

June 15, 2020

Dear Honors and AP English Students,

We would like to present some information about your 2020-2021 Honors and AP English assignments for grades 10, 11, and 12.

If you are a current Skyview student, please go to classroom.google.com and click on the “plus sign” in the upper right corner of the webpage. Select “Join class” and add our class code: ijfcykw.

There, you can click on the “Classwork” link and find modules for each of the three Honors or AP English classes at Skyview. Read through the materials for your classes, and submit your assignments to Google Classroom before the first day of school.

If you are a new Skyview student, please find your assignment attached below. Complete the assignment on paper, and bring it with you to your first day of class.

We look forward to meeting all of you in September.

Sincerely,
The AP English Department

Questions? Please email the following teachers understanding that between June 20-August 26, their ability to respond will be limited.

PAP/Honors English 10: Jake.Wyley@vansd.org or Meredith.Wales@vansd.org

AP Lang (juniors): Erin.Annis@vansd.org

AP Lit (seniors): Catherine.Cornelius@vansd.org

Contents:

PAP/Honors 10 Assignment and Texts for Sophomores, pages 2-17

AP English Language and Composition Assignment and Texts for Juniors, pages 18-22

AP English Literature and Composition Assignment for Seniors, pages 23-end

Pre-AP English 10

Summer Reading/Writing Assignment

Welcome to our Pre-AP Sophomore English course at Skyview High School!

Welcome to Pre-AP English 10! This course builds upon the foundation you built last year, and offers you the opportunity to refine your literary analysis, rhetoric, and research skills while exploring the concept of **worldview**.

What is worldview?

Worldview is all around us.

It is the cause of conflict, of relationships, of trust and mistrust.

Humans establish their worldview through the influence of their culture(s), life experiences, and their own critical thinking.

This perspective and lens on life, or worldview, then influences how one interacts with the world.

Evaluating the worldview of our writers and their characters -- while we also explore our own worldview and how it influences our thoughts and actions -- will be a central theme and focus of Pre-AP English 10.

The summer assignment for Pre-AP English not only indicates your willingness to work hard, but it also measures your commitment to the course. Pre-AP English is for students who love to read, explore, and discuss literature, history, and our world.

Our hope is that by completing this work over the summer that you'll join us in the fall ready to dive right in to the material we have prepared for this year. We can't wait to get to know you and work together!

- Skyview High School English Department

Assignment Details

This summer's assignment will help us identify your strengths and areas needing improvement in writing, reading, and analysis early in the year.

Please submit each of your tasks to the "Pre-AP English 10" assignment in our Google Classroom no later than the first day of school.

Part 1:

Read and annotate both *Mother Tongue* by Amy Tan and *Trading Stories* by Jhumpa Lahiri (see attachment in Google Classroom for each essay).

- Annotate your text in Google Chrome's Kami extension to demonstrate understanding of the perspectives and worldviews of each writer.
- Save your annotated essays as a PDF, then upload this file to our Google Classroom assignment.

Part 2:

Write a formal essay that responds to the prompt below:

Both Mother Tongue and Trading Stories deal with issues relating to voice, culture, and familial expectations. In a well developed, MLA-formatted essay, compare and contrast how Tan and Lahiri examine the issues outlined above, and synthesize the ways in which they have had an impact on each writer's overall worldview.

NOTE: See the "MLA Format Resources" link in Google Classroom if you need a refresher.

Part 3:

Choose at least one book to read on your own over the summer.

- It can be fiction or nonfiction, but must be at least 150 pages in length and at an appropriate reading level.
- Your text should explore identity and the worldviews of its protagonists and their communities.
- Bring a copy of your book on the first day of class, and be ready to work with it during our first week of school.

Independent Reading Novel List

Below is a list of worldview-focused book recommendations if you aren't sure where to start:

Half of a Yellow Sun - Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie
In the Time of the Butterflies - Julia Alvarez
The Handmaid's Tale - Margaret Atwood
A Long Way Gone: Memoirs of a Boy Soldier - Ishmael Beah
Behind the Beautiful Forevers - Katherine Boo
A Yellow Raft in Blue Water - Michael Dorris
What is the What - Dave Eggers
The Round House - Louise Erdrich
Snow Falling on Cedars - David Guterson
The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Nighttime - Mark Haddon
The Kite Runner - Khaled Hosseini
A Thousand Splendid Suns - Khaled Hosseini
Their Eyes Were Watching God - Zora Neale Hurston
The Namesake - Jhumpa Lahiri
Pachinko - Min Jin Lee
Angela's Ashes - Frank McCourt
Everything I Never Told You - Celeste Ng
There, There - Tommy Orange
Where the Crawdads Sing - Delia Owens
The Joy Luck Club - Amy Tan
The Hate U Give - Angie Thomas
I am Malala - Malala Yousafzai

Task Checklist

Before the first day of school, please reference the checklist below to ensure you have completed all components of the assignment.

- Upload annotations for both *Mother Tongue* by Amy Tan and *Trading Stories* by Jhumpa Lahiri in PDF format
- Upload essay in MLA format
- Read a book of your choice
- Pack your choice book and bring it with you to class on our first day together

Scoring

Annotation Rubric

	4 - Exemplary	3 - Satisfactory	2 - Emerging	1 - Undeveloped
<p>CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.RI.9-10.10</p> <p>By the end of grade 9, read and comprehend literary nonfiction in the grades 9-10 text complexity band proficiently</p>	All notes demonstrate that student is trying to comprehend, analyze, and think critically about what he/she reads	Some notes demonstrate that student is trying to comprehend, analyze, or think critically about what he/she reads	Few notes demonstrate that student is trying to comprehend, analyze, and think critically about what he/she reads	Student wrote notes because it was required, but he/she did not use them to help understand the reading OR did not provide adequate notes

