Please be aware that students will be held responsible for the assignments on the first day of the fall semester. If a student chooses to change the level of course or class or program over the summer, the student will be held responsible for the summer assignments for the courses reflected on the schedule for the first day of school.

If you have questions regarding which course you are enrolled in for the fall, please contact your guidance counselor.

Please read all the instructions in this document carefully. You are responsible for following all the directions; if you don't, your grade will be lowered.

What this document contains:

- 1. Welcome to the course
- 2. Brief course goal/purpose
- 3. Summer reading assignments poetry & novels
 - a. Essay prompt for *The Awakening* and *Ethan Frome*
 - b. List of three books you choose 1
 - c. Instructions for a book of your choice/book talk
- 4. Tutorial How to annotate a passage
- 5. Sample annotated passage
- 6. Tutorial How to TPCASTT a poem
- 7. Sample poem analyzed using the TPCASTT method
- 8. Ten poems to analyze using the TPCASTT method

Welcome to AP Literature! First, we are glad that you have chosen to take this college-level class. We'd like to tell you a bit about what to expect.

- 1. This is a literature class, so you must be willing to read the assigned novels and plays. Reading just a part of the book or just reading study aids like Spark Notes will not prepare you for college and the AP test. If you don't like to read, this probably isn't the class for you.
- 2. A major goal of this class is to prepare you for college. We will work on improving your writing skills, so by the end of the course, you will feel more comfortable about writing for your college classes.
- 3. We will work on your critical thinking skills.
- 4. There will be homework most nights.
- 5. You will be well-prepared to get college credit by doing well on the AP Literature test next May.

What is AP Literature?

The guiding questions of this course are simple; they are "Why?" and "What is the author's purpose?" We will read and discuss short and long pieces of literature and ask questions such as:

"Why does the character act that way?

"How does it affect the author's purpose?"

"Why does the author use this particular image?"

"Why is this symbol used? How does it affect the meaning of the work as a whole?"

It is helpful to find examples of literary devices, tone, etc., but in this class we will discover how these examples affect the meaning of the work as a whole, and how they reveal the author's purpose. This is literary analysis.

Summer Reading and Writing Assignments

1. **Poetry**. A large part of the AP Literature test focuses on poetry, so it's never too early to start reading and analyzing poems. Print the 10 poems that are on the following pages. You will analyze each poem according to the TPCASTT method. TPCASTT is explained on the page before the poems.

You must have the 10 printed and analyzed poems ready to turn in on the first day of school.

2. You are to read two novels that you will analyze and use to write a comparison/contrast essay.

The Awakening by Kate Chopin AND Ethan Frome by Edith Wharton

You must have your *own personal copy* of each novel, because you will be writing in the books and annotating selected passages in each. Library copies are *not* acceptable; eBooks (Kindle, Nook) *are* acceptable if you are able to highlight and annotate the eBook. There will be a test on each of these books during the first week of school in August. The essay is due on the first day of school in August.

Essay assignment This essay is due on the first day of school; bring a hard copy of the essay to turn in to your teacher. During class on the first day of school, you will receive instructions on how to submit your essays to Turnitin.com, which will verify that your essay is your original work. Do not plagiarize. Because you must submit the essay online, be sure that you save the file on your computer.

Essay prompt: During the late 19th and early 20th centuries, women were widely oppressed by social, cultural, religious, political and even scientific mores and beliefs. Even the way women were expected to dress was oppressive.

How did the social expectations and beliefs surrounding Mattie from *Ethan Frome* and Edna from *The Awakening* affect their lives, choices and ultimate outcomes? See the chart below to create a "block-style" compare-contrast essay:

Introduction:

- 1. Briefly discuss the common ("compare") social expectations and their effects on each character. *Don't be too specific quite yet.*
- 2. Briefly discuss the differences ("contrast") in social expectations and their effects on each character. *Don't be too specific quite yet.*
- 3. Synthesize your thoughts into a thesis that addresses the question above. Example:

 In spite of the superficial differences and deeper commonalities, society drove both Mattie from Ethan Frome and Edna from The Awakening to disastrous ends.

<u>The Mattie Paragraph</u>: suggested topics to be kept "parallel"; in other words the information must be in the same order in each paragraph. Follow this pattern.

- 1. Describe the society surrounding the character.
- 2. Describe how the character is negatively affected.
- 3. Describe how/why the character "revolts" against this oppression.
- 4. Describe the impact of that "revolt" on the character
- 5. Minimum one significant quote, cited. If you don't know how to cite a quote, look it up.
- 6. Minimum one literary element.

