Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge IGCSE™

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/11**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose **October/November 2025**

1 hour 30 minutes

1691567932

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 **32** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

DC (RCL (DF)) 341354/2
© UCLES 2025

stemup.co.uk

BLANK PAGE

© UCLES 2025

stemup.co.uk

CONTENTS

Section A: Poetry

text	*question numbers*	*page[s]*
Songs of Ourselves Volume 1: from Part 4	1, 2	pages 4–7
Songs of Ourselves Volume 2: from Part 3	3, 4	pages 8–10
Ted Hughes: from *New Selected Poems*	5, 6	pages 12–13

Section B: Prose

text	*question numbers*	*page[s]*
Chinua Achebe: *Things Fall Apart*	7, 8	pages 14–15
Anita Desai: *Fire on the Mountain*	9, 10	pages 16–17
Charles Dickens: *Great Expectations*	11, 12	pages 18–19
Daphne du Maurier: *Rebecca*	13, 14	pages 20–21
Harper Lee: *To Kill a Mockingbird*	15, 16	pages 22–23
Joan Lindsay: *Picnic at Hanging Rock*	17, 18	pages 24–25
H G Wells: *The War of the Worlds*	19, 20	pages 26–27
from *Stories of Ourselves Volume 2*	21, 22	pages 28–29

© UCLES 2025

stemup.co.uk

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:

Funeral Blues

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

For nothing now can ever come to any good.

(*W H Auden*)

Explore the ways in which Auden makes this such a moving poem.

© UCLES 2025

stemup.co.uk

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 2.

stemup.co.uk

Or **2** How does Smith strikingly convey the beauty of the world in *Away, Melancholy*?

Away, Melancholy

Away, melancholy,

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

© UCLES 2025

stemup.co.uk

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

Away with it, let it go.

(*Stevie Smith*)

© UCLES 2025

SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 2: from Part 3

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing

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

Rich and Poor or, Saint and Sinner

The poor man's sins are glaring;
In the face of ghostly warning
He is caught in the fact
Of an overt act –
Buying greens on Sunday morning.

The rich man's sins are hidden
In the pomp of wealth and station;
And escape the sight
Of the children of light,
Who are wise in their generation.

The rich man has a kitchen,
And cooks to dress his dinner;
The poor who would roast
To the baker's must post,
And thus becomes a sinner.

The rich man has a cellar,
And a ready butler by him;
The poor must steer
For his pint of beer
Where the saint can't choose but spy him.

The rich man's painted windows
Hide the concerts of the quality;
The poor can but share
A crack'd fiddle in the air,
Which offends all sound morality.

The rich man is invisible
In the crowd of his gay society;
But the poor man's delight
Is a sore in the sight,
And a stench in the nose of piety.

The rich man has a carriage
Where no rude eye can flout him;
The poor man's bane
Is a third-class train,
With the day-light all about him.

© UCLES 2025

stemup.co.uk

The rich man goes out yachting
Where sanctity can't pursue him;
The poor goes afloat
In a fourpenny boat,
Where the bishops groan to view him.

(*Thomas Love Peacock*)

In what ways does Peacock strikingly convey the advantages of being rich in this poem?

stemup.co.uk

Or **4** In what ways does Smither make *Plaits* such a memorable poem?

Plaits

I had two plaits: one thick
an anaconda plait and the other
more like a thin grass snake.

My parting was on one side
a harvest, a rich waterfall
and a thin trickling river

but they were companionably joined
and tied with a wide ribbon
whose loops and bows were equal.

The weak and the strong
were strong together, the raised segments
of hair, a wide and thin muscle

a lesson that hung down my back
so though I could not see justice
I could feel how it was distributed.

(*Elizabeth Smither*)

© UCLES 2025

stemup.co.uk

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 5.

stemup.co.uk

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 Thought-Fox

I imagine this midnight moment's forest:

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

The page is printed.

Explore the ways in which Hughes uses words and images to powerful effect in this poem.

© UCLES 2025

stemup.co.uk

Or **6** How does Hughes create memorable impressions of the speaker in *The Other*?

The Other

She had too much so with a smile you took some.

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

At first, just a little.

stemup.co.uk

SECTION B: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Things Fall Apart*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

‘Let us give them a portion of the Evil Forest.

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

stemup.co.uk

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

And for the first time they had a woman.

(*from* Chapter 17)

In what ways does Achebe vividly convey how the missionaries become powerful at this moment in the novel?

Or **8** Explore how Achebe makes Ekwefi such a likeable character.

stemup.co.uk

ANITA DESAI: *Fire on the Mountain*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Nanda Kaul could not let go.

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

She kept her eyes strictly averted from Raka, looking up at the moth-furred sky where the rooks wheeled and cawed, and talked, talked at an exhausting length, till the rooks fell silent, pressed by the darkness into the treetops, and then the owls began to call – softly, experimentally.

(*from* Part 2, Chapter 20)

© UCLES 2025

stemup.co.uk

How does Desai memorably portray Nanda Kaul and Raka at this moment in the novel?

Or **10** In what ways does Desai make the contrast between Nanda Kaul and Ila Das so compelling?

© UCLES 2025

[Turn over

stemup.co.uk

CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The freshness of Estella's beauty was indeed gone, but its indescribable majesty and its indescribable charm remained. Those attractions in it, I had seen before; what I had never seen before, was the saddened softened light of the once proud eyes; what I had never felt before, was the friendly touch of the once insensible hand.

We sat down on a bench that was near, and I said, 'After so many years, it is strange that we should thus meet again, Estella, here where our first meeting was! Do you often come back?'

'I have never been here since.'

'Nor I.'

The moon began to rise, and I thought of the placid look at the white ceiling, which had passed away. The moon began to rise, and I thought of the pressure on my hand when I had spoken the last words he had heard on earth.

Estella was next to break the silence that ensued between us.

'I have very often hoped and intended to come back, but have been prevented by many circumstances. Poor, poor old place!'

The silvery mist was touched with the first rays of the moonlight, and the same rays touched the tears that dropped from her eyes. Not knowing that I saw them, and setting herself to get the better of them, she said quietly:

'Were you wondering, as you walked along, how it came to be left in this condition?'

'Yes, Estella.'

'The ground belongs to me. It is the only possession I have not relinquished. Everything else has gone from me, little by little, but I have kept this. It was the subject of the only determined resistance I made in all the wretched years.'

'Is it to be built on?'

'At last it is. I came here to take leave of it before its change. And you,' she said, in a voice of touching interest to a wanderer, 'you live abroad still?'

'Still.'

'And do well, I am sure?'

'I work pretty hard for a sufficient living, and therefore – Yes, I do well.'

'I have often thought of you,' said Estella.

'Have you?'

'Of late, very often. There was a long hard time when I kept far from me, the remembrance of what I had thrown away when I was quite ignorant of its worth. But, since my duty has not been incompatible with the admission of that remembrance, I have given it a place in my heart.'

'You have always held your place in my heart,' I answered. And we were silent again, until she spoke.

'I little thought,' said Estella, 'that I should take leave of you in taking leave of this spot. I am very glad to do so.'

'Glad to part again, Estella? To me, parting is a painful thing. To me, remembrance of our last parting has been ever mournful and painful.'

'But you said to me,' returned Estella, very earnestly, '"God bless you, God forgive you!" And if you could say that to me then, you will not hesitate

stemup.co.uk

to say that to me now – now, when suffering has been stronger than all other teaching, and has taught me to understand what your heart used to be. I have been bent and broken, but – I hope – into a better shape. Be as considerate and good to me as you were, and tell me we are friends.'

'We are friends,' said I, rising and bending over her, as she rose from the bench.

'And will continue friends apart,' said Estella.

I took her hand in mine, and we went out of the ruined place; and, as the morning mists had risen long ago when I first left the forge, so, the evening mists were rising now, and in all the broad expanse of tranquil light they showed to me, I saw the shadow of no parting from her.

