



Admissions  
Testing Service

## English Literature Admissions Test

4501/11

Wednesday 5 November 2014

1 hour 30 minutes



### Instructions to Candidates

**Please read this page carefully, but do not open the question paper until told to do so.**

A separate 8-page answer booklet is provided. Please check you have one.

Write your name, date of birth and Centre number in the spaces provided on the answer booklet. Please write very clearly, preferably in black ink.

You should allow at least 30 minutes for reading this question paper, making notes and preparing your answer.

At the end of the examination, you must hand in both your answer booklet and this question paper. Any rough notes or plans that you make should be written only in your answer booklet.

No texts, dictionaries or sources of reference may be brought into the examination.



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*This paper consists of 8 printed pages and 4 blank pages.*



*Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes.*

*You should spend at least 30 minutes reading and annotating the passages and in preparing your answer.*

**The following poems and extracts from longer prose and prose texts are all linked by the theme of journeys and journeying. They are arranged chronologically by date of publication. Read all the material carefully, and then complete the task below.**

- (a) From *The Rape of Lucrece* (1594), a poem by William Shakespeare *page 4*
- (b) From the novel *Dombey and Son* (1848) by Charles Dickens *page 5*
- (c) 'Amor Mundi' (1865), a poem by Christina Rossetti *page 6*
- (d) From 'Railway Bridges' (1928), a radio broadcast by E.M. Forster *page 7*
- (e) From 'Questions of Travel' (1965), a poem by Elizabeth Bishop *page 8*
- (f) 'Night Train' (2013), a poem by Michael Symmons Roberts *page 9*

**Task:**

**Select two or three of the passages (a) to (f) and compare and contrast them in any ways that seem interesting to you, paying particular attention to distinctive features of structure, language and style. In your introduction, indicate *briefly* what you intend to explore or illustrate through close reading of your chosen passages.**

***This task is designed to assess your responsiveness to unfamiliar literary material and your skills in close reading. Marks are not awarded for references to other texts or authors you have studied.***

(a) from *The Rape of Lucrece* (1594), a poem by William Shakespeare

By reprobate desire thus madly led,  
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,  
Each one by him enforced, retires his ward;  
5 But, as they open, they all rate his ill, [rate: scold, rebuke]  
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:  
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;  
Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him there;  
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

10 As each unwilling portal yields him way,  
Through little vents and crannies of the place  
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,  
And blows the smoke of it into his face,  
Extinguishing his conduct in this case;  
15 But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,  
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies  
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks:  
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,  
20 And gripping it, the needle his finger pricks;  
As who should say 'This glove to wanton tricks  
Is not inured; return again in haste;  
Thou see'st our mistress' ornaments are chaste.'

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;  
25 He in the worst sense construes their denial:  
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,  
He takes for accidental things of trial;  
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,  
Who with a lingering stay his course doth let, [let: hinder]  
30 Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

'So, so,' quoth he, 'these lets attend the time, [lets: hindrances]  
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,  
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,  
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing. [sneaped: frozen]  
35 Pain pays the income of each precious thing; [income: attainment, acquisition]  
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and sands,  
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.'

Now is he come unto the chamber-door,  
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,  
40 Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,  
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.  
So from himself impiety hath wrought,  
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,  
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

**(b) From the novel *Dombey and Son* (1848) by Charles Dickens**

He found no pleasure or relief in the journey. Tortured by these thoughts he carried monotony with him, through the rushing landscape, and hurried headlong, not through a rich and varied country, but a wilderness of blighted plans and gnawing jealousies. The very speed at which the train was whirled along, mocked the swift course of the young life that had been borne away so steadily and so inexorably to its foredoomed end. The power that forced itself upon its iron way—its own—defiant of all paths and roads, piercing through the heart of every obstacle, and dragging living creatures of all classes, ages, and degrees behind it, was a type of the triumphant monster, Death.

