Read the following extract from Hamnet by Maggie O'Farrell. In this extract, Judith extremely ill, her brother Hamnet is watching over her. hallucinating getting closer 7 emphasise severity t bigger Judith is lying on the bed and the walls appear to be bulging inwards, then flexing back reflect In, out, in, out. The posts around her parents' bed, in the corner, writhe and twist like serpents; the ceiling above her ripples, like the surface of a lake; her hands seem at heart beat Vsimile once too close and then very far away. The line where the white of the plasterwork V tries to balance herself meets the dark wood of the joists shimmers and refracts. Her face and chest are hot, Suffocated burning, covered with slick sweat, but her feet are ice-cold She shivers, once, twice, a juxt aposing full convulsion, and sees the walls bend towards her, closing in, then pulling away. To pain block out the walls, the serpentine bedposts, the moving ceiling, she shuts her eyes. As soon as she does so, she is elsewhere. In many places at once. < distressed dream She is walking through a meadow, holding tight to a hand. The hand belongs to her imagining sister, Susanna, It has long fingers and a mole on the fourth knuckle. It does not want not really happening to be held: the fingers aren't curled around Judith's but kept stiff and straight. Judith fear t has to grip with all her might for it not to slide from her. Susanna takes great steps weak through the long grass of the meadow and with each one her hand jerks in Judith's. If Judith lets go, she may sink beneath the surface of the grass. She may be lost, never to be found. It is important - crucial - for her to keep hold of this hand. She must never let needs her neec Sister go. Ahead of them, she knows, is her brother. Hamnet's head bobs in and out of the to he grass. His hair is the colour of ripe wheat. He bounds through the meadow, ahead of on them, like a hare, like a comet. feels like everthing leveryone is moving faster