

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND COMPOSITION

SECTION II

Total time—2 hours and 15 minutes

Question 1

Suggested reading and writing time—55 minutes.

It is suggested that you spend 15 minutes reading the question, analyzing and evaluating the sources, and 40 minutes writing your response.

Note: You may begin writing your response before the reading period is over.

(This question counts for one-third of the total essay section score.)

In the United States, kindergarten has generally been considered an educational setting that provides opportunities for children to ready themselves for the academic and social worlds of formal education. However, the twenty-first-century drive toward increased academic standards has been felt even in the earliest grades, leading some researchers to express concern that the kindergarten experience is being compromised.

Carefully read the following six sources, including the introductory information for each source, and consider the implications of transforming kindergarten into a more academic environment than it has been in the past. Then synthesize material from at least three of the sources and incorporate it into a coherent, well-written argument in which you take a position on what kindergarten should be.

Your argument should be the focus of your essay. Use the sources to develop your argument and explain the reasoning for it. Avoid merely summarizing the sources. Indicate clearly which sources you are drawing from, whether through direct quotation, paraphrase, or summary. You may cite the sources as Source A, Source B, etc., or by using the descriptions in parentheses.

- Source A (Svensen)
- Source B (Breen)
- Source C (Rioual)
- Source D (chart)
- Source E (Curwood)
- Source F (photo)

Question 2

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

Read carefully the following autobiographical narrative by Gary Soto. Then, in a well-written essay, analyze some of the ways in which Soto recreates the experience of his guilty six-year-old self. You might consider such devices as contrast, repetition, pacing, diction, and imagery.

I knew enough about hell to stop me from stealing. I was holy in almost every bone. Some days I recognized the shadows of angels flopping on the backyard grass, and other days I heard faraway messages in the plumbing that howled underneath the house when I crawled there looking for something to do.

But boredom made me sin. Once, at the German Market, I stood before a rack of pies, my sweet tooth gleaming and the juice of guilt wetting my underarms. I gazed at the nine kinds of pie, pecan and apple being my favorites, although cherry looked good, and my dear, fat-faced chocolate was always a good bet. I nearly wept trying to decide which to steal and, forgetting the flowery dust priests give off, the shadow of angels and the proximity of God howling in the plumbing underneath the house, sneaked a pie behind my coffee lid Frisbee and walked to the door, grinning to the bald grocer whose forehead shone with a window of light.

"No one saw," I muttered to myself, the pie like a discus in my hand, and hurried across the street, where I sat on someone's lawn. The sun wavered between the branches of a yellowish sycamore. A squirrel nailed itself high on the trunk, where it forked into two large bark-scabbed limbs. Just as I was going to work my cleanest finger into the pie, a neighbor came out to the porch for his mail. He looked at me, and I got up and headed for home. I raced on skinny legs to my block, but slowed to a quick walk when I couldn't wait any longer. I held the pie to my nose and breathed in its sweetness. I licked some of the crust and closed my eyes as I took a small bite.

In my front yard, I leaned against a car fender and panicked about stealing the apple pie. I knew an apple got Eve in deep trouble with snakes because Sister Marie had shown us a film about Adam and Eve being cast into the desert, and what scared me more than falling from grace was being thirsty for the rest of my life. But even that didn't stop me from clawing a chunk from the pie tin and pushing it into the cavern of my mouth. The slop was sweet and gold-colored in the afternoon sun. I laid more pieces on my tongue, wet finger-dripping pieces, until I was finished and felt like crying because it was about the best thing I had ever tasted. I realized right there and then, in my sixth year, in my tiny body of two hundred bones and three or four sins, that the best things in life came stolen. I wiped my sticky fingers on the grass and rolled my tongue over the corners of my mouth. A burp perfumed the air.

I felt bad not sharing with Cross-Eyed Johnny, a neighbor kid. He stood over my shoulder and asked, "Can I have some?" Crust fell from my mouth, and my

teeth were bathed with the jam-like filling. Tears blurred my eyes as I remembered the grocer's forehead. I remembered the other pies on the rack, the warm air of the fan above the door and the car that honked as I crossed the street without looking.

