Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge IGCSE™

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/11**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose **October/November 2021**

1 hour 30 minutes

4100767021

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

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

INFORMATION

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

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

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SECTION A: POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 1: from Part 3

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Rising Five

‘I’m rising five’, he said,
‘Not four’, and little coils of hair
Un-clicked themselves upon his head.
His spectacles, brimful of eyes to stare
At me and the meadow, reflected cones of light
Above his toffee-buckled cheeks. He’d been alive
Fifty-six months or perhaps a week more:
not four,
But rising five.

Around him in the field the cells of spring
Bubbled and doubled; buds unbuttoned; shoot
And stem shook out the creases from their frills,
And every tree was swilled with green.
It was the season after blossoming,
Before the forming of the fruit:
not May,
But rising June.

And in the sky
The dust dissected tangential light:
not day,
But rising night;
not now,
But rising soon.

The new buds push the old leaves from the bough.
We drop our youth behind us like a boy
Throwing away his toffee-wrappers. We never see the flower,
But only the fruit in the flower; never the fruit,
But only the rot in the fruit. We look for the marriage bed
In the baby’s cradle, we look for the grave in the bed:
not living,
But rising dead.

(Norman Nicholson)

How does Nicholson use words and images to powerful effect in this poem?

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Or **2** Explore the ways in which Elizabeth Barrett Browning makes *Sonnet 43* such a moving poem.

Sonnet 43

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways! –
I love thee to the depth & breadth & height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and Ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of everyday's
Most quiet need, by sun & candlelight –
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right, –
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise;
I love thee with the passion, put to use
In my old griefs, . . and with my childhood's faith:
I love thee with the love I seemed to lose
With my lost Saints, – I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! – and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after my death.

(Elizabeth Barrett Browning)

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SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 2: from Part 2

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The Buck in the Snow

White sky, over the hemlocks bowed with snow,
Saw you not at the beginning of evening the antlered buck and his doe
Standing in the apple-orchard? I saw them. I saw them suddenly go,
Tails up, with long leaps lovely and slow,
Over the stone-wall into the wood of hemlocks bowed with snow.

Now he lies here, his wild blood scalding the snow.

How strange a thing is death, bringing to his knees, bringing to his antlers
The buck in the snow.
How strange a thing—a mile away by now, it may be,
Under the heavy hemlocks that as the moments pass
Shift their loads a little, letting fall a feather of snow—
Life, looking out attentive from the eyes of the doe.

(Edna St Vincent Millay)

How does Millay make this poem so moving?

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Or **4** How does Awoonor vividly convey the power of the sea in *The Sea Eats the Land at Home*?

The Sea Eats the Land at Home

At home the sea is in the town,
Running in and out of the cooking places,
Collecting the firewood from the hearths
And sending it back at night;
The sea eats the land at home.
It came one day at the dead of night,
Destroying the cement walls,
And carried away the fowls,
The cooking-pots and the ladles,
The sea eats the land at home;
It is a sad thing to hear the wails,
And the mourning shouts of the women,
Calling on all the gods they worship,
To protect them from the angry sea.
Aku stood outside where her cooking-pot stood,
With her two children shivering from the cold,
Her hands on her breast,
Weeping mournfully.
Her ancestors have neglected her,
Her gods have deserted her,
It was a cold Sunday morning,
The storm was raging,
Goats and fowls were struggling in the water,
The angry water of the cruel sea;
The lap-lapping of the bark water at the shore,
And above the sobs and the deep and low moans,
Was the eternal hum of the living sea.
It has taken away their belongings
Adena has lost the trinkets which
Were her dowry and her joy,
In the sea that eats the land at home,
Eats the whole land at home.

(Kofi Awoonor)

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CAROL ANN DUFFY: from *New Selected Poems*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Foreign

Imagine living in a strange, dark city for twenty years.
There are some dismal dwellings on the east side
and one of them is yours. On the landing, you hear
your foreign accent echo down the stairs. You think
in a language of your own and talk in theirs.

Then you are writing home. The voice in your head
recites the letter in a local dialect; behind that
is the sound of your mother singing to you,
all that time ago, and now you do not know
why your eyes are watering and what's the word for this.

You use the public transport. Work. Sleep. Imagine one night
you saw a name for yourself sprayed in red
against a brick wall. A hate name. Red like blood.
It is snowing in the streets, under the neon lights,
as if this place were coming to bits before your eyes.

And in the delicatessen, from time to time, the coins
in your palm will not translate. Inarticulate,
because this is not home, you point at fruit. Imagine
that one of you says, *Me not know what these people mean.*
It like they only go to bed and dream. Imagine that.

In what ways does Duffy make this such a powerful poem?

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Or **6** Explore how Duffy vividly conveys the power of the imagination in *In Your Mind*.

In Your Mind

The other country, is it anticipated or half-remembered?
Its language is muffled by the rain which falls all afternoon
one autumn in England, and in your mind
you put aside your work and head for the airport
with a credit card and a warm coat you will leave
on the plane. The past fades like newsprint in the sun.

You know people there. Their faces are photographs
on the wrong side of your eyes. A beautiful boy
in the bar on the harbour serves you a drink – what? –
asks you if men could possibly land on the moon.
A moon like an orange drawn by a child. No.
Never. You watch it peel itself into the sea.

Sleep. The rasp of carpentry wakes you. On the wall,
a painting lost for thirty years renders the room yours.
Of course. You go to your job, right at the old hotel, left,
then left again. You love this job. Apt sounds
mark the passing of the hours. Seagulls. Bells. A flute
practising scales. You swap a coin for a fish on the way home.

Then suddenly you are lost but not lost, dawdling
on the blue bridge, watching six swans vanish
under your feet. The certainty of place turns on the lights
all over town, turns up the scent on the air. For a moment
you are there, in the other country, knowing its name.
And then a desk. A newspaper. A window. English rain.

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SECTION B: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

He lifted the hangings from the wall, uncovering the second door: this, too, he opened. In a room without a window, there burnt a fire, guarded by a high and strong fender, and a lamp suspended from the ceiling by a chain. Grace Poole bent over the fire, apparently cooking something in a saucepan. In the deep shade, at the farther end of the room, a figure ran backwards and forwards. What it was, whether beast or human being, one could not, at first sight, tell: it grovelled, seemingly, on all fours; it snatched and growled like some strange wild animal: but it was covered with clothing, and a quantity of dark, grizzled hair, wild as a mane, hid its head and face.

'Good-morrow, Mrs Poole!' said Mr Rochester. 'How are you? and how is your charge to-day?'

'We're tolerable, sir, I thank you,' replied Grace, lifting the boiling mess carefully on to the hob: 'rather snappish, but not 'rageous.'

A fierce cry seemed to give the lie to her favourable report: the clothed hyena rose up, and stood tall on its hind-feet.

'Ah! sir, she sees you!' exclaimed Grace: 'you'd better not stay.'

'Only a few moments, Grace: you must allow me a few moments.'

'Take care then, sir! – for God's sake, take care!'

The maniac bellowed: she parted her shaggy locks from her visage, and gazed wildly at her visitors. I recognised well that purple face – those bloated features. Mrs Poole advanced.

'Keep out of the way,' said Mr Rochester, thrusting her aside: 'she has no knife now, I suppose? and I'm on my guard.'

'One never knows what she has, sir: she is so cunning: it is not in mortal discretion to fathom her craft.'

'We had better leave her,' whispered Mason.

'Go to the devil!' was his brother-in-law's recommendation.

''Ware!' cried Grace. The three gentlemen retreated simultaneously. Mr Rochester flung me behind him: the lunatic sprang and grappled his throat viciously, and laid her teeth to his cheek: they struggled. She was a big woman, in stature almost equalling her husband, and corpulent besides: she showed virile force in the contest – more than once she almost throttled him, athletic as he was. He could have settled her with a well-planted blow; but he would not strike: he would only wrestle. At last he mastered her arms; Grace Poole gave him a cord, and he pinioned them behind her: with more rope, which was at hand, he bound her to a chair. The operation was performed amidst the fiercest yells and the most convulsive plunges. Mr Rochester then turned to the spectators: he looked at them with a smile both acrid and desolate.

'That is *my wife*,' said he. 'Such is the sole conjugal embrace I am ever to know – such are the endearments which are to solace my leisure hours! And *this* is what I wished to have' (laying his hand on my shoulder): 'this young girl, who stands so grave and quiet at the mouth of hell, looking

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collectedly at the gambols of a demon. I wanted her just as a change after that fierce ragout. Wood and Briggs, look at the difference! Compare these clear eyes with the red balls yonder – this face with that mask – this form with that bulk; then judge me, priest of the gospel and man of the law, and remember with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged! Off with you now. I must shut up my prize.' *45* *50*

(*from* Chapter 26)

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

Or **8** Explore the ways in which Brontë makes John Reed such a despicable character.

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ANITA DESAI: *In Custody*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

‘I had to catch the bus,’ he explained.

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See, it will solve all your petty family-man problems: get Nur's memoirs on tape, carry them home and transcribe them at your leisure.'

(*from* Chapter 5)

What does Desai's writing make you feel about Deven and Murad at this moment in the novel?

Or **10** In what ways does Desai create such a vivid picture of life in Nur's house?

ZORA NEALE HURSTON: *Their Eyes Were Watching God*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Janie saw her life like a great tree in leaf with the things suffered, things enjoyed, things done and undone.

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She got de land and everything and then Mis'Washburn helped out uh whole heap wid things.'

(*from* Chapter 2)

How does Hurston movingly portray Janie's childhood at this moment in the novel?

Or **12** Explore how Hurston makes Tea Cake such a likeable character.

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HENRY JAMES: *Washington Square*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Townsend was now standing before the fireplace in conversation with Mrs Almond.

'We will try him again,' said the Doctor. And he crossed the room and joined his sister and her companion, making her a sign that she should leave the young man to him. She presently did so, while Morris looked at him, smiling, without a sign of evasiveness in his affable eye.

'He's amazingly conceited!' thought the Doctor; and then he said aloud: 'I am told you are looking out for a position.'

