

**SUMMER READING 2017
ENGLISH IV AP
AHS**

To be prepared for your senior year in English IV AP, please pick one of the following novels or play to read and complete the assignment before school begins.

If you have any questions, please email Mr. Seed at David.Seed@fortbendisd.com

Brave New World by Aldous Huxley ISBN: 978-0-06-085052-4

King Lear by William Shakespeare ISBN-13: 9780743482769

Dune by Frank Herbert ISBN

978-0-441-17271-9

It would be helpful but is not imperative to purchase these particular editions.

You will receive two grades for the summer reading assignments. One grade will come from the novel assignments and one from the poetry assignment.

Assignment Tips:

- **Failure to upload your assignment to Turnitin.com will result in a zero after 3 weeks.**
- **Sharing work is cheating and called plagiarism, will result in a grade of a zero and may result in disciplinary action.**
- **Do not email your assignment to a friend/relative or share in any way.**
- **This assignment is to be completed on your own to give us a pre-assessment of your abilities.**

Novel Assignments:

Assignment 1: Passage Annotations: DUE ON THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

You are responsible for choosing three significant passages out of your book. The first passage must come from the beginning of the book, the second from the middle, and the third from the end. Annotations should be more than just highlights on a page.

On an index card that you will use as a bookmark, create a key for the annotations of passage. Then follow the key to annotate as you read. Devise a system of marks which is meaningful to you. Some students like to use highlighters when marking their text, but this method often causes them to highlight too much. You want to write notes to yourself in the margin or use symbols and markings to draw attention to different elements. Your annotated novel with key is due on the first day of school.

Here are some guidelines for marking a text:

1. Underline key words and phrases.
2. Bracket if several lines or paragraphs seem noteworthy. Underline key words and phrases within the brackets.

3. Use the space in the margin to respond to ideas in the novel; to write character names, motifs, and tone words; to summarize; and to ask questions.
4. Circle the page numbers of important pages.
5. Write summary notes and page numbers on the inside of the back or front cover to quickly find something in the novel.

Here are some things to watch for:

1. Introduction of characters and character descriptions
 - Underline the name of the character when he or she is first introduced.
 - Pay careful attention to character descriptions and characterization techniques. When a passage offers insight into a character, mark it for future reference.
 - Label characters flat, round, and / or dynamic.
 - Identify foils wherever possible.
2. Imagery and motifs which occur throughout the work
 - Make note of images, objects, and ideas that repeatedly pop up.
3. Important plot elements
 - Consider especially suspense, climax, pivot points, rising action, and denouement.
 - Make note of conflict throughout the work.
4. Ideas relating to theme
 - Consider especially direct statements of theme and larger values.
5. Symbolism
 - Trace symbols throughout a work.
 - Write key words concerning the symbols, especially about their connection to theme.
6. Tone
 - Consider tone shifts and changes.
 - Highlight elements of a passage that contribute to the tone.
7. Setting
 - When symbolic, the setting should be carefully examined.
 - Note the effect of setting on character.
 - Note the setting before, during, and after pivotal plot moments.
8. Irony
 - Identify the type of irony.
 - Discuss the effect of it in the margin.
9. Syntax
 - Consider especially pacing, emotion, emphasis, and tension.
 - For dramas, read stage directions – comment on the effect on the scene of the directions.
10. Point of View
 - Consider shifts in point of view. (Drama is always objective, but the playwright's choice in revealing certain elements and not others is significant.)

11. Emotion and Humor

- Comment on how the author achieves this. You may want to identify exaggerated or overly sentimental moments.

Grading: We will look at your annotation holistically and assign a daily grade to it according to the following:

98: I could write a research paper from your annotation because you did a thorough and analytical job of meaningfully annotating the text. There is little else you could have done to show your close reading of the text.

93: Strong work overall. There may be some more connections that you will need to make, but you did a nice job of meaningfully annotating the text.

88: Good work overall. You didn't go the extra mile in showing your close reading and analysis, but I'm willing to bet that you did closely read and are headed toward a good paper. You may need to synthesize your information in a more meaningful way, but you have a solid foundation.

83: Average work overall, for an AP-level course. You show understanding of the concepts I've asked you to look for, but your annotation could have been more thorough and analytical.

78: Your annotation is there, but it is rather at the surface level. Spend a little more time identifying important elements and closely reading the novel. Dig more deeply.

73: You completed the assignment, but the annotation is a bit sloppy. I have a hard time making connections from your annotation, and some might even be in error. You have work to do before we go to the library if you want to have a successful research experience.

