Pearson Edexcel International GCSE

Tuesday 7 January 2020

Afternoon (Time: 2 hours) | Paper Reference **4ET1/01**

English Literature

Paper 1: Poetry and Modern Prose
Poetry Booklet – Part 3 of the Edexcel Anthology

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If –

If you can keep your head when all about you
    Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
    But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
    Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
    And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream – and not make dreams your master;
    If you can think – and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
    And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
    Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
    And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
    And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
    And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
    To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
    Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
    Or walk with Kings – nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
    If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
    With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
    And – which is more – you'll be a Man, my son!

Rudyard Kipling

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Prayer Before Birth

I am not yet born; O hear me.
Let not the bloodsucking bat or the rat or the stoat or the
club-footed ghoul come near me.

I am not yet born, console me.
I fear that the human race may with tall walls wall me,
with strong drugs dope me, with wise lies lure me,
on black racks rack me, in blood-baths roll me.

I am not yet born; provide me
With water to dandle me, grass to grow for me, trees to talk
to me, sky to sing to me, birds and a white light
in the back of my mind to guide me.

I am not yet born; forgive me
For the sins that in me the world shall commit, my words
when they speak me, my thoughts when they think me,
my treason engendered by traitors beyond me,
my life when they murder by means of my
hands, my death when they live me.

I am not yet born; rehearse me
In the parts I must play and the cues I must take when
old men lecture me, bureaucrats hector me, mountains
frown at me, lovers laugh at me, the white
waves call me to folly and the desert calls
me to doom and the beggar refuses
my gift and my children curse me.

I am not yet born; O hear me,
Let not the man who is beast or who thinks he is God
come near me.

I am not yet born; O fill me
With strength against those who would freeze my
humanity, would dragoon me into a lethal automaton,
would make me a cog in a machine, a thing with
one face, a thing, and against all those
who would dissipate my entirety, would
blow me like thistledown hither and
thither or hither and thither
like water held in the
hands would spill me.

Let them not make me a stone and let them not spill me.
Otherwise kill me.

Louis MacNeice

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Blessing

The skin cracks like a pod.
There never is enough water.

Imagine the drip of it,
the small splash, echo
in a tin mug,
the voice of a kindly god.

Sometimes, the sudden rush
of fortune. The municipal pipe bursts,
silver crashes to the ground
and the flow has found
a roar of tongues. From the huts,
a congregation: every man woman
child for streets around
butts in, with pots,
brass, copper, aluminium,
plastic buckets,
frantic hands,

and naked children
screaming in the liquid sun,
their highlights polished to perfection,
flashing light,
as the blessing sings
over their small bones.

Imtiaz Dharker

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Search For My Tongue

You ask me what I mean
by saying I have lost my tongue.
I ask you, what would you do
if you had two tongues in your mouth,
and lost the first one, the mother tongue,
and could not really know the other,
the foreign tongue.
You could not use them both together
even if you thought that way.
And if you lived in a place you had to
speak a foreign tongue,
your mother tongue would rot,
rot and die in your mouth
until you had to spit it out.
I thought I spit it out
but overnight while I dream,

મને હતું કે આખ્ખી જીભ આખ્ખી ભાષા,

(munay hutoo kay aakhee jeebh aakhee bhasha)

મેં થૂંકી નાખી છે.

(may thoonky nakhi chay)

પરંતુ રાત્રે સ્વપ્નામાં મારી ભાષા પાછી આવે છે.

(parantoo rattray svupnama mari bhasha pachi aavay chay)

ફૂલની જેમ મારી ભાષા મારી જીભ

(foolnee jaim mari bhasha mari jeebh)

મોઢામાં ખીલે છે.

(modhama kheelay chay)

ફળની જેમ મારી ભાષા મારી જીભ

(fulllnee jaim mari bhasha mari jeebh)

મોઢામાં પાકે છે.

(modhama pakay chay)

it grows back, a stump of a shoot
grows longer, grows moist, grows strong veins,
it ties the other tongue in knots,
the bud opens, the bud opens in my mouth,
it pushes the other tongue aside.
Everytime I think I've forgotten,
I think I've lost the mother tongue,
it blossoms out of my mouth.

Sujata Bhatt

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Half-past Two

Once upon a schooltime
He did Something Very Wrong
(I forget what it was).

And She said he'd done
Something Very Wrong, and must
Stay in the school-room till half-past two.

(Being cross, she'd forgotten
She hadn't taught him Time.
He was too scared of being wicked to remind her.)

He knew a lot of time: he knew
Gettinguptime, timeyouwereofftime,
Timetogohomenowtime, TVtime,

Timeformykisstime (that was Grantime).
All the important times he knew,
But not half-past two.

He knew the clockface, the little eyes
And two long legs for walking,
But he couldn't click its language,

So he waited, beyond onceupona,
Out of reach of all the timefors,
And knew he'd escaped for ever

Into the smell of old chrysanthemums on Her desk,
Into the silent noise his hangnail made,
Into the air outside the window, into ever.

And then, *My goodness*, she said,
Scuttling in, *I forgot all about you*.
Run along or you'll be late.

So she slotted him back into schooltime,
And he got home in time for teatime,
Nexttime, notimeforthatnowtime,

But he never forgot how once by not knowing time,
He escaped into the clockless land of ever,
Where time hides tick-less waiting to be born.

U. A. Fanthorpe

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Piano

Softly, in the dusk, a woman is singing to me;
Taking me back down the vista of years, till I see
A child sitting under the piano, in the boom of the tingling strings
And pressing the small, poised feet of a mother who smiles as she sings.

In spite of myself, the insidious mastery of song
Betrays me back, till the heart of me weeps to belong
To the old Sunday evenings at home, with winter outside
And hymns in the cosy parlour, the tinkling piano our guide.

So now it is vain for the singer to burst into clamour
With the great black piano appassionato. The glamour
Of childish days is upon me, my manhood is cast
Down in the flood of remembrance, I weep like a child for the past.

D. H. Lawrence

Hide and Seek

Call out. Call loud: 'I'm ready! Come and find me!'
The sacks in the toolshed smell like the seaside.
They'll never find you in this salty dark,
But be careful that your feet aren't sticking out.
Wiser not to risk another shout.
The floor is cold. They'll probably be searching
The bushes near the swing. Whatever happens
You mustn't sneeze when they come prowling in.
And here they are, whispering at the door;
You've never heard them sound so hushed before.
Don't breathe. Don't move. Stay dumb. Hide in your blindness.
They're moving closer, someone stumbles, mutters;
Their words and laughter scuffle, and they're gone.
But don't come out just yet; they'll try the lane
And then the greenhouse and back here again.
They must be thinking that you're very clever,
Getting more puzzled as they search all over.
It seems a long time since they went away.
Your legs are stiff, the cold bites through your coat;
The dark damp smell of sand moves in your throat.
It's time to let them know that you're the winner.
Push off the sacks. Uncurl and stretch. That's better!
Out of the shed and call to them: 'I've won!
Here I am! Come and own up I've caught you!'
The darkening garden watches. Nothing stirs.
The bushes hold their breath; the sun is gone.
Yes, here you are. But where are they who sought you?

Vernon Scannell

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Sonnet 116 'Let me not to the marriage…'

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments; love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O no, it is an ever-fixèd mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

William Shakespeare

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La Belle Dame sans Merci. A Ballad

I

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

II

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

III

I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever-dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

IV

I met a Lady in the meads,
Full beautiful – a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

V

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

VI

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song.

VII

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna*-dew,
And sure in language strange she said –
'I love thee true'.

VIII

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sighed full sore,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

IX

And there she lullèd me asleep
And there I dreamed – Ah! woe betide! –
The latest dream I ever dreamt
On the cold hill side.

X

I saw pale kings, and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried – 'La Belle Dame sans Merci
Thee hath in thrall!'

XI

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gapèd wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.

XII

And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

John Keats

**manna* – Food from heaven

Poem at Thirty-Nine

How I miss my father.
I wish he had not been
so tired
when I was
born.

Writing deposit slips and checks
I think of him.
He taught me how.
This is the form,
he must have said:
the way it is done.
I learned to see
bits of paper
as a way
to escape
the life he knew
and even in high school
had a savings
account.

He taught me
that telling the truth
did not always mean
a beating;
though many of my truths
must have grieved him
before the end.

How I miss my father!
He cooked like a person
dancing
in a yoga meditation
and craved the voluptuous
sharing
of good food.

Now I look and cook just like him:
my brain light;
tossing this and that
into the pot;
seasoning none of my life
the same way twice; happy to feed
whoever strays my way.

He would have grown
to admire
the woman I've become:
cooking, writing, chopping wood,
staring into the fire.

Alice Walker

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War Photographer

In his darkroom he is finally alone
with spools of suffering set out in ordered rows.
The only light is red and softly glows,
as though this were a church and he
a priest preparing to intone a Mass*.
Belfast. Beirut. Phnom Penh. All flesh is grass.

