

# Summer Reading Assignment - Summer 2020

## William & Reed Academy

### AP English Language & Composition



#### Dear Students,

Congratulations on being amongst the amazing students at William & Reed Academy, and we look forward to an exciting year in AP English Language and Composition. We hope you are as excited as we are to embark on this fantastic journey. Your year will be full of considering enlightened thoughts, creating complex arguments, and learning to interpret the world around you. In twelve months, you will no longer simply be a William & Reed Academy student – you will be a William & Reed Academy AP scholar & ready to take on the world.

**Please read this carefully, so you understand all aspects of the assignment.**

**THE ASSIGNMENT: BRING Parts 1, 2, 3, & 4 on Monday, August 10th because we will begin working with these on the first day of school. Please complete the assignments in order as listed. This year in AP English Language & Composition, you will be asked to analyze various nonfiction texts for their argument.**

**Part 1:** \_\_\_\_\_ Print, read, and annotate an excerpt from the article: “How to Mark a Book” and use this article to help you annotate the book listed below. <http://classicalkids.net/files/How%20to%20Mark%20a%20Book.pdf> (This is worth a homework grade.)

**Part 2:** \_\_\_\_\_ Select and read ONE of the listed memoirs. You must also annotate the book. By annotate, we mean that you should underline, highlight, star, and THEN note, etc. anything that you: A. Find interesting, B. Can be applied from what you learned from the “How to Mark a Book” article, or C. You just want to talk about later. \*\*Any highlighting or underlining should have a margin note to accompany it. (see rubric at the end of this doc) \*\*For instance, *LOL*, *OMG*, *WOW* will not count as annotations. (This is worth a double quiz grade.)

**Part 3:** \_\_\_\_\_ Complete the SPACECAT (an acronym for an analysis technique we’ll use this year) data sheet for your book (attached). Fill it out completely. (This will be averaged in with your annotations.)

**Part 4:** \_\_\_\_\_ Read and annotate “My First Life Line” by Maya Angelou (attached). Your annotations should focus on word choice (diction), tone, character descriptions, sensory appeal, how personality is developed. Then, write a memoir describing YOUR first life line (rubric attached). Use MLA formatting: 12 font, Times New Roman, double-spaced. It should be 300-500 words and should mimic the styles and choices from Maya Angelou’s “My First Life Line” and/or the memoir you chose to read. Be prepared to share your memoir and explain the choices you made. It must be printed on & ready to turn in on August 10th. (This will be worth 1/2 major assessment grade.)

**If you have any questions, you may contact Mrs. Yuhas: [kyuhas@williamandreed.com](mailto:kyuhas@williamandreed.com).**

## 2020 AP Lang Book Choices

**\*\*Special note: Please be aware that you may find material objectionable that others find acceptable. If in doubt about the above selections, check with your parents to help you make a good decision.**

