

Summer Reading-2024

Course Information:

AP English Literature and Composition will be a demanding college-level course, and you will be expected to function at a higher level than you ever have before. The teacher will guide, support, and coach you, but you must become independent thinkers and workers in many ways. To acquaint yourself with the general description and expectations for the AP English Literature and Composition course, I recommend that you visit the College Board Advanced Placement Program website and then read specifically about the AP English Literature course. There you will also find study skills, reading tips, sample questions, and other information about the exam and the course.

For the summer assignments for AP Literature and Composition, students will be reading one novel, two short stories, and five poems. The students are expected to purchase the textbook. Please plan ahead, and don't wait until August to start looking for copies of the literature. To complete the assignments, the students will need one three subject notebook with folders in each section.

Part I: Selected Short Stories:

Assignment A: Read "Eleven" by Sandra Cisneros and complete annotations assignment.

Assignment B: Read "A Rose for Emily" by William Faulkner and complete annotation assignment. **Due date Aug. 19th (A Day) and Aug. 20th (B Day)**

Part II: Things Fall Apart by Chinua Achebe

Assignment A: Read Things Fall Apart and complete a dialectical journal (1 entry per chapter for a total of 25 entries). **Due date Aug. 27th (A Day) and Aug. 26th (B Day)**

Part III: Poetry and TPCASTT Method

Select 5 poems from the list attached and use the TPCASTT method of analysis.

All the poems can be found in the textbook.

Please retype, rewrite, or print out the poems and show your work from the TPCASTT in your Notebook. **Due date Aug. 21st (A Day) and Aug. 22nd (B Day).**

Some Other Important Information-

Textbook Purchase: Each student should purchase his, her, or their own book. Why? You will be writing and interacting with the text. You will get much more out of this

experience if you write in the book. The title of the textbook is: Literature: Approaches to Fiction, Poetry, and Drama, by Robert DiYanni Sixth edition, McGraw-Hill: New York, 2007. You can use any edition that is the sixth edition or higher.

ISBN# -13:978-0-07-312426-1 or ISBN# 0073124451

If the ISBN number listed above comes back as invalid, you can search by title. The textbook we will use next year contains many of the summer reading selections (it may be useful for you to purchase it before the summer).

Summer Reading

All Students: **Pick 5** poems below to TPCATT: All are in the Textbook

POETRY

My Last Duchess (781) The Passionate Shepherd to His Love (884)
Tyger, Tyger (1072) The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd (885)
The Lamb (1072) Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night (1200)
The Second Coming (1219)
Leda and the Swan (1220)
How Do I Love Thee? (1080)
Ode on a Grecian Urn (1143)
I Wandered Lonely as A Cloud (788)

PROSE FICTION

Novel:

Things Fall Apart, Chinua Achebe

Course Materials-

Binder, Folder, or Notebook to house notes and handouts that include:

AP Practice, Writing skills, Terms & Vocabulary, Poetry, & Short Stories

Pens /Pencils/Highlighters

Post-it Notes (for annotating school texts)

If you have any questions or want to get help as you read, you can reach me at:

EMAIL: tpemberton@ridgenet.org

Have a great summer!

Mrs. Pemberton

Summer Reading Packet

This packet contains the following information:

Pg 4-5	The Five Essential Elements of Fiction Analysis
Pg 6	Introduction to Annotations
Pg 7-8	Sample Annotations of "The Story of an Hour" by Kate Chopin
Pg 9-10	Part I: Assignment A – Instructions and text of "Eleven" by Sandra Cisneros
Pg 11	Part I: Assignment B – Instructions
Pg 12-17	Part I: Assignment B – Text of "A Rose for Emily" by William Faulkner
Pg 18	Part I: Assignment A – Instructions for dialectic journal
Pg 19	Part II: Assignment A –Types of dialectic journal entries with examples
Pg 20-21	Rubrics

Before you start,

Review The Five Essential Elements of Fiction Analysis

One: A character is a person presented in a fictional work, one fitting a type and fulfilling a function.

- Types of characters: A static character does not change throughout the work, and the reader's knowledge of that character does not grow, whereas a dynamic character undergoes some kind of change because of the action in the plot. A flat character embodies one or two qualities, ideas, or traits that can be readily described in a brief summary. These are not psychologically complex characters and therefore are readily accessible to readers. Some flat characters are recognized as stock characters; they embody stereotypes such as the "dumb blonde" or the "mean stepfather." They become types rather than individuals. Round characters are more complex than flat or stock characters, and often display the inconsistencies and internal conflicts found in most real people. They are more fully developed, and therefore are harder to summarize.
- Functions of characters: A hero or heroine, often called the protagonist, is the central character who engages the reader's interest and empathy. The antagonist is the character, force, or collection of forces that stands directly opposed to the protagonist and gives rise to the conflict of the story. A foil is a character who through contrast underscores the distinctive characteristics of another. Usually a minor character serves as a foil for a major character. A confidant/confidante is a character who is not integral to the action but who receives the intimate thoughts of the protagonist without the use of an omniscient narrator. A mentor is a character who serves as a guide for the protagonist.