Essay Rubric

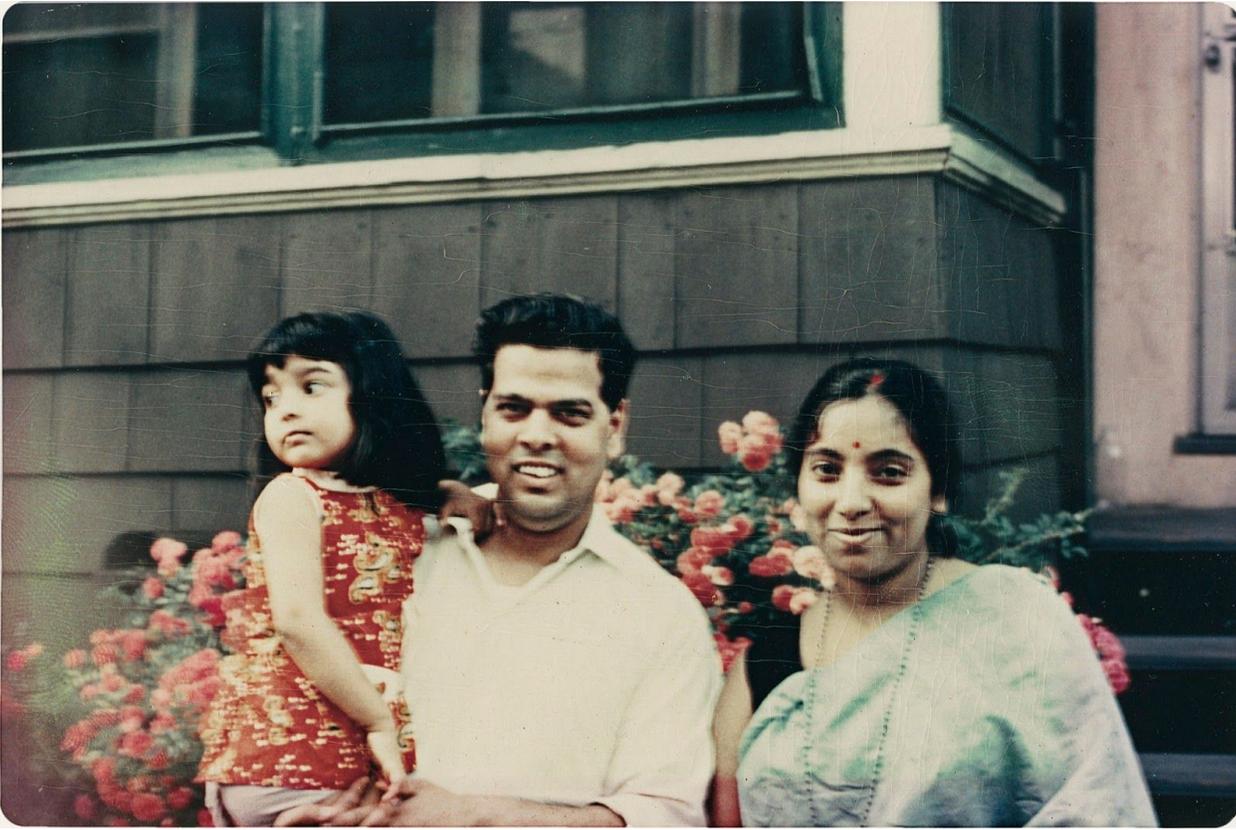
	4 - Exemplary	3 - Satisfactory	2 - Emerging	1 - Undeveloped
<p>CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.RL.9-10.2</p> <p>Determine a theme or central idea of a text and analyze in detail its development over the course of the text, including how it emerges and is shaped and refined by specific details; provide an objective summary of the text.</p>	Exceptionally clear, focused, engaging thesis statement with relevant, strong supporting detail in body paragraphs	Evident main idea in thesis statement with some support which may be general or limited	Main idea may be cloudy due to vague thesis statement, and/or supporting detail is too general or even off-topic	Lacks central idea in thesis statement; development is minimal or non-existent
<p>CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.RL.9-10.1</p> <p>Cite strong and thorough textual evidence to support analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences drawn from text.</p>	Ample support from the novel that includes clear explanation of its connection to the claim. Cited in proper format.	Appropriate supporting details from the novel with explanation of its connection to the claim. Most information cited in proper format.	Some supporting details from the novel. Explanation may not adequately connect the evidence to its claim. Information may not be cited properly.	Few to no supporting details from the novel. Inadequate explanation of connection between evidence and claim. Most information not cited properly.
<p>CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.W.9-10.2.E</p> <p>Establish and maintain a formal style and objective tone while attending to the norms and conventions of the discipline in which they are writing</p>	Style is confident, original, uses variety and is appropriate for the task. Grammar is well used	Style is readable, has some variety, and grammar is not distracting	Style is readable but has no originality in tone and some distracting errors in spelling and grammar	The style and grammar make paper difficult to read and follow.

Trading Stories

Notes from an apprenticeship.

By Jhumpa Lahiri

June 6, 2011



The author, at around the age of three, with her parents, Amar and Tapati, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, circa 1970. Photograph courtesy Jhumpa Lahiri

Books, and the stories they contained, were the only things I felt I was able to possess as a child. Even then, the possession was not literal; my father is a librarian, and perhaps because he believed in collective property, or perhaps because my parents considered buying books for me an extravagance, or perhaps because people generally acquired less then than they do now, I had almost no books to call my own. I remember coveting and eventually being permitted to own a book for the first time. I was five or six. The book was diminutive, about four inches square, and was called "You'll Never Have to Look for Friends." It lived among the penny candy and the Wacky Packs at the old-fashioned general store across the street from our first house in Rhode Island. The plot was trite, more an extended greeting card than a story. But I remember the excitement of watching my mother purchase it for me and of bringing it home. Inside the front cover, beneath the declaration "This book is especially for," was a line on which to write my name. My mother did so, and also wrote the word "mother" to indicate that the book had been given to me by

her, though I did not call her Mother but Ma. “Mother” was an alternate guardian. But she had given me a book that, nearly forty years later, still dwells on a bookcase in my childhood room.

Our house was not devoid of things to read, but the offerings felt scant, and were of little interest to me. There were books about China and Russia that my father read for his graduate studies in political science, and issues of *Time* that he read to relax. My mother owned novels and short stories and stacks of a literary magazine called *Desh*, but they were in Bengali, even the titles illegible to me. She kept her reading material on metal shelves in the basement, or off limits by her bedside. I remember a yellow volume of lyrics by the poet Kazi Nazrul Islam, which seemed to be a holy text to her, and a thick, fraying English dictionary with a maroon cover that was pulled out for Scrabble games. At one point, we bought the first few volumes of a set of encyclopedias that the supermarket where we shopped was promoting, but we never got them all. There was an arbitrary, haphazard quality to the books in our house, as there was to certain other aspects of our material lives. I craved the opposite: a house where books were a solid presence, piled on every surface and cheerfully lining the walls. At times, my family’s effort to fill our house with books seemed thwarted; this was the case when my father mounted rods and brackets to hold a set of olive-green shelves. Within a few days the shelves collapsed, the Sheetrocked walls of our seventies-era Colonial unable to support them.

What I really sought was a better-marked trail of my parents’ intellectual lives: bound and printed evidence of what they’d read, what had inspired and shaped their minds. A connection, via books, between them and me. But my parents did not read to me or tell me stories; my father did not read any fiction, and the stories my mother may have loved as a young girl in Calcutta were not passed down. My first experience of hearing stories aloud occurred the only time I met my maternal grandfather, when I was two, during my first visit to India. He would lie back on a bed and prop me up on his chest and invent things to tell me. I am told that the two of us stayed up long after everyone else had gone to sleep, and that my grandfather kept extending these stories, because I insisted that they not end.

Bengali was my first language, what I spoke and heard at home. But the books of my childhood were in English, and their subjects were, for the most part, either English or American lives. I was aware of a feeling of trespassing. I was aware that I did not belong to the worlds I was reading about: that my family’s life was different, that different food graced our table, that different holidays were celebrated, that my family cared and fretted about different things. And yet when a book was in my possession, and

as I read it, this didn't matter. I entered into a pure relationship with the story and its characters, encountering fictional worlds as if physically, inhabiting them fully, at once immersed and invisible.

In life, especially as a young girl, I was afraid to participate in social activities. I worried about what others might make of me, how they might judge. But when I read I was free of this worry. I learned what my fictional companions ate and wore, learned how they spoke, learned about the toys scattered in their rooms, how they sat by the fire on a cold day drinking hot chocolate. I learned about the vacations they took, the blueberries they picked, the jams their mothers stirred on the stove. For me, the act of reading was one of discovery in the most basic sense—the discovery of a culture that was foreign to my parents. I began to defy them in this way, and to understand, from books, certain things that they didn't know. Whatever books came into the house on my account were part of my private domain. And so I felt not only that I was trespassing but also that I was, in some sense, betraying the people who were raising me.

When I began to make friends, writing was the vehicle. So that, in the beginning, writing, like reading, was less a solitary pursuit than an attempt to connect with others. I did not write alone but with another student in my class at school. We would sit together, this friend and I, dreaming up characters and plots, taking turns writing sections of the story, passing the pages back and forth. Our handwriting was the only thing that separated us, the only way to determine which section was whose. I always preferred rainy days to bright ones, so that we could stay indoors at recess, sit in the hallway, and concentrate. But even on nice days I found somewhere to sit, under a tree or on the ledge of the sandbox, with this friend, and sometimes one or two others, to continue the work on our tale. The stories were transparent riffs on what I was reading at the time: families living on prairies, orphaned girls sent off to boarding schools or educated by stern governesses, children with supernatural powers, or the ability to slip through closets into alternate worlds. My reading was my mirror, and my material; I saw no other part of myself.

