

The Grass is Singing Summary

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Plot Summary

Gertrude's Marriage and Marital Conflict: Gertrude Coppard was the daughter of a middle-class English family. She was educated, intelligent, and ambitious. One day, she met Walter Morel, a coal miner. Walter had an attractive personality, with a simple mind and a simple smile, which charmed Gertrude. They fell in love and married. The first few months of their married life passed happily. But gradually, Gertrude realized that Walter was not as wealthy as she had thought. In fact, Walter had no house of his own, and most of his earnings were wasted on drink. This disappointed Gertrude. Still, their family life went on, and their first child, William, was born.

The Beginning of the Morel Family and the Unsettled Environment: A few years later, their second child, Annie, was born, and Gertrude became pregnant again. Meanwhile, marital discord increased. One day, Gertrude went to a local fair with William, where she saw her husband in a drunken state. A few days later, when Walter again came home drunk, a violent quarrel broke out between them. Gradually, Gertrude lost her attraction toward her husband. She managed the family mainly out of love and responsibility for her children. Thus, in the novel, the background of the Morel family is built with marital unrest, poverty, and the struggles of raising children.

The Birth of Paul and the Mother-Son Relationship: Mrs. Gertrude Morel gave birth to another son. He was named Paul Morel. At first, Gertrude felt guilty toward Paul because she had not truly wanted this child. But gradually, as Paul grew up, a deep emotional bond developed between mother and son. From childhood, Paul was sensitive, serious, and introverted in nature. On the other hand, his elder brother, William Morel, was cheerful and extroverted. Later, the Morel couple had another son, named Arthur Morel, whom Walter loved dearly. In this way, the Morel family continued to grow.

William's Move to London and the Arrival of Louisa: The eldest son, William, entered working life and later got a clerk's job in London. His moving away caused Mrs. Morel great sorrow, because she was deeply attached to him. At first, William gave money to his mother whenever he returned home, but gradually he adjusted to city life and began spending all his earnings on his fiancée, Louisa Lily Denys Western. One day, William brought Louisa home to

introduce her to the family. But Louisa behaved in a proud, aristocratic manner and treated the Morel family as if they were servants. This broke William's heart, and he became disappointed in his fiancée.

William's Death and Mrs. Morel's Dependence on Paul: Some time later, William contracted pneumonia and died. This death was a terrible blow to the Morel family. Mrs. Morel, in particular, was emotionally shattered. After William's death, she poured all her love and hopes onto Paul. From here, the mother-son relationship became even deeper but also suffocating. Meanwhile, Paul gradually grew into an intelligent and artistically minded young man. He went to Nottingham, where he got a clerk's job and enjoyed his work. At home, however, Mrs. Morel still mourned deeply for her eldest son. Paul felt a lack of affection from her and longed for the same love she once gave William.

Paul's Illness and the Deepening of the Mother-Son Relationship: One day, Paul fell seriously ill with pneumonia. At that moment, Mrs. Morel realized that in her grief for William, she might have neglected Paul. After this, she gave all her love and attention to him. With devoted care, she nursed Paul back to health and promised herself never again to sink too deeply into the sorrows of the past. From this moment, the bond between mother and son grew even stronger. After recovering, Paul often visited Mr. Leivers's farm, where he became acquainted with Mr. Leivers's daughter, Miriam Leivers. Miriam was deeply religious, intelligent, and introverted. Gradually, a friendship developed between Paul and Miriam.

Miriam's Arrival and the Beginning of Spiritual Love: But Mrs. Morel strongly disliked this relationship. She believed Miriam was overly religious and would drain Paul's vitality. She wanted their friendship to end quickly. On the other hand, Miriam realized she loved Paul deeply. Yet, because of her religious beliefs and shyness, she was afraid of physical intimacy. Miriam never expressed her true feelings, keeping everything locked within herself.

Paul's Success and the Entry of Clara: Later, Paul Morel won a prize for his painting at the Nottingham exhibition. His mother, Gertrude, was very proud of this success. At the exhibition, Paul met one of Miriam's friends, Clara Dawes. Clara was tall, strong, and dignified. She had been married to Baxter Dawes, a blacksmith who worked in the same factory as Paul. However, Clara and Baxter were separated, as their marriage was unhappy.

The Break with Miriam and Attraction Toward Clara: Meanwhile, Paul gradually began to feel irritated with Miriam. One day, he told her that her excessive religiosity prevented any physical love from developing between them. Paul felt it was no longer possible to continue the relationship. Around this time, Mrs. Morel suddenly fell ill, which left Paul mentally distressed. Later, Miriam invited Paul and Clara to her home for tea. At first, Paul did not feel much

attraction toward Clara. But on that day, her presence, personality, and confidence appeared to him in a new light. Paul began to feel a kind of attraction toward Clara. A few days later, Paul sent a parcel to Clara's house. From this, he learned that Clara lived with her mother, Mrs. Radford, and that her life was far from happy. Paul tried to help her by arranging a job for her in the same factory.

Closeness with Clara and Paul-Baxter Conflict: Meanwhile, that summer, Paul became engaged to Miriam. Miriam hoped that at last their relationship would reach fulfillment. But within a few weeks, Paul broke off the engagement, as by then he had already become more deeply involved with Clara. Still, Paul could not completely leave Miriam. From time to time, he returned to her, met her, and spent time with her. This only deepened his inner conflict. On the other hand, Clara's husband, Baxter Dawes, grew hostile toward Paul. One day, a heated quarrel between them turned into a violent fight. Baxter, being strong and rough in nature, overpowered Paul, who nearly lost control in anger and resentment. This conflict brought new tension and instability into their lives.

Mrs. Morel's Illness and the Grief of Death: Meanwhile, Mrs. Gertrude Morel's health deteriorated seriously. Doctors revealed that she was suffering from cancer. Paul fell into deep anxiety and devoted himself completely to caring for his mother. Around this time, Paul learned that Baxter Dawes had recently recovered from typhoid fever. He went to the hospital to see him. Surprisingly, the two men, once bitter enemies, gradually developed a kind of friendship. A few days later, Mrs. Morel returned home, but she herself realized that she would not live much longer. Her illness left the family in shock. During this time, Paul maintained contact with both Miriam Leivers and Clara Dawes, but his attention no longer leaned toward love. He felt that he had no true attraction left for either of them. All his love and strength became centered on serving his mother.