Two: The point of view is the perspective from which the action of a novel is presented, whether the action is presented by one character or from different vantage points over the course of the novel.

These are common narrative positions:

- The omniscient narrator is a third-person narrator who sees, like God, into each character's mind and understands all the action going on.
- The limited omniscient narrator is a third-person narrator who generally reports only what one character (often the protagonist) sees and who only reports the thoughts of that one privileged character.
- The objective, or camera-eye, narrator is a third-person narrator who only reports what would be visible to a camera. The objective narrator does not know what the character is thinking unless the character speaks of it.
- The first-person narrator, who is a major or minor character in the story, tells the tale from his or her point of view. When the first-person narrator is insane, a liar, very young, or for some reason not entirely credible, the narrator is unreliable. Some first-person narratives include multiple narrators.
- The stream of consciousness technique is like first-person narration, but instead of the character telling the story, the author places the reader inside the main character's head and makes the reader privy to all of the character's thoughts as they scroll through his or her consciousness.

Characterization, an effect of point of view and narrative perspective, is the process by which a writer reveals the personality of a character, making that character seem real to the reader. Authors have two major methods of presenting characters: telling (direct characterization) and showing (indirect characterization).

- In direct characterization, the author intervenes to describe and sometimes evaluate the character for the reader. For example, the narrator may tell the reader directly what the character's personality is like: humble, ambitious, vain, gullible, etc.

- Indirect characterization allows the author to present a character talking and acting and lets the reader infer what kind of person the character is. There are five different ways that a writer may provide indirect characterization:

by describing how the character looks and dresses,

by allowing the reader to hear the character speak,

by revealing the character's private thoughts and feelings,

by portraying the character's effect on other individuals—showing how other characters feel or behave toward the character, and

by presenting the character's actions.

Characters can be convincing whether they are presented by showing or by telling, as long as their actions are motivated. Motivated action by the characters occurs when the reader or audience is offered reasons for how the characters behave, what they say, and the decisions they make. Plausible action is action by a character in a story that seems reasonable, given the motivations presented.

Three: The setting is the physical and social context in which the action of a story occurs. The major elements of setting are the time, the place, and the social environment that frames the characters. Setting can be used to evoke a mood or atmosphere that will prepare the reader for what is to come. Specific elements of the setting include:

- the geographical location (its topography, scenery, and physical arrangements),
 - the occupations and daily manner of living of the characters,
 - the time period in which the action takes place (epoch in history or season of the year),
- and
- the general environment of the characters (social, religious, cultural, moral, and emotional conditions and attitudes).

Four: The conflict in a work of fiction is the struggle within the plot between opposing forces—the issue to be resolved in the story. The protagonist engages in the conflict with the antagonist, which may take the form of a character, society, nature, or an aspect of the protagonist's personality. Thus, conflict may be external, a struggle against some outside force, another character, society as a whole, or some natural force; or internal, a conflict between forces or emotions within one character.

Five: Theme is the central meaning or dominant idea in a literary work. A theme provides a unifying point around which the plot, characters, setting, point of view, symbols, and other elements of a work are organized. It is important not to mistake the theme for the topic of the work; the theme expresses an opinion about an abstract concept (i.e. freedom, jealousy, guilt, unrequited love, self-pity).

Theme should be written in a complex statement:

The [genre] [title] by [author] is about [topic/abstract concept] and reveals that [opinion].

Before you start, here is an
Introduction to Annotations

Every text is a lazy machine asking the reader to do some of its work.
novelist Umberto Eco

What is the point of annotation?

- Annotation encourages you to read actively and thoughtfully.
- Annotation provides you with a useful overview to consult before discussions or writing assignments.

Ideas for annotating literature

- Use a pen so you can make circles, brackets, and notes. If you like highlighters, use one for key passages, but don't get carried away and don't use highlighters exclusively.
- Look for patterns and label them (motifs, diction, symbols, images, behavior, whatever).

- Mark passages that seem to jump out at you because they suggest an important idea or theme—or for any other reason (an arresting figure of speech or image, an intriguing sentence pattern, a striking example of foreshadowing, a key moment in the plot, a bit of dialogue that reveals character, clues about the setting, etc.).
- Mark things that puzzle, intrigue, please, or displease you. Ask questions, make comments—talk back to the text.
- At the ends of chapters or sections, write a bulleted list of key plot events. This not only forces you to think about what happened, see it whole, and identify patterns, but also helps you create a convenient record of the whole work.
- Circle words you want to learn or words that jump out at you for some reason. If you don't want to stop reading, guess, then look the word up and jot down a relevant meaning later. You need not write out a full dictionary definition; it is often helpful to put the relevant meaning in your own words. If SAT prep has dampened your enthusiasm, rediscover the joy of adding to your “word hoard,” as the Beowulf poet calls it.

