

The Last Night

The writer uses many techniques to bring out the feeling of fear in the piece, for example the writer uses the emotions of the adults and the children to create atmosphere and suspense. We are told in the opening sentence that the children are waiting to be transported to the concentration camps.

The pencils that the the adults used to write a message to their children, are used to foreshadow what may happen down the line. This is a very clever way that the writer use an object to portray what will happen further down the line to the Jewish people. As only a few survived the search of the barracks and only a few Jewish people survived the Germans. This builds up the fear in the readers as they will already have knowledge about what happened.

The writer brings out the feeling of fear though the adults. The adults knew what was going to happen, therefore they didn't want to go to bed as this would speed up the night, and the fact they just couldn't go to sleep through fear of what might happen to their children. "The adults in the room, sat slumped the walls, wakeful and talking in lowered voices." This quote shows that the adults feared for their children's lives and that they knew that the Germans were ruthless and didn't care if they are children. The parents also stayed awake to prolong the last night that they would have with their children as this maybe the last time they see them. The adults also wanted to shield the children. "A woman came round with a sandwich for each child." This shows that the adults knew that the children were going to be treated badly, therefore they wanted to help the children get through this. "André was lying on the straw, the soft bloom of his cheek laid, uncaring, in the dung." This quote shows the condition in which they were living, it portrays the fear that the conditions will get worse as the Germans don't care for the Jewish people. It also takes a traditional view of childhood being a time of hope and innocence and smashes it. It is further broken when he mentions the dung.

The writer also showed fear in the way that he showed the adults writing a final message, "Some wrote with sobbing passion, some wrote with punctilious care, as though their safety, or at least the way in which they were remembered, depended upon their choice of words." This is in the first paragraph and shows how the adults don't know how to show their feelings because of the mounting fear, the way the writer uses the word "safety" in this passage also shows their awareness of the danger that they are all in. The children are also told to throw the letters away this is their form of posting, but they are never going to arrive. This is one way that fear is shown, as is it a hopeless act because they are never going to arrive, this shows the negative aspect of the situation.

There was a woman who was trying to remember what her child look like before he was forced away. "She kept her eyes so intensely open in order to fix the picture of her child in her mind. She was looking to remember, for ever." This show the fear that this lady has, she is so focused on remembering what her child looked like that it is a look of pure passion as she wants to never forget. This shows the fear as she will never see her children again, but will only remember their faces as they were forced away

The children didn't feel as much fear as the adults because they were not aware of what was going to happen and how it will affect them; you can tell this by the way they managed to sleep compared to the adults, who were too restless to get to sleep. The older boys kind of knew how large this event was to the parents, "One of the older boys embraced her in his gratitude". This shows that even though the younger children didn't understand what was going on. The fear really set in for the children when the men came to take them away "dug in their heels and screamed" this is when the children and the adults were feeling the most scared as they knew this was not going to be easy for each other. The way the bus "roared" is there to show how inhumane these acts were and how cruel acts like this happen in the animal world. The way they everyone was crammed into the bus also shows how badly treated the people were. This spreads the fear across the whole group because they know they are different from normal people. The writer also uses the word enclosure to portray how the Germans treated these people as animals showing their power and creating fear. The delaying of the bus also prolongs the fear as it does not allow a smooth exit also showing how the rest of the children's lives will be rough.

Fear is one of the main themes in this part of the story as it has a huge effect of the way that people act and view certain situations.

Shadows

Are shadows anyone friend?

A man came out of the alley cast in shadows towards me. He was running at full tilt. What was he running from? His face was taut, just perceptible in the wavering light from the street lamp further down the road. The man was dressed in a dark tailored suit, the jacket flapping wildly as he ran. To my surprise he didn't call for help as he ran past me. Yet he was obviously scared. What had he seen? He was tall, young, quite heavy, built like a rugby player. What would he be scared of in the shadows of the alley?

I grabbed on to his jacket the man stumbled for a few meters then got his balance back and started running again, I gathered myself and ran after him. I was faster than him but he was running through fear and determination, he lost me as we got towards the High Street. Over the radio came a message from Sergeant Watson who was in the car that night. "The man is on the High Street running back towards you." I start running wondering where the man would go. As I pulled onto the high street I see the man lying there. I knew something was wrong. As arrived at his body and check he is still breathing he mutters quietly "The alley".

With some trepidation I headed back to the shadowy alley that the man emerged from. Should I wait for backup. It will be too late, so I went in by myself with my hand grasping the baton that was on my belt.

It was about fifty meters down. I found an empty syringe with a trace of clear liquid. I saw an open door with light flooding into the alley, inside the door there was a aluminium baseball bat and a rather tatty brown parcel. I looked at the parcel there was no address or name on it. Suddenly, I was slammed into the staircase! A tall lean figure dressed in black blasted past out into the night, into the shadows. By the time I had picked myself up the man was long gone.

My radio crackled to life, "PC Jones the man that collapsed was pronounced DEAD at the scene. Suspected murder...perhaps by poison; there are needle punctures in his left arm. Update required."

I stated what I had found and asked them to send a car to the alley but knowing that it would probably be too late. In this dark part of the town it would be easy for anyone to disappear into the shadows. I bagged up the syringe and the parcel, then the car arrived to take charge of the crime scene. With the shadows pushed away by the car lights, the situation becomes clearer and

the syringe looked more like a weapon now. I was thinking to myself. Had the businessman been killed for the contents of the parcel. Was it money, drugs or secrets?"

All I did knew was something dark, mysterious and dangerous had happened in the shadows that night. All I had achieved was collecting some clues.

All of a sudden a call came in over the radio "We have picked up a man running out of the west exit of the alley. We are taking him to the station now. Get back here."

"Before I entered the interrogation room, Sergeant Watson came to me. He said "We don't have any grounds on which to hold this guy, so you better get something out of him."

"Why were you in the alley at that time of night?" I asked.

"Its the fastest way home" he said.

"There are no houses on the west side of town, and why were you running?" I knew something wasn't right at that point.

He then spoke harshly with a tone of anger in his voice "That alley freaks me out. There are too many shadows down that way."

"Did you see what happened down there to night?" I was starting to believe that this guy knew how to stop an interrogation because all his answers were thought through and did not provoke any more questions. It was like this for the next 10 minutes until Watson came and said "Let's hold him overnight."

That next morning, I just had a feeling that I had let a bad man get away with an inhuman act, just because of the fact that he knew how to evade suspicion whilst under close supervision. I looked into the man's background and there was a history of violence and cruel acts, this was clearly not his first run in with the law. As he was leaving after all the paper work was done, I just knew it was him. He had that smug look as he was walking, he knew nothing we could throw at him would stick.

That day I was restless, the guilt was keeping me up I just knew it was him. No one innocent would be in the alley at that time. That's when I made myself a promise, this guy was not going to get away with what he had done. Sooner or later he would betray himself. Until that moment I was going to be his shadow!

Coursework Section B

How do the narrators of 'An Unknown Girl' and 'Veronica' portray their places of origin and their feelings towards them?

'Veronica' is a story by Adewale Maja-Pearce set in Nigeria. The story 'Veronica' has two main characters: Okeke and Veronica. The story uses Okeke to be a narrator to provide a first person point of view. 'An unknown girl' is a poem by Moniza Alvi. There is a main character who is the narrator. The narrator of 'An unknown girl' wants to be involved with India's culture, whereas 'Veronica' has a contrast between the two main characters: Okeke wants to live in the city which gives him a new life; Veronica wants to be a traditional woman, to take care her family members. The narrator of 'An Unknown Girl' feels to be a part of Indian culture but the narrator of 'Veronica' does not like to be a part of his origin.

The similarity of the poem and the prose is that both texts discuss a place of origin, where they grew up, but have left. However, the attitudes of both narrators are totally different. The narrator of 'Veronica' is being positive towards her place of origin. Whereas the narrator of 'An Unknown Girl' was being negative to his place of origin.

