Summer Reading Assignments – Elyria High School

- Annotations made on electronic devices will not be accepted
- If using Post-It Notes, please do not fold
- Listed are suggested ISBN numbers, please see individual teachers if there are questions about the version of the book


This powerful novel tells the tale of an unlikely pair: George is “small and quick and dark of face”; Lennie, a man of tremendous size with the mind of a young child. They have formed a “family” clinging together in the face of loneliness and alienation. Laborers in California’s dusty vegetable fields living during the time of the Great Depression, they hustle work when they can, but George and Lennie have a plan: to own an acre of land and a place they can call their own. When they land jobs on a ranch in the Salinas Valley, the fulfillment of their dream seems to be within their grasp...


The Alchemist is the magical story of Santiago, an Andalusian shepherd boy who yearns to travel in search of a worldly treasure as extravagant as any ever found. From his home in Spain he journeys to the markets of Tangiers and across the Egyptian desert to a fateful encounter with the alchemist. The story of the treasures Santiago finds along the way teaches us, as only a few stories have done, about the essential wisdom of listening to our hearts, learning to read the omens strewn along life’s path, and, above all, following our dreams.


Deceit, deception, and denial… Clare Kendry and Irene Redfield both grow up in a working-class neighborhood in south Chicago. However, as adults, as fate would have it, they reconnect and find that their lives have each taken very different turns. “Passing” is a novel about how two women view their African American heritage and learn to “pass” as white, while dealing with their own identity issues, marriages, children, and life in the 1920’s. Both Clare and Irene are forced to make very difficult decisions that put their lives and their families’ lives in danger, all in the name of personal gain and social status. The internal conflicts of both characters reveal their true nature, while also creating different scenarios in the mind of the reader as to who caused all of the drama in the end.


The Things They Carried - Please read only the first 85 pages (the first 7 selections) for summer reading. We will then complete the book during the first weeks of school.

BOOKS THAT STUDENTS WILL BE REQUIRED TO PURCHASE FOR THE YEAR:

9 Honors: I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings (Maya Angelou/978-0345514400) and Fahrenheit 451 (Ray Bradbury/978-1451673319)

10 Honors: Frankenstein (Mary Shelley/needs to be unabridged) and The Joy Luck Club (Amy Tan/978-0143038092)

11 Honors: The Great Gatsby (F. Scott Fitzgerald/978-0743273565), Their Eyes Were Watching God (Zora Neale Hurston/9780061120060), and Fences (August Wilson/ 9780452264014)

12th AP: The Dubliners (James Joyce/9780140186475) and The Awakening (Kate Chopin/ 9780486277868)
WHAT IS ANNOTATING?

- It is the significant and meaningful interaction with the text.
- It is a tool you can use to improve reading comprehension and remember the assigned text.
- It allows you to get the most out of a reading assignment and pay attention to details.
- It provides a foundation of information to use for further analysis and discussion.

Directions:

1. As you read, record significant reflections, thoughts or questions next to the specific passages you wish to comment about. Annotations are expected throughout the entire book.
2. You will want to pay close attention to key scenes, themes, symbolism, characters and language as you read and annotate. Please see the list of items to focus on.
3. You may underline and/or highlight; however, this will not be sufficient enough to prepare you for class discussion and you will not be given points for this.
4. If you can’t fit all your comments/observations within the pages of the novel, you may write them on a separate sheet of paper. Make sure you reference every annotation to a specific page. You may also choose to use sticky notes. Please keep in mind that if you do an alternative note taking system you are still responsible for bringing a copy of the novel to class the entire time the text is being studied.
5. Please focus on the quality of the annotations, and not just the amount or quantity.
6. Annotations taken directly or paraphrased from outside sources (internet, books, etc.) will not be accepted. Annotations must be original and authentic.

Items you will want to mark while you read:

- Literary elements (symbolism, theme, foreshadow, characterization, character types, etc.)
- Figurative language (similes, metaphors, personification, etc.)
- Plot elements (setting, mood, conflict, etc.) Please no summaries.
- Diction (effective or unusual word choice)
- Syntax (placement of words, patterns, punctuation and mechanics, etc.)
- Images (striking imagery that helps create meaning)
- Essential questions with answers or solutions
- Connection of ideas and concepts
- Point of view and narration
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Criteria</th>
<th>Excellent</th>
<th>Good/Adequate</th>
<th>Needs Improvement</th>
<th>Lacks Honors Quality</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Number of Annotations</strong></td>
<td>Annotations cover entire novel and are well dispersed. <strong>Excels.</strong></td>
<td>Annotations are frequent but not as thorough (passive). <strong>Substantial.</strong></td>
<td>Annotations are fairly sparse/sections of the novel are not annotated. <strong>Inadequate.</strong></td>
<td>Text is only annotated in certain areas or parts. <strong>Minimum.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Width: Variety of topics/ marked for discussion</strong></td>
<td>Annotations discuss all required literary elements. Questions extend topics/answered. <strong>Above expectations.</strong></td>
<td>Annotations cover requirements and discussion of all literary elements is complete. Minimal questions. <strong>Meets expectations.</strong></td>
<td>Annotations are too narrowly focused on one or two main topics. Lacks effective questions for discussion. <strong>Below expectations.</strong></td>
<td>Annotations miss categories altogether and discuss fewer than the required elements. No questions are present. <strong>Does not show understanding of work.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Depth: Significance of commentary</strong></td>
<td>Not only are there notes but also comments that show depth of understanding and discussion of purpose and effect. <strong>Excellent.</strong></td>
<td>The notes have an occasional insight on the overall purpose and effect of the elements. The reader seems to show a deeper understanding of reading. <strong>Well done.</strong></td>
<td>The notes include mostly identification of elements with only a few insightful comments of the significance of the reading. <strong>Below level.</strong></td>
<td>Notes seem to only identify elements, and at that some of the notes seem purposeless. There is no commentary from the reader on purpose or effect. <strong>Poor.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Big Picture: author’s tone and shifts tagged for discussion, themes are identified.</strong></td>
<td>Annotations identify the main ideas and provide readers’ insight on the themes. <strong>Exceptional.</strong></td>
<td>Annotations seem to understand the big picture but perhaps not clearly or with varied focus. <strong>Good.</strong></td>
<td>Annotations seem shallow, only seeing details with the whole. <strong>Too narrow a focus.</strong></td>
<td>Annotations miss big picture overall, details, identified but not analyzed as a whole. <strong>Limited.</strong></td>
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The Journey
By Mary Oliver