A Sample Annotation

Even as you read a story for the first time, you can highlight passages, circle or underline words, and write responses in the margin. Subsequent readings will yield more insight once you begin to understand how various elements such as plot, characterization, and wording build toward the conclusion and what you perceive to be the story's central ideas. The following annotations for the first eleven paragraphs of “The Story of an Hour” provide a perspective by someone who had to read the work several times. Your own approach might, of course, be quite different. Try continuing the annotations where they are left off...

"The Story of An Hour"

Kate Chopin (1894)

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which someone was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west, facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping

out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air. Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will--as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been.

When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under her breath: "free, free, free!" The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial. She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him--sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in the face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

"Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. "Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door--you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven's sake open the door."

"Go away. I am not making myself ill." No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Someone was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of the accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease--of the joy that kills.

Part I: Selected Short Stories

Assignment A: Read "Eleven" by Sandra Cisneros and complete annotations assignment.

First, read the following short story carefully. Then annotate the text focusing on how the author, Sandra Cisneros, uses literary techniques to characterize Rachel. Annotations must be legible. This story is also in the textbook. If it is your copy, then you may annotate the book.

"Eleven"
by Sandra Cisneros

What they don't understand about birthdays and what they never tell you is that when you're eleven, you're also ten, and nine, and eight, and seven, and six, and five, and four, and three, and two, and one. And when you wake up on your eleventh birthday you expect to feel eleven, but you don't. You open your eyes and everything's just like yesterday, only it's today. And you don't feel eleven at all. You feel like you're still ten. And you are—underneath the year that makes you eleven.

Like some days you might say something stupid, and that's the part of you that's still ten. Or maybe some days you might need to sit on your mama's lap because you're scared, and that's the part of you that's five. And maybe one day when you're all grown up maybe you will need to cry like if you're three, and that's okay. That's what I tell Mama when she's sad and needs to cry. Maybe she's feeling three.

Because the way you grow old is kind of like an onion or like the rings inside a tree trunk or like my little wooden dolls that fit one inside the other, each year inside the next one. That's how being eleven years old is.

You don't feel eleven. Not right away. It takes a few days, weeks even, sometimes even months before you say Eleven when they ask you. And you don't feel smart eleven, not until you're almost twelve. That's the way it is.

Only today I wish I didn't have only eleven years rattling inside me like pennies in a tin Band-Aid box. Today I wish I was one hundred and two instead of eleven because if I was one hundred

and two I'd have known what to say when Mrs. Price put the red sweater on my desk. I would've known how to tell her it wasn't mine instead of just sitting there with that look on my face and nothing coming out of my mouth.

"Whose is this?" Mrs. Price says, and she holds the red sweater up in the air for all the class to see. "Whose? It's been sitting in the coatroom for a month."

"Not mine," says everybody, "Not me."

"It has to belong to somebody," Mrs. Price keeps saying, but nobody can remember. It's an ugly sweater with red plastic buttons and a collar and sleeves all stretched out like you could use it for a jump rope. It's maybe a thousand years old and even if it belonged to me I wouldn't say so. Maybe because I'm skinny, maybe because she doesn't like me, that stupid Sylvia Saldivar says, "I think it belongs to Rachel." An ugly sweater like that all raggedy and old, but Mrs. Price believes her. Mrs. Price takes the sweater and puts it right on my desk, but when I open my mouth nothing comes out.

"That's not, I don't, you're not . . . Not mine." I finally say in a little voice that was maybe me when I was four.

"Of course it's yours," Mrs. Price says. "I remember you wearing it once." Because she's older and the teacher, she's right and I'm not.

Not mine, not mine, not mine, but Mrs. Price is already turning to page thirty-two, and math problem number four. I don't know why but all of a sudden I'm feeling sick inside, like the part of me that's three wants to come out of my eyes, only I squeeze them shut tight and bite down on my teeth real hard and try to remember today I am eleven, eleven. Mama is making a cake for me for tonight, and when Papa comes home everybody will sing Happy birthday, happy birthday to you.

But when the sick feeling goes away and I open my eyes, the red sweater's still sitting there like a big red mountain. I move the red sweater to the corner of my desk with my ruler. I move my pencil and books and eraser as far from it as possible. I even move my chair a little to the right. Not mine, not mine, not mine.

In my head I'm thinking how long till lunchtime, how long till I can take the red sweater and throw it over the schoolyard fence, or leave it hanging on a parking meter, or bunch it up into a little ball and toss it in the alley. Except when math period ends Mrs. Price says loud and in front of everybody, "Now, Rachel, that's enough," because she sees I've shoved the red sweater to the tippy-tip corner of my desk and it's hanging all over the edge like a waterfall, but I don't care.

"Rachel," Mrs. Price says. She says it like she's getting mad. "You put that sweater on right now and no more nonsense."

"But it's not—"

"Now!" Mrs. Price says.

This is when I wish I wasn't eleven because all the years inside of me—ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, and one—are pushing at the back of my eyes when I put one arm through one sleeve of the sweater that smells like cottage cheese, and then the other arm through the other and stand there with my arms apart like if the sweater hurts me and it does, all itchy and full of germs that aren't even mine.

