

ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION

SECTION II

Total time—2 hours

Question 1

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

In the following poem by Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586), the speaker addresses the subject of desire. Read the poem carefully. Then write a well-developed essay in which you analyze how poetic devices help to convey the speaker's complex attitude toward desire.

**Thou Blind Man's Mark**

Thou blind man's mark,<sup>1</sup> thou fool's self-chosen snare,  
Fond fancy's scum, and dregs of scattered thought;  
Band of all evils, cradle of causeless care;  
*Line* Thou web of will, whose end is never wrought;  
5 Desire, desire! I have too dearly bought,  
With price of mangled mind, thy worthless ware;  
Too long, too long, asleep thou hast me brought,  
Who should my mind to higher things prepare.  
But yet in vain thou hast my ruin sought;  
10 In vain thou madest me to vain things aspire;  
In vain thou kindlest all thy smoky fire;  
For virtue hath this better lesson taught—  
Within myself to seek my only hire,<sup>2</sup>  
Desiring naught but how to kill desire.

<sup>1</sup> target

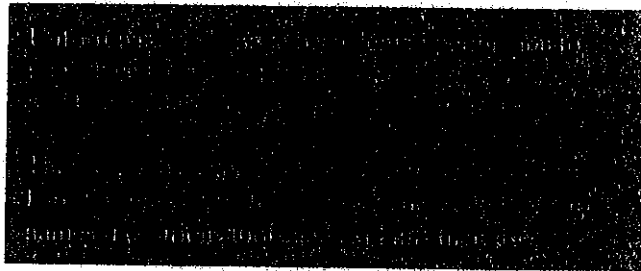
<sup>2</sup> reward

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Question 2

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

Carefully read the following excerpt from the novel *Under the Feet of Jesus* by Helena María Viramontes. Then write a well-organized essay in which you analyze the development of Estrella's character. In your analysis, you may wish to consider such literary elements as selection of detail, figurative language, and tone.



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Question 3

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

“And, after all, our surroundings influence our lives and characters as much as fate, destiny or any supernatural agency.” Pauline Hopkins, *Contending Forces*

Choose a novel or play in which cultural, physical, or geographical surroundings shape psychological or moral traits in a character. Then write a well-organized essay in which you analyze how surroundings affect this character and illuminate the meaning of the work as a whole.

You may choose a work from the list below or one of comparable literary merit. Do not merely summarize the plot.

<i>Absalom, Absalom!</i>	<i>No Exit</i>
<i>The Age of Innocence</i>	<i>One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest</i>
<i>Another Country</i>	<i>One Hundred Years of Solitude</i>
<i>Brideshead Revisited</i>	<i>Oryx and Crake</i>
<i>Ceremony</i>	<i>A Passage to India</i>
<i>The Color Purple</i>	<i>The Piano Lesson</i>
<i>Daisy Miller</i>	<i>The Plague</i>
<i>Death of a Salesman</i>	<i>The Poisonwood Bible</i>
<i>The Glass Menagerie</i>	<i>Pride and Prejudice</i>
<i>The Grapes of Wrath</i>	<i>A Raisin in the Sun</i>
<i>Great Expectations</i>	<i>Snow Falling on Cedars</i>
<i>Heart of Darkness</i>	<i>Sula</i>
<i>Invisible Man</i>	<i>The Sun Also Rises</i>
<i>King Lear</i>	<i>Tess of the D'Urbervilles</i>
<i>Maggie: A Girl of the Streets</i>	<i>Waiting for Godot</i>
<i>M. Butterfly</i>	<i>When the Emperor Was Divine</i>
<i>A Midsummer Night's Dream</i>	<i>The Women of Brewster Place</i>
<i>My Ántonia</i>	<i>Wuthering Heights</i>
<i>Native Son</i>	

STOP

END OF EXAM

## ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION

## SECTION II

Total time—2 hours

## Question 1

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

The following poem is by the contemporary poet Li-Young Lee. Read the poem carefully. Then write a well-developed essay in which you analyze how the poet conveys the complex relationship of the father and the son through the use of literary devices such as point of view and structure.

*A Story*

Sad is the man who is asked for a story  
and can't come up with one.

His five-year-old son waits in his lap.

Line *Not the same story, Baba. A new one.*

5 The man rubs his chin, scratches his ear.

In a room full of books in a world  
of stories, he can recall  
not one, and soon, he thinks, the boy  
will give up on his father.

10 Already the man lives far ahead, he sees  
the day this boy will go. *Don't go!*  
*Hear the alligator story! The angel story once more!*  
*You love the spider story. You laugh at the spider.*  
*Let me tell it!*

15 But the boy is packing his shirts,  
he is looking for his keys. *Are you a god,*  
*the man screams, that I sit mute before you?*  
*Am I a god that I should never disappoint?*

But the boy is here. *Please, Baba, a story?*  
20 It is an emotional rather than logical equation,  
an earthly rather than heavenly one,  
which posits that a boy's supplications  
and a father's love add up to silence.

Li-Young Lee, "A Story" from *The City in Which I Love You*.  
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Question 2

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

The following passage is from the novel *Middlemarch* by George Eliot, the pen name of Mary Ann Evans (1819–1880). In the passage, Rosamond and Tertius Lydgate, a recently married couple, confront financial difficulties.

Read the passage carefully. Then write a well-developed essay in which you analyze how Eliot portrays these two characters and their complex relationship as husband and wife. You may wish to consider such literary devices as narrative perspective and selection of detail.

Rosamond coloured deeply. “Have you not asked Papa for money?” she said as soon as she could speak.  
 “No.”  
 “Then I must ask him!” she said, releasing her  
 5 hands from Lydgate’s and rising to stand at two yards’ distance from him.  
 “No, Rosy,” said Lydgate decisively. “It is too late to do that. The inventory will be begun tomorrow. Remember it is a mere security; it will make no  
 10 difference; it is a temporary affair. I insist upon it that your father shall not know unless I choose to tell him,” added Lydgate with a more peremptory emphasis.  
 This certainly was unkind, but Rosamond had  
 15 thrown him back on evil expectation as to what she would do in the way of quiet, steady disobedience. The unkindness seemed unpardonable to her; she was not given to weeping and disliked it, but now her chin and lips began to tremble and the tears welled up.  
 20 Perhaps it was not possible for Lydgate, under the double stress of outward material difficulty and of his own proud resistance to humiliating consequences, to imagine fully what this sudden trial was to a young creature who had known nothing but indulgence and  
 25 whose dreams had all been of new indulgence, more exactly to her taste. But he did wish to spare her as much as he could, and her tears cut him to the heart. He could not speak again immediately, but Rosamond did not go on sobbing; she tried to conquer her  
 30 agitation and wiped away her tears, continuing to look before her at the mantelpiece.  
 “Try not to grieve, darling,” said Lydgate, turning his eyes up towards her. That she had chosen to move away from him in this moment of her trouble made  
 35 everything harder to say, but he must absolutely go on. “We must brace ourselves to do what is necessary. It is I who have been in fault; I ought to have seen that I could not afford to live in this way. But many things have told against me in my practice, and it really just  
 40 now has ebbed to a low point. I may recover it, but in the meantime we must pull up—we must change our way of living. We shall weather it. When I have given this security I shall have time to look about me; and you are so clever that if you turn your mind to  
 45 managing you will school me into carefulness. I have been a thoughtless rascal about squaring prices—but come, dear, sit down and forgive me.”  
 Lydgate was bowing his neck under the yoke like a creature who had talons but who had reason too,  
 50 which often reduces us to meekness. When he had spoken the last words in an imploring tone, Rosamond returned to the chair by his side. His self-blame gave her some hope that he would attend to her opinion, and she said, “Why can you not put off having the inventory made? You can send the men away  
 55 tomorrow when they come.”  
 “I shall not send them away,” said Lydgate, the peremptoriness rising again. Was it of any use to explain?  
 60 “If we left Middlemarch, there would of course be a sale, and that would do as well.”  
 “But we are not going to leave Middlemarch.”  
 “I am sure, Tertius, it would be much better to do so. Why can we not go to London? Or near Durham,  
 65 where your family is known?”  
 “We can go nowhere without money, Rosamond.”  
 “Your friends would not wish you to be without money. And surely these odious tradesmen might be made to understand that and to wait if you would  
 70 make proper representations to them.”  
 “This is idle, Rosamond,” said Lydgate angrily. “You must learn to take my judgement on questions you don’t understand. I have made necessary  
 75 arrangements, and they must be carried out. As to friends, I have no expectations whatever from them and shall not ask them for anything.”  
 Rosamond sat perfectly still. The thought in her mind was that if she had known how Lydgate would behave, she would never have married him.  
 80 “We have no time to waste now on unnecessary words, dear,” said Lydgate, trying to be gentle again. “There are some details that I want to consider with

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you. Dover says he will take a good deal of the plate  
back again, and any of the jewellery we like. He  
85 really behaves very well.”

“Are we to go without spoons and forks then?” said  
Rosamond, whose very lips seemed to get thinner  
with the thinness of her utterance. She was  
determined to make no further resistance or  
90 suggestions.

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Question 3

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

In a novel by William Styron, a father tells his son that life “is a search for justice.”

Choose a character from a novel or play who responds in some significant way to justice or injustice. Then write a well-developed essay in which you analyze the character’s understanding of justice, the degree to which the character’s search for justice is successful, and the significance of this search for the work as a whole.

You may choose a work from the list below or another work of comparable literary merit. Do not merely summarize the plot.

*All the King’s Men*  
*All the Pretty Horses*  
*Antigone*  
*Atonement*  
*Beloved*  
*The Blind Assassin*  
*The Bonesetter’s Daughter*  
*Crime and Punishment*  
*A Gathering of Old Men*  
*The God of Small Things*  
*The Grapes of Wrath*  
*Invisible Man*  
*King Lear*  
*A Lesson Before Dying*  
*Light in August*  
*Medea*

*The Merchant of Venice*  
*Murder in the Cathedral*  
*Native Son*  
*No Country for Old Men*  
*Oedipus Rex*  
*The Poisonwood Bible*  
*Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*  
*Set This House on Fire*  
*The Story of Edgar Sawtelle*  
*The Stranger*  
*Things Fall Apart*  
*A Thousand Acres*  
*A Thousand Splendid Suns*  
*To Kill a Mockingbird*  
*The Trial*

STOP

END OF EXAM

2011 AP® ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION  
FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS (Form B)

ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION

SECTION II

Total time—2 hours

Question 1

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

Read carefully the following poem by Robert Pack, paying close attention to the relationship between form and meaning. Then, in a well-written essay, analyze how the literary techniques used in this poem contribute to its meaning.

