

The College Board
Advanced Placement Examination

ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION

SECTION II

Total time—1 hour and 45 minutes

Question 1

(Suggested time—30 minutes. This question counts
one-third of the total essay section score.)

The passage below is the opening of a novel. Read the passage carefully. Then write an essay in which you define the narrator's attitude toward the characters and show how he directs the reader's perceptions of those characters through his use of such stylistic devices as imagery, diction, narrative structure, and choice of specific details.

Dombey sat in the corner of the darkened room in the great arm-chair by the bedside, and Son lay tucked up warm in a little basket bedstead, carefully disposed on a low settee immediately in front of the fire and close to it, as if his constitution were analogous to that of a muffin, and it was essential to toast him brown while he was very new.

Dombey was about eight-and-forty years of age. Son about eight-and-forty minutes. Dombey was rather bald, rather red, and though a handsome well-made man, too stern and pompous in appearance to be prepossessing. Son was very bald, and very red, and though (of course) an undeniably fine infant, somewhat crushed and spotty in his general effect, as yet. On the brow of Dombey, Time and his brother Care had set some marks, as on a tree that was to come down in good time—remorseless twins they are for striding through their human forests, notching as they go—while the countenance of Son was crossed and recrossed with a thousand little creases, which the same deceitful Time would take delight in smoothing out and wearing away with the flat part of his scythe, as a preparation of the surface for his deeper operations.

Dombey, exulting in the long-looked-for event, jingled and jingled the heavy gold watch-chain that depended from below his trim blue coat, whereof the buttons sparkled phosphorescently in the feeble rays of the distant fire. Son, with his little fists curled up and clenched, seemed, in his feeble way, to be squaring at existence for having come upon him so unexpectedly.

"The house will once again, Mrs. Dombey," said Mr. Dombey, "be not only in name but in fact Dombey and Son; Dom-bey and Son!"

The words had such a softening influence that he appended a term of endearment to Mrs. Dombey's name (though not without some hesitation, as being a man but little used to that form of address) and said, "Mrs. Dombey, my—my dear."

A transient flush of faint surprise overspread the sick lady's face as she raised her eyes towards him.

"He will be christened Paul, my—Mrs. Dombey—of course."

She feebly echoed, "Of course," or rather expressed it by the motion of her lips, and closed her eyes again.

"His father's name, Mrs. Dombey, and his grandfather's! I wish his grandfather were alive this day!" And again he said "Dom-bey and Son," in exactly the same tone as before.

Those three words conveyed the one idea of Mr. Dombey's life. The earth was made for Dombey and Son to trade in, and the sun and moon were made to give them light. Rivers and seas were formed to float their ships; rainbows gave them promise of fair weather; winds blew for or against their enterprises; stars and planets circled in their orbits to preserve inviolate a system of which they were the centre. Common abbreviations took new meanings in his eyes, and had sole reference to them: A. D. had no concern with anno Domini, but stood for anno Dombei—and Son.

Go on to Question 2.

Question 2

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

Read the poem below carefully. You will note that it has two major sections that are joined by another section, lines 21-26. Write an essay in which you discuss how the diction, imagery, and movement of the verse in the poem reflect differences in tone and content between the two larger sections.

Ogun¹

My uncle made chairs, tables, balanced doors on, dug out
coffins, smoothing the white wood out

with plane and quick sandpaper until
it shone like his short-sighted glasses.

- (5) The knuckles of his hands were sil-
vered knobs of nails hit, hurt and flat-

tened out with blast of heavy hammer. He was knock-knee'd, flat-
footed and his clip clop sandals slapped across the concrete

- (10) flooring of his little shop where canefield mulemen and a fleet
of Bedford lorry² drivers dropped in to scratch themselves and talk.

There was no shock of wood, no beam
of light mahogany his saw teeth couldn't handle.

When shaping squares for locks, a key hole .
care tapped rat tat tat upon the handle

- (15) of his humpbacked chisel. Cold
world of wood caught fire as he whittled: rectangle

window frames, the intersecting x of fold-
ing chairs, triangle

- (20) trellises, the donkey
box-cart in its squeaking square.

But he was poor and most days he was hungry.
Imported cabinets with mirrors, formica table

tops, spine-curving chairs made up of tubes, with hollow
steel-like bird bones that sat on rubber ploughs,

- (25) thin beds, stretched not on boards, but blue high-tensioned cables,
were what the world preferred.

And yet he had a block of wood that would have baffled them.
With knife and gimlet care he worked away at this on Sundays,

- (30) explored its knotted hurts, cutting his way
along its yellow whorls until his hands could feel

how it had swelled and shivered, breathing air,
its weathered green burning to rings of time,

its contoured grain still tuned to roots and water.
And as he cut, he heard the creak of forests:

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- (35) green lizard faces gulped, grey memories with moth
eyes watched him from their shadows, soft
- liquid tendrils leaked among the flowers
and a black rigid thunder he had never heard within his hammer
- came stomping up the trunks. And as he worked within his
shattered
- (40) Sunday shop, the wood took shape: dry shuttered
- eyes, slack anciently everted lips, flat
ruined face, eaten by pox, ravaged by rat
- and woodworm, dry cistern mouth, cracked
gullet crying for the desert, the heavy black
- (45) enduring jaw; lost pain, lost iron;
emerging woodwork image. of his anger.

'Ogun is the Yoruba and Afro-Caribbean creator-god.

²lorry: truck

E. K. Braithwaite

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Question 3

(Suggested time—35 minutes. This question counts
one-third of the total essay section score.)

Some works of literature use the element of time in a distinct way. The chronological sequence of events may be altered, or time may be suspended or accelerated.

Choose a novel, an epic, or a play of recognized literary merit and show how the author's manipulation of time contributes to the effectiveness of the work as a whole. Do not merely summarize the plot.

You may choose a work from the list below, or you may choose another work of comparable quality. Do not base your essay on a work you know from having seen a television or movie production of it.

Beckett, *Waiting for Godot*

Emily Brontë, *Wuthering Heights*

Camus, *The Stranger*

Conrad, *Lord Jim*

Defoe, *Moll Flanders*

Ellison, *Invisible Man*

Faulkner, *The Sound and the Fury*

Homer, *The Odyssey*

Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*

Marlowe, *Doctor Faustus*

Miller, *Death of a Salesman*

Milton, *Paradise Lost*

Richardson, *Pamela*

Sartre, *No Exit*

Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

Sterne, *Tristram Shandy*

Tolstoi, *The Death of Ivan Ilyich*

Voltaire, *Candide*

Wilder, *Our Town*

Woolf, *To the Lighthouse*

END OF EXAMINATION