<u>The Edna Paragraph</u>: suggested topics to be kept "parallel"; in other words the information must be in the same order in each paragraph. Follow this pattern.

- 1. Describe the society surrounding the character.
- 2. Describe how the character is negatively affected.
- 3. Describe how/why the character "revolts" against this oppression.
- 4. Describe the impact of that "revolt" on the character
- 5. Minimum one significant quote, cited. If you don't know how to cite a quote, look it up.
- 6. Minimum one literary element.

The Disastrous Ends Paragraph/ Conclusion: Synthesize the information to compare and contrast.

Emphasize number 4 in the body paragraphs.

"Talking Points" to Jump-Start Thinking: Both characters end up with a horrible resolution. Was it the society and its expectations? Were their inner-yearnings wrong, or so strong that they eventually led them down this path? Which yearning ultimately destroyed them? Are the settings and characters so vastly different that it is coincidence that they both ended up this way? Are these two stories with different specifics but the same universal moral? Were they doomed to a horrible end no matter what? What if they had chosen differently and had obeyed society? Would that mean anything?

3. Choose a third novel from this list. Read it, and be ready to take a test on it during the first week of school in August.

Frankenstein by Mary Shelley

Dracula by Bram Stoker

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde by Robert Louis Stevenson

For this book, you will choose two significant passages to annotate. The first passage must come from the first half of the book; the second passage must come from the second half of the book. (Do not feel that you must annotate the entire book; just choose two important passages to annotate.) Annotate directly in the book, using whatever method of annotating that you like.

The goal is for you to make a thoughtful choices of passages that you think reveal something significant about the novel. This "something significant" could reveal characterization, theme, author's style, use of language, or something else that you consider to be important.

Your annotating will be used in class discussions. Bring your books/eReader to class on the first day of school to show your annotated passages to your teacher. Not sure what annotating is? Then look at the explanation that follows the assignments.

4. In addition to the two novels assigned in #2 above, read a book for your own pleasure. It can be any book that you want to read, as long as you want to read it and will enjoy reading it. You will give a book talk about this book during the first week of school.

If you have any questions, please email Mrs. Cannaday at cannaday j@pcsb.org or Mr. Dahl at dahlc@pcsb.org.

How do I annotate a passage?

The following information is from Ms. Peluso. All the AP English teachers are on the same page about annotating – the process and the purpose. You have options: you may use highlighters and a pen/pencil to make margin notes, or you may use just a pen or pencil to make margin notes, add brackets/stars/question marks, etc., as needed.

Annotation: Best Practices

- Pre read the text; develop an understanding of the text's meaning.
- At the end of each paragraph, <u>briefly</u> summarize in the margin.
- Make a list of vocabulary words: author's special jargon, new or unknown words, interesting words.
- Look for patterns and repetitions: recurring elements within the text include images, phrases, and situations.
 Ask why the author may have used these repetitions.
- Circle words the author uses for their connotative meanings
- Circle words you need to define in the margin
- Underline sentences that stand out, develop an argument, or make a point
- Number related points
- o Make connections with other things you've read
- Bracket important sections of text
- Connect important ideas, words, phrases

In the margins:

- Summarize and number each paragraph
- o Define the unfamiliar terms
- Note any questions that come to mind
- o Note possible connotative meanings of circled words
- Note any significant patterns
- o Identify any outstanding language usage or devices you discover
- Identify points or arguments

On the following page, you will find an example of an annotated passage.

From The Book of Small, by Emily Carr

Background: The following excerpt from Carr's memoir implies that Carr's father defined the cultural context of her childhood. He had been transported into the wilderness on the wild Pacific coast of southwestern Canada along with his proper, s1:4 sea chest, a sense of British propriety, a Sabbatarian religious tradition, and strict child-rearing practices.

what does this meen?

short, to the point intro

All our Sundays were exactly alike. They began on Saturday night after Bong the Chinaboy had washed up and gone away, after our toys, dolls and books, all but The Peep of Day and Bunyan's Pilgrim's Line Progress, had been stored away in drawers and boxes till Monday, and every Bible and prayerbook in the house was puffing itself out, looking person freation

more important every minute.

Then the clothes-horse came galloping into the kitchen and straddledround the stove inviting our clean clothes to mount and be aired. The enormous wooden tub that looked half coffin and half baby-bath was set in the middle of the kitchen floor with a rag mat for dripping on laid close beside it. The great iron soup pot, the copper wash-boiler and several kettles covered the top of the stove, and big sister Dede filled them by working the kitchen pump-handle furiously. It was a sad old pump and always groaned several times before it poured. Dede got the brown Windsor soap, heated the towels and put on a thick white apron with a bib. Mother unbuttoned us and by that time the pots and kettles were steaming.

