneliest I had ever known.

Looking towards the open window, I saw light wreaths from Joe's pipe floating there, and I fancied it was like a blessing from Joe – not obtruded on me or paraded before me, but pervading the air we shared together. I put my light out, and crept into bed; and it was an uneasy bed now, and I never slept the old sound sleep in it any more.

(*from* Chapter 18)

In what ways does Dickens memorably depict Pip's thoughts and feelings at this moment in the novel?

Or **12** How does Dickens make **two** of the following characters so dislikeable?

- Drummle
- Orlick
- Pumblechook

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DAPHNE DU MAURIER: *Rebecca*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The gates had shut to with a crash behind us, the dusty high-road was out of sight, and I became aware that this was not the drive I had imagined would be Manderley's, this was not a broad and spacious thing of gravel, flanked with neat turf at either side, kept smooth with rake and brush.

This drive twisted and turned as a serpent, scarce wider in places than a path, and above our heads was a great colonnade of trees, whose branches nodded and intermingled with one another, making an archway for us, like the roof of a church. Even the midday sun would not penetrate the interlacing of those green leaves, they were too thickly entwined, one with another, and only little flickering patches of warm light would come in intermittent waves to dapple the drive with gold. It was very silent, very still. On the high-road there had been a gay west wind blowing in my face, making the grass on the hedges dance in unison, but here there was no wind. Even the engine of the car had taken a new note, throbbing low, quieter than before. As the drive descended to the valley so the trees came in upon us, great beeches with lovely smooth white stems, lifting their myriad branches to one another, and other trees, trees I could not name, coming close, so close that I could touch them with my hands. On we went, over a little bridge that spanned a narrow stream, and still this drive that was no drive twisted and turned like an enchanted ribbon through the dark and silent woods, penetrating even deeper to the very heart surely of the forest itself, and still there was no clearing, no space to hold a house.

The length of it began to nag at my nerves; it must be this turn, I thought, or round that further bend; but as I leant forward in my seat I was for ever disappointed, there was no house, no field, no broad and friendly garden, nothing but the silence and deep woods. The lodge gates were a memory, and the high-road something belonging to another time, another world.

Suddenly I saw a clearing in the dark drive ahead, and a patch of sky, and in a moment the dark trees had thinned, the nameless shrubs had disappeared, and on either side of us was a wall of colour, blood-red, reaching far above our heads. We were amongst the rhododendrons. There was something bewildering, even shocking, about the suddenness of their discovery. The woods had not prepared me for them. They startled me with their crimson faces, massed one upon the other in incredible profusion, showing no leaf, no twig, nothing but the slaughterous red, luscious and fantastic, unlike any rhododendron plant I had seen before.

I glanced at Maxim. He was smiling. 'Like them?' he said.

I told him 'Yes,' a little breathlessly, uncertain whether I was speaking the truth or not, for to me a rhododendron was a homely, domestic thing, strictly conventional, mauve or pink in colour, standing one beside the other in a neat round bed. And these were monsters, rearing to the sky, massed like a battalion, too beautiful I thought, too powerful; they were not plants at all.

We were not far from the house now, I saw the drive broaden to the sweep I had expected, and with the blood-red wall still flanking us on either side, we turned the last corner, and so came to Manderley.

(*from* Chapter 7)

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How does du Maurier make Manderley seem so sinister at this moment in the novel?

Or **14** Explore how du Maurier vividly portrays the relationship between Mrs Danvers and Rebecca.

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HARPER LEE: *To Kill a Mockingbird*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

After supper, Atticus sat down with the paper and called, 'Scout, ready to read?'

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I don’t know of any landowner around here who begrudges those children any game their father can hit.’

(*from* Chapter 3)

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

Or **16** How does Lee powerfully portray Atticus during the trial?

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:

Irma, who had taken a few steps towards the centre of the room, now paused uncertainly and smiled back.

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The voice of evil cackled as the tumult grew.

(*from* Chapter 12)

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

Or **18** Explore the ways in which Lindsay makes Mike such an admirable character.

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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:

I put out my hand and felt the meat-chopper hanging to the wall. In a flash I was after him. I was fierce with fear. Before he was halfway across the kitchen I had overtaken him. With one last touch of humanity I turned the blade back and struck him with the butt. He went headlong forward and lay stretched on the ground. I stumbled over him and stood panting. He lay still.

Suddenly I heard a noise without, the run and smash of slipping plaster, and the triangular aperture in the wall was darkened. I looked up and saw the lower surface of a handling-machine coming slowly across the hole. One of its gripping limbs curled amid the débris; another limb appeared, feeling its way over the fallen beams. I stood petrified, staring. Then I saw through a sort of glass plate near the edge of the body the face, as we may call it, and the large dark eyes of a Martian, peering, and then a long metallic snake of tentacle came feeling slowly through the hole.

I turned by an effort, stumbled over the curate, and stopped at the scullery door. The tentacle was now some way, two yards or more, in the room, and twisting and turning, with queer sudden movements, this way and that. For a while I stood fascinated by that slow, fitful advance. Then, with a faint, hoarse cry, I forced myself across the scullery. I trembled violently; I could scarcely stand upright. I opened the door of the coal-cellar, and stood there in the darkness staring at the faintly lit doorway into the kitchen, and listening. Had the Martian seen me? What was it doing now?

Something was moving to and fro there, very quietly; every now and then it tapped against the wall, or started on its movements with a faint metallic ringing, like the movement of keys on a split-ring. Then a heavy body – I knew too well what – was dragged across the floor of the kitchen towards the opening. Irresistibly attracted, I crept to the door and peeped into the kitchen. In the triangle of bright outer sunlight I saw the Martian, in its Briareus of a handling-machine, scrutinizing the curate's head. I thought at once that it would infer my presence from the mark of the blow I had given him.

I crept back to the coal-cellar, shut the door, and began to cover myself up as much as I could, and as noiselessly as possible in the darkness, among the firewood and coal therein. Every now and then I paused, rigid, to hear if the Martian had thrust its tentacle through the opening again.

Then the faint metallic jingle returned. I traced it slowly feeling over the kitchen. Presently I heard it nearer – in the scullery, as I judged. I thought that its length might be insufficient to reach me. I prayed copiously. It passed, scraping faintly across the cellar door. An age of almost intolerable suspense intervened; then I heard it fumbling at the latch. It had found the door! The Martians understood doors!

It worried at the catch for a minute, perhaps, and then the door opened.

In the darkness I could just see the thing – like an elephant's trunk more than anything else – waving towards me and touching and examining the wall, coals, wood and ceiling. It was like a black worm swaying its blind head to and fro.

(*from* Book 2, Chapter 4)

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

Or **20** To what extent does Wells suggest hope for the future by the end of the novel?

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from *STORIES OF OURSELVES Volume 2*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **21** Read this passage from *The Black Ball* (by Ralph Ellison), and then answer the question that follows it:

As I came around the building past the tall new evergreens, I could hear the boy crying in just that note no other child has, and when I came completely around I found him standing looking up into a window with tears on his face.

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Maybe there was a color other than white on the old ball.