He has a job to do. Solutions slop in trays
beneath his hands, which did not tremble then
though seem to now. Rural England. Home again
to ordinary pain which simple weather can dispel,
to fields which don't explode beneath the feet
of running children in a nightmare heat.

Something is happening. A stranger's features
faintly start to twist before his eyes,
a half-formed ghost. He remembers the cries
of this man's wife, how he sought approval
without words to do what someone must
and how the blood stained into foreign dust.

A hundred agonies in black and white
from which his editor will pick out five or six
for Sunday's supplement**. The reader's eyeballs prick
with tears between the bath and pre-lunch beers.
From the aeroplane he stares impassively at where
he earns his living and they do not care.

Carol Ann Duffy

**Mass* – A religious service
***Sunday's supplement* – A regular additional section placed in a Sunday newspaper

The Tyger

Tyger, Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?*

Tyger, Tyger burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

William Blake

**Did he who made the Lamb make thee* – God

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My Last Duchess
Ferrara

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
'Frà Pandolf' by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
Frà Pandolf chanced to say, 'Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much,' or 'Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat': such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart – how shall I say? – too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace – all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men, – good! but thanked
Somehow – I know not how – as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech – (which I have not) – to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, 'Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark' – and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
– E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretence
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

Robert Browning

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Half-caste

Excuse me
standing on one leg
I'm half-caste

Explain yuself
wha yu mean
when yu say half-caste
yu mean when picasso
mix red an green
is a half-caste canvas/
explain yuself
wha yu mean
when yu say half-caste
yu mean when light an shadow
mix in de sky
is a half-caste weather/
well in dat case
england weather
nearly always half-caste
in fact some o dem cloud
half-caste till dem overcast
so spiteful dem dont want de sun pass
ah rass/
explain yuself
wha yu mean
when yu say half-caste
yu mean when tchaikovsky
sit down at dah piano
an mix a black key
wid a white key
is a half-caste symphony/

Explain yuself
wha yu mean
Ah listening to yu wid de keen
half of mih ear
Ah lookin at yu wid de keen
half of mih eye
and when I'm introduced to yu
I'm sure you'll understand
why I offer yu half-a-hand
an when I sleep at night
I close half-a-eye
consequently when I dream
I dream half-a-dream
an when moon begin to glow
I half-caste human being
cast half-a-shadow
but yu must come back tomorrow
wid de whole of yu eye
an de whole of yu ear
an de whole of yu mind

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an I will tell yu
de other half
of my story

John Agard

Do not go gentle into that good night

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Dylan Thomas

Remember

Remember me when I am gone away,
    Gone far away into the silent land;
    When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
    You tell me of our future that you planned:
    Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
    And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
    For if the darkness and corruption leave
    A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
    Than that you should remember and be sad.

Christina Rossetti

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Afternoon (Time: 2 hours) | Paper Reference **4ET1/01**

English Literature

Paper 1: Poetry and Modern Prose

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Answer THREE questions:

Answer the question in Section A,
ONE question from Section B
and ONE question from Section C.

The poems for use with Section B are included with this paper.

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SECTION A: Unseen Poetry

Answer the question in this section.

You should spend 35 minutes on this question.

Read the following poem.

The Concerned Adolescent

Our planet spins around the sun
in its oval-shaped orbit
like a moth circling a bright, hot, golden-yellow
lightbulb.

Look at this beautiful, lovely
blue and green and white jewel
shining against the dark black sky.
It is doomed.

On another planet somewhere far away in the
galaxy
beings are discussing the problems of Earth.
'It is a wonderful world,' says their leader,
'It has roaring oceans filled with many kinds of
fishes,
It has green meadows bedecked with white and
yellow flowers,
Its trees have twisting roots and fruitful, abundant
branches.
But it is doomed.

'The problem with this lovely, beautiful world, you
see,
Is the inhabitants, known as HUMAN BEINGS.
Human beings will not live in peace and love
and care little for the helpless creatures who share
the planet with them.

They pollute the world, they kill and eat the
animals.
Everywhere there is blood and the stench of death.
Human beings make war and hate one another.
They do not understand their young, they reject
their ideals,
they make them come home early from the disco.
They are doomed.'

Soon a great explosion, a terrible cloud
will wipe out all the life on this planet,
including those people who do not see how
important my poem is.
They are certainly doomed.

Wendy Cope (1992)

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1 Explore how the writer presents concerns for planet Earth in this poem.

In your answer, you should consider the writer's:

- descriptive skills
- choice of language
- use of form and structure.

Support your answer with examples from the poem.

(Total for Question 1 = 20 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 20 MARKS

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SECTION B: Anthology Poetry

Answer ONE question from this section.

You should spend 40 minutes on your chosen question.

EITHER

2 Re-read *If* – and *Do not go gentle into that good night*.

Compare the ways the writers present people giving advice to others in *If* – and *Do not go gentle into that good night*.

You should make reference to language, form and structure.

Support your answer with examples from the poems.

(Total for Question 2 = 30 marks)

OR

3 Re-read *Remember*.

Compare how the writers present sadness in *Remember* and **one other** poem from the anthology.

You should make reference to language, form and structure.

Support your answer with examples from the poems.

(Total for Question 3 = 30 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 30 MARKS

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SECTION C: Modern Prose

Answer ONE question on ONE text from this section.

You should spend 45 minutes on this section.

***To Kill a Mockingbird*, Harper Lee**

EITHER

4 Discuss the relationship between Scout and Jem in the novel.

You must consider the context of the novel in your answer.

(Total for Question 4 = 40 marks)

OR

5 Explore the theme of justice in *To Kill a Mockingbird*.

You must consider the context of the novel in your answer.

(Total for Question 5 = 40 marks)

***Of Mice and Men*, John Steinbeck**

EITHER

6 In what ways is prejudice significant in *Of Mice and Men*?

You must consider the context of the novel in your answer.

(Total for Question 6 = 40 marks)

OR

7 Discuss the role of Candy in the novel.

You must consider the context of the novel in your answer.

(Total for Question 7 = 40 marks)

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***The Whale Rider*, Witi Ihimaera**

EITHER

8 'Koro Apirana is a cruel and heartless character in *The Whale Rider*.'

How far do you agree with this view?

You must consider the context of the novel in your answer.

(Total for Question 8 = 40 marks)

OR

9 Explore the significance of the legend of the whale rider in the novel.

You must consider the context of the novel in your answer.

(Total for Question 9 = 40 marks)

***The Joy Luck Club*, Amy Tan**

EITHER

10 Examine the theme of conflict in *The Joy Luck Club*.

You must consider the context of the novel in your answer.

(Total for Question 10 = 40 marks)

OR

11 'This novel is full of courageous characters who take risks and grasp opportunities.'

Explore **one** character who you consider to be courageous.

You must consider the context of the novel in your answer.

(Total for Question 11 = 40 marks)

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***Things Fall Apart*, Chinua Achebe**

EITHER

12 'Ibo [Igbo] beliefs are lost with the arrival of Christianity.'

Explore the theme of beliefs in *Things Fall Apart*.

You must consider the context of the novel in your answer.

(Total for Question 12 = 40 marks)

OR

13 In what ways is Obierika an important character in this novel?

You must consider the context of the novel in your answer.

(Total for Question 13 = 40 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION C = 40 MARKS
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 90 MARKS

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Acknowledgement:
The Concerned Adolescent by Wendy Cope

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Please check the examination details below before entering your candidate information

Candidate surname	Other names

Pearson Edexcel International GCSE

Centre Number | | | | | |

Candidate Number | | | | |

Tuesday 7 January 2020

Afternoon (Time: 2 hours) | Paper Reference **4ET1/01**

English Literature

Paper 1: Poetry and Modern Prose

You must have:
Question Booklet and Booklet of poems from Part 3 of the Pearson Edexcel International GCSE English Anthology (enclosed)

Total Marks

Instructions

- Use **black** ink or ball-point pen.
- **Fill in the boxes** at the top of this page with your name, centre number and candidate number.
- Answer the question from Section A, **ONE** question from Section B and **ONE** question from Section C.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided
  – *there may be more space than you need.*

Information

- The total mark for this paper is 90.
- The marks for **each** question are shown in brackets
  – *use this as a guide as to how much time to spend on each question.*
- Copies of the *Pearson Edexcel International GCSE English Anthology* may **not** be brought into the examination.
- Copies of the texts studied may **not** be brought into the examination.
- Dictionaries may **not** be used in this examination.

Advice

- Read each question carefully before you start to answer it.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.

Turn over ▶

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SECTION A: Unseen Poetry

Question 1

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SECTION B: Anthology Poetry

Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross in the box ☒. If you change your mind, put a line through the box ☒ and then indicate your new question with a cross ☒.

Chosen question number: **Question 2** ☒ **Question 3** ☒

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SECTION C: Modern Prose

Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross in the box ☒. If you change your mind, put a line through the box ☒ and then indicate your new question with a cross ☒.