'Oh, a position is more than I should presume to call it,' Morris Townsend answered. 'That sounds so fine. I should like some quiet work – something to turn an honest penny.'

'What sort of thing should you prefer?'

'Do you mean what am I fit for? Very little, I am afraid. I have nothing but my good right arm, as they say in the melodramas.'

'You are too modest,' said the Doctor. 'In addition to your good right arm, you have your subtle brain. I know nothing of you but what I see; but I see by your physiognomy that you are extremely intelligent.'

'Ah,' Townsend murmured, 'I don't know what to answer when you say that! You advise me, then, not to despair?'

And he looked at his interlocutor as if the question might have a double meaning. The Doctor caught the look and weighed it a moment before he replied. 'I should be very sorry to admit that a robust and well-disposed young man need ever despair. If he doesn't succeed in one thing, he can try another. Only, I should add, he should choose his line with discretion.'

'Ah, yes, with discretion,' Morris Townsend repeated, sympathetically. 'Well, I have been indiscreet, formerly; but I think I have got over it. I am very steady now.' And he stood a moment, looking down at his remarkably neat shoes. Then at last, 'Were you kindly intending to propose something for my advantage?' he inquired, looking up and smiling.

'Damn his impudence!' the Doctor exclaimed, privately. But in a moment he reflected that he himself had, after all, touched first upon this delicate point, and that his words might have been construed as an offer of assistance. 'I have no particular proposal to make,' he presently said; 'but it occurred to me to let you know that I have you in my mind. Sometimes one hears of opportunities. For instance – should you object to leaving New York – to going to a distance?'

'I am afraid I shouldn't be able to manage that. I must seek my fortune here or nowhere. You see,' added Morris Townsend, 'I have ties – I have responsibilities here. I have a sister, a widow, from whom I have been separated for a long time, and to whom I am almost everything. I shouldn't like to say to her that I must leave her. She rather depends upon me, you see.'

'Ah, that's very proper; family feeling is very proper,' said Dr. Sloper. 'I often think there is not enough of it in our city. I think I have heard of your sister.'

'It is possible, but I rather doubt it; she lives so very quietly.'

'As quietly, you mean,' the Doctor went on, with a short laugh, 'as a lady may do who has several young children.'

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'Ah, my little nephews and nieces – that's the very point! I am helping to bring them up,' said Morris Townsend. 'I am a kind of amateur tutor; I give them lessons.'

'That's very proper, as I say; but it is hardly a career.'

(*from* Chapter 9)

How does James make this conversation so revealing and significant?

Or **14** Explore **two** moments in the novel when James makes you particularly dislike Mrs Penniman.

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JOHN KNOWLES: *A Separate Peace*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

> During the time I was with him, Phineas created an atmosphere in which I continued now to live, a way of sizing up the world with erratic and entirely personal reservations, letting its rocklike facts sift through and be accepted only a little at a time, only as much as he could assimilate without a sense of chaos and loss.

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All of them, all except Phineas, constructed at infinite cost to themselves these Maginot Lines against this enemy they thought they saw across the frontier, this enemy who never attacked that way—if he ever attacked at all; if he was indeed the enemy.

(*from* Chapter 13)

How far does Knowles make this a satisfying conclusion to the novel?

Or **16** In what ways does Knowles suggest that Gene benefits from his time at Devon School?

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

GEORGE ORWELL: *1984*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

He looked round the canteen again. Nearly everyone was ugly, and would still have been ugly even if dressed otherwise than in the uniform blue overalls. On the far side of the room, sitting at a table alone, a small, curiously beetle-like man was drinking a cup of coffee, his little eyes darting suspicious glances from side to side. How easy it was, thought Winston, if you did not look about you, to believe that the physical type set up by the Party as an ideal – tall muscular youths and deep-bosomed maidens, blond-haired, vital, sunburnt, carefree – existed and even predominated. Actually, so far as he could judge, the majority of people in Airstrip One were small, dark and ill-favoured. It was curious how that beetle-like type proliferated in the Ministries: little dumpy men, growing stout very early in life, with short legs, swift scuttling movements, and fat inscrutable faces with very small eyes. It was the type that seemed to flourish best under the dominion of the Party.

The announcement from the Ministry of Plenty ended on another trumpet call and gave way to tinny music. Parsons, stirred to vague enthusiasm by the bombardment of figures, took his pipe out of his mouth.

'The Ministry of Plenty's certainly done a good job this year,' he said with a knowing shake of his head. 'By the way, Smith old boy, I suppose you haven't got any razor blades you can let me have?'

'Not one,' said Winston. 'I've been using the same blade for six weeks myself.'

'Ah, well – just thought I'd ask you, old boy.'

'Sorry,' said Winston.

The quacking voice from the next table, temporarily silenced during the Ministry's announcement, had started up again, as loud as ever. For some reason Winston suddenly found himself thinking of Mrs Parsons, with her wispy hair and the dust in the creases of her face. Within two years those children would be denouncing her to the Thought Police. Mrs Parsons would be vaporised. Syme would be vaporised. Winston would be vaporised. O'Brien would be vaporised. Parsons, on the other hand, would never be vaporised. The eyeless creature with the quacking voice would never be vaporised. The little beetle-like men who scuttled so nimbly through the labyrinthine corridors of Ministries – they, too, would never be vaporised. And the girl with dark hair, the girl from the Fiction Department – she would never be vaporised either. It seemed to him that he knew instinctively who would survive and who would perish: though just what it was that made for survival, it was not easy to say.

At this moment he was dragged out of his reverie with a violent jerk. The girl at the next table had turned partly round and was looking at him. It was the girl with dark hair. She was looking at him in a sidelong way, but with curious intensity. The instant that she caught his eye she looked away again.

The sweat started out on Winston's backbone. A horrible pang of terror went through him. It was gone almost at once, but it left a sort of nagging uneasiness behind. Why was she watching him? Why did she keep following him about? Unfortunately he could not remember whether she had already been at that table when he arrived, or had come there

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afterwards. But yesterday, at any rate, during the Two Minutes Hate, she had sat immediately behind him when there was no apparent need to do so. Quite likely her real object had been to listen to him and make sure whether he was shouting loudly enough.

His earlier thought returned to him: probably she was not actually a member of the Thought Police, but then it was precisely the amateur spy who was the greatest danger of all. He did not know how long she had been looking at him, but perhaps for as much as five minutes, and it was possible that his features had not been perfectly under control. It was terribly dangerous to let your thoughts wander when you were in any public place or within range of a telescreen. The smallest thing could give you away. A nervous tic, an unconscious look of anxiety, a habit of muttering to yourself – anything that carried with it the suggestion of abnormality, of having something to hide. In any case, to wear an improper expression on your face (to look incredulous when a victory was announced, for example) was itself a punishable offence. There was even a word for it in Newspeak: *facecrime*, it was called.

(*from* Part 1)

How does Orwell make this such a memorable moment in the novel?

Or **18** Explore the ways in which Orwell suggests that Winston's arrest is inevitable.

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ALAN PATON: *Cry, the Beloved Country*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

– And this Pafuri, said Kumalo bitterly.

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So she did not speak of it further.

(*from* Book 2, Chapter 12)

What does Paton's writing make you feel at this moment in the novel?

Or **20** 'There are examples of kindness in the novel.'

Explore **two** moments when Paton's writing convinces you of this.

Do **not** use the passage printed for **Question 19** in answering this question.

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **21** Read this passage from *The Lemon Orchard* (by Alex La Guma), and then answer the question that follows it:

He jabbed the muzzle suddenly into the coloured man's back so that he stumbled struggling to keep his balance. 'Do you hear, jong? Did I not speak to you?' The man who had jeered about the prisoner's fear stepped up then, and hit him in the face, striking him on a cheekbone with the clenched fist which still held the sjambok. He was angry over the delay and wanted the man to submit so that they could proceed. 'Listen you hotnot bastard,' he said loudly. 'Why don't you answer?'

The man stumbled, caught himself and stood in the rambling shadow of one of the lemon trees. The lantern-light swung on him and he looked away from the centre of the beam. He was afraid the leader would shoot him in anger and he had no wish to die. He straightened up and looked away from them.

'Well?' demanded the man who had struck him.

'Yes, baas,' the bound man said, speaking with a mixture of dignity and contempt which was missed by those who surrounded him.

'Yes there,' the man with the light said. 'You could save yourself trouble. Next time you will remember. Now let us get on.' The lantern swung forward again and he walked ahead. The leader shoved their prisoner on with the muzzle of the shotgun, and he stumbled after the bobbing lantern with the other men on each side of him.

'The amazing thing about it is that this bliksem should have taken the principal, and the meester of the church before the magistrate and demand payment for the hiding they gave him for being cheeky to them,' the leader said to all in general. 'This verdomte hotnot. I have never heard of such a thing in all my born days.'

'Well, we will give him a better hiding,' the man, Andries said. 'This time we will teach him a lesson, Oom. He won't demand damages from anybody when we're done with him.'

'And afterwards he won't be seen around here again. He will pack his things and go and live in the city where they're not so particular about the dignity of the volk. Do you hear, hotnot?' This time they were not concerned about receiving a reply but the leader went on, saying, 'We don't want any educated hottentots in our town.'

'Neither black Englishmen,' added one of the others.

The dog started barking again at the farm house which was invisible on the dark hillside at the other end of the little valley. 'It's that Jagter,' the man with the lantern said. 'I wonder what bothers him. He is a good watchdog. I offered Meneer Marais five pounds for that dog, but he won't sell. I would like to have a dog like that. I would take great care of such a dog.'

The blackness of the night crouched over the orchard and the leaves rustled with a harsh whispering that was inconsistent with the pleasant scent of the lemons. The chill in the air had increased, and far-off the creek-creek-creek of the crickets blended into solid strips of high-pitched sound. Then the moon came from behind the banks of cloud and its white light touched the leaves with wet silver, and the perfume of lemons seemed to grow stronger, as if the juice was being crushed from them.

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They walked a little way further in the moonlight and the man with the lantern said, 'This is as good a place as any, Oom.'

They had come into a wide gap in the orchard, a small amphitheatre surrounded by fragrant growth, and they all stopped within it. The moonlight clung for a while to the leaves and the angled branches, so that along their tips and edges the moisture gleamed with the quivering shine of scattered quicksilver. *50*

How does La Guma make this such a memorable ending to the story?