In what ways does Ellison make this such a disturbing moment in the story?

Or **22** How does Aminatta Forna make *Haywards Heath* such a sad 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

2

Cheng conveys the speaker's thoughts and feelings almost entirely through his description of other people. For most of the poem the speaker watches "They", the planners, with a cool, ironic detachment, and his unease grows gradually as the poem moves from admiration of their efficiency to horror at what that efficiency destroys. Only in the final stanza does the "I" appear, and its arrival is striking because it is a confession of failure: the speaker cannot, or will not, resist.

The opening is relentless. The short declaratives "They plan. They build." have a mechanical rhythm, as if the speaker is mimicking the programmed march of progress. The pronoun "They" is never explained, which makes the planners feel faceless and remote, a power rather than a group of people. Their world is one of order: "All spaces are gridded", buildings are "in alignment", roads "meet at desired points". There is a hint of reluctant wonder in "the grace of mathematics", since "grace" suggests beauty and even holiness, yet the speaker's tone is quietly sardonic. A world of "permutations of possibilities" sounds limitless, but it is a limit in itself: nothing is allowed to be accidental or human.

The speaker's anxiety deepens with the claim that "They build and will not stop." The phrase "will not" suggests stubborn refusal as well as unstoppable momentum. The planners seem to defeat nature itself: "Even the sea draws back / and the skies surrender." The personification of the sea and sky as defeated armies is grandly hyperbolic, and I think the speaker is both impressed and appalled. If the elements themselves "surrender", what chance does an individual have?

The central stanza introduces the poem's most memorable image, an extended

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metaphor of dentistry. The planners "erase the flaws, / the blemishes of the past" and "knock off / useless blocks with dental dexterity." The alliteration of "dental dexterity" sounds clinical and almost admiring, but the image is unsettling: old buildings, perhaps whole communities and their histories, are treated as rotten teeth to be removed. "All gaps are plugged / with gleaming gold", and the country "wears perfect rows / of shining teeth." The result is a dazzling, artificial smile. A smile is supposed to express feeling, yet this one is false, a cosmetic surface that hides what has been lost. The speaker seems to feel that his country has become a polished advertisement for itself.

The dental image continues in the list "Anaesthesia, amnesia, hypnosis." This fragment, without a verb, sounds like a chilling inventory of the planners' tools. The progression is sinister: first the pain is numbed, then memory is erased, then minds are controlled. The near rhyme of "Anaesthesia" and "amnesia" binds physical numbness to forgetting, suggesting that people are being made comfortable precisely so that they will not notice what has gone. "They have the means. / They have it all so it will not hurt" is bitterly ironic. The speaker exposes the planners' kindness as a form of manipulation, and the paradox "so history is new again" shows how absurd it is: history, by definition, cannot be new. The past is being rewritten rather than remembered.

The sounds of construction then return with violent force. "The piling will not stop. / The drilling goes right through / the fossils of last century." The repetition of "will not stop" from earlier creates a sense of claustrophobic inevitability, and "drilling" through "fossils" suggests that even the deepest layers of memory are being pierced and destroyed. The word "fossils" is poignant, implying that the past is already dead, only a trace left in stone.

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The final stanza turns abruptly with "But", and for the first time the speaker speaks of himself: "But my heart would not bleed / poetry." The enjambment leaves "bleed" hanging at the end of the line, so for a moment we expect grief, then "poetry" arrives to complicate it. The speaker seems to admit that he too has been anaesthetised; he cannot produce the protesting poetry that might "stain the blueprint". The image of a single "drop" of blood staining a clean plan is powerful because it is so small, and yet he cannot manage even that. There is self-reproach here, and perhaps despair about the power of art against progress. Of course, the irony is that the poem itself is that drop of protest. The closing paradox, "our past's tomorrow", captures the speaker's confusion about a future built by deleting the past, and leaves us sharing his sense of loss and complicity.

3

Jackson portrays a speaker whose feelings shift from bored, slightly irritated discomfort to a sudden, startling sense of something lost. The poem is built around a single "instant", and Jackson vividly shows how an ordinary, almost comic bus journey is punctured by a tiny moment that the speaker experiences as a kind of death. The title is deliberately dramatic, and the gap between its gravity and the playfulness of a "toy gun" is what makes the poem so haunting.

The opening line immerses us in the speaker's physical discomfort. The bus is "crammed", a word that conveys claustrophobia, and the simile describing the fat man who "rubbed against my leg like / a damp cat" is both funny and faintly disgusting. "Damp" makes the contact clammy and unwelcome, and the long line spilling over onto the next mirrors the way he spills into her space. The speaker's feelings here are of mild resentment and weariness. By contrast, "you" reads quietly "three rows from the back", a distance that perhaps suggests a slight loneliness in the speaker, separated from her companion.

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Jackson then conveys the monotony of the journey. "We all stumbled on; wheels and hours grinding, tripping" uses harsh, present participles to create a jolting, repetitive rhythm, and the pairing of "wheels and hours" merges physical motion with the slow passing of time. Yet the landscape is magnificent: "Spiti rose up around us, sky propped open by its peaks." The personification of the mountains holding the sky open like a lid is a vivid, surprising image, and it suggests the vastness around the tiny bus. The speaker, however, seems too tired to be moved by it. She "traced the rockline on the window" and "counted cows and gompas", passive, childlike activities, before admitting she "felt my eyes glaze over". Jackson makes us feel her numbness, which makes the coming shock more powerful.

The turning point comes "where the road divided", a detail that may be symbolic of a moment of change or of two paths in life. The boy is described with tender precision: "a thin boy in red flannel" who squats "between two dhabas". The red stands out vividly against the grey rock, and the metaphor "a black-eyed bean, slipped-in between two crags" makes him seem small, seed-like and fragile, almost part of the landscape. The speaker admits "he was so small / that I almost missed him", which emphasises how easily such a moment could have passed unnoticed and makes its eventual impact feel like chance or fate.

The climax is delivered through enjambment and surprise. The boy "turned, gap-toothed, and shot me / with a toy gun." The line break after "shot me" creates a shocking pause in which, for an instant, the shooting seems real, before "toy gun" undercuts it. "Gap-toothed" reminds us of his youth and innocence, and the game is entirely harmless. Yet the speaker's response is profound: "And a piece of me stopped then, though the bus / moved on". This is the "instant" of the title. The speaker seems to feel that part of her self has been left behind at Gramphoo,

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perhaps arrested by the boy's direct gaze, which pulls her out of her glazed detachment. It could be read as a moment of connection so intense that it feels like a death of her old self, or as a reminder of mortality from the most unexpected source. Jackson leaves it open, which adds to the mystery.

The ending is brilliantly understated. The bus "moved on", indifferent, and "the fat man beside me cracked open an apple with his thumb." The return to the mundane man is almost comic, but the verb "cracked open" quietly echoes the speaker's experience of being broken open. Life carries on as normal around her while she has been inwardly changed. Through this contrast Jackson vividly conveys how private and inexpressible such feelings are: the most important moment of the journey is invisible to everyone else, and the speaker is left alone with it.