|  |  |
|--|--|
| <p><i>Bossy Pants</i> by Tina Fey</p>  | <p>Spirited and whip-smart, these laugh-out-loud autobiographical essays are "a masterpiece" from the Emmy Award-winning actress and comedy writer known for 30 Rock, Mean Girls, and SNL</p>  |
| <p><i>Hunger</i> by Roxanne Gay</p>  | <p><i>New York Times</i> bestselling author Roxane Gay has written with intimacy and sensitivity about food and bodies, using her own emotional and psychological struggles as a means of exploring our shared anxieties over pleasure, consumption, appearance, and health.</p>                     |
| <p><i>When Breath Becomes Air</i> by Paul Kalanithi</p>                                      | <p>A non-fiction autobiographical book written by American Neurosurgeon Dr. Paul Kalanithi. It is a memoir about his life and illness, battling stage IV metastatic lung cancer. ... Kalanithi worries that a possible cause for his symptoms is cancer – unlikely for people in their thirties.</p> |
| <p><i>The Color of Water: A Black Man's Tribute to His White Mother</i> by James McBride</p> | <p>A memoir written by James McBride's about his life as a black man raised by a white, Jewish mother, named Ruth. The book is the product of fourteen years of research, including the author's interviews with his mother about her heritage.</p>  |
| <p><i>Born a Crime</i> by Trevor Noah (Do not read the young adult version.)</p>             | <p>The story of a mischievous young boy who grows into a restless young man as he struggles to find himself in a world where he was never supposed to exist</p>  |
| <p><i>H is for Hawk</i> by Helen Macdonald</p>   | <p>The author's story of adopting and raising a hawk while she deals with immense grief after her father's death. Obsession, madness, memory, myth, and history combine to achieve a distinctive blend of nature writing and memoir from an outstanding literary innovator.</p>                      |
| <p><i>Me Talk Pretty One Day</i> by David Sedaris</p>  | <p>A collection of comedic essays by David Sedaris. The essays focus primarily on Sedaris's personal experiences as a student. ... In "You Can't Kill the Rooster," Sedaris teases his younger brother, Paul, who frequently uses cuss words.</p>  |
| <p><i>Hillbilly Elegy</i> by J.D. Vance</p>  | <p>A Memoir of a Family and Culture in Crisis is a memoir by J. D. Vance about the Appalachian values of his Kentucky family and their relation to the social problems of his hometown of Middletown, Ohio, where his mother's parents moved when they were young</p>                                |
| <p><i>Educated</i> by Tara Westover</p>  | <p>A memoir that describes the struggle of a young girl who escapes from violence and an emotional prison. It is a conflicting story of fierce family loyalty as well as that of the intense sorrow that arises from the division of one's closest ties.</p>   |
| <p><i>Call Me American</i> by Abdi Nor Iftin</p>   | <p>The incredible true story of a boy living in war-torn Somalia who escapes to America—first by way of the movies; years later, through a miraculous green card</p>   |

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_ Book Title: \_\_\_\_\_

# SPACECAT ✂️🌌🐱

|                        |   |   |
|------------------------|---|---|
| <p><b>Speaker</b></p>  | <p>The author or presenter.</p> <p>What is known about him/her?</p>   |   |
| <p><b>Purpose</b></p>  | <p>The reason behind the text. What <b>SPECIFIC thing</b> does the author want from the audience?</p> <p><b>Format:</b><br/>What type of reading is it? Essay, speech, etc. What impact does this format have on emphasizing the purpose?</p> |   |
| <p><b>Audience</b></p> | <p>The target group or individual to whom the piece is directed.</p> <p>Who is the larger or secondary audience?</p> <p>What qualities, beliefs, or values does the author assume the audience holds?</p>                                     | <p>Target Audience:</p> <p>Larger/Secondary Audience:</p> |
| <p><b>Context</b></p>  | <p>What is going on in the world as it relates to the piece and/or the writer?</p> <p>The time/place of the piece.</p> <p>Subject, general content or ideas. What is this piece about?</p>  |   |
| <p><b>Exigence</b></p> | <p>What was the “spark” (the CAT-alyt) that moved speaker to write/act? How did this event impact speaker?</p>  |   |

|                       |   |  |
|-----------------------|---|--|
| <p><b>C</b>hoices</p> | <p>Style: What are the MOVES of the writer? HOW is the author convincing the audience of his/her purpose?</p> <p>Identify moves (w/ examples) made within each section of the piece.</p> <p><b>**Structure/ organization, word choice, specific devices, syntax, lists, analogies, etc.</b></p> | <p>Beginning:</p> <hr/> <p>Middle:</p> <hr/> <p>End:</p> |
| <p><b>A</b>ppeals</p> | <p>Which rhetorical appeals does the author use? Where? Why? What is the effect or purpose?</p>   |  |
| <p><b>T</b>one</p>    | <p>What is the author's attitude toward the subject?</p> <p>How is the author conveying his/her message throughout the piece?</p> <p>Does the tone shift? Identify tone (w/ evidence) in each section of the piece.</p>   | <p>Beginning:</p> <hr/> <p>Middle:</p> <hr/> <p>End:</p> |

Thesis Statement: In (author's) (book- title), the author (ACTIVE VERB) (the audience) (purpose).

Thesis Example: In Act II.ii of *Julius Caesar*, Portia—Brutus's wife—embraces a submissive posture and demeans their relationship in order to get him to feel pity and guilt towards her, ultimately prompting him to reveal his troubles.

