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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  
Were called into her with a sharp surprise,  
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  
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  
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
Read the following passage from Joyce Carol Oates’s novel We Were the Mulvaneys (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.

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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 mud-colored to begin with, saves time, was Dad’s 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 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 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 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 kid, the runt of the litter at High Point Farm, would have to pretend not to know what I knew.
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*  *Mansfield Park*
*A Bend in the River*  “*Master Harold* . . . and the boys”
*Bone*  *The Merchant of Venice*
*Catch-22*  *Monkey Bridge*
*Ceremony*  *My Ántonia*
*Daisy Miller*  *My Name is Asher Lev*
*Dreaming In Cuban*  *Native Speaker*
*Dutchman*  *Othello*
*A Fine Balance*  *The Portrait of a Lady*
*The Grapes of Wrath*  *Pygmalion*
*Great Expectations*  *The Remains of the Day*
*The Handmaid’s Tale*  *A Room With a View*
*Heart of Darkness*  *The Tempest*
*Invisible Man*  *Things Fall Apart*
*The Joy Luck Club*  *Typical American*

END OF EXAMINATION