Chosen question number:

Question 4 ☒	**Question 5** ☒	**Question 6** ☒
Question 7 ☒	**Question 8** ☒	**Question 9** ☒
Question 10 ☒	**Question 11** ☒	**Question 12** ☒
Question 13 ☒		

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TOTAL FOR SECTION C = 40 MARKS
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 90 MARKS

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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

On the surface, Wendy Cope presents grave concerns for planet Earth: its beauty is threatened by pollution, cruelty and war, and the poem repeatedly insists that it is "doomed". Yet the title tells us that the voice belongs to a "Concerned Adolescent", and I think Cope is doing two things at once. She voices genuine anxieties about the environment and human violence, while gently mocking the overwrought, self-important way a teenager might write about them. The concern is real, but so is the comedy.

The opening stanza relies on descriptive skill to make Earth seem precious and fragile. The simile "like a moth circling a bright, hot, golden-yellow / lightbulb" is oddly domestic: it shrinks the solar system to a moth in a room, making the planet seem small, like a creature drawn helplessly towards something that could burn it. The heaped triplet of adjectives, however, feels slightly clumsy, as if the young poet cannot resist adding one more. This over-writing characterises a sincere but inexperienced young poet.

Colour imagery is central to the presentation of Earth's beauty. The polysyndeton of "blue and green and white jewel" lingers on each colour, and the metaphor of a "jewel" suggests something rare and valuable. Placed "against the dark black sky", the planet glows through contrast, which makes the blunt, isolated line "It is doomed." more shocking, its abrupt brevity mimicking the sudden end it predicts.

Structurally, Cope gives the central stanzas to an alien "leader", a device that lets the planet be judged from outside. His praise of "roaring oceans", where the onomatopoeic verb gives the sea energy and life, and trees with "twisting roots and

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fruitful, abundant / branches" paints Earth as generous and fertile. The turn comes with "HUMAN BEINGS", printed in capitals as if the leader names a dangerous species. The list of crimes is serious: humans "pollute the world", "care little for the helpless creatures" and "make war and hate one another".

Then Cope introduces bathos. After war and slaughter, the leader complains that humans "make them come home early from the disco." The anticlimax is very funny, because it reveals that the alien voice is really the adolescent's own, smuggling a personal grievance about strict parents into a speech about global destruction. This makes the reader question the speaker's priorities, yet it also hints at a serious point: young people often feel unheard, and the line "they reject / their ideals" suggests that the young may care more about the planet than the adults in charge.

The final stanza returns to the speaker and darkens with "a great explosion, a terrible cloud", an image that evokes nuclear war and gives the concern its most frightening form. Again, though, Cope undercuts it: the explosion will destroy "those people who do not see how / important my poem is." The rhetoric of global catastrophe collapses into wounded vanity, and the escalation to "certainly doomed" sounds petulant.

The free verse, with no rhyme and sprawling, uneven lines that spill on to the next line, suits a young writer pouring out feelings without control, and the shorter last stanza gives the ending a punchline quality. Overall, Cope presents concerns for Earth that the reader is invited to share, the destruction of nature, cruelty to animals, the threat of war, while affectionately satirising the voice that expresses them.

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2

Both Kipling and Thomas present a man giving advice to a family member, but the direction and spirit of that advice are reversed. In "If" a father instructs his son on how to live, calmly and with self-control; in "Do not go gentle into that good night" a son pleads with his dying father to resist death with fury. One poem preaches restraint and the other demands passion, yet both reveal that advice is really an expression of love and of the speaker's own values.

The most obvious similarity is the persuasive voice. Kipling's poem is built on a chain of conditional clauses, "If you can keep your head", "If you can trust yourself", so that the son is presented with a list of tests to pass. The anaphora of "If", often reinforced by "Or" and "And" at the start of lines, creates a steady, methodical rhythm, like a lesson being delivered. Thomas, by contrast, allows no choice, using imperatives from the very first line: "Do not go gentle" and "Rage, rage against the dying of the light." Kipling advises; Thomas begs.

The form of each poem reinforces its message. "If" is one enormous sentence stretched across four stanzas of regular, alternately rhyming lines, and the main clause is withheld until the final couplet: "Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it". This delayed reward mirrors the content, because the son must endure every condition before he earns the prize, so the syntax itself teaches patience. Thomas chooses the villanelle, a tightly restricted form with only two rhymes and two refrains that return again and again. The repetition of "Do not go gentle into that good night" and "Rage, rage against the dying of the light" feels obsessive and desperate, as though the son cannot stop himself from repeating his plea. Both poets therefore use strict form, but for opposite effects: Kipling's regularity embodies the self-control he recommends, while Thomas's circling refrains express a grief that cannot move forward.

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Both writers also teach through contrast, but their contrasts serve different purposes. Kipling balances opposites to advocate moderation: the son should "dream", but "not make dreams your master", and "meet with Triumph and Disaster / And treat those two impostors just the same". Personifying success and failure and calling them "impostors" suggests that neither should be trusted; the ideal man stands calmly between extremes. Thomas's contrasts, "night" and "day", "gentle" and "rage", "blind" and "sight", are not balanced but at war. The euphemism "that good night" ironically echoes the comforting language people use about death, and the poem rejects that comfort. Even the paradox "Curse, bless, me now" shows that the son would welcome any strong feeling, anger or love, rather than passive surrender.

Each speaker uses examples to support his advice. Kipling describes the son's possible future: being "lied about", watching "the things you gave your life to, broken", gambling everything on "one turn of pitch-and-toss" and starting again without complaint. Stoical endurance is summed up in the personified "Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'" Thomas instead presents four types of men, "wise men", "Good men", "Wild men" and "Grave men", all of whom fight death because they have regrets. The "Good men" cry over how "bright / Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay", and the "Wild men" learn "too late" what they lost, while the pun on "Grave men" links seriousness with the grave. Kipling's examples look forward to a life to be lived; Thomas's look back on lives that were not fully lived, which makes his advice more urgent and more mournful.

The endings make the personal relationship explicit. Kipling saves "my son" for the final words, after the climactic exclamation "you'll be a Man". The capital letter turns manhood into an ideal, and the sudden warmth of "my son" softens a poem that might otherwise sound like a list of rules. Thomas also turns to direct address

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in his final stanza, "And you, my father, there on the sad height", but here the emotion is raw: the "fierce tears" and the plea "I pray" reveal that the advice is really a cry of pain. Both poems therefore reach their emotional heart only at the end, yet Kipling's ending is triumphant and Thomas's is anguished, the two refrains finally joined in one last cry.

In conclusion, both poets present advice as an act of love between father and son, using repetition, structured form and contrast to persuade. However, Kipling's measured, optimistic voice prepares a young man for life by teaching him to control his feelings, whereas Thomas's passionate, repetitive plea asks an old man to unleash his feelings at the end of life. Perhaps the deepest difference is that Kipling's advice is confident it will be followed, while Thomas's desperate refrains suggest he fears it will not.

3 Both "Remember" by Christina Rossetti and "Piano" by D. H. Lawrence explore sadness connected to memory and loss, but they approach it from opposite directions in time. Rossetti's speaker anticipates her own death and tries to manage the sadness of the person she will leave behind, while Lawrence's speaker is overwhelmed by sadness for a past he has already lost. One poem tries to limit grief; the other surrenders to it.

The voices of the two poems are strikingly different. "Remember" is a direct address to a loved one, opening with the imperative "Remember me when I am gone away". The speaker is calm and controlled, and her sadness is expressed through gentle euphemism: death is "the silent land", a phrase that softens the idea of dying but also suggests loneliness and the end of all communication. "Piano", by contrast, begins in the present with a sensory scene, "Softly, in the

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dusk, a woman is singing to me", and the sadness is triggered unexpectedly. The word "dusk" sets a melancholy, fading atmosphere, perhaps symbolising the end of childhood, just as Rossetti's "silent land" symbolises the end of life.

Both poets present sadness through the loss of physical closeness. Rossetti recalls a time when her beloved could "hold me by the hand", and the beautifully hesitant line "Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay" captures the tender reluctance of lovers parting. Its repetition of "turn" enacts the speaker's indecision, and the knowledge that this will soon be impossible makes the memory painful. Lawrence's speaker remembers "pressing the small, poised feet of a mother who smiles as she sings." The child's touch and the mother's smile create an image of intimacy and security, but because it exists only in memory, it fills the adult speaker with longing. In both poems the most loving images are the saddest, because they represent what has been or will be lost.

Lawrence presents sadness as a force the speaker cannot resist. The phrase "In spite of myself, the insidious mastery of song / Betrays me back" personifies music as something sly and treacherous. "Insidious" suggests that the memory creeps up on him, and "Betrays" implies that his own emotions are working against his wish to stay composed. Rossetti's speaker is, by comparison, the one in control: she gives instructions, and in the sestet she even asks her lover not to "grieve". Lawrence's speaker is a victim of sadness, whereas Rossetti tries to protect someone else from it.