(*from* Chapter 59)

In what ways does Dickens strikingly portray Pip and Estella's final meeting in the novel?

Or **12** Explore the ways in which Dickens makes Herbert Pocket such an admirable character.

© UCLES 2025

stemup.co.uk

DAPHNE DU MAURIER: *Rebecca*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Mrs Danvers was still standing by the window, and the shutter was folded back.

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

© UCLES 2025

stemup.co.uk

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

Do you think his agony and pain will bring Mrs de Winter back again?'

(*from* Chapter 18)

How does du Maurier make this such a powerful moment in the novel?

Or **14** Explore the ways in which du Maurier makes Frank such an admirable character.

HARPER LEE: *To Kill a Mockingbird*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

We began crossing the black school yard, straining to see our feet.

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

© UCLES 2025

stemup.co.uk

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

Whoever it was wore thick cotton pants; what I thought were trees rustling was the soft swish of cotton on cotton, wheek, wheek, with every step.

(*from* Chapter 28)

In what ways does Lee build tension at this moment in the novel?

Or **16** Explore how Lee creates such striking impressions of Maycomb.

stemup.co.uk

JOAN LINDSAY: *Picnic at Hanging Rock*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Dianne de Poitiers in a flurry of tissue paper was packing her small but elegant wardrobe.

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

© UCLES 2025

stemup.co.uk

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

With kindest regards and hoping once again that you will not be inconvenienced by looking after Sara (of course, at my expense) until Saturday.

I remain,
Yours sincerely,
Jasper B. Cosgrove.

(*from* Chapter 15)

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

Or **18** How far does Lindsay make it possible to have any sympathy for Dora and Reg Lumley?

stemup.co.uk

H G WELLS: *The War of the Worlds*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

A violent explosion shook the air, and a spout of water, steam, mud, and shattered metal shot far up into the sky. As the camera of the Heat-Ray hit the water, the latter had immediately flashed into steam. In another moment a huge wave, like a muddy tidal bore but almost scaldingly hot, came sweeping round the bend upstream. I saw people struggling shorewards, and heard their screaming and shouting faintly above the seething and roar of the Martian's collapse.

For the moment I heeded nothing of the heat, forgot the patent need of self-preservation. I splashed through the tumultuous water, pushing aside a man in black to do so, until I could see round the bend. Half a dozen deserted boats pitched aimlessly upon the confusion of the waves. The fallen Martian came into sight downstream, lying across the river, and for the most part submerged.

Thick clouds of steam were pouring off the wreckage, and through the tumultuously whirling wisps I could see, intermittently and vaguely, the gigantic limbs churning the water and flinging a splash and spray of mud and froth into the air. The tentacles swayed and struck like living arms, and, save for the helpless purposelessness of these movements, it was as if some wounded thing were struggling for its life amid the waves. Enormous quantities of a ruddy-brown fluid were spurting up in noisy jets out of the machine.

My attention was diverted from this death flurry by a furious yelling, like that of the thing called a siren in our manufacturing towns. A man, knee-deep near the towing-path, shouted inaudibly to me and pointed. Looking back, I saw the other Martians advancing with gigantic strides down the river-bank from the direction of Chertsey. The Shepperton guns spoke this time unavailingly.

At that I ducked at once under water, and, holding my breath until movement was an agony, blundered painfully ahead under the surface as long as I could. The water was in a tumult about me, and rapidly growing hotter.

When for a moment I raised my head to take breath and throw the hair and water from my eyes, the steam was rising in a whirling white fog that at first hid the Martians altogether. The noise was deafening. Then I saw them dimly, colossal figures of grey, magnified by the mist. They had passed by me, and two were stooping over the frothing, tumultuous ruins of their comrade.

The third and fourth stood beside him in the water, one perhaps two hundred yards from me, the other towards Laleham. The generators of the Heat-Rays waved high, and the hissing beams smote down this way and that.

The air was full of sound, a deafening and confusing conflict of noises – the clangorous din of the Martians, the crash of falling houses, the thud of trees, fences, sheds flashing into flame, and the crackling and roaring of fire. Dense black smoke was leaping up to mingle with the steam from the river, and as the Heat-Ray went to and fro over Weybridge its impact was marked by flashes of incandescent white, that gave place at once to a smoky dance of lurid flames. The nearer houses still stood intact, awaiting

© UCLES 2025

stemup.co.uk

their fate, shadowy, faint, and pallid in the steam, with the fire behind them going to and fro. *50*

(*from* Book 1, Chapter 12)

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

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

stemup.co.uk

from *STORIES OF OURSELVES VOLUME 2*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **21** Read this passage from *A Walk to the Jetty* (by Jamaica Kincaid), and then answer the question that follows it:

The Anglican church bell struck seven.

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

© UCLES 2025

stemup.co.uk

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

We parted, and when I turned away I didn't look back.

How does Kincaid vividly reveal the narrator's feelings at this moment in the novel?

Or **22** Explore how Margaret Atwood creates a sense of mystery in *When it Happens*.

© UCLES 2025

stemup.co.uk

BLANK PAGE

© UCLES 2025

stemup.co.uk

BLANK PAGE

© UCLES 2025

stemup.co.uk

BLANK PAGE

Permission to reproduce items where third-party owned material protected by copyright is included has been sought and cleared where possible. Every reasonable effort has been made by the publisher (UCLES) to trace copyright holders, but if any items requiring clearance have unwittingly been included, the publisher will be pleased to make amends at the earliest possible opportunity.

To avoid the issue of disclosure of answer-related information to candidates, all copyright acknowledgements are reproduced online in the Cambridge Assessment International Education Copyright Acknowledgements Booklet. This is produced for each series of examinations and is freely available to download at www.cambridgeinternational.org after the live examination series.

Cambridge Assessment International Education is part of Cambridge Assessment. Cambridge Assessment is the brand name of the University of Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate (UCLES), which is a department of the University of Cambridge.

© UCLES 2025

stemup.co.uk

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

Question number

1

Funeral Blues is moving because it captures the way grief makes a private loss feel as though it should stop the whole world. Auden's speaker demands that ordinary life, then public life, then the universe itself be shut down, and the poem's power comes from the tension between these extravagant, almost absurd commands and the simple, heartbreaking admission at its centre: "I thought that love would last for ever: I was wrong."

The opening line is a string of blunt imperatives: "Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone". The speaker wants time and communication to end, because for the grieving person time has already stopped. Small domestic details follow, as the dog is to be prevented "from barking with a juicy bone". There is something almost comic in that "juicy bone", yet it is moving precisely because it shows how unbearable even trivial, happy noises become after a death. The first stanza ends in a slow, solemn procession: "Silence the pianos and with muffled drum / Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come." The muffled drum gives the lines a funeral march rhythm, and the heavy rhyming couplets throughout the poem have the steady beat of a dirge, fitting the "Blues" of the title, which suggests a lament sung in sorrow.

In the second stanza the demands grow larger and more public. The speaker wants aeroplanes to circle "moaning overhead", personifying the engines as mourners, and to write "He Is Dead" across the sky. Writing in capitals in the sky is a grand, theatrical gesture, but it also feels desperate: the speaker needs everyone to know and feel this loss. The images of "crêpe bows round the white necks of the public doves" and traffic policemen in "black cotton gloves" are oddly specific and slightly

Question number

surreal. The white doves, symbols of peace and purity, are to be dressed in black, and officials who direct the flow of the city are to show mourning. The world is being forced to stop moving. I find this both touching and painful, because we sense that the world will not actually obey.