Clara's Return to Baxter and Paul's Loneliness: At last, Mrs. Morel dies. She is buried beside her beloved son William. Her death breaks Paul deeply. Unable to bear the grief, he begins to take painkillers regularly. Later, Paul and his father, Walter Morel, leave their old house because it is filled with memories of Mrs. Morel, which constantly brings them sorrow. One day, on the seashore, Baxter Dawes invites Paul and Clara. But Paul realizes that he no longer has any true interest in Clara. His mother's death has shattered him from within. His mind is filled only with thoughts of suicide. He also believes that Clara truly wishes to return to her husband, Baxter. So, he arranges a cottage for them. This act makes Clara furious, as she feels Paul is pushing her away. Yet, in the end, Clara decides to return to Baxter.

Miriam's Final Rejection and Paul's Return to Life: Now, Paul has no love or hope left in his life. For him, life becomes nothing but emptiness and waiting for death. One day, outside the church, Paul meets Miriam. He invites her to his home. But Miriam proposes marriage. She believes that this way she can save Paul. Paul firmly rejects her proposal. In anger and sorrow, Miriam swears never to see him again. Finally, Paul walks alone into the dark fields. His mother's memories keep haunting him. He thinks deeply about death and stands at the edge of suicide. But at the last moment, he makes a firm decision that he will not die, but live. At the very end of the novel, he turns away from the darkness and walks toward the city lights. This final scene becomes a symbol of Paul's return to life and a faint ray of hope.

Detailed Summary

Part I, Chapter I: The Early Married Life of the Morels

The story begins in a mining village called "Bestwood". There are many coal mines around. The miners live in small houses called "The Bottoms". These houses look decent outside, but inside, life is not pleasant. Families live close to ash-pits, alleys, and noise. Mrs. Gertrude Morel moves into one of these houses. She is thirty-one years old and has two children, William and Annie. She is expecting her third child. Her husband, Walter Morel, is a miner. She does not like the Bottoms much, but it is the best she can afford.

Walter Morel enjoys fairs, drinking, and spending time outside. At the wakes (a village fair), he spends money and drinks. He works in the mines, but he often spends more than he should. Mrs. Morel feels lonely and worried about the future. She thinks life is hard, and with another child coming. She feels buried in problems.

The novel shows Gertrude's background. She came from a respectable family. Her father was proud and strict. She once loved a young man, John Field, but he married someone else. Later, she met Walter Morel at a Christmas party. He was handsome, lively, and full of humour. Gertrude was serious, religious, and thoughtful. She was fascinated by Walter's energy and warmth. They got married.

At first, she was happy. For a few months, married life felt good. Walter was cheerful and caring. But soon she found out he had lied about money. Their house and furniture were not fully paid for. Even the house was not his, but his mother's. This discovery hurt Gertrude deeply. She felt cheated. Gertrude wanted a serious partner who shared ideas and conversation. Walter only cared for drinking, working, and simple pleasures. He could make or mend things and enjoyed carpentry, but he could not share her deeper thoughts. Their marriage started to break up.

When their son William was born, Gertrude turned her love to him. She gave him all her care. Walter became jealous. Slowly, she despised her husband. She thought he was weak, careless, and without morals. He drank often and wasted money. He liked the public house more than his home. A big fight came when Walter cut their child's curly hair without telling her. She felt broken. It was like a wound in her heart. From that time, she never truly loved him again. She lived only for her children.

Their marriage turned into constant quarrels. Walter drank more. Gertrude became colder. She no longer wanted him, but she could not leave because of her children. Still, she fought with him. She wanted to make him responsible and moral. He resisted. Their lives became a battle. Gertrude's hope was now in her children. She wanted to raise them well and give them a better life. The chapter ends showing her struggle, her bitterness, and her silent strength against a hard marriage.

(In Chapter I – Gertrude marries Walter Morel, a miner, but soon feels cheated by his drinking, lies, and carelessness. Their marriage turns bitter, and love fades quickly. She begins to turn away from her husband and places all her affection on her children.)

Part I, Chapter II: The Birth of Paul, and Another Battle

Walter Morel was quiet for a few days after his last quarrel. But soon he became careless again. His pride and strength seemed smaller. He still worked in the mine, but he was often rough and selfish. In the mornings, he made his own breakfast. He fried bacon, toasted bread, and drank tea. He was happy when he ate alone. He loved the early walk to the pit. He chewed a stalk of grass and went down into the dark mine. He often came home tired and silent.

Gertrude was close to her time. Morel sometimes helped clumsily. He swept, poked the fire, or rubbed the grate. He thought he had done well. She laughed bitterly at him. Her neighbours, Mrs. Kirk and Mrs. Anthony, came and talked to her. Soon she felt the labour pains. Mrs. Bower, a fat neighbour, came to help. That day, Morel worked half-heartedly in the pit. He was tired, angry, and did not finish his job. When the shift ended, he walked home in the rain, glad of his umbrella. He was late. His wife was already suffering. At last, she gave birth to a son.

It was a boy. Gertrude felt comfort. She thought, I am the mother of men. The child had blue eyes and fair hair. She felt deep love for him. She named him Paul. When Morel came home, he only asked for food and drink. He cared little for the baby at first. He was tired, dirty, and rough. He said, "Bless him!" without meaning it. Gertrude felt alone. But the baby's eyes seemed to know her heart. She promised to love him always. She would make up for not wanting him at first. She felt guilty, but her love grew stronger.

Paul became her comfort. His eyes seemed heavy, thoughtful, almost sorrowful. She held him close and whispered, "My lamb!" She felt he belonged only to her. The bond was strong, as if the cord had never been cut. But Walter grew more irritable. He shouted at the children. He scolded about food, fire, or noise. His bad temper hurt Gertrude. He drank more. One Friday, he came home late and drunk. She was weak with the baby. He asked rudely for food. She ignored him. He pulled the drawer roughly. It fell, scattering knives and spoons. In anger, he flung the drawer at her.

