



2019 SAMPLE QUESTIONS

Gauge Students' Progress™

AP English Language
AP English Literature
AP Calculus AB

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AP English Language

Questions 1-13 refer to the following excerpt from “The Death of the Moth” by Virginia Woolf.

Moths that fly by day are not properly to be called moths; they do not excite that pleasant sense of dark autumn nights and ivy-blossom which the commonest yellow-underwing asleep in the shadow of the curtain never fails to rouse in us. They are hybrid creatures, neither gay like butterflies nor somber like their own species. Nevertheless the present specimen, with his narrow hay-colored wings, fringed with a tassel of the same color, seemed to be content with life. It was a pleasant morning, mid-September, mild, benignant, yet with a keener breath than that of the summer months. The plow was already scoring the field opposite the window, and where the share had been, the earth was pressed flat and gleamed with moisture. Such vigor came rolling in from the fields and the down beyond that it was difficult to keep the eyes strictly turned upon the book. The rooks too were keeping one of their annual festivities; soaring round the tree tops until it looked as if a vast net with thousands of black knots in it had been cast up into the air; which, after a few moments, sank slowly down upon the trees until every twig seemed to have a knot at the end of it. Then, suddenly, the net would be thrown into the air again in a wider circle this time, with the utmost clamor and vociferation, as though to be thrown into the air and settle slowly down upon the tree tops were a tremendously exciting experience.

The same energy which inspired the rooks, the ploughmen, the horses, and even, it seemed, the lean bare-backed downs, sent the moth fluttering from side to side of his square of the windowpane. One could not help watching him. One was, indeed, conscious of a queer feeling of pity for him. The possibilities of pleasure seemed that morning so enormous and so various that to have only a moth’s

part in life, and a day moth’s at that, appeared a hard fate, and his zest in enjoying his meager opportunities to the full, pathetic. He flew vigorously to one corner of his compartment, and, after waiting there a second, flew across to the other. What remained for him but to fly to a third corner and then to a fourth? That was all he could do, in spite of the size of the downs, the width of the sky, the far-off smoke of houses, and the romantic voice, now and then, of a steamer out at sea. What he could do he did. Watching him, it seemed as if a fiber, very thin but pure, of the enormous energy of the world has been thrust into his frail and diminutive body. As often as he crossed the pane, I could fancy that a thread of vital light became visible. He was little or nothing but life.

Yet, because he was so small, and so simple a form of the energy that was rolling in at the open window and driving its way through so many narrow and intricate corridors in my own brain and in those of other human beings, there was something marvelous as well as pathetic about him. It was as if someone had taken a tiny bead of pure life and decking it as lightly as possible with down and feathers, had set it dancing and zigzagging to show us the true nature of life. Thus displayed one could not get over the strangeness of it. One is apt to forget all about life, seeing it humped and bossed and garnished and cumbered so that it has to move with the greatest circumspection and dignity. Again, the thought of all that life might have been had he been born in any other shape caused one to view his simple activities with a kind of pity.

After a time, tired by his dancing apparently, he settled on the window ledge in the sun, and, the queer spectacle being at an end, I forgot about him. Then, looking up, my eye was caught by him. He was

trying to resume his dancing, but seemed either so stiff or so awkward that he could only flutter to the bottom of the window-pane; and when he tried to fly across it he
95 failed. Being intent on other matters I watched these futile attempts for a time without thinking, unconsciously waiting for him to resume his flight, as one waits for a machine that has stopped
100 momentarily, to start again without considering the reason of the failure. After perhaps a seventh attempt he slipped from the wooden ledge and fell, fluttering his wings, onto his back on the window sill.
105 The helplessness of his attitude roused me. It flashed upon me that he was in difficulties; he could no longer raise himself; his legs struggled vainly. But as I stretched out a pencil, meaning to help him
110 to right himself, it came over me that the failure and awkwardness were the approach of death. I laid the pencil down again.