Or **22** What does McGahern's writing make you feel about the father in *The Stoat*?

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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

Nicholson begins with a small boy's proud boast and turns it, line by line, into a meditation on time and mortality. The poem's power lies in the way its words and images move from delight in growth to a chilling recognition that every moment of growth is also a step towards death, so that the child's innocent phrase "rising five" becomes the frame for the whole of human life.

The opening is affectionate and vividly observed. The child's direct speech, "'I'm rising five', he said, / 'Not four'", captures the urgency with which children want to be older, and the correction "Not four" is touchingly insistent. Nicholson's images are playful and tactile: the "little coils of hair" that "Un-clicked themselves upon his head" suggest springiness and energy, as though the boy is so full of life that even his curls are in motion. The compound "toffee-buckled cheeks" is delightful, evoking both sticky sweets and the rounded, puckered face of a small child, while "spectacles, brimful of eyes to stare" makes his eyes seem to overflow with curiosity. The precise, slightly comic arithmetic of "Fifty-six months or perhaps a week more" gently mocks the adult habit of measuring life, yet it also hints that time is being counted.

The second stanza widens the focus to the natural world, and here Nicholson's language bursts with sound. "The cells of spring / Bubbled and doubled" uses internal rhyme to mimic rapid multiplication, and the alliteration of "buds unbuttoned" and "shoot / And stem shook out the creases from their frills" makes nature seem like a child undressing or a dress being shaken out. "Every tree was swilled with green" is exuberant: the verb "swilled" suggests green poured out in abundance. Yet even in this joyful passage there is a quiet note of transition. It is

Question number

"the season after blossoming, / Before the forming of the fruit", an in-between time, and the refrain "not May, / But rising June" links the season to the boy. Everything, it seems, is always on the way to becoming something else.

The structure of the poem is crucial to its effect. Each section ends with a short, indented couplet built on the same pattern, "not ... / But rising ...", and these refrains grow darker as the poem goes on. In the third stanza the light itself changes: "The dust dissected tangential light" is a strangely scientific, clinical line, and "not day, / But rising night" introduces darkness for the first time. "Not now, / But rising soon" is unsettling because it is so vague: something is coming, but we are not told what. I find this pattern almost hypnotic, as the reader begins to anticipate the turn before it arrives.

In the final stanza the speaker shifts from "he" to "We", and the poem becomes a judgement on all of us. "The new buds push the old leaves from the bough" is an image of generations replacing one another, harsh in the verb "push". The simile "We drop our youth behind us like a boy / Throwing away his toffee-wrappers" cleverly returns to the child's sweets, suggesting that we discard our youth as carelessly as rubbish. Then Nicholson's syntax becomes relentless. In "We never see the flower, / But only the fruit in the flower; never the fruit, / But only the rot in the fruit", each clause takes the last word of the one before and pushes it forward, so that the progression from flower to fruit to rot feels unstoppable. The parallel "We look for the marriage bed / In the baby's cradle, we look for the grave in the bed" compresses an entire lifetime into a single sentence, and the word "bed" slides from marriage to death.

The final refrain, "not living, / But rising dead", is shocking because it rewrites the child's proud phrase as a description of decay. The poem's power, for me, lies in

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this criticism of a human habit: by always looking ahead, we fail to enjoy the present moment that the boy and the spring so fully inhabit. Nicholson's images make that present glow with life, which makes our blindness to it all the more poignant.

2 Sonnet 43 is moving because Barrett Browning takes a question that sounds almost playful, "How do I love thee? Let me count the ways!", and answers it with a love so complete that it absorbs every part of the speaker's life, past, present and beyond death. The poem's intensity comes from the tension between the orderly act of counting and a feeling that refuses to be contained.

The opening line sets up the poem's structure. The rhetorical question and the exclamation "Let me count the ways!" suggest delighted eagerness, as though the speaker can hardly wait to begin. Counting implies something finite, yet the rest of the sonnet shows that her love cannot really be measured. The anaphora of "I love thee" is repeated again and again, and I find this repetition moving because it feels like an incantation or a prayer: the speaker keeps returning to the same words because no other words are adequate.

The first "way" is spiritual and vast. She loves "to the depth & breadth & height / My soul can reach", and the polysyndeton of the three dimensions creates a sense of love filling all space. The enjambment into "My soul can reach" makes the line itself stretch outwards. Her soul is "feeling out of sight / For the ends of Being and Ideal Grace", an image of reaching blindly towards God and perfection. The capital letters give these abstractions a religious weight, so that love is presented as a form of worship.

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Then the poem moves suddenly from the infinite to the ordinary. She loves him "to the level of everyday's / Most quiet need, by sun & candlelight". This shift is one of the most touching moments in the poem, because it shows that her love is not only grand and spiritual but also domestic and constant. "Sun & candlelight" suggests day and night, so that love accompanies every hour. The word "quiet" makes this love gentle and undemanding, something as necessary as food or rest.

The similes in the next lines give her love a moral purity. "I love thee freely, as men strive for Right" compares love to the struggle for justice, suggesting that it is chosen willingly and nobly. "I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise" implies humility: her love seeks no reward or admiration. The balance of "freely" and "purely" across two parallel lines creates a calm, measured rhythm, as if she is carefully weighing each quality.

The sestet becomes more personal and more emotional. She loves "with the passion, put to use / In my old griefs", which suggests that the energy she once spent on suffering has been transformed into love. The phrase "my childhood's faith" conveys innocence and absolute trust, and the most poignant line is "I love thee with the love I seemed to lose / With my lost Saints". The repetition of "lose" and "lost" reminds us of grief and lost belief, yet the lover has restored what she thought was gone. The pause in "griefs, . . and" also slows the reader down, almost as if the speaker hesitates at the memory of pain.

The punctuation in the closing lines becomes breathless. Dashes and exclamation marks break up "the breath, / Smiles, tears, of all my life!", a list that moves from the simple act of breathing to joy and sorrow, showing that love has entered every experience. Then the final couplet turns, as a sonnet often does, to something larger. "And, if God choose, / I shall but love thee better after my death" is

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tentative and humble in "if God choose", but it ends with a bold promise. Love will not only survive death but grow stronger.

The Petrarchan form, usually associated with a poet longing for an unattainable woman, is here used by a woman to celebrate a love that is returned and fulfilled. For me, the poem's power lies in this sense of fulfilment. The speaker's attempt to count fails beautifully, because by the end her love has become as limitless as the eternity she imagines, and the final line leaves the reader with a quiet, overwhelming certainty.

3 Millay's poem is moving because it compresses a sudden death into a few lines of stillness and then sets that death against the life that continues elsewhere. The speaker does not rage or explain; she simply looks, wonders, and asks the reader to share her bewilderment that something so beautiful can be destroyed so quickly.

The poem opens with an address not to a person but to the "White sky", which is asked whether it "Saw you not" the buck and his doe. This question suggests that the speaker needs a witness, as if what she has seen is too strange to bear alone. The answer, "I saw them. I saw them suddenly go", is given in short, emphatic sentences, and the repetition of "I saw them" sounds almost like testimony. The setting is quiet and wintry: "hemlocks bowed with snow" is a phrase that recurs, and the verb "bowed" makes the trees seem to stoop in grief or reverence, foreshadowing the buck's own fall.

The description of the deer in flight is one of the loveliest moments in the poem. "Tails up, with long leaps lovely and slow" uses gentle alliteration of the "l" sound, and the long vowels slow the line down so that the leap seems to hang in the air,

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almost in slow motion. The deer are graceful and free, and the long fifth line, carrying them "Over the stone-wall into the wood", seems to follow them as they disappear. Millay lets the reader enjoy their beauty before she takes it away, which makes the loss more painful.

The shift comes with the single word "Now". "Now he lies here, his wild blood scalding the snow" is a shocking line. The adjective "wild" reminds us of the buck's untamed energy, while "scalding" is a brilliant choice: blood is hot against the cold snow, and the verb suggests pain and violence, as though the snow itself is being wounded. The colour contrast of red against white is implied rather than stated, and this restraint makes the image even more vivid. We are never told who shot the buck, and this silence suggests that the speaker is less interested in blame than in the mystery of death itself.

The exclamation "How strange a thing is death" is simple and almost childlike, and I find its simplicity moving because the speaker cannot find any grander words. The repeated "bringing to his knees, bringing to his antlers" mimics the motion of the buck collapsing, first to his knees and then down to his antlers, so that the proud symbol of his strength is pressed into the ground. The short line "The buck in the snow" then falls flat and isolated, like the body it describes, and it echoes the title, giving the poem a sense of finality.

The final section turns away from the body. Millay repeats "How strange a thing", but now the strangeness is life rather than death. The doe is "a mile away by now, it may be", and the tentative "it may be" reflects the speaker's uncertainty, since she can only imagine her. The hemlocks "Shift their loads a little, letting fall a feather of snow", a delicate image in which "feather" makes the snow soft and light, and the falling snow marks the passage of "the moments". Time continues

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indifferently, and the world does not stop for the buck.

The last line is the most moving of all: "Life, looking out attentive from the eyes of the doe." Life is personified, as though it has moved from the buck to his mate and now looks out through her. The word "attentive" suggests alertness and perhaps fear, and also a kind of innocence, since she does not yet know what has happened. The structure of the poem, which moves from the pair together, to the dead buck, to the living doe alone, makes us feel the loneliness of the survivor. Millay leaves us with no comfort, only the quiet recognition that life and death sit side by side in the same snowy landscape.

4 Awoonor conveys the power of the sea by presenting it as a living, hungry creature that invades the most intimate spaces of a community and consumes them. The title itself, repeated as a refrain, is a metaphor of devouring, and through it the poem makes the sea seem both relentless and indifferent, while the people it destroys are left helpless.