My love of writing led me to theft at an early age. The diamonds in the museum, what I schemed and broke the rules to obtain, were the blank notebooks in my teacher's supply cabinet, stacked in neat rows, distributed for us to write out sentences or practice math. The notebooks were slim, stapled together, featureless, either light blue or a brownish-yellow shade. The pages were lined, their dimensions neither too small nor too large. Wanting them for my stories, I worked up the nerve to request one or two from the teacher. Then, on learning that the cabinet was not always locked or monitored, I began helping myself to a furtive supply.

In the fifth grade, I won a small prize for a story called “The Adventures of a Weighing Scale,” in which the eponymous narrator describes an assortment of people and other creatures who visit it. Eventually the weight of the world is too much, the scale breaks, and it is abandoned at the dump. I illustrated the story—all my stories were illustrated back then—and bound it together with bits of orange yarn. The book was displayed briefly in the school library, fitted with an actual card and pocket. No one took it out, but that didn’t matter. The validation of the card and pocket was enough. The prize also came with a gift certificate for a local bookstore. As much as I wanted to own books, I was beset by indecision. For hours, it seemed, I wandered the shelves of the store. In the end, I chose a book I’d never heard of, Carl Sandburg’s “Rootabaga Stories.” I wanted to love those stories, but their old-fashioned wit eluded me. And yet I kept the book as a talisman, perhaps, of that first recognition. Like the labels on the cakes and bottles that Alice discovers underground, the essential gift of my award was that it spoke to me in the imperative; for the first time, a voice in my head said, “Do this.”

As I grew into adolescence and beyond, however, my writing shrank in what seemed to be an inverse proportion to my years. Though the compulsion to invent stories remained, self-doubt began to undermine it, so that I spent the second half of my childhood being gradually stripped of the one comfort I’d known, that formerly instinctive activity turning thorny to the touch. I convinced myself that creative writers were other people, not me, so that what I loved at seven became, by seventeen, the form of self-expression that most intimidated me. I preferred practicing music and performing in plays, learning the notes of a composition or memorizing the lines of a script. I continued working with words, but channelled my energy into essays and articles, wanting to be a journalist. In college, where I studied literature, I decided that I would become an English professor. At twenty-one, the writer in me was like a fly in the room—alive but insignificant, aimless, something that unsettled me whenever I grew aware of it, and which, for the most part, left me alone. I was not at a stage where I needed to worry about rejection from others. My insecurity was systemic, and preemptive, insuring that, before anyone else had the opportunity, I had already rejected myself.

For much of my life, I wanted to be other people; here was the central dilemma, the reason, I believe, for my creative stasis. I was always falling short of people’s expectations: my immigrant parents’, my Indian relatives’, my American peers’, above all my own. The writer in me wanted to edit myself. If only there was a little more this, a little less that, depending on the circumstances: then the asterisk that accompanied me would be removed. My upbringing, an amalgam of two hemispheres, was heterodox and complicated; I wanted it to be conventional and contained. I wanted to be anonymous and ordinary, to

look like other people, to behave as others did. To anticipate an alternate future, having sprung from a different past. This had been the lure of acting—the comfort of erasing my identity and adopting another. How could I want to be a writer, to articulate what was within me, when I did not wish to be myself?

It was not in my nature to be an assertive person. I was used to looking to others for guidance, for influence, sometimes for the most basic cues of life. And yet writing stories is one of the most assertive things a person can do. Fiction is an act of willfulness, a deliberate effort to reconceive, to rearrange, to reconstitute nothing short of reality itself. Even among the most reluctant and doubtful of writers, this willfulness must emerge. Being a writer means taking the leap from listening to saying, “Listen to me.”

This was where I faltered. I preferred to listen rather than speak, to see instead of be seen. I was afraid of listening to myself, and of looking at my life.

It was assumed by my family that I would get a Ph.D. But after I graduated from college, I was, for the first time, no longer a student, and the structure and system I’d known and in some senses depended on fell away. I moved to Boston, a city I knew only vaguely, and lived in a room in the home of people who were not related to me, whose only interest in me was my rent. I found work at a bookstore, opening shipments and running a cash register. I formed a close friendship with a young woman who worked there, whose father is a poet named Bill Corbett. I began to visit the Corbetts’ home, which was filled with books and art—a framed poem by Seamus Heaney, drawings by Philip Guston, a rubbing of Ezra Pound’s gravestone. I saw the desk where Bill wrote, obscured by manuscripts, letters, and proofs, in the middle of the living room. I saw that the work taking place on this desk was obliged to no one, connected to no institution; that this desk was an island, and that Bill worked on his own. I spent a summer living in that house, reading back issues of *The Paris Review*, and when I was alone, in a bright room on the top floor, pecking out sketches and fragments on a typewriter.

I began to want to be a writer. Secretly at first, exchanging pages with one other person, our prescheduled meetings forcing me to sit down and produce something. Stealing into the office where I had a job as a research assistant, on weekends and at night, to type stories onto a computer, a machine I did not own at the time. I bought a copy of “Writer’s Market,” and sent out stories to little magazines that sent them back to me. The following year, I entered graduate school, not as a writer but as a student of English literature. But beneath my declared scholarly objective there was now a wrinkle. I used to pass a bookshop every day on the way to the train, the storefront displaying dozens of titles that I always stopped to look at. Among them were books by Leslie Epstein, a writer whose work I had not yet read but

whose name I knew, as the director of the writing program at Boston University. On a lark one day, I walked into the creative-writing department seeking permission to sit in on a class.

It was audacious of me. The equivalent, nearly two decades later, of stealing notebooks from a teacher's cabinet; of crossing a line. The class was open only to writing students, so I did not expect Epstein to make an exception. After he did, I worked up the nerve to apply for a formal spot in the creative-writing program the following year. When I told my parents that I'd been accepted, with a fellowship, they neither encouraged nor discouraged me. Like so many aspects of my American life, the idea that one could get a degree in creative writing, that it could be a legitimate course of study, seemed perhaps frivolous to them. Still, a degree was a degree, and so their reaction to my decision was to remain neutral. Though I corrected her, my mother, at first, referred to it as a critical-writing program. My father, I am guessing, hoped it would have something to do with a Ph.D.

My mother wrote poems occasionally. They were in Bengali, and were published now and then in literary magazines in New England or Calcutta. She seemed proud of her efforts, but she did not call herself a poet. Both her father and her youngest brother, on the other hand, were visual artists. It was by their creative callings that they were known to the world, and had been described to me. My mother spoke of them reverently. She told me about the day that my grandfather had had to take his final exam at the Government College of Art, in Calcutta, and happened to have a high fever. He was able to complete only a portion of the portrait he had been asked to render, the subject's mouth and chin, but it was done so skillfully that he graduated with honors. Watercolors by my grandfather were brought back from India, framed, and shown off to visitors, and to this day I keep one of his medals in my jewelry box, regarding it since childhood as a good-luck charm.

Before our visits to Calcutta, my mother would make special trips to an art store to buy the brushes and paper and pens and tubes of paint that my uncle had requested. Both my grandfather and my uncle earned their living as commercial artists. Their fine art brought in little money. My grandfather died when I was five, but I have vivid memories of my uncle, working at his table in the corner of the cramped rented apartment where my mother was brought up, preparing layouts for clients who came to the house to approve or disapprove of his ideas, my uncle staying up all night to get the job done. I gathered that my grandfather had never been financially secure, and that my uncle's career was also precarious—that being an artist, though noble and romantic, was not a practical or responsible thing to do.

