Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge IGCSE™

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/11**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose **October/November 2022**

1 hour 30 minutes

4925865387

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:

Amends

Nights like this: on the cold apple-bough
a white star, then another
exploding out of the bark:
on the ground, moonlight picking at small stones

as it picks at greater stones, as it rises with the surf
laying its cheek for moments on the sand
as it licks the broken ledge, as it flows up the cliffs,
as it flicks across the tracks

as it unavailing pours into the gash
of the sand-and-gravel quarry
as it leans across the hangared fuselage
of the crop-dusting plane

as it soaks through cracks into the trailers
tremulous with sleep
as it dwells upon the eyelids of the sleepers
as if to make amends

(Adrienne Rich)

Explore how Rich makes *Amends* such a mysterious poem.

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Or **2** How does Heaney powerfully convey the speaker's thoughts and feelings in *Mid-Term Break*?

Mid-Term Break

I sat all morning in the college sick bay
Counting bells knelling classes to a close.
At two o'clock our neighbours drove me home.

In the porch I met my father crying –
He had always taken funerals in his stride –
And Big Jim Evans saying it was a hard blow.

The baby cooed and laughed and rocked the pram
When I came in, and I was embarrassed
By old men standing up to shake my hand

And tell me they were 'sorry for my trouble'.
Whispers informed strangers I was the eldest,
Away at school, as my mother held my hand

In hers and coughed out angry tearless sighs.
At ten o'clock the ambulance arrived
With the corpse, stanched and bandaged by the nurses.

Next morning I went up into the room. Snowdrops
And candles soothed the bedside; I saw him
For the first time in six weeks. Paler now,

Wearing a poppy bruise on his left temple,
He lay in the four foot box as in his cot.
No gaudy scars, the bumper knocked him clear.

A four foot box, a foot for every year.

(Seamus Heaney)

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SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 2: from Part 4

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

I Hear an Army …

I hear an army charging upon the land,

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My love, my love, my love, why have you left me alone?

(James Joyce)

Explore how Joyce vividly conveys his feelings in this poem.

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Or **4** How does Thomas memorably convey the speaker's anger in *The Forsaken Wife*?

The Forsaken Wife

Methinks 'tis strange you can't afford
One pitying look, one parting word.
Humanity claims this as its due,
But what's humanity to you?

Cruel man! I am not blind;
Your infidelity I find.
Your want of love my ruin shows,
My broken heart, your broken vows.
Yet maugre all your rigid hate
I will be true in spite of fate,
And one preëminence I'll claim,
To be forever still the same.

Show me a man that dare be true,
That dares to suffer what I do,
That can forever sigh unheard,
And ever love without regard,
I will then own your prior claim
To love, to honour and to fame,
But till that time, my dear, adieu.
I yet superior am to you.

(Elizabeth Thomas 'Corinna')

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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:

Valentine

Not a red rose or a satin heart.

I give you an onion.
It is a moon wrapped in brown paper.
It promises light
like the careful undressing of love.

Here.
It will blind you with tears
like a lover.
It will make your reflection
a wobbling photo of grief.

I am trying to be truthful.

Not a cute card or a kissogram.

I give you an onion.
Its fierce kiss will stay on your lips,
possessive and faithful
as we are,
for as long as we are.

Take it.
Its platinum loops shrink to a wedding ring,
if you like.
Lethal.
Its scent will cling to your fingers,
cling to your knife.

How does Duffy make the image of the onion so compelling in this poem?

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Or **6** In what ways does Duffy create vivid impressions of the student in *The Good Teachers*?

The Good Teachers

You run round the back to be in it again.
No bigger than your thumbs, those virtuous women
size you up from the front row. Soon now
Miss Ross will take you for double History.
You breathe on the glass, making a ghost of her, say
South Sea Bubble Defenestration of Prague.

You love Miss Pirie. So much, you are top
of her class. So much, you need two of you
to stare out from the year, serious, passionate.
'The River's Tale' by Rudyard Kipling by heart.
Her kind intelligent green eye. Her cruel blue one.
You are making a poem up for her in your head.

But not Miss Sheridan. Comment vous appelez.
But not Miss Appleby. Equal to the square
of the other two sides. Never Miss Webb.
Dar es Salaam. Kilimanjaro. Look. The good teachers
swish down the corridor in long, brown skirts,
snobbish and proud and clean and qualified.

And they've got your number. You roll the waistband
of your skirt over and over, all leg, all
dumb insolence, smoke rings. You won't pass.
You could do better. But there's the wall you climb
into dancing, lovebites, marriage, the Cheltenham
and Gloucester, today. The day you'll be sorry one day.

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SECTION B: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

CHIMAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE: *Purple Hibiscus*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Amaka helped Papa-Nnukwu get into the front seat, and then she got in the middle with us.

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That is why Eugene can disregard me, because he thinks we are equal.'

Explore the ways in which Adichie vividly portrays Papa-Nnukwu at this moment in the novel.

Or **8** In what ways does Adichie movingly convey Kambili's growing feelings for Father Amadi?

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CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

'Jane, come with me to India: come as my helpmeet and fellow-labourer.'

The glen and sky spun round: the hills heaved! It was as if I had heard a summons from Heaven – as if a visionary messenger, like him of Macedonia, had enounced, 'Come over and help us!' But I was no apostle – I could not behold the herald – I could not receive his call.

'Oh, St John!' I cried, 'have some mercy!'

I appealed to one who, in the discharge of what he believed his duty, knew neither mercy nor remorse. He continued –

'God and nature intended you for a missionary's wife. It is not personal, but mental endowments they have given you: you are formed for labour, not for love. A missionary's wife you must – shall be. You shall be mine: I claim you – not for my pleasure, but for my Sovereign's service.'

'I am not fit for it: I have no vocation,' I said.

He had calculated on these first objections: he was not irritated by them. Indeed, as he leaned back against the crag behind him, folded his arms on his chest, and fixed his countenance, I saw he was prepared for a long and trying opposition, and had taken in a stock of patience to last him to its close – resolved, however, that that close should be conquest for him.

'Humility, Jane,' said he, 'is the ground-work of Christian virtues: you say right that you are not fit for the work. Who is fit for it? Or who, that ever was truly called, believed himself worthy of the summons? I, for instance, am but dust and ashes. With St Paul, I acknowledge myself the chiefest of sinners; but I do not suffer this sense of my personal vileness to daunt me. I know my Leader: that He is just as well as mighty; and while He has chosen a feeble instrument to perform a great task, He will, from the boundless stores of His providence, supply the inadequacy of the means to the end. Think like me, Jane – trust like me. It is the Rock of Ages I ask you to lean on: do not doubt but it will bear the weight of your human weakness.'

'I do not understand a missionary life: I have never studied missionary labours.'

'There I, humble as I am, can give you the aid you want: I can set you your task from hour to hour; stand by you always; help you from moment to moment. This I could do in the beginning: soon (for I know your powers) you would be as strong and apt as myself, and would not require my help.'

'But my powers – where are they for this undertaking? I do not feel them. Nothing speaks or stirs in me while you talk. I am sensible of no light kindling – no life quickening – no voice counselling or cheering. Oh, I wish I could make you see how much my mind is at this moment like a rayless dungeon, with one shrinking fear fettered in its depths – the fear of being persuaded by you to attempt what I cannot accomplish!'

(*from* Chapter 34)

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

Or **10** To what extent does Brontë portray Mrs Fairfax as a good friend to Jane?

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ZORA NEALE HURSTON: *Their Eyes Were Watching God*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The pistol and the rifle rang out almost together.

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The only killing tool they are allowed to use in the presence of white folks.

(*from* Chapter 19)

How does Hurston make this such a powerfully moving moment in the novel?

Or **12** How far does Hurston make you feel that Janie is right to leave Logan Killicks?

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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:

'What is his profession?'

'He hasn't got any; he is looking for something. I believe he was once in the Navy.'

'Once? What is his age?'

'I suppose he is upwards of thirty. He must have gone into the Navy very young. I think Arthur told me that he inherited a small property – which was perhaps the cause of his leaving the Navy – and that he spent it all in a few years. He travelled all over the world, lived abroad, amused himself. I believe it was a kind of system, a theory he had. He has lately come back to America, with the intention, as he tells Arthur, of beginning life in earnest.'

'Is he in earnest about Catherine, then?'

'I don't see why you should be incredulous,' said Mrs Almond. 'It seems to me that you have never done Catherine justice. You must remember that she has the prospect of thirty thousand a year.'

The Doctor looked at his sister a moment, and then, with the slightest touch of bitterness: 'You at least appreciate her,' he said.

Mrs Almond blushed.

'I don't mean that is her only merit; I simply mean that it is a great one. A great many young men think so; and you appear to me never to have been properly aware of that. You have always had a little way of alluding to her as an unmarriageable girl.'

'My allusions are as kind as yours, Elizabeth,' said the Doctor, frankly. 'How many suitors has Catherine had, with all her expectations – how much attention has she ever received? Catherine is not unmarriageable, but she is absolutely unattractive. What other reason is there for Lavinia being so charmed with the idea that there is a lover in the house? There has never been one before, and Lavinia, with her sensitive, sympathetic nature, is not used to the idea. It affects her imagination. I must do the young men of New York the justice to say that they strike me as very disinterested. They prefer pretty girls – lively girls – girls like your own. Catherine is neither pretty nor lively.'

'Catherine does very well; she has a style of her own – which is more than my poor Marian has, who has no style at all,' said Mrs Almond. 'The reason Catherine has received so little attention is that she seems to all the young men to be older than themselves. She is so large, and she dresses – so richly. They are, rather afraid of her, I think; she looks as if she had been married already, and you know they don't like married women. And if our young men appear disinterested,' the Doctor's wiser sister went on, 'it is because they marry, as a general thing, so young, before twenty-five, at the age of innocence and sincerity, before the age of calculation. If they only waited a little, Catherine would fare better.'