4 Jennings creates a sense of mystery by withholding almost everything we would expect to know about an invasion: who the enemies are, what they want and whether they have even left. The poem begins like a story of war but turns into something stranger and more unsettling, because the real invasion seems to take place not in the streets but in people's minds. The deepest mystery, perhaps, is who "The Enemies" of the title actually are.

From the first line, Jennings presents the strangers only through the vague pronoun "they": "Last night they came across the river". We are never given names, a nationality or a description, so the men remain shadowy. Crossing a river is a traditional image of crossing a boundary, and the enjambment of "and / Entered the city" mimics the way they slip quietly over the threshold. Strangely, their arrival is met not with resistance but hospitality: "Women were awake / With

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lights and food." It is as if the women were expecting them. This is puzzling, and Jennings deepens the puzzle through the repeated negatives: they entertained the band "Not asking what the men had come to take / Or what strange tongue they spoke / Or why they came". The anaphora of "Or" piles up unanswered questions. Even the shorter fifth line seems to break the pattern, leaving a gap in the poem like the gap in understanding.

The second stanza moves to the morning, when we might expect explanations, yet the mystery only grows. The town is "filled / With stories", which suggests rumour and speculation rather than fact. The phrase "the swift and dark invasion" is ominous: "dark" refers to the night but also hints at something sinister or hidden. Most mysteriously of all, "not one stranger told / A reason for his coming." Jennings stresses the lack of motive, and then reveals that "The intrusion / Was not for devastation: / Peace is apparent still on hearth and field." This is a paradox: an invasion that destroys nothing. Yet the word "apparent" is carefully chosen. It can mean "clear" but also "only seeming", and it plants a doubt that this peace may be a mere surface.

The final stanza confirms that doubt through a dramatic turn on "Yet": "all the city is a haunted place." The strangers have vanished, but they have become like ghosts, present through their absence. Jennings shows the effect on human relationships with precise, chilling detail. "Man meeting man speaks cautiously", and "Old friends / Close up the candid looks upon their face." The verb "Close up" suggests shutters or doors being locked, as if faces themselves have become houses that must be defended. "There is no warmth in hands accepting hands" is especially poignant: the gesture of friendship survives, but its feeling has drained away. The repetition of "hands" makes the handshake sound hollow and mechanical.

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The mystery reaches its height in the closing quotation, where we enter one citizen's private thoughts: "Better hide myself in case / Those strangers have set up their homes in minds / I used to walk in." This metaphor is unsettling, because it suggests that the invaders have occupied other people's minds, so that even old friends may now be enemies. The speaker cannot tell who is changed and who is not. The last lines are the most disturbing: "Better draw the blinds / Even if the strangers haunt in my own house." The fear turns inwards; the strangers may already be inside the speaker's own "house", that is, his own mind. Drawing the blinds is useless against an enemy within.

The form adds to the unease. The poem has a regular-looking structure and rhyme, yet many rhymes are slightly off, such as "invasion" with "intrusion", or "minds" with "blinds" after "friends" and "hands". These near rhymes create a sense that something is not quite right beneath an orderly surface, just as the peaceful town hides its fear.

By the end, Jennings has turned a literal invasion into a psychological one. The enemies might be suspicion itself, or the fear that strangers, ideas or change can corrupt us. Because she never explains, the reader is left as uncertain and uneasy as the citizens, which is exactly what makes the mystery so powerful.

6 The Thought-Fox is powerful because Hughes makes the act of writing a poem feel like a living, physical event. On the surface it describes a fox approaching through a snowy forest at midnight, but the fox is really the "thought" of the title, an idea that creeps into the poet's mind and becomes the poem we are reading. Hughes fuses the real and the imagined so completely that by the end we cannot separate

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them, and the effect is both mysterious and thrilling.

The opening line sets up this ambiguity at once: "I imagine this midnight moment's forest". The verb "imagine" tells us that the forest exists only in the poet's head, yet the soft alliteration of "midnight moment's" creates a hushed, intimate atmosphere that draws us in. Immediately the poet senses that "Something else is alive / Beside the clock's loneliness / And this blank page where my fingers move." The vague "Something" builds suspense, while the "clock's loneliness" transfers the poet's own isolation onto the ticking clock. The "blank page" is the source of his anxiety: he is waiting for inspiration that has not yet come.

Hughes then contrasts outer and inner worlds. "Through the window I see no star", so the external world offers no guidance or light. Instead, "Something more near / Though deeper within darkness / Is entering the loneliness". The paradox of being "more near" yet "deeper within darkness" suggests that the inspiration comes from inside the poet, from the dark depths of his own mind. The repeated "loneliness" links the room and the forest, as if they are the same space.

The fox's arrival is the heart of the poem, and Hughes describes it with extraordinary delicacy. "Cold, delicately as the dark snow, / A fox's nose touches twig, leaf". The simile is surprising, since snow is usually white, but "dark snow" belongs to the midnight imagination. The single, tentative touches on "twig, leaf" are slowed down by the commas, so that the verse itself seems to sniff and pause. Hughes then uses enjambment and repetition to recreate the fox's movement: "Two eyes serve a movement, that now / And again now, and now, and now". The insistent "now" mimics the rhythm of careful footsteps, and also the stop-start progress of a writer finding words one at a time. The fox "Sets neat

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prints into the snow", a beautiful image that doubles as a metaphor for words being printed on the white page.

Hughes captures the fox's wariness too. A "lame / Shadow lags by stump and in hollow / Of a body that is bold to come / Across clearings". There is a tension here between caution and boldness, which perhaps reflects the fragile, hesitant nature of a new idea that must still have the courage to emerge. The long sentence, running across several stanzas without stopping, creates a sense of breathless concentration, as though both poet and reader are holding still so as not to frighten the fox away.

The climax builds through a series of intensifying words. The fox becomes simply "an eye, / A widening deepening greenness, / Brilliantly, concentratedly, / Coming about its own business". The participles "widening deepening" make the eye seem to grow as it approaches, and the long adverbs slow the line as if to focus our gaze. "Coming about its own business" is wonderfully casual: the fox, like inspiration, cannot be forced, but arrives on its own terms.

Then comes the sudden release: "Till, with a sudden sharp hot stink of fox / It enters the dark hole of the head." After the delicacy of what has gone before, the harsh monosyllables of "sharp hot stink" are a shock to the senses. The idea becomes animal, physical, almost overwhelming. The "dark hole of the head" is the fox's den and the poet's mind at once, completing the metaphor: the thought has been captured.

The final stanza returns to the room, with a deliberate echo of the beginning. "The window is starless still; the clock ticks," as before, yet one thing has changed: "The page is printed." This short, flat sentence is very powerful, because it reveals

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that the whole journey of the fox has been the writing of the poem itself. The world outside is unchanged, but the blank page has been filled. Hughes leaves us with the sense that creativity is a mysterious, almost wild force, something that visits the writer rather than something he controls.