Dede scrubbed hard. If you wriggled, the flat of the long-handled dipper came down spankety on your skin.

pper came down spankety on your skin.

As soon as each child was bathed Dede took it pick-a-back and rushed it upstairs through the cold house. We were allowed to say our prayers kneeling in bed on Saturday night, steamy, brown-windsory prayers—then we cuddled down and tumbled very comfortably into Sunday) fine shift

At seven o'clock Father stood beside our bed and said, "Rise up! Rise up! It's Sunday, children." He need not have told us; we knew Father's Sunday smell-Wright's coal-tar soap and camphor. Father had a splendid chest of camphor-wood which had come from England round the Horn in a sailing ship with him. His clean clothes lived in it and on Sunday he was very camphory. His chest was high and very heavy. It had brass handles and wooden knobs. The top let down as a writing desk with pigeon-holes; below there were little drawers for handkerchiefs and collars and long drawers for clothes. On top of the chest stood Father's locked desk for papers. The key of it was on his ring with lots of others. This desk had a secret drawer and a brass-plate with R. mysterious? to her, yes H. CARR engraved on it.

On top of the top desk stood the little Dutchman, a china figure with a head that took off and a stomach full of little candies like colored hailstones. If we had been very good all week we got hailstones Sunday morning.

Family prayers were uppish with big words on Sunday—reverend awe-ful words that only God and Father understood.

No work was done in the Carr house on Sunday. Everything had been polished frightfully on Saturday and all Sunday's food cooked too. On Sunday morning Bong milked the cow and went away from breakfast until evening milking-time. Beds were made, the dinner-table set, and then we got into our very starchiest and most uncomfortable clothes for church.

Author's purpose to convey the solemn holiness of Sundays. Compare to coziness of Sat night.

She does this through imagery, diction, + detail.

Diction-solid, heavy words in sound + meaning

a child's/

active verbs =

Time here is wain, busy, fragrent, contertably familiar.

specific details to characterize father Tone - improssive intimidating Campbor has a sharp, strong smell, Cont-tor link pleasast Smelling .

- Door she like these condies?

ship in tone - rigid, just like the afternoon

How to TPCASTT a poem

TPCASTT is a method of analyzing poetry that gives you a formula to work from when you're trying to figure out what a poem means. It's an excellent way to "cover the bases", rather than just asking someone to tell what he/she thinks the poem might mean. Below is a description of what you should analyze in each step.

<u>Directions for this packet:</u> Analyze each of the poems in this packet using the TPCASTT method, step by step. You should do all the analysis on these handouts; you do not need to write on separate paper. Annotate as you analyze; write notes to yourself, underline/highlight key ideas, figures of speech, interesting diction, etc. There is an example for you to study before you start your own analysis.

Title: Take a look at the title before you even read the poem. What could it mean? Sometimes, the title is very straightforward – that tells you a great deal about what to expect from the poem. Often, the title is somewhat cryptic in nature. That should tell you something about what to expect, too.

Paraphrase: What is the literal meaning of the poem? It's difficult to get the figurative meaning of the poem if you can't figure out the literal meaning.

Connotation: This is the most important part of your analysis; it's where you should demonstrate the most work. What is the implied meaning, and how does the poet convey this meaning? (Hint: It does NOT simply mean "negative" or "positive" connotation.) Sample ideas to look for:

- 1. Specific diction
- 2. Syntax
- 3. Imagery
- 4. Symbols and Motifs
- 5. Poetry terms such as metaphor, simile, hyperbole, alliteration, paradox, allusion, rhyme scheme, etc.
- 6. In short, any literary device used in the poem fits under the connotation category.

Attitude: What is the tone of the poem? Come up with at least two tone words that pinpoint the exact attitude of the poet toward the topic.

Shift: There is a shift of some sort in nearly every poem written. It might be a shift in tone, in subject matter, in meaning, in rhyme scheme – anything. Look for the shift, and then decide why the poet has a shift in that particular place.

Title: Take another look at the title. What does it mean to you now that you've analyzed the poem?

Theme: In a sentence, what is the theme, the poet's message? In other words, what statement about life is the poet making? Be careful: theme is difficult to nail down, and all too often students put down the subject matter instead of the theme.

To Have without Holding Marge Piercy

Learning to love differently is hard, love with the hands wide open, love with the doors banging on their hinges, the cupboard unlocked, the wind roaring and whimpering in the rooms rustling the sheets and snapping the blinds that thwack like rubber bands in an open palm.

as if they are made of wet plaster, then of blunt knives, then of sharp knives.