The third stanza turns inward, and here the poem becomes most moving. Auden uses a list of opposites to show how completely the dead man filled the speaker's life: "He was my North, my South, my East and West, / My working week and my Sunday rest". He was every direction, every kind of time, both work and rest, "My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song". The relentless repetition of "my" conveys intimacy and possession, and it suggests that without him the speaker has lost every bearing, with no direction left. Then the stanza ends with the plainest line in the poem, divided by a colon: "I thought that love would last for ever: I was wrong." After so much hyperbole, the simple monosyllables of "I was wrong" land with brutal honesty. The colon creates a pause like a catch in the voice, and the line is longer than the others, as if it has to stretch to contain the disillusion.

The final stanza returns to commands, but now on a cosmic scale: "The stars are not wanted now: put out every one; / Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun". The verbs "pack up" and "dismantle" are ordinary, practical words, as though the universe were a stage set to be cleared away after the play has ended. Sweeping and pouring away the natural world in "Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood" suggests that beauty itself now feels pointless. The poem ends with absolute despair: "For nothing now can ever come to any good." The words "nothing", "now" and "ever" leave no room for hope, and the closing couplet's firm rhyme seals the poem shut, like a coffin lid.

What makes the poem so moving, then, is Auden's control of scale. He moves from

Question number

the house to the city to the cosmos, yet the emotional centre is one small human confession. The exaggeration is not insincere; it is how grief truly feels, and the reader recognises that sense that if one person's world has ended, everyone else's should end too.

3 On the surface, Peacock lists the comforts of wealth: a kitchen, a cellar, a carriage, a yacht. Yet the poem's sharpest point is that the greatest advantage of being rich is not luxury but privacy. The rich man can sin as freely as the poor man, but he does it out of sight, while the poor man's ordinary pleasures happen in public and are condemned as wickedness. What I find striking is that Peacock conveys this advantage through bitter, comic irony, so that the poem praises the rich only to expose the hypocrisy of the "saint" who judges.

The title prepares us for this. "Rich and Poor or, Saint and Sinner" sets up two pairs of opposites, and as the poem goes on we realise the pairs line up: the rich are treated as saints, the poor as sinners, whatever they actually do. The first stanza makes the poor man's "sins" absurdly trivial. The heavy, legal language of being "caught in the fact / Of an overt act" sounds like a courtroom, yet the crime is only "Buying greens on Sunday morning." The bathos of that last line is very funny, and it immediately tells us that the moral system the poem describes is ridiculous. By contrast, the rich man's sins are "hidden / In the pomp of wealth and station", as if wealth were a thick curtain. The word "pomp" suggests grandeur and show, so it is ironic that this show actually conceals.

Peacock then builds a pattern which runs through every stanza: two lines about the rich man, then the short indented lines and a closing line about the poor man. This regular structure has the effect of a list of charges, and the repetition of

Question number

"The rich man has" makes the advantages pile up. The rich man has "cooks to dress his dinner", whereas the poor man, who has no oven, "To the baker's must post" to roast his meat on a Sunday "And thus becomes a sinner." The phrase "thus becomes" is bitterly logical: he is not wicked, he is simply poor, and poverty forces him into the open where it is easy to call him sinful. Similarly the rich man has a cellar and "a ready butler by him", the adjective "ready" suggesting effortless service, while the poor must "steer" out to the pub for "his pint of beer / Where the saint can't choose but spy him." The phrase "can't choose but" is sly, since it implies the saint is eager to watch.

The imagery of seeing and hiding is, for me, the most memorable method in the poem. The rich man's "painted windows" hide his concerts, and he is "invisible / In the crowd of his gay society", while the poor man has only "A crack'd fiddle in the air". The broken fiddle is pitiful, yet it is condemned because it is heard, and "offends all sound morality" contains a neat pun on "sound". In the sixth stanza Peacock turns to the senses with real disgust: the poor man's "delight / Is a sore in the sight, / And a stench in the nose of piety." Personifying "piety" as having a nose makes the religious judges seem squeamish and snobbish rather than good. Their objection is not to sin but to the poor being visible at all.

The final stanzas extend the advantage to travel. The rich man's carriage protects him so that "no rude eye can flout him", whereas the poor man's "bane / Is a third-class train, / With the day-light all about him." Even daylight becomes an enemy, because it exposes him. The yacht goes "Where sanctity can't pursue him", while the poor man in a "fourpenny" boat is still watched by "the bishops", who "groan to view him." The exact cheap price makes his pleasure seem modest, and the groaning bishops are comically melodramatic.

Question number

Overall, Peacock strikingly conveys the advantages of being rich by making them seem enormous and then revealing that they are really advantages of concealment. The rhythm is jaunty and the rhymes, such as "pursue him" and "view him", are almost music-hall in tone, which makes the satire light on the surface but cutting underneath. The poem leaves me feeling that the real sinners are the "children of light" who judge only those too poor to hide.

4

Plaits is a tiny poem about a child's hairstyle, but it is memorable because Smither turns something ordinary and physical into a quiet lesson about fairness. The speaker's two unequal plaits become an image of the weak and the strong bound together, and the poem moves from playful description to an almost philosophical conclusion about "justice". What stays with me is how much meaning grows out of such a homely, intimate detail.

The opening line is simple and conversational: "I had two plaits". The past tense suggests an adult remembering childhood, so the poem has a reflective, affectionate tone from the start. The line break after "one thick" makes us pause on the contrast before Smither gives us her vivid metaphors: "an anaconda plait" and "a thin grass snake." These comparisons are surprising and slightly comic, since a child would hardly want snakes on her head, yet they capture the difference in size perfectly. The anaconda is huge and powerful, the grass snake slight and harmless, so the inequality is made vivid and almost alive. The hair seems to have a life of its own.

Next Smither explains the cause with a practical detail, "My parting was on one side", and then shifts to a new set of images drawn from nature: "a harvest, a rich waterfall / and a thin trickling river". The thick plait is now associated with

Question number

plenty and abundance, "rich" and "harvest" suggesting wealth, while the "thin trickling river" sounds meagre. The soft, repeated sounds of "thin trickling" slow the line and make the smaller plait seem fragile. However, the sentence turns on the word "but": "they were companionably joined". The adverb "companionably" is one of the most memorable words in the poem because it gives the plaits friendship, as if they choose to stay together. They are "tied with a wide ribbon / whose loops and bows were equal." I find it touching that the ribbon, the thing that joins them, is perfectly balanced even though the plaits are not. Perhaps it suggests that love or care, like a mother tying a child's hair, can create equality where nature does not.

The poem then makes the meaning explicit: "The weak and the strong / were strong together". The repetition of "strong" is powerful, since the weak plait is lifted into strength simply by being joined to the other. This feels like a moral about community or partnership, and could be read as a comment on society, families or even marriage. Smither then returns to the physical, describing "the raised segments / of hair, a wide and thin muscle", so the plaits now resemble the body itself, flexible and capable of effort. The image of a "muscle" makes their strength literal.

The ending is the most striking part of the poem. The plait becomes "a lesson that hung down my back", which is an unusual and memorable image, because lessons are usually heard or read, not worn. Its position behind her is significant: "though I could not see justice / I could feel how it was distributed." The child cannot see her own plaits, just as people cannot always see justice in abstract terms, but she can feel the weight being shared. The abstract word "justice" coming at the end, after so many concrete images of snakes, rivers and muscles, gives the poem a sudden depth. "Distributed" is almost a political or legal word,

Question number

and it suggests that fairness is not about everyone being identical but about the strong supporting the weak.

Smither's form helps this effect. The poem is written in short, unrhymed lines, with very little punctuation and lines that run on, like the strands of a plait woven together. There is no grand language; the voice is calm and personal. That restraint is exactly why the poem is so memorable: it makes a large idea feel natural, gentle and true, as though a child could understand justice simply through the feel of her own hair.

5 The Thought-Fox is a poem about writing a poem, and Hughes uses words and images so powerfully that the act of inspiration becomes a physical, almost animal event. The fox is both a real creature moving through snow and the idea that slowly arrives in the poet's mind, and by the end the two have merged completely. What makes the poem so gripping is that Hughes makes us feel the fox approaching, step by step, until it bursts into the "dark hole of the head."