Abandoned weighing scales, witches, orphans: these, in childhood, had been my subjects. As a child, I had written to connect with my peers. But when I started writing stories again, in my twenties, my parents were the people I was struggling to reach. In 1992, just before starting the writing program at B.U., I went to Calcutta with my family. I remember coming back at the end of summer, getting into bed, and almost immediately writing the first of the stories I submitted that year in workshop. It was set in the building where my mother had grown up, and where I spent much of my time when I was in India. I see now that my impulse to write this story, and several like-minded stories that followed, was to prove something to my parents: that I understood, on my own terms, in my own words, in a limited but precise way, the world they came from. For though they had created me, and reared me, and lived with me day after day, I knew that I was a stranger to them, an American child. In spite of our closeness, I feared that I was alien. This was the predominant anxiety I had felt while growing up.

I was my parents' firstborn child. When I was seven, my mother became pregnant again, and gave birth to my sister in November, 1974. A few months later, one of her closest friends in Rhode Island, another Bengali woman, also learned that she was expecting. The woman's husband, like my father, worked at the university. Based on my mother's recommendation, her friend saw the same doctor and planned to deliver at the same hospital where my sister was born. One rainy evening, my parents received a call from the hospital. The woman's husband cried into the telephone as he told my parents that their child had been born dead. There was no reason for it. It had simply happened, as it sometimes does. I remember the weeks following, my mother cooking food and taking it over to the couple, the grief in place of the son who was supposed to have filled their home. If writing is a reaction to injustice, or a search for meaning when meaning is taken away, this was that initial experience for me. I remember thinking that it could have happened to my parents and not to their friends, and I remember, because the same thing had not happened to our family, as my sister was by then a year old already, also feeling ashamed. But, mainly, I felt the unfairness of it—the unfairness of the couple's expectation, unfulfilled.

We moved to a new house, whose construction we had overseen, in a new neighborhood. Soon afterward, the childless couple had a house built in our neighborhood as well. They hired the same contractor, and used the same materials, the same floor plan, so that the houses were practically identical. Other children in the neighborhood, sailing past on bicycles and roller skates, took note of this similarity, finding it funny. I was asked if all Indians lived in matching houses. I resented these children, for not knowing what I knew of the couple's misfortune, and at the same time I resented the couple a little, for having modelled their home on ours, for suggesting that our lives were the same when they were not. A few years later the

house was sold, the couple moving away to another town, and an American family altered the façade so that it was no longer a carbon copy of ours. The comic parallel between two Bengali families in a Rhode Island neighborhood was forgotten by the neighborhood children. But our lives had not been parallel; I was unable to forget this.

When I was thirty years old, digging in the loose soil of a new story, I unearthed that time, that first tragic thing I could remember happening, and wrote a story called “A Temporary Matter.” It is not exactly the story of what had happened to that couple, nor is it a story of something that happened to me. Springing from my childhood, from the part of me that was slowly reverting to what I loved most when I was young, it was the first story that I wrote as an adult.

My father, who, at eighty, still works forty hours a week at the University of Rhode Island, has always sought security and stability in his job. His salary was never huge, but he supported a family that wanted for nothing. As a child, I did not know the exact meaning of “tenure,” but when my father obtained it I sensed what it meant to him. I set out to do as he had done, and to pursue a career that would provide me with a similar stability and security. But at the last minute I stepped away, because I wanted to be a writer instead. Stepping away was what was essential, and what was also fraught. Even after I received the Pulitzer Prize, my father reminded me that writing stories was not something to count on, and that I must always be prepared to earn my living in some other way. I listen to him, and at the same time I have learned not to listen, to wander to the edge of the precipice and to leap. And so, though a writer’s job is to look and listen, in order to become a writer I had to be deaf and blind.

I see now that my father, for all his practicality, gravitated toward a precipice of his own, leaving his country and his family, stripping himself of the reassurance of belonging. In reaction, for much of my life, I wanted to belong to a place, either the one my parents came from or to America, spread out before us. When I became a writer my desk became home; there was no need for another. Every story is a foreign territory, which, in the process of writing, is occupied and then abandoned. I belong to my work, to my characters, and in order to create new ones I leave the old ones behind. My parents’ refusal to let go or to belong fully to either place is at the heart of what I, in a less literal way, try to accomplish in writing. Born of my inability to belong, it is my refusal to let go. ♦

Mother Tongue

By Amy Tan

I am not a scholar of English or literature. I cannot give you much more than personal opinions on the English language and its variations in this country or others.

I am a writer. And by that definition, I am someone who has always loved language. I am fascinated by language in daily life. I spend a great deal of my time thinking about the power of language -- the way it can evoke an emotion, a visual image, a complex idea, or a simple truth. Language is the tool of my trade. And I use them all -- all the Englishes I grew up with.

Recently, I was made keenly aware of the different Englishes I do use. I was giving a talk to a large group of people, the same talk I had already given to half a dozen other groups. The nature of the talk was about my writing, my life, and my book, *The Joy Luck Club*. The talk was going along well enough, until I remembered one major difference that made the whole talk sound wrong. My mother was in the room. And it was perhaps the first time she had heard me give a lengthy speech, using the kind of English I have never used with her. I was saying things like, "The intersection of memory upon imagination" and "There is an aspect of my fiction that relates to thus-and-thus" -- a speech filled with carefully wrought grammatical phrases, burdened, it suddenly seemed to me, with nominalized forms, past perfect tenses, conditional phrases, all the forms of standard English that I had learned in school and through books, the forms of English I did not use at home with my mother.

Just last week, I was walking down the street with my mother, and I again found myself conscious of the English I was using, the English I do use with her. We were talking about the price of new and used furniture and I heard myself saying this: "Not waste money that way." My husband was with us as well, and he didn't notice any switch in my English. And then I realized why. It's because over the twenty years we've been together I've often used that same kind of English with him, and sometimes he even uses it with me. It has become our language of intimacy, a different sort of English that relates to family talk, the language I grew up with.

So you'll have some idea of what this family talk I heard sounds like, I'll quote what my mother said during a recent conversation which I videotaped and then transcribed. During this conversation, my mother was talking about a political gangster in Shanghai who had the same last name as her family's, Du, and how the gangster in his early years wanted to be adopted by her family, which was rich by comparison. Later, the gangster became more powerful, far richer than my mother's family, and one day showed up at my mother's wedding to pay his respects. Here's what she said in part: "Du Yusong having business like fruit stand. Like off the street kind. He is Du like Du Zong -- but not Tsung-ming Island people. The local people call putong, the river east side, he belong to that side local people. That man want to ask Du Zong father take him in like become own family. Du Zong father wasn't look down on him, but didn't take seriously, until that man big like become a mafia. Now important person, very hard to inviting him. Chinese way, came only to show respect, don't stay for dinner. Respect for making big celebration, he shows up. Mean gives lots of respect. Chinese custom. Chinese social life that way. If too

important won't have to stay too long. He come to my wedding. I didn't see, I heard it. I gone to boy's side, they have YMCA dinner. Chinese age I was nineteen."

You should know that my mother's expressive command of English belies how much she actually understands. She reads the Forbes report, listens to Wall Street Week, converses daily with her stockbroker, reads all of Shirley MacLaine's books with ease--all kinds of things I can't begin to understand. Yet some of my friends tell me they understand 50 percent of what my mother says. Some say they understand 80 to 90 percent. Some say they understand none of it, as if she were speaking pure Chinese. But to me, my mother's English is perfectly clear, perfectly natural. It's my mother tongue. Her language, as I hear it, is vivid, direct, full of observation and imagery. That was the language that helped shape the way I saw things, expressed things, made sense of the world.

Lately, I've been giving more thought to the kind of English my mother speaks. Like others, I have described it to people as "broken" or "fractured" English. But I wince when I say that. It has always bothered me that I can think of no way to describe it other than "broken," as if it were damaged and needed to be fixed, as if it lacked a certain wholeness and soundness. I've heard other terms used, "limited English," for example. But they seem just as bad, as if everything is limited, including people's perceptions of the limited English speaker.