AN ECHO SONNET

To an Empty Page

	Voice:	Echo:
	How from emptiness can I make a start?	Start
	And starting, must I master joy or grief?	Grief
	But is there consolation in the heart?	Art
Line	Oh cold reprieve, where's natural relief?	Leaf
5	Leaf blooms, burns red before delighted eyes.	Dies
	Here beauty makes of dying, ecstasy.	See
	Yet what's the end of our life's long disease?	Ease
	If death is not, who is my enemy?	Me
	Then are you glad that I must end in sleep?	Leap
10	I'd leap into the dark if dark were true.	True
	And in that night would you rejoice or weep?	Weep
	What contradiction makes you take this view?	You
	I feel your calling leads me where I go.	Go
	But whether happiness is there, you know.	No

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2011 AP® ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION  
FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS (Form B)

Question 2

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

The following passage is the opening of the novel *Kiss of the Fur Queen* (1998) by the Cree novelist and playwright Tomson Highway. Read the passage carefully. Then write a well-organized essay in which you analyze how Highway uses literary devices to dramatize Okimasis' experience.

Line 5 "Mush!" the hunter cried into the wind. Through the rising vapour of a northern Manitoba February, so crisp, so dry, the snow creaked underfoot, the caribou hunter Abraham Okimasis drove his sled and team of eight grey huskies through the orange-rose-tinted dusk. His left hand gripping handlebar of sled, his right snapping moose-hide whip above his head, Abraham Okimasis was urging his huskies forward.

"Mush!" he cried, "mush." The desperation in his voice, like a man about to sob, surprised him.

Abraham Okimasis could see, or thought he could, the finish line a mile away. He could also see other mushers, three, maybe four. Which meant forty more behind him. But what did these forty matter? What mattered was that, so close to the end, he was not leading. What mattered was that he was not going to win the race.

And he was so tired, his dogs beyond tired, so tired they would have collapsed if he was to relent.

Line 10 "Mush!" the sole word left that could feed them, dogs and master both, with the will to travel on.

Three days. One hundred and fifty miles of low-treed tundra, ice-covered lakes, all blanketed with at least two feet of snow—fifty miles per day—a hundred and fifty miles of freezing temperatures and freezing winds. And the finish line mere yards ahead.

Line 15 The shafts of vapour rising from the dogs' panting mouths, the curls of mist emerging from their undulating backs, made them look like insubstantial wisps of air.

"Mush!" the hunter cried to his lead dog. "Tiger-Tiger, mush."

Line 20 He had sworn to his dear wife, Mariesis Okimasis, on pain of separation and divorce, unthinkable for a Roman Catholic in the year of our Lord 1951, that he would win the world championship just for her: the silver cup, that holy chalice was to be his twenty-first-anniversary gift to her. With these thoughts racing through his fevered mind, Abraham Okimasis edged past musher number 54—Jean-Baptiste Ducharme of Cranberry Portage. Still not good enough.

Half a mile to the finish line—he could see the banner now, a silvery white with bold black lettering, though he couldn't make out the words.

Line 25 Mushers numbers 32 and 17, so close, so far: Douglas Ballantyne of Moosogoot, Saskatchewan, at least twenty yards ahead, and Jackson Butler of Flin Flon, Manitoba, another ten ahead of that.

2011 AP® ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION  
FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS (Form B)

Question 3

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

In *The Writing of Fiction* (1925), novelist Edith Wharton states the following.

At every stage in the progress of his tale the novelist must rely on what may be called the *illuminating incident* to reveal and emphasize the inner meaning of each situation. Illuminating incidents are the magic casements of fiction, its vistas on infinity.

Choose a novel or play that you have studied and write a well-organized essay in which you describe an “illuminating” episode or moment and explain how it functions as a “casement,” a window that opens onto the meaning of the work as a whole. Avoid mere plot summary.

You may select a work from the list below or another appropriate novel or play of comparable literary merit.

*Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*  
*As I Lay Dying*  
*The Awakening*  
*Beloved*  
*Catch-22*  
*The Catcher in the Rye*  
*Dr. Faustus*  
*Emma*  
*The Good Soldier*  
*Heart of Darkness*  
*M. Butterfly*  
*Major Barbara*  
*The Mayor of Casterbridge*  
*Mrs. Dalloway*  
*Native Son*

*Oedipus Rex*  
*Othello*  
*Passing*  
*A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*  
*The Portrait of a Lady*  
*Pride and Prejudice*  
*The Remains of the Day*  
*The Scarlet Letter*  
*A Soldier's Play*  
*A Streetcar Named Desire*  
*Surfacing*  
*Their Eyes Were Watching God*  
*Twelfth Night*  
*Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*  
*Who Has Seen the Wind*

STOP

END OF EXAM

## ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION

## SECTION II

Total time—2 hours

## Question 1

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

Read carefully the following poem by Marilyn Nelson Waniek. Then write an essay analyzing how Waniek employs literary techniques to develop the complex meanings that the speaker attributes to *The Century Quilt*. You may wish to consider such elements as structure, imagery, and tone.

## The Century Quilt

*for Sarah Mary Taylor, Quilter*

<p>My sister and I were in love with Meema's Indian blanket. We fell asleep under army green issued to Daddy by Supply. Line 5 When Meema came to live with us she brought her medicines, her cane, and the blanket I found on my sister's bed the last time I visited her. 10 I remembered how I'd planned to inherit that blanket, how we used to wrap ourselves at play in its folds and be chieftains and princesses.</p> <p>Now I've found a quilt<sup>1</sup> I'd like to die under; 15 Six Van Dyke brown squares, two white ones, and one square the yellowbrown of Mama's cheeks. Each square holds a sweet gum leaf whose fingers I imagine 20 would caress me into the silence.</p> <p>I think I'd have good dreams for a hundred years under this quilt, as Meema must have, under her blanket, dreamed she was a girl again in Kentucky</p>	<p>25 among her yellow sisters, their grandfather's white family nodding at them when they met. When their father came home from his store they cranked up the pianola 30 and all of the beautiful sisters giggled and danced. She must have dreamed about Mama when the dancing was over: a lanky girl trailing after her father 35 through his Oklahoma field. Perhaps under this quilt I'd dream of myself, of my childhood of miracles, of my father's burnt umber<sup>2</sup> pride, 40 my mother's ochre<sup>3</sup> gentleness. Within the dream of myself perhaps I'd meet my son or my other child, as yet unconceived. I'd call it <i>The Century Quilt</i>, 45 after its pattern of leaves.</p>
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from *Mama's Promises* by Marilyn Nelson Waniek.  
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<sup>1</sup> A quilt is a type of bedcovering often made by stitching together varied pieces of fabric.

<sup>2</sup> Burnt umber is a shade of brown.

<sup>3</sup> Ochre refers to a shade of yellow.

2010 AP® ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS

Question 2

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

In the following passage from Maria Edgeworth's 1801 novel, *Belinda*, the narrator provides a description of Clarence Hervey, one of the suitors of the novel's protagonist, Belinda Portman. Mrs. Stanhope, Belinda's aunt, hopes to improve her niece's social prospects and therefore has arranged to have Belinda stay with the fashionable Lady Delacour.

Read the passage carefully. Then write an essay in which you analyze Clarence Hervey's complex character as Edgeworth develops it through such literary techniques as tone, point of view, and language.

Line  
5 Clarence Hervey might have been more than a pleasant young man, if he had not been smitten with the desire of being thought superior in every thing, and of being the most admired person in all companies. He had been early flattered with the idea that he was a man of genius; and he imagined that, as such, he was entitled to be imprudent, wild, and eccentric. He affected singularity, in order to establish his claims to genius. He had considerable literary talents, by which he was distinguished at Oxford; but he was so dreadfully afraid of passing for a pedant, that when he came into the company of the idle and the ignorant, he pretended to disdain every species of knowledge. His chameleon character seemed to vary in different lights, and according to the different situations in which he happened to be placed. He could be all things to all men—and to all women. He was supposed to be a favourite with the fair sex; and of all his various excellencies and defects, there was none on which he valued himself so much as on his gallantry. He was not profligate; he had a strong sense of humour, and quick feelings of humanity; but he was so easily led, or rather so easily excited by his companions, and his companions were now of such a sort, that it was probable he would soon become vicious. As to his connexion with Lady Delacour, he would have started with horror at the idea of disturbing the peace of a family; but in her family, he said, there was no peace to disturb; he was vain of having it seen by the world that he was distinguished by a lady of her wit and fashion, and he did not think it incumbent on him to be more scrupulous or more

35 attentive to appearances than her ladyship. By Lord Delacour's jealousy he was sometimes provoked, sometimes amused, and sometimes flattered. He was constantly of all her ladyship's parties in public and private; consequently he saw Belinda almost every day, and every day he saw her with increasing admiration of her beauty, and with increasing dread of being taken in to marry a niece of 'the *catch-match-maker*,' the name by which Mrs Stanhope was known amongst the men of his acquaintance. Young ladies who have the misfortune to be *conducted* by these artful dames, are always supposed to be partners in all the speculations, though their names may not appear in the firm. If he had not been prejudiced by the character of her aunt, Mr Hervey would have thought Belinda an undesigning, unaffected girl; but now he suspected her of artifice in every word, look, and motion; and even when he felt himself most charmed by her powers of pleasing, he was most inclined to despise her, for what he thought such premature proficiency in scientific coquetry. He had not sufficient resolution to keep beyond the sphere of her attraction; but frequently, when he found himself within it, he cursed his folly, and drew back with sudden terror.

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Question 3

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

Palestinian American literary theorist and cultural critic Edward Said has written that “Exile is strangely compelling to think about but terrible to experience. It is the unhealable rift forced between a human being and a native place, between the self and its true home: its essential sadness can never be surmounted.” Yet Said has also said that exile can become “a potent, even enriching” experience.

Select a novel, play, or epic in which a character experiences such a rift and becomes cut off from “home,” whether that home is the character’s birthplace, family, homeland, or other special place. Then write an essay in which you analyze how the character’s experience with exile is both alienating and enriching, and how this experience illuminates the meaning of the work as a whole. You may choose a work from the list below or one of comparable literary merit. Do not merely summarize the plot.

*The American*  
*Angle of Repose*  
*Another Country*  
*As You Like It*  
*Brave New World*  
*Crime and Punishment*  
*Doctor Zhivago*  
*Heart of Darkness*  
*Invisible Man*  
*Jane Eyre*  
*Jasmine*  
*Jude the Obscure*  
*King Lear*  
*The Little Foxes*  
*Madame Bovary*  
*The Mayor of Casterbridge*  
*My Ántonia*

*Obasan*  
*The Odyssey*  
*One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*  
*The Other*  
*Paradise Lost*  
*The Poisonwood Bible*  
*A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*  
*The Road*  
*Robinson Crusoe*  
*Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*  
*Sister Carrie*  
*Sister of My Heart*  
*Snow Falling on Cedars*  
*The Tempest*  
*Things Fall Apart*  
*The Women of Brewster Place*  
*Wuthering Heights*

STOP

END OF EXAM

## ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION

## SECTION II

Total time—2 hours

## Question 1

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

In the following speech from Shakespeare's play *Henry VIII*, Cardinal Wolsey considers his sudden downfall from his position as advisor to the king. Spokesmen for the king have just left Wolsey alone on stage. Read the speech carefully. Then write a well-organized essay in which you analyze how Shakespeare uses elements such as allusion, figurative language, and tone to convey Wolsey's complex response to his dismissal from court.