## **“My First Lifeline” by Maya Angelou**

**Directions: Annotate for structure, narrative, descriptive language, figurative language, sensory details and dialogue.**

(1) For nearly a year, I sopped around the house, the Store, the school and the church, like an old biscuit, dirty and inedible. Then I met, or rather got to know, the lady who threw me my first life line.

(2) Mrs. Bertha Flowers was the aristocrat of Black Stamps. She had the grace of control to appear warm in the coldest weather, and on the Arkansas summer days it seemed she had a private breeze which swirled around, cooling her. She was thin without the taut look of wiry people, and her printed voile dresses and flowered hats were as right for her as denim overalls for a farmer. She was our side's answer to the richest white woman in town.

(3) Her skin was a rich black that would have peeled like a plum if snagged, but then no one would have thought of getting close enough to Mrs. Flowers to ruffle her dress, let alone snag her skin. She didn't encourage familiarity. She wore gloves too.

(4) I don't think I ever saw Mrs. Flowers laugh, but she smiled often. A slow widening of her thin black lips to show even, small white teeth, then the slow effortless closing. When she chose to smile on me, I always wanted to thank her. The action was so graceful and inclusively benign. She was one of the few gentlewomen I have ever known, and has remained throughout my life the measure of what a human being can be.

(5) Momma had a strange relationship with her. Most often when she passed on the road in front of the Store, she spoke to Momma in that soft yet carrying voice, "Good day. Mrs. Henderson." Momma responded with "How you, Sister Flowers?"

(6) Mrs. Flowers didn't belong to our church, nor was she Momma's familiar. Why on earth did she insist on calling her Sister Flowers? Shame made me want to hide my face. Mrs. Flowers deserved better than to be called Sister. Then, Momma left out the verb. Why not ask, "How are you, Mrs. Flowers?" With the unbalanced passion of the young, I hated her for showing her ignorance to Mrs. Flowers. It didn't occur to me for many years that they were as alike as sisters, separated only by formal education.

(7) Although I was upset, neither of the women was in the least shaken by what I thought an unceremonious greeting. Mrs. Flowers would continue her easy gait up the hill to her little bungalow, and Momma kept on shelling peas or doing whatever had brought her to the front porch.

(8) Occasionally, though, Mrs. Flowers would drift off the road and down to the Store and Momma would say to me, "Sister, you go on and play." As I left, I would hear the beginning of an intimate conversation. Momma persistently using the wrong verb, or none at all.

(9) "Brother and Sister Wilcox is sho'ly the meanest--" "Is," Momma? "Is?" Oh please, not "is" Momma, for two or more. But they talked, and from the side of the building where I waited for the ground to open up and swallow me, I heard the soft voiced Mrs. Flowers and the textured voice of my grandmother merging and melting. They were interrupted from time to time by giggles that must have come from Mrs. Flowers (Momma never giggled in her life). Then she was gone.

(10) One summer afternoon, sweet-milk fresh in my memory, she stopped at the Store to buy provisions. Another Negro woman of her health and age would have expected to carry the paper sacks home in one hand, but Momma said, "Sister Flowers, I'll send Bailey up to your house with these things."

(11) She smiled that slow dragging smile, "Thank you, Mrs. Henderson. I'd prefer Marguerite, though." My name was beautiful when she said it. "I've been meaning to

talk to her anyway." They gave each other age-group looks.

(12) Momma said, "Well, that's all right then, Sister, go and change your dress. You going to Sister Flower's."

(13) The chifforobe was a maze. What on earth did one put on to go to Mrs. Flowers' house? I knew I shouldn't put on a Sunday dress. It might be sacrilegious. Certainly not a house dress, since I was already wearing a fresh one. I chose a school dress, naturally. It was formal without suggesting that going to Mrs. Flowers' house was equivalent to attending church.

(14) I trusted myself back to the Store.

(15) "Now don't you look nice." I had chosen the right thing for once.

(16) "Mrs. Henderson, you make most of the children's clothes, don't you?"

(17) "Yes, ma'am. Sure do. Store bought clothes ain't hardly worth the thread it take to stitch them."

(18) "I'll say you do a lovely job, though, so neat. That dress looks professional."