I know this for a fact, because when I was growing up, my mother's "limited" English limited my perception of her. I was ashamed of her English. I believed that her English reflected the quality of what she had to say. That is, because she expressed them imperfectly her thoughts were imperfect. And I had plenty of empirical evidence to support me: the fact that people in department stores, at banks, and at restaurants did not take her seriously, did not give her good service, pretended not to understand her, or even acted as if they did not hear her.

My mother has long realized the limitations of her English as well. When I was fifteen, she used to have me call people on the phone to pretend I was she. In this guise, I was forced to ask for information or even to complain and yell at people who had been rude to her. One time it was a call to her stockbroker in New York. She had cashed out her small portfolio and it just so happened we were going to go to New York the next week, our very first trip outside California. I had to get on the phone and say in an adolescent voice that was not very convincing, "This is Mrs. Tan."

And my mother was standing in the back whispering loudly, "Why he don't send me check, already two weeks late. So mad he lie to me, losing me money."

And then I said in perfect English, "Yes, I'm getting rather concerned. You had agreed to send the check two weeks ago, but it hasn't arrived."

Then she began to talk more loudly. "What he want, I come to New York tell him front of his boss, you cheating me?" And I was trying to calm her down, make her be quiet, while telling the stockbroker, "I can't tolerate any more excuses. If I don't receive the check immediately, I am going to have to speak to your manager when I'm in New York next week." And sure enough, the following week there we were in

front of this astonished stockbroker, and I was sitting there red-faced and quiet, and my mother, the real Mrs. Tan, was shouting at his boss in her impeccable broken English.

We used a similar routine just five days ago, for a situation that was far less humorous. My mother had gone to the hospital for an appointment, to find out about a benign brain tumor a CAT scan had revealed a month ago. She said she had spoken very good English, her best English, no mistakes. Still, she said, the hospital did not apologize when they said they had lost the CAT scan and she had come for nothing. She said they did not seem to have any sympathy when she told them she was anxious to know the exact diagnosis, since her husband and son had both died of brain tumors. She said they would not give her any more information until the next time and she would have to make another appointment for that. So she said she would not leave until the doctor called her daughter. She wouldn't budge. And when the doctor finally called her daughter, me, who spoke in perfect English -- lo and behold -- we had assurances the CAT scan would be found, promises that a conference call on Monday would be held, and apologies for any suffering my mother had gone through for a most regrettable mistake.

I think my mother's English almost had an effect on limiting my possibilities in life as well. Sociologists and linguists probably will tell you that a person's developing language skills are more influenced by peers. But I do think that the language spoken in the family, especially in immigrant families which are more insular, plays a large role in shaping the language of the child. And I believe that it affected my results on achievement tests, I.Q. tests, and the SAT. While my English skills were never judged as poor, compared to math, English could not be considered my strong suit. In grade school I did moderately well, getting perhaps B's, sometimes B-pluses, in English and scoring perhaps in the sixtieth or seventieth percentile on achievement tests. But those scores were not good enough to override the opinion that my true abilities lay in math and science, because in those areas I achieved A's and scored in the ninetieth percentile or higher.

This was understandable. Math is precise; there is only one correct answer. Whereas, for me at least, the answers on English tests were always a judgment call, a matter of opinion and personal experience. Those tests were constructed around items like fill-in-the-blank sentence completion, such as, "Even though Tom was, Mary thought he was --." And the correct answer always seemed to be the most bland combinations of thoughts, for example, "Even though Tom was shy, Mary thought he was charming:" with the grammatical structure "even though" limiting the correct answer to some sort of semantic opposites, so you wouldn't get answers like, "Even though Tom was foolish, Mary thought he was ridiculous:" Well, according to my mother, there were very few limitations as to what Tom could have been and what Mary might have thought of him. So I never did well on tests like that

The same was true with word analogies, pairs of words in which you were supposed to find some sort of logical, semantic relationship -- for example, "Sunset is to nightfall as is to ." And here you would be presented with a list of four possible pairs, one of which showed the same kind of relationship: red is to stoplight, bus is to arrival, chills is to fever, yawn is to boring: Well, I could never think that way. I knew what the tests were asking, but I could not block out of my mind the images already created by the first pair, "sunset is to nightfall"--and I would see a burst of colors against a darkening sky, the moon rising, the lowering of a curtain of stars. And all the other pairs of words --red, bus, stoplight, boring--just threw up a mass of confusing images, making it impossible for me to sort out something as logical as saying: "A

sunset precedes nightfall" is the same as "a chill precedes a fever." The only way I would have gotten that answer right would have been to imagine an associative situation, for example, my being disobedient and staying out past sunset, catching a chill at night, which turns into feverish pneumonia as punishment, which indeed did happen to me.

I have been thinking about all this lately, about my mother's English, about achievement tests. Because lately I've been asked, as a writer, why there are not more Asian Americans represented in American literature. Why are there few Asian Americans enrolled in creative writing programs? Why do so many Chinese students go into engineering! Well, these are broad sociological questions I can't begin to answer. But I have noticed in surveys -- in fact, just last week -- that Asian students, as a whole, always do significantly better on math achievement tests than in English. And this makes me think that there are other Asian-American students whose English spoken in the home might also be described as "broken" or "limited." And perhaps they also have teachers who are steering them away from writing and into math and science, which is what happened to me.

Fortunately, I happen to be rebellious in nature and enjoy the challenge of disproving assumptions made about me. I became an English major my first year in college, after being enrolled as pre-med. I started writing nonfiction as a freelancer the week after I was told by my former boss that writing was my worst skill and I should hone my talents toward account management.

But it wasn't until 1985 that I finally began to write fiction. And at first I wrote using what I thought to be wittily crafted sentences, sentences that would finally prove I had mastery over the English language. Here's an example from the first draft of a story that later made its way into *The Joy Luck Club*, but without this line: "That was my mental quandary in its nascent state." A terrible line, which I can barely pronounce.

Fortunately, for reasons I won't get into today, I later decided I should envision a reader for the stories I would write. And the reader I decided upon was my mother, because these were stories about mothers. So with this reader in mind -- and in fact she did read my early drafts--I began to write stories using all the Englishes I grew up with: the English I spoke to my mother, which for lack of a better term might be described as "simple"; the English she used with me, which for lack of a better term might be described as "broken"; my translation of her Chinese, which could certainly be described as "watered down"; and what I imagined to be her translation of her Chinese if she could speak in perfect English, her internal language, and for that I sought to preserve the essence, but neither an English nor a Chinese structure. I wanted to capture what language ability tests can never reveal: her intent, her passion, her imagery, the rhythms of her speech and the nature of her thoughts.

Apart from what any critic had to say about my writing, I knew I had succeeded where it counted when my mother finished reading my book and gave me her verdict: "So easy to read."

AP English Language and Composition

Summer Reading Assignment

Welcome to our AP English Language and Composition course at Skyview High School!

AP Lang is a writing intensive class. We learn how to use the art of persuasion –or, rhetoric- to craft well-argued essays that can be used in your personal lives, as well as in college. In order to become confident and competent writers, we need to read and write A LOT.

For your summer assignment this year, we are going to ask you to take stock of your writing confidence and abilities. You're going to send us a sample of your past writing, as well as a reflection on your own writing. You will also complete a reading and writing assignment that has really helped us understand our students at the beginning of each year. You will read and annotate an excerpt of a powerful American's reflection on learning to read and write. Then, you will reflect on how you learned to read and your own attitude towards reading in a narrative essay of your own. Lastly, because reading is such an important part of becoming a good writer, we are going to ask you not to neglect reading by insisting that you read at least one book of your choice.

Hopefully, with this bit of self-reflection over the summer, you'll be ready to roll when school returns in the fall. We know that we'll be ready to work with you all.