The structure of each poem traces a change. "Remember" is a Petrarchan sonnet, and its octave dwells on being remembered, repeating "Remember me" as though the speaker clings to the idea. The volta at "Yet if you should forget me for a while" reverses this, and the final couplet concludes that it is "Better by far you

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should forget and smile / Than that you should remember and be sad." The paradox that a poem called "Remember" ends by recommending forgetting reveals the depth of her love: she would rather be forgotten than be the cause of her beloved's sorrow. "Piano" moves the opposite way, through three quatrains of rhyming couplets with long, flowing lines that build towards emotional collapse. The first stanza observes, the second remembers "the old Sunday evenings at home, with winter outside", and the third gives in completely.

The endings make the contrast clear. Lawrence writes that "my manhood is cast / Down in the flood of remembrance, I weep like a child for the past." The metaphor of a "flood" suggests that sadness overwhelms him, and the simile "like a child" shows that memory has reversed his adult identity. Even the "great black piano appassionato" of the present cannot compete, and the singer's "clamour" is "vain". Rossetti ends instead with "smile", the last emotional note being hope rather than despair, although the word "sad" in the final line lingers, reminding us that sadness is never fully banished.

Both poems use regular rhyme, which gives them a musical, controlled quality, yet the effect differs. Rossetti's tight sonnet form contains her emotion, mirroring her attempt to restrain grief, whereas Lawrence's couplets carry the speaker along like the music he describes, so that the form seems to sweep him into tears. There is also a darker undertone in "Remember": "darkness and corruption" hints at physical decay after death, a harsher image than anything in "Piano", and suggests that the speaker's calm is hard won.

In conclusion, both poets present sadness as rooted in love and loss, using tender physical memories and regular forms to express it. However, Rossetti's speaker selflessly argues her way out of sadness for the sake of another, while Lawrence's

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speaker is honestly, helplessly consumed by it. For me, Lawrence's poem is the more immediately moving, yet Rossetti's quiet self-sacrifice may be the more profound expression of sorrow.

4 The relationship between Scout and Jem is the emotional backbone of "To Kill a Mockingbird". It begins as a loyal partnership of playmates, is strained as Jem grows older and more distant, and ends with Jem as Scout's protector and Scout as his watchful guardian. Through it, Harper Lee shows two children growing up in the racially divided Alabama of the 1930s, and she uses Jem's faster maturing as a mirror in which Scout, and the reader, learn about the injustice of their town.

From the very first sentence, Jem is at the centre of Scout's story: "When he was nearly thirteen, my brother Jem got his arm badly broken at the elbow." Lee frames the whole novel as an adult Scout looking back to explain how this happened, which immediately suggests that her memories of childhood and her memories of her brother are inseparable. In the early chapters they are a tight unit. Scout admits she "never questioned Jem's pronouncements", which shows her admiration but also his authority as the elder. Together with Dill they build the Boo Radley games and dares, and it is Jem who leads, accepting Dill's challenge to touch the Radley house. Lee uses these episodes to show childhood as a shared world of superstition and imagination, with Jem as its ringleader and Scout as his loyal follower.

Yet Lee also hints from early on that the age gap creates tension. On Scout's first day of school "Jem condescended" to take her, and he warns her not to embarrass him or tag along behind him. The verb "condescended" is comic but telling: Jem is beginning to see himself as above his little sister. This becomes painful in later

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chapters. When Jem turns twelve, Scout describes him as difficult, inconsistent and moody, and he begins to tell her to act more like a girl. This is significant in the context of the 1930s South, where gender roles were rigid and a girl was expected to be a "lady". Aunt Alexandra and the ladies of the missionary circle push this ideal on Scout, and Jem's comments show that even her closest ally has begun to absorb Maycomb's expectations. Scout's sense of betrayal reflects Lee's own experience as a tomboy who resisted Southern femininity.

Despite this, Jem remains protective and kind, and he often models the values of Atticus for his sister. When Scout fights Walter Cunningham in the schoolyard, Jem stops her and invites Walter home to lunch, showing a sympathy for the poor farming family that Scout has not yet learned. This reflects the context of the Great Depression, when families like the Cunninghams had no money and paid for services in produce. Later, Jem stops Scout from squashing a roly-poly bug and tells her to "Set him out on the back steps". Scout is puzzled by his gentleness, but Lee clearly links it to the novel's central symbol: Jem has understood that it is wrong to harm innocent, harmless creatures. In these moments, Jem acts as a bridge between Atticus's moral world and Scout's.

The trial of Tom Robinson deepens the relationship but also shows where the two siblings differ. Jem, older and more idealistic, is certain that justice will prevail, and when the verdict is read, Scout notices that his shoulders jerked at each "guilty" as if he had been stabbed. Afterwards he mutters "It ain't right". Lee uses Scout's narration to filter Jem's pain, so that we feel his disillusionment through his sister's eyes. This reflects the historical reality of Jim Crow justice, echoing cases such as the Scottsboro trials, where black men were convicted by all white juries despite evidence of their innocence. It also reflects Lee's purpose in the late 1950s, when the Civil Rights Movement was challenging segregation: Jem

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represents a young generation awakening to injustice.

After the trial, Jem tries to make sense of Maycomb's social hierarchy, explaining that there are different kinds of folks and concluding: "I think I'm beginning to understand why Boo Radley's stayed shut up in the house all this time... it's because he wants to stay inside." Scout replies simply: "Naw, Jem, I think there's just one kind of folks. Folks." This exchange is one of the most moving in the novel, because the younger sibling offers the wiser, more hopeful answer. Jem has been wounded by knowledge, while Scout's innocence lets her see the common humanity that Maycomb denies. Lee suggests that their relationship is not simply one of teacher and pupil but of mutual learning.

The climax restores their closeness. Walking home from the pageant, Jem guides Scout in her ham costume through the dark, and when Bob Ewell attacks, Jem fights to defend her and suffers his broken arm. The boy who once ran away from the Radley Place in terror has become a young man willing to risk himself for his sister. It is Boo Radley who saves them both, and the novel ends with Scout beside the sleeping Jem and Atticus, who will be there when Jem wakes up in the morning.

Overall, Lee presents the relationship between Scout and Jem as loving, sometimes frustrating and constantly evolving. Jem's growth from playmate to protector, and his painful discovery of racism, shape Scout's own moral education. By rooting their bond in the realities of the Depression, segregation and Southern gender expectations, Lee shows how growing up in Maycomb meant learning about both loyalty and injustice, often from the person closest to you.

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5

Justice in "To Kill a Mockingbird" is presented as an ideal that the legal system of 1930s Alabama claims to uphold but repeatedly betrays. Harper Lee contrasts legal justice, which fails Tom Robinson because of racial prejudice, with moral justice, which is shown in the conscience of Atticus Finch and in the final decision to protect Boo Radley. Through Scout's innocent narration, Lee exposes the gap between what the law promises and what it delivers, and she suggests that true justice depends on individual courage rather than institutions.

Atticus is the novel's embodiment of justice. He is appointed to defend Tom Robinson, a black man accused of raping Mayella Ewell, and he knows from the start that he cannot win. When Scout asks why he is doing it, he explains that if he did not, he could not hold up his head in town or tell his children what to do. For Atticus, justice is not about victory but about integrity. This makes him unusual in Maycomb, and Lee shows the cost: Scout is taunted at school, her cousin Francis insults Atticus, and Mrs Dubose rails against him. Lee presents justice as something that isolates those who pursue it.

The threat to justice outside the courtroom is shown in the jail scene, where a lynch mob comes for Tom. Atticus sits alone outside the jail, and it is Scout's innocent conversation with Mr Cunningham about his son Walter and his entailment that shames the mob into leaving. Lee shows that mob violence, a real danger for black men in the Jim Crow South, can only be defeated by reminding people of their individual humanity. Ironically, a child achieves what the law cannot.

At the trial, Lee makes Tom's innocence clear. Atticus demonstrates that Mayella's injuries were on the right side of her face, inflicted by a left-handed man, and that Bob Ewell is left-handed, while Tom's left arm was crippled in a cotton gin

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accident. In his closing speech, Atticus appeals to the jury's sense of justice, declaring that "in our courts all men are created equal." The echo of the Declaration of Independence highlights the hypocrisy of a nation that proclaims equality while practising segregation. Yet the jury convicts Tom. Lee was writing in the late 1950s, as the Civil Rights Movement gathered strength, and the trial clearly recalls the Scottsboro cases of the 1930s, in which nine black youths were convicted by all white juries on false accusations. By making the evidence so clear and the verdict so unjust, Lee forces her readers to confront the racism built into the justice system.

The children's reactions show Lee's purpose. Jem, who believed the facts would win, is devastated, muttering "It ain't right". Atticus later explains that "people have a way of carrying their resentments right into a jury box", which shows that justice is not destroyed by law itself but by the prejudices of those who administer it. However, Lee offers a glimmer of hope. Miss Maudie points out that Atticus kept the jury out for hours, something no other lawyer could have done, and calls it "just a baby-step". Atticus later reveals that one juror, a Cunningham, initially wanted to acquit. Lee suggests that justice may arrive slowly, generation by generation, a message that would have resonated with readers in 1960.

