

SECTION II

Essay Questions

TIME—2 HOURS

Suggested time for each essay—40 minutes
Each essay counts as one-third of the total essay section score

Instructions: This section of the exam consists of three questions that require responses in essay form. You may write the essays in any order you wish and return to work on a completed essay if time permits. Although it is suggested that you spend roughly 40 minutes on each essay, you may apportion your time as you see fit.

Each essay will be evaluated according to its clarity, effectiveness in dealing with the topic, and the overall quality of your writing. If you have the time, go over each essay, checking its punctuation, spelling, and diction. Unless plenty of time remains, try to avoid major revisions. In the end, the quality of each essay counts more than its length.

For Question 3, please choose a novel or play of at least the same literary merit as the works you have been assigned in your AP English course.

Essays should be written in pen, preferably with black or dark blue ink. Use lined paper and write as legibly as you can. Do not skip lines. Cross out any errors you make. Feel free to make notes and plan your essay on a piece of scrap paper. Please number your essays and begin each one on a new sheet of paper. Good luck.

ESSAY QUESTION 1

The following two poems are about lost love. Read them carefully and write a well-organized essay in which you contrast the two speakers' responses to their losses. You may consider such elements as diction, tone, imagery, and structure.

Time Does Not Bring Relief

Time does not bring relief; you all have lied
 Who told me time would ease me of my pain!
 I miss him in the weeping of the rain;
 I want him at the shrinking of the tide;
 The old snows melt from every mountain-side,
 And last year's smoke in every lane;
 But last year's bitter loving must remain
 Heaped on my heart, and my old thoughts abide!

(10) There are a hundred places where I fear
To go,—so with his memory they brim!
And entering with some relief some quiet place
Where never fell his foot or shone his face
I say, "There is no memory of him here!"
And so stand stricken, so remembering him!

—Edna St. Vincent Millay

Gouge, Adze, Rasp, Hammer¹

So this is what it's like when love
leaves, and one is disappointed
that the body and mind continue to exist,

Line
(5) exacting payment from each other,
engaging in stale rituals of desire,
and it would seem the best use of one's time

is not to stand for hours outside
her darkened house, drenched and chilled,
blinking into the slanting rain.

(10) So, this is what it's like to have to
practice amiability and learn
to say the orchard looks grand this evening

(15) as the sun slips behind scumbled clouds
and the pears, mellowed to a golden-green,
glow like flames among the boughs.

It is now one claims there is comfort
in the constancy of nature, in the wind's way
of snatching dogwood blossoms from their branches,

(20) scattering them in the dirt, in the slug's
sure, slow arrival to nowhere.
It is now one makes a show of praise

for the lilac that strains so hard to win
attention to its sweet inscrutability,
when one admires instead the lowly

(25) gouge, adze, rasp, hammer—
fire-forged, blunt syllabled things,
unthought-of until a need exists:

(30) a groove chiseled to a fixed width,
a roof sloped just so. it is now
one knows what it is to envy

the rivet, wrench, vise — whatever
works unburdened by memory and sight,
while high above the damp fields

(35) flocks of swallows roil and dip
and streams churn, thick with leaping salmon,
and the bee advances on the rose.

—Chris Forhan (2003)

¹All are hand tools used in carpentry.