The opening lines are deceptively calm. "At home the sea is in the town" is a plain statement, but it is disturbing because the sea should be outside the town, not in it. The sea is personified as an intruder in domestic life, "Running in and out of the cooking places, / Collecting the firewood from the hearths / And sending it back at night". The verbs "Running", "Collecting" and "sending" make it seem almost playful, like a mischievous child, yet it is invading the "hearths", the very centre of home and family. The ordinary, matter-of-fact tone suggests that this invasion has become part of daily life, which makes the sea's power feel constant and inescapable.

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The refrain "The sea eats the land at home" gives the poem the quality of a lament or chant. The verb "eats" is simple but powerful: it presents the sea as a greedy animal consuming the land bit by bit. Each time the refrain returns, after a new description of loss, it seems to swallow up what has come before it, so the structure of the poem enacts the sea's hunger.

In the second stanza the sea's power becomes violent. "It came one day at the dead of night" makes it seem like a thief or a raider, and the phrase "dead of night" hints at the death and despair it brings. The verb "Destroying" is placed at the start of the line for emphasis, and "the cement walls" shows that even the strongest human structures cannot resist it. The list of what it "carried away", "the fowls, / The cooking-pots and the ladles", is poignant because these are humble, everyday objects. The sea's power is measured not in grand terms but in the loss of the things a family needs to survive.

Awoonor then turns to the human response, which sharpens our sense of the sea's might. The "wails" and "mourning shouts of the women" fill the poem with sound, and their "Calling on all the gods they worship" shows that they feel only supernatural power could match the sea's. The adjective "angry" personifies the sea further, giving it a will and a fury, as though it is punishing them.

The portrait of Aku is the emotional heart of the poem. She "stood outside where her cooking-pot stood", and the repetition of "stood" emphasises absence: the pot has gone and only its place remains. Her "two children shivering from the cold" and her "hands on her breast" create a still, grieving image. The lines "Her ancestors have neglected her, / Her gods have deserted her" use parallel structure to show her complete abandonment. The sea is so powerful that it seems to have defeated even the spiritual protection of her world.

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The fourth stanza piles up images of chaos. "The storm was raging", and "Goats and fowls were struggling in the water", where the verb "struggling" reminds us of the helplessness of living things. The phrase "The angry water of the cruel sea" adds yet another adjective of hostility. Then Awoonor uses sound brilliantly: "The lap-lapping of the bark water at the shore" is onomatopoeic and gentle, yet above "the sobs and the deep and low moans" is "the eternal hum of the living sea". The word "eternal" suggests that the sea's power outlasts all human grief, and "living" confirms that it is a creature in its own right. Its calm "hum" beside human sobbing makes it seem terrifyingly indifferent.

The ending focuses again on a single woman, Adena, who has lost "the trinkets which / Were her dowry and her joy". The loss is personal and irreplaceable. The final lines extend the refrain to "Eats the whole land at home", and the addition of "whole" makes the destruction total. The poem ends with the sea triumphant, and the reader is left with a vivid, troubling sense of a force that no wall, god or prayer can hold back.

5 Duffy makes "Foreign" powerful by forcing the reader into the position of the outsider. Through the repeated command "Imagine" and the persistent second person, she does not simply describe the loneliness and hostility faced by an immigrant; she makes us live it, so that by the end the poem's final challenge, "Imagine that", is directed at our own capacity for empathy.

The opening line, "Imagine living in a strange, dark city for twenty years", establishes both the setting and the method. The adjectives "strange" and "dark" suggest alienation and gloom, and "twenty years" is significant: this is not a

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newcomer but someone who still feels foreign after half a lifetime. The "dismal dwellings on the east side" are bleak. The isolation is captured in sound: "you hear / your foreign accent echo down the stairs". The echo suggests emptiness, and it also implies that the person becomes self-conscious, hearing their own voice as others hear it. The neat rhyme in "You think / in a language of your own and talk in theirs" captures the split identity of the immigrant, with "theirs" placed at the end of the line to stress that the language of the city belongs to others.

The second stanza moves inward to memory and homesickness. The letter is recited "in a local dialect", and "behind that / is the sound of your mother singing to you". The enjambment carries us back through layers of time, from the present to childhood. The detail of the mother singing is tender, and the speaker's confusion, "now you do not know / why your eyes are watering and what's the word for this", is very moving. Grief here is so deep that it has no name, or the name has been lost between two languages. This shows how displacement can cut a person off even from their own emotions.

The third stanza shifts abruptly into hostility. The clipped sentences "You use the public transport. Work. Sleep." convey a monotonous, joyless routine, reduced to bare functions. Then Duffy introduces a moment of violence: "a name for yourself sprayed in red / against a brick wall. A hate name. Red like blood." The repetition of "red" and the stark simile "Red like blood" suggest the threat of physical harm behind the graffiti. The minor sentence "A hate name" is shocking in its bluntness, and Duffy does not need to tell us the word, because the reader recognises the type. The image of snow "under the neon lights, / as if this place were coming to bits before your eyes" turns the weather into a symbol of disintegration, as though the city and the person's sense of security are both breaking apart.

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In the final stanza the alienation becomes small and practical, which is perhaps even sadder. In the delicatessen "the coins / in your palm will not translate", a clever metaphor that links money to language, suggesting that nothing in this place can be understood or exchanged easily. The single word "Inarticulate" stands out, and the person is reduced to pointing at fruit, like a child. The phrase "because this is not home" is placed at the centre of the stanza, almost like a confession.

The ending is the most powerful part of the poem. Duffy imagines that "one of you", one of the outsiders, says "Me not know what these people mean. / It like they only go to bed and dream." The broken grammar is exactly the kind of English that locals might mock, yet the judgement is turned around: it is now the foreigner who finds the natives baffling, as if their lives were passive and dreamlike, cut off from reality. The final instruction, "Imagine that", is wry and challenging. It throws back at the reader all the previous uses of "Imagine", and it seems to ask a native reader how it would feel to be the one observed, misunderstood and summed up in a single dismissive sentence.

I find the poem powerful because it refuses to let the reader remain comfortable. By using "you" throughout, Duffy makes us inhabit the outsider's loneliness, and in the final lines she reverses the gaze, so that we are left questioning who is really "foreign" and whether our own assumptions about others are any fairer than theirs about us.

6 Duffy presents the imagination in "In Your Mind" as a force strong enough to carry a person out of a grey English afternoon and into a whole other life, complete

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with friends, work, sounds and smells. Its power is so vivid that for a moment it feels more real than reality, yet the poem's ending reminds us that the escape is temporary, which makes the imagination seem both wonderful and bittersweet.

The opening question, "The other country, is it anticipated or half-remembered?", immediately blurs the line between memory and fantasy. The definite article in "The other country" suggests that the place is specific and familiar, yet it is never named. Duffy sets it against a dull present: its "language is muffled by the rain which falls all afternoon / one autumn in England". The verb "muffled" suggests that the imagined place is faint at first, struggling to be heard through the drab weather. Then the phrase "in your mind" acts as a doorway, and the speed of the escape is striking: "you put aside your work and head for the airport / with a credit card and a warm coat you will leave / on the plane". The detail of abandoning the coat is lovely, because it suggests that the imagined country is warm and that the dreamer is shedding England itself. "The past fades like newsprint in the sun" uses a simile that links forgetting to warmth and light.

Duffy's use of the second person makes the reader share the experience, and the details she chooses are dreamlike but precise. "Their faces are photographs / on the wrong side of your eyes" is a strange, powerful image: the people exist only as pictures inside the mind. "A beautiful boy / in the bar on the harbour serves you a drink" sounds like a real memory, yet the interruption "what?" shows the imagination struggling to fill in a detail. His question about whether "men could possibly land on the moon" may hint that this is a memory from long ago, perhaps from childhood, and the image of "A moon like an orange drawn by a child" is simple and playful. The verb in "You watch it peel itself into the sea" extends the orange metaphor magically, as the moonlight seems to drip onto the water. The imagination here is not just picturing a place but transforming it into art.

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The third stanza shows the imagination building a complete daily life. Short sentences such as "Sleep." and "Of course." give the experience a calm certainty. The "rasp of carpentry" wakes the dreamer, a sharp sensory detail that makes the scene convincing. The "painting lost for thirty years" which "renders the room yours" suggests that the imagination can restore what has been lost and give a sense of belonging. Even the directions to work, "right at the old hotel, left, / then left again", are so specific that the place seems mapped in the mind.

Sound is central to Duffy's portrayal of the imagined world. "Apt sounds / mark the passing of the hours. Seagulls. Bells. A flute / practising scales." The list of minor sentences gives each sound its own space, and the effect is peaceful and harmonious.

The final stanza brings the imagination to its height. "Then suddenly you are lost but not lost" is a lovely paradox: the dreamer is wandering, yet completely at home. The image of "six swans vanish / under your feet" is magical, though "vanish" hints that the vision itself may soon disappear. The most powerful lines are "The certainty of place turns on the lights / all over town, turns up the scent on the air". Here the imagination seems to control the world, switching on lights and heightening smells, and "For a moment / you are there, in the other country, knowing its name."

Then the poem collapses. The final line, "And then a desk. A newspaper. A window. English rain", returns us abruptly to reality through four flat minor sentences. The contrast is deeply affecting. The imagination is powerful enough to create an entire world, but it cannot keep us there, and the poem leaves the reader with a sense of longing that is perhaps the real subject of the poem.

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Brontë makes this moment frightening by turning the mysteries of Thornfield into something physical and violent. After the interrupted wedding, Jane and the reader finally see what lies behind the second door, and Brontë builds horror through a dark, enclosed setting, a figure who seems barely human, a sudden physical attack, and, most disturbingly, Rochester's bitter speech, which exposes the cruelty and desperation at the heart of his marriage.

The setting is claustrophobic from the start. Rochester lifts "the hangings from the wall, uncovering the second door", so the room is doubly concealed, a secret within a secret. It is "a room without a window", which suggests imprisonment and the absence of light, and the fire "guarded / by a high and strong fender" hints that whoever lives here is dangerous. The lamp hanging "by a chain" introduces an image of restraint.