The opening line sets the scene with soft, alliterative sounds: "I imagine this midnight moment's forest". The repeated "m" creates a hushed, dreamy tone, and the word "imagine" tells us at once that the forest is inside the poet's mind. He is alone at night, aware of "the clock's loneliness / And this blank page where my fingers move." The clock is personified as lonely, which projects the poet's isolation onto his surroundings, and the "blank page" is the problem he faces: nothing has yet been written. Yet "Something else is alive", and the vague word "Something" creates suspense, because neither the poet nor the reader yet knows what it is.

In the second stanza Hughes deepens the darkness. "Through the window I see no

Question number

star" suggests there is no guiding light, no obvious inspiration from outside. Instead the presence is "more near / Though deeper within darkness", a paradox that suggests the idea is coming from deep inside the poet rather than from the world beyond the window. It "Is entering the loneliness", and the present continuous verb shows a slow, ongoing approach.

The third stanza introduces the fox with remarkable delicacy: "Cold, delicately as the dark snow / A fox's nose touches twig, leaf". The commas slow the line, imitating the careful, hesitant movement of the animal, and the tiny details of "twig, leaf" make us focus on each small touch. The phrase "Two eyes serve a movement" is fascinating, because the fox is broken down into parts, as though the idea is still not whole. Then Hughes uses repetition and enjambment brilliantly: "that now / And again now, and now, and now / Sets neat prints into the snow". The repeated "now" imitates the rhythm of footsteps and the tick of the clock, and the enjambment across the stanza break makes us move forward with the fox, pausing and continuing. The "neat prints" in the snow are also, I think, the words appearing on the page, the prints of the poem being written.

The fourth stanza blurs the fox and its shadow. Hughes describes how "warily a lame / Shadow lags by stump and in hollow / Of a body that is bold to come", and the run-on across the next stanza break into "Across clearings" mirrors the fox crossing from one space to another. The contrast between "warily" and "bold" captures the creature's mixture of caution and confidence, which is perhaps also the poet's own uncertainty as the idea grows stronger.

In the fifth stanza the image intensifies. The fox becomes simply "an eye, / A widening deepening greenness", the present participles suggesting something swelling and coming closer until it fills the vision. The adverbs "Brilliantly,

Question number

concentratedly" are long and emphatic, giving the moment a dazzling intensity, while "Coming about its own business" reminds us that inspiration has its own will; the poet cannot force it.

The climax comes in the final stanza: "Till, with a sudden sharp hot stink of fox / It enters the dark hole of the head." After all the soft, careful sounds, this line is full of harsh monosyllables and sibilance, "sudden sharp", and it appeals to smell and heat. The shock is physical and real, which is how Hughes conveys the sudden arrival of an idea. The fox enters the head, and the forest, the darkness and the mind become one. The last two lines return calmly to the room: "The window is starless still; the clock ticks, / The page is printed." Nothing outside has changed, but the blank page is now full. The short, flat final sentence is powerful because it is so quiet: the poem we have just read is the fox's prints.

Overall, Hughes uses sound, rhythm, enjambment and one sustained, living image to make the mysterious process of creation feel like the stalking of a wild animal. The poem is powerful because it does not explain inspiration but lets us experience it.

7 This passage is a turning point, and what makes it so vivid is its irony. The elders of Mbanta think they are getting rid of the missionaries when they offer them land, yet the very trick meant to destroy the newcomers becomes the source of their power. Achebe tells the episode largely from the clan's point of view, with its confident laughter and its certainty about the gods, so that we watch that certainty slowly crumble as the missionaries survive and the converts begin to come.

Question number

The passage opens with a proposal that sounds generous but is really a challenge: "Let us give them a portion of the Evil Forest." The word "portion" sounds like a gift, but the place itself is a sentence of death. Achebe has already established that the Evil Forest is where the clan buries those who die of terrible diseases and where the dangerous fetishes of great medicine men are thrown away, a place the clan believes is full of sinister and dark powers. The elders' reasoning is shrewd and humorous. Since the missionaries boast that they have conquered death, the elders decide to give them a real battlefield on which to prove it. The council's amusement, and their delight at their own cleverness, make the scene feel almost like a folk tale in which the trickster is certain of victory. Achebe lets the reader share the joke while sensing that it may backfire.

The missionaries' response is a key moment. Rather than being frightened, they accept the land with joy and immediately begin to clear part of the forest and build their house of worship. Achebe's narration here is brisk and practical, which contrasts with the clan's mystical expectations. The white men simply set to work, and their calm, almost ordinary industry suggests a power that does not depend on fear of the gods.

Achebe then builds suspense through time. The people of Mbanta expect the missionaries to be dead within a few days, and the narrative counts the days with them as they wait. Each day that passes without a death becomes another small defeat for the clan's beliefs. The structure of delayed expectation is very effective: we feel the village holding its breath, and when nothing happens the anticlimax is itself a kind of revelation. The villagers begin to explain the survival in their own terms, and Achebe reports the rumours that spread, such as the idea that the white man's fetish had extraordinary power or that he could see and talk to evil spirits. This gently ironic treatment shows how the missionaries' authority grows

Question number

not through argument but through being seen to defy the gods without punishment.

Power, Achebe suggests, is measured by followers, and the passage ends by showing the church gaining them. The missionaries win more converts, and the closing sentence is deliberately short and weighty: "And for the first time they had a woman." Its position at the end of the passage gives it the force of a milestone. Achebe goes on to reveal that she is Nneka, a pregnant wife who had borne several sets of twins that had been thrown away, and so the reader understands why the new faith appeals to her. The church offers a refuge to those whom the clan's customs have wounded or excluded, and this explains how its power spreads from within the community rather than by force.

Achebe's method throughout is restrained. He does not condemn either side outright; the clan's humour and confidence are presented with affection, while the missionaries' success is reported with a dry, almost neutral tone. This balance makes the moment more unsettling, because we see a stable world beginning to lose its certainties. The markers of passing time and the steady accumulation of small events make the shift seem gradual and almost unnoticed, which is precisely how the missionaries gain their hold.

Ultimately the passage vividly conveys how the missionaries become powerful by turning the clan's own beliefs against it. The Evil Forest, meant to be their grave, becomes their foundation, and the arrival of the first woman suggests that the church will now take root in families. For a reader who knows what follows, including Nwoye's conversion, the moment is full of foreboding: things are beginning to fall apart.

Question number

8

Ekwefi is one of the few characters in Things Fall Apart whose inner life Achebe lets us share, and that is a large part of why she is so likeable. In a novel dominated by Okonkwo's fierce, fearful masculinity, she stands for passion, courage and a tender, almost stubborn love. Achebe makes her sympathetic by giving her a painful history, a lively, independent spirit and, above all, a devoted relationship with her daughter Ezinma, so that she offers the reader a warmer view of Igbo life than her husband can.

Achebe first makes Ekwefi appealing through her romantic past. We learn that as the village beauty she fell in love with Okonkwo when he threw Amalinze the Cat in the famous wrestling match, but because he was too poor to pay her bride price she married another man. Two years later she simply ran away to Okonkwo, knocking on his door one morning. This brief story, told almost in passing, reveals a woman who follows her heart and has the courage to defy convention. It also makes her later life more poignant, since the man she risked so much for treats her harshly. Her love of wrestling, which still makes her excited during the festival, shows that she has kept something of that youthful spirit.

Her suffering makes us pity her deeply. Achebe tells us that Ekwefi bore ten children and nine of them died in infancy, usually before they were three. The repetition of loss is presented with restraint, but its effect is devastating, and Achebe explains how her despair grew until she stopped greeting each new baby with hope, giving her children names that expressed her grief. When the medicine man Okagbue digs up Ezinma's iyi-uwa, Ekwefi's anxiety and dawning relief are shown through her watching silently, and we share her fear that her only surviving child will be taken from her. The reader admires her for continuing to love despite such repeated pain.

