

AP Literature and Composition
Jordan-Matthews High School
Summer Reading Assignment

Please turn in all of your work to your AP Literature and Composition teacher on the first day of school regardless of which semester you take the class.

In this assignment, you will familiarize yourself with tools and terminology employed throughout AP Literature. Below are the directions for this project.

1. Read *How to Read Literature Like a Professor* by Thomas C. Foster
2. As you read, complete the following tasks for each chapter:
 - a. Make notes on each chapter. You may use Cornell Note format, bulleted lists, or outline format. It is expected that you list the pieces of information in the chapter and provide an explanation of the main idea of the chapter. These notes are to serve as a guide for your future analysis of literature, so be inclusive, informative, and well organized.
 - b. Answer the questions that accompany the chapter (well-answered questions will be thoughtful and thorough. Carefully consider the text, the question, and the literary work to which you apply the concepts. Your answer should reflect your careful thought in order to receive full credit).
 - c. Chapters 15, and 27 require essay responses in the body of this packet. Read all directions carefully and fully complete the essays as assigned.

Writing Assignments for
How to Read Literature Like a Professor
By Thomas C. Foster
(Adapted from Donna Anglin and modified by Sarah Harris
and Heather McCrory)

Directions: Complete notes (either Cornell Notes, outline format, or bulleted list) for each chapter. Make sure to include the title of the chapter at the beginning and a summary of the main idea of each chapter at the end of each. In addition, answer the following questions at the end of your notes for the appropriate chapter. Answers to questions should be in complete paragraphs (which means approximately 8 sentences for each paragraph), but should take no more than 3 paragraphs for each chapter.

Introduction: How'd He Do That?

In addition to your notes, answer the following questions: how do memory, symbol, and the pattern affect the reading of literature? How does the recognition of patterns make it easier to read complicated literature? Discuss a time when your appreciation of a literary work was enhanced by understanding a symbol or pattern

Suggestion: think of something that you read in English I, II, or III.

Chapter 1—Every Trip is a Quest (Except When It's Not)

In addition to your notes, apply the five aspects of a quest to something that you have read (or viewed) in the format described on pages 3-5.

Suggestion: Have you read *The Alchemist*? *The Odyssey*? *The Hobbit*? Do you remember "The Hero's Journey" by Joseph Campbell? Have you watched *The Lord of the Rings*? These are good examples of the quest.

Chapter 2—Nice to Eat with You: Acts of Communion

In addition to your notes, choose a meal from a literary work and apply the ideas of Chapter 2 to this literary depiction.

Suggestions: You could watch the film *Big Fish*, *Julie and Julia*, or *Eat, Pray, Love* to help you with this task.

Chapter 3—Nice to Eat You: Acts of Vampires

When you take notes on this chapter, focus on making sure you include the essentials of a vampire story (you might apply to a literary work you have read or viewed).

Chapter 4—Now, Where Have I Seen Her Before?

When you take notes on this chapter, focus on how literature grows other literature (also known as "intertextuality"). What exactly does "intertextuality" mean?

Chapter 5—When in Doubt, It’s from Shakespeare...

In addition to your notes, discuss a work with which you are familiar that alludes to or references Shakespeare. Show how the author uses this connection thematically. In this chapter, Foster shows how Fugard reflects Shakespeare through both plot and theme. In your discussion, you need only focus on theme.

Suggestions: view the films *Warm Bodies* or *West Side Story* and examine their connection to *Romeo and Juliet*.

Chapter 6--...Or the Bible.

Read “Araby” (included in this packet) and discuss the Biblical allusions. Look at the example of the “two great jars.” Be creative and imaginative in these connections. You will be writing an essay on this story for Chapter 12: Is That a Symbol? so be thorough.

Chapter 7—Hanseldee and Greteldum

In addition to your notes, consider the idea of “literary canon.” Make a bulleted list of the works that you have read that could be considered parts of the canon. Also, think of a work of literature that reflects a fairy tale and discuss its parallels. Does it create irony or deepen appreciation? How?

Suggestion: Watch the movie *Into the Woods*

Chapter 8—It’s Greek to Me

When you take notes on this chapter, focus on the idea of allusions. You might discuss how a work that you have read or watched uses Greek mythology.

Suggestion: read or watch the *Percy Jackson* series.

Chapter 9—It’s More Thank Just Rain or Snow

When you take your notes on this chapter, focus on the importance of weather on a specific literary work (not in terms of plot, but rather as a reflection of meaning).

Suggestion: read or watch *To Kill a Mockingbird* or watch *Blade Runner*.

Chapter 10—Never Stand Next to the Hero

When you take your notes on this chapter, identify a round character that you have encountered in your reading. Why is this character round? Identify a flat character that you have encountered in your reading. Why is this character flat?