One day you finally knew what you had to do, and began,
though the voices around you kept shouting their bad advice—
though the whole house began to tremble and you felt the old tug at your ankles.
"Mend my life!" each voice cried. But you didn't stop.

You knew what you had to do,
though the wind pried with its stiff fingers at the very foundations, though their melancholy was terrible.
It was already late enough, and a wild night, and the road full of fallen branches and stones.
But little by little, as you left their voices behind, the stars began to burn through the sheets of clouds, and there was a new voice which you slowly recognized as your own, that kept you company as you strode deeper and deeper into the world, determined to do the only thing you could do—determined to save the only life you could save.

Purpose: Listen to your inner voice.

Tone: strident, confident and determined

Sample Annotation

After reading, could be titled "Your Journey”

Repetition of "you" throughout. Is it an authoritative "you" or more personal and intimate?

personification: holding us back

Could represent or symbolize life's demands.

what could "old tugs" be? - guilt, memories, past

Indicates a stop or pause. Important statement to follow
father did not want to hear of it.

"You can go if you want to," he said to me and to my older sisters. "I shall stay here with your mother and the child..."

Naturally, we refused to be separated.

Night. No one prayed, so that the night would pass quickly. The stars were only sparks of the fire which devoured us. Should that fire die out one day, there would be nothing left in the sky but dead stars, dead eyes.

There was nothing else to do but to get into bed, into the beds of the absent ones; to rest, to gather one’s strength.

At dawn, there was nothing left of this melancholy. We felt as though we were on holiday. People were saying:

"Who knows? Perhaps we are being deported for our own good. The front isn’t very far off; we shall soon be able to hear the guns. And then the civilian population would be evacuated anyway..."

"Perhaps they were afraid we might help the guerrillas..."

"If you ask me, the whole business of deportation is just a farce. Oh yes, don’t laugh! The Boches just want to steal our jewelry. They know we’ve buried everything, and that they’ll have to hunt for it: it’s easier when the owners are on holiday..."

On holiday!

These optimistic speeches, which no one believed, helped to pass the time. The few days we lived here went by pleasantly enough, in peace.

People were better disposed toward one another. There were no longer any questions of wealth, of social distinction, and importance, only people all condemned to the same fate—still unknown.

Saturday, the day of rest, was chosen for our expulsion.

The night before, we had the traditional Friday evening meal. We said the customary grace for the bread and wine and swallowed our food without a word. We were, we felt, gathered for the last time round the family table. I spent the night turning over thoughts and memories in my mind, unable to find sleep.

At dawn, we were in the street, ready to leave. This time there were no Hungarian police. An agreement had been made with the Jewish Council that they should organize it all themselves.

Our convoy went toward the main synagogue. The town seemed deserted. Yet our friends of yesterday were probably waiting behind their shutters for the moment when they could pillage our houses.

The synagogue was like a huge station: luggage and tears. The altar was broken, the hangings torn down, the walls bare. There were so many of us

—from Night by Elie Wiesel
CHAPTER I

In my younger and more vulnerable years my father gave me some advice that I’ve been turning over in my mind ever since.

“Whenever you feel like criticizing anyone,” he told me, “just remember that all the people in this world haven’t had the advantages that you’ve had.”

He didn’t say any more, but we’ve always been unusually communicative in a reserved way, and I understood that he meant a great deal more than that. In consequence, I’m inclined to reserve all judgments, a habit that has opened up many curious natures to me and also made me the victim of not a few veteran bores. The abnormal mind is quick to detect and attach itself to this quality when it appears in a normal person, and so it came about that in college I was unjustly accused of being a politician, because I was privy to the secret griefs of wild, unknown men. Most of the confidences were unsought—frequently I have feigned sleep, preoccupation, or a hostile levity when I realized by some unmistakable sign that an intimate revelation was quivering on the horizon; for the

enticing... secret griefs, what are they? who are the wild, unknown men?