Happy writing! See you in August 2020!
Skyview AP Lang Teachers

This summer's assignment will help us gauge your writing strengths and weaknesses early in the year. It looks like a big assignment, but read through the tasks. You'll notice that they involve work you have already done.

Due Date: Please submit your tasks to our "AP Lang" assignment in our Google Classroom by the first day of school.

Tasks: Upload your assignments to the "AP Lang" assignment in our Google Classroom.

1. Upload your best essay. It could be an essay that you wrote for school in any class, in any grade. It could be a persuasive essay, a research essay, or a narrative essay. It could also be an essay that you have recently written on your own.
 - a. a. Please be sure to type your essay in MLA or APA format if it isn't already formatted.
2. Write an honest reflection that gives detailed answers to the following questions. Be sure to type your reflection in MLA format.
 - a. a. What are strengths and weaknesses in your academic writing for school?
 - b. b. What are strengths and weaknesses in your creative writing (poems, short stories, narrative essays, plays, etc.)?
 - c. c. What are your writing goals for this class? What would you like to improve on or explore?
 - d. d. What are the names of some authors whose writing you like? What do you like about their writing?
3. Read and annotate Frederick Douglass's "Learning to Read and Write" (included below). Frederick Douglass was an enslaved American who escaped and liberated himself. He became a famous abolitionist, working to convince Americans living in the North of the immorality and injustice of slavery. In this excerpt from his memoir, Douglass informs his readers about his life as an enslaved American, and persuades them of his position on the inhumanity of slavery. Annotate your text to demonstrate understanding of how he informs and persuades his audience. Upload your annotations to our assignment.
4. Write a personal narrative essay that responds to the prompt below:
 - a. a. **Prompt:** Frederick Douglass uses storytelling –or narrative- to discuss his experience with and attitude towards reading. Because reading is the foundation of how you will continue to learn new

things as an adult (whether you decide to attend college or not), and because we will help you with these skills this summer, it is important that we understand your own experiences and attitudes towards reading. Using Douglass's narrative style as inspiration, tell us the story of how you learned to read and your attitudes toward reading as you have grown up. Type in MLA format.

- Choose at least one book to read on your own over the summer. It can be fiction or non-fiction. Bring a copy of your book on the first day of class, and be ready to work with it over the first couple of weeks.

Task Checklist:

- Upload example of best essay in MLA format.
- Upload writing reflection in MLA format.
- Upload Frederick Douglass annotations.
- Upload personal narrative essay about learning to read in MLA format.
- Read a book of your choice. Bring it with you on the first day of class.

Annotation Rubric:

Grade	Exceeds Grade 10 Standards	Meets Grade 10 Standards	Developing	Does Not Meet
	-Student can clearly differentiate between the author's main ideas and his main strategies for persuasion.	-Student has used annotations to attempt to understand the author's message, and demonstrates critical reading of the text.	-Student has used annotations to understand the author's message, but may not demonstrate a fully critical reading of the text.	-Student has used minimal or no annotations.

Narrative Rubric:

Grade	Exceeds Grade 10 Standards	Meets Grade 10 Standards	Developing	Does Not Meet
	-Author uses rhetorical devices to communicate a universal theme in a rhetorical context. -Author's use of style and voice is deliberate and unique.	-Author incorporates a variety of narrative techniques (pacing, conflict, dialogue, imagery, etc) to show rather than tell about reading development and attitudes. -Author reflects on the experiences and attitudes of reading so the audience can understand.	-Author incorporates some narrative techniques, but may tell more than show. -Author reflects on experiences and attitudes of reading.	-Author tells rather than shows. -Narrative feels incomplete, or doesn't adequately address the audience's curiosity. -OR Narrative is missing.

Best Essay and Reflection Rubric:

Grade	Meets Grade 10 Standards	Does Not Meet
	-Student has included a writing sample of his/her best essay. -Student gives a detailed reflection on their own attitudes towards writing. -Teachers feel as though they have a good picture of who this student is as a writer.	-Student has not included a writing sample. -Student reflection is not adequately detailed, or is missing.

Name: _____

“Learning to Read and Write” by Frederick Douglass, excerpted from *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, an American Slave, 1843*

Context: Frederick Douglass was an enslaved American who was born near Baltimore, Maryland. After escaping to freedom in New York, Douglass wrote several memoirs of his life. His first memoir was an important and pivotal text in convincing many Americans (especially those living in the North) to oppose the institution of slavery.

The margins have been widened to allow for annotation.

I lived in Master Hugh's family about seven years. During this time, I succeeded in learning to read and write. In accomplishing this, I was compelled to resort to various stratagems. I had no regular teacher. My mistress, who had kindly commenced to instruct me, had, in compliance with the advice and direction of her husband, not only ceased to instruct, but had set her face against my being instructed by any one else. It is due, however, to my mistress to say of her, that she did not adopt this course of treatment immediately. She at first lacked the depravity indispensable to shutting me up in mental darkness. It was at least necessary for her to have some training in the exercise of irresponsible power, to make her equal to the task of treating me as though I were a brute.

My mistress was, as I have said, a kind and tender-hearted woman; and in the simplicity of her soul she commenced, when I first went to live with her, to treat me as she supposed one human being ought to treat another. In entering upon the duties of a slaveholder, she did not seem to perceive that I sustained to her the relation of a mere chattel, and that for her to treat me as a human being was not only wrong, but dangerously so. Slavery proved as injurious to her as it did to me. When I went there, she was a pious, warm, and tender-hearted woman. There was no sorrow or suffering for which she had not a tear. She had bread for the hungry, clothes for the naked, and comfort for every mourner that came within her reach. Slavery soon proved its ability to divest her of these heavenly qualities. Under its influence, the tender heart became stone, and the lamblike disposition gave way to one of tiger-like fierceness. The first step in her downward course was in her ceasing to instruct me. She now commenced to practise her husband's precepts. She finally became even more violent in her opposition than her husband himself. She was not satisfied with simply doing as well as he had commanded; she seemed anxious to do better. Nothing seemed to make her more angry than to see me with a newspaper. She seemed to think that here lay the danger. I have had her rush at me with a face made all up of fury, and snatch from me a newspaper, in a manner that fully revealed her apprehension. She was an apt woman; and a little experience soon demonstrated, to her satisfaction, that education and slavery were incompatible with each other.

From this time I was most narrowly watched. If I was in a separate room any considerable length of time, I was sure to be suspected of having a book, and was at once called to give an account of myself. All this, however, was too late. The first step had been taken. Mistress, in teaching me the alphabet, had given me the *inch*, and no precaution could prevent me from taking the *ell*.

The plan which I adopted, and the one by which I was most successful, was that of making friends of all the little white boys whom I met in the street. As many of these as I could, I converted into teachers. With their kindly aid, obtained at different times and in different places, I finally succeeded in learning to read. When I was sent of errands, I always took my book with me, and by going one part of my errand quickly, I found time to get a lesson before my return. I used also to carry bread with me, enough of which was always in the house, and to which I was always welcome;

for I was much better off in this regard than many of the poor white children in our neighborhood. This bread I used to bestow upon the hungry little urchins, who, in return, would give me that more valuable bread of knowledge. I am strongly tempted to give the names of two or three of those little boys, as a testimonial of the gratitude and affection I bear them; but prudence forbids;—not that it would injure me, but it might embarrass them; for it is almost an unpardonable offence to teach slaves to read in this Christian country. It is enough to say of the dear little fellows, that they lived on Philpot Street, very near Durgin and Bailey's ship-yard. I used to talk this matter of slavery over with them. I would sometimes say to them, I wished I could be as free as they would be when they got to be men. "You will be free as soon as you are twenty-one, *but I am a slave for life!* Have not I as good a right to be free as you have?" These words used to trouble them; they would express for me the liveliest sympathy, and console me with the hope that something would occur by which I might be free.