8 Achebe encourages us to feel sorry for Nwoye by presenting him as a sensitive boy trapped inside a household ruled by fear. Nwoye is never allowed to be himself: his father measures him against a rigid ideal of manliness, and every time he finds comfort, whether in his mother's stories, in Ikemefuna's friendship or finally in the hymns of the Christians, it is taken from him or punished. Our sympathy grows because Achebe lets us glimpse Nwoye's inner life, which his father refuses to see.

From the start, Nwoye is defined by Okonkwo's anxieties rather than his own nature. Okonkwo's greatest fear is of resembling his own father, Unoka, and he projects that fear onto his son, worrying that Nwoye shows signs of laziness. Achebe tells us that Okonkwo rules his household with a heavy hand and that his wives and children live in fear of him. Nwoye is constantly nagged and beaten, and Achebe sums up the result in a sad phrase: he is becoming "a sad-faced youth". This simple description invites pity, since the sadness is clearly the product of his upbringing rather than any fault in him. When Okonkwo threatens violence over something as small as the way his son cuts seed yams, we see how impossible it is for Nwoye ever to satisfy him.

Ikemefuna's arrival gives Nwoye a brief period of happiness, which makes its loss all the more painful. Ikemefuna becomes like an elder brother, and under his influence Nwoye begins to feel more grown up. Okonkwo is inwardly pleased and invites the boys into his obi to hear stories of war and bloodshed. Achebe makes

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us feel sorry for Nwoye here through dramatic irony: he pretends to despise "women's" stories to please his father, yet secretly he still prefers the folk tales his mother tells, such as the story of the quarrel between Earth and Sky. The narrative voice lets us see that his true sensitivity must be hidden, and that his growth is a kind of performance.

The killing of Ikemefuna is the turning point of Nwoye's life. Okonkwo, afraid of being thought weak, joins the men who lead the boy away and strikes the final blow himself. Nwoye is not present, but he knows instantly what has happened when his father returns. Achebe describes the effect with a striking simile: something seems to give way inside him "like the snapping of a tightened bow." The image is precise and painful, suggesting tension stretched to breaking point and something that cannot be repaired. Achebe links this to an earlier memory, when Nwoye heard the crying of abandoned twins in the forest and felt the same snapping inside. By connecting these moments, Achebe shows that Nwoye has a deep, instinctive revulsion from cruelty that his society asks him to accept as normal. We feel sorry for him because he has no one he can tell.

In the second part of the novel, Achebe deepens our sympathy by showing Nwoye's attraction to the missionaries in Mbanta. He is not drawn by their arguments, which he does not fully understand, but by the "poetry of the new religion". Achebe explains that the hymn about brothers who live in darkness and fear seems to answer a question that has haunted him: the question of the twins and of Ikemefuna. It is moving that what Nwoye seeks is not rebellion but relief, a place where his tenderness will be accepted.

His father's response is brutal. When Okonkwo hears that Nwoye has been seen among the Christians, he seizes him by the neck and beats him with a heavy

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stick, demanding to know where he has been. Nwoye says nothing and simply walks away, eventually leaving to attend the mission school in Umuofia. His silence is painful: years of fear have left him unable to defend himself in words. Okonkwo's reaction shows no understanding. He wonders how he could have produced such a son and uses the bitter proverb "Living fire begets cold, impotent ash." To Okonkwo, Nwoye is a failure; to the reader, he is a victim of his father's inability to love openly.

Even at the end, Achebe keeps Nwoye at a sad distance. He takes the name Isaac, and when Obierika later sees him in Umuofia, he refuses to talk about his father, saying in effect that Okonkwo is no father of his. The break is complete. Nwoye's final rejection may be his only freedom, yet it is a lonely one. Achebe makes us feel sorry for him because he is caught between two worlds and loses his family in order to find peace.

10 Desai conveys Raka's desire to be alone as something instinctive and absolute, quite different from the solitude Nanda Kaul has chosen. Nanda has retreated to Carignano after a lifetime of duty and wants to be left in peace, yet her isolation is partly a pose. Raka, by contrast, seems a born recluse, and Desai makes her desire for solitude striking by showing it through her silence, her physical elusiveness and her attraction to wild, damaged places.

Desai makes Raka's arrival unsettling precisely because she makes no demands. Nanda has dreaded the child's visit as an intrusion on her privacy, but Raka turns out to want nothing from her. She is small, thin and pale after her illness, and Desai repeatedly compares her to an insect, quiet and self-contained, almost invisible against the hillside. The comparison suggests a creature who belongs to

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the natural world rather than to human society. The irony is striking: Nanda had prepared to defend her solitude, only to find that the child ignores her completely, and this indifference makes Nanda, for the first time, want company.

Raka's desire to be alone is shown through her movements. She slips away from the house at every opportunity, exploring the ravines and pine slopes and avoiding the paths where she might meet people. Desai describes her moving silently and quickly, disappearing and reappearing, so that Nanda can never quite keep track of her. She is drawn particularly to the burnt-out house on the ridge and to the bare, scorched hillside, places that are ruined and empty. Desai seems to suggest that Raka feels at home in desolation because it mirrors something inside her. While Nanda arranges her life around a carefully tended view, Raka seeks out what is broken and wild.

Desai makes Raka's solitude more striking by setting it against Nanda's attempts to win her. Nanda tells her elaborate stories about her childhood, about her father's travels and the animals in their house, hoping to capture the child's interest. Raka listens politely but remains unmoved, and the stories, which we later realise are largely invented, expose Nanda's loneliness. The contrast is powerful: the old woman who claimed to want only solitude becomes the one who reaches out, while the child keeps her distance. Desai thus uses Raka to reveal that Nanda's isolation is defensive, while Raka's is genuine.

The roots of Raka's withdrawal are hinted at most vividly in the episode at the Club. Drawn out at night, she watches the adults at a fancy dress party through a window, and the noise, drunkenness and grotesque costumes frighten and disgust her. The scene brings back memories of her father returning home drunk and violent, and of her mother's suffering. Desai never states the connection directly,

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but she allows us to infer that Raka's desire to be alone is partly a retreat from the cruelty of the adult world. She runs back through the dark, and her flight reinforces the sense that only solitude feels safe to her.

The novel's ending gives Raka's longing a final, disturbing intensity. After the news of Ila Das's death reaches Nanda, Raka announces that she has set the forest on fire, and Desai closes with the hillside in flames. Her words, "I have set the forest on fire", are chilling in their simplicity. The fire can be read as an act of destruction against a world that has hurt the people around her, or as a violent assertion of her separateness. Either way, the child who wanted only to be left alone becomes the agent of the novel's catastrophe.

Desai therefore strikingly conveys Raka's desire to be alone through imagery, contrast and implication. Her silence and wildness make her mysterious, but they also expose the loneliness of Nanda Kaul and the damage that adult cruelty can do to a child.

11 Dickens makes this moment memorable because Pip is caught between two selves: the boy who loves Joe and Biddy, and the young gentleman who is already ashamed of them. What makes the passage so painful is that the older Pip, narrating, sees his snobbery clearly and judges it, so that we watch his feelings from inside while also being made to wince at them.