Question number

Achebe also makes Ekwefi likeable by showing her spirit in the face of Okonkwo's violence. During the Feast of the New Yam, after he has beaten her for cutting a few leaves from a banana tree, she mutters something about guns that never shoot. It is a small, sharp joke, and it shows a wit and boldness that the other wives lack. Okonkwo's response, firing at her and missing, is terrifying, and the contrast between his explosive temper and her quick tongue makes her the more human figure.

Most of all, it is her bond with Ezinma that endears her. Achebe presents the relationship as unusually equal and affectionate: Ezinma calls her mother by her name, Ekwefi, rather than by the usual word for mother, and the two share secrets, such as the eggs Ekwefi cooks for her in private although children are forbidden to eat them. In Chapter II she tells Ezinma the folk tale of the Tortoise and the birds as they sit in the dark, and the warmth of storytelling contrasts with Okonkwo's "masculine" stories of violence. When Ezinma falls ill with iba, it is Ekwefi who wakes Okonkwo in the night in terror, and Achebe's detail of her watching anxiously over the pot of medicine Okonkwo prepares conveys her total devotion.

The climax of her role is the night when the priestess Chielo carries Ezinma away to the cave of Agbala. Although Chielo warns her not to follow, and although she is terrified of the dark and of the god, Ekwefi follows anyway, stumbling through the bush for hours. Achebe slows the narrative here, using the darkness, the sound of Chielo's chanting and Ekwefi's exhaustion to build suspense, and we see her maternal love as a form of bravery that matches any warrior's. She even resolves to go into the cave if she hears Ezinma cry. The quiet moment when she finds Okonkwo behind her, having come to look for them, also softens him and reminds us of their old love.

Question number

Ultimately Ekwefi is likeable because she is loving, brave and spirited in a world which gives women little power. Achebe uses her to show the tenderness and humour within Igbo family life, and through her eyes the reader feels the cost of Okonkwo's harshness. She is perhaps the novel's emotional heart.

10 Desai makes the contrast between Nanda Kaul and Ila Das compelling because it is not a simple opposition of strong and weak, or dignified and ridiculous. On the surface Nanda is stately, composed and remote, while Ila is shabby, shrill and comic. Yet as the novel unfolds Desai quietly reverses our sympathies: the woman who has retreated from life turns out to be living on lies, while the absurd little figure who keeps going out into the world has genuine courage. The tension between how they appear and what they are is what gives the contrast its power.

Desai first presents Nanda as a woman who has deliberately stripped her life down. At Carignano she wants nothing and no one; the bare house on the ridge, the pine trees and the empty hillside reflect her chosen isolation, and even the arrival of her great-granddaughter Raka is felt as an intrusion. Nanda's dignity is expressed through stillness and silence, and her past as the wife of a Vice-Chancellor, presiding over a crowded household, gives her a grand public status. Ila Das, by contrast, enters the novel as a voice before she is a person: her telephone call is all noise, a high, cracked voice that Nanda finds almost physically painful to listen to. Desai's choice to introduce her through sound rather than sight makes her seem grotesque, and we share Nanda's wince.

When Ila arrives for tea the comedy deepens, but so does the pathos. Desai lingers on her shrunken, untidy appearance, her outdated clothes and her eager, chattering

Question number

manner, and Raka watches her with a child's fascinated embarrassment. Yet the details of Ila's history, told through Nanda's memory, change the tone entirely. She was born into a wealthy family, educated and accomplished, but her father's extravagance and her brothers' wasted lives left her and her mother with nothing. Ila has had to earn a living in humble, ill-paid jobs, and now works as a welfare officer among the villagers below the hill, living alone in a poor hut. Where Nanda has withdrawn from the world, Ila, with far less, has gone out into it. Desai makes us feel uncomfortable at how easily we laughed.

The contrast is sharpened by their attitudes to the past. Nanda is guarded and proud, and when the two old women reminisce she is visibly irritated and ashamed, both of Ila's poverty and of the reminder of a shared history she would rather forget. Ila, on the other hand, remembers with affection and gratitude, holding onto memories of old friendship as something precious. It is striking that the woman who appears so self-sufficient is the one who cannot bear intimacy, while the one who appears pitiful is warm and open. Desai's free indirect narration lets us inhabit Nanda's mind, so we see both her impatience and her flickers of guilt, and this makes the contrast psychologically subtle rather than schematic.

Ila's work in the villages brings out her moral courage. She tries to persuade the villagers to give up child marriage, and her determination to stop Preet Singh from marrying his young daughter to an old man shows that she will not simply accept injustice, however powerless she seems. Her brutal rape and murder on the dark path home is all the more shocking because Desai has made her so frail and so brave.

The final contrast comes in Nanda's response to the news. The telephone, which first brought Ila's grating voice, now brings the police officer's report of her death,

Question number

and Nanda's composure collapses. In this moment the stories she has told Raka about her father, her happy marriage and her adventurous childhood are exposed as fantasies; we learn that her husband had a long affair and that her life was never the serene one she presented. Nanda's isolation is revealed as a defence against pain, whereas Ila, who never pretended, has lived honestly. As Raka announces that she has set the forest on fire, Desai leaves us with a powerful sense that the contrast between the two women has been a contrast between a life of withdrawal and a life of engagement, and that Ila, so easily mocked, was the braver of the two.

11 Dickens portrays Pip and Estella's final meeting as a quiet, autumnal reconciliation in which both characters have been changed by suffering. The drama of earlier scenes at Satis House, with its cruelty, pride and longing, gives way to gentleness, restraint and a carefully ambiguous hope. What is most striking is how much is conveyed through tone, setting and silence rather than through declarations of love.

The opening paragraph presents Estella through Pip's loving but altered gaze. He admits that "the freshness of Estella's beauty was indeed gone", yet the repetition of "indescribable" insists that something deeper, "majesty" and "charm", remains. Dickens then uses a carefully balanced structure, "what I had never seen before... what I had never felt before", to mark the change in her. The paired phrases "the once proud eyes" and "the once insensible hand" are especially moving: the word "once" quietly dismisses the cold girl who mocked his "coarse hands", and the "friendly touch" reverses the scenes in which she let him kiss her cheek as a careless reward to a common boy. The alliterative "saddened softened light" suggests that sorrow has made her human.

Question number

The setting adds to the poignancy. They meet on the site of Satis House, "here where our first meeting was", so the ending circles back to the beginning and invites us to measure how far both have travelled. The exchange "I have never been here since." / "Nor I." is strikingly brief; the clipped dialogue shows two people who share a past too painful to speak of at length. Dickens then slows the scene with the repeated sentence "The moon began to rise", which frames Pip's memories of Magwitch's death, "the placid look at the white ceiling" and the pressure on his hand. This repetition gives the passage an almost elegiac rhythm, and it reminds us that Pip's real moral education came through his love for the convict rather than through his expectations.

Estella's tears are presented with great delicacy. The moonlight "touched the tears that dropped from her eyes", and the verb "touched" links her to the "friendly touch" of her hand, as if the natural world is softening her too. She tries "to get the better of them", which shows that she still has her pride, but now it is a dignified self-control rather than contempt. Her remark that the ground is "the only possession I have not relinquished" suggests both loss and endurance, and her description of "the wretched years" hints at the cruelty of Drummle without needing to name him.

The emotional climax lies in Estella's confession. Her admission that she had thrown away something "when I was quite ignorant of its worth" is a moving recognition of the love she once scorned. Her plea that Pip should repeat "God bless you, God forgive you!" echoes his own words at their earlier parting, and Dickens uses this echo to show that Pip's generosity has finally taught her what a heart is. The most memorable line is her claim that "suffering has been stronger than all other teaching", followed by the image of being "bent and broken, but"

Question number

reshaped "into a better shape". The metaphor recalls the forge, where iron is beaten into use, and suggests that Estella, like Pip, has been remade through pain.

