

AP English Literature and Composition

3901

Readiness Assessment Test

Thank you for considering this course for your student. Here are some tips for success in the Readiness Assessment process.

* Please do not provide your student this assessment or its contents until you are ready for him or her to complete it in a single sitting with no books, notes, or outside help. It is intended to be a spot check of retained knowledge and skill.
* Make sure you have the latest version of this assessment. Ideally, please download it and have your student complete it within one week prior to enrollment.
* Completed Readiness Assessment materials for a course should be submitted immediately after you enroll in the course.
* **Readiness Assessment materials must be submitted by uploading from the Family Account in the Enrolled Courses view**. Readiness Assessment materials are not accepted through email.
* Visit Live Chat, or email TPS Support ([support@pottersschool.org](mailto:support@pottersschool.org)) for questions or assistance.

**Part I: Academic Background** (to be completed by the parent)

**Age/Grade**

1. How old will your student be as of **October 1st** of the academic enrollment year?
2. What grade will your student be in **at the start of this course**?

**Related Coursework**

1. Please provide the title of the most recently completed (or in-progress) course in the same subject area or related subject area that might help assess academic readiness for this course:

Course Name:

* 1. What is the student’s in-progress or final course grade (numeric grade if available)?
  2. What is the name of the course provider (e.g., online provider, taught at home, local college)?
  3. What is the name of the course curriculum (title and name of publisher of primary text if known)?
  4. Is the student on-track to complete the entire course/curriculum by the end of the current year (if in-progress)?
  5. How is the course evaluated? Is the work self-checked, parent-checked, or evaluated outside the home?
  6. What percentage (if any) of the student’s grade is based on assessments that are completed without access to notes or outside resources and completed in a single sitting without the opportunity for rework to improve the grade?

**Additional Background**

1. Is your student’s first language English or a different language? If different, what is his or her language background? (**Note:** Most TPS classes are designed for native English speakers, but we also provide support at several levels for students whose first language is not English.)
2. Is there additional information that might help us better know your student and understand his or her unique abilities and needs for the best course placement and academic outcome?

**Part II: AP Questionnaire** (to be completed by the student)

TPS wants to help each AP student achieve his or her individual AP exam goals. The following information allows us to better support you in accomplishing your goals.

1. Are you planning to take the AP exam associated with this course?
2. If you are planning to take the associated AP exam, what is your score goal?

**How do I decide my score goal?** AP exams are scored as 1-5, where scores of 4 or 5 are competitive and a scores of 3, 4, or 5 may receive credit from participating colleges. To see what credit is available from specific colleges for specific exam scores, please go to this site:

<https://apstudents.collegeboard.org/getting-credit-placement/search-policies>

1. If you are planning to take the associated AP exam, have you identified an exam site that offers this exam near you?

**Part III: Readiness Assessment** (to be completed by the student)

**Part A: Course Questionnaire**

1. What do you see as your strengths and weaknesses as a writer? What do you like or not like, struggle with or find most comfortable doing when given a formal writing assignment? What do you think you would be asking for the most help with if you join this course?
2. What about yourself as a reader; do you breathe books like air? Or do you read only when required? How much do you read on your own outside of school … or would if you had the time? What three books would you read again? What three do you wish you had not spent the time on?
3. What has been your favorite book so far read for a class? Note: Please do not give the answer you think you *should,* consideringthat I am your potential future English teacher; I want the real-you answer, okay?
4. Why do you want to take this class?

**Part B : Literary Analysis : Multiple Choice**

Read the following selections carefully before you choose your answers.

*William Blake (1757-1827) was an English poet during the British Romantic literary period who wrote extensively about God, nature, and the beauty of the human imagination.*

“A Poison Tree”

I was angry with my friend;

I told my wrath, my wrath did end.

I was angry with my foe:

I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I waterd it in fears,

Night & morning with my tears:

And I sunned it with smiles,

And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night.

Till it bore an apple bright.

And my foe beheld it shine,

And he knew that it was mine.

And into my garden stole,

When the night had veild the pole;

In the morning glad I see;

My foe outstretched beneath the tree.