Tom's death completes the injustice. He is shot seventeen times while trying to escape from prison, despairing of a fair appeal. Mr Underwood's editorial compares his death to "the senseless slaughter of songbirds by hunters and children", directly linking Tom to the mockingbird of the title. Atticus told the children that "it's a sin to kill a mockingbird", because mockingbirds do nothing but make music. Tom, who helped Mayella out of kindness, is the clearest mockingbird in the novel, and his death shows the full brutality of a society that punishes innocence.

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Bob Ewell, by contrast, escapes legal punishment, and his attempt to murder Jem and Scout shows the danger of a system that protects the guilty. Lee then raises a more complex question of justice in the ending. Boo Radley kills Bob Ewell to save the children, and Heck Tate insists that Ewell "fell on his knife". Atticus, believing at first that Jem did it, refuses to cover up for his own son, showing his commitment to the law. But Heck Tate argues that dragging Boo, a shy and reclusive man, into the limelight would be a sin, and says, "Let the dead bury the dead." Scout understands, telling her father that exposing Boo would be "like shootin' a mockingbird". Here Lee suggests that moral justice can sometimes demand bending the letter of the law, especially when that law has already shown itself to be unjust.

In conclusion, Lee presents justice as both a noble ideal and a painful failure. The legal system of 1930s Maycomb, shaped by segregation and Depression era resentments, fails Tom Robinson completely, but individuals such as Atticus, Heck Tate and Scout herself show that justice can survive in conscience and compassion. By ending with an act of mercy rather than legal procedure, Lee implies that real justice begins not in the courtroom but in learning to see others as fully human.

6

Prejudice is central to "Of Mice and Men" because it is the force that keeps the ranch workers lonely and divided. Steinbeck shows prejudice against race, gender, age, disability and intellect, and he suggests that in the harsh economic world of the Great Depression, those who are themselves powerless often turn on someone weaker. Prejudice therefore matters not only because it causes suffering, but because it destroys the companionship and shared dreams that might have saved these characters.

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Racial prejudice is shown most powerfully through Crooks, the black stable buck. Even his name reduces him to his crooked back, caused by a horse's kick, and the men refer to him with a racist slur so casually that it reveals how normal racism was. He lives apart in a shed that leans off the wall of the barn, and when Lennie wanders in, Crooks explains his exclusion bluntly: "They play cards in there, but I can't play because I'm black. They say I stink." The short, flat sentences show his bitterness and his weary acceptance. Steinbeck reveals the human cost when Crooks says that "A guy goes nuts if he ain't got nobody." His isolation has made him defensive and even cruel, as he taunts Lennie with the idea that George might not come back. Here Steinbeck shows how prejudice breeds more cruelty, as a victim seeks a moment of power over someone more vulnerable. This reflects the context of 1930s America, where segregation and the threat of lynching shaped the lives of black Americans, even in California, more than seventy years after the abolition of slavery.

The most chilling moment of racial prejudice comes when Curley's wife threatens Crooks: "I could get you strung up on a tree so easy it ain't even funny." The casual tone of "it ain't even funny" makes the threat of lynching more horrifying, because she treats a man's life as a trivial matter. Crooks's response is complete submission: Steinbeck writes that he "had reduced himself to nothing". His brief hope of joining the dream of the little farm, offering to work for nothing, collapses immediately afterwards, and he withdraws his offer. Prejudice is significant because it crushes hope itself.

Curley's wife is also a victim of prejudice, this time based on gender. She is never given a name, and is defined only as Curley's possession. Before the reader even meets her, Candy gossips that she has "the eye", and George later calls her a

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"rattrap" and "jail bait", while the men frequently call her a "tart". The ranch's judgement of her is fixed before she speaks. Steinbeck allows her to reveal her own dream of being in the movies and admits her loneliness: "I get awful lonely." This creates sympathy and exposes the injustice of the men's assumptions. In the 1930s, women had limited independence and were largely dependent on marriage, and Steinbeck shows her trapped in a marriage to a jealous, violent man with no one to talk to. Yet she, too, exploits the hierarchy, using her status as a white woman against Crooks. Prejudice is significant because it turns the powerless against each other.

Prejudice against age and disability is shown through Candy. Old, with only one hand, he knows that he will soon be "canned" and fears he will have nowhere to go. The shooting of his old dog is a symbolic warning: Carlson insists that the dog is useless and suffering, and no one, not even Slim, defends Candy's attachment. Steinbeck uses the dog to show how the ranch values creatures only for their usefulness, and Candy later wishes that somebody would shoot him when he can no longer work. At a time before reliable state welfare, an old labourer who could not work faced poverty, so this prejudice was a matter of survival.

Lennie faces prejudice because of his mental disability. Curley picks on him because "He hates big guys", and attacks him without reason, while even the respected Slim calls Lennie "a cuckoo". George knows that without him Lennie would be locked away, and the threat of being put in a "booby hatch" hangs over him. People judge Lennie only by his size or his simplicity, never seeing his gentleness. Ultimately, the fear of how others will treat him, especially the lynch mob Curley gathers after the death of Curley's wife, is what drives George to shoot Lennie himself. Prejudice shapes the tragedy's ending.

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Steinbeck links these prejudices through structure. Section four, set in Crooks's room, brings together the "weak ones", as Curley's wife calls them: Crooks, Candy, Lennie and herself. Instead of uniting, they hurt each other, showing that prejudice prevents solidarity among the oppressed. The title, from Burns's poem about plans that go wrong, suggests that dreams fail, and Steinbeck implies that prejudice is one of the main reasons why.

In conclusion, prejudice is significant in "Of Mice and Men" because it causes loneliness, cruelty and ultimately death. Steinbeck, who had worked alongside migrant labourers, uses the ranch as a microcosm of Depression era America, showing a hierarchy in which race, gender, age and disability determine a person's worth. By making the reader sympathise with each outsider, he challenges us to recognise and reject the prejudice that makes such suffering possible.

7 Candy, the old swamper, may seem a minor character in "Of Mice and Men", but Steinbeck gives him a crucial role. He represents the fate awaiting every ageing worker in the Depression, his dog foreshadows the novel's tragic ending, and his savings briefly turn George and Lennie's dream into a real possibility. Through Candy, Steinbeck explores the themes of loneliness, usefulness and hope, and shows how cruelly the ranch treats those who can no longer work.

Candy is the first person George and Lennie meet at the bunk house, and Steinbeck immediately emphasises his frailty. He is "a tall, stoop-shouldered old man" who points with a "stick-like wrist", having lost his hand in an accident on the ranch. His job, sweeping out the bunk house, is the lowest kind of work. At first he functions as a source of information and gossip, telling the newcomers about Curley's aggression, his "glove fulla vaseline" and his new wife, and he says

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she has "the eye". Candy also recalls how Crooks was beaten one Christmas, and the narrator notes that he "paused in relish of the memory". This uncomfortable moment shows that Candy, though a victim of the ranch hierarchy himself, shares the casual racism of his time. Steinbeck does not idealise him; he is a product of the society that will discard him.

Candy's relationship with his old sheepdog is the emotional centre of his role. The dog is ancient, toothless and stiff, and Candy has had it since it was a pup. When Carlson complains about its smell and urges that it be shot, Candy resists weakly, saying he has had him too long. He looks to Slim for support, but Slim agrees that the dog should be put out of its misery, and Candy has no power to refuse. Steinbeck builds tension through silence as the men wait for the shot, and when it comes, Candy rolls over to face the wall. The dog clearly symbolises Candy himself: both are old, no longer useful, and kept only out of habit. On a Depression era ranch where workers were valued only for their labour, Candy realises he is next.

This is why Candy's later confession is so important. He tells George: "I ought to of shot that dog myself, George. I shouldn't ought to of let no stranger shoot my dog." Steinbeck uses this line to foreshadow the ending, where George chooses to shoot Lennie himself rather than leave him to Curley's lynch mob. Candy's regret shapes George's decision, so a minor character influences the novel's climax. The parallel between Candy and his dog and George and Lennie also highlights the theme of companionship: both pairs are bonded by long loyalty, and both bonds end in a merciful killing.

Candy's role then expands when he overhears George describing the little farm. He offers his compensation money, two hundred and fifty dollars, plus wages to come,

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giving the plan "three hundred an' fifty bucks". He even promises, "I'd make a will an' leave my share to you guys", showing how desperately he wants to belong. In the context of the Depression, when itinerant workers rarely had savings and there was little provision for old people, Candy's money is unusual and makes the dream suddenly realistic. Steinbeck writes that the three men sit in wonder, as though the dream has become true. Candy also faces his future honestly: he knows that when he is "canned" he will be "on the county", and he wishes someone would shoot him when he can no longer work. The dream gives him dignity and purpose for the first time.

In Crooks's room, Candy shows a new confidence. When Curley's wife mocks the men left behind as "the weak ones" and calls him "a lousy ol' sheep", he stands up to her, telling her she has "no call foolin' aroun' with other guys, causin' trouble". Steinbeck suggests that hope has given Candy strength, and he even boasts about the farm, though the dream is quickly crushed by her threats to Crooks.