Even so, Dickens keeps the ending restrained. Pip's reply, "You have always held your place in my heart", is simple and sincere, but Estella speaks only of being "friends apart". The repetition of "friends" seems to hold romance at arm's length, and yet Pip, "rising and bending over her", is tender and protective.

The final paragraph is deliberately ambiguous. Dickens links "the morning mists" of Pip's departure from the forge to "the evening mists" now, giving the novel a satisfying circular shape. The phrase "broad expanse of tranquil light" suggests peace and openness, but the double negative in "I saw the shadow of no parting from her" is hesitant: it is a hope, seen through mist, rather than a certainty. This makes the meeting striking because it rewards both characters with peace while leaving the reader, like Pip, to trust a future that is gently implied rather than promised.

12 Dickens makes Herbert Pocket admirable by setting his simple goodness against the snobbery, greed and self-deception that surround Pip. In a novel full of people who use others, Herbert gives without calculation, and Dickens presents him with such warmth and gentle comedy that he becomes the clearest model of the true gentleman Pip is slow to become.

From his first appearance Herbert is endearing. As the "pale young gentleman" who challenges Pip to a fight in the garden at Satis House, he is absurdly formal, insisting on rules and preparing himself with elaborate ceremony, then being knocked down again and again. Dickens makes the scene comic, yet what we

Question number

remember is Herbert's good humour: he gets up each time, bears no grudge and cheerfully acknowledges that Pip has won. The episode establishes qualities that never change, a lack of malice, a sense of fair play and a resilience that matches his slight physical strength. It is telling that Pip, not Herbert, feels guilty afterwards.

When they meet again at Barnard's Inn, Dickens uses the recognition to show Herbert's generosity of spirit. He laughs at the coincidence instead of resenting it, and he speaks openly about having been taken to Satis House as a possible suitor for Estella, admitting without bitterness that he did not please Miss Havisham. His decision to rename Pip "Handel", after the piece of music about a blacksmith, is a lovely touch. It shows his affectionate playfulness, but it also quietly refuses to let Pip forget the forge, as if Herbert values the honest past that Pip is trying to escape.

Dickens makes Herbert's tact especially admirable. When he corrects Pip's table manners, he does so lightly and kindly, presenting each correction as a casual remark so that Pip is never humiliated. This contrasts sharply with Estella's scorn for Pip's "coarse hands" and with the sneering of Bentley Drummle. Herbert also tells Pip the history of Miss Havisham, her jilting and her brother Arthur, with frankness and without gossipy relish, which gives the reader vital information while showing his honesty. Pip himself observes that Herbert is incapable of anything mean or secret, and Dickens lets his conduct prove the point.

His admirable qualities are made more striking by his circumstances. The Pocket household is chaotic, with Mrs Pocket absorbed in her book of titles while the children tumble about unattended, yet Herbert emerges from it cheerful and decent. He is poor and talks with comic optimism about "looking about" him for

Question number

opportunities and becoming an insurer of ships, and Dickens gently mocks these hopeless ambitions. However, the humour never diminishes him. His faithful love for Clara Barley, whom he cannot afford to marry and whose bad-tempered invalid father he tolerates, shows patience and constancy. Pip's secret arrangement to buy him a partnership at Clarriker's is one of Pip's best actions, and it is significant that it is inspired by Herbert's goodness.

Herbert is most admirable in the crises of the later novel. When Magwitch returns, Herbert shares Pip's horror, yet he does not abandon his friend; he helps hide the convict, listens to his story and joins the dangerous plan to row him down the river. After Pip is badly burned rescuing Miss Havisham, Herbert tenderly dresses his wounds, and Dickens places the revelation of Estella's parentage in this scene of care, as if truth can only be faced within friendship. Finally, he offers Pip a place with him abroad when Pip has lost everything.

Dickens therefore makes Herbert admirable not through heroic deeds but through constant, everyday kindness. He is loyal, honest and modest, and he never confuses money with worth. Through him, Dickens suggests that true gentility lies in the heart, which is precisely the lesson Pip has to learn through suffering.

14 Du Maurier makes Frank Crawley admirable in a quiet, unglamorous way. In a novel dominated by the dazzling, destructive figure of Rebecca and by the intense, unstable emotions of Maxim, Mrs Danvers and Favell, Frank stands for decency, loyalty and discretion. Seen through the eyes of the anxious young narrator, who feels judged by everyone at Manderley, his steady kindness becomes something precious, and du Maurier uses him to show that the virtues the world finds dull may be the ones that matter most.

Question number

Du Maurier first presents Frank as unremarkable. Maxim's agent is shy, thin and rather awkward, a bachelor who lives modestly near the estate office and seems to have little life of his own beyond his work. The narrator, who herself feels plain and insignificant, recognises in him a fellow outsider in the grand world of Manderley, and her affection for him grows from this. Du Maurier's choice to make him so ordinary is important: in a house where Rebecca's glamour lingers in every room, Frank's lack of glamour signals that he is trustworthy.

His kindness to the narrator is shown through small, attentive actions. Where Mrs Danvers frightens her and the servants watch her mistakes, Frank is patient and courteous, treating her with respect as the new Mrs de Winter. When she nervously questions him about the past, he responds with great tact. He is clearly uncomfortable, and du Maurier makes us feel his struggle between honesty and loyalty, but he does not lie. When she asks whether Rebecca was beautiful, he admits that she was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen, an answer that wounds the narrator but also shows Frank's honesty. Crucially, he then encourages her to let the past go and suggests that qualities such as kindness, sincerity and modesty are worth far more to a husband than wit and beauty. This is a gentle act of reassurance, and it is admirable because it is offered to someone who badly needs it, by someone who gains nothing from saying it.

Du Maurier also makes Frank admirable through his loyalty to Maxim. He runs the estate faithfully, defends his employer and refuses to gossip, and his reticence about Rebecca now seems like protectiveness rather than coldness. When Maxim later confesses, we learn that Rebecca had tried to tempt Frank and that he had been so troubled that he wanted to leave Manderley. In retrospect, Frank's embarrassment whenever Rebecca is mentioned takes on new meaning. Du Maurier

Question number

uses this delayed revelation to deepen our respect for him: he resisted her when others did not, and he kept silent to spare Maxim pain. Unlike Favell, who exploits Rebecca's memory for money and revenge, Frank's discretion is a form of moral integrity.

In the final crisis Frank's steadiness becomes even more valuable. When the boat is found and Favell threatens Maxim, Frank remains calm and supportive, and he stands by Maxim through the inquest and its aftermath. Although we may suspect that he guesses more than he says, du Maurier never lets him betray his friend. His silence here is ambiguous, perhaps morally troubling, but it is consistent with the loyalty that defines him, and the narrator clearly sees it as a source of strength.

Du Maurier's use of a first-person narrator is central to the way Frank is presented. Because the narrator is so insecure and so ready to see herself as inferior to Rebecca, she notices and treasures every sign of kindness, and her grateful descriptions colour our view of him. Frank becomes a touchstone of goodness in a novel full of deception and obsession. Through him, du Maurier suggests that the quiet virtues Rebecca lacked, honesty, modesty and faithfulness, are the truly admirable ones, even if they are easy to overlook.

15 Lee builds tension at this moment by trapping the reader inside Scout's limited senses. The walk home from the pageant should be safe and familiar, a short stroll across a school yard the children have crossed many times, but Lee turns it into a slow, frightening journey in which darkness, sound and the children's uncertainty work together. Because we already know that Bob Ewell has sworn revenge on Atticus, every small detail becomes charged with dread, even though

Question number

Scout herself does not yet fully understand the danger.