It hurts to thwart the reflexes of grab, of clutch; to love and let go again and gain. It pesters to remember the lover who is not in the bed, to hold back what is owed to the work that gutters like a candle in a cave without air, to love consciously, conscientiously, concretely, constructively.

I can't do it, you say it's killing me, but you thrive, you glow you the street like a neon raspberry. You float and sail, a helium balloon bright bachelor's button blue and bobbing on the cold and hot winds of our breath, as we make an unmake in passionate diastole and systole thrhythm of our unbound bonding, to have and not to hold, to love with minimized malice, hunger and anger moment by moment balanced.

Title: The could possibly mean samething of desire that the narrator can not have. Maybe samething intungible.

Paraphrase! The namator has to learn how to love but be able to let go, to be more "open" and flexible. May follow the saying if you love semething and it is meant to be, let it go and it will come back to you

Connotation: - There was use of repitition of words like "open" "lase" "wide" and "hurts"

- Many examples of alteration are present: "concastly, conscientially, constructively and "balloon bright backelors button blue and bubbing"
- Imagery of "does banging"
 "roaring and when wering"
 "the wack like whoer bands"

Attribude: There is a rome of regret, bitterness and struggle.

Shift: between the 3rd and 4th stanzas. The meaning starts to become more concrete and there is a different structure and word usage.

Title: Two lavers may have parted and the narrater wants to have that love again but can not hold it.

Theme: Changes in relationships and lave. The pain in giving something up.

#1 – Sound and Sense by Alexander Pope (1688-1744)

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance, As those move easiest who have learned to dance. 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offense, The sound must seem an echo to the sense: Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows, 5 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows; But when loud surges lash the sounding shore, The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar; When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw, The line too labors, and the words move slow; 10 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain, Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main. Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise, And bid alternate passions fall and rise!

#2 – Dulce et Decorum Est by Wilfred Owen (1893-1918)

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs,
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.
Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots,
5
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame, all blind;
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots
Of gas-shells dropping softly behind.

Gas! GAS! Quick, boys!-An ecstasy of fumbling,
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time,

But someone still was yelling out and stumbling
And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime.
Dim through the misty panes and thick green light,
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams before my helpless sight 15
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams, you too could pace
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin,
20
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs
Bitter as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To children ardent for some desperate glory,
The old lie: Dulce et decorum est

Pro patria mori.

5

#3 - To His Coy Mistress by Andrew Marvel (1621-78)

Had we but world enough, and time,

This coyness Lady were no crime.

We would sit down and think which way

To walk, and pass our long love's day.

Thou by the Indian Ganges' side

Shouldst rubies find; I by the tide

Of Humber would complain. I would

Love you ten years before the flood,

And you should, if you please, refuse

Till the conversion of the Jews. 10

My vegetable love should grow

Vaster than empires and more slow;

An hundred years should go to praise

Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;

Two hundred to adore each breast, 15

But thirty thousand to the rest;

An age at least to every part,

And the last age should show your heart.

For, lady, you deserve this state,

Nor would I love at lower rate. 20

But at my back I always hear

Times winged chariot hurrying near;

And yonder all before us lie

Deserts of vast eternity.

Thy beauty shall no more be found; 25

Nor, in thy marble vault shall sound

My echoing song; then worms shall try

That long preserved virginity,

And your quaint honor turn to dust,

And into ashes all my lust: 30

The grave's a fine and private place,

But none, I think, do there embrace.

Now therefore while the youthful hue

Sits on thy skin like morning dew,

And while thy willing soul transpires 35

At every pore with instant fires,

Now let us sport us while we may,

And now, like amorous birds of prey,

Rather at once our time devour

Than languish in his slow-chapped power. 40

Let us roll all our strength and all

Our sweetness up into one ball,

And tear our pleasures with rough strife

Thorough the iron gates of life:

Thus, though we cannot make our sun 45

Stand still, yet we will make him run.

#4 – Woman Work by Maya Angelou (1928-2014)

I've got the children to tend
The clothes to mend
The floor to mop
The food to shop
Then the chicken to fry
The baby to dry
I got company to feed
The garden to weed
I've got shirts to press
The tots to dress
The can to be cut
I gotta clean up this hut
Then see about the sick
And the cotton to pick.

Shine on me, sunshine Rain on me, rain Fall softly, dewdrops And cool my brow again.

Storm, blow me from here With your fiercest wind Let me float across the sky 'Til I can rest again.

Fall gently, snowflakes Cover me with white Cold icy kisses and Let me rest tonight.

Sun, rain, curving sky Mountain, oceans, leaf and stone Star shine, moon glow You're all that I can call my own.

