**Man and the Natural World:** What is the suns/heat’s/physical environments role at this point in the book? Does it dominate the scene, or dictate, Meursault’s actions when there is something more important going on? How? In what way Be specific>

**Man and the Natural World**

I explained to him, however, that my nature was such that my physical needs often got in the way of my feelings. (2.1.4)

**Man and the Natural World**

“Meanwhile, the sun was getting low outside and it wasn’t as hot anymore. From what street noises I could hear, I sensed the sweetness of evening coming on. There we all were, waiting. And what we were all waiting for really concerned only me. (2.4.9)

**Man and the Natural World**

“Fumbling a little with my words and realizing how ridiculous I sounded, I blurted out that it was because of the sun. People laughed. My lawyer threw up his hands […]. (2.4.6)

**Man and the Natural World**

“I explained to him, however, that my nature was such that my physical needs often got in the way of my feelings. (2.1.4)

**Man and the Natural World**

“Then he said, "Why did you pause between the first and second shot?" Once again I could see the red sand and feel the burning of the sun on my forehead. (2.1.9)

**Man and the Natural World**

“To tell the truth, I had found it very hard to follow his reasoning, first because I was hot and there were big flies in his office that kept landing on my face […]. (2.1.10)

**Man and the Natural World**

“I explained to him, however, that my nature was such that my physical needs often got in the way of my feelings. (2.1.4)

**Man and the Natural World**

“The sun was starting to burn my cheeks, and I could feel drops of sweat gathering in my eyebrows. That sun was the same as it had been the day I’d buried Maman, and like then, my forehead especially was hurting me, all the veins in it throbbing under the sun. It was this burning, which I couldn’t stand anymore, that made me move forward. I knew that it was stupid, that I wouldn’t get the sun off me by stepping forward. (1.6.24)

**Man and the Natural World**

[…] the Arab drew his knife and held it up to me in the sun. The light shot off the steel and it was like a long flashing blade cutting at my forehead. At the same instant the sweat in my eyebrows dripped down over my eyelids all at once and covered them with a warm, thick film. My eyes were blinded behind the curtain of tears and salt. All I could feel were the cymbals of sunlight crashing on my forehead and, indistinctly, the dazzling spear flying up from the knife in front of me. The scorching blade slashed at my eyelashes and stabbed at my stinging eyes. That’s when everything began to reel. The sea carried up a thick, fiery breath. It seemed to me as if the sky split open from one end to the other to rain down fire. My whole being tensed and I squeeze my hand around the revolver. The trigger gave. (1.6.24)

**Man and the Natural World**

I explained to him, however, that my nature was such that my physical needs often got in the way of my feelings. (2.1.4)

**Man and the Natural World**

The sun glinted off Raymond’s gun as he handed it to me. (1.6.18)

**Man and the Natural World**

Here we directly see the sun and the gun associated with each other. Meursault will later blame both of these items for the Arab’s death.

**Man and the Natural World**

She said, "If you go slowly, you risk getting sunstroke. But if you go too fast, you work up a sweat and then catch a chill inside the church." She was right. There was no way out. (1.1.27)

**Man and the Natural World**

It was pleasant; the coffee had warmed me up, and the smell of flowers on the night air was coming through the open door. I think I dozed off for a while. (1.1.14)

**Man and the Natural World**

The sky was already filled with light. The sun was beginning to bear down on the earth and it was getting hotter by the minute. I don’t know why we waited so long before getting under way. I was hot in my dark clothes […] it was inhuman and oppressive. (1.1.24)