The description of Bertha is the most frightening element. Brontë delays identifying her: "a figure / ran backwards and forwards. What it was, whether beast or human being, / one could not, at first sight, tell". The pronoun "it" dehumanises her, and the uncertainty forces the reader to share Jane's confusion. The verbs "grovelled", "snatched and growled" belong to an animal, and the simile "like some strange wild animal" is reinforced by the hair "wild as a mane". Yet the detail that "it was covered / with clothing" is chilling because it reminds us that she is a woman. Brontë makes the reader uncomfortably aware of the human being beneath the bestial description.

Grace's reply, "We're tolerable, sir... rather snappish, but not 'rageous", uses understatement and dialect that almost seem comic, and this makes the next

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moment more shocking: "A fierce cry seemed to give the lie to her favourable report". The metaphor "the clothed / hyena rose up, and stood tall on its hind-feet" combines the animal and the human in a grotesque way, and the image of a scavenger rising upright is nightmarish. Grace's urgent warnings, "you'd better not stay" and "for God's sake, take care!", build tension, and the exclamations show that even the keeper fears her charge.

Jane's own recognition adds a further layer of fear. "I recognised well that purple face", she says, recalling the figure who tore her wedding veil the night before. The adjectives "purple" and "bloated" make the face monstrous, and this moment confirms that the terrors Jane experienced at Thornfield, the laughter, the fire in Rochester's room and the attack on Mason, all came from this woman.

The struggle itself is violent and immediate. The attack is shocking in its savagery: Bertha "grappled his / throat viciously, and laid her teeth to his cheek". Brontë stresses her strength, "in stature almost equalling her husband", showing "virile force", and the fact that she "almost throttled him" makes the danger real. Yet Rochester "would not strike: he would only wrestle", which complicates our response. The scene ends with Bertha bound "to a / chair" amid "the fiercest yells and the most / convulsive plunges", an image of brutal restraint that is frightening in a different way, since it shows how she is controlled.

The final speech is perhaps the most disturbing part of the passage. Rochester's smile is "both acrid and desolate", combining bitterness and despair. His sarcastic "That is my wife" and "the sole conjugal embrace I am / ever to know" reveal the horror of a marriage reduced to violence. He then sets Jane beside Bertha, "this young girl, who stands so grave and quiet at the mouth of hell", and the contrasts he lists, "these / clear eyes with the red balls yonder", turn Jane into an object of

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comparison. His word "ragout" makes his wife into a dish he has tired of, and "I must shut up my prize" is chillingly possessive. The reader may feel that Rochester is himself frightening here, because his contempt reveals how readily he dehumanises the woman he married and how he expected Jane to become his "change" from her. Brontë leaves us shaken not only by the madwoman in the attic, but by what this revelation means for Jane's future.

8 John Reed appears in only a handful of scenes, yet Brontë makes him one of the most despicable characters in the novel. She presents him through the eyes of the child Jane, who suffers his cruelty directly, and through the adult narrator, who looks back with cool contempt. He is a bully, greedy and spoilt, protected by an indulgent mother, and his eventual ruin and death suggest that Brontë sees his selfishness as corrupting everything it touches.

The opening chapter introduces him through Jane's terror. She is hiding in the window seat with a book when John hunts her out, and she describes how he bullied and punished her "continually", so that every nerve she had feared him. The adult narrator's description of his appearance is deliberately unflattering. He is fourteen, large and stout, with a dingy and unwholesome skin, flabby cheeks and a dim, bleared eye, and he gorges himself so habitually at table that he has become bilious. Brontë makes his body a reflection of his character: his greed and laziness are visible. The narrator adds the dry detail that his mother has kept him home from school on account of his "delicate health", while his schoolmaster believes he would do better with fewer cakes and sweetmeats sent from home. The irony exposes Mrs Reed's indulgence and John's self-indulgence at once.

His treatment of Jane is calculated and sadistic. He orders her to come to him,

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makes her stand before him, and then sticks out his tongue at her while she waits for the blow she knows is coming. This delay is frightening because it shows that he enjoys her fear as much as the violence itself. His words reveal his snobbery and sense of ownership. He tells Jane that she is a dependant with no money, that she ought to beg rather than live with gentlemen's children, and that all the house belongs to him, or will do in a few years. His order to her to stand by the door, out of the way of the mirror and the windows, shows that he thinks only of protecting his property before he hurls the book at her. When the heavy volume strikes her and she cuts her head, his response is to rush at her again. Brontë makes his cruelty all the more despicable because Jane is younger, smaller, orphaned and entirely powerless.

Jane's outburst, "Wicked and cruel boy!", followed by her comparisons of him to a murderer, a slave-driver and the Roman emperors, gives the reader a vocabulary for judging him. These comparisons come from her reading, and they are exaggerated in a childish way, yet they also feel just. Brontë structures the scene so that it is Jane, not John, who is punished and locked in the red-room, which makes his privilege seem even more unjust and deepens our dislike of him.

Brontë also shows that John's cruelty is not confined to Jane. Jane recalls that he twisted the necks of pigeons, killed the little pea-chicks, set the dogs at the sheep, stripped the hothouse vines of their fruit and broke the buds off rare plants. This list of casual destruction suggests a boy who enjoys damaging anything delicate or alive. Even his own family is not spared: he has little affection for his mother and sisters and treats his mother with open disrespect, yet she continues to call him her darling. Brontë presents him as the product of a household where wealth and indulgence have gone unchecked.

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The later account of John's life confirms the reader's judgement. When Jane returns to Gateshead to visit the dying Mrs Reed, she learns from Bessie's husband that John has wasted his health and fortune in dissipation and gambling in London, has run up enormous debts, and has died suddenly, and it is said that he killed himself. His demands for money have ruined the family and contributed to his mother's final illness. Brontë does not make his end triumphant for Jane; instead it seems a grim, almost inevitable consequence of his character.

What makes John Reed so despicable is the combination of power and pettiness. He has every advantage, yet he uses them only to torment, waste and destroy. Through him, Brontë shows the injustice that shapes Jane's childhood, and his ruin provides a stark contrast with Jane's own hard-won independence and integrity.

10 Desai creates a picture of Nur's house that is vivid precisely because it is so far from what Deven expects. He arrives in Chandni Chowk imagining a temple of poetry, the home of the greatest living Urdu poet, and instead finds a cramped, noisy, squalid household full of pigeons, quarrelling wives and greedy hangers-on. The vividness comes from Desai's sensory detail, but also from the way she filters everything through Deven's anxious, disappointed eyes, so that the house becomes a symbol of the decline of Urdu itself.

The approach to the house is the first part of the picture. Deven has to push through the crowded lanes of Old Delhi, with their stalls, smells and confusion, and then climb dark, narrow stairs. Desai makes the journey feel like a descent into a maze, and the claustrophobia prepares us for what he will find. The house does not stand apart from the bazaar; the dirt and noise of the street seem to have seeped into it. This undercuts any romantic idea of the poet living in elegant

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seclusion.

When Deven finally reaches Nur, the poet is on the roof terrace, lying on a string cot among his pigeons. The pigeons are one of Desai's most memorable details. Their cooing, fluttering and droppings fill the space, and Nur seems to care more for them than for his visitor. I find this image both comic and sad: the birds suggest a kind of fragile beauty, flight and freedom, yet they are kept in cages on a shabby rooftop, much as Nur's genius is now trapped in an old, ill body. The physical description of Nur himself, heavy, unwell and querulous, reinforces this sense of a great talent gone to seed.

Desai makes the house vivid through its people as much as its rooms. Nur is surrounded by a circle of flatterers who come to eat and drink at his expense, chewing paan, laughing loudly and praising him extravagantly while doing nothing for his poetry. The scene where they gather to drink is chaotic and grotesque, and it ends in humiliation when Nur, after drinking and eating too much, becomes sick in front of everyone. For Deven, who worships the poems, this is almost unbearable, and Desai lets us share his embarrassment. The house is a place where art is consumed like food, noisily and without respect.

The women of the house add tension and bitterness to the picture. Nur's older wife is a weary, resentful presence, mostly in the background, concerned with money and the running of the household. His younger wife, Imtiaz Begum, is far more striking: glamorous, theatrical and ambitious, she stages her own poetry recital in the house, and the audience that should belong to Nur turns towards her. Desai shows the house divided by jealousy, with curtains, closed doors and raised voices, so that Deven never feels welcome or safe. The domestic quarrels make the household seem alive but also exhausting, and they deepen our sympathy

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for Deven, who is constantly pulled into disputes that are not his.

What makes the picture so effective is the gap between the house and the poetry Deven loves. The verses he recites to himself are full of grace and longing, but the house is full of dirt, appetite and noise. Desai seems to suggest that Urdu culture survives only in such decaying corners, neglected and exploited, and that Deven's idealism cannot survive contact with this reality unchanged. Yet the house is not simply ugly. Its energy, its crowded life and its strange beauty, such as the pigeons wheeling above the roof, give it a vitality that Deven's own dull life in Mirpore lacks.

Desai therefore creates a vivid picture of Nur's house by combining precise, often unpleasant physical detail with a strong sense of character and conflict. Seen through Deven's eyes, the house is a place of disillusion and comedy, but also of real poignancy, because it shows us a great poet and a dying language living together in a rooftop room, surrounded by people who no longer listen.

11 Hurston portrays Janie's childhood movingly by framing it as a memory told by a mature woman who now understands how much she lost and how much she had to discover about herself. The passage moves from a grand, almost mythic image of a whole life to the small, painful details of a girl who does not know who she is, and the contrast between the two is what gives the childhood its tenderness.

The opening image is the first source of emotion. Janie sees her life "like a great tree in leaf with the things suffered, things enjoyed, things done and undone". The tree suggests growth and natural beauty, but the list that follows is carefully balanced between pain and pleasure, and the final pairing "done and undone" hints

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at regret and unfinished business. Hurston adds that "Dawn and doom was in the branches", and the alliteration ties hope and disaster together. We are moved before the childhood is even described, because we know that this young life will hold both. When Janie decides that her conscious life "had commenced at Nanny's gate", the image of the gate quietly suggests both protection and confinement, which is exactly what Nanny's love will become.

The switch into Janie's own voice, speaking in dialect to Pheoby, makes the childhood feel intimate and truthful. She admits plainly that she never knew her father or her mother, and the matter-of-fact tone is more affecting than open self-pity would be. She grew up in the Washburns' backyard alongside the white grandchildren, and Hurston lets us see how natural this felt to her as a small child: she played with them, shared their life and simply assumed she was the same.