The legs agitated themselves once
115 more. I looked as if for the enemy against which he struggled. I looked out of doors. What had happened there? Presumably it was midday, and work in the fields had stopped. Stillness and quiet had replaced
120 the previous animation. The birds had taken themselves off to feed in the brooks. The horses stood still. Yet the power was there all the same, massed outside, indifferent, impersonal, not attending to
125 anything in particular. Somehow it was opposed to the little hay-colored moth. It was useless to try to do anything. One could only watch the extraordinary efforts made by those tiny legs against an
130 oncoming doom which could, had it chosen, have submerged an entire city, not merely a city, but masses of human beings; nothing, I knew, had any chance against death. Nevertheless after a pause of
135 exhaustion the legs fluttered again. It was superb, this last protest, and so frantic that

he succeeded at last in righting himself. One's sympathies, of course, were all on the side of life. Also, when there was
140 nobody to care or to know, this gigantic effort on the part of an insignificant little moth, against a power of such magnitude, to retain what no one else valued or desired to keep, moved one strangely. Again,
145 somehow, one saw life, a pure bead. I lifted the pencil again, useless though I knew it to be. But even as I did so, the unmistakable tokens of death showed themselves. The body relaxed, and
150 instantly grew stiff. The struggle was over. The insignificant little creature now knew death. As I looked at the dead moth, this minute wayside triumph of so great a force over so mean an antagonist filled me with
155 wonder. Just as life has been strange a few minutes before, so death was now as strange. The moth having righted himself now lay most decently and uncomplainingly composed. O yes, he
160 seemed to say, death is stronger than I am.

1. In describing the moth’s fluttering (line 39), the author emphasizes the moth’s

- (A) fortitude
- (B) magnificence
- (C) mysteriousness
- (D) insignificance
- (E) vitality

Answer	Skill	Essential Knowledge
E	7.A	STL-1.B

3. The writer wants to add the following sentence to the second paragraph (lines 36-64) to provide additional commentary.

Nothing seemed to deter him.

Where would the sentence best be placed?

- (A) Before the paragraph’s first sentence (“The same energy which inspired...”)
- (B) After the paragraph’s third sentence (“One was, indeed, conscious...”)
- (C) Before the paragraph’s fifth sentence (“he flew vigorously...”)
- (D) After the paragraph’s sixth sentence (“What remained for him...”)
- (E) Before the paragraph’s final sentence (“He was little or nothing...”)

Answer	Skill	Essential Knowledge
C	8.A	STL-1.Q

AP English Literature

Questions 1-12 refer to the follow excerpt from Chapter 40 in *White Noise* by Don DeLillo.

This was the day Wilder got on his plastic tricycle, rode it around the block, turned right onto a dead end street and pedaled noisily to the dead end. He walked the tricycle around the guard rail and then rode along a paved walkway that went winding past some overgrown lots to a set of twenty concrete steps. The plastic wheels rumbled and screeched. Here our reconstruction yields to the awe-struck account of two elderly women watching from the second-story back porch of a tall house in the trees. He walked the tricycle down the steps, guiding it with a duteous and unsentimental hand, letting it bump right along, as if it were an odd-shaped little sibling, not necessarily cherished. He remounted, rode across the street, rode across the sidewalk, proceeded onto the grassy slope that bordered the expressway. Here the women began to call. Hey, hey, they said, a little tentative at first, not ready to accept the implications of the process unfolding before them. The boy pedaled diagonally down the slope, shrewdly reducing the angle of descent, then paused on the bottom to aim his three-wheeler at the point on the opposite side which seemed to represent the shortest distance across. Hey, sonny, no. Waving their arms, looking frantically for some able-bodied pedestrian to appear on the scene. Wilder, meanwhile, ignoring their cries or not hearing them in the serial whoosh of dashing hatchbacks and vans, began to pedal across the highway, mystically charged. The women could only look, empty-mouthed, each with an arm in the air, a plea for the scene to reverse, the boy to pedal backwards on his faded blue and yellow toy like a cartoon figure on morning TV. The drivers could not quite comprehend. In their knotted posture, belted in, they knew this picture did not belong to the hurtling consciousness of the highway, the broad-ribbed modernist stream. In speed there was sense. In signs, in patterns, in split-second lives. What did it mean, this little rotary blur? Some force in the world had gone awry. They veered, braked, sounded their horns down the long afternoon, an animal lament. The child would not even look at them, pedaled straight for the median strip, a narrow patch of pale grass. He was pumped up, chesty, his arms