In 'Veronica', the narrator describes his place of origin - a village - as a negative place. In lines 1-2, it says "her family had been even poorer than mine" it shows that both of the families are not wealthy, or even struggle to survive. Moreover, the narrator wanted to move to the city and achieve a better life. It says in line 35, "But think of all the things you can do in the city, I said." This shows that narrator believes that city can be so much better than village and he can get what he desired. However, after he has gone to the city, the narrator has lost his desire to return. He had returned because of his work. This is shown in lines 54-55, "while I had been a student I lacked the time, and afterwards I lacked the inclination." the narrator does enjoy the life in the city and he does not care about the village.

The narrator did not like his place of origin because he believed he couldn't do much in the village. Due to the poor condition in the village, it created a negative image in the narrator's mind because he did not want to be poor and crowded by illness. He did not even miss his life in the village.

'An unknown girl' is about the narrator's love for India and sense of belongings India where she wants to be involved into her life. The narrator describes India as a colourful place. It shows that in line 2 "studded with neon", line 9 "on her satin-peach knee," in line 27 "I have new brown veins" and in line 33 "to these firm peacock lines". The narrators shows the reader that India is full of colour by different elements.

In the poem, the narrator went back to her place of origin. She missed the place and she did not want to leave, even wanted to be a part of India. The narrator believes that she belongs to India. It says in line 27, "I have new brown veins." the reason of making her veins turn brown is because of the henna tattoo. She feels that the brown henna is a symbol in India, therefore India is in her blood.

Moreover, it is a fond memory for her. She misses the place. Even when she has already left the country, she still has the good memories in the country. It shows that in lines 45-46, "I'll lean across a country with my hands outstretched." There is a faded henna tattoo on her hands. It means that even her tattoo will be faded, she will still be proud to show the tattoo to everyone in her country.

In this poem, I can see that narrator wants to be involved into the life of India. I know that in lines 34-35, which says "like people who cling to the sides of a train". It shows that the Indian culture.

However, the narrator knows that she is not belonged to the country, therefore she didn't do it but she shows that she wants to do it like a local Indian.

The narrator was being positive to her trip to India. She likes their cultures. She loves her place of origin because she loves everything of it no matter how bad was the condition in India.

Both texts have a similarity which is having a secondary character. In 'Veronica', Veronica is the secondary character which is used to give a contrast between Okeke and Veronica. The unknown girl in 'An Unknown Girl' is the secondary character. The unknown girl was used to build up mystery.

The character Veronica was abused by her father. The author shows that in lines 8-9, "Night after night I would lie awake listening to her screams," the author shows that she didn't have a happy life when she was young. However, as a traditionally minded woman, she insisted on staying in the village to take care of her family. I know that because of lines 32 and 34. Veronica says "I can't just leave my family." and "Don't talk like that. They are my family, that is enough." She didn't even regret this even at the end of the story. It shows that in line 132, "Okeke, I won't live to see tomorrow. Nor do I want to. My husband is dead, and my child also. There is nothing left for me in this world." Veronica is shown as traditional and caring. She didn't want to have freedom but only wants her family members to be satisfied. These traditional values held by Veronica resemble the place of origin.

As a contrast of the narrator, Veronica was totally different to him. Veronica did not want to leave and she just wanted to serve everyone till the end of her lifetime. However, the narrator wants a better life, who hates origin and not loyal to his home village. It is an opposite of Veronica, therefore it builds a contrast on it.

The character unknown girl had given out a henna tattoo to the narrator. She does not seem to be important in the poem. However, she was mentioned by the narrator 3 times which is in lines 3, 12 and 29. The unknown girl was a mystery figure, simple and uneducated. Whereas the narrator is reflected to the unknown girl because she was well-educated in the western world. The unknown girl also represents the Indian side of herself which the narrator wants to find out. It gives a contrast by being the secondary character in the poem to the narrator. It shows that even the narrator does not know the unknown girl, she still misses her as how she misses India.

Both texts contain a contrast on a better world and a poor world. In 'Veronica', city and village is a contrast. In 'An Unknown Girl', West and East is a contrast in the poem.

In Veronica, it shows the contrast between village and city. It seems like being in a village will not fulfil people's desire. For instance, Okeke does not want to be staying in poor conditions. He believes that the life in city must be better than the village, therefore he chose to leave. After Okeke left his origin, he discovered city gives him more opportunities and better life but he also lost his desire and passion in city. He also knows that girls in city are materialistic. that is not what Okeke expected, therefore it shows that the city is not a Utopia.

However, the village is a contrast to the city; poor, uncompleted, etc. The Village is poor and infested with disease but does not mean that they are not having a happy life. Veronica chose to stay in the village and not to join into the city as Okeke. Staying in the village has a simple life which is totally suitable for Veronica.

Compared to the life in the city and the village, the village has an easier and simple life for people. However, due to the poor condition in the village, it might not be a good place to live. Whereas the city has its own completed system, but the lifestyle in the city is much more complicated.

In 'An Unknown Girl', it has the contrast between the west and the east. In lines 20-23, "dummies in shop-fronts tilt and stare with their Western perm." Dummies with western perm is belonged to the western world. It is also what the narrator familiar with. However, in lines 34-35, "like people who cling to the sides of a train". This is an Eastern culture which is not belonged to the narrator. Between the west and the east, the biggest difference is culture. By different culture, it creates different images to people which also make a contrast. However, the western culture invades the eastern culture by many little things in life. For instance, western perm contrasts with the Indian clothes wore by the dummies. It shows that India was influenced by the west, so that it always builds up a contrast.

In conclusion, 'An Unknown girl' shows the sense of belongings of the narrator. She wants to stay in India but she realised she does not belong to it. She wants to be involved to Indian culture. The narrator feels that she is a part of India but she must goes back and continue her normal life. In 'Veronica', it contains a contrast in the story which Veronica loves her place of origin and Okeke does not. The narrator always wants to leave because of the poor conditions even at the end he insisted that it is the last time for him to come back to his origin. The narrator of 'An Unknown Girl' portrays her places of origin as an important part of her life. Whereas the narrator of 'Veronica'

describes his place of origin as a place which should not be suitable for him to stay due to the condition which traps his freedom, so that it is valueless to him.

Descriptive Passage

"Once you come here, you will never forget anything!" The caretaker grinned at me.

The summer holiday has finished. This was the first day I went to the school. The school was painted orange. It was quarter to eight in the morning. The sunshine was blazing all over the school site. The shadow of the school was like a stocky man sheltering me. The steel green gate was opened wide for the students to get in. Inside the school gate, grey floor tiles were arranged neatly like the long carpet in Hollywood. When I got into the school, "Beep! Beep!" My phone rang. The caretaker wore a broad smile on his face and said to me, 'Welcome but switch off your phone!' I could totally feel the warmth of his big smile.

Getting into the classroom, the room was very bright. Everyone was sitting still like dolls. I found a seat next to the window. The view was blocked by skyscrapers which stands in front of the school like muscular guards. The street outside the window was overwhelmed by people's conversation. "Queue up and get down to the tennis court now for the assembly!" A teacher came into the classroom and shouted. Everyone queued up like a machine and went down to the stairs one by one. While walking down to the tennis court, the school was crowded by Christian music. Students were exposed to the sun and queuing up like soldiers, but the atmosphere was full of dread. However, I had been fascinated by my first assembly in my new school. After the assembly, I finally understood: Boring speech by teachers, extreme hot weather and sleepy music around the tennis court while standing. When we went up to the stairs, the smell of sweat lingered in the air, everyone covered their nose by their sleeve and grunted.