I was now about twelve years old, and the thought of being *a slave for life* began to bear heavily upon my heart. Just about this time, I got hold of a book entitled "The Columbian Orator." Every opportunity I got, I used to read this book. Among much of other interesting matter, I found in it a dialogue between a master and his slave. The slave was represented as having run away from his master three times. The dialogue represented the conversation which took place between them, when the slave was retaken the third time. In this dialogue, the whole argument in behalf of slavery was brought forward by the master, all of which was disposed of by the slave. The slave was made to say some very smart as well as impressive things in reply to his master—things which had the desired though unexpected effect; for the conversation resulted in the voluntary emancipation of the slave on the part of the master.

In the same book, I met with one of Sheridan's mighty speeches on and in behalf of Catholic emancipation. These were choice documents to me. I read them over and over again with unabated interest. They gave tongue to interesting thoughts of my own soul, which had frequently flashed through my mind, and died away for want of utterance. The moral which I gained from the dialogue was the power of truth over the conscience of even a slaveholder. What I got from Sheridan was a bold denunciation of slavery, and a powerful vindication of human rights. The reading of these documents enabled me to utter my thoughts, and to meet the arguments brought forward to sustain slavery; but while they relieved me of one difficulty, they brought on another even more painful than the one of which I was relieved. The more I read, the more I was led to abhor and detest my enslavers. I could regard them in no other light than a band of successful robbers, who had left their homes, and gone to Africa, and stolen us from our homes, and in a strange land reduced us to slavery. I loathed them as being the meanest as well as the most wicked of men. As I read and contemplated the subject, behold! that very discontentment which Master Hugh had predicted would follow my learning to read had already come, to torment and sting my soul to unutterable anguish. As I writhed under it, I would at times feel that learning to read had been a curse rather than a blessing. It had given me a view of my wretched condition, without the remedy. It opened my eyes to the horrible pit, but to no ladder upon which to get out. In moments of agony, I envied my fellow-slaves for their stupidity. I have often wished myself a beast. I preferred the condition of the meanest reptile to my own. Any thing, no matter what, to get rid of thinking! It was this everlasting thinking of my condition that tormented me. There was no getting rid of it. It was pressed upon me by every object within sight or hearing, animate or inanimate. The silver trump of freedom had roused my soul to eternal wakefulness. Freedom now appeared, to disappear no more forever. It was heard in every sound, and seen in every thing. It was ever present to torment me with a sense of my wretched condition. I saw nothing without seeing it, I heard nothing without hearing it, and felt nothing without feeling it. It looked from every star, it smiled in every calm, breathed in every wind, and moved in every storm.

I often found myself regretting my own existence, and wishing myself dead; and but for the hope of being free, I have no doubt but that I should have killed myself, or done something for which I

should have been killed. While in this state of mind, I was eager to hear any one speak of slavery. I was a ready listener. Every little while, I could hear something about the abolitionists. It was some time before I found what the word meant. It was always used in such connections as to make it an interesting word to me. If a slave ran away and succeeded in getting clear, or if a slave killed his master, set fire to a barn, or did any thing very wrong in the mind of a slaveholder, it was spoken of as the fruit of *abolition*. Hearing the word in this connection very often, I set about learning what it meant. The dictionary afforded me little or no help. I found it was "the act of abolishing;" but then I did not know what was to be abolished. Here I was perplexed. I did not dare to ask any one about its meaning, for I was satisfied that it was something they wanted me to know very little about. After a patient waiting, I got one of our city papers, containing an account of the number of petitions from the north, praying for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and of the slave trade between the States. From this time I understood the words *abolition* and *abolitionist*, and always drew near when that word was spoken, expecting to hear something of importance to myself and fellow-slaves. The light broke in upon me by degrees. I went one day down on the wharf of Mr. Waters; and seeing two Irishmen unloading a scow of stone, I went, unasked, and helped them. When we had finished, one of them came to me and asked me if I were a slave. I told him I was. He asked, "Are ye a slave for life?" I told him that I was. The good Irishman seemed to be deeply affected by the statement. He said to the other that it was a pity so fine a little fellow as myself should be a slave for life. He said it was a shame to hold me. They both advised me to run away to the north; that I should find friends there, and that I should be free. I pretended not to be interested in what they said, and treated them as if I did not understand them; for I feared they might be treacherous. White men have been known to encourage slaves to escape, and then, to get the reward, catch them and return them to their masters. I was afraid that these seemingly good men might use me so; but I nevertheless remembered their advice, and from that time I resolved to run away. I looked forward to a time at which it would be safe for me to escape. I was too young to think of doing so immediately; besides, I wished to learn how to write, as I might have occasion to write my own pass. I consoled myself with the hope that I should one day find a good chance. Meanwhile, I would learn to write.

The idea as to how I might learn to write was suggested to me by being in Durgin and Bailey's ship-yard, and frequently seeing the ship carpenters, after hewing, and getting a piece of timber ready for use, write on the timber the name of that part of the ship for which it was intended. When a piece of timber was intended for the larboard side, it would be marked thus—"L." When a piece was for the starboard side, it would be marked thus—"S." A piece for the larboard side forward, would be marked thus—"L. F." When a piece was for starboard side forward, it would be marked thus—"S. F." For larboard aft, it would be marked thus—"L. A." For starboard aft, it would be marked thus—"S. A." I soon learned the names of these letters, and for what they were intended when placed upon a piece of timber in the ship-yard. I immediately commenced copying them, and in a short time was able to make the four letters named. After that, when I met with any boy who I knew could write, I would tell him I could write as well as he. The next word would be, "I don't believe you. Let me see you try it." I would then make the letters which I had been so fortunate as to learn, and ask him to beat that. In this way I got a good many lessons in writing, which it is quite possible I should never have gotten in any other way. During this time, my copy-book was the board fence, brick wall, and pavement; my pen and ink was a lump of chalk. With these, I learned mainly how to write. I then commenced and continued copying the Italics in Webster's Spelling Book, until I could make them all without looking on the book. By this time, my little Master Thomas had gone to school, and learned how to write, and had written over a number of copy-books. These had been brought home, and shown to some of our near neighbors, and then laid aside. My mistress used to go to class meeting at the Wilk Street meetinghouse every Monday afternoon, and leave me to take care of the house. When left thus, I used to spend the time in writing in the spaces left in Master Thomas's copy-book, copying what he had written. I continued to do this until I could write a hand very similar to that of Master Thomas. Thus, after a long, tedious effort for years, I finally succeeded in learning how to write.

AP English Literature and Composition Summer Reading Assignment

Purpose of Summer Reading:

- Challenge students to consider a long-standing issue of American history in the context of American literature
- Encourage students to practice and apply college-level reading and analysis of texts
- Prepare students for close reading/analysis, as required by AP College Board

The Assignment:

1. **Read the AP English Literature common reading selection:** *The Underground Railroad* by Colson Whitehead. You can purchase a copy of the book, borrow it from a friend or family member, or check it out of the local library.
2. **Complete the Major Works Data Sheet (100-point homework grade):** The Major Works Data Sheet, which is a 100-POINT homework grade, is DUE on the FIRST DAY of class. Late assignments will be penalized 10 points PER DAY for each day it is late.
 - Please correctly complete all of the boxes on the Major Works Data Sheet regarding your reading of *The Underground Railroad*. **Note:** You may type the responses if your handwriting is either too large or illegible and submit responses on a separate sheet(s) of paper.
 - Before you begin reading, preview the Major Works Data Sheet to see what type of information you need to note as you read.
 - As you are reading, identify and record the following information: significance of opening/closing chapters, author's style, and significant passages/quotations in the text.
 - After you have finished reading, be sure that you have completed each part of the assignment, including the final thoughts/comments section at the end. Make certain that wherever you are asked to include text quotations and page numbers, you do so.
 - **No half-efforts or excuses.** Don't throw this together at the last minute. **Don't copy information from others or online** (That's cheating and plagiarism and will result in a zero on the assignment). Remember: This is my first impression of you. Make it a good one!
3. **Compose a précis analysis paragraph based on your reading of *The Underground Railroad* (50-point test grade):** Prior to the first day of class, you will use your completed Major Works Data Sheet and your knowledge of the book to complete a précis (See following pages for prompt, précis template, and example). Bring the précis and Major Works Data Sheet with you on the first day of school, regardless of if you have your AP English class on your schedule for that day or not. Sometimes students' schedules change over the summer. Please be prepared.
4. **Complete the reading quiz on *The Underground Railroad* on the first day of class (25-point quiz grade):** On the first day of class, be prepared for a reading quiz on main characters and plot from your reading of the book.