'As a calculation? Thank you very much,' said the Doctor.

'Wait till some intelligent man of forty comes along, and he will be delighted with Catherine,' Mrs Almond continued.

'Mr Townsend is not old enough, then; his motives may be pure.'

'It is very possible that his motives are pure; I should be very sorry

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to take the contrary for granted. Lavinia is sure of it, and, as he is a very prepossessing youth, you might give him the benefit of the doubt.'

Dr Sloper reflected a moment.

'What are his present means of subsistence?'

'I have no idea. He lives, as I say, with his sister.'

'A widow, with five children? Do you mean he lives *upon* her?'

Mrs Almond got up, and with a certain impatience: 'Had you not better ask Mrs Montgomery herself?' she inquired.

'Perhaps I may come to that,' said the Doctor. 'Did you say the Second Avenue?' He made a note of the Second Avenue.

(*from* Chapter 6)

In what ways does James make this a revealing and significant moment in the novel?

Or **14** Explore **two** moments in the novel that James makes particularly disturbing for you.

Do **not** use the extract in **Question 13** in answering this question.

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JHUMPA LAHIRI: *The Namesake*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

She takes the phone in order to hear the news for herself, to console her mother.

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Instead he tells her what Rana told him a few minutes ago, what Rana couldn't bear to tell his sister, over the telephone, himself: that her father died yesterday evening, of a heart attack, playing patience on his bed.

(*from* Chapter 2)

In what ways does Lahiri make this such a moving moment in the novel?

Or **16** Explore the ways in which Lahiri encourages you to feel sympathy for Gogol.

YANN MARTEL: *Life of Pi*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

I eased the raft off the lifeboat.

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He wasn't in sight.

(*from* Chapter 53)

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

Or **18** Explore **two** moments in the novel when Martel memorably portrays Pi's despair.

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

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GEORGE ORWELL: *1984*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

From somewhere at the bottom of a passage the smell of roasting coffee – real coffee, not Victory Coffee – came floating out into the street. Winston paused involuntarily. For perhaps two seconds he was back in the half-forgotten world of his childhood. Then a door banged, seeming to cut off the smell as abruptly as though it had been a sound.

He had walked several kilometres over pavements, and his varicose ulcer was throbbing. This was the second time in three weeks that he had missed an evening at the Community Centre: a rash act, since you could be certain that the number of your attendances at the Centre was carefully checked. In principle a Party member had no spare time, and was never alone except in bed. It was assumed that when he was not working, eating or sleeping he would be taking part in some kind of communal recreation: to do anything that suggested a taste for solitude, even to go for a walk by yourself, was always slightly dangerous. There was a word for it in Newspeak: *ownlife*, it was called, meaning individualism and eccentricity. But this evening as he came out of the Ministry the balminess of the April air had tempted him. The sky was a warmer blue than he had seen it that year, and suddenly the long, noisy evening at the Centre, the boring, exhausting games, the lectures, the creaking camaraderie oiled by gin, had seemed intolerable. On impulse he had turned away from the bus-stop and wandered off into the labyrinth of London, first south, then east, then north again, losing himself among unknown streets and hardly bothering in which direction he was going.

'If there is hope,' he had written in the diary, 'it lies in the proles.' The words kept coming back to him, statement of a mystical truth and a palpable absurdity. He was somewhere in the vague, brown-coloured slums to the north and east of what had once been Saint Pancras Station. He was walking up a cobbled street of little two-storey houses with battered doorways which gave straight on the pavement and which were somehow curiously suggestive of rat-holes. There were puddles of filthy water here and there among the cobbles. In and out of the dark doorways, and down narrow alleyways that branched off on either side, people swarmed in astonishing numbers – girls in full bloom, with crudely lipsticked mouths, and youths who chased the girls, and swollen waddling women who showed you what the girls would be like in ten years' time, and old bent creatures shuffling along on splayed feet, and ragged barefooted children who played in the puddles and then scattered at angry yells from their mothers. Perhaps a quarter of the windows in the street were broken and boarded up. Most of the people paid no attention to Winston; a few eyed him with a sort of guarded curiosity. Two monstrous women with brick-red forearms folded across their aprons were talking outside a doorway. Winston caught scraps of conversation as he approached.

'"Yes," I says to 'er, "that's all very well," I says. "But if you'd of been in my place you'd of done the same as what I done. It's easy to criticise," I says, "but you ain't got the same problems as what I got."'

'Ah,' said the other, 'that's jest it. That's jest where it is.'

The strident voices stopped abruptly. The women studied him in hostile silence as he went past. But it was not hostility, exactly; merely

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a kind of wariness, a momentary stiffening, as at the passing of some unfamiliar animal. The blue overalls of the Party could not be a common sight in a street like this. Indeed, it was unwise to be seen in such places, unless you had definite business there. The patrols might stop you if you happened to run into them. 'May I see your papers, comrade? What are you doing here? What time did you leave work? Is this your usual way home?' – and so on and so forth. Not that there was any rule against walking home by an unusual route: but it was enough to draw attention to you if the Thought Police heard about it.

(*from* Part 1 Chapter 8)

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

Or **20** Explore **two** moments in the novel which Orwell makes particularly shocking for you.

Do **not** use the extract in **Question 19** in answering this question.

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from *STORIES OF OURSELVES VOLUME 2*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **21** Read this passage from *The Widow's Might* (by Charlotte Perkins Gilman) and then answer the question that follows it:

The last services were over. They had had a cold, melancholy lunch and were all to take the night train home again. Meanwhile the lawyer was coming at four to read the will.

'It is only a formality. There can't be much left,' said James.

'No,' agreed Adelaide, 'I suppose not.'

'A long illness eats up everything,' said Ellen, and sighed. Her husband had come to Colorado for his lungs years before and was still delicate.

'Well,' said James rather abruptly, 'What are we going to do with Mother?'

'Why, of course—' Ellen began, 'We *could* take her. It would depend a good deal on how much property there is—I mean, on where she'd want to go. Edward's salary is more than needed now,' Ellen's mental processes seemed a little mixed.

'She can come to me if she prefers, of course,' said Adelaide. 'But I don't think it would be very pleasant for her. Mother never did like Pittsburg.'

James looked from one to the other.

'Let me see—how old is Mother?'

'Oh she's all of fifty,' answered Ellen, 'and much broken, I think. It's been a long strain, you know.' She turned plaintively to her brother. 'I should think you could make her more comfortable than either of us, James—with your big house.'

'I think a woman is always happier living with a son than with a daughter's husband,' said Adelaide. 'I've always thought so.'

'That is often true,' her brother admitted. 'But it depends.' He stopped, and the sisters exchanged glances. They knew upon what it depended.

'Perhaps if she stayed with me, you could—help some,' suggested Ellen.

'Of course, of course, I could do that,' he agreed with evident relief. 'She might visit between you—take turns—and I could pay her board. About how much ought it to amount to? We might as well arrange everything now.'

'Things cost awfully in these days,' Ellen said with a criss-cross of fine wrinkles on her pale forehead. 'But of course it would be only just *what* it costs. I shouldn't want to *make* anything.'

'It's work and care, Ellen, and you may as well admit it. You need all your strength—with those sickly children and Edward on your hands. When she comes to me, there need be no expense, James, except for clothes. I have room enough and Mr Oswald will never notice the difference in the house bills—but he does hate to pay out money for clothes.'

'Mother must be provided for properly,' her son declared. 'How much ought it to cost—a year—for clothes.'

'You know what your wife's cost?' suggested Adelaide, with a flicker of a smile about her lips.

'Oh, *no*,' said Ellen. 'That's no criterion! Maude is in society, you see. Mother wouldn't *dream* of having so much.'

James looked at her gratefully. 'Board—and clothes—all told; what should you say, Ellen?'

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Ellen scrabbled in her small black hand bag for a piece of paper, and found none. James handed her an envelope and a fountain pen.

'Food—just plain food materials—costs all of four dollars a week now—for one person,' said she. 'And heat—and light—and extra service. I should think six a week would be the *least*, James. And for clothes and carfare and small expenses—I should say—well, three hundred dollars!'

'That would make over six hundred a year,' said James slowly. 'How about Oswald sharing that, Adelaide?'

How does Gilman make this such a revealing moment in the story?

Or **22** Explore how Frame vividly depicts the children's trip to the Reservoir in *The Reservoir.*

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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

Rich makes Amends mysterious because it never tells us what wrong is being put right, or by whom. The poem is a single, unbroken sentence that follows moonlight across a damaged landscape, and only in its final line does it hint at a purpose: "as if to make amends". The mystery lies in that "as if". Rich offers us a moon that seems to apologise, yet withholds the offence, the speaker and even a main verb, so that the reader is left to sense guilt and tenderness without being able to name either.

The opening is itself strange and fragmentary. "Nights like this:" is not a complete statement but a beginning that suggests repetition, as though this healing happens again and again and the speaker has watched it many times. The image of the blossom is startling: "a white star, then another / exploding out of the bark". Rich fuses the natural and the cosmic, so that an apple flower becomes a star, and the violent verb "exploding" makes the moment of growth feel almost like a detonation. From the very start, beauty and destruction are uncomfortably close, which prepares us for a poem in which harm and repair are tangled together.

