

ENGLISH II GT/PRE-AP SUMMER READING ASSIGNMENT

Claudia Taylor Johnson High School

Welcome to English II GT/Pre-AP! This course is designed for students, like you, who meet the requirement for the gifted and talented program. The course emphasizes critical thinking skills and promotes creative, productive thinking. The focus is on the development of advanced cognitive concepts and processes, guided and independent research, and the incorporation of student-determined ideas and interests. We will start our first nine weeks' study with The Lord of the Flies.

Please obtain a copy of Lord of the Flies by William Golding. Any edition will suffice. Your summer reading project will consist of two parts:

1. **STEP ONE:** Choose three passages from the novel – one from the **beginning** (exposition), one from the **middle** (rising action/climax/falling action), and one from the **end** (conclusion) – that you consider particularly meaningful or important. Mark each passage and write ideas/questions/reactions in the margin. *These notes are important in completing STEP TWO but not required as part of your grade.*
 - a. To help in your reading, consider quotes that are significant because
 - i. of their relation to major themes
 - ii. of their poetic/rhetorical nature
 - iii. of the presence of a motif (patterns in ideas)
 - iv. the passage is rich in implied meaning due to diction, imagery, or other literary devices
 - v. the passages reveal an understanding about the Nature of human beings
 - vi. they bring up questions that you wish to ask characters or the author
 - vii. they relate to your personal insights/connections
2. **STEP TWO:** On the next page, you will find several poems that relate thematically to Lord of the Flies. Isolate three excerpts from any of the poems that you believe especially connect to particular events, characterizations, themes, or symbols in Lord of the Flies. Ideally, these poem excerpts should come from different poems, but you may take more than one excerpt from the same poem.
 - a. If interested, you could even provide excerpts from a poem or song of your own preference.
 - b. If you choose a poem/song of your choice, please provide a copy of the poem/song in its entirety on a separate paper. Be sure to include author and full poem/song title in quotations.

Next, take the three novel quotes from STEP ONE and the three poetry excerpts, and create a three-column chart (similar to the one below) using Microsoft Word or another word processing computer program. Label each column “Poem Excerpt,” “Insight,” and “LOTF Excerpt”.

- c. In the first column, retype/rewrite the line(s) from the poem/song that you isolated. Follow the excerpt with the name of the poem/song in quotation marks.
- d. In the last column, retype/rewrite the lines from the novel that you isolated. Follow the excerpt with the page(s) in parentheses.
- e. In the middle column briefly comment on the plot and characterization similarities. You should also consider thematic and/or symbolic connections.
 - i. **NOTICE that in the example below, an analysis is present. The “Insight” column is NOT a summary but a connection of ideas (with a brief explanation). DO NOT SUMMARIZE.**
 - ii. **Make three separate observations in the “Insight” column. DO NOT REPEAT IDEAS.**
- f. **Once completed, you will have three entries, like the one below, as your English II GT summer reading assignment.**

<i>Poem Excerpt</i>	<i>Insight</i>	<i>LOTF Excerpt</i>
<p><i>"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:/ Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"/Nothing beside remains: round the decay/Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,/The lone and level sands stretch far away." "Ozymandias"</i></p>	<p>In the same way King Ozymandias falls (literally - in the form of his statue – and metaphorically – witnessing the end of “works”/civilization), so will the boys on the island as they lose their sense of social propriety and allow the “darkness” of the forest and base, human-survival instincts to overtake them.</p>	<p><i>“The ground beneath them was a bank covered with coarse grass, torn everywhere by the upheavals of fallen trees, scattered with decaying coconuts and palm saplings. Behind this was the darkness of the forest proper and the open space of the scar” (23).</i></p>

“Choose” - by Carl Sandburg

The single clenched fist lifted and ready,
Or the open asking hand held out and waiting.
Choose:
For we meet by one or the other.

“If We Must Die” - by Claude McKay

If we must die, let it not be like hogs
Hunted and penned in an inglorious spot,
While round us bark the mad and hungry dogs,
Making their mock at our accursèd lot.
If we must die, O let us nobly die,
So that our precious blood may not be shed
In vain; then even the monsters we defy
Shall be constrained to honor us though dead!
O kinsmen! we must meet the common foe!
Though far outnumbered let us show us brave,
And for their thousand blows deal one death-blow!
What though before us lies the open grave?
Like men we'll face the murderous, cowardly pack,
Pressed to the wall, dying, but fighting back!

“The Lamb” - by Linda Gregg

It was a picture I had after the war.
A bombed English church. I was too young
to know the word English or war,
but I knew the picture.
The ruined city still seemed noble.
The cathedral with its roof blown off
was not less godly. The church was the same
plus rain and sky. Birds flew in and out
of the holes God's fist made in the walls.
All our desire for love or children
is treated like rags by the enemy.
I knew so much and sang anyway.
Like a bird who will sing until
it is brought down. When they take
away the trees, the child picks up a stick
and says, this is a tree, this the house
and the family. As we might. Through a door
of what had been a house, into the field
of rubble, walks a single lamb, tilting
its head, curious, unafraid, hungry.

from “Song of Myself” - by Walt Whitman

I celebrate myself, and sing myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

I loafe and invite my soul,
I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.

My tongue, every atom of my blood, form'd from this soil, this air,
Born here of parents born here from parents the same, and their
parents the same,
I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health begin,
Hoping to cease not till death.

Creeds and schools in abeyance,
Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten,
I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,
Nature without check with original energy.

“Alone” - by Edgar Allan Poe

From childhood's hour I have not been
As others were—I have not seen
As others saw—I could not bring
My passions from a common spring—
From the same source I have not taken
My sorrow—I could not awaken
My heart to joy at the same tone—
And all I lov'd—I lov'd alone—
Then—in my childhood—in the dawn
Of a most stormy life—was drawn
From ev'ry depth of good and ill
The mystery which binds me still—
From the torrent, or the fountain—
From the red cliff of the mountain—
From the sun that 'round me roll'd
In its autumn tint of gold—
From the lightning in the sky
As it pass'd me flying by—
From the thunder, and the storm—
And the cloud that took the form
(When the rest of Heaven was blue)
Of a demon in my view—

“A Divine Image” - by William Blake

Cruelty has a human heart
And jealousy a human face,
Terror the human form divine,
And secrecy the human dress.

The human dress is forged iron,
The human form a fiery forge,
The human face a furnace seal'd,
The human heart its hungry gorge.

“Maturity” - by Philip Larkin

A stationary sense ... as, I suppose,
I shall have, till my single body grows
Inaccurate, tired;
Then I shall start to feel the backward pull
Take over, sickening and masterful—
Some say, desired.

And this must be the prime of life ... I blink,
As if at pain; for it is pain, to think
This pantomime
Of compensating act and counter-act,
Defeat and counterfeit, makes up, in fact,
My ablest time.