From the start Pip is defensive and suspicious. Sitting "looking into the fire", he feels "offended" whenever Joe or Biddy look at him, "as if they were expressing some mistrust". The narrator immediately undercuts this: "Though Heaven knows they never did by word or sign." The irony is sharp. The mistrust is entirely Pip's

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own guilty projection, and Dickens lets the mature narrator expose the boy's self-deception. Even nature is diminished by his new pride. The stars become "poor and humble stars for glittering on the rustic objects", a wonderfully absurd image in which Pip looks down on the sky itself for shining on the marshes. The phrase "I am afraid" signals the narrator's embarrassment at his younger self.

Pip's excitement is shown through his childish counting: "Five more days, and then the day before the day!" The breathless exclamation contrasts with Joe's "hollow" voice in his "beer mug" and the gentle echo of "Soon, soon go" from Biddy. Dickens uses repetition to show that the same words carry joy for Pip and grief for those he is leaving, and Pip is too absorbed to notice.

The conversation about the new clothes is the heart of his snobbery. Pip wants to avoid being "stared at by all the people here", and when Joe innocently suggests the Hubbles, Wopsle and the Jolly Bargemen might enjoy seeing his "gen-teel figure", Pip recoils from "such a coarse and common business". The word "common" recalls Estella's scorn, so we sense that her contempt now lives inside him. Joe's reply is touching: busy "cutting his bread" in his palm, he glances at Pip's "untasted supper" and remembers how they "used to compare slices". This small domestic detail reminds us of their old equality, and the untouched food quietly suggests that Pip has lost his appetite for the life he shared with Joe. Joe's broken "If you couldn't abear yourself" trails off, his dignity making Pip's rudeness more glaring.

Pip is harsher still with Biddy, telling her "with some resentment" that she is "so exceedingly quick". The narrator's phrase "Handsomely forgiving her" is heavily ironic, since Biddy has done nothing wrong. We are invited to laugh at Pip's pomposity and to feel ashamed for him.

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Yet Dickens does not make Pip simply unpleasant. Alone in his "mean little room", he feels "confused division of mind", the same pull he felt "between the forge and Miss Havisham's, and Biddy and Estella". The paired opposites show that his ambition and his affection are at war. Watching Joe smoke later than usual, he senses that Joe "wanted comforting", and he hears his name spoken "in an endearing tone". It is significant that he draws away rather than listening: he cannot bear to face the love he is rejecting.

The ending is quietly devastating. The "first night of my bright fortunes" becomes "the loneliest I had ever known", a paradox that undermines the very idea of great expectations. The smoke from Joe's pipe is imagined "like a blessing", "pervading the air we shared together", an image of Joe's patient, unshowy love surrounding Pip even as he withdraws. Finally, the bed is "an uneasy bed now", and the narrator adds that he "never slept the old sound sleep in it any more". This final sentence, with its sense of permanent loss, makes the moment memorable: Pip has gained a fortune but lost his peace, and the older narrator knows it.

12 Dickens makes Pumblechook and Drummle dislikeable in different ways. Pumblechook is a comic hypocrite whose greed and self-importance are exposed through grotesque description and his own pompous speech, while Drummle is a cold, brutish snob whose cruelty is more frightening because it is real. Together they show two faces of the false gentility that Pip is tempted by.

Pumblechook is made ridiculous from his first appearance. Pip describes him with "a mouth like a fish, dull staring eyes, and sandy hair standing upright", as if he had been half choked. The animal imagery reduces him to something gaping and

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stupid, and the narrator's comic exaggeration invites us to laugh at him before he has done anything. At the Christmas dinner he joins Mrs Joe and Mr Wopsle in moralising at Pip, reminding him to be grateful to those who brought him up "by hand", while he himself gorges on the food. Dickens's irony is pointed: the man lecturing a child about virtue is greedy and self-satisfied, and the scene ends with Pumblechook choking on the tar water Pip has slipped into the brandy, a comic punishment that the reader enjoys.

His treatment of Pip on the way to Miss Havisham's is petty bullying disguised as education. He fires sums at the boy, "Seven times nine, boy?", over a meagre breakfast while eating well himself. The relentless questioning shows a man who enjoys power over a child. Dickens makes him dislikeable chiefly through hypocrisy, however. Once Pip receives his fortune, Pumblechook becomes obsequious, repeatedly asking "May I? May I?" to shake his hand, and he spreads the claim that he was the founder of Pip's fortunes. His flattery is as shameless as his earlier contempt, and his sudden reverence for money exposes his values. Even late in the novel, after Pip has lost everything, Pumblechook lectures him publicly about his ingratitude to his supposed benefactor. Dickens keeps him consistent to the end: a man who never sees himself truly, and whose moralising is always self-serving.

Drummle is dislikeable in a darker way. Pip introduces him as "an old-looking young man, of a heavy order of architecture", an image that makes him seem dull, solid and graceless. He is sulky, idle and suspicious, and Herbert notes his family wealth and connection to a title, which is all he has to recommend him. Dickens shows that inherited status does not make a gentleman; Drummle has money but no manners, kindness or intelligence.

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Jaggers is fascinated by him and calls him "the Spider", a nickname that hints at his predatory nature. At Jaggers's dinner Drummle boasts of his strength and sneers at the others, and the scene grows tense when he becomes openly aggressive. The image of the spider looks forward to how he will trap Estella. When he toasts her at the Finches of the Grove, Pip's jealousy is intense, but the reader shares his disgust because Drummle seems incapable of love.

His marriage to Estella confirms his cruelty. Estella chooses him precisely because he is a brute who will not be hurt by her, and Dickens later reveals that he treated her with great cruelty. His death, caused by his ill-treatment of a horse, is a fitting end: the violence he showed to others finally turns back on him. Dickens leaves us with no sympathy for him at all.

The two characters work as foils to Joe. Pumblechook pretends to be Pip's patron and Drummle is born a "gentleman", yet both lack the loyalty and humility that make Joe truly good. By making them so unpleasant, Dickens shows Pip, and the reader, that worth lies in character rather than in money or rank.

13 Du Maurier makes Manderley sinister before the narrator even sees the house. The approach is presented as a journey away from the ordinary world into somewhere enclosed, silent and strangely alive, and the sinister quality lies in the gap between what the young bride expected and what she finds. Manderley is not a home that welcomes her; it is a place that seems to swallow her.

The passage begins with an ending: "The gates had shut to with a crash behind us". The harsh sound and the sense of being shut in suggest a trap, and the "dusty high-road" of normal life is immediately "out of sight". The narrator then

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defines the drive by negatives: "this was not a broad and spacious thing of gravel", not "kept smooth with rake and brush". Her conventional image of an orderly estate is replaced by something wild and uncontrolled.

The drive itself is given menacing life. It "twisted and turned as a serpent", a simile that carries suggestions of danger and of the serpent in Eden, hinting that this apparently beautiful place hides evil. The trees form "a great colonnade" and "an archway for us, like the roof of a church". On one level this is grand, but a church roof over a dark passage can also suggest a funeral procession, and the narrator is being led into a place of the dead. The sunlight cannot "penetrate" the leaves; only "flickering patches" reach the ground. Du Maurier creates a world of shadow in which light struggles to survive.