(19) Momma was enjoying the seldom-received compliments. Since everyone we knew (except Mrs. flowers, of course) could sew competently, praise was rarely handed out for the commonly practiced craft.

(20) "I try, with the help of the Lord, Sister Flowers, to finish the inside just like I does the outside. Come here, Sister."

(21) I had buttoned up the collar and tied the belt, apron-like, in back. Momma told me to turn around. With one hand she pulled the strings and the belt fell free at both sides of my waist. Then her large hands were at my neck, opening the button loops. I was terrified. What was happening?

(22) "Take it off, Sister." She had her hands on the hem of the dress.

(23) "I don't need to see the inside, Mrs. Henderson. I can tell..." But the dress was over my head and my arms were stuck in the sleeves. Momma said, "That'll do. See here, Sister Flowers, I French-seams around the armholes." Through the cloth film, I saw the shadow approach. "That makes it last longer. Children these days would bust out of sheet-metal clothes. They so rough."

(24) "That is a very good job, Mrs. Henderson. You should be proud. You can put your dress back on, Marguerite."

(25) "No, ma'am. Pride is a sin. And 'cording to the Good Book, it goeth before a fall."

(26) "That's right. So the Bible says. It's a good thing to keep in mind."

(27) I wouldn't look at either of them. Momma hadn't thought that taking off my dress in front of Mrs. Flowers would kill me stone dead. If I had refused, she would have thought I was trying to be "womanish" and might have remembered St. Louis. Mrs. Flowers had known that I would be embarrassed and that was even worse. I picked up the groceries and went to wait in the hot sunshine. It would be fitting if I got sunstroke and died before they came outside. Just dropped dead on the slanting porch.

(28) There was a little path beside the rocky road, and Mrs. Flowers walked in front swinging her arms and picking her way over the stones.

(29) She said, without turning her head, to me, "I hear you're doing very good school work, Marguerite, but that it's all written. The teachers report that they have trouble getting you to talk in class." We passed the triangular farm on our left and the path widened to allow us to walk together. I hung back in the separate unasked and unanswerable questions.

(30) "Come and walk along with me, Marguerite." I couldn't have refused even if I wanted to. She pronounced my name so nicely. Or more correctly, she spoke each word with such clarity that I was certain a foreigner who didn't understand English

could have understood her.

(31) "Now no one is going to make you talk - possibly no one can. But bear in mind, language is man's way of communicating with his fellow man and it is language alone which separates him from the lower animals." That was a totally new idea to me, and I would need time to think about it.

(32) "Your grandmother says you read a lot. Every chance you get. That's good, but not good enough. Words mean more than what is set down on paper. It takes the human voice to infuse them with the shades of deeper meaning."

(33) I memorized the part about the human voice infusing words. It seemed so valid and poetic.

(34) She said she was going to give me some books and that I not only must read them, I must read them aloud. She suggested that I try to make a sentence sound in as many different ways as possible.

(35) "I'll accept no excuse if you return a book to me that has been badly handled." My imagination boggled at the punishment I would deserve if in fact I did abuse a book of Mrs. Flowers'. Death would be too kind and brief.

(36) The odors in the house surprised me. Somehow I had never connected Mrs. Flowers with food or eating or any common experience of common people. There must have been an outhouse too, but my mind never recorded it.

(37) The sweet scent of vanilla had met us as we opened the door.

(38) "I made tea cookies this morning. You see, I had planned to invite you for cookies and lemonade so we could have this little chat. The lemonade is in the ice-box."

(39) It followed that Mrs. Flowers would have ice on an ordinary day, when most families in our town bought ice late on Saturdays only a few times during the summer to be used in the wooden ice cream freezers.

(40) She took the bags from me and disappeared through the kitchen door. I looked around the room that I had never in my wildest fantasies imagined I would see. Browned photographs leered or threatened from the walls and the white, freshly done curtains pushed against themselves and against the wind. I wanted to gobble up the room entire and take it to Bailey, who would help me analyze and enjoy it.

(41) "Have a seat, Marguerite. Over there by the table." She carried a platter covered with a tea towel. Although she warned that she hadn't tried her hand at baking sweets for some time, I was certain that like everything else about her the cookies would be perfect.