That's when everything I've been holding in since this morning, since when Mrs. Price put the sweater on my desk, finally lets go, and all of a sudden I'm crying in front of everybody. I wish I was invisible but I'm not. I'm eleven and it's my birthday today and I'm crying like I'm three in

front of everybody. I put my head down on the desk and bury my face in my stupid clown-sweater arms. My face all hot and spit coming out of my mouth because I can't stop the little animal noises from coming out of me until there aren't any more tears left in my eyes, and it's just my body shaking like when you have the hiccups, and my whole head hurts like when you drink milk too fast.

But the worst part is right before the bell rings for lunch. That stupid Phyllis Lopez, who is even dumber than Sylvia Saldivar, says she remembers the red sweater is hers! I take it off right away and give it to her, only Mrs. Price pretends like everything's okay.

Today I'm eleven. There's a cake Mama's making for tonight and when Papa comes home from work we'll eat it. There'll be candles and presents and everybody will sing Happy birthday, happy birthday to you, Rachel, only it's too late. I'm eleven today.

I'm eleven, ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, and one, but I wish I was one hundred and two. I wish I was anything but eleven, because I want today to be far away already, far away like a runaway balloon, like a tiny o in the sky, so tiny tiny you have to close your eyes to see it.

Assignment B: Read "A Rose for Emily" by William Faulkner and complete annotation and essay assignment.

Before you begin reading, select one of the following essays topics. Annotate the story, focusing on your specific topic. Next, write a formal literary analysis essay that responds to the prompt selected. The essay should be typed in 12 font and double-spaced. It should be at least two pages. The story is in the textbook.

Essay Topics

1. What is the effect of the final paragraph of the story? How does it contribute to your understanding of Emily? Why is it important that we get this information last rather than at the beginning of the story?
2. What details foreshadow the conclusion of the story? Did you anticipate the ending?
3. Contrast the order of events as they happen in the story with the order of which they are told. How does this plotting create interest and suspense?
4. Faulkner uses a number of gothic elements in this plot: the imposing decrepit house, the decayed corpse, and the mysterious secret horrors connected with Emily's life. How do these elements push forward the plot and establish atmosphere?
5. Who or what is the antagonist of the story? Why is it significant that Homer Barron is a construction foreman and a northerner?

Example of Essay for Submission

John Doe
Teacher's Name
AP Literature

Day Month Year

Prompt

Title

XX
xxxx
XX
XXXXXXXXXXXX

Rules of Formal Literary Analysis Writing

- Write in present tense
- No first or second person
- No contractions

A Rose for Emily by William Faulkner

(1)WHEN Miss Emily Grierson died, our whole town went to her funeral: the men through a sort of respectful affection for a fallen monument, the women mostly out of curiosity to see the inside of her house, which no one save an old man-servant--a combined gardener and cook--had seen in at least ten years.

(2)It was a big, squarish frame house that had once been white, decorated with cupolas and spires and scrolled balconies in the heavily lightsome style of the seventies, set on what had once been our most select street. But garages and cotton gins had encroached and obliterated even the august names of that neighborhood; only Miss Emily's house was left, lifting its stubborn and coquettish decay above the cotton wagons and the gasoline pumps-an eyesore among eyesores. And now Miss Emily had gone to join the representatives of those august names where they lay in the cedar-bemused cemetery among the ranked and anonymous graves of Union and Confederate soldiers who fell at the battle of Jefferson.

(3)Alive, Miss Emily had been a tradition, a duty, and a care; a sort of hereditary obligation upon the town, dating from that day in 1894 when Colonel Sartoris, the mayor--he who fathered the edict that no Negro woman should appear on the streets without an apron--remitted her taxes, the dispensation dating from the death of her father on into perpetuity. Not that Miss Emily would have accepted charity. Colonel Sartoris invented an involved tale to the effect that Miss Emily's father had loaned money to the town, which the town, as a matter of business, preferred this way of repaying. Only a man of Colonel Sartoris' generation and thought could have invented it, and only a woman could have believed it.

(4)When the next generation, with its more modern ideas, became mayors and aldermen, this arrangement created some little dissatisfaction. On the first of the year they mailed her a tax notice. February came, and there was no reply. They wrote her a formal letter, asking her to call

at the sheriff's office at her convenience. A week later the mayor wrote her himself, offering to call or to send his car for her, and received in reply a note on paper of an archaic shape, in a thin, flowing calligraphy in faded ink, to the effect that she no longer went out at all. The tax notice was also enclosed, without comment. They called a special meeting of the Board of Aldermen. A deputation waited upon her, knocked at the door through which no visitor had passed since she ceased giving china-painting lessons eight or ten years earlier. They were admitted by the old Negro into a dim hall from which a stairway mounted into still more shadow. It smelled of dust and disuse--a close, dank smell. The Negro led them into the parlor. It was furnished in heavy, leather-covered furniture. When the Negro opened the blinds of one window, they could see that the leather was cracked; and when they sat down, a faint dust rose sluggishly about their thighs, spinning with slow motes in the single sun-ray. On a tarnished gilt easel before the fireplace stood a crayon portrait of Miss Emily's father.