The silence is especially unsettling. "It was very silent, very still." The short, repetitive sentence slows the reader down. Du Maurier contrasts the "gay west wind" on the high-road, which made the grass "dance in unison", with the stillness here, where "there was no wind". Even the car changes, "throbbing low, quieter than before", as if the machine itself is subdued by the place. The trees come "close, so close that I could touch them with my hands", and the repetition of "close" makes the woods feel claustrophobic and intrusive.

The structure of the journey builds anxiety. The long, winding sentences mirror the drive's endless turns, and the phrase "this drive that was no drive" suggests something unnatural, while "enchanted ribbon" implies a spell. The narrator's nerves are frayed: "it must be this turn, I thought, or round that further bend", yet she is "for ever disappointed". The high-road becomes "something belonging to another time, another world", so Manderley seems cut off from reality. Readers who know the novel's opening dream recognise this drive as the one the narrator revisits,

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overgrown, at the start of the book, which adds a further layer of foreboding.

The rhododendrons are the climax. After the darkness, a "wall of colour" appears, "blood-red". The suddenness is "bewildering, even shocking", and du Maurier personifies the flowers with "crimson faces" and "massed one upon the other". The language becomes violent: "slaughterous red" is a startling adjective that connects beauty with killing, perhaps foreshadowing the hidden truth of Rebecca's death. They are "luscious and fantastic", sensual and excessive, and later the narrator calls them "monsters, rearing to the sky, massed like a battalion". The military simile turns the garden into an army ranged against her. They are "too beautiful", "too powerful"; "they were not plants at all". Many readers link this overwhelming, glamorous red to Rebecca herself, whose presence dominates Manderley.

Maxim's reaction deepens the sense of unease. "He was smiling. 'Like them?'" He seems at home in this world, while his wife answers "a little breathlessly, uncertain whether I was speaking the truth". Her own idea of a rhododendron is "homely, domestic", "mauve or pink", in "a neat round bed", which reveals her modest, ordinary expectations. Manderley is the opposite: excessive and threatening. Even when the drive broadens at last, the "blood-red wall" still flanks them, so the final arrival, "and so came to Manderley", feels less like a homecoming than an entrance into something she cannot control.

14 Du Maurier portrays the relationship between Mrs Danvers and Rebecca as an obsessive, almost worshipful devotion that survives death itself. Rebecca never appears in the novel, yet through Mrs Danvers she seems vividly alive, and the housekeeper becomes a kind of priestess keeping her mistress's memory sacred. The vividness comes from the way du Maurier lets us see Rebecca almost entirely

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through Mrs Danvers's adoring, possessive eyes, while hinting that the relationship is darker than it first appears.

From her first appearance Mrs Danvers seems more a ghost than a servant. The narrator describes her as tall and gaunt, dressed in black, with a "skull's face", and her hand is cold and lifeless. The deathly imagery links her immediately with the dead Rebecca, as if she belongs to the past rather than the living household. Her coldness towards the new Mrs de Winter is explained by her loyalty: to welcome a second wife would be a betrayal of the first.

The relationship is portrayed most vividly in the west wing. Mrs Danvers shows the narrator Rebecca's bedroom, which she has preserved exactly, as though Rebecca might return at any moment. She handles Rebecca's clothes and furs, invites the narrator to feel them, and shows her the nightdress case with its embroidered initials. She describes how she used to brush Rebecca's hair and how Rebecca would laugh with her. The physical intimacy of these memories, and the reverent way she touches the objects, makes her devotion feel almost religious. Du Maurier makes the scene deeply uncomfortable: the narrator feels like an intruder in a shrine, and Mrs Danvers seems to take pleasure in her discomfort, suggesting that the room is a weapon as much as a memorial. She even asks whether the dead come back to watch the living, leaving the narrator feeling that Rebecca's presence is everywhere.

Mrs Danvers's speeches about Rebecca are full of admiration for her strength and freedom. She recalls Rebecca as a girl with the courage of a boy, riding and sailing fearlessly, and she speaks of how Rebecca laughed at the men who admired her and treated love as a game. These memories reveal what Mrs Danvers valued: Rebecca's power, her refusal to be controlled, and her contempt for others. It

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seems that Rebecca's special affection for "Danny", as she called her, made Mrs Danvers feel chosen, and perhaps this is the root of her loyalty. Yet du Maurier lets us glimpse that the Rebecca she worships was cruel and manipulative, so the devotion takes on a disturbing quality.

The relationship drives the plot. Mrs Danvers manipulates the narrator into wearing the costume of Caroline de Winter at the fancy dress ball, knowing that Rebecca had worn it before. The humiliation is a cruel act of revenge on Rebecca's behalf, as if Mrs Danvers is fighting her mistress's battles for her. Afterwards, at the open window, she tells the narrator that Maxim does not love her and urges her, in a soft, persuasive voice, to jump. The hypnotic quality of this scene shows how fully she channels Rebecca's malice; the dead woman seems to speak through her servant. Only the rockets announcing the shipwreck break the spell.

When the truth emerges, du Maurier shows the relationship's limits. Mrs Danvers believed Rebecca feared nothing, but the revelation about Rebecca's illness shocks her: her mistress had hidden secrets even from her. Her loyalty, however, does not break. She allies herself with Favell, and after Maxim escapes justice she vanishes from Manderley. The final image of Manderley burning in the night strongly implies that she has destroyed the house rather than let the new couple possess it. Her devotion ends in destruction, a fitting climax to a relationship founded on possession rather than love.

Du Maurier therefore portrays Mrs Danvers and Rebecca as bound together beyond death. Mrs Danvers keeps Rebecca alive in the house, and in doing so makes her the most vivid character in a novel she never appears in.

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Lee makes this moment memorable because it is the first time we see Atticus at work as a father, gently turning Scout's disastrous first day at school into a lesson in empathy. The scene is quiet and domestic, but it carries the moral heart of the novel, and its warmth and humour make Atticus's wisdom feel natural rather than preached.

The passage opens with an image of comforting routine: Atticus "sat down with the paper" and calls, "Scout, ready to read?" The casual question shows how ordinary their shared reading is, and it makes Scout's refusal all the more striking. Having been told by Miss Caroline that her father has taught her wrongly, Scout has lost the pleasure she took for granted. Her retreat to the porch, and her childish attempts to convince Atticus that she should never go back to school, are comic, yet Lee lets us feel her genuine hurt. The adult narrator's voice shapes the scene, allowing us to smile at young Scout's dramatic logic while respecting her sense of injustice.

Atticus's response is memorable for its patience. He does not dismiss her or scold her; he listens, and then offers her what he calls a simple trick. His advice that "you never really understand a person until you consider things from his point of view" is extended into the vivid, physical image of needing to "climb into his skin and walk around in it". The metaphor is homely and concrete, suited to a child, yet it expresses the novel's central idea. Lee places it here, at the very beginning, so that the reader carries it through everything that follows, and Scout's own final realisation on the Radley porch at the end of the novel brings it full circle. The moment is memorable because a small family conversation contains the book's moral core.