The drawer struck her on the forehead. She bled. She held the baby tightly, afraid for him. Walter, half-drunk, asked, "Did it catch thee?" She told him to go away. He felt ashamed, but said nothing. She bound her wound alone. The next morning, she told the children she had struck the latch by accident. They looked at her with wide, sad eyes. They felt the misery in the house. Morel lay in bed, sulking. He never said sorry. He blamed her in his heart. She despised him more.

The days passed. He grew restless, drank heavily, and wasted money. Once, he even stole sixpence from her purse. When she accused him, he lied. Then, in anger, he packed a bundle and left. The children cried, thinking he was gone forever. Gertrude laughed bitterly. She knew he had no courage to leave. That night, he returned secretly. His bundle lay hidden in the coal-place. She mocked him quietly, but her heart was heavy. She knew she no longer loved him. Her love now belonged to her children, especially Paul.

(In Chapter II- Paul is born, and Gertrude gives him all her love. Walter Morel grows more irritable, drinks heavily, and even hurts his wife in anger. Their marriage becomes bitter, but Gertrude turns fully toward her children, finding hope only in them.)

Part I, Chapter III: The Casting Off of Morel—The Taking on of William

Morel's temper grew worse. He loved medicines and herbs. He made bitter teas and elixirs. But nothing cured his head pains. Soon, he fell very ill. It was inflammation in the brain. Mrs. Morel had to nurse him. He was a difficult patient. She worked day and night. Neighbours sometimes helped. They gave food and broth. They looked after the children. Still, she was tired and weak. Money was just enough. She got some help from the miners' club. Slowly, Morel recovered. His body was strong.

After his illness, he wanted more care. He pretended to feel sick. At first, Mrs. Morel pitied him. Then she grew cold. She scolded him for whining. He sulked like a boy. Still, for a while, there was peace in the house. But Mrs. Morel felt a change. Earlier, she had loved him as husband and man. Now she loved him less. After the birth of Paul, her love turned fully to her children.

Morel was only part of her circumstances. She cast him off, quietly but firmly. He became like a husk. He himself gave way. He let the children take his place in her heart.

Another baby came. His name was Arthur. He was fair and pretty. He loved his father. Morel was happy to hold him. Mrs. Morel was glad the baby loved the father. Those were rare moments of peace. William grew fast. He was strong and clever. He topped his class in school. His mother's hopes rested on him. Paul was different. He was quiet, delicate, and dreamy. Sometimes he had sudden fits of sadness. Mrs. Morel worried about him. She treated him more gently than the other children.

One day, a quarrel broke out with a neighbour, Mrs. Anthony. She accused William of tearing her boy's collar. William explained it was an accident. He had been playing with his cobbler toy. Mrs. Morel believed her son. But later, Morel sided with Mrs. Anthony. He threatened to beat William. Mrs. Morel fiercely stopped him. She stood between father and son. Morel was afraid of her anger. From then on, William grew even closer to his mother.

Mrs. Morel joined the Women's Guild. She found some freedom and dignity there. The children respected her for it. William also began to work. He got a job at the Co-op office. His father wanted him in the pit, but Mrs. Morel refused. William was clever. He learned shorthand and taught in night school. He was fiery, but respected.

He grew ambitious. He won prizes, like an inkstand for running. He gave his earnings to his mother. She was proud. William mixed with middle-class boys. He went to dances and parties. His mother disliked the dancing. They quarrelled often. Still, he rose in life. At nineteen, William got a job in Nottingham. Soon after, he moved to London. His salary was high. His parents were proud. Mrs. Morel was proud but sad. She loved him deeply. She felt empty at his going. William burned his old love letters. Then he left for London. A new life began for him.

(In Chapter III- Morel falls ill; Mrs. Morel nurses him. She grows distant and gives love to children. William becomes her pride and hope. William leaves for London, starting a new life.)

Part I, Chapter IV: The Young Life of Paul

Paul was small and quiet. He looked like his mother. Grey eyes. Drooping mouth. He seemed older than his age. He was deeply tied to his mother's feelings. If she was sad, he suffered too. His heart listened to her always. He grew stronger with age. William was too old to play with him. So Annie became his companion. She adored her little brother. He followed her everywhere. He shared her wild games. She loved him, but he was quiet and gentle.

Once, Paul broke Annie's doll by accident. He was full of sorrow. He repeated that he could not know the doll was there. Later, he burned the doll in a sacrifice. He felt relief in destroying it. Annie was disturbed by his strange intensity. It showed a darker side of his emotions. The children were against their father. They stood with their mother. Morel was often drunk and violent. Once, Paul saw his mother's face bruised. He watched William nearly fight his father. Mrs. Morel stopped them. The house was full of anger and fear. Paul began to hate his father deeply.

They moved to a new house on a hill. It had wide views and a huge ash tree. The wind roared through the trees at night. The sound frightened Paul. Nights were filled with fear of quarrels. He lay in bed waiting for silence, worried his father might hurt his mother. Paul prayed at night. He begged God to stop his father from drinking. Sometimes he prayed his father would die. Sometimes he prayed he would be safe in the pit. Anxiety filled the house. They waited for Morel when he stayed out drinking. Dinner stood on the table, cold. His absence hurt them all.

When Morel came late, he was hateful. He ate roughly. He bullied the family. Then he slept at the table. The children hated him. They told their mother everything, but not their father. He was excluded from their world. Only when he worked with his hands—mending, hammering, soldering—did the children join him happily. Then he was like his real self, cheerful and singing. Paul was delicate. He often had bronchitis. One day, he stayed home from school. He lay ill, listening to his mother iron. He loved to watch her. She looked brave, but sad. He felt her life had been wasted. He longed to make up for her pain.

When sick, he wanted only his mother near him. His father tried to comfort him, but Paul did not want him. He turned away from his father's presence. He slept best beside his mother, safe and warm. Their bond grew stronger. Paul also loved helping his mother. He gathered mushrooms, blackberries, and anything to please her. He never came home empty-handed. He always brought a flower or a spray for her. She accepted it like a love-token. Their closeness grew.

William moved to London, but Paul became his mother's companion. He fetched his father's wages on Fridays. He hated the pay office. He was shy, mocked by clerks, pressed in by miners. Still, he endured for his mother. He also stayed home on market nights to bake and draw. He waited eagerly for her return. They shared small joys—buying a dish, plants, and flowers. Their love deepened in these simple moments.