It is Candy who discovers the body of Curley's wife, and his reaction reveals the full depth of his loss. He asks George whether they can still get the farm, and George's reply that he always knew they would never do it tells him the answer. Left alone with the body, Candy blames her bitterly: "You done it, di'n't you?" Candy is left in the barn, grieving not for the dead woman but for the dream that has died with her. His final fate is the bleak one he feared, to grow old and alone on a ranch that will eventually throw him out.

In conclusion, Candy plays a vital role in "Of Mice and Men". He embodies the vulnerability of the old and disabled in 1930s America, his dog foreshadows Lennie's death, and his money gives the dream its brief reality. Through Candy, Steinbeck shows how a society that values people only for their usefulness

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destroys their hope, and his story makes the novel's ending even more tragic.

8 I only partly agree. For most of the novel Koro Apirana behaves towards Kahu in ways that look cruel and heartless, and Ihimaera does not soften how much pain he causes her. Yet the novel invites us to see his harshness as the product of fear rather than an absence of feeling: he is a chief who believes his people are dying, and he clings to patrilineal tradition because he thinks it is the only thing holding the tribe together. His final tears in the hospital suggest that the heart was there all along, buried under duty.

The case against Koro is strong from Kahu's birth. He is openly disappointed that his grandson Porourangi has fathered a girl, since he was waiting for a male heir to carry the line of Kahutia Te Rangi. When Porourangi and Nanny Flowers give the baby the name of the whale rider himself, Koro is angry, as if a girl has stolen something sacred. He even refuses to bury her afterbirth, leaving Nanny Flowers and "the boys" to carry out the custom. In Maori culture the burial of the whenua ties a child to the land, so his refusal is a symbolic denial of her belonging. To a reader this seems a heartless way to greet a baby who has also just lost her mother.

His rejection continues as Kahu grows. She adores him, yet when he holds lessons for the boys of the village to learn chants and tribal lore, he drives her away: "Go away," Koro Apirana would thunder, and she runs to Nanny Flowers "sobbing her heart out". The verb "thunder" makes him almost a force of nature, impersonal and frightening, and his justification, "Them's the rules", shows a man hiding behind custom rather than looking at the child in front of him. Most painfully, he fails to attend the school concert where Kahu gives a speech honouring him and her Maori

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heritage. Rawiri's narration makes us feel the absence keenly, because Kahu has done exactly what Koro wants from the boys, and he will not see it.

However, Ihimaera complicates this portrait. Koro is not a villain but a guardian. The novel was published in 1987, during the Maori renaissance, when language nests or Kohanga Reo were being set up to save te reo Maori from dying out, and Koro is shown helping to establish them. He works tirelessly to teach the young men their whakapapa and protocol because he fears that, without a strong leader, the people of Whangara will lose their identity in a modern Pakeha world. His cruelty towards Kahu is therefore rooted in a sincere, if narrow, reading of tradition: leadership passes through the male line, and a girl simply cannot fit his idea of the chosen one. Ihimaera seems to criticise not Koro's love of his culture but the rigid, male-dominated form of it, which blinds him to the leader who has been beside him all along.

The relationship with Nanny Flowers also undermines the idea that he is heartless. Their marriage is full of comic quarrelling; she constantly threatens to divorce him, calls him "the old Paka", and he can only reply "Yeah, yeah, yeah". Beneath the banter, though, Rawiri shows a deep bond, and the humour invites us to see Koro as a stubborn old man rather than a monster. Nanny Flowers, who reminds him that women in her own ancestry have done great things, acts as the novel's corrective voice, challenging his belief in male superiority with warmth rather than hatred.

The test that Koro sets the boys reveals both sides of him. He throws a carved stone into the sea and asks them to retrieve it, hoping one will prove himself. None succeeds, and Koro sinks into despair, which shows how much the future of the tribe weighs on him. It is Kahu who later dives and brings back the stone,

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though Koro does not know. Ihimaera uses this to show that Koro's tests are fair in principle; he simply looks in the wrong place.

The climax confirms that Koro's coldness is a failing he can overcome. When the whales strand at Whangara and the ancient bull whale beaches itself, Koro believes the tribe's survival depends on it: "When it dies, we die. I die." The repetition narrows from the tribe to himself, showing how personally he feels responsible. When the men fail, Kahu rides the whale out to sea and Koro, in the hospital, admits he has been wrong and asks "the Gods to forgive him". He tells Kahu he loves her, and the old man cradles her, partly hiding "their big chief crying" from the people outside. The comic image of the proud chief concealing tears is moving because it shows how hard it is for him to let his feeling show.

In conclusion, Koro's actions towards Kahu are undeniably cruel, and the novel does not excuse the hurt he causes. But "heartless" is too simple. Ihimaera presents a man whose heart is devoted to his people so completely that tradition crowds out tenderness, and the novel's movement towards reconciliation suggests that Maori culture is strongest when it bends to include women. Koro's final acceptance of Kahu is not a change of heart so much as the release of a love he had refused to admit.

9 The legend of the whale rider is the foundation on which the whole novel is built. It explains who the people of Whangara believe they are, it shapes Koro Apirana's obsession with a male heir, and it is finally re-enacted by Kahu, so that an ancient myth becomes a living prophecy. Through it Ihimaera argues that Maori legend is not a relic of the past but a source of guidance for a people facing modern crisis, and, more boldly, that the legend can be renewed in a form its

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keepers did not expect.

Ihimaera opens with the legend itself, in a prologue that reads like a creation story. Before humans inhabit the land, the sea and the earth wait; then "canoes from the east" arrive and, with them, Kahutia Te Rangi, or Paikea, on the back of a whale. He throws wooden spears that become the mauri, or life force, of the forests and seas, but the last spear will not leave his hand. He buries it with the words "Let this be the one to flower when the people are troubled and it is most needed". Structurally this is crucial: the novel begins with a promise that is only fulfilled at the end, so the reader, like the tribe, waits for the spear to flower. The legend is placed outside ordinary time, which gives it the authority of scripture.

In Maori culture, legends like this are passed down orally from elders to the young, and whakapapa, or genealogy, connects living people to their founding ancestor. The people of Whangara believe they descend from Paikea, and Paikea really is the ancestor of the Ngati Porou of the East Coast, who tell that he came from Hawaiki on a whale after his canoe overturned. This explains why the legend matters so much to Koro. As chief, he sees himself as the keeper of Paikea's line, and he is desperate for a male descendant to inherit it. The significance of the legend is therefore double-edged: it gives the tribe pride and identity, but Koro's narrow reading of it becomes the source of Kahu's suffering.

Ihimaera links Kahu to the legend from the moment of her birth. She is named after Kahutia Te Rangi, which angers Koro because he believes the name belongs to a man. When Nanny Flowers and the boys bury her afterbirth, Rawiri looks back and sees the moon illuminating the "carved figure of Kahutia Te Rangi on his whale", believes he sees "a small spear" fall nearby, and hears a "whale sounding". This is a moment of magical realism, in which a supernatural sign is presented

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calmly within an ordinary scene. The reader recognises the echo of the buried spear, so Kahu is quietly marked as the one who will flower, even while her great-grandfather refuses to see it.

The legend also gives the novel its second narrative voice. Alongside Rawiri's chatty first-person account, Ihimaera includes italic sections from the perspective of the ancient bull whale, who once carried Paikea and still grieves for his rider. These passages are lyrical and timeless, contrasting with Rawiri's colloquial voice, and they show that the bond in the legend runs both ways: the whale, too, longs for the return of the whale rider. They also bring in modern threats, as the whale's herd is disturbed by nuclear testing in the Pacific, so the legend becomes a way of exploring environmental damage in the 1980s.

The climax brings legend and present together. Over two hundred whales strand at Whangara, and despite the tribe's efforts they die. Then the ancient tattooed whale beaches itself. Koro believes it asks "Do you wish to live?" and that "When it dies, we die. I die." The legend now carries life-or-death weight: if the tribe cannot return its ancestor to the sea, their link to Paikea will be broken. The men fail, and the women join in, which already suggests that survival needs everyone. Finally Kahu swims out, climbs onto the whale's back and urges it out to sea. In repeating Paikea's journey in reverse, she proves that she is the true heir.

This is the deepest significance of the legend. Ihimaera does not reject tradition; he shows that its meaning can grow. The spear was meant to flower "when the people are troubled", and it flowers in a girl. The novel was written during the Maori renaissance of the 1980s, a time of renewed pride in language and custom, and also a time when the place of women within Maori leadership was being questioned. By making Kahu the whale rider, Ihimaera suggests that a living

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culture must adapt to survive. Koro's repentance and acceptance of her in the hospital show that the legend has done its work: it has guided the people out of crisis, but only once they read it more generously.

In conclusion, the legend of the whale rider is far more than a backdrop. It frames the novel structurally, defines the tribe's identity, motivates Koro's harshness and Kahu's devotion, and provides the magical events of the climax. Above all, it shows Ihimaera's belief that myth remains a guide to the present, and that its truest keepers are those who allow it to flower in new forms.

