Cambridge Assessment International Education

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/11**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose **October/November 2024**

1 hour 30 minutes

4042998010

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

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

INFORMATION

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

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

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SECTION A: POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

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

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The Man with Night Sweats

I wake up cold, I who

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To hold an avalanche off.

(Thom Gunn)

How does Gunn memorably convey the speaker's suffering in this poem?

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Or **2** Explore how Stevenson movingly portrays the speaker's strong emotions about her baby in *The Spirit is Too Blunt an Instrument*.

The Spirit is Too Blunt an Instrument

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

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

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

(Anne Stevenson)

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SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 2: from Part 4

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

I Find No Peace

I find no peace, and all my war is done.
I fear and hope. I burn and freeze like ice.
I fly above the wind, yet can I not arise;
And nought I have, and all the world I season.
That loseth nor locketh holdeth me in prison
And holdeth me not—yet can I scape no wise—
Nor letteth me live nor die at my device,
And yet of death it giveth me occasion.
Without eyen I see, and without tongue I plain.
I desire to perish, and yet I ask health.
I love another, and thus I hate myself.
I feed me in sorrow and laugh in all my pain;
Likewise displeaseth me both life and death,
And my delight is causer of this strife.

(Sir Thomas Wyatt)

How does Wyatt make this such a powerful poem?

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Or **4** Explore the ways in which Edmond makes *Waterfall* such a moving poem.

Waterfall

I do not ask for youth, nor for delay

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and only once to the dark pool below.

(Lauris Edmond)

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TED HUGHES: from *New Selected Poems*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The Jaguar

The apes yawn and adore their fleas in the sun.

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Over the cage floor the horizons come.

Explore the ways in which Hughes makes this such a vivid poem.

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Or **6** In what ways does Hughes make *The Harvest Moon* such a fascinating poem?

The Harvest Moon

The flame-red moon, the harvest moon,

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Sweat from the melting hills.

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 stared at Aunty Ifeoma and then turned away.

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He kissed the tops of our heads, before saying, 'Go and pack your bags.'

How does Adichie make this such an emotional moment in the novel?

Or **8** Explore the ways in which Adichie conveys Kambili and Jaja's feelings about their time in Nsukka.

Do **not** use the passage printed in **Question 7** in answering this question.

CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

I was to leave our village at five in the morning, carrying my little hand-portmanteau, and I had told Joe that I wished to walk away all alone. I am afraid – sore afraid – that this purpose originated in my sense of the contrast there would be between me and Joe, if we went to the coach together. I had pretended with myself that there was nothing of this taint in the arrangement; but when I went up to my little room on this last night, I felt compelled to admit that it might be so, and had an impulse upon me to go down again and entreat Joe to walk with me in the morning. I did not.

All night there were coaches in my broken sleep, going to wrong places instead of to London, and having in the traces, now dogs, now cats, now pigs, now men – never horses. Fantastic failures of journeys occupied me until the day dawned and the birds were singing. Then, I got up and partly dressed, and sat at the window to take a last look out, and in taking it fell asleep.

Biddy was astir so early to get my breakfast, that, although I did not sleep at the window an hour, I smelt the smoke of the kitchen fire when I started up with a terrible idea that it must be late in the afternoon. But long after that, and long after I had heard the clinking of the teacups and was quite ready, I wanted the resolution to go down stairs. After all, I remained up there, repeatedly unlocking and unstrapping my small portmanteau and locking and strapping it up again, until Biddy called to me that I was late.

It was a hurried breakfast with no taste in it. I got up from the meal, saying with a sort of briskness, as if it had only just occurred to me, 'Well! I suppose I must be off!' and then I kissed my sister who was laughing and nodding and shaking in her usual chair, and kissed Biddy, and threw my arms around Joe's neck. Then I took up my little portmanteau and walked out. The last I saw of them, was, when I presently heard a scuffle behind me, and looking back, saw Joe throwing an old shoe after me and Biddy throwing another old shoe. I stopped then, to wave my hat, and dear old Joe waved his strong right arm above his head, crying huskily 'Hooroar!' and Biddy put her apron to her face.

I walked away at a good pace, thinking it was easier to go than I had supposed it would be, and reflecting that it would never have done to have had an old shoe thrown after the coach, in sight of all the High-street. I whistled and made nothing of going. But the village was very peaceful and quiet, and the light mists were solemnly rising, as if to show me the world, and I had been so innocent and little there, and all beyond was so unknown and great, that in a moment with a strong heave and sob I broke into tears. It was by the finger-post at the end of the village, and I laid my hand upon it, and said, 'Good-by O my dear, dear friend!'

Heaven knows we need never be ashamed of our tears, for they are rain upon the blinding dust of earth, overlaying our hard hearts. I was better after I had cried, than before – more sorry, more aware of my own ingratitude, more gentle. If I had cried before, I should have had Joe with me then.

So subdued I was by those tears, and by their breaking out again in the course of the quiet walk, that when I was on the coach, and it was clear of the town, I deliberated with an aching heart whether I would not get down when we changed horses, and walk back, and have another evening

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at home, and a better parting. We changed, and I had not made up my mind, and still reflected for my comfort that it would be quite practicable to get down and walk back, when we changed again. And while I was occupied with these deliberations, I would fancy an exact resemblance to Joe in some man coming along the road towards us, and my heart would beat high. – As if he could possibly be there!

We changed again, and yet again, and it was now too late and too far to go back, and I went on. And the mists had all solemnly risen now, and the world lay spread before me.

(*from* Chapter 19)

How does Dickens strikingly convey Pip's thoughts and feelings at this moment in the novel?

Or **10** Explore how Dickens makes Satis House such a memorable and significant setting.

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DAPHNE DU MAURIER: *Rebecca*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

It seemed to me, as I sat there in bed, staring at the wall, at the sunlight coming in at the window, at Maxim's empty bed, that there was nothing quite so shaming, so degrading as a marriage that had failed.

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‘Yes, she was the most beautiful creature I have ever seen.’

(*from* Chapter 18)

How does du Maurier vividly convey the narrator’s thoughts and feelings at this moment in the novel?

Or **12** Explore the ways in which du Maurier strikingly portrays the relationship of the narrator and Maxim.

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

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JHUMPA LAHIRI: *The Namesake*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

She goes upstairs to shower and change.

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Its warmth is a comfort all the same.

(*from* Chapter 12)

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

Or **14** In what ways does Lahiri make Ashoke such an admirable character?

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JOAN LINDSAY: *Picnic at Hanging Rock*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Fronds of curled brown velvet snapped under Mike's touch, his boots trod down the neat abodes of ants and spiders: his hand brushing against a streamer of bark dislodged a writhing colony of caterpillars in thick fur coats, brutally exposed to midday light.

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Not tonight.'

(*from* Chapter 7)

Explore the ways in which Lindsay creates such an unsettling atmosphere at this moment in the novel.

Or **16** In what ways does Lindsay make Edith Horton a memorable and significant character?

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TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 17.

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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:

Dawn came and matters were worse for it.

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IS THAT CLEAR?'

(*from* Chapter 55)

Explore how Martel strikingly captures Pi's changing thoughts and feelings at this moment in the novel.

Or **18** How does Martel vividly convey Pi's ability to survive?

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

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H G WELLS: *The War of the Worlds*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Suddenly there was a flash of light, and a quantity of luminous greenish smoke came out of the pit in three distinct puffs, which drove up, one after the other, straight into the still air.

This smoke (or flame, perhaps, would be the better word for it) was so bright that the deep blue sky overhead and the hazy stretches of brown common towards Chertsey, set with black pine-trees, seemed to darken abruptly as these puffs arose, and to remain the darker after their dispersal. At the same time a faint hissing sound became audible.

Beyond the pit stood the little wedge of people with the white flag at its apex, arrested by these phenomena, a little knot of small vertical black shapes upon the black ground. As the green smoke rose, their faces flashed out pallid green, and faded again as it vanished. Then slowly the hissing passed into a humming, into a long, loud, droning noise. Slowly a humped shape rose out of the pit, and the ghost of a beam of light seemed to flicker out from it.

Forthwith flashes of actual flame, a bright glare leaping from one to another, sprang from the scattered group of men. It was as if some invisible jet impinged upon them and flashed into white flame. It was as if each man were suddenly and momentarily turned to fire.