So farewell—to the little good you bear me.  
 Farewell? a long farewell to all my greatness!  
 This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth  
 Line The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,  
 5 And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;  
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,  
 And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
 His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,  
 And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd,  
 10 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,<sup>1</sup>  
 This many summers in a sea of glory,  
 But far beyond my depth. My high-blown pride  
 At length broke under me, and now has left me,  
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy  
 15 Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.  
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!  
 I feel my heart new open'd. O how wretched  
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!  
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
 20 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have;  
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,<sup>2</sup>  
 Never to hope again.

<sup>1</sup> air-filled sacs<sup>2</sup> Satan, the fallen angel

2009 AP® ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS

Question 2

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

The following selection is the opening of Ann Petry's 1946 novel, *The Street*. Read the selection carefully and then write an essay analyzing how Petry establishes Lutie Johnson's relationship to the urban setting through the use of such literary devices as imagery, personification, selection of detail, and figurative language.

Line  
5 There was a cold November wind blowing through 116th Street. It rattled the tops of garbage cans, sucked window shades out through the top of opened windows and set them flapping back against the windows; and it drove most of the people off the street in the block between Seventh and Eighth Avenues except for a few hurried pedestrians who bent double in an effort to offer the least possible exposed surface to its violent assault.

10 It found every scrap of paper along the street— theater throwaways, announcements of dances and lodge meetings, the heavy waxed paper that loaves of bread had been wrapped in, the thinner waxed paper that had enclosed sandwiches, old envelopes, newspapers. Fingering its way along the curb, the wind set the bits of paper to dancing high in the air, so that a barrage of paper swirled into the faces of the people on the street. It even took time to rush into doorways and areaways and find chicken bones and pork-chop bones and pushed them along the curb.

15 It did everything it could to discourage the people walking along the street. It found all the dirt and dust and grime on the sidewalk and lifted it up so that the dirt got into their noses, making it difficult to breathe; the dust got into their eyes and blinded them; and the grit stung their skins. It wrapped newspaper around their feet entangling them until the people cursed deep in their throats, stamped their feet, kicked at the paper. The wind blew it back again and again until they were forced to stoop and dislodge the paper with their hands. And then the wind grabbed their hats,

pried their scarves from around their necks, stuck its fingers inside their coat collars, blew their coats away from their bodies.

35 The wind lifted Lutie Johnson's hair away from the back of her neck so that she felt suddenly naked and bald, for her hair had been resting softly and warmly against her skin. She shivered as the cold fingers of the wind touched the back of her neck, explored the sides of her head. It even blew her eyelashes away from her eyes so that her eyeballs were bathed in a rush of coldness and she had to blink in order to read the words on the sign swaying back and forth over her head.

45 Each time she thought she had the sign in focus, the wind pushed it away from her so that she wasn't certain whether it said three rooms or two rooms. If it was three, why, she would go in and ask to see it, but if it said two—why, there wasn't any point. Even with the wind twisting the sign away from her, she could see that it had been there for a long time because its original coat of white paint was streaked with rust where years of rain and snow had finally eaten the paint off down to the metal and the metal had slowly rusted, making a dark red stain like blood.

55 It was three rooms. The wind held it still for an instant in front of her and then swooped it away until it was standing at an impossible angle on the rod that suspended it from the building. She read it rapidly.  
60 Three rooms, steam heat, parquet floors, respectable tenants. Reasonable.

## Question 3

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

A symbol is an object, action, or event that represents something or that creates a range of associations beyond itself. In literary works a symbol can express an idea, clarify meaning, or enlarge literal meaning.

Select a novel or play and, focusing on one symbol, write an essay analyzing how that symbol functions in the work and what it reveals about the characters or themes of the work as a whole. Do not merely summarize the plot.

You may choose a work from the list below or another novel or play of comparable literary merit.

<i>As I Lay Dying</i>	<i>The Kite Runner</i>
<i>The Awakening</i>	<i>Lady Windermere's Fan</i>
<i>Beloved</i>	<i>Macbeth</i>
<i>Bleak House</i>	<i>Madame Bovary</i>
<i>Cat's Eye</i>	<i>The Memory Keeper's Daughter</i>
<i>The Cherry Orchard</i>	<i>Moby-Dick</i>
<i>The Color Purple</i>	<i>The Namesake</i>
<i>Crime and Punishment</i>	<i>Nineteen Eighty-four</i>
<i>The Crossing</i>	<i>Our Town</i>
<i>The Crucible</i>	<i>The Plague</i>
<i>A Doll House</i>	<i>A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man</i>
<i>Equus</i>	<i>A Prayer for Owen Meany</i>
<i>A Farewell to Arms</i>	<i>A Raisin in the Sun</i>
<i>Fences</i>	<i>Reservation Blues</i>
<i>The Glass Menagerie</i>	<i>Snow</i>
<i>The Golden Bowl</i>	<i>A Streetcar Named Desire</i>
<i>The Grapes of Wrath</i>	<i>Things Fall Apart</i>
<i>The Hairy Ape</i>	<i>Waiting for Godot</i>
<i>Heart of Darkness</i>	<i>Wise Blood</i>
<i>Invisible Man</i>	<i>The Women of Brewster Place</i>
<i>Jude the Obscure</i>	

STOP

END OF EXAM



ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION

SECTION II

Total time—2 hours

Question 1

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

In the two poems below, Keats and Longfellow reflect on similar concerns. Read the poems carefully. Then write an essay in which you compare and contrast the two poems, analyzing the poetic techniques each writer uses to explore his particular situation.

Mezzo Cammin<sup>1</sup>

When I Have Fears

Written at Boppard on the Rhine August 25, 1842,  
Just Before Leaving for Home

When I have fears that I may cease to be  
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,  
Before high-piled books, in charactery,  
Hold like rich garners the full ripen'd grain;  
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,  
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,  
And think that I may never live to trace  
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;  
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,  
That I shall never look upon thee more,  
Never have relish in the faery power  
Of unreflecting love;—then on the shore  
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think  
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

1818 —John Keats (1795-1821)

Half of my life is gone, and I have let  
The years slip from me and have not fulfilled  
The aspiration of my youth, to build  
Some tower of song with lofty parapet.  
Not indolence, nor pleasure, nor the fret  
Of restless passions that would not be stilled,  
But sorrow, and a care that almost killed,  
Kept me from what I may accomplish yet;  
Though, half-way up the hill, I see the Past  
Lying beneath me with its sounds and sights,—  
A city in the twilight dim and vast,  
With smoking roofs, soft bells, and gleaming lights,—  
And hear above me on the autumnal blast  
The cataract<sup>2</sup> of Death far thundering from the heights.

1842 —Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882)

<sup>1</sup> The title is from the first line of Dante's *Divine Comedy*: "Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita" ("Midway upon the journey of our life").

<sup>2</sup> A large waterfall

## 2008 AP® ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS

### Question 2

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

The following passage is taken from *Fasting, Feasting*, a novel published in 1999 by Indian novelist Anita Desai. In the excerpt, Arun, an exchange student from India, joins members of his American host family for an afternoon at the beach. Read the passage carefully. Then write an essay in which you analyze how the author uses such literary devices as speech and point of view to characterize Arun's experience.

It is Saturday. Arun cannot plead work. He stands despondent, and when Melanie comes to the door, dressed in her bathing suit with a big shirt drawn over her shoulders, and stares at him challengingly, he starts wildly to find excuses.

Mrs. Patton will not hear them. No, she will not. Absolutely not. So she says, with her hands spread out and pressing against the air. 'No, no, no. We're all three of us going. Rod and Daddy have gone sailing on Lake Wyola and we're not going to sit here waiting for them to come home—oh no.'

Arun must go back upstairs and collect his towel and swimming trunks. Then he follows Melanie to the driveway where Mrs. Patton is waiting with baskets of equipment—oils and lotions, paperbacks and dark glasses, sandwiches and lemonade. With that new and animated prance galvanising her dwindled shanks, she leads the way through a gap in the bushes to one of the woodland paths. Melanie and Arun follow silently. They try to find a way to walk that will not compel them to be side by side or in any way close together. But who is to follow whom? It is an awkward problem. Arun finally stops trying to lag behind her—she can lag even better—and goes ahead to catch up with Mrs. Patton. He ought to help carry those baskets anyway. He takes one from her hands and she throws him a radiant, lipsticked smile. Then she swings away and goes confidently forwards.

'Summertime,' he hears her singing, 'when the living is eeh-zee—'

They make their way along scuffed paths through layers of old soft pine needles. The woods are thrumming with cicadas: they shrill and shrill as if the sun is playing on their sinews, as if they were small harps suspended in the trees. A bird shrieks hoarsely, flies on, shrieks elsewhere, further off—that ugly, jarring note that does not vary. But there are no birds to be seen, nor animals. It is as if they are in hiding, or have fled. Perhaps they have because the houses of Edge Hill do intrude and one can glimpse a bit of wall here or roof there, a washing line hung with sheets or a plastic gnome, finger to nose, enigmatically winking. Arun finds the hair on the back of his neck begin to prickle, as if in warning. He is sweating, and the palms of his hands are becoming puffy and damp. Why must people live in the vicinity of such benighted wilderness and become a part of it? The town may be small and have little to offer, but how passionately he prefers its post office, its shops, its dry-cleaning stores and picture framers to this creeping curtain of insidious green, these grasses stirring with insidious life, and bushes with poisonous berries—so bright or else so pale. Nearly tripping upon a root, he stumbles and has to steady himself so as not to spill the contents of the basket.

**2008 AP® ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS**

**Question 3**

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

In a literary work, a minor character, often known as a foil, possesses traits that emphasize, by contrast or comparison, the distinctive characteristics and qualities of the main character. For example, the ideas or behavior of the minor character might be used to highlight the weaknesses or strengths of the main character.

Choose a novel or play in which a minor character serves as a foil to a main character. Then write an essay in which you analyze how the relation between the minor character and the major character illuminates the meaning of the work.

You may choose a work from the list below or another appropriate novel or play of similar literary quality. Do not merely summarize the plot.

*The Age of Innocence*  
*Alias Grace*  
*All the King's Men*  
*All the Pretty Horses*  
*Anna Karenina*  
*Billy Budd*  
*The Brothers Karamazov*  
*Catch-22*  
*Cold Mountain*  
*The Color Purple*  
*Don Quixote*  
*Emma*  
*Equus*  
*Frankenstein*  
*Glass Menagerie*  
*Henry IV, Part I*

*Huckleberry Finn*  
*Invisible Man*  
*King Lear*  
*The Kite Runner*  
*The Misanthrope*  
*The Piano Lesson*  
*Pride and Prejudice*  
*Pygmalion*  
*Reservation Blues*  
*The Sound and the Fury*  
*A Streetcar Named Desire*  
*Sula*  
*A Tale of Two Cities*  
*Their Eyes Were Watching God*  
*Tom Jones*  
*Wuthering Heights*

**STOP**

**END OF EXAM**

ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION

SECTION II

Total time—2 hours

Question 1

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

In the following two poems, adults provide explanations for children. Read the poems carefully. Then write an essay in which you compare and contrast the two poems, analyzing how each poet uses literary devices to make his point.