Time flies, I became a sixth-former and study leave would start tomorrow. The school was repainted with blue. The cold colour of the building was contrasted by the weather. The wind slapped on my cheek with rage. The clouds were dark grey and rain was falling down. The sun was hiding behind them, few light sewed through the grey curtain. Everyone wore big coats and scarf. Umbrellas were held up by people. It makes the street being colourful, it has blue, green, pink, yellow, red, etc. Suddenly, "Boom!" Thunder shouted. It was not expected for a sudden thunder. I could barely hear that girls screamed and a baby cried. It was not a nice day. My uniform was soaked by the rain. When I sat down in the classroom, I was absolutely frustrated. I could feel that some of my classmates were being upset by the study leave.

I sat in the school till evening, the sky was getting darker and darker and the streetlamp was turned on as bright as a guild. I stayed in the lonely library and read a book. I smelt the atmosphere of the library. I could still remember how I had worked on my essay like a machine. I felt the sense of belonging in the school. Suddenly, the door opened, I saw the caretaker holding a hoover. He gave me a warm smile that I hadn't seen for a long time and said, "study hard!"

How does Owen convey the effects of war on the individual in *Disabled*?

In the war poem, *Disabled*, Owen conveys the depressing effects of war on the individual by employing a variety of techniques such as contrast, structure and imagery. Through his use of language, Owen communicates that those individuals who have been left disabled by war are perceived by society as inferior which leads them to suffer additional problems such as loss of identity and purpose in life and premature ageing.

Owen uses the soldier's loss of legs in the war as a recurring metaphor to represent the notion that he has also lost his identity and purpose in life. Owen uses the clause "before he threw away his knees" to contrast the quality of his life before and after he lost his legs. The brevity of this phrase mirrors how the soldier's life irrevocably changed at that point in time. The verb "threw" has an aggressive tone and implies that in the same way that one casually throws out one's rubbish, so too has the soldier thrown away his legs. It also suggests that he regrets not thinking through his decision to go to war carefully. By making the soldier the subject of the verb, the implication is that he was the author of his misfortune. A similar message is expressed in the line "Poured it down shell-holes till the veins ran dry". Again, the use of the verb "poured" suggests that the soldier has actively brought about his own demise. "The veins ran dry" provokes an image of his body becoming desiccated due to loss of blood, which parallels his loss of life force. The image of "down shell-holes" vividly reminds us of the indentations caused by falling bombs and the context within which he lost reason to live. In the line "leap of purple spurted from his thigh", the diphthong in "leap" elongates the verb and accentuates the image of the large volume of blood which is being pumped out of his body. By using such an emphatic verb, we sense that he has suffered a serious wound, perhaps the severing of a major artery. The lexical choice "purple" is effective as it describes the colour of blood and symbolises vitality. One gets the impression that as the blood is expelled from his body, so too is his vivacity and youth. "Spurted" is a violent verb. Not only does it show the force with which the blood is being propelled from his body, and the gravity of his wound, it is also symbolic of the brutality of war and how promptly his previous life has now left him.

It is evident that Owen feels that war ages the individual prematurely. The poem begins emphatically with the melancholy words "He sat in a wheeled chair, waiting for dark" which sets the sombre tone of the poem. The use of the passive verb "sat" shows how disability has limited everything the soldier can do. Although later we infer that he is a young man in the prime of life, he is depicted as old and defeated. "Waiting for dark" suggests that he is either waiting to die or find solitude from his anxiety, while "and shivered in his ghastly suit of grey" reinforces the gloomy portrayal of the soldier. The verb "shivered" suggests he is fearful and diminished as a person. The use of the strong adjectives "ghastly" and "grey"

show how he has become a ghost-like shadow of his former self. "Grey" is poignant as it is normally associated with old age, suggesting that disability has robbed him of his youth and his youthful identity died in the war. The line "Now, he is old; his back will never brace;" is the most emphatic confirmation of his premature ageing. The irony behind the statement is evident because the reader is aware that the soldier is still in his youth. The caesura is used to slow down the pace of the line symbolising the fact that the soldier's life has been slowed by his disability. The terse tone of "never brace" shows that his condition will not improve; the image conveyed by the line is that the soldier is hunched like an old man.

Finally, the poem vividly describes the attitude of society towards those left disabled by war. Owen shows this in the three lined verse beginning "some cheered him home/about his soul" which contrasts with the longer stanzas used elsewhere. Three lines are used to show how dramatic a change there has been in his life, how his body has literally been halved just like the length of the stanza and how the soldier feels worthless compared to everyone else because of his disability. Owen focuses in particular on the reaction of girls to the soldier both before and after the war. Before the war "girls glanced lovelier as the air grew dim". This shows that girls were an important part of his life, and emphasis is drawn to the fact that they looked at him particularly in the evening as light faded, by the use of the alliteration of "g" in "girls glanced". This is later contrasted with "tonight he noticed how the women's eyes passed from him to the strong men that were whole". The word "tonight" shows that this incident is a direct comparison to the previous example. The fact that he now views the girls as "women" suggests that war has matured him. The use of the enjambement implies the idea of them looking straight past the soldier without acknowledgement and towards the "strong men that were whole". The emphatic placement of "whole" at the end of line highlights how incomplete and impotent he feels without his limbs in comparison to those who still have theirs and how inadequate the women perceive him to be.

To conclude, Owen presents a bleak portrayal of the effects of war on the individual. Many of the themes which he addresses are as prevalent today as they were at the time of writing. Some of society still has a negative view of disability, which is so often a tragic consequence of war.

Word Count: 1000 words



Left in the dark

It was all so familiar. The luscious green foliage of the wisteria which entwined around the old pillar-box at the end of Millbrook Lane. I touched it furtively with the tips of my fingers and felt it slip away like a snowflake evaporating in the sunlight. My heart raced as I spotted the weather beaten thatch of the house nestled under the shadow of the resplendent oak tree. Acorns topped in their woolly hats were hanging in clusters from the leathery, lobed leaves. The silver top of his car glinted in the searing sunshine; he was undoubtedly at home.

It was then that I saw my reflection for the very first time after it had happened. My erstwhile jet-black hair now looked thin and ash grey, lifelessly hanging just beneath my rib cage. My sallow face was expressionless like a blank canvass. I stared. Longing and hoping it was not real, but it was, without a doubt, me. My piercing green eyes penetrated into the depths of what was left of my soul. I stroked my left cheek, hoping it would be soft and plump, but instead, it was waxy and paper-thin. This was me now, nothing could change that, I just had to try and accept it- hopefully he would too.

My footsteps quickened as I neared the gravel pathway. It was then that I saw the rose wilting, yearning for existence, craving affection. I empathised unequivocally with its sadness and solitude. Why did it have to happen to me too?

I stealthily slipped through the doorway in search of him. Climbing the stairs ahead, I made straight for his office, expecting to find him perched at his desk just as he used to be. The stifled creak of the floor boards echoed unnervingly around the stairwell as I tried to move unnoticed. I needed to set the record straight once and for all. The door was slightly ajar, and I peered around looking for him; he was not there. Papers were strewn all over the desk and a half finished cup of coffee was placed precariously on his bookshelf. The room looked dusty and unkempt. Frantically, I turned my back and retraced my steps to think again. Where would I find him? The door to the kitchen was closed. That's where he must be, I thought.

I put my ear to the old, wooden door and could hear faint movements inside. This was my moment; it had to be done. I gently tried to push the door open but my hand glided through the solid frame like water through a sieve. There he was; his back turned towards me. I felt a sudden rush of exhilaration, overwhelmed by the sensation of his being. You see, we had always been friends, very close, but not lovers. I stared at him, paralysed with fear- but there was no turning back. Summoning all the strength I had deep within me, I uttered the three words which I had for so long ached to say. My vocal chords strained at the effort, but nothing, not even a single word came out. All I could feel and see was cold air being exhaled from my mouth. I tried again with all my might but in vain, nothing, not even a syllable came out.

My heart leapt as he turned towards the doorway. Perhaps he had heard me after all? I stretched out my arms to him, craving his embrace. His pace quickened as he neared me; I noticed how he suddenly shivered. Perhaps he shared my elation? I had been waiting for this moment ever since we were parted. I savoured the anticipation of his presence and understood that this would be something etched deep in my heart forever.