Paul and his siblings played outside at night. They played around one lamp-post. The darkness around them was vast. They quarreled, they made up, they played wildly. Paul remembered the blood-red moon rising once. Their childhood had joy, but always the shadow of fear at

home.

Christmas came. William returned from London. The family prepared excitedly. Mrs. Morel baked, decorated, and waited anxiously. When William arrived late, the reunion was joyful. He brought many gifts. For his mother, a special umbrella with gold. The house overflowed with sweets, laughter, and happiness. The family felt proud. For a while, home was filled with light and love.

(In Chapter IV- Paul grows close to his mother, sharing her sorrows and joys. He fears and hates his father, but loves his mother deeply. His childhood mixes fear, poverty, and small joys. William returns at Christmas, bringing happiness and pride.)

Part I, Chapter V: Paul Launches into Life

Mr. Morel was careless. He often had accidents. One day, a boy came to tell Mrs. Morel. Her husband's leg was broken in the pit. She felt tired of his troubles. She hurried to the hospital. The leg was badly smashed. Pieces of bone were sticking out. Morel moaned and said he would die. Mrs. Morel comforted him, but felt cold inside. She pitied him, but the old love was gone. She cared only because of duty.

The neighbours were kind. They helped her with food and chores. She visited the hospital often. At home, Paul worried for her. He felt her burden. He wished to share it. He began to feel grown-up. Money was not a big problem now. Sick club and miners helped. Life became peaceful while Morel was away. Mrs. Morel brought small gifts from Nottingham. Paul loved the paints and papers she brought him. The children enjoyed her stories. The home felt calm and free.

Paul was now fourteen. He had to find work. He felt shy and nervous. He wanted to stay near his mother. His dream was a small income and a quiet life with her. But he had to face the world. William was in London. His life was full of change. He worked hard, studied, and enjoyed theatres, dances, and friends. He talked much of a girl, Louisa Lily Denys Western. She was beautiful, stylish, and proud. Mrs. Morel feared she was costly and shallow. She worried William would suffer.

Paul, meanwhile, applied for jobs. His letters were guided by William. At last, Thomas Jordan, a manufacturer of surgical goods, called him. Paul dreaded the interview. He and his mother went together. They enjoyed Nottingham. They looked at shops, flowers, and food stalls. Paul suffered inside but smiled with his mother. He adored her. She was cheerful, excited like a sweetheart. He loved her hands, her smile, her company.

They reached the factory. It was gloomy. Paul faced Mr. Jordan. He was tested in French. He failed. He felt foolish. Still, he was given a job. Junior clerk. Eight shillings a week. His mother was proud. He started work. The factory was dark and unhealthy. His boss, Pappleworth, was quick, fussy, but kind. Paul copied letters, handled orders, and packed goods. He was shy but learned fast.

He liked the factory girls. Polly cooked him dinners. Fanny, a hunchback, sang with him. Connie, with red hair, inspired his drawings. The girls teased him, but he charmed them. They liked his gentleness. He enjoyed their company. In the evening, he returned tired. He had long hours, poor air, and heavy work. Still, he came home happy. He told his mother every detail. Night after night, his day became her story. It was almost as if his life was her own.

(In Chapter V- Morel breaks his leg; Mrs. Morel pities but feels no love. Paul begins work at Jordan's factory. He suffers from shyness but finds joy with factory girls. He shares every detail with his mother, deepening their bond.)

Part I, Chapter VI: Death in the Family

Arthur was growing up. He was quick. He was careless. He was impulsive. He looked beautiful. Blue eyes. Brown hair. Full of life. People admired him. But he had a fiery temper. He was often moody. He loved his mother. Yet he made her tired. He thought only of himself. Arthur hated his father. Morel was changing. He was weaker. His manners grew worse. His children hated his habits. He was rough and disgusting. Arthur grew angry. He could not bear his father. Sometimes Morel shouted that he worked hard for the family. But nobody listened. The fight was between the father and the children. Arthur was finally sent to live with his aunt in Nottingham.

Annie was earning money. She was a teacher. The house felt a little secure. Paul was quiet. He stayed close to his mother. He painted. He worked. He was her comfort. They shared thoughts. William was engaged. His fiancée was Lily Western. He bought her an expensive ring. His mother disliked her. She thought the girl was shallow. William defended her, but he also felt uneasy.

At Christmas, William brought Lily home. She acted like a lady. She wore fine clothes. She spoke with airs. The family felt small before her. Morel was polite but clumsy. The children admired her like a princess. Mrs. Morel felt hurt. She saw her son submitting to her. Lily treated Annie and Paul like servants. She asked them to fetch things. William sometimes scolded her. But he also defended her. Mrs. Morel saw his struggle. He loved her, but he often hated her too. He told his mother that Lily was shallow. That she could never understand him.

The tension grew. William and Lily quarrelled. He accused her of being foolish, careless, and vain. She cried often. Mrs. Morel was ashamed of his behavior. Still, she knew her son was unhappy. She feared his marriage would fail. Later, William became ill. He came home at Goose Fair. He looked thin and weak. He had a rash on his neck. He returned to London. Soon, a telegram came. He was dangerously ill.

Mrs. Morel rushed to London. She found him unconscious. He had pneumonia and erysipelas. He raved in fever. She prayed for him. She nursed him, but he died in her arms. The coffin was brought home. Six miners carried it into the house. Mrs. Morel cried softly, "Oh, my son!" Paul stood beside her, trembling. The coffin was heavy and long. William was gone. The family buried him. Mrs. Morel was broken. She no longer cared for daily life. She sat silent. Paul tried to cheer her with his news. She hardly listened. She lived in grief.

At Christmas, Paul fell ill with pneumonia. His mother feared losing him, too. She nursed him. He survived. Slowly, he grew better. Their bond deepened. Now her life was rooted in Paul. Lily sent a short letter. Then she vanished. She never returned. William's prophecy was true. She forgot him quickly. Mrs. Morel was bitter, but she gave all her love to Paul.

(In Chapter VI- Arthur hated his father and left home. William brought Lily, who clashed with the family. William grew ill and died suddenly. Mrs. Morel grieved deeply but turned to Paul for hope.)