A Barred Owl

The warping night air having brought the boom  
Of an owl's voice into her darkened room,  
We tell the wakened child that all she heard  
Was an odd question from a forest bird,  
*Line* 5 Asking of us, if rightly listened to,  
"Who cooks for you?" and then "Who cooks for you?"

Words, which can make our terrors bravely clear,  
Can also thus domesticate a fear,  
And send a small child back to sleep at night  
*10* Not listening for the sound of stealthy flight  
Or dreaming of some small thing in a claw  
Borne up to some dark branch and eaten raw.

—Richard Wilbur

"A Barred Owl" from *MAYFLIES: NEW POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS*, copyright © 2000 by Richard Wilbur, reprinted by permission of Harcourt, Inc.

The History Teacher

Trying to protect his students' innocence  
he told them the Ice Age was really just  
the Chilly Age, a period of a million years  
when everyone had to wear sweaters.  
*Line* 5 And the Stone Age became the Gravel Age,  
named after the long driveways of the time.

The Spanish Inquisition was nothing more  
than an outbreak of questions such as  
"How far is it from here to Madrid?"  
*10* "What do you call the matador's hat?"

The War of the Roses took place in a garden,  
and the Enola Gay\* dropped one tiny atom  
on Japan.

The children would leave his classroom  
*15* for the playground to torment the weak  
and the smart,  
mussing up their hair and breaking their glasses,  
while he gathered up his notes and walked home  
past flower beds and white picket fences,  
*20* wondering if they would believe that soldiers  
in the Boer War told long, rambling stories  
designed to make the enemy nod off.

—Billy Collins

"The History Teacher" from *QUESTIONS ABOUT ANGELS*, by Billy Collins, © 1991. Reprinted by permission of the University of Pittsburgh Press.

\*The name of the airplane from which an atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, Japan, in 1945.

2007 AP® ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS

Question 2

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

Read carefully the following passage from Dalton Trumbo's novel *Johnny Got His Gun* (1939). Then write a well-organized essay in which you analyze how Trumbo uses such techniques as point of view, selection of detail, and syntax to characterize the relationship between the young man and his father.

The campfire was built in front of a tent and the tent was under an enormous pine. When you slept inside the tent it seemed always that it was raining outside because the needles from the pine kept falling. Sitting across from him and staring into the fire was his father. Each summer they came to this place which was nine thousand feet high and covered with pine trees and dotted with lakes. They fished in the lakes and when they slept at night the roar of water from the streams which connected the lakes sounded in their ears all night long.

They had been coming to this place ever since he was seven. Now he was fifteen and Bill Harper was going to come tomorrow. He sat in front of the fire and looked across at his father and wondered just how he was going to tell him. It was a very serious thing. Tomorrow for the first time in all their trips together he wanted to go fishing with someone other than his father. On previous trips the idea had never occurred to him. His father had always preferred his company to that of men and he had always preferred his father's company to that of the other guys. But now Bill Harper was coming up tomorrow and he wanted to go fishing with him. He knew it was something that had to happen sometime. Yet he also knew that it was the end of something. It was an ending and a beginning and he wondered just how he should tell his father about it.

So he told him very casually. He said Bill Harper's coming up tomorrow and I thought maybe I'd go out with him. He said Bill Harper doesn't know very much about fishing and I do so I think if you don't

mind I'll get up early in the morning and meet Harper and he and I will go fishing.

For a little while his father didn't say a thing. Then he said why sure go along Joe. And then a little later his father said has Bill Harper got a rod? He told his father no Bill hasn't a rod. Well said his father why don't you take my rod and let Bill use yours? I don't want to go fishing tomorrow anyhow. I'm tired and I think I'll rest all day. So you use my rod and let Bill use yours.

It was as simple as that and yet he knew it was a great thing. His father's rod was a very valuable one. It was perhaps the only extravagance his father had had in his whole life. It had amber leaders and beautiful silk windings. Each spring his father sent the rod away to a man in Colorado Springs who was an expert on rods. The man in Colorado Springs carefully scraped the varnish off the rod and rewound it and revarnished it and it came back glistening new each year. There was nothing his father treasured more. He felt a little lump in his throat as he thought that even as he was deserting his father for Bill Harper his father had volunteered the rod.

They went to sleep that night in the bed which lay against a floor of pine needles. They had scooped the needles out to make a little hollow place for their hips. He lay awake quite a while thinking about tomorrow and his father who slept beside him. Then he fell asleep. At six o'clock Bill Harper whispered to him through the tent flap. He got up and gave Bill his rod and took his father's for himself and they went off without awakening his father.

## 2007 AP® ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS

### Question 3

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

In many works of literature, past events can affect, positively or negatively, the present actions, attitudes, or values of a character. Choose a novel or play in which a character must contend with some aspect of the past, either personal or societal. Then write an essay in which you show how the character's relationship to the past contributes to the meaning of the work as a whole.

You may choose a work from the list below or another appropriate novel or play of similar literary merit. Do not merely summarize the plot.

*Absalom, Absalom!*  
*All the King's Men*  
*The American*  
*Atonement*  
*The Awakening*  
*Beloved*  
*The Blind Assassin*  
*The Bonesetter's Daughter*  
*The Cherry Orchard*  
*Cry, the Beloved Country*  
*Death of a Salesman*  
*An Enemy of the People*  
*Ethan Frome*  
*Fifth Business*  
*The Fixer*  
*Great Expectations*  
*The Great Gatsby*  
*The House of Mirth*  
*Jane Eyre*  
*The Kite Runner*

*Long Day's Journey into Night*  
*Lord Jim*  
*Middlemarch*  
*Moby-Dick*  
*The Moor's Last Sigh*  
*Mrs. Dalloway*  
*Native Speaker*  
*Obasan*  
*A Passage to India*  
*Persuasion*  
*The Piano Lesson*  
*Ragtime*  
*A Separate Peace*  
*A Streetcar Named Desire*  
*The Tempest*  
*Tess of the D'Urbervilles*  
*Their Eyes Were Watching God*  
*Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*  
*Wuthering Heights*

**STOP**

**END OF EXAM**

Free Response  
Essay Topics  
2003-2006

2006 AP® ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION  
FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS

ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION  
SECTION II

Total time—2 hours

Question 1

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

Read the following poem carefully. Then write a well-organized essay in which you analyze how the poet uses language to describe the scene and to convey mood and meaning.

Evening Hawk

From plane of light to plane, wings dipping through  
Geometries and orchids that the sunset builds,  
Out of the peak's black angularity of shadow, riding  
Line The last tumultuous avalanche of  
5 Light above pines and the guttural gorge,  
The hawk comes.

His wing  
Scythes down another day, his motion  
Is that of the honed steel-edge, we hear  
The crashless fall of stalks of Time.  
10 The head of each stalk is heavy with the gold of our error.  
Look! look! he is climbing the last light  
Who knows neither Time nor error, and under  
Whose eye, unforgiving, the world, unforgiven, swings  
Into shadow.

Long now,  
15 The last thrush is still, the last bat  
Now cruises in his sharp hieroglyphics. His wisdom  
Is ancient, too, and immense. The star  
Is steady, like Plato,\* over the mountain.

If there were no wind we might, we think, hear  
20 The earth grind on its axis, or history  
Drip in darkness like a leaking pipe in the cellar.

—Robert Penn Warren

\*Greek philosopher (427?–347? B.C.)

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2006 AP® ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION  
FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS

Question 2

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

The following passage is an excerpt from *Lady Windermere's Fan*, a play by Oscar Wilde, produced in 1892. Read the passage carefully. Then write a well-organized essay in which you analyze how the playwright reveals the values of the characters and the nature of their society.

Line 5 DUCHESS OF BERWICK (*shaking hands*). Dear Margaret, I am so pleased to see you. You remember Agatha,<sup>1</sup> don't you? How do you do, Lord Darlington? I won't let you know my daughter, you are far too wicked.

LORD DARLINGTON. Don't say that, Duchess. As a wicked man I am a complete failure. Why, there are lots of people who say I have never really done anything wrong in the whole course of my life. Of course they only say it behind my back.

10 DUCHESS OF BERWICK. Isn't he dreadful? Agatha, this is Lord Darlington. Mind you don't believe a word he says. No, no tea, thank you, dear. (*Sits on sofa.*) We have just had tea at Lady Markby's. 15 Such bad tea, too. It was quite undrinkable. I wasn't at all surprised. Her own son-in-law supplies it. Agatha is looking forward so much to your ball tonight, dear Margaret.

LADY WINDERMERE (*seated*). Oh, you musn't think it is going to be a ball, Duchess. It is only a dance in honour of my birthday. A small and early.

LORD DARLINGTON (*standing*). Very small, very early, and very select, Duchess.

25 DUCHESS OF BERWICK. Of course it's going to be select. But we know *that*, dear Margaret, about your house. It is really one of the few houses in London where I can take Agatha, and where I feel perfectly secure about dear Berwick. I don't know what society is coming to. The most dreadful people 30 seem to go everywhere. They certainly come to my parties—the men get quite furious if one doesn't ask them. Really, some one should make a stand against it.

LADY WINDERMERE. I will, Duchess. I will have no one in my house about whom there is any scandal.

LORD DARLINGTON. Oh, don't say that, Lady Windermere. I should never be admitted. (*Sitting.*)

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. Oh, men don't matter. 40 With women it is different. We're good. Some of us are, at least. But we are positively getting elbowed into the corner. Our husbands would really forget our existence if we didn't nag at them from time to time, just to remind them that we have a perfect legal right 45 to do so.

LORD DARLINGTON. It's a curious thing, Duchess, about the game of marriage—a game, by the way, that is going out of fashion—the wives hold all the honours<sup>2</sup> and invariably lose the odd trick.<sup>3</sup>

50 DUCHESS OF BERWICK. The odd trick? Is that the husband, Lord Darlington?

LORD DARLINGTON. It would be rather a good name for the modern husband.

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. Dear Lord Darlington, 55 how thoroughly depraved you are!

LADY WINDERMERE. Lord Darlington is trivial.

LORD DARLINGTON. Ah, don't say that, Lady Windermere.

60 LADY WINDERMERE. Why do you *talk* so trivially about life, then?

LORD DARLINGTON. Because I think that life is far too important a thing ever to talk seriously about it.

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. What does he mean?

65 Do, as a concession to my poor wits, Lord Darlington, just explain to me what you really mean.

LORD DARLINGTON. I think I had better not, Duchess. Nowadays to be intelligible is to be found out. Good-bye! (*Shakes hands with DUCHESS.*) And 70 now—Lady Windermere, good-bye. I may come tonight, mayn't I? Do let me come.

LADY WINDERMERE. Yes, certainly. But you are not to say foolish, insincere things to people.