The photograph episode is the emotional heart of the passage. Looking at the picture, Janie cannot find herself, and when she is shown the dark little girl among the white children she cries out, "Aw, aw! Ah'm colored!" The comedy of the moment, with the adults laughing, sits uncomfortably beside its sadness. Hurston captures the instant when a child learns that the world has already decided what she is. The fact that she did not know her own face is a powerful symbol of how little sense of self she has been allowed. Even her nickname, "Alphabet", given because so many people called her different names, suggests an identity scattered among other people rather than her own.

The cruelty of other children adds a sharper pain. At school she is taunted because of her clothes and her circumstances, and the children use her absent, disgraced family against her. Hurston shows how a child is made to carry the shame of the

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adults' history, and Janie's quiet account of being hurt is deeply moving because she does not dramatise it.

Nanny's role brings a final, complicated note. The passage ends with Nanny buying land and a house, so that Janie can grow up in a place of her own, helped by Mrs Washburn. This shows Nanny's fierce love and her desire to protect her granddaughter from the world, and we are touched by her sacrifice. Yet, as the reader knows, Nanny's longing for security will soon lead her to push Janie into marriage with Logan Killicks, so the gift of a home already carries a hint of the restriction to come.

Overall, Hurston makes this childhood moving by combining the poetic, reflective image of the tree with Janie's simple, honest voice. We feel the innocence of a girl who did not know she was different, the shock of finding out, and the love of a grandmother whose protection is both a blessing and a burden.

12 Hurston makes Tea Cake likeable because he is everything Janie's first two husbands are not: playful where Logan is dull, generous where Joe is controlling, and above all interested in Janie as a person rather than a possession. Hurston presents him through Janie's delighted eyes, so we fall for him as she does, yet she also gives him flaws which make him more human and our affection more complicated.

His first appearance is charming and comic. He strolls into the store in Eatonville after Joe's death, and instead of treating Janie as the respectable widow of the mayor, he teaches her to play checkers. This small detail matters enormously: Joe had always told her she was not clever enough to play, and Tea Cake simply

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assumes she can. Hurston makes him likeable here through his easy humour and his teasing, warm dialogue, and through the sense that he sees Janie's mind. He even walks her home and returns later, keeping things light and unhurried, which contrasts with Joe's businesslike courtship.

Hurston associates Tea Cake with the natural imagery that runs through the novel. Janie thinks of him as if he were a bee to a blossom, linking him to the pear tree vision of her girlhood, her ideal of love as harmony and mutual delight. When he takes her fishing at midnight or brings her a fishing pole, these spontaneous, slightly mad gestures show a man who lives for pleasure and freedom rather than status. The townspeople disapprove of him because he is younger and poorer, and Hurston uses their gossip to make us side with him: we like him partly because he frees Janie from Eatonville's judgement.

On the muck in the Everglades Tea Cake becomes even more appealing. He works alongside Janie in the bean fields, and he wants her company rather than her obedience. Their house becomes a centre of music, laughter and dice games, and he plays the guitar and makes everyone welcome. Hurston shows that their love is a partnership: the muck is presented as a vibrant community, and Tea Cake is its heart. His willingness to share work and joy with Janie is the opposite of Joe placing her behind the counter and making her tie up her hair.

Hurston does not make him perfect, and this honesty arguably makes him more likeable, because he feels real. Early in their marriage he takes Janie's two hundred dollars and spends it on a party, and Janie is left fearing he has abandoned her. Yet he returns, explains himself and then wins the money back gambling, proud to provide for her. More disturbingly, he later beats Janie to show Mrs Turner's brother that he is in control, and the community admires him for it. Modern

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readers may find this hard to forgive, and Hurston seems aware of the uncomfortable gap between Janie's love and his possessiveness. These moments complicate our liking for him, but they also prevent the novel from becoming a simple romance.

The hurricane shows his courage and devotion most fully. When the lake floods he struggles to bring Janie to safety, and when she is threatened in the water he fights off a rabid dog to save her, being bitten in the process. This act of self sacrifice is tragic, because it leads to his madness and death. Even when the disease turns him violent and Janie has to shoot him, Hurston makes us feel that the man who loved her is not the man with the gun. At the trial and afterwards, Janie's grief reminds us how much he gave her.

In the end Tea Cake is likeable because he gives Janie the chance to live fully, to laugh, work and love on equal terms. Hurston balances his charm with his flaws, so that he is not an idealised hero but a vivid, warm, flawed man, and when Janie says that he will never be dead while she remembers him, we believe it.

13 James makes this conversation revealing and significant because it is a duel conducted entirely in polite language. On the surface Dr Sloper and Morris Townsend discuss a career; underneath, each is testing the other, and the reader is allowed to hear the Doctor's private thoughts while Morris's remain hidden behind his charm. The scene exposes Morris's evasiveness, the Doctor's cold intelligence and his enjoyment of power, and it marks the point at which Sloper's suspicion of Townsend as a fortune hunter hardens into certainty.

The opening establishes the battle. "We will try him again" sounds almost like a

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scientist repeating an experiment, which suits Sloper's clinical, diagnostic mind. Morris, by contrast, meets him "without a sign of evasiveness in his affable eye", and the irony is clear: the absence of evasiveness is itself suspicious, a performance of openness. The Doctor's silent verdict, "He's amazingly conceited!", is immediately followed by a courteous spoken remark, and this gap between thought and speech runs through the whole passage, making us aware of how much is being concealed on both sides.

Morris's replies reveal him as a skilled performer. He modestly rejects the word "position" as too "fine" and wants only "something to turn an honest penny". The adjective "honest" draws attention to the very quality the Doctor doubts. His joke that he has nothing but his "good right arm, as they say in the melodramas" is revealing: he casts himself as a romantic hero from the stage, and James hints that his whole manner is theatrical. Sloper's answer, praising his "subtle brain" and reading his "physiognomy", is a double edged compliment. "Subtle" can mean clever but also cunning, and the Doctor is really telling Morris that he can see through him.

The most significant moment is Morris's question, "You advise me, then, not to despair?", which he asks "as if the question might have a double meaning". He is no longer talking about work but about Catherine, testing whether her father will accept him. The Doctor's reply that a young man should "choose his line with discretion" is equally double: it is advice about careers, but also a warning about marrying an heiress. Morris's echo, "Ah, yes, with discretion", and his admission that he has "been indiscreet, formerly" but is now "very steady", is an extraordinary piece of self presentation. The detail that he looks down at his "remarkably neat shoes" is a fine touch of James's irony: the neatness suggests vanity and a careful surface, and his pause before asking whether the Doctor

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intended "something for my advantage" reveals his real interest. Sloper's private outburst, "Damn his impudence!", is one of the few moments when the Doctor's composure cracks, which shows how much Morris provokes him.

The conversation is also revealing about Sloper himself. He offers nothing and then suggests that Morris might go "to a distance", a transparent attempt to remove him from Catherine. When Morris refuses, claiming duties to his widowed sister, the Doctor springs his trap: he already knows about her "several young children", and his "short laugh" is the laugh of a man who has done his research and enjoys catching his opponent out. His repeated "That's very proper" becomes sarcastic, and his final remark that tutoring is "hardly a career" is crushing. We admire his intelligence, yet we may also feel uneasy, because he treats the encounter as a game and seems to take pleasure in humiliation. His contempt here prefigures the cruelty he will later show Catherine.

The significance of the scene lies partly in what it sets in motion. Morris's mention of his sister leads the Doctor to visit Mrs Montgomery, who will confirm that Morris has lived off her. Readers also notice that the person most affected, Catherine, is entirely absent: two men discuss her future without naming her. James therefore makes the conversation significant both for the plot and for its themes of money, manipulation and the powerlessness of the heiress at the centre of the novel, while the polished surface of the dialogue lets us enjoy the comedy of two clever men fencing, each sure he has the upper hand.

14 James makes Mrs Penniman, Catherine's widowed aunt, an irritating and at times genuinely harmful figure. Her love of romance and intrigue, her vanity and her lack of judgement turn her into a meddler who encourages Morris Townsend and then

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helps to wreck Catherine's happiness. Two moments make me particularly dislike her: her secret meetings with Morris in the oyster saloon, and her behaviour when Morris abandons Catherine.

The first moment comes when the Doctor has forbidden the engagement and Mrs Penniman arranges to meet Morris privately, in an oyster saloon. James makes her ridiculous here: she approaches the meeting as if she were the heroine of a romantic novel, enjoying the secrecy and the sense of conspiracy. The narrator's irony is gentle but persistent; she is described as loving mystery for its own sake, and she clearly thinks of herself as playing a thrilling part in someone else's love story. What makes me dislike her is that the story is not hers. She takes over a matter that concerns Catherine's heart and future and turns it into her own entertainment. In the conversation itself, she urges Morris on, assuring him that if he marries Catherine the Doctor will come round in time. Morris, who is far cleverer, sees her flattery and her foolishness and uses them; we sense that he despises her even as he lets her believe she is his confidante. Her pleasure in being his ally, and her apparent wish to be admired by a handsome young man, make her seem vain as well as foolish. Crucially, she never asks what Catherine wants. Catherine herself is honest and direct, and James sets her plain sincerity against her aunt's taste for scheming, so that Mrs Penniman's meddling looks shabby by comparison.

The second moment comes after Catherine returns from Europe and Morris decides to break the engagement because he will not get the Doctor's money. Mrs Penniman knows what he intends and, rather than protecting Catherine, she helps him. She agrees that he should withdraw gradually, almost as if letting Catherine down gently were a kindness, and she even seems to see it as another dramatic episode. When Morris leaves after his final visit, with the false promise to return,

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Catherine is left waiting and is devastated. Mrs Penniman's response is to talk and offer romantic consolations, but she has betrayed her niece's trust by keeping Morris's plans to herself. Catherine's anger with her aunt, when she realises the truth, is one of the rare moments when this gentle character speaks harshly, and James makes us share her sense of betrayal. I dislike Mrs Penniman most here because her foolishness has real consequences: Catherine's heart is broken, and her aunt has helped to break it.

