

- Above green-flashing plunges of a weir,¹ and shaken by the thunder below, lilies, golden and white, were swaying **at** anchor among the reeds. Meadow-sweet² hung from the banks thick with
- (5) weed and training bramble, and there also hung a daughter of Earth. Her face was shaded by a broad straw-hat with a flexible brim that left her lips and chin in the sun, and sometimes nodding, sent forth a light of promising eyes. Across her
- (10) shoulders, and behind, flowed large loose curls, brown in shadow, almost golden where the ray touched them. She was simply dressed, befitting decency and the season. On a closer inspection you might see that her lips were stained. This
- (15) blooming young person was regaling on dewberries.³ They grew between the bank and the water. Apparently she found the fruit abundant, for her hand was making pretty progress to her mouth. Fastidious youth, which shudders and revolts at woman
- (20) plumping her exquisite proportions on bread-and-butter, and would (we must suppose) joyfully have her quite scraggy to have her quite poetical, can hardly object to dewberries. Indeed the act of eating them is dainty and induces musing. The
- (25) dewberry is a sister to the lotos⁴ and an innocent sister. You eat; mouth, eye, and hand are occupied and the undrugged mind free to roam. And so it was with the damsel who knelt there. The little skylark went up above her, all song, to the
- (30) smooth southern cloud lying along the blue; from a dewy copse standing dark over her nodding hat, the blackbird fluted, calling to her with thrice mellow note; the kingfisher flashed emerald out of green osiers;⁵ a bow-winged heron traveled
- (35) aloft, searching solitude; a boat slipped towards her, containing a dreamy youth, and still she plucked the fruit, and ate, and mused, as if no fairy prince were invading her territories, and as if she wished not for one, or knew not her
- (40) wishes. Surrounded by the green shaven meadows, the pastoral summer buzz, the weir-fall's thundering white, amid the breath and beauty of wild-flowers, she was a bit of lovely human life in a

- (45) fair setting—a terrible attraction. The Magnetic Youth leaned round to note his proximity to the weir-piles, and beheld the sweet vision. Still and stiller grew Nature, as at the meeting of two electric clouds. Her posture was so graceful that, though he was making straight for the weir,
- (50) he dared not dip a scull. Just then one most enticing dewberry caught her eye. He was floating by unheeded, and saw that her hand stretched low and could not gather what it sought. A stroke from his right brought him beside her. The damsel
- (55) glanced up dismayed, and her whole shape trembled over the brink. Richard sprang from his boat into the water. Pressing a hand beneath her foot, which she had thrust against the crumbling wet sides of the bank to save herself, he enabled her to recover her balance, and gain safe earth, whither, emboldened by the incident, touching her finger's tip, he followed her.

¹ weir: dam² meadow-sweet: a plant of the rose family³ dewberries: blackberries⁴ lotos: lotus, the fruit of which was said to induce drowsiness and forgetfulness⁵ osiers: willows

Write an essay in which you show how the young woman and the young man in the passage above are made to seem naturally suited for one another. Do not merely repeat information from the multiple-choice questions.

When you have finished writing this essay, return to the other test book for Section 1, Part B

Elegy for Jane
(My student, thrown by a horse)

- I remember the neckcurls, limp and damp as tendrils
 And her quick look, a sidelong pickerel smile
 And how she balanced In the delight of her thought,
 A wren, happy, tail into the wind,
 (5) Her song trembling the twigs and small branches
 The shade sang with her;
 The leaves their whispers turned to kissing;
 And the mould sang in the bleached valleys under the rose.
 Oh, when she was sad, she cast herself down into such a pure depth.
 (10) Even a father could not find her :
 Scraping her cheek against straw:
 Stirring the clearest water.
- My sparrow; you are not here,
 Waiting like a fern, making a spiny shadow.
 (15) The sides of the wet stones cannot console me,
 Nor the moss, wound with the last light.
 Only I could nudge you from this sleep,
 My maimed darling, my skittery pigeon.
 Over this damp grave I speak the words of my love:
 (20) I, with no rights in this matter,
 Neither father nor lover.

Write an essay in which you describe the speaker's attitude toward his former student, Jane.

Choose a character from a work of recognized literary merit and write an essay in which you (a) briefly describe the standards of the fictional society in which the character exists and (b) show how the character is affected by and responds to those standards. In your essay, do not merely summarize the plot.

You may wish to choose your example from the list of authors provided below, but you may use any work of comparable literary excellence.

Edward Albee	Henry James
Jane Austen	Ben Jonson
Samuel Beckett	Christopher Marlowe
Charles Dickens	Arthur Miller
Ralph Ellison	Iris Murdoch
Henry Fielding	Vladimir Nabokov
Scott Fitzgerald	G. B. Shaw
E.M. Forster	Muriel Spark
Joseph Heller	William Thackeray
Herman Hesse	Evelyn Waugh
Henrik Ibsen	Tennessee Williams
Eugene Ionesco	Richard Wright

Part D (Suggested time—45 minutes)

Choose a work of recognized literary merit in which a specific inanimate object (e.g., a seashell, a handkerchief, a painting) is important, and write an essay in which you show how two or three of the purposes the object serves are related to one another.

In your essay do not merely summarize the plot.