10 Conflict runs through every layer of The Joy Luck Club. Its sixteen interwoven stories are built on clashes between Chinese mothers and their American-raised daughters, between rival families, between husbands and wives, and, perhaps most painfully, within individual women who feel split between two cultures. Yet Amy Tan does not present conflict as purely destructive. By the end of the novel, the arguments and misunderstandings become a path to understanding, suggesting that conflict honestly faced can bring generations together.

The central conflict is between the mothers and daughters, and it is rooted in culture. The mothers, Suyuan, Lindo, An-mei and Ying-ying, emigrated from a China torn apart by the war with Japan and by a patriarchal society in which women were often powerless. They want their daughters to have American opportunities but Chinese character, and they push them hard so that they will never suffer as they did. The daughters, raised in 1950s and 1960s California, often experience this as meddling, and find their mothers' broken English and superstitions embarrassing. Tan's structure dramatises the gap: the mothers' and daughters' stories sit side by side, so the reader understands what each generation

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cannot say to the other.

Jing-mei's story "Two Kinds" captures this conflict most vividly. Suyuan believes that in America you can be anything, and she tries to turn her daughter into a prodigy, finally settling on piano lessons with the deaf Mr Chong. Jing-mei plays only to please her mother, then deliberately fails at the talent show. The argument that follows is brutal. Suyuan insists there are only two kinds of daughters, the obedient and those who follow their own mind, and Jing-mei retaliates by wishing she were dead, "like them", meaning the twin babies her mother lost in China. Tan shows how conflict can make people reach for the cruellest possible weapon. Only years later, when her mother offers her the piano, does Jing-mei notice that "Pleading Child" and "Perfectly Contented" are two halves of the same song, a symbol that the conflict and the reconciliation belong together.

The rivalry between families is another source of conflict. Suyuan and Lindo constantly compare their daughters, and this competitiveness poisons the relationship between Jing-mei and Waverly. At the New Year crab dinner, Waverly humiliates Jing-mei by mentioning that her firm will not use Jing-mei's advertising copy. Waverly's own conflict with her mother began in "Rules of the Game", when Lindo showed off her chess-champion daughter at the market and Waverly, embarrassed, demanded to know why her mother had to use her to show off. Lindo's silent withdrawal of affection turns the struggle into a real game of chess, and Waverly imagines her mother as an opponent across the board. As an adult she still fears Lindo's judgement of her fiancé, Rich, but in "Double Face" she comes to see that her mother is old and vulnerable, and the conflict softens as she plans to take her to China.

Tan also explores conflict within marriage. Lena St. Clair and her husband Harold

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split every bill down to the cost of ice cream that Lena does not even eat. Their marriage appears peaceful, but it is actually built on suppressed conflict. Lena once overheard her neighbours shouting and throwing things, and at first thought them violent, only later realising that their fights were a kind of honest feeling that her own silent household lacked. Ying-ying sees through the false calm: the wobbly table and the vase that falls and breaks symbolise a marriage bound to collapse. Similarly, Rose Hsu Jordan avoids conflict by letting her husband Ted make every decision, until he asks for a divorce. Only when Rose finally refuses to be pushed out of her house does she find her voice, which her mother An-mei had been urging all along. Here Tan suggests that avoiding conflict can be as damaging as fighting.

Conflict is also internal and historical. Lindo Jong's story "The Red Candle" shows a young woman torn between duty to her parents and loyalty to herself in an arranged marriage. Rather than openly defy her in-laws, she uses her cleverness, extinguishing Tyan-yu's end of the marriage candle and inventing a dream of ancestral warning to escape. An-mei's mother, who became a concubine, ends her life with opium so that her daughter will gain status. These stories reveal that the mothers' fierceness grows from real suffering under a system that treated women as property. Amy Tan, born in 1952 to Chinese immigrant parents, said her own relationship with her mother inspired the book, and the mothers' insistence that their daughters fight back can be read as a refusal to let that history repeat.

The novel also touches on racial conflict in America. Ted's mother quietly warns Rose that some people might not accept a Chinese daughter-in-law, revealing the prejudice the daughters face even as they assimilate. This shows that the daughters are caught between cultures, never fully accepted in either.

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Ultimately, Tan resolves the central conflict through Jing-mei's journey to China after Suyuan's death. Meeting her lost sisters, she sees her mother's face in theirs and recognises at last what part of her is Chinese. The conflict between generations is not erased, but it is transformed into understanding. Tan suggests that conflict is the price of love across a cultural divide, and that listening to each other's stories is the only way to heal it.

11 Of all the women in The Joy Luck Club, Lindo Jong seems to me the most courageous, because her courage is not only endurance but intelligence. Many of the mothers survive terrible hardships, but Lindo actively takes risks and seizes opportunities, turning a situation in which she has almost no power into one she controls. Through her, Amy Tan shows that in a society that silenced women, courage often had to take the form of cunning, and that this "invisible strength" is what Lindo hopes to pass on to her daughter.

Lindo's story "The Red Candle" begins with powerlessness. She is promised in marriage to Huang Tyan-yu when she is only a small child, and when floods ruin her family's land her mother sends her to live with the Huangs, where she is treated almost as a servant by her mother-in-law, Huang Taitai. Tan draws on the reality of pre-revolutionary China, where girls were betrothed by their parents and a wife's value lay in obedience and producing sons. Lindo accepts this at first, partly out of duty to her parents. The courage of her story lies in how she refuses to be destroyed by it.

On her wedding day, Lindo looks at herself in the mirror and realises that she is strong and pure, with thoughts no one else can see. Tan presents this as the turning point of her life: she makes a promise always to remember her parents'

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wishes but never to forget herself. This is a quiet but radical decision. In a culture where a woman's self was supposed to disappear into her husband's family, Lindo insists on an inner identity, and that is the root of all her later courage.

Her escape is a series of risks. During the ceremony, a red candle with a flame at each end is lit, symbolising a marriage that can never end. That night Lindo creeps out and blows out Tyan-yu's end. Tan makes the act thrilling because the consequences of being caught would be disastrous, and because Lindo uses Chinese superstition, the very system that trapped her, as her weapon. Later, when Huang Taitai blames her for failing to have a child, Lindo seizes her opportunity. She pretends to have had a terrible dream in which the ancestors warn that the marriage is doomed, and she claims that Tyan-yu's true destined wife is a servant girl, whom Lindo knows is already pregnant. Each detail is a gamble that the family's fear of the ancestors will outweigh their suspicion. It works: she is sent away with money and a ticket to Peking, and eventually travels to America. Lindo's courage, then, is not reckless; it is calculated, patient and brave all at once.

In America, Lindo continues to take opportunities. In "Double Face" she describes arriving with few prospects, working in a fortune cookie factory, and with An-mei's help using a fortune cookie message to nudge Tin Jong towards proposing. The humour of this episode shows a woman who has learned to shape her own destiny rather than wait for others to decide it. Tan perhaps suggests that the immigrant experience demanded the same mixture of risk and resourcefulness that Lindo learned in China.

Lindo's courage also shapes her role as a mother, which is more ambiguous. In "Rules of the Game" she teaches Waverly "the art of invisible strength", the idea that the strongest wind cannot be seen. This is clearly the lesson of Lindo's own

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life, and Waverly uses it to become a chess champion. However, Lindo's pride turns into something possessive when she shows Waverly off at the market, and her silent withdrawal after their argument shows how her strength can become a weapon against her daughter. Tan does not idealise her: the same determination that saved her makes her a formidable, sometimes frightening parent. Waverly, as an adult, sees her as a powerful opponent and fears her opinion of her fiancé Rich.

There is a vulnerability to her courage too. In "Double Face", as Lindo sits in the hairdresser's before Waverly's wedding, she reflects that she has been changed by America and wonders what she has lost. She wanted her daughter to have "American circumstances and Chinese character", but realises that the two do not always mix. This moment shows that courage has a cost: in grasping opportunity in America, Lindo has become someone with "two faces", neither fully Chinese nor fully American. Her honesty in confronting this is itself a form of bravery.

Context deepens Lindo's significance. Tan, born in 1952 to immigrant parents, grew up hearing stories from her mother, who had escaped an unhappy first marriage in China. The mothers' stories, including Lindo's, honour a generation of women who survived war, patriarchy and exile. Lindo's ingenuity also challenges the Western stereotype of the passive Chinese woman, presenting her instead as someone who outwits the system from within.

In conclusion, Lindo Jong embodies the courage described in the statement. She takes enormous risks in escaping her marriage, grasps the opportunity of a new life in America, and passes her hidden strength to her daughter. Tan shows that her courage is not always comfortable, and that it creates conflict with Waverly, but by the end of the novel we understand that her fierceness is the reason her daughter is free to choose her own life.