Then, by the light of their own destruction, I saw them staggering and falling, and their supporters turning to run.

I stood staring, not as yet realizing that this was death leaping from man to man in that little distant crowd. All I felt was that it was something very strange. An almost noiseless and blinding flash of light, and a man fell headlong and lay still; and as the unseen shaft of heat passed over them, pine-trees burst into fire, and every dry furze-bush became with one dull thud a mass of flames. And far away towards Knaphill I saw the flashes of trees and hedges and wooden buildings suddenly set alight.

It was sweeping round swiftly and steadily, this flaming death, this invisible, inevitable sword of heat. I perceived it coming towards me by the flashing bushes it touched, and was too astounded and stupefied to stir. I heard the crackle of fire in the sand-pits and the sudden squeal of a horse that was as suddenly stilled. Then it was as if an invisible yet intensely heated finger were drawn through the heather between me and the Martians, and all along a curving line beyond the sand-pits the dark ground smoked and crackled. Something fell with a crash far away to the left where the road from Woking station opens out on the common. Forthwith the hissing and humming ceased, and the black, dome-like object sank slowly out of sight into the pit.

All this had happened with such swiftness that I had stood motionless, dumbfounded and dazzled by the flashes of light. Had that death swept through a full circle, it must inevitably have slain me in my surprise. But it passed and spared me, and left the night about me suddenly dark and unfamiliar.

(*from* Book 1, Chapter 5)

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How does Wells vividly depict the power of the Martians at this moment in the novel?

Or **20** In what ways does Wells make the curate such a dislikeable character?

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from *STORIES OF OURSELVES Volume 2*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **21** Read the following extract from *A Thousand Years of Good Prayers* (by Yiyun Li), and then answer the question that follows it:

That evening, Mr Shi says to his daughter, 'I met this Iranian lady in the park. Have you met her?'

'No.'

'You should meet her sometime. She's so very optimistic. You may find her illuminating for your situation.'

'What's my situation?' his daughter asks without looking up from her food.

'You tell me,' Mr Shi says. When his daughter makes no move to help the conversation, he says, 'You're experiencing a dark time.'

'How do you know she would shed light on my life?'

Mr Shi opens his mouth, but cannot find an answer. He is afraid that if he explains he and Madam talk in different languages, his daughter will think of him as a crazy old man. Things that make sense at one time suddenly seem absurd in a different light. He feels disappointed in his daughter, someone he shares a language with but with whom he can no longer share a dear moment. After a long pause, he says, 'You know, a woman shouldn't ask such direct questions. A good woman is deferential and knows how to make people talk.'

'I'm divorced, so certainly I'm not a good woman according to your standard.'

Mr Shi, thinking his daughter is unfairly sarcastic, ignores her. 'Your mother was an example of a good woman.'

'Did she succeed in making you talk?' his daughter asks, and her eyes, looking directly into his, are fiercer than he knows.

'Your mother wouldn't be so confrontational.'

'Baba, first you accused me of being too quiet. I start to talk, and you are saying I'm talking in a wrong way.'

'Talking is not only asking questions. Talking is you telling people how you feel about them, and inviting them to tell you how they feel about you.'

'Baba, since when did you become a therapist?'

'I'm here to help you, and I'm trying my best,' Mr Shi says. 'I need to know why you ended up in a divorce. I need to know what went wrong and help you to find the right person the next time. You're my daughter and I want you to be happy. I don't want you to fall twice.'

'Baba, I didn't ask you before, but how long do you plan to stay in America?' his daughter says.

'Until you recover.'

His daughter stands up, the legs of the chair scraping the floor.

'We're the only family for each other now,' Mr Shi says, almost pleading, but his daughter closes her bedroom door before he says more. Mr Shi looks at the dishes that are barely touched by his daughter, the fried tofu cubes stuffed with chopped mushrooms, shrimps, and ginger, the collage of bamboo shoots, red peppers, and snow peas. Even though his daughter admires his cooking every evening, he senses the half-heartedness in her praise; she does not know the cooking has become his praying, and she leaves the prayers unanswered.

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‘The wife would’ve *done a better job of cheering the daughter up*,’ Mr Shi says to Madam the next morning. He feels more at ease speaking to her in Chinese now. *‘They were closer to each other. Wasn’t that I was not close to them. I loved them dearly. It’s what happened when you were a rocket scientist. I worked hard during the day, and at night I couldn’t stop thinking about my work. Everything was confidential so I couldn’t talk to my family about what I was thinking about. But the wife, she was the most understanding woman in the world. She knew I was so occupied with my work, and she wouldn’t interrupt my thoughts, and wouldn’t let the daughter, either. I know now that it was not healthy for the daughter. I should’ve left my working self in the office. I was too young to understand that. Now the daughter, she doesn’t have anything to say to me.’*

Truly it was his mistake, never establishing a habit of talking to his daughter.

How does Li movingly convey the conflict between Mr Shi and his daughter at this moment in the story?

Or **22** Explore the ways in which O Henry strikingly creates tension in *The Furnished Room*.

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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

Gunn conveys the speaker's suffering memorably because it is not only physical but a painful loss of identity. The man in the poem once trusted his body completely and even took pleasure in risking it; now, waking in the night, he finds that same body has turned against him. What makes the poem so affecting is the contrast between the confident, sensual past and the frightened, helpless present, held together by a tight, controlled form that seems to strain to contain the panic within it.

The opening line plunges us into the moment of suffering. "I wake up cold, I who" breaks off at the line ending, and the enjambment leaves the speaker suspended, as if he cannot quite believe what has happened to the person he used to be. The relative clause "I who / Prospered through dreams of heat" sets up a cruel irony: warmth, once associated with desire and prosperity, has left only its "residue". This clinical, almost chemical noun turns the dream into something unpleasant and leftover, and the bare list "Sweat, and a clinging sheet" is stark and unadorned. The verb "clinging" is especially memorable, because the sheet seems to hold on to him like the illness itself, something he cannot shake off.

In the second and third stanzas Gunn looks back to the speaker's former strength, and this is what makes the present suffering so poignant. "My flesh was its own shield" presents the body as self-sufficient armour, and the neat, rhyming couplet "Where it was gashed, it healed" mirrors that healing in its closed, completed sound. The speaker recalls how he "explored / The body I could trust", and the word "trust" is quietly heartbreaking, since trust is exactly what has now been lost. There is honesty, too, in his admission that he "adored / The risk that made

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robust", which suggests a joyful, reckless sense of adventure. "A world of wonders in / Each challenge to the skin" captures the excitement of that time, the alliteration of "world of wonders" sounding expansive and delighted. We may read a hint of guilt here, as if the speaker wonders whether this very love of risk led to his present state, and that uncertainty deepens the pain.

The fourth stanza turns sharply with "I cannot but be sorry". The understatement is striking: "sorry" seems far too small a word for what he is facing, and its restraint makes his grief more moving. The image of the "given shield" that "was cracked" returns to the earlier metaphor, so that the protection which once seemed natural and permanent is now broken. Gunn's parallel phrasing, "My mind reduced to hurry, / My flesh reduced and wrecked", shows suffering on two levels at once. The repetition of "reduced" stresses diminishment, while "hurry" suggests an anxious, racing mind aware that time is running out. The harsh, final sound of "wrecked", rhyming with "cracked", lands like a blow.

The final stanza returns to the present and is the most memorable part of the poem. The speaker knows the practical task, "I have to change the bed", yet he catches himself "Stopped upright where I am", frozen by fear. The image of him "Hugging my body to me" is deeply moving: he comforts himself as one might comfort a child, as though his body were something separate that he must protect. The repetition of "As if" exposes how futile this gesture is. The closing simile, "As if hands were enough / To hold an avalanche off", is overwhelming in its scale. An avalanche is vast, unstoppable and destructive, and against it two hands are pitifully small. The weight of the final rhyme, "enough" and "off", sounds almost resolved, but the meaning denies any comfort.

Throughout, Gunn's short lines and regular rhymes give the poem a calm surface,

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yet this control only makes the speaker's terror more powerful, as if he is holding himself together by force. The suffering is memorable because it is so intimate and so quietly told: we are left with the lonely image of a man in the night, embracing a body he can no longer protect.