LORD DARLINGTON (*smiling*). Ah! you are 75 beginning to reform me. It is a dangerous thing to reform any one, Lady Windermere. (*Bows and exit.*)

<sup>1</sup> the Duchess's daughter

<sup>2</sup> high cards

<sup>3</sup> round of a card game



**2006 AP® ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION  
FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS**

**Question 3**

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

Many writers use a country setting to establish values within a work of literature. For example, the country may be a place of virtue and peace or one of primitivism and ignorance. Choose a novel or play in which such a setting plays a significant role. Then write an essay in which you analyze how the country setting functions in the work as a whole. Do not merely summarize the plot.

You may choose a work from the list below or another appropriate novel or play of similar literary merit.

<i>Adam Bede</i>	<i>The Grapes of Wrath</i>
<i>Adventures of Huckleberry Finn</i>	<i>House Made of Dawn</i>
<i>All the Pretty Horses</i>	<i>King Lear</i>
<i>Anna Karenina</i>	<i>Madame Bovary</i>
<i>As I Lay Dying</i>	<i>Mansfield Park</i>
<i>As You Like It</i>	<i>A Midsummer Night's Dream</i>
<i>The Bear</i>	<i>Obasan</i>
<i>Black Boy</i>	<i>O Pioneers!</i>
<i>Bless Me, Ultima</i>	<i>Out of Africa</i>
<i>The Bonesetter's Daughter</i>	<i>The Scarlet Letter</i>
<i>Ceremony</i>	<i>Tess of the D'Urbervilles</i>
<i>The Cherry Orchard</i>	<i>Their Eyes Were Watching God</i>
<i>David Copperfield</i>	<i>A Thousand Acres</i>
<i>Don Quixote</i>	<i>Tom Jones</i>
<i>East of Eden</i>	<i>The Vicar of Wakefield</i>
<i>Ethan Frome</i>	<i>The Way We Live Now</i>
<i>For Whom the Bell Tolls</i>	<i>The Winter's Tale</i>
<i>Frankenstein</i>	<i>Wuthering Heights</i>

**STOP**

**END OF EXAM**

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2006 AP<sup>®</sup> ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION  
FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS (Form B)

ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION

SECTION II

Total time—2 hours

Question 1

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

Read the following poem carefully. Then write an essay discussing how the poet uses literary techniques to reveal the speaker's attitudes toward nature and the artist's task.

To Paint a Water Lily

A green level of lily leaves  
Roofs the pond's chamber and paves

The flies' furious arena: study  
These, the two minds of this lady.

Line

5 First observe the air's dragonfly  
That eats meat, that bullets by

Or stands in space to take aim;  
Others as dangerous comb the hum

Under the trees. There are battle-shouts  
10 And death-cries everywhere hereabouts

But inaudible, so the eyes praise  
To see the colours of these flies

Rainbow their arcs, spark, or settle  
Cooling like beads of molten metal

15 Through the spectrum. Think what worse  
Is the pond-bed's matter of course;

Prehistoric bedragonned times  
Crawl that darkness with Latin names,

Have evolved no improvements there,  
20 Jaws for heads, the set stare,

Ignorant of age as of hour—  
Now paint the long-necked lily-flower

Which, deep in both worlds, can be still  
As a painting, trembling hardly at all

25 Though the dragonfly alight,  
Whatever horror nudge her root.

—“To Paint a Water Lily” from *Collected Poems* by Ted Hughes (1930–1998),  
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GO ON TO THE NEXT PAGE.

2006 AP® ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION  
FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS (Form B)

Question 2

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

Read the passage below, which comes from a nineteenth-century novel. Then, in a well-developed essay, discuss how the narrator's style reveals his attitudes toward the people he describes.

Line  
5  
10  
15  
20  
25  
Gentlefolks in general have a very awkward rock ahead in life—the rock ahead of their own idleness. Their lives being, for the most part, passed in looking about them for something to do, it is curious to see—especially when their tastes are of what is called the intellectual sort—how often they drift blindfold into some nasty pursuit. Nine times out of ten they take to torturing something, or to spoiling something—and they firmly believe they are improving their minds, when the plain truth is, they are only making a mess in the house. I have seen them (ladies, I am sorry to say, as well as gentlemen) go out, day after day, for example, with empty pill-boxes, and catch newts, and beetles, and spiders, and frogs, and come home and stick pins through the miserable wretches, or cut them up, without a pang of remorse, into little pieces. You see my young master, or my young mistress, poring over one of the spider's insides with a magnifying-glass; . . . and when you wonder what this cruel nastiness means, you are told that it means a taste in my young master or my young mistress for natural history. Sometimes, again, you see them occupied for hours together in spoiling a pretty flower with pointed instruments, out of a stupid curiosity to know what the flower is made of. Is its colour any prettier, or its scent any sweeter, when you *do* know? But there! the

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poor souls must get through the time, you see—they must get through the time. You dabbled in nasty mud, and made pies, when you were a child; and you dabble in nasty science, and dissect spiders, and spoil flowers, when you grow up. In the one case and in the other, the secret of it is, that you have got nothing to think of in your poor empty head, and nothing to do with your poor idle hands. And so it ends in your spoiling canvas with paints, and making a smell in the house; or in keeping tadpoles in a glass box full of dirty water, and turning everybody's stomach in the house; or in chipping off bits of stone here, there, and everywhere, and dropping grit into all the victuals in the house; or in staining your fingers in the pursuit of photography, and doing justice without mercy on everybody's face in the house. It often falls heavy enough, no doubt, on people who are really obliged to get their living, to be forced to work for the clothes that cover them, the roof that shelters them, and the food that keeps them going. But compare the hardest day's work you ever did with the idleness that splits flowers and pokes its way into spiders' stomachs, and thank your stars that your head has got something it *must* think of, and your hands something that they *must* do.

**2006 AP<sup>®</sup> ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION  
FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS (Form B)**

**Question 3**

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

In many works of literature, a physical journey—the literal movement from one place to another—plays a central role. Choose a novel, play, or epic poem in which a physical journey is an important element and discuss how the journey adds to the meaning of the work as a whole. You may write your essay on one of the following works or on another of comparable quality. Avoid mere plot summary.

*Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*  
*The Aeneid*  
*All the Pretty Horses*  
*As I Lay Dying*  
*Candide*  
*The Canterbury Tales*  
*Cold Mountain*  
*The Divine Comedy*  
*Dutchman*  
*Going After Cacciato*  
*Gulliver's Travels*

*Heart of Darkness*  
*The Importance of Being Earnest*  
*Light in August*  
*Middle Passage*  
*Moby-Dick*  
*Mother Courage*  
*Obasan*  
*The Odyssey*  
*Peer Gynt*  
*Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*  
*Song of Solomon*

**STOP**

**END OF EXAM**

2005 AP<sup>®</sup> ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION  
FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS

ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION

SECTION II

Total time—2 hours

Question 1

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

The poems below, published in 1789 and 1794, were written by William Blake in response to the condition of chimney sweeps. Usually small children, sweeps were forced inside chimneys to clean their interiors. Read the two poems carefully. Then, in a well-written essay, compare and contrast the two poems, taking into consideration the poetic techniques Blake uses in each.

The Chimney Sweeper

The Chimney Sweeper

When my mother died I was very young,  
And my father sold me while yet my tongue  
Could scarcely cry " 'weep! 'weep! 'weep! 'weep!"\*  
So your chimneys I sweep & in soot I sleep.

A little black thing among the snow  
Crying " 'weep, 'weep," in notes of woe!  
"Where are thy father & mother? say?"  
"They are both gone up to the church to pray.

Line  
5 There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head  
That curl'd like a lambs back, was shav'd, so I said,  
"Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your head's bare,  
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair."

Line  
5 "Because I was happy upon the heath,  
And smil'd among the winter's snow;  
They clothéd me in the clothes of death,  
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

10 And so he was quiet, & that very night,  
As Tom was a-sleeping he had such a sight!  
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, & Jack,  
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black;

10 "And because I am happy, & dance & sing,  
They think they have done me no injury,  
And are gone to praise God & his Priest & King,  
Who make up a heaven of our misery."

15 And by came an Angel who had a bright key,  
And he open'd the coffins & set them all free;  
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing they run,  
And wash in a river and shine in the Sun;

William Blake, "The Chimney Sweeper," *The Complete Poetry and Prose of William Blake*, ed. David V. Erdman (1789; 1794; Berkeley: University of California Press, 1965).

(1794)

20 Then naked & white, all their bags left behind,  
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind.  
And the Angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,  
He'd have God for his father & never want joy.

And so Tom awoke; and we rose in the dark  
And got with our bags & our brushes to work.  
Tho' the morning was cold, Tom was happy & warm;  
So if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

\* The child's lisping attempt at the chimney sweep's street cry,  
"Sweep! Sweep!"

William Blake, "The Chimney Sweeper," *The Complete Poetry and Prose of William Blake*, ed. David V. Erdman (1789; 1794; Berkeley: University of California Press, 1965).

(1789)

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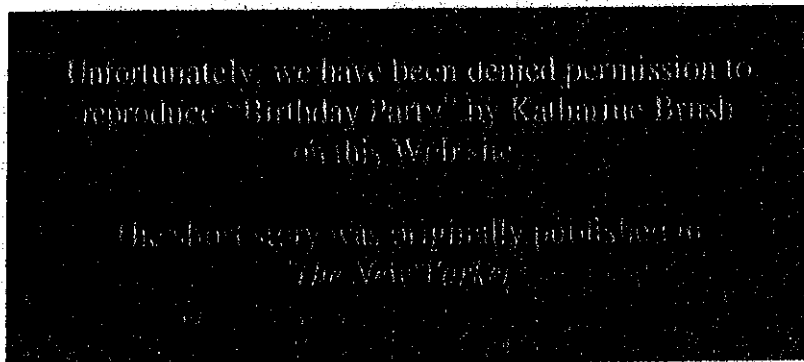
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**2005 AP<sup>®</sup> ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION**  
**FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS**

**Question 2**

(Suggested time — 40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

Printed below is the complete text of a short story written in 1946 by Katharine Brush. Read the story carefully. Then write an essay in which you show how the author uses literary devices to achieve her purpose.



2005 AP® ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION  
FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS

Question 3

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

In Kate Chopin's *The Awakening* (1899), protagonist Edna Pontellier is said to possess "that outward existence which conforms, the inward life which questions." In a novel or play that you have studied, identify a character who conforms outwardly while questioning inwardly. Then write an essay in which you analyze how this tension between outward conformity and inward questioning contributes to the meaning of the work. Avoid mere plot summary.

You may select a work from the list below or another appropriate novel or play of comparable literary merit.