The moonlight is then personified with great delicacy, and this is the heart of the poem's mystery. It is "picking at small stones / as it picks at greater stones", treating the tiny and the large with equal care, as if nothing is too insignificant for its attention. It is "laying its cheek for moments on the sand", an image of intimacy and comfort, like a parent or lover resting against someone they have hurt. Yet the verbs shift constantly: it "licks the broken ledge", "flows up the cliffs", "flicks across the tracks". These soft, quick sounds, with their repeated "l" and "k" consonants, make the light seem alive and restless, but we are never told

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why it moves with such urgency. The relentless anaphora of "as it" creates an incantatory, almost hypnotic rhythm, and because the sentence never resolves we are carried along like the light itself, waiting for an explanation that keeps being deferred.

Gradually the landscape the moonlight touches becomes a record of human damage. The "broken ledge", the "tracks", and above all "the gash / of the sand-and-gravel quarry" suggest a land that has been wounded. "Gash" is a word for a body's injury, so the quarry becomes a scar on the earth, and the light pours into it "unavailing", a striking word placed before the verb. The moon's efforts here are useless: some wounds cannot be healed by gentleness. This is perhaps the most mysterious moment, since the amends being offered may be inadequate, and the poem quietly admits that consolation and repair are not the same thing. The "hangared fuselage / of the crop-dusting plane" is even more puzzling. It is an image of modern technology, and of chemicals sprayed on the land, and yet the light "leans across" it with the same tenderness. The moon does not judge; it forgives everything equally, which is both moving and unsettling.

The poem's movement is from nature, to industry, to people, and it ends at its most intimate. The moonlight "soaks through cracks into the trailers / tremulous with sleep". "Trailers" suggest poverty or impermanence, and "tremulous" transfers the sleepers' fragility to their homes, as if the whole scene is trembling and vulnerable. Finally, the light "dwells upon the eyelids of the sleepers", a gesture of extraordinary gentleness that makes us feel the sleepers are being watched over. But they are unaware of it, which deepens the mystery: these amends are made in secret, received by no one who can accept them.

The last line, set apart by its brevity, is what turns a description of moonlight into

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something enigmatic. "As if" makes the apology a possibility rather than a fact; it is the speaker's interpretation, and perhaps her wish. We might read the poem as nature apologising to humanity, or, more disturbingly, as the reverse: a landscape harmed by people, being soothed by something that cannot really repair it. Rich never decides for us. By refusing to close her sentence or name the wrong, she leaves the reader in the same half-light as the sleepers, sensing that something has been forgiven without ever knowing what it was.

2

Heaney conveys the speaker's thoughts and feelings with great power precisely because he holds them back. For most of Mid-Term Break the boy does not tell us what he feels about his little brother's death; he records what he sees, hears and is embarrassed by, as though grief is too large to look at directly. Only in the final, isolated line does the full weight of the loss break through, and the restraint that comes before makes that moment devastating.

The opening establishes a mood of numb waiting. The speaker "sat all morning in the college sick bay / Counting bells knelling classes to a close." "Knelling" is a carefully chosen word, since a knell is the bell rung for a death, so ordinary school bells become funeral bells. The alliteration of "Counting", "classes" and "close" creates a slow, heavy rhythm, and the act of counting suggests the boy is trying to fill time with something mechanical to avoid thinking. Even the title is ironic: a "Mid-Term Break" ought to be a holiday, but here the break is a rupture in the family. The flat, precise time references, "At two o'clock" and later "At ten o'clock", give the poem the feel of a report, as though the speaker can only hold himself together by sticking to facts.

What the speaker notices most is how the adults around him have changed, and

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this conveys his shock. He meets "my father crying", and the next line explains why this is so disturbing: "He had always taken funerals in his stride". The boy's world is unsettled because the strong, steady figure he relied on has broken. Big Jim Evans saying "it was a hard blow" introduces an unconscious pun, since the child was killed by a blow from a car, and the cliché sounds inadequate next to the reality. Heaney captures the awkwardness of grief through the speaker's admission that he "was embarrassed / By old men standing up to shake my hand". The enjambment across the stanza break isolates "By old men", making the embarrassment feel prolonged. Being treated as an adult, and as "the eldest", is new and uncomfortable; the quoted phrase "sorry for my trouble" is a formula of Irish mourning, and its politeness only emphasises how strange it is for a teenager to receive it.

The contrast between innocence and grief adds to the poignancy. "The baby cooed and laughed and rocked the pram", a line full of happy, lively verbs joined by "and", reminds us that the baby, like the dead child once was, is too young to understand. Meanwhile the mother "coughed out angry tearless sighs". The harsh verb "coughed" and the paradox of "tearless" sighs suggest a grief so intense that it cannot be released, and "angry" hints at her sense of injustice. The speaker observes this from a distance; the impersonal "Whispers informed strangers" shows how he feels discussed rather than comforted.

The emotional climax comes when the speaker finally sees his brother. The body has arrived as "the corpse, stanched and bandaged by the nurses", a cold, clinical phrase in which the child is not even named. But the next morning the tone softens. "Snowdrops / And candles soothed the bedside", with their whiteness suggesting purity and innocence, and the word "soothed" implies a calm the speaker himself perhaps needs. The line "For the first time in six weeks" adds guilt

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and regret: he has been away, and now it is too late. The image of the "poppy bruise on his left temple" is the most powerful in the poem. The poppy is a symbol of remembrance, and its redness suggests the bruise is small and almost delicate, but it is the only sign of the violence that killed him. The comparison "as in his cot" makes the coffin a bed and the child a baby again, so the speaker seems to imagine his brother merely asleep. "No gaudy scars" reinforces this, as though he takes comfort that the body is not disfigured.

The final line is where restraint gives way. "A four foot box, a foot for every year." Standing alone, after a series of tercets, it is a single, separated line that mirrors the shortness of the boy's life. The caesura, the repetition of "foot", and the rhyme with the previous line give it the finality of a closing door. The simple arithmetic tells us the child was four, and in reducing the death to a measurement the speaker reveals, at last, the unbearable smallness of what has been lost. Heaney's understatement is the source of the poem's power: by saying so little, the speaker makes us feel everything he cannot say.

3

Joyce vividly conveys a lover's despair by turning private heartbreak into a nightmare of invasion. For most of the poem the speaker describes a terrifying army sweeping across the land, full of noise, speed and menace, and only at the very end does he reveal the real cause of his terror: "My love, my love, my love, why have you left me alone?" The power of the poem lies in this sudden shift from an epic, almost apocalyptic vision to a single, broken cry, which makes us realise that the army is the shape his abandonment takes in his mind.

The opening line places us immediately inside the speaker's perception: "I hear an army charging upon the land". He does not see the army, he hears it, which makes

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it feel both threatening and unreal, something approaching that cannot yet be fought. The verb "charging" gives a sense of unstoppable momentum, and the vastness of "the land" makes the speaker seem small and exposed. Joyce builds this with the image of horses "plunging, foam about their knees", where the violent verb and the detail of foam suggest wild, almost maddened energy. The riders are "Arrogant, in black armour", and the colour black associates them with death and darkness, while "Arrogant" shows they are contemptuous of anything in their path. The speaker feels not only attacked but scorned.

Sound is central to how Joyce conveys feeling. The poem is full of noise: the "thunder" of the horses, the riders crying their "battle-name" into the night, their "whirling laughter". That laughter is especially disturbing, because it suggests the attackers mock him in his suffering. Most memorable is the line "Clanging, clanging upon the heart as upon an anvil". The repetition of the harsh, onomatopoeic "Clanging" imitates the rhythmic blows of a hammer, and the simile of the anvil makes the speaker's heart something passive, struck again and again and unable to resist. Joyce makes the reader almost physically feel the pain of grief as a relentless pounding.

The structure of the poem reinforces the speaker's vulnerability. Throughout, Joyce sets "They" against "I". "They" cry, "They" come, they cleave and shout, active and powerful; "I" only hears and moans. The admission "I moan in sleep" is crucial, since it reveals that this whole vision may be a dream, an image of a mind that has no rest even at night. The phrase "a blinding flame" adds to this: the army is so overwhelming that it cannot even be looked at, much as his feelings cannot be faced directly. The long, heavily stressed lines, crowded with clauses and commas, create a breathless rhythm that echoes the speaker's panic.

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In the final stanza the imagery becomes stranger and more beautiful. The riders come "shaking in triumph their long, green hair" and "out of the sea", which makes them seem like supernatural sea-creatures rather than human soldiers. "Triumph" confirms that they have won and he has lost. This mythical quality suggests that his emotions are elemental, rising out of some deep place he cannot control, like the sea itself. They "run shouting by the shore", and the noise reaches its peak just before the poem falls into quiet.

Then the voice turns inward. "My heart, have you no wisdom thus to despair?" is a rhetorical question in which the speaker seems to rebuke himself, as if he knows his fear is irrational and yet cannot stop it. The final line breaks with all that has gone before. The triple repetition of "My love, my love, my love" is not grand or warlike; it is pleading, almost childlike, and the rhythm seems to falter, as though he is weeping. The question "why have you left me alone?" is never answered, and the word "alone", placed at the very end, leaves him isolated after all the crowds and noise of the army.

Joyce therefore conveys feeling vividly by contrast. The violent, crowded imagery shows how enormous the pain of loss feels from the inside, while the simple final cry shows how small and helpless it leaves the speaker. We understand, in retrospect, that the army was never really outside him: it was the sound of his own despair.

4 Thomas conveys the speaker's anger memorably because it is controlled rather than hysterical. The forsaken wife has every reason to rage at the husband who has abandoned her, and at moments her fury bursts out, yet she shapes it into tight, balanced couplets and a sharp, reasoned argument. The poem moves from wounded

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reproach, through bitter accusation, to a final claim of moral victory, so that her anger becomes not a sign of weakness but the source of her dignity.