5

#5 - Sonnet 30 from *Amoretti* by Sir Edmund Spenser (1552-1599)

My love is like to ice, and I to fire;

How comes it then that this her cold so great

Is not dissolved through my so-hot desire,

But harder grows the more I her intreat?

Or how comes it that my exceeding heat

Is not delayed by her heart frozen cold;

But that I burn much more in boiling sweat,

And feel my flames augmented manifold?

What more miraculous thing may be told

That fire which all things melts, should harden ice: 10

And ice which is congealed with senseless cold,

Should kindle fire by wonderful device?

Such is the power of love in gentle mind,

That it can alter all the course of kind.

#6 - M. Degas Teaches Art & Science At Durfee Intermediate School--Detroit, 1942 by Philip Levine (1928-2015)

He made a line on the blackboard, one bold stroke from right to left diagonally downward and stood back to ask, looking as always at no one in particular, "What have I done?" From the back of the room Freddie shouted, "You've broken a piece of chalk." M. Degas did not smile. "What have I done?" he repeated. The most intellectual students looked down to study their desks except for Gertrude Bimmler, who raised her hand before she spoke. "M. Degas, you have created the hypotenuse of an isosceles triangle." Degas mused. Everyone knew that Gertrude could not be incorrect. "It is possible," Louis Warshowsky added precisely, "that you have begun to represent the roof of a barn." I remember that it was exactly twenty minutes past eleven, and I thought at worst this would go on another forty minutes. It was early April, the snow had all but melted on the playgrounds, the elms and maples bordering the cracked walks shivered in the new winds, and I believed that before I knew it I'd be swaggering to the candy store for a Milky Way. M. Degas pursed his lips, and the room stilled until the long hand of the clock moved to twenty one as though in complicity with Gertrude, who added confidently, "You've begun to separate the dark from the dark." I looked back for help, but now the trees bucked and quaked, and I

knew this could go on forever.

#7 - Since feeling is first by E. E. Cummings (1894-1962)

since feeling is first
who pays any attention
to the syntax of things
will never wholly kiss you;
wholly to be a fool
while Spring is in the world

my blood approves
and kisses are a better fate
than wisdom
lady i swear by all flowers. Don't cry
—the best gesture of my brain is less than
your eyelids' flutter which says

we are for each other: then laugh, leaning back in my arms for life's not a paragraph

and death i think is no parenthesis

#8 - The Portrait by Stanley Kunitz (1905-2006)

My mother never forgave my father for killing himself, especially at such an awkward time and in a public park, that spring when I was waiting to be born. She locked his name in her deepest cabinet and would not let him out, though I could hear him thumping. When I came down from the attic with the pastel portrait in my hand of a long-lipped stranger with a brave moustache and deep brown level eyes, she ripped it into shreds without a single word and slapped me hard. In my sixty-fourth year I can feel my cheek

still burning.

#9 - Believing in Iron by Yusef Komunyakaa (1947-)

The hills my brothers & I created

Never balanced, & it took years

To discover how the world worked.

We could look at a tree of blackbirds

& tell you how many were there,

But with the scrap dealer

Our math was always off.

Weeks of lifting & grunting

Never added up to much,

But we couldn't stop

Believing in iron.

Abandoned trucks & cars

Were held to the ground

By thick, nostalgic fingers of vines

Strong as a dozen sharecroppers.

We'd return with our wheelbarrow

Groaning under a new load,

Yet tiger lilies lived better

In their languid, August domain.

Among paper & Coke bottles

Foundry smoke erased sunsets,

& we couldn't believe iron

Left men bent so close to the earth

As if the ore under their breath

Weighed down the gray sky.

Sometimes I dreamt how our hills

Washed into a sea of metal,

How it all became an anchor

For a warship or bomber

Out over trees with blooms

Too red to look at.

#10 – Mexicans Begin Jogging by Gary Soto (1952-)

At the factory I worked

In the fleck of rubber, under the press

Of an oven yellow with flame,

Until the border patrol opened

Their vans and my boss waved for us to run.

"Over the fence, Soto," he shouted,

And I shouted that I was an American.

"No time for lies," he said, and passes

A dollar in my palm, hurrying me

Through the back door.

Since I was on his time, I ran

And became the wag to a short tail of Mexicans--

Ran past the amazed crowds that lined

The street and blurred like photographs, in rain.

I ran from that industrial road to the soft

Houses where people paled at the turn of an autumn sky.

What could I do but yell vivas

To baseball, milkshakes, and the sociologists

Who would clock me

As I jog into the next century

On the power of a great, silly grin.