2 Stevenson's poem is moving precisely because it seems at first to deny emotion. The speaker, looking at her newborn baby, insists that the "spirit" and "human passions" are far too crude to have made something so perfect. Yet beneath the cool, almost scientific voice lies intense wonder, tenderness and, by the end, a fearful recognition that the mind will bring the pain that the body has been spared. Her strong emotions are conveyed less through open declaration than through the awe in her detail and the sudden shift of the final lines.

The opening line is a bold, paradoxical statement: "The spirit is too blunt an instrument / to have made this baby." The metaphor of an "instrument" makes creation sound like delicate surgery, and "blunt" suggests clumsiness. It is surprising for a mother to dismiss the spirit, which we might expect her to celebrate, and this tension draws us in. The phrase "Nothing so unskilful as human passions" continues the idea, presenting love itself as inadequate. However, the very insistence of her argument hints at how overwhelmed she feels: she is searching for a way to explain a marvel that exceeds her understanding.

The heart of the poem is an extended, loving catalogue of the baby's body. Stevenson piles up precise anatomical vocabulary, "ganglia and vertebrae", "ossicles", "capillaries", yet sets it beside tender adjectives such as "tiny" and "blind bones". This combination is moving because the technical language does not feel cold: it reads as an act of attention, as if the speaker is examining every particle of her

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child with wonder. The enjambment that runs from "the tiny" into "blind bones" makes us pause on the smallness, and the alliteration of "knee and the knucklebones" has a gentle, almost nursery rhythm. The phrase "the chain of the difficult spine" stands at the end of the first stanza like a summary, the word "difficult" acknowledging the extraordinary complexity of what has been formed.

The imperatives "Observe" and "Imagine" draw the reader into her amazement, so we share her gaze. The images are exquisite: "sharp crescent / fingernails" are like tiny moons, and the "shell-like complexity / of the ear" suggests something both fragile and beautiful, shaped by nature over time. Stevenson's movement from the visible to the "infinitesimal" and "invisible" conveys a sense of awe that deepens as the stanza goes on, as if the closer she looks, the more miraculous the baby becomes. The line "already answers to the brain" is especially affecting: the word "already" captures a mother's astonishment that this new person is complete and functioning from the very start.

The third stanza returns to argument with a challenge: "Then name any passion or sentiment / possessed of the simplest accuracy." The emphatic "No, no desire or affection" sounds almost defensive, and the repeated "no" suggests the speaker is trying to convince herself. The baby has been made by "habit", which has worked "perfectly, indifferently", and by "the body's ignorant precision". The oxymoron of "ignorant precision" is memorable: the body achieves perfection without knowing or caring. There is something both reassuring and unsettling here, since the baby's creation owed nothing to the mother's love.

The ending is the most moving part of the poem. The tone darkens as Stevenson writes that it is "left to the vagaries of the mind to invent / love and despair and anxiety / and their pain." The polysyndeton slows the line and makes the emotions

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accumulate, and it is significant that "love" is placed in the same list as "despair" and "anxiety", as if to love is inevitably to fear. The final line, "and their pain", is short and isolated, falling with a heavy finality. Having marvelled at a perfect, unfeeling body, the speaker now recognises that the child will one day suffer through the mind's emotions, and perhaps that she herself, as a mother, is already suffering them. The poem's restraint makes this realisation all the more powerful: her strong feelings of wonder, protectiveness and dread break through precisely because she has tried so hard to hold them back.

3 Wyatt makes "I Find No Peace" a powerful poem by building it almost entirely from contradictions. The speaker is in love, and love has thrown him into a state of complete inner conflict in which every feeling is matched by its opposite. Rather than describing this confusion, Wyatt enacts it: line after line collides opposites together, so that the reader experiences the restless, exhausting tension of the lover's mind. The power of the poem lies in the way such a strict, controlled sonnet form contains such emotional chaos.

The very first line establishes the method: "I find no peace, and all my war is done." This is a paradox, since the end of war should bring peace, yet the speaker has neither. The language of conflict suggests that love is a battle he has already lost, and the bluntness of the monosyllables gives the line an emphatic, weary tone. The second line intensifies the effect through a rapid series of short, clipped statements: "I fear and hope. I burn and freeze like ice." The full stop in the middle of the line makes each pair feel like a separate shock, and the antithesis of "burn and freeze" captures the extremes of passion. The simile "like ice" is striking because it seems to belong only to "freeze", yet it sits beside "burn", so that heat and cold seem to be happening at the same moment.

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Wyatt then moves to images of freedom and imprisonment. "I fly above the wind, yet can I not arise" conveys soaring elation that is immediately undercut, and the conjunction "yet" becomes a hinge on which the poem keeps turning. The speaker feels he owns nothing, "nought I have", yet embraces "all the world", a hyperbole that shows how love makes him feel both destitute and limitless. The second quatrain develops the idea of a prison that is not quite a prison: "That loseth nor locketh holdeth me in prison". Love is the unnamed force that neither frees him nor locks him in, yet he cannot "scape". This is powerful because it suggests a psychological captivity: no visible bars hold him, but he is trapped all the same. The repetition of "holdeth" emphasises its grip, and "Nor letteth me live nor die at my device" shows that he has lost all control over his own fate, unable even to choose death, though "of death it giveth me occasion".

In the sestet the contradictions become more physical and more desperate. "Without eyen I see, and without tongue I plain" is a startling paradox: love gives him an inner vision and a voice of complaint even when the normal senses fail. The archaic "eyen" and "plain" (meaning to lament) give the line a formal, courtly dignity. The next lines become starker still: "I desire to perish, and yet I ask health." The longing for death set beside the wish to be well reveals how torn he is between despair and hope.

The most powerful line is perhaps "I love another, and thus I hate myself." It is simple and direct, and the word "thus" makes the self-hatred a logical consequence of love, as if loving someone who does not return his feeling has destroyed his self-worth. Wyatt follows this with "I feed me in sorrow and laugh in all my pain", where the metaphor of feeding on sorrow suggests that grief has become his very nourishment, while laughter in pain hints at a bitter, almost hysterical response.

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The closing couplet brings the poem to a resolution that is itself a contradiction. "Likewise displeaseth me both life and death" sums up his total dissatisfaction, and the final line, "And my delight is causer of this strife", reveals the source of everything: the person he loves, his "delight", is the cause of his "strife". The pairing of these two words neatly encapsulates the whole poem, since joy and suffering are inseparable.

Wyatt's relentless use of antithesis, balanced syntax and the recurring turn on "yet" creates a rhythm of constant reversal, so the poem never rests, just as the speaker can "find no peace". Its power comes from this honesty about love as an overwhelming, contradictory experience, expressed with a precision and control that make the speaker's turmoil all the more vivid.

5 Hughes makes "The Jaguar" such a vivid poem through a dramatic contrast between the dull, defeated animals of the zoo and the furious, electric energy of the jaguar. The first half of the poem is deliberately sluggish and lifeless; the second half bursts into motion. By the end, Hughes has transformed a caged animal into a symbol of a freedom so powerful that no cage can contain it, and the vividness of his language makes us feel that force as the crowd does.

The poem opens with an image of lazy contentment: "The apes yawn and adore their fleas in the sun." The verb "adore" is ironic and comic, suggesting that the apes have sunk so low that fleas have become objects of devotion. The parrots "shriek as if they were on fire", a simile that sounds dramatic but is in fact empty noise, and they "strut / Like cheap tarts to attract the stroller with the nut". This simile is deliberately unflattering: the parrots have become performers, cheapened

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by captivity and begging for scraps. Hughes presents the zoo animals as degraded, their wildness lost.

The great predators are no better. "Fatigued with indolence, tiger and lion / Lie still as the sun." It is striking that the most powerful animals are the most inert, and the simile "still as the sun" suggests a heavy, motionless heat. The boa-constrictor's coil "Is a fossil", a short, blunt metaphor that turns a living creature into something long dead and turned to stone. "Cage after cage seems empty", and the repetition creates a monotonous procession of nothingness, while the sensory detail of the smell of "sleepers from the breathing straw" makes the scene almost suffocating. The final line of this section, "It might be painted on a nursery wall", is devastating in its simplicity: these animals are now as harmless and decorative as a child's picture.