(5) They rose when she entered--a small, fat woman in black, with a thin gold chain descending to her waist and vanishing into her belt, leaning on an ebony cane with a tarnished gold head. Her skeleton was small and spare; perhaps that was why what would have been merely plumpness in another was obesity in her. She looked bloated, like a body long submerged in motionless water, and of that pallid hue. Her eyes, lost in the fatty ridges of her face, looked like two small pieces of coal pressed into a lump of dough as they moved from one face to another while the visitors stated their errand. She did not ask them to sit. She just stood in the door and listened quietly until the spokesman came to a stumbling halt. Then they could hear the invisible watch ticking at the end of the gold chain.

Her voice was dry and cold. "I have no taxes in Jefferson. Colonel Sartoris explained it to me. Perhaps one of you can gain access to the city records and satisfy yourselves."

(6) "But we have. We are the city authorities, Miss Emily. Didn't you get a notice from the sheriff, signed by him?"

(7) "I received a paper, yes," Miss Emily said. "Perhaps he considers himself the sheriff . . . I have no taxes in Jefferson."

(8) "But there is nothing on the books to show that, you see. We must go by the--"

(9) "See Colonel Sartoris. I have no taxes in Jefferson."

(10) "But, Miss Emily--"

(11) "See Colonel Sartoris." (Colonel Sartoris had been dead almost ten years.) "I have no taxes in Jefferson. Tobe!" The Negro appeared. "Show these gentlemen out."

II

(12) So SHE vanquished them, horse and foot, just as she had vanquished their fathers thirty years before about the smell.

(13) That was two years after her father's death and a short time after her sweetheart--the one we believed would marry her --had deserted her. After her father's death she went out very little; after her sweetheart went away, people hardly saw her at all. A few of the ladies had the temerity to call, but were not received, and the only sign of life about the place was the Negro man--a young man then--going in and out with a market basket.

(14) "Just as if a man--any man--could keep a kitchen properly," the ladies said; so they were not surprised when the smell developed. It was another link between the gross, teeming world and the high and mighty Griersons.

(15)A neighbor, a woman, complained to the mayor, Judge Stevens, eighty years old.

(16)"But what will you have me do about it, madam?" he said.

(17)"Why, send her word to stop it," the woman said. "Isn't there a law?"

(18)"I'm sure that won't be necessary," Judge Stevens said. "It's probably just a snake or a rat that nigger of hers killed in the yard. I'll speak to him about it."

(19)The next day he received two more complaints, one from a man who came in diffident deprecation. "We really must do something about it, Judge. I'd be the last one in the world to bother Miss Emily, but we've got to do something." That night the Board of Aldermen met--three graybeards and one younger man, a member of the rising generation.

(20)"It's simple enough," he said. "Send her word to have her place cleaned up. Give her a certain time to do it in, and if she don't. .."

(21)"Dammit, sir," Judge Stevens said, "will you accuse a lady to her face of smelling bad?"

(22)So the next night, after midnight, four men crossed Miss Emily's lawn and slunk about the house like burglars, sniffing along the base of the brickwork and at the cellar openings while one of them performed a regular sowing motion with his hand out of a sack slung from his shoulder. They broke open the cellar door and sprinkled lime there, and in all the outbuildings. As they recrossed the lawn, a window that had been dark was lighted and Miss Emily sat in it, the light behind her, and her upright torso motionless as that of an idol. They crept quietly across the lawn and into the shadow of the locusts that lined the street. After a week or two the smell went away.

(23)That was when people had begun to feel really sorry for her. People in our town, remembering how old lady Wyatt, her great-aunt, had gone completely crazy at last, believed that the Griersons held themselves a little too high for what they really were. None of the young men were quite good enough for Miss Emily and such. We had long thought of them as a tableau, Miss Emily a slender figure in white in the background, her father a spraddled silhouette in the foreground, his back to her and clutching a horsewhip, the two of them framed by the back-flung front door. So when she got to be thirty and was still single, we were not pleased exactly, but vindicated; even with insanity in the family she wouldn't have turned down all of her chances if they had really materialized.

(24)When her father died, it got about that the house was all that was left to her; and in a way, people were glad. At last they could pity Miss Emily. Being left alone, and a pauper, she had become humanized. Now she too would know the old thrill and the old despair of a penny more or less.

(25)The day after his death all the ladies prepared to call at the house and offer condolence and aid, as is our custom. Miss Emily met them at the door, dressed as usual and with no trace of grief on her face. She told them that her father was not dead. She did that for three days, with the ministers calling on her, and the doctors, trying to persuade her to let them dispose of the body. Just as they were about to resort to law and force, she broke down, and they buried her father quickly.

(26)We did not say she was crazy then. We believed she had to do that. We remembered all the young men her father had driven away, and we knew that with nothing left, she would have to cling to that which had robbed her, as people will.

(27) SHE WAS SICK for a long time. When we saw her again, her hair was cut short, making her look like a girl, with a vague resemblance to those angels in colored church windows--sort of tragic and serene.