Part II, Chapter VII: Lad-and-Girl Love

Paul visited Willey Farm often. He became friendly with the Leivers boys. Miriam, the daughter, stayed distant. She was shy and proud. She feared he would treat her like her brothers did. She wanted him to see her as special. Miriam lived in dreams. She read romances. She imagined herself as a princess in disguise. But in reality, she did housework. She hated the dirty farm boots of her brothers. She longed for learning and beauty.

Her mother was her closest friend. Both were religious and mystical. They found God in nature and prayer. Miriam wanted to know books, languages, and ideas. She hoped knowledge would give her pride. She wanted Paul to respect her for it. Paul's small learning impressed her. He painted. He read French. He was different from village lads. She thought of him like a hero. Yet she feared he would only see her as a poor farm girl.

When Paul was ill, she felt she could care for him. She thought love was to nurse him, to be his strength. This thought deepened her feelings. She grew eager to meet him. In spring, Paul visited the farm again. He loved the countryside. Miriam appeared at the door. He noticed her beauty. She noticed his eyes upon her. She blushed and trembled.

At dinner, the brothers mocked Miriam for burnt potatoes. She felt humiliated. Paul saw the cruelty. He wondered why such small things caused so much hurt. He began to understand her loneliness. Paul shared his thoughts with Mrs. Leivers, too. She gave him a sense of deeper meaning. Miriam was her daughter in spirit. Together, they loved nature, nests, flowers, and sunsets. Paul was drawn by their spiritual intensity.

Paul and Miriam walked together. She showed him things in nature. He gave them fresh meanings. They found communion in little things. Flowers, birds, and woods became holy symbols for them. Their intimacy grew slowly. Miriam was intense. She lived in extremes of feeling. She loved with passion but lacked ease. She often frightened Paul with her deep eyes and trembling looks. Her love felt heavy to him.

He began to teach her algebra. She struggled. He grew angry. He scolded her. Sometimes he threw things in rage. Then he repented. She bore it silently. Her quiet suffering made him ashamed. Yet he sought her again. She wanted freedom from her home. She wanted a chance to live and learn. She resented being only a girl. Paul was puzzled. His sister Annie never felt this way. But Miriam was different. She longed for a wider life.

Together they took country walks. She showed him her favorite wild rose bush. To her, this was holy. Standing by it with Paul felt like worship. Paul admired it but felt uneasy. He could not share her passion fully. Their bond was strong but strange. It was pure, abstract, almost too spiritual. Physical love frightened Miriam. Paul followed her mood. They stayed chaste, bound by thought and intensity.

Mrs. Morel disliked Miriam. She thought the girl would absorb Paul's soul. She grew jealous. At home, Paul felt his mother's influence stronger than Miriam's. Holidays came. The Morels went to the seaside. Miriam joined them. Paul sometimes enjoyed her company, but he often felt restless. Miriam demanded too much of his soul. He wanted ease and fun, but with her, he felt bound.

Their friendship was deep, but it caused Paul conflict. He loved her mind. He feared her hold. She made him serious, melancholic, and distant from others. Their love was not simple. It was heavy with thought, religion, and intensity.

(In Chapter VII- Paul grows close to Miriam at Willey Farm. Their bond is spiritual and full of nature's beauty. Miriam's intensity frightens Paul. Mrs. Morel grows jealous, fearing Miriam's hold.)

Part II, Chapter VIII: Strife in Love

Arthur finished his training. He got a job at Minton Pit. The pay was small. But he had chances. Yet he was reckless. He was careless. He often stayed out. He got into scrapes. One day, he wrote home. He had joined the army. He regretted it. He begged his mother to fetch him. Mrs. Morel was shocked. Paul said Let him stay. She felt sick. But she still went to Derby. It was no use. Arthur stayed a soldier.

Morel, the father, was angry. He cursed Arthur. He said he would not help him again. Mrs. Morel wept for her son. She feared the army would ruin him. But she also felt proud. The doctor had praised Arthur's body. Paul tried to comfort her. He showed her his art. He won two prizes at the Castle show. His mother was overjoyed. She was proud of him. She felt her struggles had meaning. His success seemed hers, too.

Secretly, she went to the gallery. She looked at his paintings. She was proud to see his name. She felt equal to rich ladies. Her son had done something. She was fulfilled. Paul met Miriam in town. She was with Clara Dawes. Clara was tall. Proud. Cold. She had left her husband. She supported women's rights. She looked scornful but strong. Paul was fascinated.

Clara's husband, Baxter Dawes, hated Paul. The smith was rough. Strong. Dissolute. He despised Paul's critical gaze. Paul despised him, too. They silently hated each other. Clara remained distant but interesting. Miriam and Paul grew closer. They talked often. They read together. They shared books and thoughts. Miriam adored him. But Paul felt uneasy. Her love was heavy. Too spiritual. Too deep.

He wished she could laugh. She could not. She was always serious. Always intense. He felt smothered. Still, he returned to her. He gave her art pieces. She treasured them. She wrote French diaries for him. He corrected them. She poured her soul. He grew restless. Beatrice, another girl, mocked Miriam. She teased Paul. She kissed him playfully. Paul felt guilty yet excited. Miriam saw it. She was hurt. He did not repent. Inside, he resented her.

At home, Paul's mother grew ill. She fainted after carrying goods. He saw she looked weak. He was worried. But he still went to Miriam. His mother grew jealous. She said Miriam absorbed him. She felt left out. Paul hated Miriam for this. Yet he loved her again. He was torn. His heart is split between mother and lover. Miriam wanted his whole soul. His mother wanted him, too. He was caught in strife.

One night, he kissed his mother tenderly. She wept. She confessed she could not bear Miriam. She said Miriam would take all. Paul promised he loved only her. His heart was broken. That night, his father came home drunk. He fought Paul. Mrs. Morel fainted. Paul wept over her. He chose his mother again. His father was beaten. Love and strife filled the house.

(In Chapter VIII, Arthur joins the army against his will. Paul wins prizes; Mrs. Morel feels proud. Paul struggles between Miriam's love and his mother's claim. A bitter family fight leaves him bound closer to his mother.)