The opening is deceptively quiet. "Methinks 'tis strange" sounds mild, almost polite, but it is heavy with irony: what she finds "strange" is that he cannot spare "One pitying look, one parting word." The parallel phrasing and repeated "One" emphasise how little she asks for, which makes his refusal seem all the more heartless. She then appeals to a universal standard, "Humanity claims this as its due", before turning it into a cutting rhetorical question: "But what's humanity to you?" The question implies that he is not merely unkind but barely human. Her anger here is sarcastic and pointed, all the more effective for its restraint.

Then the control briefly breaks. "Cruel man! I am not blind" is an exclamation in a shorter, indented line, and the abrupt, direct address makes us feel her emotion surge. The phrase "I am not blind" suggests that he thought he could deceive her, and her anger is partly at being underestimated. She names the offence bluntly: "Your infidelity I find." The inverted word order places "infidelity" first, making the accusation the centre of the line. The couplet that follows is one of the most memorable in the poem: "Your want of love my ruin shows, / My broken heart, your broken vows." The chiasmus and the repeated adjective "broken" bind his guilt and her suffering together, as if each broken thing mirrors the other. The balance of "My" and "your" turns grief into accusation: her pain is the evidence of his crime.

The second stanza shows that her anger has hardened into defiance. "Yet maugre all your rigid hate" accuses him not just of indifference but of "hate", and "rigid" suggests something cold and unyielding. Yet her response is not to hate in return: "I will be true in spite of fate". Her faithfulness becomes a weapon. By remaining

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constant, "forever still the same", she claims a "preëminence", a superiority, over him. Her anger is transformed into pride, and the steady iambic rhythm of these lines reflects her firmness.

In the final stanza her anger takes the form of a challenge. The repeated "Show me a man that dare be true, / That dares to suffer what I do" uses anaphora to build a list of qualities, namely constancy, endurance and silent suffering, which she possesses and men, she implies, do not. "Sigh unheard" and "love without regard" reveal the real pain beneath her anger: she loves without being noticed or valued. The structure here is almost like a legal argument; only if such a man exists will she "own your prior claim / To love, to honour and to fame". The triad echoes marriage vows, perhaps bitterly reminding him of the promises he made to love and honour her.

The ending is the most memorable moment of all. "But till that time, my dear, adieu." The endearment "my dear" is surely ironic, or perhaps tragically sincere, since she has just declared she will always love him. The French "adieu" is elegant and final, a dismissal rather than a plea. The last line, "I yet superior am to you", completes her transformation. The inverted syntax places "superior" at the centre, and the line ends on "you", the man she has rejected. Where the poem began with her asking for a single look, it ends with her refusing to need one.

Thomas therefore makes the anger memorable by giving it shape and intelligence. The speaker's rhetorical questions, exclamations and balanced couplets show a woman who has been wronged but who refuses to be defined by her abandonment. She turns the conventional role of the faithful, suffering wife into a position of strength, and her final confident line makes us feel that, although she has lost her husband, she has won the argument.

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5 Duffy makes the image of the onion compelling because it is so unexpected. A Valentine's gift is supposed to be romantic and pretty, and an onion is neither, yet as the poem unpeels it, layer by layer, it becomes a metaphor for love that is richer and more honest than any rose. The onion is beautiful, painful, lasting and dangerous all at once, and by insisting on it Duffy challenges the reader to accept a truer, more complicated idea of love.

The poem begins by rejecting cliché: "Not a red rose or a satin heart." The negative opening sweeps away the conventional symbols of Valentine's Day, and the blunt, short sentence that follows, "I give you an onion", is almost comic in its plainness. The surprise grips us immediately: we want to know why anyone would offer such a thing. The rejection is repeated later in "Not a cute card or a kissogram", where the alliteration and the dismissive adjective "cute" mock commercial, throwaway romance. Duffy's onion is, by contrast, real and earthy, a gift that refuses to pretend.

The first set of images reveals the onion's unexpected beauty. "It is a moon wrapped in brown paper" is a striking metaphor: the pale, round onion becomes a moon, something luminous and romantic, hidden inside plain wrapping. This suggests that true love may not look glamorous on the outside but holds something precious within. It "promises light / like the careful undressing of love", a simile which makes peeling the onion sensual and intimate, and "careful" implies tenderness and patience. The layers of the onion become the gradual stages by which lovers reveal themselves to each other.

Then Duffy turns the image towards pain. "It will blind you with tears / like a

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lover." This is where the onion becomes most compelling, because it is literally true: onions make us cry, just as love does. The line break after "tears" lets the physical sensation register before the comparison arrives, and the simile suggests that love inevitably brings grief and hurt. "It will make your reflection / a wobbling photo of grief" extends this, as the tearful eyes blur the lover's own image. The speaker's self-aware comment, "I am trying to be truthful", explains her purpose: the onion is compelling because it is honest about love's suffering in a way a rose never is.

The poem's layout mirrors the act of giving. The one-word lines, "Here." and later "Take it.", are imperatives that seem to press the onion into the lover's hands, making the reader feel the intimacy and insistence of the moment. They also create pauses, like the separate layers of the onion.

The onion's lasting quality is both reassuring and unsettling. "Its fierce kiss will stay on your lips" plays on the strong taste of onion that lingers, but "fierce" makes the kiss passionate and almost aggressive. The adjectives "possessive and faithful" hold two sides of commitment together: faithfulness is a virtue, but possessiveness hints at control. The qualifying phrase "as we are, / for as long as we are" adds a sobering note, since it acknowledges that love may not last forever.

The final section darkens the image further. "Its platinum loops shrink to a wedding ring" transforms the onion's circular layers into a symbol of marriage, and "platinum" is a precious metal, more valuable than gold. Yet "shrink" suggests that marriage may also be constricting, and the casual "if you like" makes the offer tentative, as if the speaker does not want to impose it. Then comes the single, shocking word: "Lethal." Isolated on its own line, it suggests that love can be dangerous and destructive. The closing lines, "Its scent will cling to your fingers, /

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cling to your knife", use repetition to show how love lingers and cannot be washed away. Ending on "knife" is deeply ambiguous: it is the kitchen knife used to cut the onion, but it also carries a hint of violence, perhaps of the wounds lovers inflict, or of the way a relationship can end.

The onion is therefore compelling because it holds so many meanings at once. Duffy uses it to suggest that real love is beautiful but painful, faithful but possessive, lasting but potentially lethal. By the end the rose looks thin and false beside it, and we are persuaded that the speaker's strange gift is the most truthful Valentine of all.

6 Duffy creates vivid impressions of the student by letting us see her from two angles at once. The poem is spoken to "you", in the present tense, as an adult looks at an old school photograph and seems to step back inside it; the student is clever, passionate, rebellious and, above all, young, and the adult speaker watches her with a mixture of affection, amusement and regret. The vividness comes from this double perspective: we see the girl as she was, and as she has turned out.

The opening line plunges us into a memory. "You run round the back to be in it again" refers to the trick of running from one end of a long school photograph to the other so as to appear twice, and it also suggests the adult speaker running back into her past. The second-person address makes the experience immediate and intimate, as if the speaker is talking to her younger self, or to the reader, who becomes part of the scene. The teachers are "No bigger than your thumbs", which reminds us that we are looking at a photograph, and yet they "size you up", as though even in the picture they are judging her.

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Duffy conveys the student's eager, devoted side through fragments of what she learned. "South Sea Bubble Defenestration of Prague" are history topics recited without punctuation, as if they have been memorised and are now remembered only as strange, delightful sounds. The student is clearly bright and responsive: "You love Miss Pirie. So much, you are top / of her class." The short sentences and the repetition of "So much" capture an intense schoolgirl crush, in which love for the teacher drives the hard work. The comic claim that "you need two of you" in the photograph makes her adoration almost absurd. Her description of Miss Pirie's eyes, "Her kind intelligent green eye. Her cruel blue one.", shows a child's way of seeing an adult as a mixture of warmth and severity, and the fact that she is "making a poem up for her in your head" hints that this is the beginning of the writer the speaker will become.

The student is not uniformly devoted, though. Duffy uses a list of rejections, "But not Miss Sheridan", "But not Miss Appleby", "Never Miss Webb", followed by fragments from each lesson: a French phrase, part of Pythagoras' theorem, African place-names from geography. The French, "Comment vous appelez", is slightly wrong, which may suggest she never mastered it, and the half-remembered maths phrase shows how lessons she disliked survive only in scraps. These fragments make the student vivid because they are exactly the kind of odd detail memory preserves.

At the close of the third stanza the teachers are seen as a group, "snobbish and proud and clean and qualified", and the polysyndeton builds a list of qualities that sound admirable but distant, as if the student feels judged by them. "And they've got your number" is a colloquial phrase showing that the teachers see through her, and this introduces her rebellious side. She rolls "the waistband / of your skirt over and over", a gesture of teenage defiance, and the phrases "all leg, all / dumb

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insolence, smoke rings" create a sharp, almost cinematic picture of a girl performing sulky rebellion. "Dumb insolence" sounds like a teacher's phrase from a school report, so the adult is perhaps quoting how she was described.

The final stanza also contains the teachers' verdicts: "You won't pass. / You could do better." These stock phrases, delivered as blunt short sentences, show how the student was judged and dismissed. But Duffy then shows what lay beyond the school: "there's the wall you climb / into dancing, lovebites, marriage". The wall is both a literal school wall and a symbol of escape into adult life, and the list moves quickly from pleasure to commitment. The reference to "the Cheltenham / and Gloucester", a building society, suggests a mortgage and the ordinariness of adulthood. The last line, "The day you'll be sorry one day", turns a teacher's threat into the adult speaker's own reflection, and it is poignantly ambiguous: is she sorry now, or is the poem's affectionate recollection proof that she has done better than they predicted?