1. Which of the following best describes a major theme of the poem?
2. Deceitful people are always punished by their own trickery.
3. Envy and greed can permanently damage a relationship.
4. Bottling up one’s feelings leads to resentment and even violence.
5. A healthy friendship is built on trust and communication.
6. Which of the following quotes best supports the answer to #1?
   1. “I was angry with my friend;/I told my wrath, my wrath did end.”
   2. “I was angry with my foe:/I told it not, my wrath did grow.”
   3. “And I sunned it with smiles,/And with soft deceitful wiles.”
   4. “And my foe beheld it shine,/And he knew that it was mine.”
7. How do the speaker’s actions in the first stanza provoke the action in the poem?
   1. The speaker expresses their anger to their friend but withholds this anger from their foe, creating some tension between the friend and the foe.
   2. The speaker tricks the foe into trusting them by hiding their anger in the first stanza and offering the foe a poisoned apple later on in the poem.
   3. The speaker does not express their anger to their foe, and because of this, their anger worsens until eventually it grows into a poisonous tree.
   4. The speaker acts differently towards their friend than their foe, which makes the foes jealous and pushes them to steal from the speaker.
8. What impact does the figurative language in lines 5-8 have on the poem’s meaning?
   1. The speaker’s wrath ripens like a piece of fruit that, like the foes, is outwardly beautiful but inwardly rotten.
   2. The speaker tends to their wrath like a plant, implying that the speaker actually does care for the foe because of all the attention they pay to them.
   3. The speaker’s wrath grows every time their foe smiles or acts kindly towards the speaker, which suggests that nothing can overcome hatred.
   4. The speaker tends to their wrath like a plant that later produces a poisoned fruit, implying that anger can feel satisfying but is toxic to let grow.

*Desiree Cooper is a former attorney, Pulitzer Prize-nominated journalist and Detroit community activist. In this short story, “The Good Hours,” a woman goes to an estate sale. Estate sales are held to sell items people can no longer keep.*

*I had for my winter evening walk —  
No one at all with whom to talk*— Robert Frost

It’s nine p.m. and the night stretches before me like a glacier. Despite the fact that it’s started to snow again, I pull on my fleece for an evening walk. These days, I walk until the cold slows my heart and I can sleep without nightmares. Sometimes I have to walk two or three times before dawn to stay in front of the dread.

There is a plague upon our house. It’s making the thin wallpaper curl, the tongue-and-groove floors moan. We have lost our grasp on tomorrow. We pretend to still have jobs as we come and go, waving at the neighbors. But we all know that this infection will spread. At least once a week during my walks, I see a new sign: “Bank Owned,” or “Auction.” Overnight, a white document appears on a neighbor’s front door. The opposite of lamb’s blood — a sign that God will not protect them.

I’ve learned to detect the early signs. The yard service is the first to go. Grass invades the cracks in the driveway. Leaves mound like fresh graves. After a night of snow, sidewalks go unshoveled. Windows shutter. Porch lights shine all day long.

Tonight, I say vespers for the Babcocks and Lindsays. In six months, a year, there will be no survivors left on our block. I wonder if this is how it feels during epidemics. Each house under quarantine, neighbors peering from behind curtains, hiding signs of financial ruin. People vanishing without a good-bye.

In October, Theresa Madding had an estate sale. I went for the same reason we go to wakes: to check out the condition of the body. The Madding house was in surprisingly good repair. Their downfall must have been swift; there would be no trouble finding a buyer for a short sale. As I scoured Theresa’s possessions, I was grateful that most of the people streaming in on that dreary autumn morning were not from the neighborhood. It’s against the unspoken code for us to circle the pyre of our neighbors’ belongings.

On Theresa’s dining room table among three different sets of dishes (how much china does one family really need?) sat the most exquisite tureen. Williamsburg blue, delicate white flowers laced with gold. Even then, I knew we probably were going to lose our home and the tureen would not survive our journey into the unknown. But in the moment, it felt like an inoculation of hope — a talisman to keep the infection from spreading to us.

Bottom of Form

I snatched it up quickly and darted to the checkout. And that’s when I ran into Theresa. It’s a horrible slap, to be caught paying pennies for your neighbors’ belongings.

“Hello,” I mumbled, angry at her for attending her own funeral.

“My tureen!” she gushed. “We used that so many times during the holidays. You’re going to love it.” She emitted the strange glee of someone who has lost everything.

“Thank you,” I said. I should have said more.

Once I got the tureen in the car, I started crying and couldn’t stop. We never used it. When our real estate agent came to size up our house, she noticed the tureen in the china cabinet. I made her take it home.

