



**AP<sup>®</sup> English Literature and Composition  
2007 Free-Response Questions  
Form B**

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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 the techniques the poet uses to convey his attitude toward the places he describes.

Here

Swerving east, from rich industrial shadows  
And traffic all night north; swerving through fields  
Too thin and thistled to be called meadows,  
*Line* And now and then a harsh-named halt, that shields  
5 Workmen at dawn; swerving to solitude  
Of skies and scarecrows, haystacks, hares and pheasants,  
And the widening river's slow presence,  
The piled gold clouds, the shining gull-marked mud,

Gathers to the surprise of a large town:  
10 Here domes and statues, spires and cranes cluster  
Beside grain-scattered streets, barge-crowded water,  
And residents from raw estates, brought down  
The dead straight miles by stealing flat-faced trolleys,  
Push through plate-glass swing doors to their desires—  
15 Cheap suits, red kitchen-ware, sharp shoes, iced lollies,  
Electric mixers, toasters, washers, driers—

A cut-price crowd, urban yet simple, dwelling  
Where only salesmen and relations come  
Within a terminate and fishy-smelling  
20 Pastoral of ships up streets, the slave museum,  
Tattoo-shops, consulates, grim head-scarfed wives;  
And out beyond its mortgaged half-built edges  
Fast-shadowed wheat-fields, running high as hedges,  
Isolate villages, where removed lives

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- 25 Loneliness clarifies. Here silence stands  
Like heat. Here leaves unnoticed thicken,  
Hidden weeds flower, neglected waters quicken,  
Luminously-peopled air ascends;  
And past the poppies bluish neutral distance
- 30 Ends the land suddenly beyond a beach  
Of shapes and shingle. Here is unfenced existence:  
Facing the sun, untalkative, out of reach.

(1964)

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**Question 2**

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

In the following passage, contemporary novelist Seamus Deane reflects on his childhood experiences with books and writing. Read the passage carefully. Then, in a well-written essay, analyze how Deane conveys the impact those early experiences had on him.

The novel was called *The Shan Van Vocht*, a phonetic rendering of an Irish phrase meaning The Poor Old Woman, a traditional name for Ireland. It was about the great rebellion of 1798, the source of almost half the songs we sang around the August bonfires on the Feast of the Assumption. In the opening pages, people were talking in whispers about the dangers of the rebellion as they sat around a great open-hearth fire on a wild night of winter rain and squall. I read and re-read the opening many times. Outside was the bad weather; inside was the fire, implied danger, a love relationship. There was something exquisite in this blend, as I lay in bed reading while my brothers slept and shifted under the light that shone on their eyelids and made their dreams different. The heroine was called Ann, and the hero was Robert. She was too good for him. When they whispered, she did all the interesting talking. He just kept on about dying and remembering her always, even when she was there in front of him with her dark hair and her deep golden-brown eyes and her olive skin. So I talked to her instead and told her how beautiful she was and how I wouldn't go out on the rebellion at all but just sit there and whisper in her ear and let her know that now was forever and not some time in the future when the shooting and the hacking would be over, when what was left of life would be spent listening to the night wind wailing on graveyards and empty hillsides.

“For Christ’s sake, put off that light. You’re not even reading, you blank gom.”

And Liam would turn over, driving his knees up into my back and muttering curses under his breath. I’d switch off the light, get back in bed, and lie there, the book still open, re-imagining all I had read, the various ways the plot might unravel, the novel opening into endless possibilities in the dark.

The English teacher read out a model essay which had been, to our surprise, written by a country boy. It was an account of his mother setting the table for the

evening meal and then waiting with him until his father came in from the fields. She put out a blue-and-white jug full of milk and a covered dish of potatoes in their jackets and a red-rimmed butter dish with a slab of butter, the shape of a swan dipping its head imprinted on its surface. That was the meal. Everything was so simple, especially the way they waited. She sat with her hands in her lap and talked to him about someone up the road who had had an airmail letter from America. She told him that his father would be tired, but, tired as he was, he wouldn't be without a smile before he washed himself and he wouldn't be so without his manners to forget to say grace before they ate and that he, the boy, should watch the way the father would smile when the books were produced for homework, for learning was a wonder to him, especially the Latin. Then there would be no talking, just the ticking of the clock and the kettle humming and the china dogs on the mantelpiece looking, as ever, across at one another.

“Now that,” said the master, “that’s writing. That’s just telling the truth.”

I felt embarrassed because my own essay had been full of long or strange words I had found in the dictionary—“cerulean,” “azure,” “phantasm” and “implacable”—all of them describing skies and seas I had seen only with the Ann of the novel. I’d never thought such stuff was worth writing about. It was ordinary life—no rebellions or love affairs or dangerous flights across the hills at night. And yet I kept remembering that mother and son waiting in the Dutch interior of that essay, with the jug of milk and the butter on the table, while behind and above them were those wispy, shawly figures from the rebellion, sibilant above the great fire and below the aching, high wind.

(1996)

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**Question 3**

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

Works of literature often depict acts of betrayal. Friends and even family may betray a protagonist; main characters may likewise be guilty of treachery or may betray their own values. Select a novel or play that includes such acts of betrayal. Then, in a well-written essay, analyze the nature of the betrayal and show how it contributes to the meaning of the work as a whole. Choose a work from the list below or another novel or play of comparable quality. Avoid mere plot summary.

*Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*  
*All the Pretty Horses*  
*As I Lay Dying*  
*The Awakening*  
*Billy Budd*  
*Catch-22*  
*Ceremony*  
*Death of a Salesman*  
*Great Expectations*  
*The Great Gatsby*  
*Invisible Man*  
*Jane Eyre*  
*Julius Caesar*  
*Major Barbara*  
*The Mayor of Casterbridge*

*Murder in the Cathedral*  
*Othello*  
*The Portrait of a Lady*  
*Push*  
*A Raisin in the Sun*  
*The Return of the Native*  
*Song of Solomon*  
*The Sound and the Fury*  
*The Street*  
*Sula*  
*We Were the Mulvaney*  
*Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*  
*Wide Sargasso Sea*  
*Wuthering Heights*

**STOP**

**END OF EXAM**