<i>Adventures of Huckleberry Finn</i>	<i>King Lear</i>
<i>The Age of Innocence</i>	<i>Madame Bovary</i>
<i>The American</i>	<i>Middlemarch</i>
<i>As You Like It</i>	<i>Mrs. Dalloway</i>
<i>The Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man</i>	<i>1984</i>
<i>Billy Budd</i>	<i>Obasan</i>
<i>Bless Me, Ultima</i>	<i>One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich</i>
<i>Brave New World</i>	<i>Persuasion</i>
<i>Catch-22</i>	<i>A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man</i>
<i>The Color Purple</i>	<i>The Portrait of a Lady</i>
<i>The Crucible</i>	<i>Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead</i>
<i>Death of a Salesman</i>	<i>The Scarlet Letter</i>
<i>A Doll's House</i>	<i>Surfacing</i>
<i>Ethan Frome</i>	<i>The Sun Also Rises</i>
<i>A Gesture Life</i>	<i>Their Eyes Were Watching God</i>
<i>Go Tell It On the Mountain</i>	<i>Typical American</i>
<i>Invisible Man</i>	

END OF EXAM

2005 AP® ENGLISH LITERATURE FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS (Form B)

ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION

SECTION II

Total time—2 hours

Question 1

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

Carefully read the two poems below. Then in a well-organized essay compare the speakers' reflections on their early morning surroundings and analyze the techniques the poets use to communicate the speakers' different states of mind.

Five A.M.

Line 5  
Still dark, the early morning breathes  
a soft sound above the fire. Hooded  
lights on porches lead past lawns,  
a hedge; I pass the house of the couple  
who have the baby, the yard with the little  
dog; my feet pad and grit on the pavement, flicker  
past streetlights; my arms alternate  
easily to my pace. Where are my troubles?

10  
There are people in every country who never  
turn into killers, saints have built  
sanctuaries on islands and in valleys,  
conquerors have quit and gone home, for thousands  
of years farmers have worked their fields.  
15  
My feet begin the uphill curve  
where a thicket spills with birds every spring.  
The air doesn't stir. Rain touches my face.

"Five A.M." Copyright 1991, 1998 by the Estate of William Stafford.  
Reprinted from THE WAY IT IS: NEW & SELECTED POEMS  
with the permission of Graywolf Press, Saint Paul, Minnesota.

Five Flights Up

Line 5  
Still dark.  
The unknown bird sits on his usual branch.  
The little dog next door barks in his sleep  
inquiringly, just once.  
Perhaps in his sleep, too, the bird inquires  
once or twice, quavering.  
Questions—if that is what they are—  
answered directly, simply,  
by day itself.

10  
Enormous morning, ponderous, meticulous;  
gray light streaking each bare branch,  
each single twig, along one side,  
making another tree, of glassy veins . . .  
The bird still sits there. Now he seems to yawn.

15  
The little black dog runs in his yard.  
His owner's voice arises, stern,  
"You ought to be ashamed!"  
What has he done?  
He bounces cheerfully up and down;  
20  
he rushes in circles in the fallen leaves.

25  
Obviously, he has no sense of shame.  
He and the bird know everything is answered,  
all taken care of,  
no need to ask again.  
—Yesterday brought to today so lightly!  
(A yesterday I find almost impossible to lift.)

"Five Flights Up" from THE COMPLETE POEMS 1927-1979  
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2005 AP® ENGLISH LITERATURE FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS (Form B)

Question 2

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

Read the passage below and write an essay discussing how the characterization in the passage reflects the narrator's attitude toward McTeague. In your essay, consider such elements as diction, tone, detail, and syntax.

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Then one day at San Francisco had come the news of his mother's death; she had left him some money—not much, but enough to set him up in business; so he had cut loose from the charlatan and had opened his "Dental Parlors" on Polk Street, an "accommodation street" of small shops in the residence quarter of the town. Here he had slowly collected a clientele of butcher boys, shop girls, drug clerks, and car conductors. He made but few acquaintances. Polk Street called him the "Doctor" and spoke of his enormous strength. For McTeague was a young giant, carrying his huge shock of blond hair six feet three inches from the ground; moving his immense limbs, heavy with ropes of muscle, slowly, ponderously. His hands were enormous, red, and covered with a fell of stiff yellow hair; they were hard as wooden mallets, strong as vises, the hands of the old-time car-boy. Often he dispensed with forceps and extracted a refractory tooth with his thumb and finger. His head was square-cut, angular; the jaw salient, like that of the carnivora.

McTeague's mind was as his body, heavy, slow to act, sluggish. Yet there was nothing vicious about the man. Altogether he suggested the draught horse, immensely strong, stupid, docile, obedient.

When he opened his "Dental Parlors," he felt that his life was a success, that he could hope for nothing better. In spite of the name, there was but one room. It was a corner room on the second floor over the branch post-office, and faced the street. McTeague made it do for a bedroom as well, sleeping on the big bed-lounge against the wall opposite the window.

There was a washstand behind the screen in the corner where he manufactured his moulds. In the round bay window were his operating chair, his dental engine, and the movable rack on which he laid out his instruments. Three chairs, a bargain at the second-hand store, ranged themselves against the wall with military precision underneath a steel engraving of the court of Lorenzo de' Medici, which he had bought because there were a great many figures in it for the money. Over the bed-lounge hung a rifle manufacturer's advertisement calendar which he never used. The other ornaments were a small marble-topped centre table covered with back numbers of "The American System of Dentistry," a stone pug dog sitting before the little stove, and a thermometer. A stand of shelves occupied one corner, filled with the seven volumes of "Allen's Practical Dentist." On the top shelf McTeague kept his concertina and a bag of bird seed for the canary. The whole place exhaled a mingled odor of bedding, creosote, and ether.

But for one thing, McTeague would have been perfectly contented. Just outside his window was his signboard—a modest affair—that read: "Doctor McTeague. Dental Parlors. Gas Given"; but that was all. It was his ambition, his dream, to have projecting from that corner window a huge gilded tooth, a molar with enormous prongs, something gorgeous and attractive. He would have it some day, on that he was resolved; but as yet such a thing was far beyond his means.

## 2005 AP<sup>®</sup> ENGLISH LITERATURE FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS (Form B)

### Question 3

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

One of the strongest human drives seems to be a desire for power. Write an essay in which you discuss how a character in a novel or a drama struggles to free himself or herself from the power of others or seeks to gain power over others. Be sure to demonstrate in your essay how the author uses this power struggle to enhance the meaning of the work.

You may choose one of the works listed below or another work of comparable quality that is appropriate to the question.

*Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*  
*Antigone*  
*Beloved*  
*Ceremony*  
*Crime and Punishment*  
*Fences*  
*Great Expectations*  
*The Great Gatsby*  
*Hedda Gabler*  
*In the Time of the Butterflies*  
*Jane Eyre*  
*Julius Caesar*

*Macbeth*  
*Moby-Dick*  
*Native Speaker*  
*A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*  
*Pygmalion*  
*The Scarlet Letter*  
*Song of Solomon*  
*The Tempest*  
*Their Eyes Were Watching God*  
*Tracks*  
*Typical American*  
*Wide Sargasso Sea*

**END OF EXAMINATION**

2004 AP<sup>®</sup> ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION  
FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS

ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION

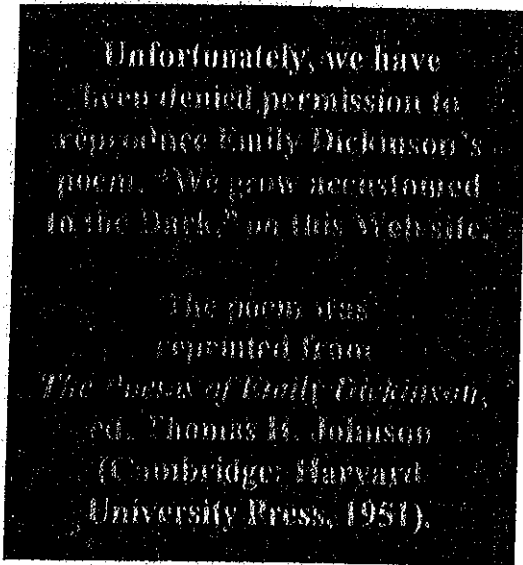
SECTION II

Total time—2 hours

Question 1

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

The poems below are concerned with darkness and night. Read each poem carefully. Then, in a well-written essay, compare and contrast the poems, analyzing the significance of dark or night in each. In your essay, consider elements such as point of view, imagery, and structure.



Acquainted with the Night

I have been one acquainted with the night.  
I have walked out in rain—and back in rain.  
I have outwalked the furthest city light.

Line I have looked down the saddest city lane.  
5 I have passed by the watchman on his beat  
And dropped my eyes, unwilling to explain.

I have stood still and stopped the sound of feet  
When far away an interrupted cry  
Came over houses from another street,

10 But not to call me back or say good-by;  
And further still at an unearthly height,  
One luminary clock against the sky

Proclaimed the time was neither wrong nor right.  
I have been one acquainted with the night.

—Robert Frost

"Acquainted with the Night" from  
THE POETRY OF ROBERT FROST  
edited by Edward Connery Lathem.  
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2004 AP<sup>®</sup> ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION  
FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS

Question 2

(Suggested time — 40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

The following passage comes from the opening of "The Pupil" (1891), a story by Henry James. Read the passage carefully. Then write an essay in which you analyze the author's depiction of the three characters and the relationships among them. Pay particular attention to tone and point of view.

The poor young man hesitated and procrastinated: it cost him such an effort to broach the subject of terms, to speak of money to a person who spoke only of feelings and, as it were, of the aristocracy. Yet he was unwilling to take leave, treating his engagement as settled, without some more conventional glance in that direction than he could find an opening for in the manner of the large, affable lady who sat there drawing a pair of soiled *gants de Suède*\* through a fat, jewelled hand and, at once pressing and gliding, repeated over and over everything but the thing he would have liked to hear. He would have liked to hear the figure of his salary; but just as he was nervously about to sound that note the little boy came back—the little boy Mrs. Moreen had sent out of the room to fetch her fan. He came back without the fan, only with the casual observation that he couldn't find it. As he dropped this cynical confession he looked straight and hard at the candidate for the honour of taking his education in hand. This personage reflected, somewhat grimly, that the first thing he should have to teach his little charge would be to appear to address himself to his mother when he spoke to her — especially not to make her such an improper answer as that.

When Mrs. Moreen bethought herself of this pretext for getting rid of their companion, Pemberton supposed it was precisely to approach the delicate subject of his remuneration. But it had been only to say some things about her son which it was better that a boy of eleven shouldn't catch. They were extravagantly to his advantage, save when she lowered her voice to sigh, tapping her left side familiarly: "And all over-clouded by *this*, you know — all at the mercy of a weakness —!" Pemberton gathered that the weakness was in the region of the heart. He had known the poor child was not robust: this was the basis on which he had been invited to treat, through an English lady, an Oxford

acquaintance, then at Nice, who happened to know both his needs and those of the amiable American family looking out for something really superior in the way of a resident tutor.