Assignment 2: *DUE ON THE Third DAY OF SCHOOL! Must be uploaded to Turnitin.com*

All three books deal with the theme of power. (We will of course discuss other themes in regards to these pieces throughout the first several weeks of class).

You will write an essay dealing with the types and uses of power within your chosen novel. Your paper will follow the MLA format and be 3 pages long (no more, no less). You will need to also include a works cited page. **This is your first major grade of the year and your first impression.**

Tips:

Citing a play within an essay: (Act, scene, line numbers) ex: (V, ii, 23-34)

Types of Power: Political, Historical, Positional, Financial, Cultural, Government, Law, Religious, Institutions, Educational establishments, and Families

Achieving Power: Position, Knowledge or expertise, Character or ethics, moral authority, Ability to reward, Ability to punish, Gender, Powerlessness, Charisma, force of personality, Lack of interest or desire, and Crazyiness

Power Maintenance Strategies: Superior force, Co-opting, Accommodation, Persuasion, Delivering the goods, Deception, Character and integrity, Personal charm

Rules of Power: No one has all the power, Power may be real or apparent, Power exists only to the point that it is accepted, Power relationships can be changed, Power has to be tested, and Power is neither bad nor good; it is abuse of power that is bad

Poetry Assignment: Due **THE SECOND DAY OF SCHOOL**

The AP exam focuses heavily on poetry, so our year will be filled with numerous types. You will be responsible for annotating and completing a poetry analysis chart on each of the 10 poems attached to the assignment.

Title of Poem: _____

Author: _____

✓ **Quickly read through the poem and then answer the following questions**

Subject Matter/Theme: The 'What' of the poem

1. What is the poem about?
2. What ideas is the poet expressing?

✓ **Read the poem again and annotate this time**

<u>Technique:</u>	<u>How</u>	<u>Why</u>
The 'How' of the poem (How does the poet communicate his/her ideas?). These should be labeled on your annotations. List them out below:	How does the device contribute to the meaning?	Why did the writer choose specific devices or strategies?
Structure: Number of stanzas, length of stanzas		
Tone: the voice or sound of the poem		

Mood: the feeling of the poem		
Literary devices: See our list		
Diction (word choice)		
Rhythm: The beat (alliteration, repetition, assonance, consonance)		
Rhyme:		

Dulce et Decorum Est

BY WILFRED OWEN

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs,
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.
Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots,
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots
Of gas-shells dropping softly behind.

Gas! GAS! Quick, boys!—An ecstasy of fumbling
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time,
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling
And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime.—
Dim through the misty panes and thick green light,
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams before my helpless sight,
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams, you too could pace
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,—
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To children ardent for some desperate glory,
The old Lie: *Dulce et decorum est*
Pro patria mori.

NOTES: Latin phrase is from the Roman poet Horace: "It is sweet and fitting to die for one's country."

London, 1802

BY [WILLIAM WORDSWORTH](#)

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

Ozymandias

BY [PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY](#)

I met a traveller from an antique land,
Who said—“Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. . . . Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal, these words appear:
My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings;
Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.”

London


BY [WILLIAM BLAKE](#)

I wander thro' each charter'd street,
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow.
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man,
In every Infants cry of fear,
In every voice: in every ban,
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear

How the Chimney-sweepers cry
Every blackning Church appalls,
And the hapless Soldiers sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls

But most thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlots curse
Blasts the new-born Infants tear
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse



Leda and the Swan

W. B. Yeats, 1865 - 1939

A sudden blow: the great wings beating still
Above the staggering girl, her thighs caressed
By the dark webs, her nape caught in his bill,
He holds her helpless breast upon his breast.

How can those terrified vague fingers push
The feathered glory from her loosening thighs?
And how can body, laid in that white rush,
But feel the strange heart beating where it lies?

A shudder in the loins engenders there
The broken wall, the burning roof and tower
And Agamemnon dead.

 Being so caught up,
So mastered by the brute blood of the air,
Did she put on his knowledge with his power
Before the indifferent beak could let her drop?

Liberty

by Thomas P. Lynch

Some nights I go out and piss on the front lawn
as a form of freedom—liberty from
porcelain and plumbing and the Great Beyond
beyond the toilet and the sewage works.

Here is the statement I am trying to make:
to say I am from a fierce bloodline of men
who made their water in the old way, under stars
that overarched the North Atlantic where
the River Shannon empties into sea.