Part II, Chapter IX: Defeat of Miriam

Paul was restless. He was not satisfied. He doubted himself. He doubted Miriam. His heart belonged to his mother. He felt torn. Miriam also feared. She felt Paul would never fully be hers. She believed her life with him would mean sacrifice. She did not see happiness. She saw only tragedy. In sacrifice, she was strong. In daily life, she was weak.

At Easter, Paul visited Willey Farm. He came with a cold manner. He mocked people. He ignored Miriam. He hurt her pride. She wore a new blouse. He noticed, but gave her no warmth. She felt crushed. They went into the garden. Miriam loved the daffodils. She kissed them. Paul mocked her. He said she fondled things too much. He accused her of begging for love. She was pained. He seemed cruel. She felt hopeless.

Later, they walked in the woods. He was irritable. He stabbed the earth with a stick. She asked him what was wrong. At last, he said, "We'd better break off." Her heart sank. He told her he could give only friendship. He could not give love. He said he was deficient. He said he did not love her as a husband should. Miriam listened in sorrow. She felt humiliated. Yet she would not yield.

Miriam thought his family influenced him. Especially his mother. Paul denied it. But deep inside, he knew it was true. His strongest tie was with Mrs. Morel. He always returned to her. She was his anchor. Miriam became a shadow. Still, Paul went again to Willey Farm. Miriam's mother comforted him. Miriam remained patient. But she feared he would leave her. Paul confessed he was not ready to marry. Miriam agreed. Yet her love did not lessen.

Miriam introduced Clara Dawes to Paul. Clara was strong, proud, and aloof. Paul noticed her at once. He admired her defiance. Miriam suffered. She saw him excited by Clara. She feared losing him. Paul loved Willey Farm. He loved the family. He loved Edgar as a friend. But with Miriam, he was uneasy. She demanded too much. She wanted his soul. He felt trapped. He wanted freedom.

Sometimes they found harmony. They read together. He shared his doubts and ideas. Miriam listened like a patient nun. She was his "threshing-floor." She absorbed his thoughts. Yet this was not enough. Paul wanted physical love. Miriam gave only spiritual love. He grew frustrated. He turned often to Clara. With her, he felt passion. With Miriam, he felt burdened. He saw Miriam as his conscience. Too heavy. Too demanding.

One night, he wrote Miriam a letter. He said their love was spiritual only. He called her a nun. He said they could never live as ordinary lovers. Miriam was wounded deeply. His words cut her soul. This ended their first phase. Paul was now twenty-three. He was still pure. But desire was strong. Miriam still believed he belonged to her. But Clara was waiting.

(In Chapter IX, Paul admits he cannot truly love Miriam. Miriam suffers but clings to him. Paul turns toward his mother and Clara. Their love becomes spiritual, not physical.)

Part II, Chapter X: Clara)

Paul sent a painting to the Nottingham exhibition. He won first prize. The picture was sold for twenty guineas. His mother was overjoyed. She danced and cried. Paul was proud but calm. His father also felt proud. But he remembered William. The thought of William made Mrs. Morel sad. Yet Paul's success gave her strength. She saw hope in Paul.

Paul needed an evening suit. His mother gave him William's suit. It fits almost well. She felt both pain and joy. One son is dead. Another son is wearing his clothes. She felt he was alive again. Paul wore William's shirts and studs. He went to dinner parties. His mother was proud. She thought he looked like a real man. Paul always told her everything. She felt part of his new life.

Mother and son now talked more deeply. They spoke about life. They spoke about class. Paul said he belonged to the common people. His mother wanted him to rise higher. She hoped he would marry a lady. But Paul was restless. He was tied to Miriam. Yet he was not happy. His mother feared for him. She wanted him free. She even wished he would love another.

Paul drifted away from Miriam. But he met Clara Dawes. Clara was married, but separated. She was tall, strong, and proud. She worked at the lace. Paul visited her home. He met her mother, Mrs. Radford. The house was poor but full of lace. Paul was embarrassed to see Clara in such humble work. Yet he admired her beauty. He saw her strong arms and neck. She seemed like a queen in chains. He pitied her. He wanted to help her.

Clara came to Jordan's factory again. Some girls disliked her. She was too proud. Yet Paul was drawn to her. She challenged him. She sometimes mocked his art. She sometimes praised it. He became restless around her. Paul and Clara argued often. But they could not stay apart. He offered her chocolates. She refused at first. Later, she accepted. Their bond grew closer.

On his birthday, the girls gave him paints. Only Clara did not join. She gave him a book later. This gift touched him deeply. He felt warmth from her. They began walking together. They talked about life. Clara told him of her failed marriage. She said her husband was brutal and

unfaithful. Paul pitied her. He felt closer.

Yet Paul still thought of Miriam. He wrote to her. He visited her sometimes. He felt torn between two women. Miriam was his soul. Clara was his passion. He tried to balance both. Paul did not see his position as wrong. He thought Miriam belonged to his past. Clara belonged to his present. His mother hoped Clara might save him. But Miriam still waited.

(In Chapter X, Paul wins first prize for painting. He grows closer to Clara Dawes. Clara shares her sad marriage story. Paul remains torn between Miriam and Clara.)

Part II, Chapter XI: The Test on Miriam

Spring returned. Paul felt restless. He knew he must go back to Miriam. Yet he feared it. He loved her, but he shrank from her body. He could not break through her purity. Their love felt incomplete. Paul thought of marriage. He wished he wanted it. But he did not. He would not marry without joy. He felt trapped in himself. With Miriam, he could not be free.

He pitied her. She loved him with devotion. To her, he was almost a religion. He did not want to fail her. He thought of other men like him. Sons of tender mothers. Men are too shy. Men are afraid to hurt women. They carried their mothers in their hearts. Paul went back to Miriam. Sometimes she sang like a nun. He admired her, yet it pained him. He felt tenderness, but also struggle. He told himself he owed her. He must try.

Mrs. Morel saw him with Miriam again. She was bitter. She could not forgive Miriam. She thought Miriam drained Paul of joy. He grew gloomy, restless, irritable. He reminded her of William. She felt useless. He went his way. She only cooked and waited. At Willey Farm, Paul tested Miriam. He spoke of marriage. He said he needed a woman. She was shy, but agreed to love him. They kissed. He felt both joy and pain. His passion rose, then died. She offered herself, but with fear. He wanted her, but she drew back.