appearing to move as rapidly as his legs, the round head wagging in a jig of lame-brained determination. He had to slow down to get onto the raised median, rearing up to let the front wheel edge over, extremely deliberate in his movements, following some numbered scheme, and the cars went wailing past, horns blowing belatedly, drivers' eyes searching the rearview mirror. He walked the tricycle across the grass. The women watched him regain a firm placement on the seat. Stay, they called. Do not go. No, no. Like foreigners reduced to simple phrases. The cars kept coming, whipping into the straightaway, endless streaking traffic. He set off to cross the last three lanes, dropping off the median like a bouncing ball, front wheel, rear wheels. Then the head-wagging race to the other side. Cars dodged, strayed, climbed the curbstone, astonished heads appearing in the side windows. The furiously pedaling boy could not know how slow he seemed to be moving from the vantage point of the women on the porch. The women were silent by now, outside the event, suddenly tired. How slow he moved, how mistaken he was in thinking he was breezing right along. It made them tired. The horns kept blowing, sound waves mixing in the air, flattening, calling back from vanished cars, scolding. He reached the other side, briefly rode parallel to the traffic, seemed to lose his balance, fall away, going down the embankment in a multicolored tumble. When he reappeared a second later, he was sitting in a water furrow, part of the intermittent creek that accompanies the highway. Stunned, he made the decision to cry. It took him a moment, mud and water everywhere, the tricycle on its side. The women began to call once more, each raising an arm to revoke the action. Boy in the water, they said. Look, help, drown. And he seemed, on his seat in the creek, profoundly howling, to have heard them for the first time, looking up over the earthen mound and into the trees across the expressway. This frightened them all the more. They called and waved, were approaching the early phases of uncontrollable terror when a passing motorist, as such people are called, alertly pulled over, got out of the car, skidded down the embankment and lifted the boy from

the murky shallows, holding him aloft for the
clamoring elders to see

1. The primary mood of the passage is

- (A) anxious anticipation
- (B) exaggerated peril
- (C) clandestine danger
- (D) mysterious adventure
- (E) shocking disbelief

Answer	Skill	Essential Knowledge
A	2.B	SET-1.C

3. The writer's liberal use of sentence fragments serves to

- (A) highlight the childishness of Wilder's behavior
- (B) increase the pace and heighten the tension in the scene
- (C) accentuate the anxiety felt by the women
- (D) interrupt the narrative and assuage the reader's fears
- (E) imitate the sluggishness of Wilder's movements

Answer	Skill	Essential Knowledge
C	3.C	STR-1.W

Question 2

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

The following excerpt is from the novel *A Passage to India* by E. M. Forster, published in 1924. In the excerpt, Mrs. Moore and her son Ronny discuss Ronny’s position as an official of the British government in colonial India and the response of his fiancé Adela to what she has seen there.

Read the passage carefully. Then, in a well-organized essay, analyze how Forster uses literary elements and techniques to reveal the two characters and their complex relationship.

In your response you should do the following:

- Respond to the prompt with a thesis that presents a defensible interpretation.
- Select and use evidence to support your line of reasoning.
- Explain how the evidence supports your line of reasoning.
- Use appropriate grammar and punctuation in communicating your argument.

“Probably she’s heard tales of the heat, but of course I should pack her off to the Hills every April—I’m not one to keep a wife grilling in the Plains.”

5 “Oh, it wouldn’t be the weather.”

“There’s nothing in India but the weather, my dear mother; it’s the Alpha and Omega of the whole affair.”

10 “Yes, as Mrs. McBryde was saying, but it’s much more the Anglo-Indians themselves who are likely to get on Adela’s nerves. She doesn’t think they behave pleasantly to Indians, you see.”

15 “What did I tell you?” he exclaimed, losing his gentle manner. “I knew it last week. Oh, how like a woman to worry over a side-issue!”

She forgot about Adela in her surprise. “A side-issue, a side-issue?” she repeated.

20 “How can it be that?”

“We’re not out here for the purpose of behaving pleasantly!”

“What do you mean?”