The young man's impression of his prospective pupil, who had first come into the room, as if to see for himself, as soon as Pemberton was admitted, was not quite the soft solicitation the visitor had taken for granted. Morgan Moreen was, somehow, sickly without being delicate, and that he looked intelligent (it is true Pemberton wouldn't have enjoyed his being stupid), only added to the suggestion that, as with his big mouth and big ears he really couldn't be called pretty, he might be unpleasant. Pemberton was modest — he was even timid; and the chance that his small scholar might prove cleverer than himself had quite figured, to his nervousness, among the dangers of an untried experiment. He reflected, however, that these were risks one had to run when one accepted a position, as it was called, in a private family; when as yet one's University honours had, pecuniarily speaking, remained barren. At any rate, when Mrs. Moreen got up as if to intimate that, since it was understood he would enter upon his duties within the week she would let him off now, he succeeded, in spite of the presence of the child, in squeezing out a phrase about the rate of payment. It was not the fault of the conscious smile which seemed a reference to the lady's expensive identity, if the allusion did not sound rather vulgar. This was exactly because she became still more gracious to reply: "Oh, I can assure you that all that will be quite regular."

Pemberton only wondered, while he took up his hat, what "all that" was to amount to — people had such different ideas. Mrs. Moreen's words, however, seemed to commit the family to a pledge definite enough to elicit from the child a strange little comment, in the shape of the mocking, foreign ejaculation, "Oh, là-là!"

\*suede gloves

2004 AP<sup>®</sup> ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION  
FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS

Question 3

(Suggested time— 40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

Critic Roland Barthes has said, "Literature is the question minus the answer." Choose a novel or play and, considering Barthes' observation, write an essay in which you analyze a central question the work raises and the extent to which it offers any answers. Explain how the author's treatment of this question affects your understanding of the work as a whole. Avoid mere plot summary.

You may select a work from the list below or another novel or play of comparable literary merit.

<i>Alias Grace</i>	<i>Middlemarch</i>
<i>All the King's Men</i>	<i>Moby-Dick</i>
<i>Candide</i>	<i>Obasan</i>
<i>Crime and Punishment</i>	<i>Oedipus Rex</i>
<i>Death of a Salesman</i>	<i>Orlando</i>
<i>Doctor Faustus</i>	<i>A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man</i>
<i>Don Quixote</i>	<i>Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead</i>
<i>A Gesture Life</i>	<i>The Scarlet Letter</i>
<i>Ghosts</i>	<i>Sister Carrie</i>
<i>Great Expectations</i>	<i>The Sound and the Fury</i>
<i>The Great Gatsby</i>	<i>Sula</i>
<i>Gulliver's Travels</i>	<i>The Sun Also Rises</i>
<i>Heart of Darkness</i>	<i>Their Eyes Were Watching God</i>
<i>Invisible Man</i>	<i>The Things They Carried</i>
<i>Joe Turner's Come and Gone</i>	<i>The Turn of the Screw</i>
<i>King Lear</i>	<i>Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf</i>
<i>Major Barbara</i>	

END OF EXAMINATION

2004 AP<sup>®</sup> ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION  
FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS (Form B)

ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION

SECTION II

Total time—2 hours

Question 1

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

The following passage comes from Elizabeth Gaskell's *Mary Barton* (1848), a novel about mill workers living in Manchester, England, in the 1840's. In this scene, George Wilson, one of the workers, goes to the house of Mr. Carson, the mill owner, to request care for a fellow worker dying of typhus. Read the passage carefully. Then, in a well-written essay, analyze how Gaskell uses elements such as point of view, selection of detail, dialogue, and characterization to make a social commentary.

Wilson had about two miles to walk before he reached Mr Carson's house, which was almost in the country. The streets were not yet bustling and busy. The shop-men were lazily taking down the shutters, although it was near eight o'clock; for the day was long enough for the purchases people made in that quarter of the town, while trade was so flat. One or two miserable-looking women were setting off on their day's begging expedition. But there were few people abroad. Mr Carson's was a good house, and furnished with disregard to expense. But in addition to lavish expenditure, there was much taste shown, and many articles chosen for their beauty and elegance adorned his rooms. As Wilson passed a window which a housemaid had thrown open, he saw pictures and gilding, at which he was tempted to stop and look; but then he thought it would not be respectful. So he hastened on to the kitchen door. The servants seemed very busy with preparations for breakfast; but good-naturedly, though hastily, told him to step in, and they could soon let Mr Carson know he was there. So he was ushered into a kitchen hung round with glittering tins, where a roaring fire burnt merrily, and where numbers of utensils hung round, at whose nature and use Wilson amused himself by guessing. Meanwhile, the servants bustled to and fro; an outdoor man-servant came in for orders, and sat down near Wilson; the cook broiled steaks, and the kitchen-  
maid toasted bread, and boiled eggs.

30 The coffee steamed upon the fire, and altogether the odours were so mixed and appetizing, that Wilson began to yearn for food to break his fast, which had lasted since dinner<sup>1</sup> the day before. If the servants had known this, they would have willingly given him  
35 meat and bread in abundance; but they were like the rest of us, and not feeling hunger themselves, forgot it was possible another might. So Wilson's craving turned to sickness, while they chattered on, making the kitchen's free and keen remarks upon the parlour.  
40 'How late you were last night, Thomas!'  
'Yes, I was right weary of waiting; they told me to be at the rooms by twelve; and there I was. But it was two o'clock before they called me.'  
'And did you wait all that time in the street?'  
45 asked the housemaid who had done her work for the present, and come into the kitchen for a bit of gossip.  
'My eye as like! you don't think I'm such a fool as to catch my death of cold, and let the horses catch their death too, as we should ha' done if we'd stopped  
50 there. No! I put th' horses up in th' stables at th' Spread Eagle, and went mysel', and got a glass or two by th' fire. They're driving a good custom, them, wi' coachmen. There were five on us, and we'd many a quart o' ale, and gin wi' it, to keep out cold.'  
55 'Mercy on us, Thomas; you'll get a drunkard at last!'

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60 'If I do, I know whose blame it will be. It will be  
missis's, and not mine. Flesh and blood can't sit to be  
starved to death on a coach-box, waiting for folks as  
don't know their own mind.'

A servant, semi-upper-housemaid, semi-lady's-  
maid, now came down with orders from her mistress.

65 'Thomas, you must ride to the fishmonger's, and  
say missis can't give above half-a-crown a pound for  
salmon for Tuesday; she's grumbling because trade's  
so bad. And she'll want the carriage at three to go to  
the lecture, Thomas; at the Royal Execution,<sup>2</sup> you  
know.'

'Ay, ay, I know.'

70 'And you'd better all of you mind your P's and  
Q's, for she's very black this morning. She's got a  
bad headache.'

75 'It's a pity Miss Jenkins is not here to match her.  
Lord! how she and missis did quarrel which had got  
the worst headaches, it was that Miss Jenkins left for;  
she would not give up having bad headaches, and  
missis could not abide any one to have 'em but  
herself.'

80 'Missis will have her breakfast up-stairs, cook,  
and the cold partridge as was left yesterday, and put  
plenty of cream in her coffee, and she thinks there's a  
roll left, and she would like it well buttered.'

85 So saying, the maid left the kitchen to be ready to  
attend to the young ladies' bell when they chose to  
ring, after their late assembly the night before.

<sup>1</sup> the noonday meal

<sup>2</sup> a lecture hall

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FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS (Form B)

Question 2

(Suggested time — 40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

Read the following poem carefully. Then, in a well-written essay, analyze the techniques the poet uses to develop the relationship between the speaker and the swamp.

Crossing the Swamp

Here is the endless  
wet thick  
cosmos, the center  
of everything — the nugget  
Line 5 of dense sap, branching  
vines, the dark burred  
faintly belching  
bogs. Here  
is *swamp*, here  
10 is struggle,  
closure —  
pathless, seamless,  
peerless mud. My bones  
knock together at the pale  
15 joints, trying  
for foothold, fingerhold,  
mindhold over  
such slick crossings, deep  
hipholes, hummocks\*  
20 that sink silently  
into the black, slack  
earthsoup. I feel  
not wet so much as  
painted and glittered  
25 with the fat grassy  
mires, the rich  
and succulent marrows  
of earth — a poor  
dry stick given  
30 one more chance by the whims  
of swamp water — a bough  
that still, after all these years,  
could take root,  
sprout, branch out, bud —  
35 make of its life a breathing  
palace of leaves.

\*low mounds of earth

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FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS (Form B)

Question 3

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

The most important themes in literature are sometimes developed in scenes in which a death or deaths take place. Choose a novel or play and write a well-organized essay in which you show how a specific death scene helps to illuminate the meaning of the work as a whole. Avoid mere plot summary.

You may select a work from the list below or another novel or play of comparable literary merit.

*All the King's Men*  
*Anna Karenina*  
*As I Lay Dying*  
*The Awakening*  
*Billy Budd*  
*Bleak House*  
*Bless Me, Ultima*  
*Catch-22*  
*Crime and Punishment*  
*The Crucible*  
*A Farewell to Arms*  
*Ghosts*  
*The Great Gatsby*  
*Heart of Darkness*  
*The House of Mirth*  
*Jude the Obscure*

*King Lear*  
*Madame Bovary*  
*The Mill on the Floss*  
*Moby-Dick*  
*Mrs. Dalloway*  
*Native Son*  
*One Hundred Years of Solitude*  
*Othello*  
*The Scarlet Letter*  
*Slaughterhouse-Five*  
*Song of Solomon*  
*The Stone Angel*  
*The Stranger*  
*A Tale of Two Cities*  
*Their Eyes Were Watching God*

END OF EXAMINATION

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FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS

ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION  
SECTION II

Total time—2 hours

Question 1

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

The following poems are both concerned with Eros, the god of love in Greek mythology. Read the poems carefully. Then write an essay in which you compare and contrast the two concepts of Eros and analyze the techniques used to create them.

ΕΡΩΣ<sup>1</sup>

Eros

Why hast thou nothing in thy face?  
Thou idol of the human race,  
Thou tyrant of the human heart,  
*Line* The flower of lovely youth that art,  
*5* Yea, and that standest in thy youth  
An image of eternal Truth,  
With thy exuberant flesh so fair,  
That only Pheidias<sup>2</sup> might compare,  
Ere from his chaste marmoreal<sup>3</sup> form  
*10* Time had decayed the colours warm;  
Like to his gods in thy proud dress,  
Thy starry sheen of nakedness.

Surely thy body is thy mind,  
For in thy face is nought to find,  
*15* Only thy soft unchristen'd smile,  
That shadows neither love nor guile,  
But shameless will and power immense,  
In secret sensuous innocence.

O king of joy, what is thy thought?  
*20* I dream thou knowest it is nought,  
And wouldst in darkness come, but thou  
Makest the light where'er thou go.  
Ah yet no victim of thy grace,  
None who e'er long'd for thy embrace,  
*25* Hath cared to look upon thy face.

I call for love  
But help me, who arrives?  
This thug with broken nose  
*Line* And squinty eyes.  
*5* 'Eros, my bully boy,  
Can this be you,  
With boxer lips  
And patchy wings askew?'  
  