The opening sentence immediately establishes the threat of darkness. The adjective "black" makes the familiar school yard strange and hostile, and the image of the children "straining to see our feet" shows how completely they have lost their bearings. The verb "straining" suggests effort and anxiety, and the fact that they cannot even see their own feet emphasises how vulnerable they are. Lee's choice of a night with no moonlight removes the reader's sight as well as Scout's, so we are forced, like her, to rely on hearing.

Lee intensifies this by placing Scout inside her ham costume. The comic costume from the pageant, which earlier made the evening seem light-hearted, now becomes a cage: it restricts her movement and her vision, and she depends on Jem's guidance. This contrast between the comedy of the pageant and the menace of the walk is a key source of tension, because Lee has lulled us into a sense of security before snatching it away. The fact that the children have just been teased by Cecil Jacobs jumping out at them earlier in the evening also makes them, and us, uncertain whether this new noise is another prank or something far worse.

Sound is Lee's main method in this passage. The children stop and listen, and the narrative rhythm slows with them. Lee uses the pattern of movement and silence to create suspense: the footsteps behind them seem to stop when the children stop and to move when they move, which suggests that someone is deliberately following them. Jem's protective commands to Scout, and his attempts to stay calm, reveal that he is more frightened than he admits, and the reader senses his fear through his growing urgency. Scout, as narrator, reports these moments in short, plain statements, and this simplicity is unsettling because it reflects a

Question number

child's attempt to make sense of something she cannot see.

The final lines are the most chilling. Scout realises that "what I thought were trees rustling" was in fact human movement, and this correction is deeply disturbing: the natural, harmless noise she had assumed turns out to be a person close behind them. The detail that "Whoever it was wore thick cotton pants" is precise and physical, yet the pronoun "Whoever" keeps the figure faceless, which makes it more menacing. The onomatopoeia of "wheek, wheek" is especially effective. It is an odd, almost childish sound, but its repetition "with every step" creates a steady, relentless rhythm, like a heartbeat or a clock counting down, so the reader feels the attacker drawing nearer. The phrase "the soft swish of cotton on cotton" uses sibilance to mimic the whispering sound, and the softness of the noise is more frightening than a loud one would be, because it suggests stealth.

Lee's use of retrospective first-person narration also adds to the tension. The adult Scout knows what is about to happen, but she chooses to tell the story from the child's limited point of view, withholding the identity of the follower and the outcome. This creates dramatic irony, since we suspect Bob Ewell while Scout and Jem are still unsure. The tension is therefore built not only from what the children hear but from what the reader fears.

Overall, Lee builds tension by transforming an ordinary setting into a place of danger, by limiting sight and heightening sound, and by slowing the narrative to the pace of the children's cautious steps. The moment prepares us for the violent climax of the novel, and makes the arrival of Boo Radley as their rescuer all the more powerful.

Question number	
16	Lee creates striking impressions of Maycomb by presenting it as a town of two faces. On the surface it is sleepy, slow and almost comically old-fashioned, a place of porches, gossip and long hot afternoons seen through a child's eyes. Beneath this, however, Lee reveals a community bound by rigid hierarchies, prejudice and fear. The power of her portrayal lies in the way Scout's narration moves from affectionate nostalgia to a sharper, more troubling understanding of the town she loves. The opening description of Maycomb is unforgettable. Scout tells us it "was an old town, but it was a tired old town when I first knew it", and the repetition of "old town" with the added "tired" gives the place a weary, drooping quality. Lee develops this through heat: men's stiff collars wilt early in the morning, and the ladies, bathing before noon and again after their naps, end the day "like soft teacakes with frostings of sweat and sweet talc". The simile is gently comic and affectionate, but it also suggests a society that is soft, decorative and unwilling to move. The famous claim that there was "nowhere to go, nothing to buy and no money to buy it with" uses a rhythmic list to capture both poverty and inertia. Even time seems slow; the day felt longer than twenty-four hours. Lee makes Maycomb feel like a world suspended, cut off from change. Lee then fills the town with distinctive characters who embody its quirks. Gossip turns the Radley Place into a site of legend, and the children's games about Boo show how the town's rumours shape the imagination of the young. Miss Maudie, with her garden and her sharp humour, represents Maycomb at its best, tolerant and wise, while Mrs Dubose, with her savage tongue, shows its harsher side. Aunt Alexandra's obsession with heredity and "Fine Folks" reveals the town's fixation on family and status, and Lee mocks this gently through Scout's confusion. These portraits create a vivid, crowded sense of community in which everyone knows

Question number

everyone else's business.

The trial transforms our impression of Maycomb. On the day of the trial the whole county pours into town as if for a festival, and Lee's description of picnicking crowds makes the event seem almost carnival-like, which is disturbing given that a man's life is at stake. The segregation of the courtroom, with Black spectators confined to the gallery, makes the town's racial divisions visible. Most strikingly, the jury convicts Tom Robinson despite Atticus's proof of his innocence, and Lee lets Scout and Jem's disbelief express the reader's own. Atticus's insistence that the courtroom is the one place where a man should receive a fair deal makes the verdict a damning judgement on the town. Jem's bitter realisation that the people he trusted are capable of such injustice marks the loss of his childhood view of Maycomb.

Lee is careful, though, not to make the town simply evil. The mob at the jail, which seems so threatening, is dispersed when Scout innocently speaks to Mr Cunningham about his son, and this scene suggests that ordinary decency can be reawakened even in a hostile crowd. Miss Maudie points out that the jury took hours to decide, which she sees as a small step forward. The missionary circle tea is satirical, as Mrs Merriweather pities distant Africans while sneering at Maycomb's own Black citizens, yet the same chapter shows Aunt Alexandra and Miss Maudie quietly supporting Atticus. Lee shows a community capable of both cruelty and kindness.

The ending leaves a final complex impression. Heck Tate's decision to say that Bob Ewell fell on his knife protects Boo Radley from the town's attention, and Lee suggests that Maycomb's informal codes can sometimes be merciful. When Scout stands on the Radley porch and sees the street as Boo has seen it, the familiar

Question number

town appears in a new light. Through this shifting perspective, Lee makes Maycomb striking because it is both a cherished home and a place whose flaws must be faced honestly.

19 This is a powerful moment because Wells allows humanity its first real victory over the Martians and then snatches it away almost at once. The passage moves from triumph to terror within a few paragraphs, and Wells makes the reader experience that reversal through the narrator's body: we are plunged into scalding water, deafened, half-blinded by steam, and left with the sense that even a success only reveals how helpless people are.

The opening sentence is an eruption of noise and matter. The "violent explosion" sends up "a spout of water, steam, / mud, and shattered metal", and the list piles natural and mechanical debris together, so that the Martian machine is literally broken into the landscape. Wells then turns the river itself into a weapon: the wave is "like a muddy tidal bore but almost scaldingly / hot". The simile begins with something familiar from English rivers and then makes it monstrous, and the qualification "almost scaldingly" makes the threat physical and immediate. Even the human cost is muffled: the people's "screaming and shouting" can be heard only "faintly", drowned out by the "seething and roar" of the collapse. That detail is unsettling, because human suffering is literally made smaller than the noise of the machine.

The narrator's reaction adds to the intensity. He confesses that he "forgot the patent need / of self-preservation" and pushes "aside a man in black" to see the fallen Martian. I find this a striking admission: curiosity overrides fear and even ordinary decency, and Wells suggests the strange, almost hypnotic pull of the

Question number

Martians on human attention. The image of "Half a / dozen deserted boats" that "pitched aimlessly" also hints at the abandonment of normal life, a small picture of a civilisation already in flight.

The most memorable writing describes the dying machine. Seen "intermittently and vaguely" through steam, its "gigantic limbs" churn the water and the "tentacles swayed and struck like living arms". Wells blurs the line between machine and creature, and the comparison "as if some wounded thing were struggling for its life" invites a flicker of pity. Yet the phrase "helpless purposelessness" undercuts it: the movement is mechanical, without mind, now that the Martian inside is dead. The "ruddy-brown fluid" spurting "in noisy jets" is grotesque, half oil and half blood, and the colour may remind the reader of the red planet. Calling it a "death flurry" gives the moment a sense of sacrifice and climax.