The poem then pivots. The visitor "who runs like the rest past these arrives / At a cage where the crowd stands, stares, mesmerized". The sibilance of "stands, stares" slows the line into fascination, and the simile "As a child at a dream" captures the crowd's wonder. Then comes the jaguar itself, "hurrying enraged / Through prison darkness after the drills of his eyes". Here the verbs finally become active and urgent. "Hurrying enraged" is restless and furious, and the metaphor of "the drills of his eyes" makes his gaze seem mechanical, piercing and relentless, as though he is boring through the darkness. "On a short fierce fuse" suggests explosive danger, a creature about to detonate.

Hughes insists that this is "Not in boredom", and the following lines are packed with violent energy: "The eye satisfied to be blind in fire, / By the bang of blood in the brain deaf the ear". The plosive alliteration of "bang of blood in the brain" is almost percussive, so that we hear the jaguar's pulse pounding. He is so

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consumed by his inner fire that he no longer needs to see or hear the world outside. This intensity sets him completely apart from the "fatigued" animals earlier.

The closing lines turn the jaguar into something visionary. "He spins from the bars, but there's no cage to him / More than to the visionary his cell". The comparison with a visionary in a cell suggests that the jaguar's mind is free even while his body is confined, as a prophet or mystic might be. "His stride is wildernesses of freedom" is a bold metaphor in which a single movement contains whole landscapes; the plural "wildernesses" makes freedom seem limitless. Then, astonishingly, "The world rolls under the long thrust of his heel", as if the jaguar is not walking on the earth but turning it beneath him. The final line, "Over the cage floor the horizons come", is the most vivid image of all: the horizons seem to rush towards him, and the cage dissolves into open space.

Hughes's structure, moving from stillness to explosive motion, and his packed, muscular language make the poem unforgettable. We leave with the sense that the jaguar's wildness cannot be tamed, and the vividness of the final image makes us share the crowd's mesmerised awe.

6 Hughes makes "The Harvest Moon" fascinating by turning a familiar sight into something enormous, musical and slightly menacing. The moon is not a distant, silvery object here but a living presence that rolls, booms, swells and sails, transforming the whole landscape and everything in it. What fascinates is the poem's shifting tone: it begins playfully, grows reverent, and ends with an image that is both a celebration of ripeness and a hint of apocalypse.

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The opening line, "The flame-red moon, the harvest moon", is incantatory, the repetition of "moon" giving it the feel of a chant or nursery rhyme. The compound adjective "flame-red" is immediately surprising, replacing the usual pale moon with something fiery and intense. Hughes then makes the moon physical and almost comic: it "Rolls along the hills, gently bouncing, / A vast balloon". The verbs give it weight and movement, while "gently" keeps the image playful. The paradox that it "sinks upward" is fascinating, as if the normal laws of space are reversed, and the simile "like a gold doubloon" makes the moon a piece of treasure lying in "the bottom of the sky". The internal rhyme of "moon", "balloon" and "doubloon" creates a rolling, chiming music that matches the moon's motion.

Hughes extends this music into sound itself. The moon comes "Booming softly through heaven, like a bassoon", an oxymoron that captures something both powerful and gentle. The bassoon is a deep, resonant instrument, so the simile turns light into sound, and the earth "replies all night, like a deep drum". This is a fascinating exchange: heaven and earth seem to be in conversation, the whole universe vibrating with a low, rhythmic energy. The effect is almost synaesthetic, as if we can hear the moonlight.

The response of the living world adds to the strangeness. People "can't sleep", drawn out into the night, and the trees are personified as worshippers: elms and oaks "keep / A kneeling vigil, in a religious hush". The language of devotion suggests that the harvest moon commands awe, as if it were a god, and the soft sibilance of "religious hush" slows the poem into reverent silence. The exclamation "The harvest moon has come!" builds excitement, echoing the earlier statement but with greater urgency.

Then the tone grows more unsettling. The "moonlit cows and all the sheep / Stare

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up at her petrified", and the word "petrified" suggests both stillness and terror. The moon is now feminine, and she "swells / Filling heaven, as if red hot". The verb "swells" makes her seem to grow closer and larger, and "red hot" recalls the "flame-red" of the opening but now with a sense of danger. The simile "Closer and closer like the end of the world" is the most fascinating moment in the poem: the repetition of "closer" creates mounting tension, and the comparison suggests a cosmic catastrophe. The same moon that bounced "gently" at the start now seems to threaten to engulf the earth.

The ending resolves this tension in a surprising way. The "gold fields of stiff wheat" suddenly speak: "Cry 'We are ripe, reap us!'" The personification is joyful, as if the crops are eager for harvest, and the alliteration of "ripe, reap" makes the cry urgent and insistent. "Gold" links the wheat back to the "gold doubloon" of the moon, suggesting that the moon's power has ripened the fields. Yet the final image, that the rivers "Sweat from the melting hills", returns to heat and intensity. The idea of hills melting is extraordinary, as if the whole landscape is dissolving under the moon's influence.

Hughes's free, irregular lines, his insistent rhymes and his bold similes make the poem feel alive and unpredictable. It is fascinating because it moves between delight, worship and fear, presenting nature as a force of immense, almost overwhelming power that brings both abundance and a hint of destruction.

8 Adichie presents Nsukka as the place where Kambili and Jaja first discover what it feels like to live without fear. Their feelings about their time there move from bewilderment and discomfort to fascination, joy and a quiet, growing sense of freedom, though Adichie shows that the two siblings respond in different ways:

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Jaja grows outwardly bolder, while Kambili's change is slower, more inward and more fragile. Through Kambili's first-person narration, with its careful attention to small details, we feel how strange and how precious this world is to them.

At first the children are unsettled. Kambili is struck by everything that is different from Enugu: the cramped flat, the rationed water, the kerosene stove, the power cuts and, above all, the noise of a family that talks, argues and laughs freely. Adichie lets us see this through Kambili's anxious, observant eyes, and her narration lingers on details that a comfortable reader would barely notice, which shows how foreign this ordinary life is to her. She is tongue-tied in front of her cousins, and when Amaka mocks her for being unable to speak or to do simple chores, Kambili feels ashamed and silent, her words seeming to stick in her throat. Adichie uses this painful awkwardness to reveal how thoroughly Papa's control has shaped her: she does not know how to behave where there are no rules.

The schedule Papa gives the children is a powerful symbol of this. In Enugu every hour is ordered; in Nsukka Aunty Ifeoma takes the schedule away and tells them to treat this as a holiday. The children's uncertainty about what to do with unstructured time shows how unused they are to choice, and this moment marks the beginning of their release.

Jaja's response to Nsukka is the most visible. He is drawn to Aunty Ifeoma's garden and spends time working in it with her, and the purple hibiscus she grows becomes the novel's central symbol. When Kambili later reflects on Jaja's defiance, she compares it to the hibiscus, "rare, fragrant with the undertones of freedom". Adichie's imagery makes freedom something sensual and alive, a flower that has been carefully cultivated. Jaja also measures himself against his cousin Obiora, who, though younger, behaves like the man of the house; Jaja's sense of his own

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inadequacy suggests that Nsukka makes him aware of how much Papa has stunted him. He takes stalks of hibiscus home to plant, a gesture that shows he wants to carry Nsukka's spirit back to Enugu.

For Kambili, the most important experiences are with Papa-Nnukwu and Father Amadi. She has been taught to see her grandfather as a heathen, yet when she secretly watches his morning prayer of innocence, she is moved by his sincerity and by the fact that he prays for Papa too. Adichie presents this as a moment of revelation: Kambili's feelings shift from fear of sin to wonder, and she begins to question the rigid beliefs she has absorbed. With Father Amadi, she feels something entirely new. When he takes her to run at the stadium and encourages her, she discovers her own body and voice, and she begins to laugh and even to sing. Adichie's gentle, hesitant language in these scenes captures the tenderness of first love and the astonishment of a girl who is noticed and valued for herself.

Laughter is perhaps the most telling sign of the children's change. In Enugu the house is silent; in Nsukka Kambili gradually learns to laugh, and Adichie makes us feel the significance of something so ordinary. Kambili's feelings are often conveyed through what she does not say, but the reader senses her gradual blossoming.