"Get away," I had answered Cross-Eyed Johnny. He watched my fingers greedily push big chunks of pie down my throat. He swallowed and said in a whisper, "Your hands are dirty," then returned home to climb his roof and sit watching me eat the pie by myself. After a while, he jumped off and hobbled away because the fall had hurt him.

I sat on the curb. The pie tin glared at me and rolled away when the wind picked up. My face was sticky with guilt. A car honked, and the driver knew. Mrs. Hancock stood on her lawn, hands on hip, and she knew. My mom, peeling a mountain of potatoes at the Redi-Spud factory, knew. I got to my feet, stomach taut, mouth tired of chewing, and flung my Frisbee across the street, its shadow like the shadow of an angel fleeing bad deeds. I retrieved it, jogging slowly. I flung it again until I was bored and thirsty.

I returned home to drink water and help my sister glue bottle caps onto cardboard, a project for summer school. But the bottle caps bored me, and the water soon filled me up more than the pie. With the kitchen stifling with heat and lunatic flies, I decided to crawl underneath our house and lie in the cool shadows listening to the howling sound of plumbing. Was it God? Was it Father, speaking from death, or Uncle with his last shiny dime? I listened, ear pressed to a cold pipe, and heard a howl like the sea. I lay until I was cold and then crawled back to the light, rising from one knee, then another, to dust off my pants and squint in the harsh light. I looked and saw the glare of a pie tin on a hot day. I knew sin was what you took and didn't give back.

from *A Summer Life*, 1990

GO ON TO THE NEXT PAGE

1996 ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Question 3

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

In his book *Money and Class in America*, Lewis Lapham makes the following observations about attitudes toward wealth in the United States. Drawing on your own knowledge and experience, write a carefully reasoned essay defending, challenging, or qualifying Lapham's view of "the American faith in money."

I think it fair to say that the current ardor of the American faith in money easily surpasses the degrees of intensity achieved by other societies in other times and places. Money means so many things to us—spiritual as well as temporal—that we are at a loss to know how to hold its majesty at bay. . . .

Line Henry Adams in his autobiography remarks that although the Americans weren't much good as materialists they had
(5) been so "deflected by the pursuit of money" that they could turn "in no other direction." The national distrust of the contemplative temperament arises less from an innate Philistinism than from a suspicion of anything that cannot be counted, stuffed, framed or mounted over the fireplace in the den. Men remain free to rise or fall in the world, and if they fail it must be because they willed it so. The visible signs of wealth testify to an inward state of grace, and without at least some of these talismans posted in one's house or on one's person an American loses all hope of demonstrating to himself the theorem of his happiness. Seeing is believing, and if an American success is to count for anything
(10) in the world it must be clothed in the raiment of property. As often as not it isn't the money itself that means anything; it is the use of money as the currency of the soul:

Against the faith in money, other men in other times and places have raised up countervailing faiths in family, honor, religion, intellect and social class. The merchant princes of medieval Europe would have looked upon the
(15) American devotion as sterile cupidity; the ancient Greeks would have regarded it as a form of insanity. Even now, in the last decades of a century commonly defined as American, a good many societies both in Europe and Asia manage to balance the desire for wealth against the other claims of the human spirit. An Englishman of modest means can remain more or less content with the distinction of an aristocratic name or the consolation of a flourishing garden; the Germans show to obscure university professors the deference accorded by Americans only to celebrity; the Soviets
(20) honor the holding of political power; in France a rich man is a rich man, to whom everybody grants the substantial powers that his riches command but to whom nobody grants the respect due to a member of the National Academy. But in the United States a rich man is perceived as being necessarily both good and wise, which is an absurdity that would be seen as such not only by a Frenchman but also by a Russian. Not that the Americans are greedier than the French, or less intellectual than the Germans, or more venal than the Russians, but to what other tribunal can an
(25) anxious and supposedly egalitarian people submit their definitions of the good, the true and the beautiful if not to the judgment of the bottom line?