Away, with a shriek, and a roar, and a rattle, from the town, burrowing among the dwellings of men and making the streets hum, flashing out into the meadows for a moment, mining in through the damp earth, booming on in darkness and heavy air, bursting out again into the sunny day so bright and wide; away, with a shriek, and a roar, and a rattle, through the fields, through the woods, through the corn, through the hay, through the chalk, through the mould, through the clay, through the rock, among objects close at hand and almost in the grasp, ever flying from the traveller, and a deceitful distance ever moving slowly within him: like as in the track of the remorseless monster, Death!

Through the hollow, on the height, by the heath, by the orchard, by the park, by the garden, over the canal, across the river, where the sheep are feeding, where the mill is going, where the barge is floating, where the dead are lying, where the factory is smoking, where the stream is running, where the village clusters, where the great cathedral rises, where the bleak moor lies, and the wild breeze smooths or ruffles it at its inconstant will; away, with a shriek, and a roar, and a rattle, and no trace to leave behind but dust and vapour: like as in the track of the remorseless monster, Death!

Breasting the wind and light, the shower and sunshine, away, and still away, it rolls and roars, fierce and rapid, smooth and certain, and great works and massive bridges crossing up above, fall like a beam of shadow an inch broad, upon the eye, and then are lost. Away, and still away, onward and onward ever: glimpses of cottage-homes, of houses, mansions, rich estates, of husbandry and handicraft, of people, of old roads and paths that look deserted, small, and insignificant as they are left behind: and so they do, and what else is there but such glimpses, in the track of the indomitable monster, Death!

(c) *'Amor Mundi'* \* (1865), a poem by Christina Rossetti

"Oh where are you going with your love-locks flowing  
On the west wind blowing along this valley track?"  
"The downhill path is easy, come with me an' it please ye,  
We shall escape the uphill by never turning back."

- 5 So they two went together in glowing August weather,  
The honey-breathing heather lay to their left and right;  
And dear she was to dote on, her swift feet seemed to float on  
The air like soft twin pigeons too sportive to alight.

- "Oh what is that in heaven where grey cloud-flakes are seven,  
10 Where blackest clouds hang riven just at the rainy skirt?"  
"Oh that's a meteor sent us, a message dumb, portentous,  
An undeciphered solemn signal of help or hurt."

- "Oh what is that glides quickly where velvet flowers grow thickly,  
Their scent comes rich and sickly?"- "A scaled and hooded worm."  
15 "Oh what's that in the hollow, so pale I quake to follow?"  
"Oh that's a thin dead body which waits the eternal term."

- "Turn again, O my sweetest,—turn again, false and fleetest:  
This beaten way thou beatest I fear is hell's own track."  
"Nay, too steep for hill-mounting; nay, too late for cost-counting:  
20 This downhill path is easy, but there's no turning back."

\*Amor Mundi: *love of the world*

- (d) From 'Railway Bridges' (1928), a radio broadcast by E.M. Forster

Starting "I ask for three things to be precise: firstly, movement, which is or ought to be provided by the train. Then I want a nice view. And thirdly I want what I am going to call geographical emotion."

Ending: "Certainly not looking at Benares, which is all sectioned up behind the girders. And one does want to look, one does want a beautiful view as well as thoughts and ideas, and my bridge must combine them all."

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- (e) From 'Questions of Travel' (1965), a poem by Elizabeth Bishop

Starting: "Think of the long trip home.  
Should we have stayed at home and thought of here?  
Where should we be today?"

Ending "Never to have studied history in  
the weak calligraphy of songbirds' cages."

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<http://www.poemhunter.com/best-poems/elizabeth-bishop/questions-of-travel/>



(f) 'Night Train' (2013), a poem by Michael Symmons Roberts

Starting: "Lit not so she can see to clip our tickets,  
nor so we can read to see the news, but lit  
to make of us and it an eel-shaped full"

Ending: "from south to north, slowest synapse ever,  
one idea, say, *life as a journey*, fading  
even as it bears us, and silence in its wake."

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