James's methods reinforce our dislike. Mrs Penniman is often seen through the Doctor's sardonic comments and the narrator's dry irony, which mock her sentimental language and self importance. She is constantly compared to a character in a novel or a play, while Catherine is shown in simple, sincere terms. Even at the very end of the novel, when Morris returns years later, it is Mrs Penniman who brings him back to Washington Square, still unable to resist an intrigue. Catherine refuses him, and the aunt's last attempt at romance only emphasises how little she has learned.

Yet James does not make her a villain. She is lonely and dependent, living in her brother's house with no real role of her own, and her fantasies may be the only excitement her life allows. This makes her slightly pitiable. Nevertheless, in both moments her vanity and love of drama lead her to use Catherine's feelings for her own pleasure, and that is why James makes us dislike her so strongly.

15

Knowles makes this a largely satisfying conclusion because it resolves the novel's central question, what Gene's relationship with Phineas really meant, while refusing the comfort of a neat or happy ending. The older Gene, looking back, finally understands both his friend and himself, and the passage widens from one boy's

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guilt to a reflection on fear and war that gives the whole story its meaning. Some readers may find the ending sombre or too abstract, but I think its honesty is exactly what makes it satisfying.

The passage opens by showing that Phineas lives on in Gene. Phineas "created an atmosphere in which I continued now to live", and the phrase "continued now" suggests that his influence did not end with his death but shapes the way Gene meets the world. Gene describes Finny's way of letting the world's "rocklike facts sift through and be accepted only a little at a time". The image of hard facts being gently sifted captures Finny's innocence and his refusal, earlier in the novel, to believe in the war at all. It is satisfying because it draws together everything we have seen of him, from his invention of Blitzball to his insistence that the war was a fake invented by old men, and presents it not as foolishness but as a kind of protective wisdom.

Knowles then gives Gene the clearest statement of his own guilt in the novel. Gene says that his war ended before he ever put on a uniform, because he killed his enemy at school. The sentence "I killed my enemy there" is shocking in its directness. It is satisfying because, throughout the novel, Gene has evaded the truth about jouncing the limb, confessing awkwardly to Finny, retracting and then watching the mock trial in the Assembly Room unfold. Here, at last, he names what he did without excuses. Yet the "enemy" is ambiguous: it may be Phineas, but more convincingly it is the envy and hatred inside Gene himself, which died with his friend. This ambiguity makes the conclusion thoughtful rather than simply confessional.

The final paragraphs widen the focus to everyone else. Gene notes that "only Phineas never was afraid, only Phineas never hated anyone", and the repetition

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sets Finny apart as almost saintly. Everyone else, at some point, found something in themselves set against the world and reacted with fear and hostility. The extended metaphor of "these Maginot Lines" is particularly effective. The Maginot Line was a massive French defence that proved useless because the enemy simply went around it, so Knowles suggests that people build elaborate defences "at infinite cost to themselves" against threats that may not even exist. The final qualifications, "if he ever attacked at all; if he was indeed the enemy", end the novel on doubt, and the hesitant rhythm mirrors the uncertainty of the adult Gene. This links the personal story to the Second World War backdrop: Leper's breakdown, Brinker's cynicism and Gene's own jealousy all become Maginot Lines.

The conclusion also completes the novel's circular structure. The book began with the adult Gene revisiting Devon fifteen years later, looking at the tree and the stairs, and here we return to his mature voice. This frame gives the ending a sense of reflection earned over time. We understand that the "separate peace" of the title belongs to Phineas, and that Gene has been able to reach his own peace only by understanding what Finny was.

There are reasons a reader might find it less satisfying. We are told about Gene's growth rather than shown it, and the language becomes abstract and philosophical rather than dramatic. Some may also wish for more emotion about Finny's death, which Gene famously did not cry at, even at the funeral. However, I think the restraint is deliberate: Gene says he felt that it was his own funeral, and his calm, reflective tone here suggests a grief too deep for tears. Overall, Knowles makes this a satisfying conclusion because it ties together character, theme and setting, gives Gene a hard won honesty, and leaves us with a disturbing but memorable vision of how fear creates the enemies it guards against.

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16

Knowles suggests that Gene benefits from his time at Devon, but in a painful and ironic way. The school gives him academic success, friendship and a glimpse of freedom, yet his most important lessons come from his own failure: his envy of Phineas, the fall from the tree and its consequences. By the end, the adult narrator is wiser and more honest than the boy, and the novel suggests that this self knowledge, bought at a terrible cost, is the real benefit of Devon.

The first benefit is the friendship with Phineas, which opens Gene up to a freer, more joyful way of living. In the summer session of 1942 Finny leads him to jump from the tree into the river and founds the Super Suicide Society of the Summer Session. The jump is frightening for Gene, but it draws him out of his cautious, studious nature. Finny also persuades him to break rules, to skip classes and, most memorably, to cycle to the beach for an unauthorised night by the sea. Gene recalls the beach trip with real happiness, and when Finny tells him that he is his best pal, Gene almost says the same but holds back. Knowles shows that Devon, through Finny, offers Gene the chance to feel affection and spontaneity, even if he is not yet able to accept it fully.

Devon also benefits Gene academically, but Knowles presents this success as entangled with rivalry. Gene works hard to be head of the class, and he begins to believe that Finny is secretly trying to sabotage his studies. His suspicion is false, and when Finny innocently encourages him to study, Gene realises that Finny never felt the envy he did. This recognition is crushing, and soon afterwards, on the limb, Gene jounces the branch and Finny falls. Knowles uses the academic plot to show that Gene's real education is not in the classroom but in discovering the darkness in himself.

Paradoxically, Gene benefits from facing his guilt. He tries to confess to Finny in

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Boston, then retreats, and later the mock trial organised by Brinker forces the truth into the open. After Finny's second fall on the marble stairs, Gene visits him in the infirmary, and in their final conversation Finny accepts that the jounce was a blind impulse rather than personal hatred. This forgiveness, offered just before Finny's death during the operation, allows Gene to understand what he did. His comment that he did not cry at the funeral because it seemed to be his own suggests that a part of him, the envious, frightened boy, dies with Finny. The benefit is a moral one: he loses his illusions about himself.

Devon also prepares Gene for the world outside, though not in the way the school intends. During the winter session the war comes closer, with snow shovelling for the railway and older boys enlisting. Through Leper's enlistment and breakdown, and his visit to Leper's home in Vermont, Gene sees the reality of fear and madness that war produces. Through Brinker, who becomes increasingly bitter, he sees how people blame others for their troubles. Gene learns from these experiences, so that by the time he enlists in the navy he feels that his own war has already been fought at school.

Finally, the structure of the novel shows the benefit most clearly. The story is framed by the adult Gene returning to Devon fifteen years later. He visits the marble stairs and the tree, and finds that the tree looks smaller and more ordinary, which suggests that he has made peace with the past. The mature narrative voice is calm, reflective and honest, very different from the defensive boy we watch. He can now judge his younger self without excuses, and he understands Finny's unique innocence.

Knowles therefore suggests that Gene benefits from Devon not because it makes him happy or successful, but because it forces him to confront his capacity for

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hatred and to grow beyond it. The novel's sadness lies in the fact that this growth comes at the price of his best friend's life.

17 Orwell makes this moment in the canteen memorable because it moves from grim, almost comic observation of the people around Winston to a chilling vision of who will be destroyed, and then to a sudden jolt of fear when he finds the dark-haired girl watching him. The passage captures the texture of everyday life under the Party, where even a lunch break is full of danger, and it is all the more memorable because the reader knows how wrong Winston's guesses turn out to be.

The opening paragraph uses physical description to expose the gap between propaganda and reality. The Party's ideal of "tall muscular youths and deep-bosomed maidens" is presented in a heroic, poster-like list, but Orwell undercuts it with Winston's flat judgement that most people are "small, dark and ill-favoured". The repeated image of the "beetle-like" man is particularly vivid. Insects suggest something sub-human, scuttling and adaptable, and the details of "swift scuttling movements" and "fat inscrutable faces with very small eyes" make these men seem like creatures bred by the system. Orwell's remark that this type seemed "to flourish best under the dominion of the Party" is a bitter piece of satire: the regime does not produce heroes but timid, watchful functionaries.

The exchange with Parsons adds dark humour. He is "stirred to vague enthusiasm by the bombardment of figures", and the word "bombardment" suggests that statistics are a weapon used against the people. His praise of the Ministry of Plenty is immediately followed by his request for razor blades, and Winston's reply that he has used "the same blade for six weeks" quietly exposes the lie of plenty. The comedy is memorable because Parsons cannot see the contradiction.

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The most powerful part of the passage is Winston's list of who will be "vaporised". The relentless repetition, "Mrs Parsons would be vaporised. Syme would be vaporised. Winston would be vaporised", has a hypnotic, fatalistic rhythm, as if death were a routine administrative process. Winston's calm inclusion of himself is chilling. He predicts that Parsons and the "eyeless creature with the quacking voice" will survive, and that the dark-haired girl will too. The irony is rich for anyone who knows the novel: Syme will indeed disappear soon afterwards, but Parsons will be denounced by his own daughter, and the girl, Julia, will become Winston's lover and fellow rebel. O'Brien, whom Winston places among the doomed, is in fact the Party's agent. The moment is memorable because it shows how impossible it is to read people in a world of masks.

Orwell then breaks the reverie with "a violent jerk". The girl is looking at him "with curious intensity", and the physical reaction, "The sweat started out on Winston's backbone", makes his fear immediate and bodily. The series of anxious questions, "Why was she watching him? Why did she keep following him about?", shows paranoia taking hold, and his memory of her sitting behind him at the Two Minutes Hate links back to an earlier scene, building suspense about her.

The final paragraph turns personal fear into a general horror. The idea that "the amateur spy" is the greatest danger shows how the Party has turned ordinary citizens into informers. Orwell's list, "A nervous tic, an unconscious look of anxiety, a habit of muttering", reveals that the body itself can betray you. The coinage "facecrime" is the climax: by giving a Newspeak name to an expression, Orwell shows the totalitarian ambition to control not only actions but involuntary feelings. The clinical tone of "a punishable offence" makes the absurdity frightening.