Adichie also shows that their time in Nsukka is bittersweet. Kambili knows that Papa would condemn much of what she experiences, so her joy is shadowed by guilt and fear of being found out, and she treasures objects, such as Amaka's painting of Papa-Nnukwu, that connect her to this world. Nsukka is therefore presented as a place of awakening that cannot be undone: the siblings return to Enugu changed, and the freedom they glimpse there leads, in time, to Jaja's open rebellion. Adichie conveys their feelings with great subtlety, making Nsukka both a

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refuge and the seed of transformation.

9 Dickens strikingly conveys Pip's thoughts and feelings at this moment as a painful mixture of shame, anxiety, guilt and genuine grief. Leaving the forge for London should be the triumphant beginning of his "great expectations", yet the passage is dominated by hesitation and regret. What makes it so powerful is the double perspective of the narration: the older Pip looks back on his younger self with honesty and sorrow, exposing the snobbery he was reluctant to admit, while also recreating the intense, confused emotions of the moment itself.

The passage opens with a confession. Pip has told Joe he wishes "to walk away all alone", and the narrator immediately admits the real reason: "I am afraid", which he then intensifies by repeating the phrase as "sore afraid", that it came from "my sense of the contrast there would be between me and Joe". The repetition sounds like a penitent confessing a sin, and the word "taint" is striking, suggesting that his snobbery is a kind of moral stain. Dickens conveys the younger Pip's self-deception through the phrase "I had pretended with myself", and the short, blunt sentence "I did not" brings the paragraph to a stark close, emphasising his failure to act on his better impulse.

His anxiety is then vividly captured in his dream. "All night there were coaches in my broken sleep, going to wrong places", and the coaches are pulled by "dogs", "cats", "pigs" and "men", but "never horses". This grotesque, absurd image reflects his fear that the journey into his new life will somehow go wrong, and the "broken sleep" suggests his troubled conscience.

The next morning his reluctance is shown through action. He lacks "the resolution

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to go down stairs", and Dickens describes him "repeatedly unlocking and unstrapping my small portmanteau and locking and strapping it up again". The long, repetitive sentence, with its pairs of verbs, mimics his nervous, pointless activity, revealing that he is delaying the moment of parting because he cannot face it.

Pip's attempt to seem casual is painfully revealing. He says "with a sort of briskness, as if it had only just occurred to me, 'Well! I suppose I must be off!'" Then comes the warmth of his family's farewell: Joe and Biddy throw old shoes after him for luck, and "dear old Joe waved his strong right arm above his head, crying huskily 'Hooroar!'" The affectionate phrase "dear old Joe" and the detail that he cries "huskily" show Joe's simple, heartfelt love, while Biddy puts "her apron to her face", a quiet image of tears. The contrast between their generosity and Pip's coldness is striking. Even as he walks away, his first thought is that it "would never have done" to have a shoe thrown after the coach "in sight of all the High-street", which reveals how deeply his new snobbery has taken hold.

The turning point comes when his false composure collapses. "I whistled and made nothing of going", Dickens writes, yet the landscape works on his feelings: the village is "very peaceful and quiet", and "the light mists were solemnly rising, as if to show me the world". The pathetic fallacy suggests a curtain lifting on a new life, but the contrast between his being "so innocent and little there" and the world beyond being "so unknown and great" overwhelms him. The sudden "strong heave and sob" is physical and uncontrollable, and his farewell to the finger-post, "Good-by O my dear, dear friend!", is touching in its naivety.

The older narrator then reflects that "we need never be ashamed of our tears, for they are rain upon the blinding dust of earth". This metaphor suggests that tears

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wash away pride and allow us to see clearly, and Pip admits he was "more aware of my own ingratitude". The final sentence of this paragraph, "If I had cried before, I should have had Joe with me then", is quietly devastating in its regret.

The ending conveys his indecision. The repeated "We changed" marks each missed opportunity to turn back, and his fancy that he sees Joe on the road shows how much he longs for him. Finally it is "too late and too far to go back", and "the world lay spread before me". This closing image is ambiguous: it promises opportunity, yet after so much regret it also feels lonely and uncertain. Dickens leaves us with a Pip who is moving forward while his heart looks back.

10 Dickens makes Satis House memorable because it is a place where time itself has been forced to stop, a Gothic museum of one woman's humiliation. It is significant because, for Pip, it becomes the source of his shame, his longing and his "great expectations", so that the house both shapes and distorts the course of his life. Its decay mirrors the damage that bitterness does to everyone who enters it.

From the start, Dickens makes the house feel shut off from ordinary life. Its windows are barred, its brewery is idle and its gate must be unlocked for Pip as if he were entering a prison. Even its name is ironic: Estella explains that "Satis" means enough, and that whoever had this house could want nothing else. Yet the house is defined entirely by want, by a wedding that never happened. Dickens lets the reader sense the gap between the grand promise of the name and the emptiness inside, a gap that foreshadows the hollowness of Pip's own expectations.

The most memorable moment is Pip's first sight of Miss Havisham's dressing room. Through the child's wondering eyes, Dickens builds up the details slowly: the

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yellowed bridal dress, the single shoe, the half-packed trunks, and above all the clocks stopped at twenty minutes to nine. The stopped clocks are a powerful symbol of a mind that refuses to move beyond the moment of betrayal. Pip's comparison of Miss Havisham to a waxwork and a skeleton makes her seem both alive and dead, and the reader feels his fear as much as his fascination. The later description of the rotting wedding cake, covered in cobwebs and inhabited by spiders and beetles, turns the celebration into an image of corruption. Miss Havisham's wish to be laid out on that table when she dies makes the house feel like her tomb.

Satis House is significant because it is where Pip learns to despise himself. Estella's scorn, "He calls the knaves, Jacks, this boy!", and her mockery of his "coarse hands" and "thick boots" make him ashamed of Joe and the forge for the first time. Dickens shows how a single afternoon in this decaying room changes the boy's sense of value: on the walk home he feels "common", and later confesses to Biddy that he wants to be a gentleman because of Estella. The house therefore plants the false ambition that drives the novel. It is also the place where Pip wrongly assumes Miss Havisham is his benefactor, so its mystery fuels the misunderstanding at the heart of the plot.

Dickens also uses the house to expose Miss Havisham's cruelty. Here she trains Estella to "break their hearts", and her repeated command to Pip, "Love her, love her, love her!", sounds less like encouragement than a curse. The darkness, the absence of daylight and the dust make the house the physical shape of her revenge. Perhaps most chillingly, it is here that Pip has his vision of Miss Havisham hanging from a beam in the brewery, a hallucination that suggests the house is haunted by death even while she lives.

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The ending of Satis House is just as memorable. When Miss Havisham, finally remorseful, cries "What have I done!", her dress catches fire, and the flames seem to purge the old wedding finery that has imprisoned her. By the close of the novel the house has been demolished, and Pip meets Estella among its ruins in the overgrown garden. Dickens gives the place a quiet, misty calm, as if the poison of the past has at last been cleared away, leaving space for a gentler, sadder understanding.

Overall, Dickens makes Satis House unforgettable through Gothic detail, symbolic objects and the child narrator's shocked perspective. Yet it matters most because it shows how a refusal to let go of pain can freeze a whole life, and how nearly that frozen world swallows Pip too.

12 Du Maurier strikingly portrays the relationship of the narrator and Maxim as an unequal and haunted marriage, built at first on the narrator's adoration and Maxim's protective, almost paternal distance. For most of the novel Rebecca seems to stand between them, yet du Maurier's great twist is that the barrier is not love for Rebecca but guilt, and when the truth emerges the balance of power between husband and wife changes completely.

From their first meetings in Monte Carlo, du Maurier presents the relationship as a rescue. The narrator is a shy paid companion, bullied by Mrs Van Hopper, and Maxim's attention is flattering because it frees her. The difference in age and status is stressed throughout: when she wishes she were a woman of thirty-six dressed in black satin with pearls, Maxim replies that she would not be in the car with him if she were. He seems to value her precisely for her youth and innocence. His proposal, delivered over breakfast as casually as an order, "I'm asking you to

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marry me, you little fool", is both romantic and troubling. The word "fool" makes him sound affectionate but condescending, and du Maurier hints that this will be a marriage in which she is treated as a child.