Atticus applies the lesson immediately. He helps Scout see Miss Caroline's point of

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view, suggesting that a newcomer could hardly be expected to learn the ways of Maycomb in a single day, and that she meant no harm. Scout's indignation is softened not by being told she is wrong but by being shown how others feel, which reveals Atticus's respect for his daughter's intelligence.

The discussion of the Ewells adds a darker tone. Scout learns that Burris Ewell and his family live outside the rules that bind everyone else: the children attend school only on the first day, and their father is allowed to hunt and trap out of season. Atticus explains that the law is bent because otherwise the children would suffer, since their father spends his relief checks on "green whiskey" and they would cry from hunger. The vivid detail of the whiskey gives a glimpse of neglect and squalor, and the final line, that no landowner "begrudges those children any game their father can hit", shows the town's quiet, practical compassion. Yet the Ewells' disregard for rules also prepares us for the trouble Bob Ewell will cause later.

Lee also uses gentle humour to make the scene memorable. Atticus's careful explanation of a compromise as "an agreement reached by mutual concessions" is delivered in formal, legal language to a small girl, and the comedy lies in her earnest attempt to keep up. The bargain they reach, that she will go to school and they will keep reading every night, is affectionate and fair. Atticus's dry warning that their reading would meet with "considerable disapprobation" from the school's authorities is a sly joke shared between equals, and it turns their reading into a delightful secret.

The moment is memorable, then, because it blends comedy, tenderness and moral seriousness. Atticus emerges as a wise, playful, deeply humane father, and Scout's education begins not in the classroom but on the porch with him.

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16 Lee portrays Atticus during the trial as a man of quiet, methodical courage whose power lies not in drama but in reason, decency and restraint. Seen through the eyes of Scout, who watches from the coloured balcony, he becomes almost heroic, yet Lee also shows the cost of his stand and the limits of what one good man can achieve.

Lee first makes Atticus powerful through his calm, forensic questioning. With Heck Tate he establishes a simple but crucial fact: that no doctor was called to examine Mayella, and that her injuries were mostly on the right side of her face. Scout notices how casually he works, as if the matter were routine, and the reader only gradually sees where his patient questions are leading. Lee structures the trial so that we, like the jury, are guided step by step towards the truth.

His cross-examination of Bob Ewell is a masterpiece of understatement. Rather than accusing him, Atticus simply asks him to write his name, and the courtroom watches as Ewell writes with his left hand. The quiet revelation is far more devastating than an attack. Ewell's crude, boastful manner contrasts with Atticus's courteous control, and Lee makes the contrast between them a contrast between ignorance and reason.

With Mayella, Atticus is portrayed as gentle and respectful. He addresses her as "Miss Mayella", and Scout senses that he is trying to understand her lonely, miserable life. Mayella takes his politeness as mockery, which suggests how little courtesy she has ever known. Yet his questions also expose the contradictions in her story, and when Tom stands, the audience sees that Tom's left arm is useless, crippled in a cotton gin. Lee makes Atticus's power gentle but unrelenting: he does

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not humiliate Mayella, but he will not let the truth be hidden.

The closing speech is the climax of his portrayal. Scout notices that he unbuttons his waistcoat and collar and takes off his coat, something she has never seen him do in public. This small physical detail suggests that he is speaking more personally and urgently than ever before. His argument that the case "is as simple as black and white" turns a cliché into a pointed comment on prejudice. He speaks with surprising compassion for Mayella, recognising that she has broken a rigid code and must destroy the evidence of her offence, which is Tom himself. His contemptuous description of the accusation that a "quiet, respectable, humble Negro" had the "unmitigated temerity" to "feel sorry" for a white woman shows controlled anger beneath his calm. His declaration that "in our courts all men are created equal" and his closing appeal, "In the name of God, do your duty", give the speech moral weight. Lee makes Atticus powerful because he appeals to the jury's conscience, not their emotions.

Lee also portrays the limits of his power. The jury returns a guilty verdict, and Jem's devastation shows how much the children had believed in their father's ability to win. Atticus, however, seems to have expected defeat; Lee hints that his real achievement is to keep the jury out for hours, a small sign of change. His dignity in defeat is powerfully conveyed through the black community in the balcony, who rise as he leaves. Reverend Sykes's words to Scout, "Miss Jean Louise, stand up. Your father's passin'", form one of the most moving moments in the novel. The silent tribute shows how others see him: not as a loser, but as a man who has done right.

Through Scout's narrative voice, Lee lets us see Atticus both as a child sees her father and as the adult narrator now understands him. During the trial he is

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shown to be courageous, fair and humane, and Lee portrays him most powerfully not when he wins, but when he stands for justice knowing he is likely to lose.

18 Lindsay makes Mike admirable because he is a young man of genuine feeling and quiet courage who refuses to be confined by the narrow expectations of his class. The Honourable Michael Fitzhubert arrives in the novel as a shy, rather awkward English visitor staying with his aunt and uncle, but through his response to the disappearance at the Rock he grows into someone loyal, determined and humane.

Lindsay first makes Mike appealing through his sensitivity. At the picnic on Saint Valentine's Day he watches the girls cross the creek towards the Rock, and he is especially struck by the fair, graceful Miranda. Lindsay presents this glimpse in a dreamlike way; she seems to him almost unreal, and later he associates her with the image of a white swan. The moment is brief, but it changes him. Lindsay uses it to show that Mike responds deeply and imaginatively to beauty, unlike the dull, conventional adults around him who are mainly concerned with lunch, respectability and the heat.

Mike is admirable, too, for his friendship with Albert Crundall, his uncle's coachman. Lindsay contrasts Mike's stiff, formal relatives with the easy companionship he finds with Albert, whose rough, direct way of speaking amuses and attracts him. Despite their difference in rank, Mike treats Albert as an equal, and their partnership in the search becomes the centre of the novel's warmth. Lindsay seems to suggest that Mike's willingness to cross the boundaries of class shows a natural decency that his aunt's genteel world lacks. He is happier talking with Albert by the lake than at formal social occasions.

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His courage is shown most clearly when, long after the official search has faded, he insists on returning to the Rock. Albert goes with him, and when Albert leaves, Mike stays on alone overnight in the heat and silence of that strange place, driven by a stubborn need to find the missing girls. Lindsay makes the Rock deeply menacing throughout the novel, so his decision feels genuinely brave. When Albert returns, he finds Mike collapsed, injured and confused, but it is Mike's persistence that leads Albert to discover Irma alive. In a novel full of unanswered questions and failure, Mike's determination achieves the only rescue. Lindsay thus makes him admirable not because he is heroic in a conventional sense, but because he acts when others have given up.

Lindsay also portrays the cost of his commitment. After his ordeal Mike is withdrawn and troubled, haunted by what he cannot remember or explain. He is uncomfortable with the attention and gratitude he receives, which suggests modesty. When Irma, now recovered, shows an interest in him, he treats her kindly but cannot return her feelings, since his imagination is still held by Miranda. Lindsay handles this delicately: Mike is honest rather than cruel, and his refusal to pretend reflects his integrity.

