



ENGLISH LITERATURE ADMISSIONS TEST

1 hour 30 minutes

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Please read this page carefully, but do not open the question paper until you are told that you may do so.

A separate answer booklet with 8 lined pages is provided. Please check you have one.

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

Your answer should only be written on the lined pages inside the answer booklet. No extra paper is allowed for this purpose. The blank inside front and back covers should be used to plan your answer and for any rough working or notes.

At the end of the examination, you must hand in both your answer booklet and this question paper.

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

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



**UNIVERSITY OF
CAMBRIDGE**

Developed and administered on behalf of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge by Cambridge Assessment Admissions Testing, a non-teaching department of the University of Cambridge.

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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 texts present views of fathers, mainly as seen by their children. They are arranged chronologically by date of publication. Read all the material carefully, and then complete the task below.

- (a) 'To the Reverend Shade of His Religious Father', *page 4*
a poem by Robert Herrick (1591 -1674).
- (b) An extract from a novel by Samuel Richardson, *page 5*
Clarissa, 1740. vol. 1, Letter VIII. The novel is written
entirely as a sequence of letters.
- (c) 'Father's Bedroom' a poem by Robert Lowell (1917- *page 6*
1977).
- (d) An extract from a short story, 'Grocer's Daughter', *page 7*
published in 1987, by Marianne Wiggins.
- (e) 'Carousel', a poem by Lucinda Roy; first published in *page 8*
1988.
- (f) An extract from a novel by Philip Roth, *The Human page 9*
Stain, published in 2001.

Task:

Select two 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.

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) 'To the Reverend Shade of His Religious Father', a poem by Robert Herrick (1591 -1674).

To the Reverend Shade of His Religious Father

That for seven lustres I did never come
To do the rites of thy religious tomb;
That neither hair was cut, or true tears shed
By me o'er thee as justments to the dead,
5 Forgive, forgive me, since I did not know
Whether thy bones had here their rest or no.
But now 'tis known, behold - behold, I bring
Unto thy ghost th'effused offering.
10 And look: what smallage, nightshade, cypress, yew,
Unto the shades have been, or now are, due,
Here I devote; and something more than so:
I come to pay a debt of birth I owe.
Thou gavest me life (but mortal): for that one
Favour I'll make full satisfaction.
15 For my life mortal, rise from out thy hearse;
And take a life immortal from my verse.

(b) An extract from a novel by Samuel Richardson, *Clarissa*, 1740. vol. 1, Letter VIII. The novel is written entirely as a sequence of letters.

Feb. 15. In the evening,

WHAT my brother and sister have said against me I cannot tell; but I am in heavy disgrace with my father.

I was sent for down to tea. I went with a very cheerful aspect; but had occasion soon to change it.

5 Such a solemnity in everybody's countenance! My mother's eyes were fixed upon the tea-cups, and when she looked up it was heavily, as if her eyelids had weights upon them, and then not to me. My father sat half-aside in his elbow-chair, that his head might be turned from me; his hands clasped, and waving, as it were, up and down; his fingers, poor dear gentleman! in motion, as if angry to the very ends of them. My sister sat swelling. My brother looked at me with scorn, having measured me, as I may say, 10 with his eyes as I entered, from head to foot. My aunt was there and looked upon me as if with kindness restrained, bending coldly to my compliment to her as she sat; and then cast an eye first on my brother, then on my sister, as if to give the season (so I am willing to construe it) of her unusual stiffness. Bless me, my dear! that they should 15 choose to intimidate rather than invite a mind, till now not thought either unpersuadable or ungenerous!

I took my seat. Shall I make tea, madam, to my mother? I always used, you know, my dear, to make tea.

No! A very short sentence, in one very short word, was the expressive answer. And she was pleased to take the canister in her own hand.

20 My brother bid the footman who attended leave the room. I, said he, will pour out the water.

My heart was up at my mouth. I did not know what to do with myself. What is to follow? thought I.

25 Just after the second dish, out stepped my mother.—A word with you, sister Hervey! taking her in her hand. Presently my sister dropped away. Then my brother. So I was left alone with my father.

He looked so very sternly that my heart failed me as twice or thrice I would have addressed myself to him; nothing but solemn silence on all hands having passed before.

At last, I asked, if it were his pleasure that I should pour him out another dish?

30 He answered me with the same angry monosyllable which I had received from my mother before, and then arose and walked about the room. I arose too, with intent to throw myself at his feet, but was too much overawed by his sternness even to make such an expression of my duty to him as my heart overflowed with.

35 At last, as he supported himself because of his gout on the back of a chair, I took a little more courage, and approaching him, besought him to acquaint me in what I had offended him?

He turned from me, and in a strong voice, Clarissa Harlowe, said he, know that I will be obeyed.

- (c) 'Father's Bedroom', a poem by Robert Lowell (1917-1977).

Father's Bedroom

**Starting "In my Father's bedroom:
blue threads as thin
as pen writing on the bedspread,"**

**Ending "It was left under an open
Porthole in a storm."**

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- (d) **An extract from a short story, 'Grocer's Daughter', published in 1987, by Marianne Wiggins.**

Starting "I wish that he could see the things I've sown."

Ending "My father left a stain: I miss him. I write longhand, and in ink."

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- (e) 'Carousel', a poem by Lucinda Roy; first published in 1988

Carousel (For Namba Roy, 1910-1961)

Starting "I often spin around with you and
hear the fragile music of a carousel;"

Ending "I prefer to see your black hands
with mine on a crimson mane which will
never be swept back by the wind."

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- (f) An extract from a novel by Philip Roth, *The Human Stain*, published in 2001.

Starting "The father who had another way of beating you down."

Ending "Even the kids who came into the house, his children's friends, had their English corrected by Mr. Silk."

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