Later, they gathered cherries. Paul felt passion in the sunset. Miriam was soft and small below him. They walked into the dark pines. He embraced her. She gave herself, but with dread. It was a sacrifice, not joy. He felt emptiness. He longed for stillness, even death. Miriam loved him, but was afraid of his intensity.

At her grandmother's cottage, they spent days together. They cooked, talked, and picked flowers. It felt like marriage. He kissed her. The cottage became their private world. She gave herself at last. Her love was deep, but her body resisted. She lay like a sacrifice. He loved her, but felt pain. Passion wore her out. For him, it was a failure. He felt death in the act.

He confessed to his mother. He would not go to Miriam so much. He loved her once, but it never returned. He wanted to run away. He felt chained. With Clara, he felt lighter. With Miriam, he felt drained. He began to hate Miriam's watching eyes. She always judged him. She never gave warmth. He felt trapped in her devotion. Their love dragged on.

At last, he broke. He told his mother he would end it. On Sunday, he told Miriam. She was shocked, but not surprised. He said he did not want marriage. She accused him of fighting her always. He felt bitter. Their years of love seemed false. He accused her of despising him. She felt bound to him still, but let him go. He left her. He felt guilt and relief. He met girls in a pub and laughed. But his heart was heavy. At home, he told his mother. She comforted him. He had ended it, but sorrow remained.

(In Chapter XI, Paul returns to Miriam but feels trapped. Their passion fails; love feels empty. He breaks off the long relationship. He feels guilty yet relieved.)

Part II, Chapter XII: Passion

Paul worked hard on art. He sold small designs. He learned pottery. He painted figures with light. He believed in his work. He told his mother he would succeed. She smiled. He loved her pride. He and his mother went to the Isle of Wight. It was beautiful. She grew ill once. He felt great fear. She recovered. But he never forgot the wound of anxiety.

After ending with Miriam, Paul turned to Clara. At first, they touched shyly. A handheld. A kiss. He was trembling with passion. Soon, he longed for her always. He waited hours for her. He grew restless on Sundays. They walked in Nottingham. He gave her carnations. They kissed deeply under trees. He felt joy, pain, and hunger. He wanted her completely. She yielded, but with sadness. She seemed heavy in spirit. He still longed for her.

Paul brought Clara to meet his mother. Mrs. Morel was polite, calm, and a little distant. Clara was nervous. But they talked well. Paul felt torn between the two women. His mother seemed smaller and tired, yet stronger. Clara seemed proud and queenly. He loved both in different ways. Miriam saw Paul with Clara in the garden. She understood it was over. She felt bitterness. Paul felt guilty, but also cruel. His mother and Clara spoke against Miriam. He hated it, yet agreed. Miriam was left alone.

Paul and Clara grew closer. They quarreled sometimes. She was jealous of Miriam. He hated being chained, yet he kissed her fiercely. Passion and anger mixed together. Their walks ended in violent kisses. They could not part. At the theatre, Clara wore a green dress. Paul sat beside her. He burned with desire. He kissed her hand secretly. His blood raced. He forgot the play. He thought only of her. Afterwards, he missed his train. Clara invited him to her home.

At Clara's home, her mother, Mrs. Radford, watched them. She was sharp, mocking, but not unkind. Paul felt uneasy. Clara was ashamed. He stayed the night. He and Clara met again in the kitchen. They kissed with deep passion. She gave herself to him. It was intense, almost painful. He felt joy and sorrow together. She felt proud again. Paul hated Mrs. Radford's watchful eyes. But Clara clung to him. He felt her as his. They laughed, loved, quarreled, and kissed again. Their affair grew strong, full of passion and torment.

At last, Paul thought of holidays with Clara and her mother. He mixed jokes, plans, and art. Clara was quiet but proud. He felt bound to her with fire. His passion was full, restless, and dangerous.

(Chapter XII – Paul leaves Miriam and turns to Clara. Their love grows into passion and desire. Clara meets Mrs. Morel; Miriam sees the truth. Paul and Clara begin a deep, stormy affair.)

Part II, Chapter XIII: Baxter Dawes

Paul met Clara's husband, Baxter Dawes, in a bar. Dawes looked ruined. He drank too much. He fought often. He had lost work and respect. He mocked Paul in front of others. He insulted Clara. Paul grew angry. He threw beer in Dawes's face. A fight almost started. The barmaid stopped it. Paul hated Dawes, but also pitied him. Paul told Clara about it. She was angry. She said Dawes was brutal. She asked Paul to fight him. Paul refused. He said he was not a man of fists. Clara called him a fool. She wanted him to defend himself. He laughed it off. But inside, Paul felt troubled.

At work, Dawes attacked Paul again. He shouted insults. He called him names. Paul ignored him. Finally, Dawes grabbed him. Mr. Jordan came. The quarrel ended. Dawes was dismissed. Later, Paul had to testify in court. He admitted to the theatre quarrel. Clara's name came up. She was angry. She said he had dragged her into shame. Paul said it was better than gossip. Their love grew strained. Paul talked with his mother. He admitted something was wrong. He said he could not love fully. He liked Clara, but not deeply. He said he had never truly loved any woman. He blamed himself. He felt guilty. His mother listened quietly. She knew his love always came back to her.

Paul and Clara went on. They spent time together. At night, they were close. In the daytime, he avoided her. She wanted more. He felt tied down. He grew restless. She clung harder. Their love turned into quarrels. Sometimes passion brought them together. They walked by the canal. They kissed fiercely. They felt carried by nature, by stars and wind. But this did not last. Clara wanted permanence. Paul could not give it. He lived half for his mother, half for Clara. Inside, he felt torn apart.

Their seaside holiday was mixed. They laughed, ran, swam, and kissed. Clara looked grand, strong, and heavy. Paul admired her. But in his heart, he felt distance. He asked her about divorce. She said no. She still felt tied to Dawes. Paul saw she would never be fully his. He accepted it. They continued, but he knew it was not complete. Paul saw Dawes again in the dark. Dawes waited for him. A fight began. Dawes hit him hard. Paul fought wildly. He choked Dawes. He lost control. He was almost like an animal. Then Dawes beat him badly. Paul lay hurt, bleeding, nearly senseless.