(42) They were flat round wafers, slightly browned on the edges and butter-yellow in the center. With the cold lemonade they were sufficient for childhood's lifelong diet. Remembering my manners, I took nice little lady-like bites off the edges. She said she had made them expressly for me and that she had a few in the kitchen that I could take home to my brother. So I jammed one whole cake in my mouth and the rough crumbs scratched the insides of my jaws, and if I hadn't had to swallow, it would have been a dream come true.

(43) As I ate she began the first of what we later called "my lessons in living." She said that I must always be intolerant of ignorance but understanding of illiteracy. That some people, unable to go to school, were more educated and even more intelligent than college professors. She encouraged me to listen carefully to what country people called mother wit. That in those homely sayings was couched the collective wisdom of generations.

(44) When I finished the cookies she brushed off the table and brought a thick, small book from the bookcase. I had read *A Tale of Two Cities* and found it up to my standards as a romantic novel. She opened the first page and I heard poetry for the first

time in my life.

(45) "It was the best of times and the worst of times..." Her voice slid in and curved down through and over the words. She was nearly singing. I wanted to look at the pages. Were they the same that I had read? Or were there notes, music, lined on the pages, as in a hymn book? Her sounds began cascading gently. I knew from listening to a thousand preachers that she was nearing the end of her reading and I hadn't really heard, heard to understand, a single word. "How do you like that?"

(46) It occurred to me that she expected a response. The sweet vanilla flavor was still on my tongue and her reading was a wonder to my ears. I had to speak.

(47) I said, "Yes ma'am." It was the least I could do, but it was the most also.

(48) "There's one more thing. Take this book of poems and memorize one for me. Next time you pay me a visit, I want you to recite.

(49) I have tried often to search behind the sophistication of years for the enchantment I so easily found in those gifts. The essence escapes but its aura remains. To be allowed, no, invited into the private lives of strangers, and to share their joys and fears, was a chance to exchange the Southern bitter wormwood for a cup of mead with Beowulf or a hot cup of tea and milk with Oliver Twist. When I said aloud, "It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done..." tears of love filled my eyes at my selflessness.

(50) On that first day, I ran down the hill and into the road (few cars ever came along it) and had the good sense to stop running before I reached the Store.

(51) I was liked, and what a difference it made. I was respected not as Mrs. Henderson's grandchild or Bailey's sister but for just being Marguerite Johnson.

(52) Childhood's logic never asks to be proved (all conclusions are absolute). I didn't question why Mrs. Flowers had singled me out for attention, nor did it occur to me that Momma might have asked her to give me a little talking to. All I cared about was that she had made tea cookies for me and read to me from her favorite book. It was enough to prove that she liked me.

## Summer Reading Annotations Rubric

+ (100/95/90)

- Student has thoroughly annotated text with questions, observations, and connections to the text/real life; summary of important ideas
- Challenging words and concepts are marked; interesting and surprising parts are noted
- Comments show a thorough understanding of the text
- Consistent marking throughout the text (not bunched)
- Student found examples of ALL or very nearly all of the required literary elements

(85/80)

- Student has proficiently annotated the text with questions, observations, and connections to the text/real life; some summary of important ideas
- Some challenging words and concepts are marked; interesting and surprising parts are noted
- Comments show an understanding of the text
- Somewhat sporadic marking throughout the text (some bunching)
- Student found examples of many of the required literary elements