The ex-wife used to say, “Why can’t you pee
in concert with the most of humankind
who do their business tidily indoors?”

It was gentility or envy, I suppose,
because I could do it anywhere, and do
whenever I begin to feel encumbered.

Still, there is nothing, here in the suburbs,
as dense as the darkness in West Clare
nor any equivalent to the nightlong wind
that rattles in the hedgerow of whitethorn there
on the east side of the cottage yard in Moveen.

It was market day in Kilrush, years ago:
my great-great-grandfather bargained with tinkers
who claimed it was whitethorn that Christ’s crown was made from.

So he gave them two and six and brought them home—
mere saplings then—as a gift for the missus,
who planted them between the house and garden.

For years now, men have slipped out the back door
during wakes or wedding feasts or nights of song
to pay their homage to the holy trees
and, looking up into that vast firmament,
consider liberty in that last townland where
they have no crowns, no crappers and no ex-wives.

The Panther by Rainer Maria Rilke

His vision, from the constantly passing bars,
has grown so weary that it cannot hold
anything else. It seems to him there are
a thousand bars; and behind the bars, no world.

As he paces in cramped circles, over and over,
the movement of his powerful soft strides
is like a ritual dance around a center
in which a mighty will stands paralyzed.

Only at times, the curtain of the pupils
lifts, quietly--. An image enters in,
rushes down through the tensed, arrested muscles,
plunges into the heart and is gone.

I Took My Power In My Hand by Emily Dickinson

I took my Power in my Hand—
And went against the World—
'Twas not so much as David—had—
But I—was twice as bold—

I aimed by Pebble—but Myself
Was all the one that fell—
Was it Goliath—was too large—
Or was myself—too small?

Night Time Fires

Regina Barreca

When I was five in Louisville
we drove to see nighttime fires. Piled seven of us,
all pajamas and running noses, into the Olds,
drove fast toward smoke. It was after my father
lost his job, so not getting up in the morning
gave him time: awake past midnight, he read old newspapers
with no news, tried crosswords until he split the pencil
between his teeth, mad. When he heard
the wolf whine of the siren, he woke my mother,
and she pushed and shoved
us all into waking. Once roused we longed for burnt wood
and a smell of flames high into the pines. My old man liked
driving to rich neighborhoods best, swearing in a good mood
as he followed the fire engines that snaked like dragons
and split the silent streets. It was festival, carnival.

If there were a Cadillac or any car
in a curved driveway, my father smiled a smile
from a secret, brittle heart.
His face lit up in the heat given off by destruction
like something was being made, or was being set right.
I bent my head back to see where sparks
ate up the sky. My father who never held us
would take my hand and point to falling cinders that
covered the ground like snow, or, excited, show us
the swollen collapse of a staircase. My mother
watched my father, not the house. She was happy
only when we were ready to go, when it was finally over
and nothing else could burn.
Driving home, she would sleep in the front seat
as we huddled behind. I could see his quiet face in the
rearview mirror, eyes like hallways filled with smoke.

MZI MAHOLA

Power Struggle

I sat on a lonely boulder
and watched a window of nature opening.

Herdsman
drove their cattle
from opposite directions
to a dipping pond.
A rich sublime bellowing of two bulls
complementing the noise
of the approaching animals
echoed in the valley
and electrified the sky.

For a moment the frightened men
made frantic feeble attempts
to separate the enraged
defiant bulls
anticipating a cataclysmic confrontation.

(Isn't it said that two bulls
cannot bellow from the same kraal?)

Wisdom prevailed
when the bulls charged
to face each other
fury coming from their nostrils;
herders ran for cover.
Under that charged atmosphere
nothing could deter the two beasts;
rage and greed had entered their heads
they had to meet and decide
personal control of the herds.

They separated from the cows
snorting and pawing dust sky-high
with their heads bowed
sucking and inflating their bellies
with every bellow;
calves galloped in panic
which reminded me of a saying which says,
when two bulls fight
calves seek the shelter of their mothers.

From the safety of my rock
I watched the two beasts
charge and close the gap between them.
There was a crashing sound
as they locked horns
backsides soiled
from a sudden diarrhoea.
They gored and twisted
this way and that
this way and that
tails hoisted high like flags.
They uprooted nearby bushes
and flattened fences,
destroying everything in the way
as the fight see-sawed
none willing to succumb
reminding me of a saying which says,
when two bulls fight
the grass under their feet suffers.
The frightened herdsmen
watched their blood-soaked animals
helplessly.

I wondered,
when will they stop fighting
so that work can continue?