Paul crawled home in pain. He told his mother it was a bicycle accident. She guessed more. She nursed him with quiet care. Clara visited, but Paul felt tired of her. Miriam also came, but seemed far away. Paul realised only his mother mattered. She was his centre. Soon, his mother grew ill. Paul felt dread. He feared losing her. He clung to her. Clara tried to comfort him. But he knew only his mother truly held him. His life, his love, his heart all circled back to her.

(In Chapter XIII, Paul fights Clara's husband, Baxter Dawes. Their quarrels expose Clara, and shame grows. Paul feels he cannot love fully, only his mother. The fight and illness bring him closer to her again.)

Part II, Chapter XIV: The Release

Paul heard from Dr. Ansell. Baxter Dawes was in the hospital. He had typhoid. He was very weak. He was sulking, refusing to talk. Paul felt guilty. They had fought. Now he wanted to see him. Paul went to the hospital. The nurse teased Dawes. Dawes looked afraid and bitter. Paul spoke kindly. Dawes said little. He was silent, mistrustful. Still, Paul felt pity. He left money on the table, though Dawes refused.

Paul told Clara about Dawes. She turned pale. She felt guilty for leaving him. She said Dawes had loved her more than Paul ever could. She compared them. She said Paul did not respect her. He grew tired of her reproaches. She later went to Dawes with fruit and money. She wanted to humble herself. She wanted to make peace. Paul visited Dawes again. Slowly, a strange bond grew. They played draughts. They talked little. They both suffered. They were both rivals for Clara. But they did not speak of her.

At home, Mrs. Morel grew worse. She had cancer. She grew weaker each day. Paul nursed her with Annie. He brushed her hair, made her milk, and soothed her to sleep. He could not bear her pain. She smiled at him like a child. He loved her with desperate tenderness. The nights were long. She clenched her mouth hard, determined not to cry out. She would not give in to death. She refused pity. She wanted to live. Paul saw her stubborn courage. It tore him apart.

Paul suffered deeply. He could not work. He wandered in fields. He cried suddenly. He longed for release—for her and himself. Clara could not comfort him. She feared him. She felt horror at his strange, silent despair. Miriam tried, but he rejected her kisses. Only his mother filled his heart. As Mrs. Morel worsened, Paul and Annie made a choice. They crushed morphia pills. They mixed them with her milk. She drank, trusting like a child. She said, "It is bitter, Paul." He soothed her. That night she slept.

Soon she began to breathe heavily, with long pauses. Annie and Paul waited in silence. Hour after hour, they watched. At last, she died. Paul whispered, "My love, my love." He clung to her body. The nurse said softly, "She is better now." Paul was broken. He felt emptiness. His father wept but claimed he had done his best. Paul hated this false grief. He saw his mother's body, beautiful, like a young girl. He kissed her, but her face was cold. He cried bitterly, whispering, "Mother, mother!"

At the funeral, it rained hard. The coffin sank into the grave. Paul and Annie suffered in silence. Life seemed broken. He busied himself with duties, but inside he felt hollow. Dawes slowly recovered. Clara returned to him at last. She begged him to take her back. He accepted. Paul was left alone. His mother gone, Clara gone, life empty. He faced a dark road ahead.

(In Chapter XIV- Paul visits sick Dawes and pities him. Clara returns to her husband in guilt. Mrs. Morel dies after long pain, with Paul at her side. Paul is left alone, empty, and broken.)

Part II, Chapter XV: Derelict

Clara went back to her husband. She went to Sheffield. Paul saw her no more. His father lived with friends. Paul took rooms in Nottingham. The house felt empty without his mother. Life broke for Paul. He could not paint. His last painting was done on the day of her death. He lost all desire. Clara was gone. His mother was gone. There was nothing left.

He wandered the town. He went with men, drank, and talked. He spoke to women, but they meant nothing. He looked restless, haunted. His eyes searched for something lost. Life looked unreal. Streets and houses seemed meaningless. People moved, spoke, lived. He could not feel why. Only darkness at night seemed real. That gave him peace. But even then, sudden memories of his mother's eyes tortured him.

Time lost shape. Days, weeks, places—all mixed. He forgot what he did. He drifted in a daze. He wanted time to stop, so he could be with her again. One night, he sat alone. The house was still. He watched the fire. Two mice ran about. He did not stir. He felt half-dead. Inside, his mind whispered: "Destroying myself." Then another voice inside said, "Live for her." But he resisted. He wanted to give up. Yet his will forced him to go on.

He longed for direction. He tried to work, but failed. He tried drinking, but it gave him no relief. Sometimes he ran in the streets like mad. He was restless, desperate. He wanted peace, but found only pain. He thought of Miriam. Maybe she could save him. He went to church. He saw her singing. She seemed hopeful, sure of heaven. He felt a sudden pull. He followed her. They walked together. He invited her for supper.

She came to his room. She looked around. It was bare, hard. She studied his sketches and his things. He felt her interest, but also her distance. They ate together. They spoke of work, life, and women. Paul said women could not give all to work. Miriam was angry. After supper, they sat by the fire. She looked older now. Her beauty had faded. Still, she wanted him. She said, "We ought to be married." She wanted to save him from wasting his life. She wanted to keep him safe from women like Clara.

Paul doubted. He feared being trapped. He said marriage would smother him. She pleaded silently. She crouched by him, almost begging. He pitied her. He offered marriage weakly. But she saw he did not truly want it. Her heart broke. She comforted him, but he pulled away. He could not give himself. It ended between them. She left in sorrow. He walked her back. She despised his weakness, his restlessness. He felt defrauded, empty. She went away.

Alone, Paul faced the night. He saw the vast silence, the endless dark. He felt tiny, almost nothing. He cried for his mother. He wanted to follow her into death. But no—he clenched his fists. He turned away from the dark. He walked toward the glowing city. He chose life.

(In Chapter XV, XV Clara left Paul, and Miriam could not save him. Paul drifted in grief, restless and lost. He longed for his dead mother and almost gave in to death. At last, he turned back to life, walking toward the city.)