Duffy therefore creates the student vividly through fragments of memory, a shifting tone and the intimate "you". She is clever and lovestruck, rebellious and careless, and the adult who remembers her is both amused and rueful, making the poem a portrait of a girl and of the woman she became.

8 Adichie conveys Kambili's growing feelings for Father Amadi movingly because they are bound up with her awakening as a person. For a girl who has been taught to fear her father, to speak in whispers and to see God as a judge, falling in love with a young, laughing priest is both thrilling and impossible. Adichie never lets us forget that this love cannot be returned in the way Kambili wants, and the poignancy of the relationship lies in the gap between what it gives her, which is a

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voice and a sense of her own worth, and what it can never be.

Adichie first makes Father Amadi striking by contrast with the religion Kambili knows. In Enugu, faith means Father Benedict, Papa's harsh piety and fear of mortal sin. At Aunty Ifeoma's dinner table in Nsukka, Father Amadi is relaxed and teasing, and when he sings in Igbo at Mass Kambili is shocked, since Papa regards such things as almost pagan. Her first-person narration lingers on sensory details of him, especially his voice, and her fascination is expressed through what she notices rather than what she says. In these early scenes she is almost silent in his presence, stammering or unable to answer his questions, and her awkwardness is touching because we understand that she has never been allowed to speak freely to anyone, let alone a man who looks at her kindly.

The turning point is the afternoon he takes her to the stadium where he plays football with the local boys. He encourages her to run, and in running she does something physical and joyful for its own sake, without fear of punishment. Adichie makes this scene moving because Kambili is surprised by her own body and her own pleasure. Father Amadi notices her, praises her and tells her she could be good at it, and the attention of an adult who values her, rather than measuring her against a standard of perfection, is new to her. Her growing feelings are therefore inseparable from healing: he sees potential in her where Papa sees only failure to come first.

Adichie also links Kambili's feelings to laughter and to her voice. Throughout the Nsukka chapters she notices that she is beginning to smile and laugh, and Father Amadi is often the reason. Amaka teases her about having a crush on him, which is gently comic, but it also signals to the reader how visible Kambili's feelings have become. In his car, alone with him, she becomes acutely aware of small details,

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the way he moves and speaks to her, and the narration slows, as if she wants to hold each moment. These scenes contrast powerfully with the cramped, silent car journeys with Papa, and Adichie's structure invites us to compare the two men: one loves her through control and violence, the other through freedom and attention.

What makes the relationship most moving is its impossibility. Father Amadi is a priest, and Kambili, raised to worship the Church, knows this as well as anyone. Adichie allows him to show real affection and care, but he never crosses the line, and his tenderness is that of a mentor and friend. When he prepares to leave Nigeria for missionary work abroad, Kambili's feelings come closest to the surface, and her pain at losing him is sharpened by the knowledge that she cannot have what she wants. Yet the novel does not present this as tragedy. At the end, in the present-day section, she tells us that he writes to her, and she treasures his letters, reading them over and over. The fact that he never quite says what she longs to hear is poignant, but the letters remain a sign that she is valued.

Adichie therefore uses Kambili's love for Father Amadi to chart her emotional growth. Her feelings begin as silent wonder, grow into joy and confidence, and end in a bittersweet acceptance. Like the purple hibiscus that Aunty Ifeoma grows, a rare flower blooming against expectation, Kambili's feelings represent a kind of freedom that Papa's house could never allow, and that is why they move us even though they cannot be fulfilled.

9 Brontë makes this moment memorable because it is a second great test of Jane's independence, and in some ways a more dangerous one than Rochester's. Earlier in the novel she fled from a man who loved her passionately but would have made her his mistress; here she faces a man who does not love her at all but would

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make her his wife. St John's proposal is framed not as a request but as a divine command, and the passage becomes a struggle between his iron will and her sense of self, made vivid through his relentless religious rhetoric and her increasingly desperate resistance.

The proposal itself is abrupt and overwhelming. "Jane, come with me to India: come as my helpmeet and fellow-labourer." The repeated imperative "come" leaves no room for refusal, and the nouns "helpmeet" and "fellow-labourer" make marriage sound like a working partnership rather than a union of love. Jane's reaction is physical and dramatic: "The glen and sky spun round: the hills heaved!" The exclamation and the violent verbs convey how the landscape seems to tilt under her, as if her whole world has been destabilised. She compares the moment to "a summons from Heaven", which shows how powerfully St John's words carry religious authority, yet she immediately insists "I was no apostle". Brontë establishes from the start that Jane will judge for herself whether this call is truly God's.

St John is presented as frighteningly cold. Jane describes him as one who "knew neither mercy nor remorse", which is a shocking thing to say of a clergyman, and her cry, "have some mercy!", is ignored. His arguments are chillingly impersonal: "you are formed for labour, not for love." The antithesis reduces Jane to a tool, valued for her "mental endowments" rather than for herself. The shift in his modal verbs is especially disturbing: "A missionary's wife you must" is followed by "shall be", and then "I claim you". The language of ownership and possession reveals that, for all his piety, his proposal is about control. That he wants her "not for my pleasure, but for my Sovereign's service" makes it worse rather than better, because it denies her any emotional existence.

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Brontë makes his body language as revealing as his speech. He "leaned back against the crag", "folded his arms on his chest" and "fixed his countenance", and the rock behind him seems to merge with his own hardness. Jane sees that he has "taken in a stock of patience" and is "resolved" that the end "should be conquest for him". The military word "conquest" turns the proposal into a siege, with Jane as the territory to be taken. The narrator's retrospective insight makes us feel the danger she was in.

His religious rhetoric is his most powerful weapon. He turns her objection, "I have no vocation", against her, claiming that "Humility" is the foundation of Christian virtue. He presents himself as "but dust and ashes" and "the chiefest of sinners", yet this humility is strangely proud, since he is certain that God has chosen him. He urges her to "Think like me, Jane" and to "trust like me", and the parallel commands reveal that he wants not a wife but an echo of himself. The image of the "Rock of Ages" is meant to reassure, but it also recalls the hard crag he leans on, suggesting that the God he offers is as cold and immovable as he is. His promise to set her "task from hour to hour" sounds supportive but implies constant supervision.

Jane's final speech is the emotional climax. Her questions and broken clauses, "But my powers", show her struggling to find words, and the triple negative, "no light kindling", "no life quickening", "no voice counselling or cheering", conveys a terrible emptiness. Nothing in St John's call reaches her heart. The metaphor of her mind "like a rayless dungeon, with one shrinking fear fettered in its depths" is the most memorable image in the passage. The language of imprisonment, "dungeon" and "fettered", recalls the red-room of her childhood, and the fear is not of India but of "being persuaded by you". She fears losing herself to his will.

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This moment is memorable, then, because it shows Jane closer to surrender than ever before. St John's cold authority almost overwhelms her, and the reader shares her suffocation. It prepares powerfully for the moment soon afterwards when, almost yielding, she hears Rochester's voice calling her name, and chooses love and freedom over a marriage that would have been a living death.

10 Brontë portrays Mrs Fairfax as a genuinely kind friend to Jane, but only up to a point. She offers warmth, safety and decent companionship to a girl who has known almost none, yet her placid, conventional mind means that she can never share Jane's inner life, and at the crisis of the engagement her friendship takes the form of caution rather than support. To my mind she is a good friend in practical terms but a limited one, and Brontë seems to use her limitations to show how alone Jane really is at Thornfield.

Her first appearance is deliberately reassuring. After the cold, punishing households of Gateshead and Lowood, Jane arrives at night expecting a stately and forbidding mistress, and instead finds a "little elderly lady" in a widow's cap, knitting beside a fire with a cat at her feet. The domestic details, the fire, the tray of food, the offer to take Jane's bonnet herself, create a picture of comfort that Jane has never been given before, and Brontë lets the reader feel her relief. Mrs Fairfax is also openly glad of company, admitting that a winter alone with servants is dull. This is important: she welcomes Jane not as a paid inferior but almost as an equal, and Jane is moved to find herself treated with such simple goodwill.

However, Brontë quickly reveals the limits of this friendship. When Jane asks what Mr Rochester is like, Mrs Fairfax can say only that he is a gentleman, rather peculiar perhaps, and generally liked by his tenants. Jane notes, with some

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amusement, that the old lady simply does not analyse character; she takes people as they appear. Brontë makes this a gentle comedy, but it also tells us that Jane, with her hungry, questioning mind, will find no real intellectual partner here. In Chapter 12, Jane paces the corridor of the third storey and looks out from the leads, longing for a wider world and more "practical experience" than she has, and the restlessness she describes is something Mrs Fairfax could never understand. Her friendship is soothing, but Jane needs more than soothing.

There is also a darker element. When Jane hears the strange laugh on the third storey, Mrs Fairfax attributes it at once to Grace Poole, and later behaves as though nothing is wrong. Whether she knows the full truth about Bertha is never made entirely clear, but she certainly keeps the household's secrets, and in that sense her loyalty lies first with Rochester and with Thornfield, not with Jane. A reader may feel that a true friend would have warned her.

In fact the one warning she does give comes at the moment Jane least wants it. After seeing Rochester kiss Jane on the morning after the proposal, Mrs Fairfax is visibly troubled. She reminds Jane of the gap in age and rank, remarks that all is not gold that glitters, and advises her to keep Rochester at a distance and to "distrust yourself as well as him". Jane is wounded almost to tears, and the reader shares her hurt, because the old lady seems unable to believe that a man of Rochester's station could truly love a governess. Yet Brontë is subtle here. With hindsight, once the wedding is halted and Bertha is revealed, Mrs Fairfax's caution looks less like snobbery and more like an honest, if clumsy, attempt to protect a young woman she cares for. Her friendship is expressed in the language of propriety, which is the only language she has.