At Manderley the distance between them grows. The first-person retrospective narration lets du Maurier show us the narrator's insecurity from the inside: she constantly imagines what Maxim is thinking and assumes he is comparing her to Rebecca. Her long imagined conversations, in which she pictures his scorn or Rebecca's grace, reveal how little they actually speak. Maxim, meanwhile, is moody and remote. He pats her absent-mindedly, as one might pat the dog Jasper, and calls her his child, so that she seems less a wife than a pet. Du Maurier makes the reader share her frustration: she longs for intimacy but is too timid to ask the questions that might give it to her. Even her lack of a first name suggests that she has no secure identity in the marriage apart from the title "Mrs de Winter", a title still associated with Rebecca.

The relationship reaches its lowest point at the fancy dress ball. Tricked by Mrs Danvers into copying the costume of a portrait, the narrator appears on the stairs dressed exactly as Rebecca had at an earlier ball. Maxim's furious reaction, ordering her to go and change, is dramatic and frightening, and du Maurier lets the narrator misread it completely: she believes he cannot bear to see anyone take Rebecca's place. The moment is structurally crucial, because it pushes their misunderstanding as far as it can go.

The turning point is Maxim's confession after the shipwreck exposes Rebecca's boat. When he tells her that he hated Rebecca and that he killed her, the narrator's response is not horror but relief, because he never loved Rebecca after all. Du Maurier makes this deeply unsettling: the heroine's joy at learning that her

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husband is a murderer suggests how completely her identity has been bound to his love. Yet the scene also transforms her. Maxim says sadly that the "funny, young, lost look" he loved has gone forever, and from this point she becomes the stronger partner, supporting him through the inquest and Favell's accusations. The child-wife has become his protector.

The novel's frame shows the final shape of the relationship. The opening, "Last night I dreamt I went to Manderley again", leads into a picture of the couple living quietly abroad in exile, Manderley burnt, their days filled with small routines. They are devoted and close, but their closeness is that of two survivors sharing a secret. Du Maurier leaves the reader uncertain whether this is a happy ending or a kind of punishment.

Overall, du Maurier portrays the relationship strikingly through the narrator's anxious voice, the contrast between appearance and truth, and a dramatic reversal of power. It begins as a fairy tale of rescue and ends as something darker and more equal, a love that survives, but only by being shadowed by Rebecca forever.

14 Lahiri makes Ashoke admirable not through grand heroics but through quiet endurance, gentleness and a deep, unspoken love for his family. He is a man who has survived a catastrophe and chooses to treat every day afterwards as a gift, and Lahiri's restrained, understated prose mirrors his own modest character, so that his goodness is often only fully appreciated after he is gone.

Lahiri establishes Ashoke's resilience through the train crash of 1961. As a young student he is reading Gogol's stories when the train derails in the night, and he is found among the wreckage only because a page of "The Overcoat" flutters in his

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hand. Lahiri describes his long recovery, lying flat for months, with great tenderness. What is admirable is not simply that he survives, but what he takes from it. Instead of bitterness he gains a sense of purpose: he resolves to travel, as the kind stranger Ghosh had urged him on the train, and leaves India to study abroad. His courage in beginning a new life far from home is made all the more striking because he still carries the memory of that night.

His relationship with Ashima also reveals his decency. Their marriage is arranged and they begin almost as strangers, yet Lahiri shows Ashoke's steady patience and consideration as she struggles with loneliness in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He never forces his feelings into words, and the narrative notes that they do not even call each other by name, yet his care is shown in small practical acts. Lahiri presents a love that grows slowly and silently, and the reader comes to admire his reliability rather than any romantic gesture.

As a father, Ashoke is especially admirable in his tolerance. He names his son Gogol in honour of the writer who, in a sense, saved his life, yet he never burdens the boy with the story. When Gogol rejects the name and becomes Nikhil, Ashoke accepts it without anger. For Gogol's fourteenth birthday he gives him a collection of Gogol's stories, and the gift is quietly ignored by a teenager who cannot see its meaning. Lahiri creates real poignancy through dramatic irony here: the reader understands the depth of feeling behind the gift, while Gogol does not.

The moment when Ashoke finally tells Gogol about the accident is one of the most moving in the novel. Sitting in the car, he explains the origin of the name, and when Gogol asks whether he reminds his father of that terrible night, Ashoke replies that he does not; he reminds him of everything that followed. This response is deeply admirable. Ashoke chooses to see his son as a symbol of life

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and hope, not trauma, and his gentle restraint, refusing to make Gogol feel guilty for rejecting the name, shows his generosity of spirit.

Lahiri makes Ashoke's death in Cleveland, where he has been working away from home, all the more painful because of the man he has been. He dies alone, quietly, as he lived, and the family realises only afterwards how much he held them together. Gogol's grief and his renewed attachment to his family suggest the lasting influence of his father's example. Later, when Gogol finally opens the book of stories and reads the inscription his father wrote, linking the man who gave him his name with the man who gave him his name, the novel comes full circle, and Ashoke's love speaks again after his death.

Overall, Lahiri makes Ashoke admirable through his calm resilience, his selfless love and his tolerance of a son who often misunderstands him. Her understated style suits him perfectly: just as Ashoke rarely announces his feelings, Lahiri rarely tells us to admire him, allowing his goodness to emerge gradually, so that its full weight, like Gogol's understanding, arrives only at the end.

16 Lindsay makes Edith Horton memorable because she is so ordinary in a story full of mystery. Plump, plain, complaining and none too clever, she is the opposite of the graceful Miranda, and her very dullness makes her an effective, if frustrating, witness. She is significant because she is the last person to see the vanished girls and the only one to return, so the whole mystery of Hanging Rock passes through a mind that cannot make sense of it.

Lindsay first presents Edith with gentle comedy. She is described as the College dunce, a girl who is more interested in food and comfort than in poetry or beauty.

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On the day of the picnic she is greedy, tired and sulky, and the narrative voice treats her with a slightly mocking detachment. This comic tone is important, because it contrasts so strongly with the dreamlike, almost sacred atmosphere that surrounds Miranda, Irma and Marion. Edith seems to belong to the everyday world of Appleyard College, with its rules, meals and petty jealousies, while the older girls seem already half drawn into the timeless world of the Rock.

Her role on the climb is what makes her so significant. She attaches herself to the three older girls, who seem barely to notice her, and she trails behind them complaining about her feet and the heat. Lindsay uses Edith's grumbling to heighten the strangeness of what happens next: as the others move on as if in a trance, apparently unaware of her, Edith's ordinary discomfort turns into terror. Her screaming flight down the Rock is a striking moment, because it is the first open sign that something has gone horribly wrong. The reader is shut out of the decisive moment, just as Edith is, and Lindsay deliberately keeps the cause of her panic unexplained.

Afterwards, Edith becomes a vital but unreliable source of information. When questioned, she remembers very little and cannot say why she ran. Her muddled answers frustrate the police and the adults, and Lindsay uses this to deepen the mystery rather than solve it. Two fragments she later recalls are especially memorable. She remembers seeing Miss McCraw, the sober mathematics mistress, climbing the Rock without her skirt, in her underclothes, a detail that is both comic and deeply unsettling, since it suggests that even the most rational adult has been transformed. She also recalls a strange red cloud. These details are significant because they hint at something supernatural or inexplicable, yet because they come from Edith, whom everyone regards as foolish, they cannot be trusted. Lindsay cleverly gives the most important clues to the least credible

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witness.

Edith also helps Lindsay explore the unease of the school community. Her hysteria on the Rock anticipates the fear and gossip that spread through Appleyard College after the disappearance, and her inability to explain herself feeds the sense that the girls who remain are as troubled by what they do not know as by what they do. When Irma later returns to the school and the pupils turn on her in the gymnasium, demanding to know what happened, the scene echoes Edith's own panic: the hunger for an answer that Edith could never give becomes a frightening collective aggression. In this way Edith, who at first seemed merely silly, foreshadows how the mystery will slowly unsettle everyone it touches.

Overall, Lindsay makes Edith memorable through comedy and contrast, and significant through her position as the only witness who comes back. She grounds the novel in the commonplace, which makes the vanishing on the Rock all the more eerie, and her failure to understand what she saw ensures that the reader, like Edith, is left with fragments rather than answers.