Wells then turns the scene on its head. The "furious yelling" of the Martians is compared to "a siren in our manufacturing towns", an ironic image which links the invaders with the industrial power Victorian Britain was so proud of, as if the Martians are a more advanced version of ourselves. The other Martians advance "with gigantic strides", and the flat, almost bitter sentence "The Shepperton guns / spoke this time unavailingly" tells us that the earlier luck will not be repeated. The narrator's escape under water, "holding my breath until / movement was an agony", is told in long, struggling sentences that make the reader share his breathlessness, while the water grows "hotter", turning refuge into danger.

When he surfaces, the Martians appear as "colossal figures of grey, magnified by the mist", ghostly and godlike. Two are "stooping over" their fallen "comrade", and this quietly disturbing detail gives them loyalty and feeling, which makes them

Question number

more frightening, not less. The final paragraph is an assault of sound, from the "clangorous din" to the "crash of falling houses" and the "crackling and roaring / of fire", and the harsh consonants make the reader hear the destruction. The last image is perhaps the most chilling: the "nearer houses" stand "awaiting / their fate, shadowy, faint, and pallid", personified like victims in a queue. Wells ends not on the Martian's death but on the helplessness of an English town, so the moment is powerful because it shows that one small victory changes nothing about humanity's terrible vulnerability.

20

Wells's narrator is striking precisely because he is so ordinary. He is unnamed, a speculative writer from Woking, working on papers about the future of moral ideas, with a wife, a house and a comfortable routine, and Wells uses him as a lens through which a confident Victorian reader watches his own certainties collapse. What makes the portrayal memorable is the doubleness of his voice: he is both the frightened man running through Surrey and the calm, reflective survivor writing years later, and the tension between the two tells us how deeply the invasion has changed him.

From the opening Wells establishes the retrospective voice. The famous first sentence, beginning "No one would have believed", is spoken by a man who now knows what his earlier self did not, and his ironic description of humanity going about its affairs with "infinite complacency" includes himself. Early on he is curious rather than afraid. He looks at Mars through Ogilvy's telescope, joins the crowd on Horsell Common, and even when the cylinder lands he treats it as a fascinating event. Wells makes this curiosity a little uncomfortable: the narrator, like the crowd, assumes humanity is in control, and the reader, warned by the opening, sees the danger he does not.

Question number

The Heat-Ray changes everything, and Wells portrays the narrator's terror with startling honesty. He flees across the common in blind panic, and he admits that his fear was physical and uncontrollable rather than heroic. I find it striking that Wells gives us a narrator who confesses cowardice and confusion, because it makes him more believable than a conventional adventure hero. Yet he is also capable of tenderness and responsibility: he hires the dog-cart and drives his wife to safety at Leatherhead, and his love for her runs through the novel as the human feeling he clings to.

Wells also portrays him through contrast with other characters. Beside the curate he appears rational and practical. The curate interprets the invasion as divine punishment and sinks into hysteria in the ruined house, while the narrator tries to ration food and observe the Martians scientifically. However, Wells does not let him stay superior. Trapped for days beside the pit, he grows brutal, and finally he strikes the curate with the butt of the cleaver to silence him. The narrator's own guilt about this, and his uncertainty about it afterwards, is one of the most disturbing parts of the novel, because it shows that the civilised man can become desperate and violent under pressure. Similarly, the artilleryman on Putney Hill first impresses him with bold plans for survival underground, but the narrator soon sees that these dreams are idle talk, and his decision to leave shows his growing clear-sightedness.

The most powerful moments are those where Wells lets the narrator recognise humanity's diminished place. Watching from hiding, he describes feeling "a sense of dethronement", the realisation that he was no longer a master but "an animal among the animals, under the Martian heel". This is a remarkable shift for a man who began the book as a confident observer, and Wells uses it to unsettle his

Question number

readers, who were used to thinking of Britain as the dominant power in the world. The narrator even compares human treatment of other creatures with the Martians' treatment of us, inviting the reader to see the invasion as an uncomfortable mirror.

At the end Wells portrays him as broken and strangely alone. Wandering through a deserted London, he is so overwhelmed that he walks towards the Martians almost wishing for death, only to find them already dead, destroyed by bacteria. His reaction is a mixture of relief, awe and exhaustion, and he suffers a breakdown and has to be cared for by strangers. His return to Woking and reunion with his wife is quietly moving, but it is not a triumphant ending. In the epilogue he admits that the experience has left him with lasting doubt and insecurity, and he describes moments when the busy streets around him seem ghostly and unreal.

Wells therefore portrays the narrator strikingly as an everyman whose confidence is stripped away. He is curious, fearful, loving, occasionally cruel and finally humbled, and through his honest, reflective voice Wells makes the reader feel that the real damage done by the Martians is not only to buildings and towns but to humanity's belief in its own security.

22 Atwood creates mystery in When it Happens by refusing to tell us the one thing we most want to know: what "it" is. The title itself is built around an undefined pronoun, and the whole story circles that blank. Mrs Burridge's ordinary life on the farm is described in calm, precise detail, while the catastrophe she fears is never named, so the reader is drawn into the same uneasy guessing that consumes her.

The opening is deliberately domestic. Mrs Burridge is putting up green tomato

Question number

pickle, a seasonal task she has inherited from the women before her, and Atwood lingers on jars, shelves and kitchen routines. This homely surface is the first source of mystery, because the story's title makes us read every peaceful detail with suspicion. The present tense keeps us close to her thoughts, and slowly we realise that the pickles are not simply a hobby: stocking the shelves feels like preparation for something, a kind of quiet stockpiling against a future she will not put into words.

Much of the mystery comes from Atwood's use of tense. The story moves between what Mrs Burridge is doing now and what she imagines will happen "when it happens", and the future scenes are narrated with such certainty that they almost feel like memories. She pictures what she will pack, how she will leave the house, what she will do with the car and the gun, and where she might go. The calm, practical tone of these plans is unsettling. It suggests a woman who has rehearsed disaster many times in her head, and it leaves the reader unsure where reality ends and fantasy begins.

Atwood also builds mystery through hints and absences. Mrs Burridge picks up small signs from the world around her: news on the radio she does not quite trust, changes in prices and shortages, and a vague sense that people are no longer telling the truth. None of these is explained, and the gaps make them more ominous. Her husband Frank becomes part of the puzzle. She senses that he is worried too but that neither of them will say so, and their silence with each other mirrors the story's silence about the threat. I find this one of the most disturbing elements, because it suggests that the real danger may be how isolated people become when they cannot share their fears.

Her imagined future is frightening precisely because it is fragmentary. She

Question number

imagines Frank gone, the familiar community broken down, and strangers on the move, but Atwood gives no explanation of war, invasion or collapse. The vagueness lets the reader project their own anxieties onto the story, which perhaps explains why it still feels unsettling today. The domestic details she plans to save, warm clothes, food and matches, are small and humble, and they make the vast, unnamed catastrophe feel all the more overwhelming.

The ending deepens rather than resolves the mystery. In her imagined future Mrs Burridge sees a man approaching, and she cannot tell whether he means help or harm. Atwood stops at the point of decision, so we never learn what she does or whether "it" has even begun. Returning us to her present only makes the uncertainty sharper, because we are left watching an ordinary woman in her kitchen, wondering, as she does, whether her fears are madness or foresight.

Atwood therefore creates mystery through an unnamed threat, a shifting between present and imagined future, unexplained signs, and an open ending. The effect is that the reader does not simply observe Mrs Burridge's anxiety but shares it, and the story's power lies in what it leaves unsaid.