After the fire, Jane learns that Mrs Fairfax has been sent away to her friends

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with an annuity, and she vanishes quietly from the novel. Her absence from the reunion at Ferndean suggests that she was always a figure of the household rather than of Jane's heart.

Overall, I feel Brontë portrays Mrs Fairfax as a good friend to the extent that kindness, hospitality and well-meant advice make a friend. She gives Jane her first experience of being welcomed. But she cannot share Jane's passions or ideas, she keeps silent about the house's central secret, and her advice wounds as much as it helps. Brontë seems to suggest that Jane's need is for an equal, and Mrs Fairfax, for all her goodness, is never that.

11 Hurston makes this a powerfully moving moment because it compresses Janie's greatest love and her greatest loss into a few seconds, and then forces her, almost immediately, to defend that love before a hostile crowd. The passage moves from violent action to tender grief to the cold public space of the courtroom, and each shift deepens our sympathy for a woman who has had to kill the man who taught her what love is.

The opening sentence, "The pistol and the rifle rang out almost together", is shocking in its brevity. Hurston does not build suspense with long description; the two guns sound in a single breath, and the word "together" is painfully ironic, because Janie and Tea Cake, who have done everything together, are now joined only in this act of mutual destruction. We know the rabies has turned Tea Cake into someone who no longer recognises her, and the simultaneity of the shots suggests that Janie has no time to think: she acts to survive, and only afterwards understands what she has done.

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What follows is especially moving because Tea Cake, even as he dies, bites into her arm. Hurston refuses to soften the horror of the disease, and the image of his teeth in her flesh is a brutal parody of the closeness they once shared. Yet Janie's response is not to recoil but to hold him. As she gathers his head into her lap, Hurston shows her changing in an instant from a terrified creature fighting for life into her loving, sacrificing self again. The physical gesture of cradling his head recalls a mother with a child, and it shows that her love has survived even his attack on her. The narrator's comment that this was the meanest moment of eternity captures how time seems to stretch unbearably: a moment that lasts a second for the world lasts for ever for Janie. I find this particularly painful because she must thank him, silently, for the love he gave her while knowing that her own hand ended it.

The structure then shifts abruptly to the trial, and this transition intensifies the pathos. Almost straight after the most private grief of her life, Janie must make it public before twelve white men and a room of watchers. Hurston contrasts the white women, who come to sit with her and offer quiet sympathy, with the Black people at the back of the court who have already judged her. The final image of the passage is one of the most striking in the novel: their tongues are like weapons, "The only killing tool they are allowed to use in the presence of white folks." The metaphor of gossip as a gun links back to the pistol and rifle at the start, so that Janie, who has just survived one weapon, now faces another. It is also bitter, because the people who should understand her loss are the ones most eager to destroy her. Hurston exposes how communities without power turn their anger on one of their own.

Throughout the novel, Janie has been silenced, first by Logan and then by Jody, and has only found her voice with Tea Cake. In this moment it is especially

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moving that she must speak for herself and for him, telling the court the truth about his sickness and her love. The tragedy is that her voice is finally needed not to celebrate love but to explain its death.

Overall, Hurston makes this moment powerfully moving through the shocking speed of the shooting, the tender, almost unbearable image of Janie holding the dying Tea Cake, and the sudden move into a courtroom where words themselves become weapons. We are left admiring Janie's courage and grieving with her, because she has lost the one person who let her be fully herself.

12 Hurston makes me feel strongly that Janie is right to leave Logan Killicks, because the marriage is shown to be a kind of death for everything that is alive in her. At the same time, Hurston complicates the reader's approval: Logan is not simply a villain, and the man Janie leaves him for turns out to be a different kind of prison. Leaving is right, I think, but it is the first step of her journey rather than its answer.

Hurston sets up the reader's judgement long before the marriage begins, through the pear tree. Janie, at sixteen, lies beneath the blossoming tree and watches a bee sink into a bloom, and the image gives her a vision of marriage as mutual delight, sweetness and natural harmony. This becomes the standard by which every relationship in the novel is measured. When Nanny sees Janie kissing Johnny Taylor over the gatepost, she panics and arranges the marriage to Logan for protection and respectability. We understand Nanny's fear, shaped by slavery and her own suffering, but Hurston makes it clear that the match is chosen for security, not love, and that Janie is handed over before she understands what she is agreeing to.

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The descriptions of Logan's farm are carefully chosen to show Janie's disappointment. His sixty acres and his house are what impress Nanny, but to Janie the house is a lonesome place, like a stump in the middle of the woods where nobody had ever been. The simile is bleak: a stump is what remains when a living tree has been cut down, and it stands in direct contrast to the flowering pear tree of her dream. Hurston implies that marriage to Logan has cut Janie off from growth itself. When she returns to Nanny and asks when love will come, she explains that she wants things sweet with her marriage, as it is when you sit under a pear tree and think. Nanny dismisses her complaint as foolishness and sends her home, just as she had earlier slapped her for protesting against the match, and the moment shows that Janie's longing is regarded as trivial by the older generation. The reader, however, shares her longing, and so we begin to will her to escape.

Logan himself becomes steadily more oppressive. At first he dotes on her a little, but he soon complains that she is spoiled, and he plans to buy a second mule so that she can plough. This is a devastating detail, because Nanny once told Janie that the Black woman is "de mule uh de world", and now Logan literally intends to treat her as a beast of burden. Hurston's narrator records Janie's quiet realisation: "Janie knew now that marriage did not make love. Janie's first dream was dead, so she became a woman." The short, flat sentences have the weight of a funeral, and the paradox that she becomes a woman only when her dream dies makes us feel the loss of her innocence keenly. By the time Logan threatens her with violence, the reader is in no doubt that she must go.

Yet Hurston does not let us simplify Logan. In their final argument his bluster gives way to wounded self-pity, and his insecurity about his age and his

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appearance suggests a lonely, unloved man who does not know how to keep a young wife. He is narrow and controlling, but he is also pitiable. This makes Janie's decision feel more human: she is not escaping a monster but a life that offers her nothing.

The arrival of Joe Starks complicates the question further. He is cityfied and stylish, and he "spoke for far horizon", a phrase that tells us he represents the future and the wider world Janie longs for. Although he does not represent sun-up and pollen and blooming trees, she chooses him for change and chance. As she walks down the road she takes off her apron and flings it on a bush, a gesture that symbolises throwing off domestic servitude. However, the reader soon discovers that Jody will silence her and force her to tie up her hair, so her freedom proves an illusion.

Overall, Hurston makes me feel that Janie is entirely right to leave Logan, because staying would mean accepting a loveless, mule-like existence that betrays her pear tree vision. But Hurston structures the novel so that this first escape is only partial. Janie is right to go, but she has to learn through Jody and finally Tea Cake what she is truly leaving for.

13 James makes this conversation revealing because it exposes Dr Sloper's cold, clinical view of his daughter, and significant because it shows him beginning the investigation of Morris Townsend that will shape the rest of the novel. Under the surface politeness of a brother and sister talking, James lets us see the doctor's wit turn into cruelty, and money emerge as the hidden subject of every judgement about Catherine.

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The opening exchange is structured like a medical examination. The Doctor's questions are short and pointed: "What is his profession?", "Once? What is his age?". He interrogates his sister as if diagnosing a patient, and the single word "Once?" pounces on the weakness in Morris's history. Mrs Almond's answers are hesitant and second-hand, full of "I believe" and "I suppose", and they build up a picture of a man who inherited a small property and "spent it all in a few years". The detail that this was "a kind of system, a theory he had" is gently ironic: idleness is dressed up as philosophy. The reader begins to share the Doctor's suspicion, although James leaves room for doubt.

The most revealing moment is the Doctor's verdict on his own daughter. When Mrs Almond reminds him that Catherine has "the prospect of thirty thousand a year", he responds "with the slightest touch of bitterness" that she at least appreciates her. The bitterness hints that he knows money is Catherine's main attraction and resents being reminded of it. Then, in a speech of devastating frankness, he declares that Catherine "is not unmarriageable, but she is absolutely unattractive". The balanced antithesis gives the cruelty a polished, almost epigrammatic quality; this is a man who enjoys his own cleverness even at his daughter's expense. His mock-praise of the young men of New York as "very disinterested" because they "prefer pretty girls" is heavily sarcastic, and the blunt final judgement, "Catherine is neither pretty nor lively", reduces her to a list of deficiencies. I find it disturbing that a father can speak of his child with such detachment, and it explains why Catherine is so desperate for Morris's apparent admiration.

James also uses the scene to reveal Mrs Almond as a kinder and more perceptive observer. She defends Catherine, saying she "has a style of her own", and offers a sympathetic explanation of why young men overlook her: she is "so large" and dresses "so richly" that she seems older and "as if she had been married already".

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The narrator calls her "the Doctor's wiser sister", which signals that her judgement is to be trusted more than his. Her idea that men should wait till "the age of calculation" provokes his ironic reply, "As a calculation? Thank you very much", which shows how quickly he hears any marriage to Catherine as a financial transaction. Ironically, her remark also foreshadows Morris, whose interest in Catherine will prove to be exactly that kind of calculation.

The passage is also significant for its glimpse of Lavinia Penniman. The Doctor mocks her "sensitive, sympathetic nature", suggesting that her romantic imagination is excited simply because there has never been a lover in the house before. This prepares us for her meddling role as Morris's ally and go-between.