(1987)

END OF EXAMINATION

AP Language and Composition Passage/Q2 Checklist

(All rhetorical situations have: a text, an author, an audience, purposes, a setting/context)

Q2 year / Author / Passage Title =

1. The rhetor / speaker issues (& any aspects of Author Bias) OR Point of View, persona / mask the speaker delivers content in:
2. Audience (or relationship between speaker/audience issues):
3. **THE Purpose** (did the rhetorical action have an informative, persuasive [to change an idea or to encourage action], expressive/explain or literary purpose):
4. Which Mode of Discourse is this passage (argument, narration, description, and exposition Possibly illustration, definition, comparison/contrast, cause/effect, division/classification, process analysis, analogy):
5. Theme:
6. Mood or Tone Shifts (Consider DIDLS ... diction, imagery, devices, language, sentence structure) =
7. Structural Features of Notes =
8. SOAPS (Subject, Occasion, Audience, Purpose, Speaker) issues [see back side]:
9. Did the author use Rogerian or Toulmin models of argumentation?
10. How was the text shaped by context or contextual factors (setting of the speech/event, etc)?
11. Exigence or why does the passage matter or have significance (& to whom ... aka intended audience)?
12. Constraints that shaped the passage (or assumptions and implications in the rhetorical situation/triangle)?

Any examples of:

13. Ethos (ethical appeals)
14. Logos (logical appeals)
15. Pathos (emotional appeals)
16. Kairos (timeliness)
17. What other argumentative methods or appeals are used in the passage (appeals to statistics, appeals to experts, appeals to patriotism, appeal to common folks, snob appeal, etc)?
18. Diction/Syntax issues (powerful words choices or connotation/denotation/levels of meaning in words)
19. Parallelism/Antithesis:
20. Asyndeton / Ellipsis
21. Repetition / Alliteration / Assonance / Anaphora / Polysyndeton / Tricolon
22. Metaphor / Simile / Synecdoche / Metonymy / Personification (other senses engaged)
23. Humor / Pun / Onomatopoeia / Hyperbole / Litotes (is the passage witty)
24. Irony (verbal, situational dramatic) / Sarcasm / Oxymoron
25. Chiasmus / Zeugma
26. Subtext or undertone (double entendre, euphemisms)
27. Invective
28. Run ons vs sentence fragments (declarative vs imperative vs loose vs periodic vs telegraphic sentences)
29. The use of conditionals (or conditional statements such as "If ... then...")
30. Does the passage have a climax or a catharsis?
31. Is melodrama used?
32. Allusions (or archetypes)
33. Rhetorical Questions
34. Any logical fallacies?
35. Any cognitive biases present?
36. Anything interesting in punctuation (or appearance of the passage)?
37. Most important line/image?
38. Any transitional words used in the passage (words of contrast, contradiction, narrowing, comparison, etc) ... helps to ID shifts in the passage?
39. Is inductive or deductive reasoning used?
40. Is inference or inferential reasoning used?
41. Anything manipulated in chronology (time) or spatial order/organization?
42. Does the passage vary in objectivity vs subjectivity or go from particular to general (or vice versa)?
43. Are particular parts of speech dominantly used (adverbs, pronouns, verbs, adjectives, etc)?
44. Any satirical elements in use? Is the passage didactic? Is it a parody?
45. What forms of evidence were in use (anecdotal, hearsay, consensus, circumstantial, expert, etc) ?
46. Which of the five canons of rhetoric are relevant to discuss or appreciate (invention, arrangement, style, memory/examples, delivery)
47. Are types of knowledge presented in the passage (a posteriori vs a priori, provisional, probabilistic, tacit, explicit, informal, shared, person, empirical)
48. Can you divide qualitative vs quantitative proof/evidence/appeals used in the passage?