18 Martel vividly conveys Pi's ability to survive as a combination of practical intelligence, fierce will and imaginative faith. Pi survives 227 days in a lifeboat not because he is physically strong, but because he adapts: he learns, he works, he prays and, perhaps most importantly, he tells himself stories. Martel suggests that survival depends as much on the mind as on the body.

Martel first shows that Pi's survival is rooted in his upbringing. As the son of a zookeeper, he has learned that animals are driven by territory and hierarchy, and his father's brutal lesson of making him watch a tiger kill a goat has taught him

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never to mistake a wild animal for a pet. This knowledge becomes his greatest weapon. In the lifeboat he realises that he must establish himself as the dominant animal, and Martel describes his training of Richard Parker in vivid detail: blowing a whistle, using a turtle shell as a shield, marking his territory with urine, and tipping the boat to make the tiger seasick so that he associates the whistle with discomfort. The comedy of a boy lecturing a Bengal tiger is mixed with real tension, and the reader admires Pi's courage and ingenuity in turning zoo lessons into a means of staying alive.

Martel also emphasises Pi's practical resourcefulness. He builds a raft from oars and life jackets so that he can keep a safe distance from the tiger, and he studies the survival manual with almost scholarly care. The detailed, list-like passages describing his supplies, his solar stills and his routines create an effect of order. Pi divides his day into tasks, prayers, fishing and rest, and Martel suggests that routine itself is a survival skill: by keeping busy, Pi keeps despair at bay. Writing a diary and counting the days similarly give his life a structure when the ocean offers none.

Survival also requires Pi to change himself, and Martel presents this with unsettling honesty. A gentle vegetarian who once wept at the thought of killing, Pi learns to kill fish and turtles and to drink turtle blood. He describes his first kill with shame and tears, but later admits that he has become efficient and even savage. Martel uses these moments to show that the will to live can override deeply held beliefs, and the reader feels both admiration and discomfort as Pi grows hardened by hunger.

Crucially, Martel presents Richard Parker himself as the reason Pi survives. Pi admits that without the tiger he would not be alive to tell his story, because fear

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of the animal keeps him alert, purposeful and busy. Caring for Richard Parker, feeding him and watching him gives Pi a reason to keep going and a companion in his loneliness. This paradox, that the greatest threat is also the source of survival, is one of the most striking ideas in the novel.

Pi's faith is another source of strength. Practising Hinduism, Christianity and Islam together, he continues to pray on the boat, and Martel shows that belief gives him hope when reason would suggest despair. The episode on the strange algae island, which seems to offer rescue but turns out to be carnivorous, tests this hope severely, yet Pi chooses to leave and keep going. His decision shows a refusal to accept a comfortable death.

Finally, Martel makes us reconsider what survival means through the second story Pi tells the Japanese investigators, in which the animals are replaced by humans and Pi himself is the tiger. This suggests that Pi may have survived partly by imagining a better story, one in which his own violence is given the shape of an animal. Martel leaves the choice to the reader, but either way Pi's survival is a triumph of imagination as well as endurance.

Overall, Martel vividly conveys Pi's ability to survive through detailed practical description, the paradoxical relationship with Richard Parker, and the power of faith and storytelling. Pi survives because he refuses, in every sense, to give up.

19 In this passage Wells makes the Martians' power vivid by never quite showing the Martians at all. What the narrator sees is light, smoke, noise and sudden death, and it is precisely this invisibility, combined with the terrifying ease with which men, trees and buildings are destroyed, that makes the moment so shocking. The

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power of the Martians is conveyed less as a weapon than as a force of nature, impersonal, unstoppable and utterly beyond human understanding.

Wells begins with an abrupt, almost theatrical change. "Suddenly there was a flash of light" jolts the reader out of the tense waiting of the earlier chapters, and the "luminous greenish smoke" rising in "three distinct puffs" has an eerie precision, as though the Martians are performing a deliberate ritual. The colour green is unnatural and sickly, and its power seems to reach beyond the pit: the "deep blue sky" and "brown common" appear to "darken abruptly" and "remain the darker after their dispersal". I find this detail unsettling because it suggests the Martians can alter the very appearance of the English landscape; the familiar world is literally made darker by their arrival. The narrator's hesitant correction, "or flame, perhaps, would be the better word for it", shows that ordinary language is already failing him.

The humans, by contrast, are made to look tiny and vulnerable. The deputation is "the little wedge of people with the white flag at its apex", and the white flag is painfully ironic: it is a human symbol of peace that means nothing to the invaders. Wells reduces the men to "a little knot of small vertical black shapes upon the black ground", a description that strips them of individuality before they are even attacked. Their faces "flashed out pallid green", so that they seem already ghostly, as though marked for death. Sound builds the tension too, as the "faint hissing" slowly passes "into a humming, into a long, loud, droning noise", the repetition of "slowly" and the long vowels creating a mounting sense of dread before the "humped shape rose out of the pit".

The attack itself is described with a horrible mixture of speed and calm. The flames "sprang from the scattered group of men", and Wells relies on simile

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because the narrator has no other way to describe what he sees: "It was as if some invisible jet impinged upon them", "as if each man were suddenly and momentarily turned to fire". The adverbs "suddenly and momentarily" capture how little effort the destruction costs the Martians. Perhaps the most chilling phrase is "by the light of their own destruction", where the men's burning bodies become the light by which their deaths are witnessed. The narrator's numb reaction, that it was "something very strange", is powerful precisely because it is so inadequate; the reader understands, as he does not yet, that this is "death leaping from man to man".

Wells then widens the scale of the Martians' power. The heat-ray does not just kill men: "pine-trees burst into fire", "every dry furze-bush" becomes "a mass of flames", and far away towards Knaphill "trees and hedges and wooden buildings" are set alight. The list suggests that nothing, natural or man-made, can resist it. The heat-ray is personified as "this flaming death, this invisible, inevitable sword of heat", and the alliteration and assonance of "invisible, inevitable" stress that it can neither be seen nor escaped. Even the "sudden squeal of a horse that was as suddenly stilled" is effective because it is so brief: a life ends in the space of a clause. The image of "an invisible yet intensely heated finger" drawn through the heather is particularly disturbing, because a finger suggests something casual and effortless, as if the Martians are idly tracing a line across the earth.

Finally, Wells shows the Martians' power through their sudden withdrawal. The "black, dome-like object sank slowly out of sight", unhurried and indifferent, leaving the narrator "dumbfounded and dazzled". His survival is pure chance: "it passed and spared me". The night becomes "suddenly dark and unfamiliar", and this last word sums up the effect of the whole passage. In a matter of moments the Martians have turned a peaceful Surrey common into an alien place, and Wells

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leaves the reader, like the narrator, stunned by a power that humanity cannot comprehend, let alone resist.

20 Wells makes the curate dislikeable by presenting him as the opposite of everything the narrator struggles to be. Where the narrator tries, however imperfectly, to think, adapt and survive, the curate collapses into self-pity, empty religious language and selfishness. Because we see him only through the narrator's increasingly exasperated eyes, our dislike grows with the narrator's, until the curate becomes not just irritating but a real danger. Yet Wells is careful enough to leave a trace of pity, which makes the portrait more disturbing than a simple villain would be.

From his first appearance, after the narrator has escaped the destruction at Shepperton and drifted downriver, the curate is defined by his inability to cope. Instead of offering comfort, as a clergyman might be expected to, he asks again and again what the catastrophe means and why such things have been allowed to happen, wailing that all the work and the Sunday services of his parish have come to nothing. His questions are repetitive and helpless, and Wells gives him a whining, querulous voice that contrasts sharply with the narrator's attempts at practical reasoning. The narrator's sharp reply, telling him to be a man and asking what good religion is if it fails under calamity, makes clear to the reader that the curate's faith is hollow. I find this the root of our dislike: he has preached certainty to others but has none himself.

Wells also makes the curate dislikeable through his self-absorption. He interprets the invasion as "the great and terrible day of the Lord", the end of the world and a punishment for sin, which allows him to wallow in apocalyptic despair rather

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than act. Ironically, his religious language seems less like belief than an excuse. He sees himself at the centre of a divine drama, while the narrator, and Wells, see the Martians as a natural, if terrible, event. The curate's grand phrases therefore sound absurd and self-important beside the reality of the danger.