(28) The town had just let the contracts for paving the sidewalks, and in the summer after her father's death they began the work. The construction company came with riggers and mules and machinery, and a foreman named Homer Barron, a Yankee--a big, dark, ready man, with a big voice and eyes lighter than his face. The little boys would follow in groups to hear him cuss the riggers, and the riggers singing in time to the rise and fall of picks. Pretty soon he knew everybody in town. Whenever you heard a lot of laughing anywhere about the square, Homer Barron would be in the center of the group. Presently we began to see him and Miss Emily on Sunday afternoons driving in the yellow-wheeled buggy and the matched team of bays from the livery stable.

(29) At first we were glad that Miss Emily would have an interest, because the ladies all said, "Of course a Grierson would not think seriously of a Northerner, a day laborer." But there were still others, older people, who said that even grief could not cause a real lady to forget noblesse oblige--without calling it noblesse oblige. They just said, "Poor Emily. Her kinsfolk should come to her." She had some kin in Alabama; but years ago her father had fallen out with them over the estate of old lady Wyatt, the crazy woman, and there was no communication between the two families. They had not even been represented at the funeral.

(30) And as soon as the old people said, "Poor Emily," the whispering began. "Do you suppose it's really so?" they said to one another. "Of course it is. What else could . . ." This behind their hands; rustling of craned silk and satin behind jalousies closed upon the sun of Sunday afternoon as the thin, swift clop-clop-clop of the matched team passed: "Poor Emily."

(31) She carried her head high enough--even when we believed that she was fallen. It was as if she demanded more than ever the recognition of her dignity as the last Grierson; as if it had wanted that touch of earthiness to reaffirm her imperviousness. Like when she bought the rat poison, the arsenic. That was over a year after they had begun to say "Poor Emily," and while the two female cousins were visiting her.

(32) "I want some poison," she said to the druggist. She was over thirty then, still a slight woman, though thinner than usual, with cold, haughty black eyes in a face the flesh of which was strained across the temples and about the eye sockets as you imagine a lighthouse-keeper's face ought to look. "I want some poison," she said.

(33) "Yes, Miss Emily. What kind? For rats and such? I'd recom--"

(34) "I want the best you have. I don't care what kind."

(35) The druggist named several. "They'll kill anything up to an elephant. But what you want is--"

(36) "Arsenic," Miss Emily said. "Is that a good one?"

(37) "Is . . . arsenic? Yes, ma'am. But what you want--"

(38) "I want arsenic."

(39) The druggist looked down at her. She looked back at him, erect, her face like a strained flag. "Why, of course," the druggist said. "If that's what you want. But the law requires you to tell what you are going to use it for."

(40) Miss Emily just stared at him, her head tilted back in order to look him eye for eye, until he looked away and went and got the arsenic and wrapped it up. The Negro delivery boy brought

her the package; the druggist didn't come back. When she opened the package at home there was written on the box, under the skull and bones: "For rats."

IV

(41) So THE NEXT day we all said, "She will kill herself"; and we said it would be the best thing. When she had first begun to be seen with Homer Barron, we had said, "She will marry him." Then we said, "She will persuade him yet," because Homer himself had remarked--he liked men, and it was known that he drank with the younger men in the Elks' Club--that he was not a marrying man. Later we said, "Poor Emily" behind the jalousies as they passed on Sunday afternoon in the glittering buggy, Miss Emily with her head high and Homer Barron with his hat cocked and a cigar in his teeth, reins and whip in a yellow glove.

(42) Then some of the ladies began to say that it was a disgrace to the town and a bad example to the young people. The men did not want to interfere, but at last the ladies forced the Baptist minister--Miss Emily's people were Episcopal-- to call upon her. He would never divulge what happened during that interview, but he refused to go back again. The next Sunday they again drove about the streets, and the following day the minister's wife wrote to Miss Emily's relations in Alabama.

(43) So she had blood-kin under her roof again and we sat back to watch developments. At first nothing happened. Then we were sure that they were to be married. We learned that Miss Emily had been to the jeweler's and ordered a man's toilet set in silver, with the letters H. B. on each piece. Two days later we learned that she had bought a complete outfit of men's clothing, including a nightshirt, and we said, "They are married." We were really glad. We were glad because the two female cousins were even more Grierson than Miss Emily had ever been.

(44) So we were not surprised when Homer Barron--the streets had been finished some time since--was gone. We were a little disappointed that there was not a public blowing-off, but we believed that he had gone on to prepare for Miss Emily's coming, or to give her a chance to get rid of the cousins. (By that time it was a cabal, and we were all Miss Emily's allies to help circumvent the cousins.) Sure enough, after another week they departed. And, as we had expected all along, within three days Homer Barron was back in town. A neighbor saw the Negro man admit him at the kitchen door at dusk one evening.

(45) And that was the last we saw of Homer Barron. And of Miss Emily for some time. The Negro man went in and out with the market basket, but the front door remained closed. Now and then we would see her at a window for a moment, as the men did that night when they sprinkled the lime, but for almost six months she did not appear on the streets. Then we knew that this was to be expected too; as if that quality of her father which had thwarted her woman's life so many times had been too virulent and too furious to die.

