

cuts down the apple tree that reminds him of his wife. His feelings about the tree, and perhaps his wife, are revealed in his actions.

Extract from 'The Apple Tree' by Daphne du Maurier

Up and down went the heavy axe, splitting and tearing at the tree. Off came the peeling bark, the great white strips of underwood, raw and stringy. Hack at it, blast at it, gouge at the tough tissue, throw the axe away, claw at the rubbery flesh with the bare hands. Not far
5 enough yet, go on, go on.

There goes the saw, the wedge, released. Now up with the axe again. Down there, heavy, where the stringy threads cling so steadfast*. Now she's groaning, now she's splitting, now she's rocking and swaying, hanging there upon one bleeding strip. Boot her, then. That's it, kick
10 her, kick her again, one final blow, she's over, she's falling...she's down...damn her, blast her...she's down, splitting the air with sound, and all her branches spread about her on the ground.

*steadfast – firm, unwavering