'Madam,' cries Eros,  
*10* 'Know the brute you see  
Is what long overuse  
Has made of me.  
My face that so offends you  
Is the sum  
*15* Of blows your lust delivered  
One by one.

We slaves who are immortal  
Gloss your fate  
And are the archetypes  
*20* That you create.  
Better my battered visage,  
Bruised but hot,  
Than love dissolved in loss  
Or left to rot.'

—Robert Bridges (1899)

—Anne Stevenson (1990)

Anne Stevenson, *Collected Poems*  
1955-1995, Bloodaxe Books, 2000.

<sup>1</sup> Eros (in Greek)

<sup>2</sup> Greek sculptor of the fifth century B.C.

<sup>3</sup> marble

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FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS

Question 2

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

The following passage is an excerpt from “The Other Paris,” a short story by the Canadian writer Mavis Gallant. Read the passage carefully. Then, in a well-written essay, explain how the author uses narrative voice and characterization to provide social commentary.

Line 5 If anyone had asked Carol at what precise moment she fell in love, or where Howard Mitchell proposed to her, she would have imagined, quite sincerely, a scene that involved all at once the Seine, moonlight, barrows of violets, acacias in flower, and a confused, misty background of the Eiffel tower and little crooked streets. This was what everyone expected, and she had nearly come to believe it herself.

10 Actually, he had proposed at lunch, over a tuna-fish salad. He and Carol had known each other less than three weeks, and their conversation, until then, had been limited to their office—an American government agency—and the people in it. Carol was twenty-two; no one had proposed to her before, except an  
15 unsuitable medical student with no money and eight years’ training still to go. She was under the illusion that in a short time she would be so old no one would ask her again. She accepted at once, and Howard celebrated by ordering an extra bottle of wine. Both  
20 would have liked champagne, as a more emphatic symbol of the unusual, but each was too diffident to suggest it.

25 The fact that Carol was not in love with Howard Mitchell did not dismay her in the least. From a series of helpful college lectures on marriage she had learned that a common interest, such as a liking for Irish setters, was the true basis for happiness, and that the illusion of love was a blight imposed by the film industry, and almost entirely responsible for the high  
30 rate of divorce. Similar economic backgrounds, financial security, belonging to the same church—these were the pillars of the married union. By an astonishing coincidence, the fathers of Carol and Howard were both attorneys and both had been  
35 defeated in their one attempt to get elected a judge. Carol and Howard were both vaguely Protestant, although a serious discussion of religious beliefs would have gravely embarrassed them. And Howard, best of all, was sober, old enough to know his own  
40 mind, and absolutely reliable. He was an economist who had sense enough to attach himself to a corporation that continued to pay his salary during his loan to the government. There was no reason for the engagement or the marriage to fail.

45 Carol, with great efficiency, nearly at once set about the business of falling in love. Love required only the right conditions, like a geranium. It would wither exposed to bad weather or in dismal surroundings; indeed, Carol rated the chances of love in a  
50 cottage or a furnished room at zero. Given a good climate, enough money, and a pair of good-natured, intelligent (her college lectures had stressed this) people, one had only to sit back and watch it grow. All winter, then, she looked for these right conditions  
55 in Paris. When, at first, nothing happened, she blamed it on the weather. She was often convinced she would fall deeply in love with Howard if only it would stop raining. Undaunted, she waited for better times.

60 Howard had no notion of any of this. His sudden proposal to Carol had been quite out of character—he was uncommonly cautious—and he alternated between a state of numbness and a state of self-congratulation. Before his engagement he had  
65 sometimes been lonely, a malaise he put down to overwork, and he was discontented with his bachelor households, for he did not enjoy collecting old pottery or making little casserole dishes. Unless he stumbled on a competent housemaid, nothing ever got done. This in itself would not have spurred him into  
70 marriage had he not been seriously unsettled by the visit of one of his sisters, who advised him to marry some nice girl before it was too late. “Soon,” she told him, “you’ll just be a person who fills in at dinner.”

75 Howard saw the picture at once, and was deeply moved by it.

(1953)

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FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS

Question 3

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

According to critic Northrop Frye, “Tragic heroes are so much the highest points in their human landscape that they seem the inevitable conductors of the power about them, great trees more likely to be struck by lightning than a clump of grass. Conductors may of course be instruments as well as victims of the divine lightning.”

Select a novel or play in which a tragic figure functions as an instrument of the suffering of others. Then write an essay in which you explain how the suffering brought upon others by that figure contributes to the tragic vision of the work as a whole.

You may choose a work from the list below or another novel or play of comparable quality. Avoid mere plot summary.

*An American Tragedy*  
*Anna Karenina*  
*Antigone*  
*Beloved*  
*Crime and Punishment*  
*Death of a Salesman*  
*Ethan Frome*  
*Faust*  
*Fences*  
*For Whom the Bell Tolls*  
*Frankenstein*  
*Hedda Gabler*  
*King Lear*

*Light in August*  
*Long Day's Journey into Night*  
*Lord Jim*  
*Macbeth*  
*Medea*  
*Moby-Dick*  
*Oedipus Rex*  
*Phèdre*  
*Ragtime*  
*Sent for You Yesterday*  
*Tess of the D'Urbervilles*  
*Things Fall Apart*

END OF EXAMINATION

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FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS (Form B)

ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION

SECTION II

Total time—2 hours

Question 1

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

The following poem is taken from *Modern Love*, a poetic sequence by the English writer George Meredith. Read the poem carefully. Then write a well-organized essay in which you analyze how the poet conveys a view of “modern love.”

By this he knew she wept with waking eyes:  
That, at his hand's light quiver by her head,  
The strange low sobs that shook their common bed  
Line Were called into her with a sharp surprise,  
5 And strangled mute, like little gaping snakes,  
Dreadfully venomous to him. She lay  
Stone-still, and the long darkness flowed away  
With muffled pulses. Then, as midnight makes  
Her giant heart of Memory and Tears  
10 Drink the pale drug of silence, and so beat  
Sleep's heavy measure, they from head to feet  
Were moveless, looking through their dead black years,  
By vain regret scrawled over the blank wall.  
Like sculptured effigies they might be seen  
15 Upon their marriage-tomb, the sword between;  
Each wishing for the sword that severs all.

(1862)

\* The stone figures of a husband and wife carved on medieval tombs

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FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS (Form B)

Question 2

(Suggested time — 40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

Read the following passage from Joyce Carol Oates's novel *We Were the Mulvaney* (1996). Then, in a well-organized essay, analyze the literary techniques Oates uses to characterize the speaker, Judd Mulvaney. Support your analysis with specific references to the passage.

Line 5 That time in our lower driveway, by the brook.  
I was straddling my bike staring down into the water.  
Fast-flowing clear water, shallow, shale beneath, and  
lots of leaves. Sky the color of lead and the light  
5 mostly drained so I couldn't see my face only the  
dark shape of a head that could be anybody's head.  
Hypnotizing myself the way kids do. Lonely kids,  
or kids not realizing they're lonely. The brook was  
10 flowing below left to right (east to west, though at  
a slant) and I stood immobile leaning on the railing  
(pretty damn rotted: I'd tell Dad it needed to be  
replaced with new planks, we could do it together)  
until it began to happen as it always does the water  
15 gets slower and slower and you're the one who  
begins to move — oh boy! we-ird! scary and ticklish  
in the groin and I leaned farther and farther over the  
rail staring into the water and I was moving, moving  
helplessly forward, it seemed I was moving somehow  
20 upward, rising into the air, helpless, in that instant  
aware of my heart beating *ONEtwothree*  
*ONEtwothree!* thinking *Every heartbeat is past and*  
*gone! Every heartbeat is past and gone!* A chill came  
over me, I began to shiver. It wasn't warm weather  
25 now but might have been late as November, most of  
the leaves blown from the trees. Only the evergreens  
and some of the black birches remaining but it's a fact  
when dry yellow leaves (like on the birches) don't fall  
from a tree the tree is partly dead. A light gritty film  
of snow on the ground, darkest in the crevices where  
30 you'd expect shadow so it was like a film negative.  
*Every heartbeat is past and gone! Every heartbeat is*  
*past and gone!* in a trance that was like a trance of  
fury, raging hurt *Am I going to die?* because I did not  
believe that Judd Mulvaney could die. (Though on a

35 farm living things are dying, dying, dying all the time,  
and many have been named, and others are born  
taking their places not even knowing that they are  
taking the places of those who have died.) So I knew,  
I wasn't a dope, but I didn't know — not really. Aged  
40 eleven, or maybe twelve. Leaning over the rotted rail  
gaping at the water hypnotized and scared and  
suddenly there came Dad and Mike in the mud-  
colored Ford pickup (Might as well buy our vehicles  
mid-colored to begin with, saves time, was Dad's  
45 logic) barreling up the drive, bouncing and rattling.  
On the truck's doors were neat curving white letters  
sweet to see MULVANEY ROOFING (716) 689-8329.  
They'd be passing so close my bike might snag in a  
fender so I grabbed it and hauled it to the side. Mike  
50 had rolled down his window to lean out and pretend  
to cuff at my head—"Hey Ranger-kid: what's up?"  
Dad at the wheel grinned and laughed and next  
second they were past, the pickup in full throttle  
ascending the drive. And I looked after them, these  
55 two people so remarkable to me, my dad who was like  
nobody else's dad and my big brother who was —  
well, Mike Mulvaney: "Mule" Mulvaney —and the  
most terrible thought came to me.

*Them, too. All of them. Every heartbeat past and*  
60 *gone.*

It stayed with me for a long time, maybe forever.  
Not just that I would lose the people I loved, but they  
would lose me — *Judson Andrew Mulvaney*. And they  
knew nothing of it. (Did they?) And I, just a skinny  
65 kid, the runt of the litter at High Point Farm, would  
have to pretend not to know what I knew.

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Question 3

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

Novels and plays often depict characters caught between colliding cultures—national, regional, ethnic, religious, institutional. Such collisions can call a character's sense of identity into question. Select a novel or play in which a character responds to such a cultural collision. Then write a well-organized essay in which you describe the character's response and explain its relevance to the work as a whole.

You may select a work from the list below or choose another appropriate novel or play of similar literary merit. Avoid mere plot summary.

*The Age of Innocence*  
*A Bend in the River*  
*Bone*  
*Catch-22*  
*Ceremony*  
*Daisy Miller*  
*Dreaming In Cuban*  
*Dutchman*  
*A Fine Balance*  
*The Grapes of Wrath*  
*Great Expectations*  
*The Handmaid's Tale*  
*Heart of Darkness*  
*Invisible Man*  
*The Joy Luck Club*

*Mansfield Park*  
*"Master Harold" . . . and the boys*  
*The Merchant of Venice*  
*Monkey Bridge*  
*My Ántonia*  
*My Name is Asher Lev*  
*Native Speaker*  
*Othello*  
*The Portrait of a Lady*  
*Pygmalion*  
*The Remains of the Day*  
*A Room With a View*  
*The Tempest*  
*Things Fall Apart*  
*Typical American*

END OF EXAMINATION