(46) When we next saw Miss Emily, she had grown fat and her hair was turning gray. During the next few years it grew grayer and grayer until it attained an even pepper-and-salt iron-gray, when it ceased turning. Up to the day of her death at seventy-four it was still that vigorous iron-gray, like the hair of an active man.

(47) From that time on her front door remained closed, save for a period of six or seven years, when she was about forty, during which she gave lessons in china-painting. She fitted up a studio in one of the downstairs rooms, where the daughters and granddaughters of Colonel Sartoris' contemporaries were sent to her with the same regularity and in the same spirit that

they were sent to church on Sundays with a twenty-five-cent piece for the collection plate. Meanwhile her taxes had been remitted. Then the newer generation became the backbone and the spirit of the town, and the painting pupils grew up and fell away and did not send their children to her with boxes of color and tedious brushes and pictures cut from the ladies' magazines. The front door closed upon the last one and remained closed for good. When the town got free postal delivery, Miss Emily alone refused to let them fasten the metal numbers above her door and attach a mailbox to it. She would not listen to them.

(48)Daily, monthly, yearly we watched the Negro grow grayer and more stooped, going in and out with the market basket. Each December we sent her a tax notice, which would be returned by the post office a week later, unclaimed. Now and then we would see her in one of the downstairs windows--she had evidently shut up the top floor of the house--like the carved torso of an idol in a niche, looking or not looking at us, we could never tell which. Thus she passed from generation to generation--dear, inescapable, impervious, tranquil, and perverse.

(49)And so she died. Fell ill in the house filled with dust and shadows, with only a doddering Negro man to wait on her. We did not even know she was sick; we had long since given up trying to get any information from the Negro.

(50)He talked to no one, probably not even to her, for his voice had grown harsh and rusty, as if from disuse.

(51)She died in one of the downstairs rooms, in a heavy walnut bed with a curtain, her gray head propped on a pillow yellow and moldy with age and lack of sunlight.

V

(52)THE NEGRO met the first of the ladies at the front door and let them in, with their hushed, sibilant voices and their quick, curious glances, and then he disappeared. He walked right through the house and out the back and was not seen again.

(53)The two female cousins came at once. They held the funeral on the second day, with the town coming to look at Miss Emily beneath a mass of bought flowers, with the crayon face of her father musing profoundly above the bier and the ladies sibilant and macabre; and the very old men --some in their brushed Confederate uniforms--on the porch and the lawn, talking of Miss Emily as if she had been a contemporary of theirs, believing that they had danced with her and courted her perhaps, confusing time with its mathematical progression, as the old do, to whom all the past is not a diminishing road but, instead, a huge meadow which no winter ever quite touches, divided from them now by the narrow bottle-neck of the most recent decade of years.

(54)Already we knew that there was one room in that region above stairs which no one had seen in forty years, and which would have to be forced. They waited until Miss Emily was decently in the ground before they opened it.

(55)The violence of breaking down the door seemed to fill this room with pervading dust. A thin, acrid pall as of the tomb seemed to lie everywhere upon this room decked and furnished as for a bridal: upon the valance curtains of faded rose color, upon the rose-shaded lights, upon the dressing table, upon the delicate array of crystal and the man's toilet things backed with tarnished silver, silver so tarnished that the monogram was obscured. Among them lay a collar and tie, as if they had just been removed, which, lifted, left upon the surface a pale crescent in

the dust. Upon a chair hung the suit, carefully folded; beneath it the two mute shoes and the discarded socks.

(56)The man himself lay in the bed.

(57)For a long while we just stood there, looking down at the profound and fleshless grin. The body had apparently once lain in the attitude of an embrace, but now the long sleep that outlasts love, that conquers even the grimace of love, had cuckolded him. What was left of him, rotted beneath what was left of the nightshirt, had become inextricable from the bed in which he lay; and upon him and upon the pillow beside him lay that even coating of the patient and biding dust.

(58)Then we noticed that in the second pillow was the indentation of a head. One of us lifted something from it, and leaning forward, that faint and invisible dust dry and acrid in the nostrils, we saw a long strand of iron-gray hair.

Part II: Things Fall Apart by Chinua Achebe

Assignment A: Read Things Fall Apart and complete a dialectical journal (1 entry per chapter for a total of 25 entries).

Dialectical journaling simply means "dialoguing with or talking to your text!" Make dialectical notebook pages by drawing a line down your notebook page $\frac{1}{2}$ width of the paper. On the left side of the line, record important lines from the text. On the right side of the line record your own reactions, reflections and opinions to those lines: Why are they significant, striking, or confusing? What do they remind you of? What connections can you make between these lines and the overall work? Your response should always address what the author's purpose is in utilizing certain literary techniques. Then write at least one thought-provoking question (TPQ). TPQs extend from your response and delve deeper into what you may not even know. These questions may not be answered by a yes or no.