Counting down the steps, three, two, one - I held my breath and closed my eyes. Time seemed to stop still. I waited for his embrace but felt nothing. He walked straight through me like a passing shadow and in that instant, he was gone. My dreams became a nightmare.

Just as that car had shattered my body irreversibly, so too was my heart crushed to its core. The realisation of my true reality bore down on me like the metal bonnet which pulverised my bones. Tears streamed down my pallid face unremittingly just like those murderous wheels which never seemed to stop. Why did my life have to end like that? The silence was deafening. He did not hear what he should have heard and he never will. My last chance had vanished. I will forever subsist in regret.

Heart-broken, I shuffled out of the house. Clouds had gathered gloomily above, enveloping the sun's warmth. The rose petals lay scattered on the ground, shrivelled and wasted, drained of their lifeblood. Everything was dark.


Word Count: 800

How is the theme of Destiny portrayed in The Necklace and Disabled?

Destiny: the inevitable or necessary fate to which a particular person or thing is destined, a predetermined course of events considered as something beyond human power or control.

The theme of destiny is portrayed in both the poem 'Disabled' by Wilfred Owen and the short story 'The Necklace' by Guy de Maupassant. Disabled portrays a young man who went to war and came back handicapped, after amputations on both his legs and also on an arm. The Necklace is about a woman who is unsatisfied with her simple lifestyle and dreams of living a rich and extravagant life.

In the dictionary definition of 'destiny', it is said that destiny can't be controlled by human power and they cannot stop their destiny. However in both 'the necklace' and 'Disabled' the main characters actions and attitudes contribute to their outcome. For example, in Disabled, he lies about his age to get into war and ultimately gets punished for this. The eagerness of youth and the want to impress overshadowed any thoughts about the dangers or harmful outcomes, so he is contributing to his outcome, his destiny, by doing something he is legally not allowed to do.

Structurally, the portrayal of destiny in each of the two is very different, in the poem 'Disabled', Owen writes the poem in a retrospective fashion and gives the reader a glimpse of what has happened at the beginning so the element of surprise is gone and the reader may have different views on the event that will take place. For example, the first line, 'he sat in a wheeled chair', takes away any doubt in the readers mind about the condition of the protagonist and it is not a climax or a storyline about how this came about. In the second stanza, Owen alternates between the past and present and this is common throughout the poem. It clearly demonstrates the so-called 'before and after' effect. For example, Owen says that the 'Town used to swing so gay' and then 'Now he will never feel again how slim girls waists are'. The positive memories and events always seem to be in the past, the negatives in the present.

However, in The Necklace, Maupassant writes in a Chronological fashion and describes how Madame Loisel is feeling and then reveals her fate. This is a more common structure in story writing. For example, for the first page he includes deep descriptions of Loisel, her surroundings and her feelings, then as the short story develops the fate becomes more and more prominent. When the necklace is first introduced it is the first introduction to the action of 'destiny'. The necklace could be viewed as a symbol of destiny. The more the necklace is mentioned, the more destiny is prominent in the story, a similarity to war in 'Disabled'. - Oh how so? - Ok. I see

In the Necklace, the protagonist (Madame Loisel) thinks she deserves better and often dreams about what she should have rather than appreciating what she has in reality. Maupassant describes that she was 'unhappy all the time' and 'she felt she was intended for a life of refinement and luxury'. Comparing this to the main character in 'Disabled', he is looking back on his life before the war and comparing it to his life now. He describes the things he will never feel again, such as 'how slim girls waists are'. Ironically, the women that are being described in Disabled are being admired, just like Madame Loisel wants to be. Interesting comparison.

Both characters in each of the texts feel that they deserve a different situation to the ones that they find themselves in and in both cases the characters end up worse

off for trying to change their destiny. Madame Loisel clearly feels that her average life is not what she was made for, she believes that she is in for a life of luxury and refinement and in Disabled, he is driven by the thought of girls, romance and heroism and ends up not being able to go to bed for himself. Based on this, Disabled is written in a more pessimistic fashion, whereas the necklace has an element of hope and does have a constant feel of, it will get better and this isn't what I deserve.

Comparing the two and the way they are written, Maupassant goes into much more descriptive detail of the characters and landscapes, setting the scene. Being a short story, there is much more room for description than in a poem, however Disabled seems to be focused on the detail of what the character has lost. For example, the third paragraph of The Necklace is a long, extensive paragraph about the main character, Madame Loisel, her dreams against her reality and the fact that she thinks she deserves better than what she has already got. The detail that Maupassant describes in this paragraph is extensive, he describes her 'run down apartment', with 'the peeling walls, the battered chairs and the ugly curtains', her dream of 'silent antechambers hung with oriental tapestries', 'great drawing rooms dressed with old silk which were filled with fine furniture' and 'pretty little parlours filled with perfumes'. This paragraph sums up the material and thought behind the whole story, what she has, and what she feels she should have, her feeling about what her destiny is.

However, in Disabled, all is revealed before we have a chance to wonder, it is a poem of reflection and therefore the detail is very differently phrased. 'He sat in a wheeled chair', the start is dark, miserable unlike the start of Necklace, which starts in a completely different mood, 'she was one of those pretty delightful girls'. As the poem progresses, the mood doesn't change, however in The Necklace the mood is always changing because of the way that the story is written. The fact that it is written in a chronological order means that the mood is not one of reflection, but one of the present. This changes the perception of destiny for the reader.

The main characters of each have strong characteristics, but the way that the characteristic of each come across can be to do with the context in which their personality is mentioned. For example, in Disabled, Owen implies that like lots of young men, the young man was persuaded by the thought of heroism and 'getting the girls'. For example, Owen writes that the character thought of 'jeweled hilts for daggers in plaid socks' and 'of smart salutes', but doesn't mention any of the thoughts the character may have had about the dangers.

In The Necklace, Madame Loisel is portrayed as a dreamer, which she clearly is, but as a balance, her husband is extremely down to earth. This is described as she dreams of, 'elegant dinners, gleaming silverware and tapestries', but her husband is described as a man who lifts the lid of the tureen and proclaims, 'ah stew, splendid! There's nothing I like better than a nice stew...'.
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In conclusion, both The Necklace and Disabled portray destiny clearly, but the way that they are written provide the reader with different views on what the connection between the character and their destiny. However, in both The Necklace and Disabled, the protagonists both end up living in worse conditions than they were before after trying to affect their destiny.

The Flashback

Harry was, like so many others, a changed man. The events not only haunted him during sleep, but in broad daylight. The horrors didn't stop for a night off, just like they didn't stop back then. Every moment, memory was clear but the one that haunted him was always the same.

No one really understood, it was only those who witnessed the horrors, the screams and the pain that knew. Sometimes he could sit for hours, mind blank, eyes open, staring. Staring at an invisible wall that barred him from his happy memories. It was like he couldn't remember those days, the few years before he went and lost it all.

Suddenly, his body would stiffen, he would seem to vacate himself, leave himself behind. His mind would wander back, right back to same spot. At first he would struggle, but he can't force himself to wake. He knows what's coming, the memory is always clear. But every time, the pain doesn't change, if anything it gets greater, hurts him more than the time before.

His mind settles. He is now firmly planted in the body of a young boy, aged 19, where the thought of fear is utterly overwhelmed by the adrenaline running through his body. He looks to the left, then to the right. Lines of men, just like himself stood waiting, some were already half way up the ladders. They waited for the sound of the whistle, the whistle that for them sounded like the final call, they knew the horrors they would face. It wasn't hidden anymore.

He seemed to stand for an eternity, waiting, shivering, staring. This point was always the clearest to him. Every detail was always the same, no variation, definitely no variation. He would notice the nervous twitching of the man in front, the vacant humming of the boy behind and the whistling, swirling, freezing wind that whispers like the voices of those that have gone, left their bodies, left their loved ones.