The ending turns the conversation into the start of an investigation. On learning that Morris lives with his widowed sister and her five children, the Doctor asks sharply, "Do you mean he lives upon her?", and the verb "lives upon" makes Morris sound like a parasite. Mrs Almond's impatient suggestion that he ask Mrs Montgomery herself is meant ironically, but the Doctor takes it literally: "Perhaps I may come to that". The final sentence, "He made a note of the Second Avenue", is quietly ominous. The precise, clerical action shows him filing away the evidence like a scientist, and it anticipates his later interview with Mrs Montgomery.

Overall, James makes this a revealing and significant moment by letting the dialogue expose the Doctor's intelligence, his sarcasm and his chilling lack of tenderness for Catherine, while Mrs Almond offers a gentler perspective. The scene introduces the central conflict of the novel: a battle over Catherine fought between a father and a suitor who both see her, in different ways, in terms of her money.

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14

James makes Washington Square disturbing not through violence but through the quiet cruelty of people who claim to act in Catherine's interest. Two moments that I find particularly disturbing are the scene in the Alps, where Dr Sloper's controlled anger becomes almost menacing, and the later scene in which he demands that Catherine promise never to marry Morris after his death, followed by his punishing change to his will. In both, James shows a father's love replaced by a desire to win.

The Alpine scene is disturbing partly because of its setting. After months of travelling in Europe, intended to make Catherine forget Morris, Dr Sloper leads her on a walk late in the day into a lonely valley high in the mountains. James describes the place as wild and desolate, with the sun setting and the cold coming on, and Catherine soon realises that they have wandered far from the path and that she does not know the way back. The landscape becomes an image of her isolation: she is utterly dependent on the man who is beside her. It is in this place, rather than in the polished parlour of Washington Square, that the Doctor finally drops his usual irony. He asks whether she has given Morris up, and when she says she has not, he tells her that he is very angry. What makes the scene so unsettling is the gap between his calm manner and the threat beneath it. He hints that a person might be left in such a place, and Catherine is struck by the thought that he might abandon her there. James never states that Sloper would actually harm her, but by letting us see through Catherine's frightened eyes, he makes the menace feel real. For a moment the witty, rational doctor seems capable of something close to cruelty, and the reader realises that his opposition to Morris is no longer about protecting Catherine at all; it is about his pride being defied.

The second moment comes years later, when Catherine is no longer young and

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Morris has long since jilted her. Dr Sloper, now old, cannot let the matter rest. He asks her to promise that she will not marry Morris Townsend after his death. This is disturbing because the danger he guards against seems long past; Morris has been gone for many years and Catherine has quietly refused other suitors. The demand is therefore not protective but controlling, an attempt to extend his authority beyond the grave. James makes Catherine's response quietly heroic. She has been docile all her life, yet she refuses to give the promise, not because she still hopes to marry Morris, but because she will not let her father dictate to her any longer. Her calm refusal is perhaps the most dignified moment in the novel, and it is disturbing to realise that it has taken a lifetime of humiliation to produce it.

The Doctor's revenge is to alter his will. After his death it is discovered that he has left Catherine only a fraction of what she expected, with the rest going to medical institutions, and the reason given suggests that she is already well provided for by her mother's money and that a large fortune would make her a target for adventurers. The cold, legalistic language of a will replaces any final word of love. I find this especially chilling because it turns his last act as a father into a public statement that he never trusted her judgement, and Catherine, typically, accepts it without complaint.

These moments gain extra force from the novel's ending. When Morris returns, middle-aged and still hoping, Catherine sends him away, and James leaves her picking up her fancy-work and settling herself with it again "for life, as it were". The quiet, almost casual phrase is devastating, because it shows that the two men who claimed to care about her have, between them, condemned her to a narrow and solitary existence.

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Overall, James makes these moments disturbing because the harm is done politely and within the family. The Alps scene reveals the barely hidden menace in Sloper's authority, and the promise and the will show that he would rather control his daughter than understand her. What disturbs me most is that Catherine, the most genuinely good character, is the one who suffers.

16 Lahiri encourages us to feel sympathy for Gogol by showing how fragile his sense of self is, caught between the name his parents give him, the culture they carry with them and the American life he wants to belong to. Much of our sympathy comes from dramatic irony: we know the story behind his name long before he does, so we watch him reject the very thing that expresses his father's love. Lahiri's quiet, present-tense narration lets us stay close to Gogol's confusion without ever lecturing us about it.

From the beginning his identity is an accident. The letter from Ashima's grandmother containing his real name never arrives, and the hospital will not release the baby without a name on the certificate, so Ashoke offers "Gogol" as a pet name for the time being. Lahiri makes this both comic and poignant: the name is meant to be temporary and private, yet it becomes the one thing everyone knows him by. When his parents try to give him the good name Nikhil on his first day at school, the five-year-old refuses it, and the teacher allows him to remain Gogol. The irony is painful, because the child chooses the name that will later torment him.

As he grows older, Lahiri shows the name becoming a source of embarrassment. On a school trip to a graveyard, the children make rubbings of old gravestones, and Gogol is drawn to the strange, unfamiliar names of the dead. He realises that no

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one else has a name like his, and Lahiri subtly links his name with mortality and with being unlike anyone else. On his fourteenth birthday his father gives him a book of Nikolai Gogol's short stories, but Gogol, more interested in his music, barely looks at it. Ashoke almost tells him the story of the train crash and decides against it. The reader, who knows that the name records the night his father was saved, feels the sadness of this missed connection. Later, in his final year of school, an English teacher reveals the Russian writer's unhappy, strange life, and Gogol feels personally humiliated, as if the author's failures were attached to him.

Our sympathy deepens when he legally changes his name to Nikhil before going to college. Lahiri shows that the change does not free him as he hoped. He is still Gogol to his family, and he feels at times as though he is acting a part. Even before the change, at a college party, he kisses a girl for the first time while calling himself Nikhil, and afterwards feels that it was not really Gogol who had done it. The split in his identity has become a split in his experience of life itself.

The emotional centre comes when Ashoke finally tells him about the train crash. Gogol asks if he reminds his father of that terrible night, and Ashoke answers, "Not at all", explaining that his son reminds him of everything that followed. The tenderness of this reply makes Gogol's years of scorn for his name seem achingly sad, and we sympathise with his shame. When Ashoke dies suddenly in Cleveland, Gogol is the one who travels there alone to clear the empty apartment, and his grief is shown through practical, small tasks, which makes it more moving. He shaves his head in the Bengali custom of mourning, a sign that loss is drawing him back towards the heritage he resisted.

Even his relationships invite our pity. With Maxine and her parents he enjoys an easy, cultured life, but he slowly realises that he has been using it to escape his

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own family, and after his father's death that world no longer fits. His marriage to Moushumi, which seemed to promise a shared understanding, ends when she has an affair, leaving him once again unsure who he is.

At the end of the novel, before Ashima leaves for India, Gogol finds the forgotten book with his father's inscription, "The man who gave you his name, from the man who gave you your name". He begins at last to read it. This closing moment invites our sympathy and our hope: Gogol has lost a great deal, but he is finally ready to accept the name and the love it carries.

Overall, Lahiri encourages sympathy for Gogol by making his struggles universal, the search for belonging and a self that feels one's own, while using irony to show that what he rejects is precisely what could have sustained him.

18 Martel portrays Pi's despair most memorably not when he is in immediate physical danger but when hope itself seems to fail him. Two moments stand out for me: the episode late in the voyage when Pi goes blind and believes he is dying, and the final parting on the beach in Mexico, when Richard Parker walks into the jungle without a backward glance. In the first, despair is physical and spiritual exhaustion; in the second, it is the grief of being abandoned by the creature who kept him alive. In both, Martel's narrative voice moves between understatement and raw emotion in ways that make Pi's suffering hard to forget.

The blindness episode comes after months at sea, when Pi's body is breaking down. Martel strips the narrative back to darkness, sound and weakness: Pi can no longer see the ocean, the raft or the tiger, and his world shrinks to the inside of his own failing mind. He resigns himself to death, and the tone becomes strangely

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calm, as if despair has passed beyond panic into acceptance. What makes this so memorable is the surreal conversation that follows. Pi, delirious, believes that Richard Parker is speaking to him, and the dialogue that develops, about food, about imaginary meals and about killing, is both comic and horrifying. When it emerges that the voice belongs to another blind castaway, a Frenchman, the momentary relief of human company is immediately destroyed: the man intends to kill and eat Pi, and is himself killed and eaten by Richard Parker. Pi admits that he too ate some of the man's flesh. Martel presents this as the lowest point of the voyage, the moment when Pi's despair is not just about dying but about what survival has made him. The fact that Pi tells it in a flat, almost reluctant voice makes the moral horror more intense than any graphic description could. It is a despair of the soul, and Martel suggests that even Pi's faith is tested to breaking point.

The second moment is quieter but, for me, even more painful. When the lifeboat finally reaches the coast of Mexico, Pi collapses on the sand, too weak to stand. Richard Parker leaps out of the boat and heads for the jungle, and Pi waits for him to turn and acknowledge him, to give some sign of the bond they have shared. He never does. He simply disappears into the trees. Martel structures the scene so that the reader, like Pi, expects a farewell, and the absence of one is shocking. Pi tells us he wept like a child, not because he had survived but because Richard Parker had left him so unceremoniously. The adverb is telling: what devastates Pi is the lack of ceremony, of an ending. He reflects that it is important in life to conclude things properly, so that we can let go, and his inability to do so with Richard Parker becomes an image of all his unfinished grief, for his mother, father and brother, none of whom he could say goodbye to when the Tsimtsum sank.

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This moment gains extra force from the frame narrative. In Part One, the adult Pi living in Canada admits, years later, that Richard Parker has stayed with him and that he still misses him. We realise that the despair of the beach has never fully left him. Martel uses this structure to show that despair is not only a feeling of the moment but a wound carried through life.