The following pages include instructions for the journals and show examples of entries for a dialectical journal using the short story "Story of an Hour" by Kate Chopin, which was used earlier to introduce annotations. Please read the story and review the examples before you begin your own dialectic journal.

Dialectic Journal Instructions

1. Purchase a three subject notebook that has folders for each section. The first section is for Things Fall Apart. The other two sections will be used for note taking, and in-class writings.
2. Divide the notebook paper in half vertically (from top to bottom). This can be done by folding the page or drawing a line. Whatever you choose, you will need some sort of divider in the center.
3. Each side of the paper has a different function.
 - a. The Left Side – Take notes, direct quotes, observations, lists, images, descriptions of events or summaries. This side of the paper is for factual information. Things on this side of the paper come from the book.

- b. The Right Side – Record your own reactions, reflections and opinions on this side of the paper. These may include comments, reactions, objections, feelings, questions, theories, and new learning. Things on this side of the paper come out of your head.
- 4. BE PREPARED to talk about your logs in class. This is not an option! We need to hear from you, so keep yourself organized and up to date.
- 5. Tips and Tricks:
 - a. Don't procrastinate on doing your log. It is hard to log several chapters at one time. Keep it current.
 - b. Don't be afraid to go back and add to your log. Sometimes, you may miss something, like foreshadowing. Go back and add it to the log for that chapter.
 - c. Read with a pen or highlighter. If you own the book, write important thoughts in the margins and then add it to the log when you finish.
 - d. Less is not more. Don't be afraid to add your personal thoughts to the right-hand side. You cannot put too much in. Remember that the right-hand side is for your thoughts. Record them all.

Types of Entries for Dialectical Journals

1. Key details demonstrate your ability to read closely and pick up on the author's reasons for including specific detail. For example, all symbols, colors, and even names have authorial purpose. Along the same lines, characterization and commentary regarding the setting or environment are also important clues. What purpose does the author have in including them?

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through. The clouds that had met and piled above the other in the west facing her window. The patch of blue sky appears out of the window as Mrs. Mallard stares outside. Birds are singing. This seems peaceful, not at all what the reader expects following tragic news. TPQ: Does the blue sky show anything about Mrs. Mallard's disposition? What does it show?

2. Reflection entries are important because they show that you are connecting personally with the text. If you have ever been through a similar situation as the character, identify with the action a character takes, are reminded of a time when you've observed something similar, or have background knowledge of the time period or setting, explain your connection and why it was significant.

And yet she loved him- sometimes.

Often she had not. What did it matter! Why would a woman be married to a man whom she does not love? When Chopin wrote in 1900, women couldn't own property, they couldn't even vote. It must have been depressing for a woman to totally depend on her husband when she no longer loved him. TPQ: Is this just one specific example of marriage, or is Chopin reacting to the constructs to her society in general?

3. Evaluation entries ask you to explain how the writer uses literary devices to disclose meaning. Examples of literary devices include alliteration, allusion, foreshadowing, hyperbole, verbal, dramatic, or situational irony, simile, metaphor, personification, oxymoron, paradox, repetition, synecdoche, metonymy, understatement and others.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease- of joy that kills. The ending of this is ironic because Mrs. Mallard dies of “joy” instead of grief. Chopin isn’t very clear at the end. Does Mrs. Mallard see her husband at the door or perhaps hear him and then die knowing that she lost her freedom again? The spring setting is a symbol of rebirth, but Chopin juxtaposes the peaceful scene with tragedy. TPQ: are we to assume the true irony is that Mrs. Mallard attains peace only if she dies? Why?

4. Interpretive entries ask you to formulate an understanding of the text’s meaning through language (tone, diction, syntax, imagery). Definitions: Diction is word choice (the vocab used, the appropriateness of words, and the vividness of the language). Syntax is the structure and length of the sentence for a purpose. Imagery is the use of the five senses to create mental pictures for the reader. Tone is the writer’s or speaker’s attitude towards a subject, character or audience.

There would be no one to live for during the coming years: she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose upon a fellow creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination. The tone and diction indicate that Mrs. Mallard is content that her husband is dead. Yet some residual anger remains as well because Mrs. Mallard will no longer suffer the “imposition” of her husband’s will. Chopin is saying that it’s a “crime” for any person to “impose” his or her will on another. That is strong diction for what seems to be the accepted social construct of marriage. TPQ: Is Chopin’s depiction of marriage in “Story of an Hour” fair? Why or why not?

You should list the journal entry type, page number, and quote on the left side of the page with the corresponding responses on the right.

Name _____ Date _____ Block _____

Summer Assignment Part I: Selected Short Stories Rubric

Part I: Selected Short Stories

- Assignment A: Read “Eleven” by Sandra Cisneros and complete annotations assignment
- Assignment B: Read “A Rose for Emily” by William Faulkner and complete annotation and essay assignment

Name _____
Part II: Things Fall Apart

Summer Assignment

Part II: Things Fall Apart by Chinua Achebe

- Assignment A: Read Things Fall Apart and complete a dialectical journal (1 entry per chapter for a total of 25 entries).