Tonight, the air stings. The snow creaks beneath my feet, profane. No dogs bark curiously. Hardly any doors bear holiday wreaths. This year, there have been no parties to spill their light onto the stark drifts. Where is the sound of the children next door practicing carols on their violins?

The cold gnaws at my toes. My lips feel useless. I want to cry but the frigid air has dried my eyes. This is somehow my fault. I should have saved more money. I should have left town a long time ago. I should have majored in something else. I should have married better, or had one fewer child.

Beneath a dim streetlight, I turn and repent. All the windows are blackened this winter’s eve. The good hours have gone.

*Desiree Cooper: “The Good Hours.” From Electric Literature (August 21, 2017). Licensed under the CCBY-NC-SA4.0 license. https://www.commonlit.org/en/texts/the-good-hours*

1. How does paragraph #3 contribute to the passage as a whole?
   1. It reveals why the majority of people are leaving the neighborhood.
   2. It reveals where the narrator’s neighbors go after vacating their homes.
   3. It shows that the narrator has become familiar with witnessing houses vacated.
   4. It shows that the narrator is concerned with the appearance of the neighborhood.
2. What is the effect of describing the estate sale as a “funeral”?
   1. It highlights the poor condition of the old house.
   2. It highlights the grief that comes with losing one’s home.
   3. It suggests that the homeowner failed to sell the house.
   4. It suggests that someone in the house has died.
3. What does the act of the narrator later giving away the tureen most likely symbolize?
   1. Charity
   2. Defeat
   3. Loathing
   4. Optimism
4. How do the references to the weather in the closing paragraphs relate to the narrator?
   1. They reflect the narrator’s internal feelings.
   2. They suggest that the narrator feels some relief.
   3. They directly contrast with the narrator’s feelings.
   4. They show that the narrator is in denial about her situation.

*William Shakespeare (1564-1616) was an English poet, playwright, and actor. He wrote 154 sonnets and 38 plays. "Sonnet 18" is one of Shakespeare's best-known sonnets.*

Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?

Thou art more lovely and more temperate:

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,

And summer’s lease hath all too short a date;

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,

And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;

And every fair from fair sometime declines,

By chance or nature’s changing course untrimm'd;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,

Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow’st;

Nor shall death brag thou wander’st in his shade,

When in eternal lines to time thou grow’st:

   So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,

   So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

1. Which of the following best describes the main theme of the poem?
   1. Love takes time to develop between two people.
   2. Love is complicated and can be difficult to sustain.
   3. Like summer, love and poetry are brief but powerful.
   4. Unlike summer, love and poetry are constant and everlasting.
2. Which of the following best describes the effect of the use of figurative language in the poem?
   1. The speaker uses metaphors to compare his beloved to the summer, and criticizes summer for being harsh and fleeting.
   2. The speaker personifies the sun, and makes it appear like the sun is a friendly individual to whom one would want to be compared.
   3. The speaker personifies death to create conflict as he battles death for his beloved.
   4. The speaker uses high diction throughout the poem, and makes his relationship to his beloved appear informal.
3. Which of the following best describes the function of “Time” in the poem?
   1. The speaker declares that his beloved’s loveliness will live on forever through is poetry, unlike the short-lived summer.
   2. The speaker laments the fleeting nature of summer, as it is his favorite season and he wishes its warmth and brightness could last longer.
   3. The speaker admits that although his beloved’s beauty will fade with time, his love will not fade.
   4. The speaker explains that he loves his beloved more than he adores the summer because his beloved can love him back.
4. Which detail from the poem best supports the answer to question #11?
   1. “And summer’s lease hath all too short a date.”
   2. “And every fait from fair sometime declines.”
   3. “But they eternal summer shall not fade.”
   4. “So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see.”

**Part C: Writing**

Carefully read the following two prompts. You are to respond to ONE of the two by crafting an essay response according to the directions provided.

Focus on thoughtfulness and depth of content in this independently written literary analysis, as well as the mechanics and organization you know to be part of a well-written essay. The general guidelines are as follows:

* Write within the 400–600-word range; please do not overwrite.
* Underline your thesis sentence in the introductory paragraph.
* Each paragraph should be 5-12 sentences.
* Avoid 1st person.
* Incorporate quotations to support your ideas and analysis.
* Do not use outside sources of any kind.