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This moment is therefore memorable because Orwell combines satire, irony and suspense. It shows us the ugliness and scarcity of life in Airstrip One, the terrifying ease with which people vanish, and the constant fear that makes Winston, and the reader, distrust everyone, including the girl who will change his life.

18 Orwell suggests from the very first pages that Winston's arrest is inevitable. He does this through Winston's own fatalism, through constant reminders of surveillance, through recurring symbols and prophecies, and through a structure in which every moment of apparent freedom turns out to have been watched. The result is a novel in which the reader, like Winston, waits for a blow that is certain to fall, and this sense of doom is central to Orwell's warning about totalitarian power.

The opening chapter establishes the trap. The telescreen in Winston's flat cannot be switched off, and he can only hide in a small alcove beyond its view. The poster's caption, "BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU", is repeated throughout the city, and the Thought Police are presented as able to plug in on anyone at any time. When Winston begins his diary, he knows that this act is likely to be punished by death or forced labour. Most strikingly, he writes that thoughtcrime does not entail death, thoughtcrime is death. Orwell makes Winston himself the first to predict his arrest: from the moment he picks up his pen, he regards himself as already a dead man.

This fatalism recurs in his thoughts. He repeatedly tells himself that the end was contained in the beginning, and with Julia he speaks of himself as already dead, and she echoes him. Orwell makes their love affair feel doomed even at its

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happiest. In the room above Mr Charrington's shop, Winston knows that renting it is an act of folly, almost suicidal. Their brief contentment is shadowed throughout by his awareness that it cannot last, which builds a sense of tragic inevitability.

Orwell also uses recurring motifs that foreshadow the arrest. Winston dreams of O'Brien saying they shall meet "in the place where there is no darkness", which he interprets as hope but which turns out to mean the brightly lit cells of the Ministry of Love. The old nursery rhyme about the bells of St Clement's ends with a chopper coming to chop off your head, and when the rhyme is completed it is a grim prophecy. The glass paperweight, a symbol of the fragile, private world Winston and Julia have built, is smashed on the floor at the moment of their arrest, so the image of fragility is finally fulfilled.

The pervasive surveillance in society makes escape seem impossible. Children like the Parsons youngsters spy on their parents, and Parsons himself is later arrested after his daughter reports him. Syme, whom Winston predicted would be vaporised, simply disappears. Orwell repeatedly shows that orthodoxy is no protection, and that the Party can remove anyone at will. In such a world Winston, who openly hates the Party in his mind, has no chance.

The structure of the novel confirms that the arrest was planned all along. Winston's trust in O'Brien leads him to the flat where O'Brien switches off his telescreen and enrols him into the Brotherhood, but this apparent breakthrough is a trap. Mr Charrington, the gentle old shopkeeper, is revealed to be a member of the Thought Police, and the picture on the wall hides a telescreen. The iron voice that repeats Winston and Julia's words, "You are the dead", shows that they have been watched throughout. In the Ministry of Love O'Brien tells Winston that the Party had been watching him for seven years. Orwell's revelation transforms our

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understanding of everything before it: Winston was never free, and his rebellion was permitted only so that it could be crushed.

One could argue that Winston has choices, and that a more cautious man might have survived. Yet Orwell suggests that the very qualities that make Winston human, his memory, curiosity and desire for truth and love, are what the Party exists to destroy. In this sense his arrest is not merely likely but inevitable, because a mind like his cannot exist under such a regime. The bleak ending, in which Winston finally loves Big Brother, confirms that the Party's power is total, and Orwell's purpose is to warn readers that a society built on surveillance leaves no room for an individual like Winston to escape.

20 In a novel so full of fear, crime and grief, the moments of kindness stand out with special force. Paton convinces me that kindness exists not by making it grand or sentimental, but by showing it in small, practical acts offered by people who have little reason to give them. Two moments that persuade me most are Msimangu's generosity towards Kumalo at the end of Book 2, and James Jarvis's gift of milk to the children of Ndotsheni in Book 3.

Msimangu is kind to Kumalo from the moment the old parson arrives, bewildered, in Johannesburg. He finds him a room with Mrs Lithebe, guides him through the search for Gertrude and Absalom, and walks with him through a city that frightens him. Paton makes this kindness convincing because Msimangu is not a saint: he can be sharp, and he is angry at the injustice he sees, warning that "I have one great fear in my heart, that one day when they are turned to loving, they will find we are turned to hating." This makes his gentleness towards Kumalo feel earned rather than easy. The most moving moment comes when Kumalo is

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about to return home. Msimangu, who is entering a religious community and giving up his possessions, hands Kumalo his savings to help him start again. Kumalo is overwhelmed and tries to thank him, but Msimangu turns the praise away, saying, "I am a selfish and sinful man, but God put His hands on me, that is all." I find this utterly convincing because true kindness, in Paton's novel, does not seek gratitude. Msimangu's refusal to accept thanks, and even his slight impatience at being praised, makes him more human, and Paton lets the old man's speechless gratitude speak for the depth of what has been given.

This act is part of a wider pattern of quiet generosity among the poor. Mrs Lithebe takes in the pregnant girl and Gertrude, and when Kumalo thanks her she asks simply, "Why else were we born?" The question form is important: for her, kindness is not a choice that deserves praise but the obvious purpose of life. Paton's plain, almost biblical style, with its short sentences and repeated phrases, gives such moments a dignity that convinces me they are sincere.

The second moment is more surprising, because it comes from James Jarvis, the father of the man Absalom murdered. In Book 3, Ndotsheni is suffering from drought, and Jarvis's small grandson, visiting Kumalo's house, innocently reveals that there is no milk for the sick children of the valley. Soon after, milk arrives at the church in cans, sent by Jarvis. Paton makes this convincing by keeping Jarvis almost silent. He does not explain himself, make speeches or ask to be forgiven; he simply acts. The restraint of the writing mirrors the restraint of the man. I am moved because the reader knows the history between the two fathers, and the gift is a kind of answer to grief that words could not provide.

Paton deepens this kindness by extending it. Jarvis goes on to bring Napoleon Letsitsi, the young agricultural demonstrator, to teach the people how to farm, and

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he plans a dam for the valley. These practical gifts suggest that real kindness must change things rather than merely console. Kumalo's joy, his prayers of thanks and his sense that a light has come into the valley, help me to feel how much the gift means to a community that had seemed beyond hope. The fact that Jarvis also offers to build a new church after his wife's death shows that his kindness grows out of his own suffering.

What convinces me most is that in both moments kindness crosses the barriers that the novel shows dividing South Africa. Msimangu gives to a man he barely knew a few weeks earlier, and Jarvis gives to the people of the man whose son killed his own. Paton does not pretend that kindness can heal everything: the novel ends with Kumalo waiting for Absalom's execution, and the title's lament still echoes. Yet these moments suggest that, even in a "beloved country" so damaged, compassion is still possible, and that is why they remain the most hopeful parts of the novel.

21 La Guma makes this ending memorable by refusing to show us what happens. The story stops at the very moment the violence is about to begin, so that the reader is left in the dark orchard with the bound man, imagining the beating that the white men have promised. What stays with me is the terrible contrast La Guma builds between the beauty of the setting and the ugliness of the men, and between the prisoner's quiet dignity and the noisy brutality of his captors.

The passage opens with sudden, physical cruelty. The leader "jabbed the muzzle suddenly" into the man's back, and another captor strikes him "on a cheekbone with the clenched fist which still held the sjambok". The detail that the fist still holds the whip is chilling, because it suggests the violence is casual and ready to

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escalate at any second. Yet La Guma gives the prisoner a small victory. His "Yes, baas" is spoken "with a mixture of dignity and contempt which was missed by those who surrounded him". This is a powerful moment because the reader is let into a secret that the white men cannot see: they believe they have forced him to submit, but the word "baas" is hollow. I find it moving that his resistance survives only in his tone, and that the men are too blinded by their own sense of superiority to notice.

La Guma also makes the captors condemn themselves through their own speech. The leader is outraged that "this bliksem" should have taken "the principal, and the meester of the church before the magistrate". What appals him is not that the teacher was beaten, but that he dared to seek justice. The repeated insult "hotnot" and the claim "We don't want any educated hottentots in our town" reveal that the man's real crime is his education and his refusal to accept humiliation. The casual addition, "Neither black Englishmen", sounds almost like a joke shared among friends, which makes it all the more disturbing. Andries's eager promise of "a better hiding" shows how the group feeds on its own brutality.

The most unsettling moment comes when the man with the lantern starts talking about the dog, Jagter. He would like a dog like that and says, "I would take great care of such a dog." The irony is savage: this man can imagine tenderness towards an animal while he marches a human being to be beaten. La Guma does not comment on this; he simply lets the words sit, and the reader is forced to feel the inhumanity for himself.

The setting gives the ending its haunting atmosphere. "The blackness of the night crouched over the orchard", a personification that makes the darkness seem like a predator ready to spring. The leaves rustle "with a harsh whispering that was

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inconsistent with the pleasant scent of the lemons", and this inconsistency sums up the whole story: something sweet and natural has been corrupted by what men are doing in it. The image of the perfume growing stronger "as if the juice was being crushed from them" is particularly sinister, because the crushing of the lemons seems to foreshadow the crushing of the man's body.

The final paragraphs are almost theatrical. The men stop in "a small amphitheatre surrounded by fragrant growth", a word which suggests a stage or an arena where a spectacle of cruelty will be performed. The casual remark, "This is as good a place as any, Oom", makes the coming violence sound like a routine chore. Then La Guma ends not with action but with description: the moonlight clings to the leaves, and the moisture gleams "with the quivering shine of scattered quicksilver". The word "quivering" seems to transfer the prisoner's fear on to the landscape itself, while the cold, beautiful silver light feels indifferent to human suffering.

By cutting the story off here, La Guma denies the reader any relief or resolution. We do not know if the man is beaten, crippled or killed, and that uncertainty is far more disturbing than any description of violence could be. The ending is memorable because it leaves us suspended in dread, admiring the prisoner's courage and horrified by the ordinary men who are about to destroy it.