A word of caution: *The Underground Railroad* is an adult text (at times containing some adult content) written about an American historical era from a modern perspective. While this historical time period has been fictionalized to create an effect on the reader, it also highlights some of the most accurate and appalling truths about the institution of slavery. Also, please be aware that AP English Literature & Composition is a class for mature students who can read and discuss such topics with critical minds. Some of the texts we read in class explore adult themes and issues while, in some cases, utilizing adult language and scenarios. Reading works that investigate difficult ethical choices and actions does not ever condone or celebrate the choices that characters make. Instead, AP classes are designed to allow students to see how the English language is used to convey the human experience in a vivid, dramatic, and unforgettable manner. I expect my students to be mature readers (or at least on their way to being so). Keep this in mind as you read and write this summer.

Please feel free to contact me this summer regarding any questions about the class or the summer assignment:
Catharine.Cornelius@vansd.org.

AP Literature & Composition

Name: _____

NOTE: If you cannot fit the required information in the designated boxes, you may attach additional pieces of paper to complete the assignment.

MAJOR WORK DATA SHEET

Title: _____

Author: _____

Date of Publication: _____ Total Pages: _____

Significance of Opening Chapter/Section:

Significance of Closing Chapter/Section:

Author's Style (Write a few sentences describing the author's style):

Sample passage(s) that demonstrates the style* (with page #s) - WRITE THE PASSAGE:

* "Style" includes diction, syntax, tone, and any other rhetorical strategies.

Important Quotations / Passages (5-10)

Quotation and Page #:	Significance / Explanation:
Select 5 quotes that demonstrate the author's use of <u>characterization</u> :	Explanation of quotes about author's use of <u>characterization</u> :
(1)	(1)
(2)	(2)
(3)	(3)
(4)	(4)
(5)	(5)

Select 5 quotes that demonstrate a major <u>theme(s)</u> of the book.	Explanation of the quotes about the major <u>theme(s)</u> .
(1)	(1)
(2)	(2)
(3)	(3)
(4)	(4)
(5)	(5)

What are your final thoughts/opinions on the novel?

AP ENGLISH SUMMER ASSIGNMENT PRÉCIS PROMPT

DIRECTIONS: After reading *The Underground Railroad* and completing the Major Works Data Sheet, use the template on the following page to compose a précis paragraph in response to the prompt below.

CONTEXT:

According to the text *Reading Rhetorically*:

A...précis differs from a summary in that it is a less neutral, more analytical condensation of both the content and method of the original text. If you think of a summary as primarily a brief representation of what a text says, then you might think of the rhetorical précis as a brief representation of what a text both says and does. Although less common than a summary, a rhetorical précis is a particularly useful way to sum up your understanding of how a text works rhetorically. (Bean, Chappell, and Gillam 62)

In this précis, you will analyze a theme in *The Underground Railroad*. Theme is the underlying and controlling idea of a literary work. As an abstract concept, theme may be represented by a character, actions, or images in the work. Its generalization about human conduct may be serious or comic, profound or unsurprising. Theme is almost always implicit. Use the following information to help you identify a theme you would like to focus on for your précis.

<p>Identifying a Theme: Thematic Topic = a word or phrase Theme = a complete sentence Theme = topic + attitude</p>	<p>Example using John Steinbeck's <i>Of Mice and Men</i>: Thematic Topic = the American Dream Theme = The American Dream is not possible for all. Theme = American Dream + negative tone</p>
---	---

Characteristics of Theme:

- Includes subject matter, but is a comment on a subject
- The meaning the story reveals through implication
- Discovered through an author's development of characterization, plot, setting, and point of view
- A reflection of experiences, thoughts, and values of an author

PROMPT: Analyze how one of the themes present in Colson Whitehead's *The Underground Railroad* reveals his larger purpose.

FORMAT: Your précis should be typed, double-spaced, and utilize a size 12 Times New Roman font and MLA format

for heading/header and citations of the text. Do not copy anyone else's work, as this is cheating and will result in a ZERO for the assignment.

AP ENGLISH 12 PRÉCIS TEMPLATE (50-point test grade)

The précis format is a highly structured, four-sentence paragraph that blends summary and analysis. The most important part of the paragraph is the analysis part. The summary is used to provide context for the insights revealed in the analysis statements. Below is the format you should follow to complete your précis paragraph:

THE FIRST SENTENCE (Text, Speaker & Theme): Includes the text's title and author, uses a power verb (such as argues, suggests, or claims; not says or shows), follows the verb with the word that, and provides your main assertion for the paragraph identifying the main theme/message of the book. [Context + Title + Author's full name] + [power verb] + [that clause] + [theme].

EXAMPLE: In his Great Depression era novel, *Of Mice and Men*, John Steinbeck illustrates that the American Dream is not possible for all people.

THE SECOND SENTENCE (Character + Evidence of Theme): [Author's last name] + [a power verb] + this lesson/idea through [name the plot device/character] + [brief description of plot device (character, setting, conflict, image, point of view)] + [explain a specific use of plot device in the text that demonstrates the theme + include textual evidence by embedding a quotation(s)].

EXAMPLE: Steinbeck reveals this idea through the characterization of Lennie and George and by juxtaposing Lennie's naïve dreams— "the garden and...the rabbits in the cages and...the rain in the winter and the stove," just "liv[ing] off the fatta' the lan'" —with George's constant reminders of grim reality—"I ain't got time for no more" (7).

THE THIRD SENTENCE (Author's Purpose): The author's purpose is to [insert purpose] in order to [include what larger point or understanding you think the author is demonstrating with this theme].

EXAMPLE: Steinbeck emphasizes this contrast in characters' views of their futures in order to highlight the soul-crushing effects of unachievable dreams and an accurate portrayal of American life during the Great Depression—how, even when we toil and sacrifice, Americans (especially those similar to Lennie and George) can still fail to do or be enough to reach their ideals.

THE FOURTH SENTENCE (Tone + Audience + Purpose): [Author] adopts a [strong adjective] tone/relationship for/with [audience] in order to [purpose].

EXAMPLE: Steinbeck adopts this pragmatic, cautionary tone for his readers, who are likely Americans, and on whom his greater implications regarding American tendencies are not lost, even in more modern eras.

FULL PARAGRAPH EXAMPLE:

In his Great Depression era novel, *Of Mice and Men*, John Steinbeck illustrates that the American Dream is not possible for all people. Steinbeck reveals this idea through the characterization of Lennie and George and by juxtaposing Lennie's naïve dreams— "the garden and...the rabbits in the cages and...the rain in the winter and the stove," just "liv[ing] off the fatta' the lan'" —with George's constant reminders of grim reality—"I ain't got time for no more" (7). Steinbeck emphasizes this contrast in characters' views of their futures in order to highlight the soul-crushing effects of unachievable dreams and an accurate portrayal of American life during the Great Depression—how, even when we toil and sacrifice, Americans (especially those similar to Lennie and George) can still fail to do or be enough to reach their ideals. Steinbeck adopts this pragmatic, cautionary tone for his readers, who are likely Americans, and on whom his greater implications