Comparing the two, I find the blindness episode more harrowing but the farewell more moving. In the first, despair comes from the collapse of body, mind and morality, and Martel uses dark humour and horror to make it vivid. In the second, despair comes from love unreturned, and Martel uses silence and restraint. Together they suggest that the deepest suffering in the novel is not hunger or fear but loneliness, and that Richard Parker, terrifying as he is, has been Pi's only defence against it.

19 This moment is memorable because it captures, in a single evening walk, the whole of Winston's tragic situation: a man starved of beauty and freedom who reaches out towards something better, the past and the proles, only to find that both are out of reach. Orwell makes the walk feel at once like a small act of rebellion and a step deeper into danger, and the result is a passage full of longing, irony and quiet menace.

The opening is strikingly sensory. The smell of "real coffee, not Victory Coffee" is a tiny pleasure, yet the correction within the sentence tells us how completely the Party has replaced genuine things with cheap substitutes. For "perhaps two seconds" Winston is "back in the half-forgotten world of his childhood", and I find this moving because his memory is so fragile that a smell can unlock it and a sound can lock it again. Orwell's synaesthetic image of the banging door cutting

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off the smell "as though it had been a sound" makes the loss feel abrupt and almost violent, as if the present itself slams shut on the past. The "throbbing" varicose ulcer then drags us back into Winston's ageing, aching body, a reminder of how physically worn down he is.

Orwell then makes us feel how risky this ordinary walk really is. The tone is calm and explanatory, but the content is chilling: missing the Community Centre is "a rash act", attendances are "carefully checked", and a Party member is "never alone except in bed". The Newspeak word "ownlife" is particularly memorable, because the Party has turned the simple wish to be alone into a crime with a name. Against this, the "balminess of the April air" and a sky "a warmer blue" tempt Winston, and the list of "the boring, exhausting games, the lectures, the creaking camaraderie oiled by gin" builds a sense of suffocation. "Creaking" suggests a friendship that is old and forced, held together only by alcohol. His wandering "into the labyrinth of London" is presented as an impulse, but the word "labyrinth" hints that he is losing himself in something he cannot escape.

The diary entry, "If there is hope, it lies in the proles", is the emotional centre of the passage, and Orwell calls it both "a mystical truth and a palpable absurdity". The description that follows seems designed to test that hope. The houses are "curiously suggestive of rat-holes", there are "puddles of filthy water", and windows are "broken and boarded up". The long, swarming sentence about the girls, the youths, the "swollen waddling women" and the "old bent creatures" moves through a whole lifetime in a single breath, so that the girls' youth seems doomed to decay in "ten years' time". There is vitality here, but also hopelessness, and it is hard to imagine these people overthrowing anything. Looking back, the "rat-holes" are bitterly ironic, since rats will become Winston's ultimate terror in Room 101.

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The two "monstrous women with brick-red forearms" are memorable for their sheer ordinariness. Their circular, ungrammatical conversation, "that's jest it. That's jest where it is", is about private quarrels, not politics, which perhaps explains why the proles are no threat to the Party: they are absorbed in their own small lives. Yet Orwell gives them a kind of earthy energy that Winston lacks. Their "hostile silence" as he passes, which is really "wariness", reverses our expectations, because here it is the Party member who is the outsider, regarded like "some unfamiliar animal" in his blue overalls.

The passage ends on the imagined questions of a patrol, "May I see your papers, comrade?", which are not actually happening but feel real because Winston has absorbed the Party's suspicion so deeply. The final reference to the Thought Police leaves a lingering threat. For me, this is a memorable moment because Orwell lets us share Winston's brief hope while making us sense that the trap is already closing.

20

The two moments I find most shocking in 1984 are Winston and Julia's arrest in the room above Mr Charrington's shop, and Winston's betrayal of Julia in Room 101. Both are shocking because Orwell first lets us believe in something, a private refuge in one case and a loyal love in the other, and then destroys it with brutal speed. Together they show that in Oceania nothing, not even the inside of a person's mind, can be kept safe.

The arrest at the end of Part Two is shocking because Orwell has made the little room feel like a sanctuary. Winston and Julia have created a version of the past there, with real coffee, a clean bed and the coral paperweight, which Winston imagines as a world in which the two of them are fixed for ever. When Winston

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says "We are the dead" and Julia echoes him, the words seem only a gloomy acknowledgement of their fate. The reply, "You are the dead", spoken by "an iron voice behind them", is horrifying because it turns their private conversation into a trap that has been listening all along. The adjective "iron" makes the voice mechanical and inhuman, and the discovery that it came from behind the picture on the wall makes us realise that the telescreen was hidden there throughout. Orwell builds the shock through sudden noise and violence: soldiers burst in, Julia is punched and doubles up, and the paperweight is smashed on the hearth. Winston's thought, "How small, thought Winston, how small it always was!", is heartbreaking, because the fragment of coral that symbolised their protected world is revealed as tiny and fragile. The final twist is the transformation of Mr Charrington, whose voice and face change until he is a man of about thirty-five, a member of the Thought Police. The kindly old shopkeeper who seemed to embody the lost past was a performance, and the shock lies in realising that the Party was in control of Winston's rebellion from the beginning.

The second moment, in Room 101, is even more disturbing because the violence is turned inwards. O'Brien has told Winston that Room 101 contains "the worst thing in the world", and Orwell delays revealing what it is, which builds unbearable suspense. When the cage of rats is brought forward, O'Brien describes in calm, almost scholarly language how they will attack Winston's face, and this contrast between his reasonable tone and the horror he describes is chilling. Rats have appeared earlier in the novel, in the room above the shop, where Winston's terror of them is planted, so this moment feels like a cruel fulfilment. What shocks me most, however, is not the rats but Winston's words. His frantic cry, "Do it to Julia! Do it to Julia! Not me!", is followed by the demand that they "Tear her face off, strip her to the bones." The repetition and the broken exclamations show a man who has lost all control, and the violence of the imagery shows that he is willing

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to hand the woman he loves to the same fate. Earlier, Julia had insisted that they could not make you stop loving someone, that this was the one thing they could not get inside you to change. Room 101 proves her wrong, and that is the true shock: the Party wins not by killing Winston but by making him betray himself.

Orwell makes both moments shocking through sudden reversal. In each, a source of hope is created and then shattered: the room becomes a cell, and love becomes betrayal. The arrest destroys Winston's outer world, while Room 101 destroys his inner one, and this leads directly to the bleak ending, where Winston, broken, loves Big Brother. For me, these moments are the most shocking in the novel because they show that the Party's power is total, reaching even the last private space a human being possesses.

21 This is a revealing moment because, in a conversation supposedly about caring for their mother, James, Ellen and Adelaide reveal far more about themselves than about her. Gilman lets the dialogue do the work: almost every line exposes the siblings' selfishness, their rivalries and their assumption that a widow is simply a burden to be shared out as cheaply as possible. Underneath it all runs a quiet irony, since the mother they discuss so freely is absent, silent and, as the story will show, nothing like the helpless figure they imagine.

The opening sets a revealing tone. The "cold, melancholy lunch" suggests not only the gloom of the funeral but a lack of warmth in the family itself, and the children are already planning "the night train home". Their haste to leave tells us that grief is not their main concern. When James says the will is "only a formality" and "There can't be much left", the conversation turns immediately to money. Ellen's remark that "A long illness eats up everything" sounds sympathetic,

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but the verb "eats" makes the illness a consumer of their inheritance, and she follows it with a sigh that seems to be for herself.

James's blunt question, "What are we going to do with Mother?", is perhaps the most revealing line in the passage. The phrase "do with" treats their mother as an object to be disposed of, and Gilman stresses that he speaks "rather abruptly". It is striking that no one asks what she might want. Instead, each sibling tries to avoid responsibility while appearing generous. Ellen's offer is immediately qualified: "It would depend a good deal on how much property there is", and her hurried correction, "I mean, on where she'd want to go", exposes her real motive. Gilman's dry comment that her "mental processes seemed a little mixed" is gently satirical, inviting us to see through her.

The siblings' ignorance about their mother is equally telling. James has to ask "how old is Mother?", and Ellen's reply, "she's all of fifty" and "much broken", reveals how readily they dismiss her as old and finished. The phrase "all of fifty" is ironic, since fifty is hardly ancient, and the reader may suspect that "broken" says more about how Ellen wishes to see her than how she really is. Adelaide's comment that a woman is "always happier living with a son" sounds like wisdom, but it is a neat way of passing the duty to James, and the "glances" the sisters exchange show that they know he would rather pay than house her. His "evident relief" when money is suggested instead confirms this.

Gilman also reveals the tensions between the siblings. Adelaide's sly reference to the cost of James's wife's clothes, delivered "with a flicker of a smile", is a barbed little joke at Maude's extravagance, and Ellen's quick defence, "Mother wouldn't dream of having so much", flatters James and reduces their mother's needs at the same time. Adelaide's claim that Mr Oswald "will never notice the difference" but

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hates paying for clothes hints at a marriage built around money too. Even the physical details are revealing: Ellen's "criss-cross of fine wrinkles" suggests anxiety, and her scrabbling in her "small black hand bag" for paper shows how eagerly she turns to calculation. The precise sums, "four dollars a week", "three hundred dollars", and James's slow conclusion that this "would make over six hundred a year", turn a mother's life into a budget.

What makes the moment especially revealing is what comes after it. The children assume their mother has nothing and must be provided for, yet she turns out to own the property herself and to have plans of her own, including travelling. Their careful arithmetic will be overturned, and their meanness exposed. Gilman's title already hints at this irony: the widow they think is weak has might. In this passage, then, Gilman reveals the siblings' greed and coldness so clearly that we are ready to enjoy their mother's triumph.