**Option #1: From *Peace Like a River* by Leif Enger**

*The following is a portion of the novel’s opening chapter. Read through the selection, and in an essay meeting the requirements noted above, explain how Enger uses specific literary tools such as diction, syntax, imagery, and allusion reveal the character and personality of the narrator.*

The truth is, I didn’t’t think much on this until a dozen years later – beyond, of course, savoring the fact that I’d begun life in a dangerous and thus romantic manner. When you are seven years old there’s nothing as lovely and tragic as telling your friends you were just about dead once. It made Dad my hero, as you might expect, won him my forgiveness for anything that he might do forever; but until later events it didn’t occur to me to wonder just why I was allowed, after all, to breathe and keep breathing.

The answer, it seems to me now, lies in the miracles.

Let me say something about the word: miracle. For too long it’s been used to characterize things or events that, though pleasant, are entirely normal. Peeping chicks at Easter time, spring generally, a clear sunrise after an overcast week – a *miracle*, people say, as if they’ve been educated from greeting cards. I’m sorry, but nope. Such things are worth out notice every day of the week, but to call them miracles evaporates the strength of the word.

Real miracles bother people, like strange sudden pains unknown in medical literature. It’s true: They rebut every rule we good citizens take comfort in. Lazarus obeying orders and climbing out of the grave – now there’s a miracle, and you can upset a lot of folks who were standing around at the time. When a person dies, the earth is generally unwilling to cough him back up. A miracle contradicts the will of the earth.

My sister, Swede, who often sees to the nub, offered this: People fear miracles because they fear being changed, though ignoring them will change you also. Swede said another thing, too, and it rang in me like a bell; No miracle happens without a witness. Someone to declare, here’s what I saw. Here’s how it went. Make of it what you will.

The fact is, the miracles that sometimes flowed from my father’s fingertips had few witnesses but me. Yes, enough people saw enough strange things that Dad became the subject of a kind of misspoken folklore in our town, but most ignored the miracles as they ignored Dad himself.

I believe I was preserved, through those twelve airless minutes, in order to be a witness, and as a witness, let me say that a miracle is no cute thing but more like the swing of a sword.

If he were here to begin the account, I believe Dad would say what he said to Swede and me on the worst night of all our lives:

We and the world, my children, will always be at war.

Retreat is impossible.

Arm yourselves.

Enger, Leif*. Peace like a River.* Atlantic Monty Press, 2001.

**Option #2:**

*The following is a poem by contemporary American poet and former Poet Laureate, Billy Collins. Read through the selection, and in an essay meeting the requirements noted above, explain how Collins uses specific literary tools such as diction, syntax, imagery, and allusion reveal the feelings and thoughts of the narrator.*

“The Lanyard”

The other day I was ricocheting slowly

off the blue walls of this room,

moving as if underwater from typewriter to piano,

from bookshelf to an envelope lying on the floor,

when I found myself in the L section of the dictionary

where my eyes fell upon the word “lanyard.”

No cookie nibbled by a French novelist

could send one into the past more suddenly—

a past where I sat at a workbench at a camp

by a deep Adirondack lake

learning how to braid long thin plastic strips

into a lanyard, a gift for my mother.

I had never seen anyone use a lanyard

or wear one, if that’s what you did with them,

but that did not keep me from crossing

strand over strand again and again

until I had made a boxy

red and white lanyard for my mother.

She gave me life and milk from her breasts,

and I gave her a lanyard.

She nursed me in many a sick room,

lifted spoons of medicine to my lips,

laid cold face-cloths on my forehead,

and then led me out into the airy light

and taught me to walk and swim,

and I, in turn, presented her with a lanyard.

Here are thousands of meals, she said,

and here is clothing and a good education.

And here is your lanyard, I replied,

which I made with a little help from a counselor.

Here is a breathing body and a beating heart,

strong legs, bones and teeth,

and two clear eyes to read the world, she whispered,

and here, I said, is the lanyard I made at camp.

And here, I wish to say to her now,

is a smaller gift—not the worn truth

that you can never repay your mother,

but the rueful admission that when she took

the two-tone lanyard from my hand,

I was as sure as a boy could be

that this useless, worthless thing I wove

out of boredom would be enough to make us even.

“Collins, Billy. “The Lanyard by Billy Collins.” *Poetry Foundation*, Poetry Foundation, www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/50975/the-lanyard. Accessed 9 Feb. 2024.