Still he waits. Even those who have ventured over many times are silent, like they have used all their lives, like this was the last straw. He drops his head for now he knows it's nearly time.

Suddenly the whistle blows. A sharp piercing through the winter air, for it is the sound that has haunted him for nearly 70 years. The sound that has been repeated to him every day for year after year. He will never forget this sound, he will never be allowed to forget this bone shattering, screeching, screaming sound.

Then, the air is filled with the sounds of the ladders creaking under the weight of the floods of soldiers ascending from their cover into the slaughter field of mud and corpses. The screams of aggression and pain from those who run and from those who fall. The cracking of gun fire, the screaming of shells, he wishes to hear the whispers of the wind once more, but the whispers are engulfed by the sounds, just like the way shadows disappear when the night comes around.

It is his turn. At the foot of the ladder he hesitates, takes a deep breath, which may be his last and starts his ascent.

The next portion of this horrific tale is more of a blur, the screaming shells, whistling bullets, the heavy panting of a soldier gripped in the claws of death. He races towards a hole created by a shell, his boots seem to be filling with the mixture of mud and water by the gallon. Still he struggles on, eventually reaching this hole where he can catch some breath.

It is always at this point that Harry seems to stir. He gently moves from side to side, his head rocks back and forth. His family would watch on, knowing what he is witnessing inside his

Strong use of triplets,
Vivid.
Use of sound.
Varied sentence lengths.

head, for he has told them many times. But there is nothing they can do, only wait, wait to reassure him that he is safe.

He peers over the top of the hole. He knows he has to make a move, he can't afford to be caught slacking. He knows the punishment. Quickly, he crawls towards the top of the shell hole, trying to find some grip in the wet, sloppy paste that calls itself mud. He had never seen anything like this before.

He crawls towards the top, slowly, trying not to slide down towards the murky broth of rainwater, waste and corpse that he had narrowly avoided during his swift entry into the shell hole. Reaching the top, he whimpers, the sight is horrifying. Bodies lay all around, some twitch, some groan, but all end up falling into the same bottomless pit of death.

He dare not move, he just lay there, playing dead, waiting for something, he doesn't know what. Just some hope to cling to. He has lost all bearings, nothing is clear, he believes this is the end.

It is at this point that Harry will stop shaking in his chair. This is a signal, a signal that his trouble is nearly over. Everything has settled, they can imagine the reflection he is seeing inside his head for he has told them many times. It is a waiting game because he can sit and reflect in his chair for as long as anyone, but they know the image that is circulating round his head.

Harry lay in the mud, playing dead and looks up to the sky and listens. He hears the cries of birds, trying to find their nests that have now disappeared into the mud bath down below, they panic because they are not used to the night. He listens to the whispers of the wind, the pitter-patter of the light rainfall and the occasional cry from a dying soldier. He looks to the heavens, searches for a gap in the low, grey cloud and catches a glimpse of a cluster of stars. He remembers the feeling, the love for his family. He resigns himself, and shuts his eyes.

It is at this point that Harry opens his eyes, to the sight of his loving family gathered in his living room. He looks at himself, examines his state and almost feels embarrassed. He grabs his stick, gains his balance and hobbles out of the living room, down the corridor and into his room. He does this every time, like a routine. He hasn't ever told anyone what he does inside his room, but half an hour later he returns to his chair, sips his coffee and switches on the TV.

↳ - intriguing / mysterious

use of time shift

Sample F

How does Wilfred Owen use poetic techniques to provoke sympathy for the soldier in 'Disabled'?

The poem is about an injured soldier who has returned from war. He has lost limbs and now that he is disabled, he is treated differently in society. He ends up lonely with nothing to do with his life, he reminisces about his life before the war and the contrast to the present. The rhythm of the rhyme in this poem is abacbc. The poem is structured with iambic pentameter, which flows as naturally as speech and it gives a conversational feel, which is unusual in war poetry. Wilfred Owen was an officer in World War 1 so he had first hand experience of young soldiers being injured and being sent home.

The poem starts off with the ex-soldier sat in a wheeled chair and 'waiting for dark', this is light imagery and it could signify that the soldier is waiting for death or his life is so boring that all he does all day is wait for the night. 'Ghastly suit of grey' is also colour imagery and could also mean that his life is bleak and boring. It goes on to state that the suit is 'Legless, sewn short at the elbow' which means he has lost his legs and his arms, it also could mean that he can't afford a new one after he got back from war which links in with the theme of the poem which is that life was difficult for injured soldiers after the war.

Line 7 in the second stanza states that 'About this time Town used to swing gay' in this sense 'gay' means happy and suggests that before the war the town and soldiers used to be happy but is now troubled by war. Line 10 is important because it says 'In the old times before he threw away his knees' when he talks about the old time it suggests that he's been injured for a while now and he misses having legs and 'before he threw away his legs' suggests that he was careless or it could suggest that war as vastly dangerous and that's how he lost his legs, he could have stepped on a mine. Lines 11-13 talks about how girls avoid him and he also thinks that no girl will ever like him, all girls avoid him because 'All of them touch him like some queer disease'.

The next stanza uses contrast from his past and present life and the flashbacks show a picture of a damaged youth. The first contrast is 'There was an artist silly for his face' which represents his life before the war and now he is injured by the war, this promotes sympathy for the soldier. 'he is old; his back will never brace' which means he has aged prematurely because of the war and injury and also signifies that he has given up on life. Lines 17-18 talk about how 'He's lost his colour very far from here' which means he is now drained of life and energy/enthusiasm and that he thinks he should have died in the war, it also implies that he is unhappy with his life. It goes on to say that he 'Poured it down shell-holes till his veins ran dry' This indicates that he put everything into the war including his blood and it took everything from him including his legs, the words 'veins' and 'dry' are symbolic of love which again promotes sympathy for the soldier. Line 19 states that "half his lifetime lapsed in the hot the hot race" This implies that his life has been considerably shortened by the war due to his permanent injury, this again makes us sympathise for the soldier because he is likely to die young and have a wasted life because of his injury

through the war.

Line 21 in the next stanza again links to his life before the war by saying "One time he liked a blood-smear down his leg" which means he used to like being injured because it made him look more manly to please the women, but now he has a permanent injury he thinks about how naive and foolish he was to think that injury was a blessing. He then goes on to talk about how he joined the army, it was after football after he had a drink. He was being convinced to join the army because "Someone had said he'd look a god in kilts". Also he thought it would please the girls and get them to like him. Line 20 is very important because it shows how young men could sign up under age. It says "He asked to join. He didn't have to beg" this demonstrates that the people who signed men up didn't really care about the men's age, they just wanted as many men as possible to help the war effort.

From lines 30-36 he talks about how he didn't think about the enemy and he thinks about the perks of war and how great it will be, this shows that he's naive and he doesn't think about what could happen.

Lines 37-39 are slightly closer to the present and it shows him coming back from the war injured. As it talks about how "some cheered him home" which suggests that it was not a heroes welcome home and not the welcome he deserves. Also it was not an enthusiastic welcome home, we know this because line 37 says "but not as crowds cheer Goal". The rest of the stanza continues to talk about how not many people care that he's home. This could possibly be because all his friends are still in the war or have died in it.

Then from lines 43-44 they say "Tonight he noticed how the women's eyes Passed from him to the strong men who were whole." This reveals the prejudice of the time against disabled people and reveals how lonely he is and will be in his life to come. The word 'whole' is used to describe the men who are not missing limbs and the women who don't give the soldier a chance because he is disabled. Also the word 'Strong' implies that the soldier is now weak due to his disability and that too makes the women overlook him. The last two lines use repetition for emphasis.