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Beliefs are at the heart of Things Fall Apart, and Achebe presents them with great care. The first part of the novel shows Igbo religion as a complex system that orders every aspect of life in Umuofia, from farming and justice to marriage and death. The arrival of Christianity in the later parts does damage that system, so in one sense Igbo beliefs are indeed lost. Yet I would argue that Achebe shows the loss is not simply caused by Christianity. The new faith succeeds partly because Igbo beliefs already contain contradictions and cruelties that leave some people hurt and excluded, and the tragedy lies in a clan that cannot hold together under that pressure.

Achebe begins by showing that Igbo beliefs give the community its moral structure. The Week of Peace before planting honours the earth goddess Ani, and when Okonkwo beats his youngest wife Ojiugo during it, the priest Ezeani condemns him and demands a sacrifice. This shows that the religion restrains violence and sets limits even on powerful men. The egwugwu, masked ancestral spirits who are really the nine elders of the clan, settle disputes publicly, as in the case of Uzowulu, who has beaten his wife. Writing in 1958, two years before Nigerian independence, Achebe was answering colonial novels that portrayed Africans as having no culture or law. By showing an orderly, spiritual society with its own justice, he restores dignity to the Igbo world his parents' generation had partly left behind.

The idea of the chi, or personal god, is central to Okonkwo. The Igbo saying that when a man says yes his chi says yes also suggests that a determined man can shape his destiny, and Okonkwo's rise from the shame of his father Unoka seems to prove it. Yet after his accidental killing of Ezeudu's son and his exile to Mbanta,

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he comes to believe his chi was not made for great things. This shift shows how belief can sustain a man in success and crush him in failure.

However, Achebe does not idealise Igbo religion. The Oracle of the Hills and the Caves decrees that Ikemefuna must die, and Okonkwo, against the advice of the elder Ogbuefi Ezeudu, takes part in the killing because he fears being thought weak. He later insists that the earth cannot punish him for obeying her messenger. Obierika disagrees, arguing that the goddess would be offended. Achebe uses this disagreement to show that the beliefs are not fixed and unquestioned; thoughtful men like Obierika already wonder about them. Obierika also grieves for his wife's twin children, thrown away in the Evil Forest because twins were considered an abomination, and asks himself what crime they had committed. These moments plant doubts that Christianity will later exploit.

Achebe also shows the tenderness in Igbo belief through Ezinma. She is believed to be an ogbanje, a child who repeatedly dies and returns, and the digging up of her iyi-uwa is presented as an act of desperate parental love, especially from her mother Ekwefi, who has lost nine children. When Chielo, the priestess of Agbala, carries Ezinma through the night to the Oracle's cave, Okonkwo and Ekwefi follow in secret. This scene shows the awe the religion inspires, but also the human affection beneath Okonkwo's harsh exterior. The Oracle was based on the real Oracle at Awka, which held great power over Igbo communities, and Achebe gives it a sense of genuine mystery.

When Christianity arrives, it draws in those whom Igbo beliefs have harmed. The first converts are the efulefu, or worthless men, and the osu, the outcasts who could not take titles or marry freeborn people. Most importantly, Nwoye is attracted not by the theology but by the poetry of the hymns, which seem to

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answer the questions that haunted him since Ikemefuna's death and the cries of abandoned twins. He takes the name Isaac and rejects his father. When the missionaries build their church in the Evil Forest and do not die, many begin to doubt the old gods. Achebe's own parents converted to Christianity while respecting Igbo tradition, and his balanced portrayal reflects that double inheritance.

Achebe contrasts two missionaries to show that the loss of belief depends on how the new faith is brought. Mr Brown is patient and respectful, discussing religion with Akunna, who explains that the Igbo also have a supreme god, Chukwu, and approach him through lesser gods. This dialogue suggests the two faiths are not so far apart. His successor, the Reverend James Smith, sees everything in black and white and encourages extremism. When the convert Enoch unmasks an egwugwu, an act equivalent to killing an ancestral spirit, the clan burns the church, and the District Commissioner humiliates the leaders in prison. Obierika's verdict that the white man "has put a knife on the things that held us together and we have fallen apart" captures the cultural damage, echoing the title taken from Yeats.

The ending shows that belief is lost, but also persists. When Okonkwo hangs himself, his clansmen cannot touch his body, because suicide is an abomination against the earth. Even at the moment of collapse, Igbo belief still governs their actions. The Commissioner's plan to reduce Okonkwo's story to a paragraph in his book reveals how colonial power erases what it does not understand, which is exactly what Achebe's novel, a post-colonial reply, refuses to allow.

In conclusion, Igbo beliefs are damaged rather than wholly lost. Achebe shows that Christianity exploits real weaknesses in the old faith, but that the brutality of colonial rule, not the new religion alone, breaks the clan. By recording these beliefs

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so carefully, Achebe ensures they are remembered.

13 Obierika is important because he is everything that Okonkwo is not. As Okonkwo's closest friend, he is loyal, practical and generous, but he is also a man who, in Achebe's words, "thought about things". Through him Achebe shows that Igbo society was not rigid or unthinking: it contained reflective individuals who questioned its customs while respecting them. Obierika therefore acts as a foil to Okonkwo, a voice of reason, and finally the conscience of the novel, the one who speaks for Umuofia when its greatest warrior lies dead.

Obierika's role as a foil is clearest in the killing of Ikemefuna. When the Oracle decrees the boy's death, Obierika refuses to go with the men, saying he has something better to do. Okonkwo, by contrast, strikes the fatal blow because he is "afraid of being thought weak". Afterwards, sleepless and unable to eat, Okonkwo visits Obierika, who tells him plainly that what he did will not please the earth goddess and is the kind of act for which she might wipe out whole families. Okonkwo replies that the earth cannot punish him for obeying her messenger. Achebe uses this exchange to dramatise two ways of living within the same beliefs: Okonkwo obeys the letter of tradition out of fear, while Obierika weighs its morality. Significantly, Okonkwo feels better after their conversation, suggesting how much he needs the friend who challenges him.

Obierika also shows the richness of Igbo social life. Much of Part One's evidence of community comes through his family. His son Maduka is a fine wrestler, which prompts Okonkwo to complain bitterly about Nwoye's weakness. The negotiation of his daughter Akueke's bride price is described in detail, with bundles of short broomsticks passed back and forth until both families agree, and later the isa-ifi

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ceremony and the feast that follows. Writing in 1958, as Nigeria approached independence, Achebe wanted to show readers, many of whom had only seen Africa through colonial eyes, that Igbo marriage involved courtesy, ritual and negotiation. Obierika is the respected host at the centre of these customs, so he embodies the ordered, civilised society the colonisers claimed did not exist.

At the same time, Obierika is the clan's most thoughtful critic. After Okonkwo's accidental killing of Ezeudu's son, Obierika accepts that his friend's compound must be destroyed, as the law demands. Later he sits in his obi mourning the calamity and asks why a man should suffer so grievously for an offence he committed inadvertently. He also remembers his wife's twins, whom he threw away, and wonders what crime they had committed. Achebe presents these questions without answers, but they suggest that Igbo society had its own doubts long before the missionaries came. In this way Obierika helps the reader to understand why converts like Nwoye were later drawn to the new religion.

Obierika is also the bridge between Okonkwo and Umuofia during the exile. He sells Okonkwo's yams and brings him the money, showing honesty and generosity. He brings news of the destruction of Abame, where villagers killed a white man on a bicycle and were later massacred in the market. Okonkwo says they should have armed themselves, but Obierika's response is more measured, and it is through his report that Achebe conveys the terror of colonial violence. On a later visit he tells Okonkwo about Nwoye's conversion. Finally, he supervises the building of Okonkwo's new compound so that his friend can return home with dignity.

When Okonkwo returns, it is Obierika who explains how far things have changed. He describes how the white man came quietly with his religion, and the clan allowed him to stay, until he "has put a knife on the things that held us together

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and we have fallen apart". This is one of the most important speeches in the novel because it gives the book its title and theme in an Igbo voice. Obierika also explains that resistance is difficult because the clan's own sons have joined the newcomers, which reveals his realism. Unlike Okonkwo, he does not believe violence can solve the problem. Achebe perhaps suggests that Obierika's open-minded realism is a more sustainable response to change, even if it cannot stop the destruction.

His final role is the most powerful. When the District Commissioner finds Okonkwo hanging, Obierika, who has been gazing at his friend's body, turns on him: "That man was one of the greatest men in Umuofia. You drove him to kill himself; and now he will be buried like a dog." His voice trembles and he cannot finish, which shows how deeply he loved his friend. Because suicide is an abomination, the clansmen cannot touch the body, so Obierika must ask the strangers to take it down. The contrast with the Commissioner, who coldly plans a paragraph about Okonkwo for his book on pacifying the tribes of the Lower Niger, is devastating. Obierika speaks for a dignity that the coloniser cannot see, and in a sense Achebe's novel is the fuller account that Obierika's grief demands.

In conclusion, Obierika is vital to the novel. He shapes our understanding of Okonkwo by contrast, displays the depth of Igbo culture, questions its harsher customs, and speaks the novel's central judgement on colonialism. Achebe uses him to prove that Igbo society contained wisdom and self-reflection, and that its collapse was a tragedy, not a necessary progress.