25 “What I say. We’re out here to do justice and keep the peace. Them’s my sentiments. India isn’t a drawing-room.”

“Your sentiments are those of a god,” she said quietly, but it was his manner rather than his sentiments that annoyed her.

30 Trying to recover his temper, he said, “India likes gods.”

“And Englishmen like posing as gods.”

35 “There’s no point in all this. Here we are, and we’re going to stop, and the country’s got to put up with us, gods or no gods. Oh, look here,” he broke out, rather pathetically, “what do you and Adela want me to do? Go against my class, against all the people I respect and admire out here? Lose such power as I have for doing good in this country because my behavior isn’t pleasant? You neither of you understand what work is, or you’d never talk such eyewash. I hate talking
40 like this, but one must occasionally. It’s morbidly sensitive to go on as Adela and you do. I noticed you both at the club today—after the Burra Sahib had been at all that trouble to amuse you. I am out here to work, mind, to hold this wretched country by force. I’m not a missionary or a Labour Member or a vague sentimental sympathetic literary man. I’m just a servant of the Government; it’s the profession you wanted me to choose myself,
45 and that’s that. We’re not pleasant in India, and we don’t intend to be pleasant. We’ve something more important to do.”

He spoke sincerely. Every day he

worked hard in the court trying to decide
60 which of two untrue accounts was the less
untrue, trying to dispense justice fearlessly, to
protect the weak against the less weak, the
incoherent against the plausible, surrounded by
lies and flattery. That morning he had
65 convicted a railway clerk of overcharging
pilgrims for their tickets, and a Pathan¹ of
attempted rape. He expected no gratitude, no
recognition for this, and both clerk and Pathan
might appeal, bribe their witnesses more
70 effectually in the interval, and get their
sentences reversed. It was his duty. But he did
expect sympathy from his own people, and
except from newcomers he obtained it. He did
think he ought not to be worried about “Bridge
75 Parties” when the day’s work was over and he
wanted to play tennis with his equals or rest his
legs upon a long chair.

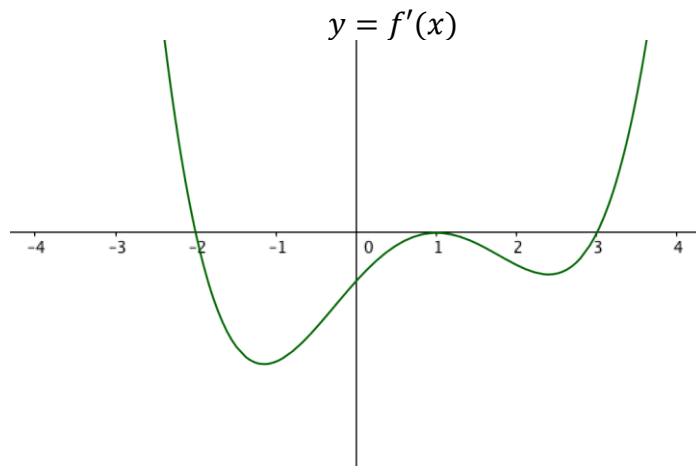
He spoke sincerely, but she could have
wished with less gusto. How Ronny reveled in
80 the drawbacks of his situation! How he did rub
it in that he was not in India to behave
pleasantly, and derived positive satisfaction
therefrom! He reminded her of his public-
schooldays. The traces of young- man
85 humanitarianism had sloughed off, and he
talked like an intelligent and embittered boy.
His words without his voice might have
impressed her, but when she heard the self-
satisfied lilt of them, when she saw the mouth
90 moving so complacently and competently
beneath the little red nose, she felt, quite
illogically, that this was not the last word on
India. One touch of regret—not the canny
substitute but the true regret from the heart—
95 would have made him a different man, and the
British Empire a different institution.

¹ **Pathan:** An Afghan living in India

AP Calculus AB

Section I: Part A – NO Calculators Allowed (15 MINUTES)

1.



The graph of f' , the derivative of the function f , is shown above for $-5 \leq x \leq 5$. How many local extrema does f have on the interval $-5 < x < 5$?