In a conclusion the poem uses the man's disability and time changes to show the difference between then and now before the war, it highlights the danger of war and the effect it could have on young lives. The poem also suggests the fact that injured soldiers after the war didn't get the gratitude they deserved and the care they needed due to injury. It also plays on your feelings by using his loneliness to feel sorry for him. The poem could also suggest that we need to look past the physical side of people and that disabled people shouldn't hold a lower rank in society just because they are disabled.

Big Game

It was the day before the big game. Joseph was sitting alone on his soft, warm bed pondering about his first big game the next day. He was nervous and his palms were sweaty, he lay down in his bed and sunk into his soft mattress as he thought to himself, "What if I drop the ball? What if I miss a tackle? What if I give away a penalty?"

comfort contrast
with late
nerves

Joseph was feeling the pressure from his coaches and teammates to perform well. His muscles were sore, achy and stiff due to all the training at the gym work he'd been doing recently. He'd been going to the gym a lot recently because he was trying to relieve stress and take his mind off all the other problems he'd been having on the field. His head was swimming with anxious thoughts about the game. He thought to himself that the way forward was to get some well deserved sleep and worry about his problems in the morning.

symbol

Harry was playing for the opposition team. He'd been preparing for this for a week now by going to the gym and eating all the right food to keep a balanced diet. He was also mentally prepared, he had confidence in himself, he knew he was going to succeed in his goals of winning the game. Harry had been planning out what he was going to do and how he was going to do it. He was getting in the zone before the game, he was focused, he knew what to do. He got an early night to mentally and physical prepare himself for the game tomorrow.

trochan

language specific
for subject

Joseph woke up early, too early. His sleep had been broken due to stress from the previous night about today's game, he'd been overthinking the game too much. He promptly dressed and readied himself to get on the team bus to the stadium where all the fans would be waiting for him to win them the match. Joseph was picturing them, the crowd, everyone watching him. A thick drop of sweat ran down his forehead. As he got on the bus he could taste the cool dry air of the air conditioning. He took his seat, he chose to sit alone, he wanted to be alone with his thoughts, he couldn't talk, his throat was dry and sore. His hands were clammy with sweat and beads of sweat formed on his forehead despite the cool dry air being thrust upon him from the air conditioning. Joseph could feel the pressure crushing him, he looked around nervously, everyone seemed to be focused apart from him, this worried him further. He thought over and over "Is it too late to pull out?"

asyndeton

personification

As Harry first stepped onto his team bus and greeted his teammates, he was confident that his team was going to win. He was prepared as he could be. He was also confident and calm but focused on his goal of winning the game.

Repetition of
phrases to reflect
single focus of
character

Both teams walked on to the pitch, Joseph was shaking with anxiety whereas Harry was calm and still, ready for the whistle for kick-off. The shriek of the whistle blew. As the time flew by, Joseph got increasingly distracted by the cheering the crowd and he constantly felt like the whole stadium was watching him. Joseph made mistake after mistake, it was obvious that something was wrong although Joseph couldn't figure out what. Whereas

onomatopoeia



Harry on the other hand was consistently playing well. By the end of the match Harry had got man of the match. As final whistle blew 22-7. Harry's team had won, there were screeches of joy and happiness but equally anger and pain from Joseph's team.

Post match both Harry and Joseph reflected on their performance during the game. Joseph was distraught, he knew he could have done better. He asked himself "What could I have done better?" Joseph deep down knew that he had not been mentally prepared. Harry on the other hand had given it all in the match and it had proved well worth the effort. That night he could sleep well!

A Comparison of the themes and techniques seen in 'Refugee Blues' by W.H. Auden and 'Out, Out' by Robert Frost.

The poem 'Refugee Blues' by W.H. Auden describes the gradual increase in persecution of the Jews during the 1930s in Europe under the Nazi regime. 'Out, Out' by Robert Frost is about a boy whose hand is cut off when he is working with a buzz saw and later dies of his wound. When he dies life goes on as usual without him. Both poems deal with cruelty and human suffering. This essay will examine these themes and how the poets chose to convey them

Good + clear

In 'Refugee Blues' Auden, explores the mass migration of German Jewish citizens at the beginning of the Holocaust in the 1930s and the subsequent quality of life experienced by those who remained under the Nazi regime. The poem uses a 'Blues Song' structure that mimics the songs of protest by African-Americans in the early 20th century. The 'Blues' element can be seen in the poem's repetitive rhythms to which four beats will occupy each line of a three-line stanza and a repeated refrain in each last line. It's protest element fits in with how the Jews are being persecuted and highlights their suffering.

The narrator of the poem is a German Jewish citizen who, according to the colloquial and conversational language used, appears to be talking to his wife, "Say this city has... Went to a committee... Saw a poodle..." However her lack of response suggests that the events he describes have no solution as if nothing can be said let alone done to stop the horror. Auden gives his narrator such straight-forward language as it helps the reader identify with him and sympathise too. This is also achieved through the repetition of key points which the narrator wishes to emphasize, for example Auden repeats "Yet there's no place for us" twice in one line which heightens the couple's cruel situation.

At the beginning of the poem the narrator begins by describing a city in which "ten million souls" live, however he immediately states the difference in the quality of life between two sides of this city. He says "Some are living in mansions", an obvious statement drawn to show the vast wealth and comfort the majority of Germans experience, immediately followed by "some are living in holes", a contrast which quickly tells the reader the difference in the quality of life and the prejudice the Jews are experiencing. The mention of living in holes clearly depicts how the Nazi regime dehumanized the Jewish population. Auden uses irony here with the word "souls" because it suggests that all men are equal in the eyes of God but clearly in Hitler's rules they are not.

The poem then fills with metaphors and similes, which use the theme of Nature. The first is the comparison between Hitler and a storm, in which the narrator is trying to imply the ferocious, violent and destructive tendencies of the Nazi leader and draw comparisons between the approaching Holocaust and the far away roar of a brewing storm, "Thought I heard the thunder rumbling in the sky." This onomatopoeia builds anticipation to the end of the poem as the reader expects a dramatic event similar to how lightning might strike during a storm. The narrator then comments on how

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German pets seem to be experiencing a better quality of life, "a poodle in a jacket and fastened pin... saw a door opened and a cat let in..." than the Jewish people are and how the narrator wishes it could be the Jews instead. This shows the Nazi tendency to dehumanize the Jews as they depicted being below animals on the social ladder.

The Jewish narrator then goes to marvel at how Nature, when void of human beings, doesn't seem to engage in these acts of discrimination and victimisation, "Walked through a wood, saw the birds in the trees They had no politicians and sang at their ease." There is a strong tone of longing in his voice as he appears to wish for a life like the animals he sees which are free of restraints in Nature, a life void of the prejudice he and his people are experiencing.

The final chilling image of the poem is of "Ten thousand" Nazi soldiers marching through the snow trying to find the Jewish couple. The couple do not have a chance to escape as they are trapped on "a great plain" which means they have nowhere to hide as it is all open ground. The odds are against them with ten thousand soldiers looking for two harmless civilians. The "falling snow" is a metaphor for the cruelty, suffering and fear they will face once they are tracked down and finally exterminated. This is the climax of the poem. It is the final stage of the horror that has been gradually building up throughout the poem as the Nazis increase their restrictions against the Jews, isolate them and finally destroy them.

Some of these themes are shared with 'Out Out', by Robert Frost. This is a narrative of one boy's tragic accident and subsequent death. It can be seen as a protest against the practice of child labour. In the poem a boy is cutting wood with a buzz saw and cuts his hand using it. The boy soon dies from blood loss, then, instead of mourning, the other workers proceed back to their work unaffected by the event.