Finally, Mike's growing wish to turn away from the life his family expects of him, and to make his own way in Australia rather than simply return to England and a prescribed future, confirms his independence. Lindsay presents him as someone who prefers freedom and authenticity to comfort and status, and his longing for a freer, outdoor life aligns him with Albert rather than with the Fitzhuberts.

Mike is therefore an admirable character because he combines sensitivity with courage, and loyalty with independence. Lindsay uses him as a contrast to the rigid, fearful adults of the novel, and through him she suggests that true worth

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lies in feeling deeply and acting bravely, even in the face of mysteries that can never be solved.

19 Wells makes this moment horrifying because the threat comes from two directions at once. The narrator is frightened not only of the Martian groping through the house but of what fear has made him do, and the passage moves from a man killing his companion to a man reduced to a hunted animal hiding in the coal. The horror lies as much in the loss of humanity as in the alien itself.

The opening paragraph is brutal in its speed. Short, clipped sentences such as "In a flash I was after him" and "He lay still" give the attack a breathless, almost mechanical quality, as if the narrator is acting before thought. The paradox "fierce with fear" is revealing: terror does not paralyse him but turns him savage. Wells allows him "one last touch of humanity" in turning the blade so that he strikes with the butt, yet the word "last" is chilling, implying that his humanity is now almost used up. The flat finality of "He lay still" leaves the reader uncertain whether the curate is dead, and that uncertainty is itself disturbing.

Wells then shatters the silence with sound: "the run and smash of slipping plaster". The Martian is introduced in fragments, a "lower surface", "gripping limbs", a limb "feeling its way", so that we, like the narrator, never see it whole. This partial vision makes it more frightening, because the mind fills the gaps. The phrase "the face, as we may call it" is especially unsettling: the narrator hesitates over the word "face", suggesting that the Martian has something resembling one but is utterly unlike us. The "large dark eyes" peering through glass make the narrator the observed rather than the observer, an inversion of the human sense of being in control.

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The tentacle is the centre of the horror. Described as a "long metallic snake", it fuses the mechanical with the animal, and its "queer sudden movements, this way and that" make it unpredictable. Most strikingly, the narrator is "fascinated" by its "slow, fitful advance". Wells captures the hypnotic pull of terror: he cannot look away, and later he is "irresistibly attracted" back to the door. This compulsion makes the reader complicit, drawn in to watch alongside him.

The physical symptoms of fear are rendered with honesty: he gives "a faint, hoarse cry", trembles "violently" and "could scarcely stand upright". The rhetorical questions "Had the Martian seen me? What was it doing now?" draw us into his mind and stretch the tension. Then Wells delivers perhaps the most sickening detail almost casually: "a heavy body", which the narrator refuses to name, is "dragged across the floor". The Martian "scrutinizing the curate's head" is grotesque, and the narrator's thought that it will "infer my presence from the mark of the blow" adds guilt to terror, since his own violence may betray him.

The final section slows time to a crawl. Hiding "among the firewood and coal", the narrator has become something like a creature burrowing for safety. The sound of the tentacle, a "faint metallic jingle" compared to "keys on a split-ring", is horribly domestic, an ordinary sound made monstrous. "An age of almost intolerable suspense" stretches seconds into eternity, and the exclamations "It had found the door! The Martians understood doors!" capture a dawning realisation that nowhere is safe: these beings are intelligent enough to master human objects. The ironic aside that he "prayed copiously", only moments after silencing the praying curate, hints at his desperation.

The passage ends not with relief but with closeness. The tentacle is now "like an

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elephant's trunk" and then "like a black worm swaying its blind head to and fro". The shift from elephant to worm is telling: the image becomes lower, blinder and more repulsive, and the word "blind" suggests a searching that is patient and methodical. Wells leaves us in darkness with the narrator, waiting to be touched, and it is this suspended, claustrophobic ending that makes the moment so horrifying.

20 By the end of the novel Wells does suggest hope for the future, but it is a sober, chastened hope rather than a triumphant one. Humanity survives not through its own strength but by chance, and the narrator emerges changed, haunted and uncertain. The ending seems to offer renewal while insisting that the complacency of the opening can never return.

The most obvious source of hope is the death of the Martians. Wells withholds this resolution until the narrator, half mad with loneliness, walks towards the Martian on Primrose Hill intending to end his own life, only to find the invaders dead. The anticlimax is deliberate. The unending cry of "Ulla, ulla" simply stops, and the silence that follows is more powerful than any battle. The narrator explains that the Martians were killed by "disease bacteria" against which their bodies had no defence, and he reflects that man has bought his "birthright of the earth" through a billion deaths. This phrase offers a kind of hope, suggesting that humanity belongs to the earth and has earned its place through long suffering. Yet it also humbles us: the victory belongs to the smallest living things, not to the guns, ironclads and Heat-Ray defences that failed so completely earlier in the novel.

Wells also suggests that recovery is already beginning. The narrator describes

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London slowly coming back to life, with people returning, trains running and food arriving. The red weed, which had choked the landscape, also dies from disease, so that nature itself seems to reclaim the land. This sense of the world healing gives the ending a cautious optimism. Similarly, the narrator's personal story ends in reunion. Returning to his ruined house in Maybury, he believes his wife is dead, until he hears her voice. The emotional final sentence, about holding his wife's hand after each had counted the other "among the dead", offers a deeply human note of hope: love and ordinary life have survived the apocalypse.

However, Wells qualifies this hope at every turn. In the Epilogue the narrator admits that he still suffers from anxiety and that the scenes of destruction return to him at night. When he walks through busy London streets, the crowds seem to him like ghosts of the past, phantoms in a dead city. This haunting suggests that survival is not the same as recovery, and that the trauma of the invasion has permanently altered his sense of reality. Wells also warns that the danger is not over. The narrator wonders whether the Martians may try again, and notes the possibility that they have landed on Venus. Humanity, he says, can no longer regard the planet as a secure home fenced off from the universe.

Paradoxically, it is this loss of security that Wells presents as the real source of hope. The narrator suggests that the invasion may have brought some ultimate benefit, because it has robbed humanity of its "serene confidence" and promoted the idea of the shared good of all mankind. Earlier, the novel exposed human selfishness: the panic of the exodus from London, the crowds fighting on the roads, the curate's useless despair and the artilleryman's grand plans that collapse into card games and drinking. Against this, the ending holds out the possibility of a wiser, more united humanity that has learned humility. The opening of the novel described people going about their "little affairs" with infinite complacency while

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being watched from space; the ending suggests that this blindness has, at least, been cured.

To a large extent, then, Wells does suggest hope, but he refuses to let it become comfort. The Martians are defeated by nature rather than by human merit, the narrator remains scarred, and the sky still holds unknown threats. The hope Wells offers is that humanity, having glimpsed its own fragility, might become more thoughtful and more united. That he ends on the small, intimate image of a husband and wife holding hands suggests that, for all its cosmic scale, the novel finally places its faith in human connection.