

Charles turned (eventually and belatedly) into a man of action

He flew to the desk, broke the seal and read aloud: 'Let no one be blamed . . .' He stopped, passed his hand over his eyes, and read on. 'What! Help! Oh, help!'

He could do nothing but say the word over and over again: 'Poisoned! Poisoned!' Félicité rushed to find Homais, who shouted it loudly into the square. Madame Lefrançois heard it in the Lion d'Or; some people got out of bed to go and tell their neighbours, and all through the night the village never slept a wink.

Desperate, incoherent, on the verge of collapse, Charles paced round the room. He kept lurching into the furniture and tearing at his hair, and the pharmacist would not have believed that his eyes could ever behold so shocking a sight.

Homais returned home to write to Monsieur Canivet and Doctor Larivière. He lost his head: he wrote more than fifteen rough drafts. Hippolyte set off for Nantes.

Hippolyte set off for Neufchâtel, and Justin spurred Bovary's horse so mercilessly that he had to abandon it on the hill at Bois-Guillaume, done in and almost done for.

Charles tried to leaf through his medical dictionary, but could make nothing of it; the lines kept dancing about.

'Calm down!' said the apothecary. 'It's simply a matter of administering a powerful antidote. What is the poison?'

Charles showed him the letter. It was arsenic.

'Very well,' continued Homais. 'We'll have to analyse it. For he knows that...'

For he knew that, in all cases of poisoning, an analysis must be carried out; and Charles, without understanding, replied:

Then, returning to her, he said, 'Yes, do it, do it, save her . . .'

Then, returning to her, he sank down onto the carpet, and remained with his head resting against the edge of her bed, sobbing.

'Don't cry!' she said to him. 'Soon I won't be tormenting you any more!'

more! First sign of her (last) movement

‘Why? What made you?’ ***

'I had to do it, my dear,' she replied. AMBIVALENCE - grin,

'Weren't you happy? Is it my fault? Although I did all I could!' →
'Yes... it's true, you did... you're a good person.'

And, slowly, she ran her fingers through his hair. The sweetness of

And, slowly, she ran her fingers through his hair. The sweetness of this sensation intensified his misery; he felt his whole being collapse in despair at the thought of losing her, just now when she was being more loving to him than ever before; yet he could think of nothing he might do—there was nothing he knew, nothing he dared try, the urgent need for immediate action having robbed him of his last vestiges of presence of mind.

They were behind her forever, thought Emma, all the betrayals, the infamies, and the myriad cravings that had tormented her. She did not hate anyone, now; a twilight confusion was settling over her thoughts, and, of all the world's sounds, Emma heard only the intermittent sobbing of that poor man, soft and faint, like the fading echo of an ever-more distant symphony.

Romantic final image - cannot
divest himself from the mode of
Romance (indirect distanced narration
provides the Realist antidote to this)

like - class inertia —
 terms (like Weather)
 with effect of
 suicide on others,
 on society
 — like Weather

international — disruption to
normative?
behaviour
(Norms also)

- Pragmatic question, scientific, male world of ORDER does not cannot interpret the art

Chau/phonew can be cured

1 image of uncontrolled grief

TRAGEDY +
CRITICISM,
INDIVIDUAL +
SOCIETY

prose reflects collapse of
Charles' mind

final shift to
her perspective
- indirect

Again
Multiple
localizers

(sub-protagonists)

Publicly
death.

even the
poor
study

key line in the
island.

(Feminism)
cultural difference
idea of control over
(economic) CHAOS
(Reaction) - Remove
- Reaction) ↑

Need in direct style

Free indirect