The first major similarity between these two poems is they both use the technique of gradually building up events to inevitable and tragic endings where we see their protagonists' fate. The chronological development of the poems helps create suspense in both cases. Frost builds up tension to the boy's death and Auden shows how things go from bad to worse for the Jews under Hitler. Both poets are protesting against the exploitation of human rights in their respective time periods on both a large scale and a small one. *Good!*

'Out, Out' starts off with, "The buzz saw snarled and rattled in the yard." This is an example of onomatopoeia which is also a predatory vicious animalistic sound, which emphasises danger. This is similar to Auden's use and effect of onomatopoeia when he is describing Hitler. Both poems contain repetition: "And the saw snarled and rattled, snarled and rattled," this increases the sense of danger and Frost is using zoomorphism here by bringing the saw to life. Auden uses repetition to heighten the sense of desperation his protagonists feel, "But where shall we go to-day, my dear, where shall we go to-day?" This technique is also used to create pathos for both the Jewish couple and the young boy forced to work.

Frost refuses to lay blame for the injury on the boy, who is still a "child at heart." He blames the adults for making him do a job he is too young for. Frost accuses the adults of not even giving the child a break, "Call it a day I wish they would To please the boy by giving him half an hour that a boy counts so much when saved from

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work." The repetition of 'boy' is to emphasise how young the child is and he should not be doing a dangerous job. The word 'saved' tells us it is dangerous. When the boy cuts his hand Frost says, "He must have given the hand" which suggests that a serious accident was clearly going to happen in such an obvious dangerous situation. This is stated in a matter of fact way similar to the blunt words of the consul in 'Refugee Blues', "If you got no passport you're officially dead." Both these quotations have a feeling of inevitability about them. *well observed!*

The last part of 'Out, Out' has the same feeling as 'Refugee Blues,' "And they, since they were not the one dead, turned to their affairs," Which is a horrible thing to do as it shows how no one cared about someone who was suffering because they weren't suffering as much as them, also the reader feels sympathy towards the boy. In both poems Auden and Frost finish with a harsh ending. By the end of Forst's poem, the narrator no longer has anything to say about the tragedy of the boy's death. While the first twenty-six lines contain elegant metaphors and descriptions of the scene, the final eight lines are detached, unemotional and cold in tone. The narrator's "So" and "No more to build on there" reveal that even the narrator is unable to find any explanation for why such a young boy had to die. This could be compared to the cold cruelty and awful realization at the end of 'Refugee Blues.'

In conclusion 'Refugee Blues' and 'Out, Out' are protest poems that use similar themes and similar techniques, but are not totally identical. Though both poems deal with cruelty and human suffering, Frost uses detachment and blunt language to make his point, while Auden uses more symbolism and lets us imagine the horrors that are going to come, especially in the disturbing final stanza. These are still two strong poems with strong messages for both their and our times.

Writing to Explore, Imagine and Entertain

Hajime Owari

It was now about 6:00pm and Hajime decided it was time to call it a day; he had scrubbed every inch of the house whilst cleaning in anticipation for his mother's arrival on the following day and decided it was time to relax knowing that no matter how hard he tried she would never think it was spotless.

He walked over towards the couch to sit down and watch TV. He flicked through the channels and couldn't find much on, he decided to stick with a terrible Rom-Com until something good came on later. It was the same sappy story they always use, about a young girl living in Tokyo trying to find love with her goofy friend. He grabbed the newspaper and decided to read whilst it played.

He continued to read but became distracted.

On the TV there were two characters walking through a club, it was relatively normal but behind them were huge letters in bright yellow graffiti, Hajime slowly read them out loud.

"あ…な…た…の…後…ろ" he said with a confused tone,

"あなたの後ろ"? he murmured before realizing what it said with a fright.

He bolted upwards and turned around looking behind the sofa at the kitchen counter, his heart pumping loudly, he felt the veins in his neck fill with hot blood, pumping in time with his heart, pressing out against the inside of his skin. "But why should I look behind me?" he whispered shaking with fright. Then he felt it, right on the back of his neck making his hairs stand on end and his body quiver with a wave of cold. His chest tightened and he felt light headed from fear. Right on the back of his neck he could feel it, a pair of eyes looking straight at him.

He didn't need to see if someone was standing there, he could feel it. An animal instinct clawing at his mind, as if unravelling what he knew. There was somebody there without a doubt; they were standing staring right at him without moving an inch.

His breathing became slow and regulated, he didn't know what it was standing there, the presence felt like that of wild animal, something savage like a bear or wolf, but yet it seemed to have some kind of sophistication, a higher intelligence as if mocking him like an animal at the zoo.

His wrists hurt from all the blood pumping through and he felt as if the smallest bite from the smallest mosquito would spring a fountain of blood.

Action had to be taken.

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As quick as a flash he hopped over the low, white cushioned back support of the couch and ran to the door.

He ran as fast as he could and didn't manage to slow down colliding into the wooden door with a loud thump. He tried to grab the handle but his hands were shaking and couldn't catch a proper grip. His hands thumbed over the knob before he finally grasped and tried to turn, but just before he did and ran out of the room he felt it.

It was a tiny warm breeze that seemed to follow a rhythm... just like breathing. The breathing became faster and louder as if the thing could read minds and had become angry at his thoughts. The breath got closer to his neck and now Hajime was almost certain that if he moved a mere millimeter he would feel the hairs in the thing's nose tickle his skin.

He stood awaiting his fate to take him.

Then he felt a small drop of moisture roll from his shoulder to his collarbone, then roll down his chest to his stomach, and another one, and another. Then he felt the pressure of a hand pressed ever so slightly down against his skin, pushing the clothes down against his shoulder. Hajime held his breath from fear and the hands grip slowly tightened around the skin, the fingers brittle and thin, digging in like knives into the flesh. As it did he felt colder and colder, whilst more and more water was dripping down onto the floor like tears.

Drip...

Drip...

Drip...

“あ…な…た…の…後…ろ” a voiced whispered in his ear

Hajime Owari turned quickly... nothing. The room was empty; apart from him, the most living thing in the room was the wooden table.

His heart was still beating fast and his whole body shook from fear, his knees shaking like rattling teeth in the cold December winds. He collapsed onto the floor, back against the door.

He dared not move. He sat for a few minutes to catch his breath and calm his racing mind. He muttered small prayers of joy, thankful to still be alive. He looked down at his shirt expecting to see stains of water left but it was immaculate.

He stood, back still pressed against the door, fearing to leave and clinging on as a child clings to its mother. Then with a sigh of relief he turned to walk back to the couch, but something caught his eye. A small splinter from the door. He turned his eye to the right... there were more splinters. The door had been scratched by something like a needle or fingernail. He turned completely to look at the etchings:

“你想不想要死” ... He stood in shock.

Just as he had calmed himself he was again terrified of being in the flat, the dark seemingly closing in around him like hands clawing flesh off his bones. The shaking was back and his body felt weak, his mind was dismantling in the madness of his situation. He tried to walk away but felt overcome by the situation and began thrashing about in a frenzy. His mind went blank from fear and his body was left to fall around like a plastic bag caught in the wind. He tripped and fell to the floor, the crash woke him from his manic state and he suddenly became eerily quiet and still like a dead body. He turned to look up at the carving... it was gone.

"I... I don't want... don't want... to... to... to die" he muttered in frantic fear, his eyes widened and his pupils dilated.

Then suddenly like an uncoiled spring he was running through the flat.

Then he stopped, and he was hit hard with a sudden realization, as if by a concrete brick. In this corridor there were four doors. However, there were only three rooms on this corridor, at least three that he had been in. So what was the extra door and what was behind it?

He walked unsteadily down the hall to the mystery door. The walls spun dizzily around him as if he were on a rollercoaster and his heart nearly jumped out of his chest with fear. It was as if he was in a trance, purely focused on the door he had never seen, walking towards it like a lamb to the slaughter blissfully unaware of his surroundings. The door filled his mind and he appeared to be on autopilot.

He stood before it.

He reached down for the metal handle... it was warm and a little clammy... somebody had used this door very recently. He pushed down on the handle and with almost no force the door clicked. It was open and Hajime knew that whatever was on this other side would not be happy to see him, but a wave of courage took hold and he slowly pushed the door open. The hinges gave way with no noise or resistance and the door opened wide.