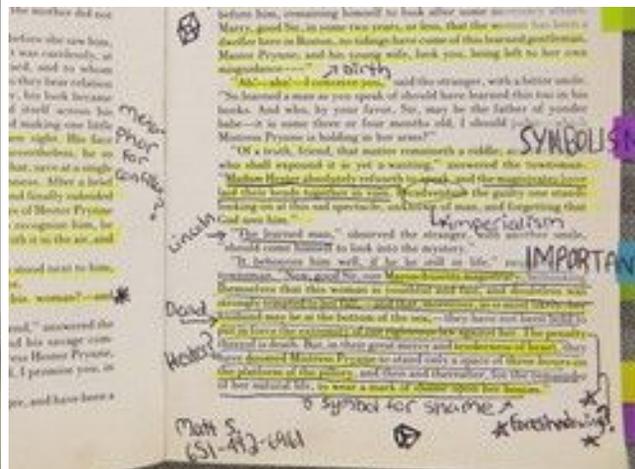
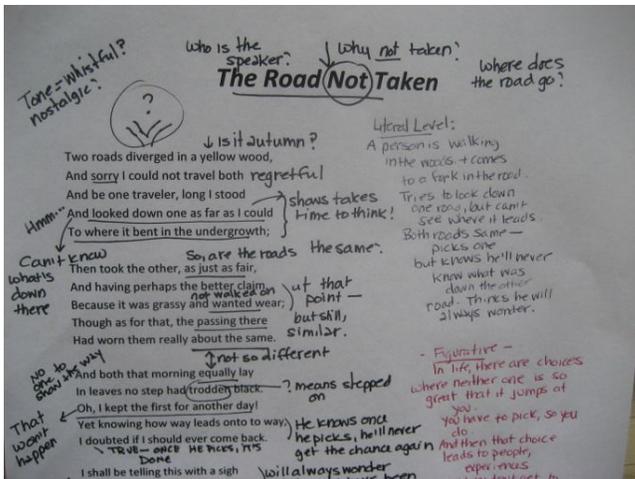
(75/70)

- Student annotations are insufficient but do contain a variety of comments
- Few challenging words and concepts are marked; few interesting and surprising parts are noted
- Comments do not convey understanding of text
- Few and sporadic marking throughout the text
- Student found only a few of the required literary elements and/or repeatedly marked the same elements

(60/0)

- Student made little to no effort to annotate the text
- Few to no challenging words or concepts are marked; few to no interesting and surprising parts are noted
- There seems to be no understanding of text
- Marking is sporadic or almost nonexistent
- Student seems to make little to no effort to find required literary elements

SAMPLE ANNOTATED IMAGES: Although these are very extensive for one page, they give you a sample of what kinds of things to write in the margins for annotations Remember that highlighting and underlining alone DOES NOT COUNT as annotating. You **must** have a notation next to each marking for it to be considered an annotation. 1-2 proper annotations per page would yield an A using the rubric.



AP: Lang & Comp  
 Memoir/Personal Essay Rubric

| Trait   | 0-6  | 7-8   | 9-10   | Notes: | Your Score  |
|---|--|---|--|--------|-------------|
| Ideas:<br>Topic is narrow and manageable. Argument is clear.  | Argument is unclear; story does not have a point. There is no conflict or the only conflict is an external one.          | The argument is somewhat muddled because the story doesn't seem connected to a clear argument. Inner conflict is not evident or not the primary conflict.   | The argument is clear and the narrative selected proves the argument; inner conflict drives the plot and proves the argument.                  |        |             |
| Ideas and Word Choice:<br>Appeal to Audience  | Narrative does not consider the audience and appeals primarily to peers.   | Narrative does not thoroughly consider audience; only content or tone are addressed.  | Story appeals to the audience's values through content and tone.   |        |             |
| Organization:<br>Pacing emphasizes climax   | Climax lacks suspense because it has not been adequately described and narrated; less important info is given more time. | Climax had been somewhat described, but could be more suspenseful with added detail and description; less important information is given the same level of detail.  | Climax has been described and narrated with detail, so as to create a suspenseful moment; less important details are quickly delivered.        |        |             |
| Word Choice:<br>Rhetorical devices (imagery, dialogue, specific narrative action) have been used to emotionally engage the reader | There is little evidence of any rhetorical devices used. The piece lacks an emotional appeal.                            | Some rhetorical devices have been used, but could be used more often or more effectively to achieve a clear emotional effect. Narrative is somewhat too broad or too narrow and some depth and detail are lost. | Rhetorical devices have been used effectively to emotionally engage the reader. Topic is sufficiently narrow as to allow for depth and detail. |        |             |
| Voice is honest, personal, engaging   | Writing lacks a clear point of view because author uses words inaccurately and voice is lost.                            | Writing primarily utilizes the author's lexicon and avoids \$20 words. Voice is a little over used and distracts.   | Narrative writing is honest, personal, and engaging. You have used your natural voice.   |        |             |
|   |  |   | Your Average:  |        | Your Score: |