It is in Book 2, when the two men are trapped together in the ruined house after the cylinder lands nearby, that Wells makes him truly intolerable. The confined space intensifies every flaw. The curate cannot stay quiet when silence is essential to survival, he weeps and talks aloud, and, most damningly, he eats and drinks far more than his share of the scant food. The narrator has to ration supplies and eventually fight him for them, which shows how the curate's selfishness threatens both their lives. Wells gives the narrator his harshest judgement here, describing the curate as "void of pride" and "full of shifty cunning", someone who cannot face God, other men or even himself. These phrases stress cowardice and deceit rather than wickedness, which perhaps makes him more contemptible: he is not evil, merely weak.

The climax of this relationship is deliberately uncomfortable. The curate, half mad, insists that he must "bear my witness" and begins to raise his voice, determined to go out and denounce the Martians. Wells shows his religious zeal at its most dangerous, because his shouting will bring the Martians upon them both. The narrator strikes him down with the butt of a meat chopper, and soon afterwards a Martian tentacle reaches into the house and drags the curate's body away. The scene is horrifying, but because Wells has built up our irritation so carefully, the reader may feel a guilty sense of relief, and this complicates our response to the narrator too.

However, Wells does not let us dismiss the curate entirely. The narrator later

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admits a kind of remorse, and the reader may recognise that the curate's breakdown is a natural, human reaction to unimaginable horror. In a sense he represents what the narrator might become without his scientific detachment, and the artilleryman, with his grand but empty schemes, shows another form of failure. The curate is dislikeable because he embodies human weakness at its most unattractive: selfish, loud, self-pitying and helpless. Through him, Wells suggests that comfortable assumptions about faith and human importance cannot survive the invasion, and that those who cling to them most loudly may be the first to fall.

21 Li conveys the conflict between Mr Shi and his daughter as painfully moving because neither of them is cruel; both are lonely, both want something from the other, and yet every attempt at conversation drives them further apart. The tragedy of the passage lies in the gap between Mr Shi's genuine love and his clumsy, old-fashioned way of expressing it, and Li makes us feel for father and daughter alike.

The conflict begins innocently, with Mr Shi recommending the Iranian lady because she is "so very optimistic" and might be "illuminating for your situation". His language is well meant but strangely formal, and the vague word "situation" immediately provokes his daughter. Her reply, asked "without looking up from her food", shows her withdrawal through a small physical detail, and her question "What's my situation?" turns his kindness into a challenge. When he says she is "experiencing a dark time", Li quietly extends the metaphor of light and darkness: she asks how the lady could "shed light" on her life. I find it moving that Mr Shi "cannot find an answer", because Li reveals what he cannot say aloud: that he and Madam talk in different languages, yet understand each other better than he and

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his daughter, "someone he shares a language with but with whom he can no longer share a dear moment". The irony is gentle but devastating.

Li then shows the conflict becoming sharper as Mr Shi retreats into traditional ideas. His remark that "a good woman is deferential" is meant as advice, but to his divorced daughter it is a judgement, and her bitter answer, that she is "certainly" not a good woman "according to your standard", exposes the generational divide. Li's narration stays close to Mr Shi, so we learn that he thinks her "unfairly sarcastic", yet we also see what he misses: her eyes are "fiercer than he knows". That small phrase hints at depths of anger and hurt he cannot read. Her pointed question, "Did she succeed in making you talk?", strikes at the real wound, his silence throughout her childhood, though he does not yet recognise it.

The dialogue is short and quick, with the daughter's repeated "Baba" carrying both affection and exasperation. She points out his contradiction, that he first called her too quiet and now says she talks "in a wrong way", and her sarcastic "since when did you become a therapist?" deflates his attempt at wisdom. Mr Shi's reply, "I'm here to help you, and I'm trying my best", is touching in its sincerity, and the repeated "I need to know" shows how desperately he wants to fix her life. Yet the phrase "I don't want you to fall twice" reveals that he sees divorce as failure, which is exactly what wounds her.

The scene ends not with an argument but with a rejection. Her question about how long he plans to stay is a quiet way of asking him to leave, and his simple answer, "Until you recover", shows his stubborn devotion. The harsh sound of "the legs of the chair scraping the floor" breaks the scene, and his plea that they are "the only family for each other now", spoken "almost pleading", goes unheard as she "closes her bedroom door". Li then lingers on the uneaten food, the stuffed

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tofu and the "collage" of vegetables, so that the loving detail of the dishes measures the size of his rejected love. The final metaphor is the most moving of all: "the cooking has become his praying, and she leaves the prayers unanswered." Cooking is the only language of love he has, and it fails.

In the closing section, speaking to Madam in Chinese, Mr Shi finally confesses what he cannot tell his daughter: that his secret work as a "rocket scientist" made him silent at home, and that "it was not healthy for the daughter". The plain final sentence, "Truly it was his mistake, never establishing a habit of talking to his daughter", gives the conflict its sad root. Li moves us because the father understands too late, and can say so only to a listener who cannot understand his words.

22

O Henry creates tension in The Furnished Room by trapping the reader, like the young man, inside a shabby rented room that seems to hold a secret it will not reveal. The tension comes from a desperate search that keeps almost succeeding, from an atmosphere of decay and anonymity, and finally from a twist of dramatic irony so cruel that it leaves the reader far more unsettled than any conventional climax could.

From the opening, O Henry establishes an unsettling world. The lower West Side is home to a population that is "restless, shifting, fugacious as time itself", people who have a hundred homes and no real home at all. The unusual word "fugacious", meaning fleeting, sets the tone: in this district identity vanishes, and people disappear without trace. This immediately creates unease, because the young man's search for a lost girl seems doomed in a place where everyone is temporary.

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The housekeeper adds to the tension. O Henry describes her with grotesque imagery, comparing her to an "unwholesome, surfeited worm" that has eaten a nut hollow and now wants lodgers to fill the space. The simile makes her seem predatory and sinister, and the reader distrusts her from the start. When the young man asks whether a girl called Eloise Vashner, a singer with a mole near her eyebrow, has ever stayed there, the housekeeper denies it, mentioning only the theatrical people who have passed through. Her smooth, chatty manner seems too easy, and O Henry plants a seed of doubt that he will harvest only at the very end.

Much of the tension is built through the room itself. O Henry personifies the furnishings, which seem to speak of all the previous tenants who have left their marks on it: worn patches, scratches, stains and small signs of carelessness or anger. The room is crowded with the traces of strangers yet empty of anyone in particular, and this anonymity mirrors the young man's despair after five months of searching theatres and lodging houses. The long, accumulating sentences listing the decayed objects create a stifling, claustrophobic effect, as though the past is pressing in on him.

The turning point comes with the sudden scent of "mignonette", the flower Eloise loved. O Henry makes the moment almost supernatural: the young man cries out "What, dear?" as though someone has called his name, and the reader is pulled into his certainty that she has been there. The tension now becomes frantic. He searches drawers and corners, finding only trivial objects left by other women, a hairpin, a handkerchief, a programme, none of which belongs to her. The structure here is cleverly agonising, because each discovery raises hope and then dashes it. O Henry makes the reader long for a single clue, and the absence of one becomes unbearable.

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When the young man questions the housekeeper again and she repeats her denial, the tension collapses into hopelessness. In a quiet, carefully described sequence, he returns to the room, stops up the gaps around the door and windows, and turns on the gas. The calm, methodical detail is more shocking than any dramatic outburst, because it shows how completely his hope has been extinguished.

O Henry saves the most striking tension for his final scene, which shifts to a gossiping conversation between the housekeeper and her friend Mrs McCool. In casual, almost comic dialogue, she admits that the room was last rented to a pretty young girl who had killed herself there with gas only a week before, and she describes the girl in a way that clearly matches Eloise. She lied, she explains, because rooms where someone has died are hard to let. The reader suddenly realises that the young man died in the same room, for the same reason, within reach of the truth. The contrast between the women's chatter and the tragedy above them creates a bitter dramatic irony.

The tension of the story therefore does not end with the young man's death; it is transferred to the reader, who alone knows how close he came. O Henry's twist makes the story strikingly cruel, suggesting that in a city of transient, careless people, love and grief can vanish as completely as a scent in an empty room.