- (A) 1 (B) 2 (C) 3 (D) 4
-

A	Incorrect- The student failed to recognize that local extrema occur at values for which the derivative changes from positive to negative or vice versa.
B	Correct-Local extrema occur at values for which the derivative changes from positive to negative or vice versa.
C	Incorrect- The student either did not recognize that local extrema occur at values for which the derivative changes from positive to negative or vice versa or the student did not recognize that the graph given is the derivative of f .
D	Incorrect- The student failed to recognize that local extrema occur at values for which the derivative changes from positive to negative or vice versa.

Section I: Part B – Calculators Allowed (10 MINUTES)

7. The function f is continuous and differentiable on the interval $[1,10]$. The table above gives selected values of f on this interval. Which of the following statements must be true?

- I. There exists c , for $1 < x < 7$, such that $f'(c) = 0$.
- II. The minimum value of f on $[1,10]$ is 8.
- III. There exists k , for $1 < x < 4$, such that $f(k) = 12$.

- (A) II only
- (B) I and III only
- (C) I and II only
- (D) I, II, and III

-
- I. True. Since $f(1) = f(7)$ and f is differentiable on $1 < x < 7$, the Mean Value Theorem guarantees there exists c such that $f'(c) = 0$.
 - II. False. The table gives some of the values for f .
 - III. True. Since $f(1) = 15$ and $f(4) = 10$ and since f is continuous on $1 < x < 4$, the Intermediate Value Theorem guarantees $f(x)$ will take on every value on $10 < f(x) < 15$. Because $10 < 12 < 15$, there exists k on $1 < x < 4$ such that $f(k) = 12$.

A	Incorrect-See above.
B	Correct-See above.
C	Incorrect-See above.
D	Incorrect-See above.

Section II: Part A – Calculators Allowed (15 MINUTES)

Let f be a twice-differentiable function such that $f(2) = 7$ and $f(7) = 2$. Let g be the function given by $g(x) = f(f(x))$.

- Explain why there must be a value c for $2 < c < 7$ such that $f(c) = 3$.
- Explain why there must be a value b for $2 < b < 7$ such that $f'(b) = -1$.
- Show that $g'(2) = g'(7)$. Use this result to explain why there must be a value k for $2 < k < 7$ such that $g''(k) = 0$.
- Let $h(x) = f(x) - x$. Explain why there must be a value r for $2 < r < 7$ such that $h(r) = 0$.

Solution	Points
(a) The Intermediate Value Theorem guarantees that $f(x)$ will take every value between $f(2)$ and $f(7)$.	1: conclusion of the IVT.
(b) The Mean Value Theorem guarantees that there is a value c with $2 < c < 7$ such that $f'(c) = \frac{f(7)-f(2)}{7-2} = \frac{2-7}{7-2} = -1$	2: $\begin{cases} 1: \frac{f(7) - f(2)}{7 - 2} \\ 1: \text{ conclusion, using MVT} \end{cases}$
(c) $g'(x) = f'(f(x)) \cdot f'(x)$ $g'(2) = f'(f(2)) \cdot f'(2) = f'(7) \cdot f'(2)$ $g'(7) = f'(f(7)) \cdot f'(7) = f'(2) \cdot f'(7)$ Thus $g'(2) = g'(7)$. Since f is twice differentiable, g' is differentiable everywhere, so the Mean Value Theorem applied to g' on $[2,7]$ guarantees there is a value k , with $2 < x < 7$ such that $g''(k) = \frac{g'(7)-g'(2)}{7-2} = 0$.	3: $\begin{cases} 1: g'(x) \\ 1: g'(2) = f'(7) \cdot f'(2) = g'(7) \\ 1: \text{ uses MVT with } g' \end{cases}$
(d) Let $h(x) = f(x) - x$ $h(2) = f(2) - 2 = 7 - 2 = 5$ $h(7) = f(7) - 7 = 2 - 7 = -5$ Since $h(2) > 0 > h(7)$, The Intermediate Value Theorem guarantees that there is a value r , with $2 < r < 7$, such that $h(r) = 0$.	3: $\begin{cases} 2: f(2) \text{ and } f(7) \\ 1: \text{ conclusion, using IVT.} \end{cases}$