Hajime then blacked out.
Then Hajime woke up.

He was in his bed, the sheets were thrown around the room and the dust was settling in the rays of the sun through his blinds. He sat up quickly and noticed he had been sweating an incredible amount. He jumped out of bed, nearly tripping over a pile of clothes on the floor, and ran out the room into the hallway. Three doors. There were three doors... he had dreamt it all up!

He showered and dressed, his mother would be here soon and she most likely wouldn't be best pleased if he was still in his pajamas. He tidied the living room one last time before her arrival. She strode in with her usual swagger, nose pointed in the air.

They chatted and exchanged remarks about neighbours, work and the weather, a rather mundane yet sobering change from Hajime Owari's previous nightmare.

"Oh darling, I have to see these holiday photos you took!" his mother suddenly remarked taking Hajime by surprise.

"Of course Mother," he said whilst taking his phone out, they proceeded to flick through the photos in a rather rhythmic fashion. The photos dried up and none were left, but one last photo remained on his phone, Hajime wondered what on earth it might be. His mother stood up and walked into the kitchen after a drink of water. He looked down at his phone and flicked to the left and the photo came up on the screen quite clearly.

The photo showed Hajime lying in bed... asleep... taken from the side of the room with what looked like a figure standing next to the bed.

Perhaps Hajime Owari's dreams were more real than he thought.

Perhaps Hajime Owari was still dreaming.

But perhaps, and most frightening of all, Hajime Owari didn't really live alone.



Disabled Draft

How does Wilfred Owen convey the pity of war in Disabled?

In the poem 'Disabled' Wilfred Owen tries to evoke the pity of war and the dispel of war and the destructive impact it had on people's lives. He also wants to convey the myth of war as glamorous. Owen tells the reader the contrast between the glories of military display and the realistic fears of the battles in war, which are outrageous and horrible.

In 'Disabled' Wilfred Owen uses a soldier to portray the consequences of war. "He", leaving the soldier unnamed implies that he is referring to one of many young soldiers affected by the war, 'he wonders why' "he" shows the isolation and loneliness of the soldier and makes the reader feel pity and sympathise. The first stanza starts with a depressing description of a lone man, "sat in a wheeled chair, waiting for dark" in a "ghastly suit of grey". ^{understand} ^{man} Through this phrase the reader can see the dark and gloomy tone which further conveys the pity of war. This is Owen's first use of description in the poem to portray the truth of war. By revealing the effect of the war on the soldiers, Owen grabs the reader's attention and sympathy for the soldiers in war. The mental harm on the soldiers as a result of the war is also revealed in the first stanza when he mentions that even the "Voices of boys rang saddening like a hymn, Voices of play and pleasure after day, till gathering sleep had mothered them for him" he knows that these children are going back home and will be tucked into bed by their mother, this contrasts with the state that he is in, he will 'tucked' into bed in an institution. Owen states this quote in a very dull and harsh manner, it is like he doesn't appreciate the innocent voices of the children. ^{insight into ways meaning is conveyed} Wilfred Owen's use of adjectives such as "dark", "grey" and "shivered" in his opening stanza shows the gloominess and the depression of the soldier, this creates a sense of sympathy to the soldier from the reader. ^{analysis calls}

In stanza 2 it exposes the soldier's past; the life before the war. The poet uses the quote 'how slim girls wastes are' to indicate that he knows females or has been attracted to one.

However, the use of contrast highlights what has happened after the war and the tragic consequence he'd have to face. This suggests that he will no longer be looked at the same as a woman or the 'giddy jilts' look at him as if he is a 'queer disease'. What Owen suggests by this is that they didn't want to look at him as he's a reminder of the tragedies of war, ^{poet's perspective and analysis}

ultimately justifying how his looks doesn't attract girls anymore, which is his main insecurity. This is because tracking his past, the soldier was popular with the ladies and they were his main motive to enlist. The use of simile demonstrates the obscurity of his current situation and makes a clear reference as to how woman betrayed him. This makes the reader sympathise with the soldier as with all his dedication and sacrifices he's done for his country, ^{beginning to analyse}

he hasn't received the reaction he predicted. Instead, he's being ignored and weakened by those who pushed him to enlist.

Wilfred Owen also used the technique of contrast to show the reality of the society's thoughts on war at the time, the soldier states that "About this time Town used to swing so gay", Owen capitalizes 'Town' because of how much the soldier misses it, and how important it was to him, it connotes the fun and joy he had before the war, including the football, 'when he'd drunk a peg' and when the 'girls glanced lovelier', now Owen is not appreciated by the people of his town and he regrets joining the army badly as it affected his life in a major way. "Some cheered him home, but not as crowds cheer Goal. Only a solemn man ... Thanked him", this man did not really care about the soldier morally, he cared about him as it is part of his religion 'solemn' illustrates that this man is very religious and he could be a man with very high standards in the religious side. The thought that people appreciated a football goal more than a wounded soldier who had gone out to fight for them and serve their country makes the readers pity and sympathise with the disabled soldier. It allows them to be able to see the horror of the war and society.

In conclusion, Wilfred Owen mainly uses phrases, literary devices, and the technique of contrast, to evoke the reality and horror of war and to convey feelings of pity from the reader with the help of alliteration and other literary devices, he truly grasped the reader's attention in painting the picture of the pity of war.

Chavs

Don't get me started on chavs... for those of you who don't know who chavs are, they're retards who think that they're rebels and also think that their local McDonalds is a 5-star restaurant. They're probably the most annoying group of wannabe gangsters alive... they practically live on McDonalds. Perhaps that's why they call them the fat versions of David Cameron, because they cause problems for people who are not from their species.

The thing that stands out the most about them is the fact that their pants are sagged so low that you can see draws, I don't really get the point of that, I mean it's just useless, it's not 'cool' if anything it just exposes your belly even more. It causes confusion to people why they're always wearing tracksuit pants and an arsenal shirt, perhaps it's some kind of clan requirement? I mean they don't even watch football, they pretend like they do but they don't.

Chavs think they're from the 'ghetto', I mean come on living off a can of beans from Tesco's, isn't exactly ghetto, it just means that you're an incapable idiot who can't be 'bovered' to work in order to make a good living, I'm sure they won't get accepted to work in a cold store, considering their intelligence.

Back in last summer of I saw a kid about 12 years of age and 4 ½ feet high, baseball cap at ninety degrees in an imitation Adidas tracksuit, with trouser legs tucked into his socks. This lad is strutting around, outside McDonalds acting as if he is 8 foot tall and built like a rugby player, when some poor unsuspecting adult (about 17/18) walks round the corner wanting to go to McDonalds for his dinner glances at the young lad, the young lad jumps up in complete disgust and says "What's your problem? Wanna make sommin of it?" when the adult starts to walk towards the young lad, the young lad pisses himself and runs off to either his pregnant 14-year-old girlfriend or his brother in the army, crying his eyes out.

And you know what I love the most about chavs? The fact that they make and offensive joke to a good lad that has done nothing to them what so ever and when the guy gets offended, the chav just says 'don't worry bout it blud, it's

Some attempt to include a stylistic feat.

Camera-focusing absurd!

Broadly appropriate communication.

just Banta I mean, like, come on man, it's not like that's going to make a difference the guy is still going to beat you up.

And now that's only the chavs, let's get to the chavettes... with their bleached hair, short skirts, fake designer tops. And ugg boots. Also has scraped back hair, fake gold hoops, smokes continuously, drinks, admires her fellow chavs, and the thing about chavettes is that they're rarely not seen with a baby. The fact that they're all dumb enough to date a chav is just absolutely mental.

Anyways to all the chavs and chavettes out there, sitting outside McDonalds pretending to be the gate keepers of this godforsaken restaurant, isn't going to get you anywhere in life, so I suggest you man up and get a grip and actually doing something useful.