Interlude—Does He Mean That

When you complete notes on this chapter, reflect on a time that you felt as if a teacher was making a connection that you didn’t see or understand. How did the teacher know that the connection existed?

Chapter 11—More Than It’s Gonna Hurt You: Concerning Violence

When you complete your notes on this chapter, pay especially close attention to page 96. You should include at least two examples of types of violence found in literature.

Chapter 12—Is That a Symbol?

Complete notes for this chapter

Chapter 13—It's All Political

Complete notes for this chapter.

Chapter 14—Yes, She's a Christ Figure, Too

When you do the notes for this chapter, apply the criteria on page 126 to a major character in a significant literary work. Try to choose a character that will have as many matches as possible (you may choose a character from a film such as *The Fault in Our Stars*, *Star Wars*, *Excalibur*, *Braveheart*, *Spartacus*, *Galadiator*, or *Ben-Hur*)

Chapter 15—Flights of Fancy

Select a literary work in which flight signifies escape or freedom and write an essay that explains its use in the work. "A Very Old Man with Enormous Wings" is included in this packet.

This essay need not be more than two pages, but it should be at least one full page. Be sure to have a thesis statement, concrete details, and analysis of your examples.

Chapter 16—It's All About Sex...

Chapter 17--...Except Sex

You may do the notes for these two chapters together. The key idea is that "scenes in which sex is coded rather than explicit can work at multiple levels and sometimes be more intense than literal depictions." In other words, sex is often suggested with much more art and effort than it is described, and—if the author is doing a good job—it reflects and creates theme or character.

Chapter 18—If She Comes Up, It's Baptism

When you complete notes for this chapter, choose a "baptism scene" from a significant literary work and describe how the character differed after the experience?

Suggestion: Watch *Cry, the Beloved Country* or *Cast Away* for powerful baptism scenes.

Chapter 19—Geography Matters...

Chapter 20--...So Does Season

Complete notes for these chapters together.

Chapter 21—Marked for Greatness

When you do notes for this chapter, include a discussion of Harry Potter's scar (what does it represent? How is it related to the topic from this chapter?). If you

aren't familiar with Harry Potter, select another character with a physical imperfection and analyze its implications for characterization.

Chapter 22—He's Blind for a Reason You Know

Chapter 23—It's Never Just Heart Disease...And Rarely Just Illness

Notes for these chapters may be taken together. Include a discussion of two characters who died of disease in a literary work or works: How do these deaths reflect the "principles governing the use of disease in literature"? How is the death related to the plot, theme, or symbolism?

Chapter 24—Don't Read with Your Eyes

Complete notes for this chapter.

Chapter 25—It's My Symbol and I'll Cry if I want To

Complete notes for this chapter.

Chapter 26—Is He Serious? And Other Ironies

When completing the notes for this chapter, select an ironic literary work and explain the multivocal nature of the irony in the work.

Suggestion: watch *O! Brother Where Art Thou*, *Thank You for Smoking*, or *Catch Me If You Can*.

Chapter 27—A Test Case

Select 2 sonnets and compare them in an essay. Notice symbolism, irony, tone, patterns, and allusions. How do the literary elements work together in each poem to create the poems' effects? Sonnets are included in this packet.

This essay need not be over two pages, but should be at least one full page in length. Be sure to include a thesis statement, concrete details, and supported examples.

Postlude—Who's In Charge Here?

Complete notes on this chapter.

Envoi

Complete notes on this chapter.

A Very Old Man with Enormous Wings
by Gabriel Garcia Marquez

Translated by Gregory Rabassa

On the third day of rain they had killed so many crabs inside the house that Pelayo had to cross his drenched courtyard and throw them into the sea, because the newborn child had a temperature all night and they thought it was due to the stench. The world had been sad since Tuesday. Sea and sky were a single ash-gray thing and the sands of the beach, which on March nights glimmered like powdered light, had become a stew of mud and rotten shellfish. The light was so weak at noon that when Pelayo was coming back to the house after throwing away the crabs, it was hard for him to see what it was that was moving and groaning in the rear of the courtyard. He had to go very close to see that it was an old man, a very old man, lying face down in the mud, who, in spite of his tremendous efforts, couldn't get up, impeded by his enormous wings.

Frightened by that nightmare, Pelayo ran to get Elisenda, his wife, who was putting compresses on the sick child, and he took her to the rear of the courtyard. They both looked at the fallen body with a mute stupor. He was dressed like a ragpicker. There were only a few faded hairs left on his bald skull and very few teeth in his mouth, and his pitiful condition of a drenched great-grandfather took away any sense of grandeur he might have had. His huge buzzard wings, dirty and half-plucked, were forever entangled in the mud. They looked at him so long and so closely that Pelayo and Elisenda very soon overcame their surprise and in the end found him familiar. Then they dared speak to him, and he answered in an incomprehensible dialect with a strong sailor's voice. That was how they skipped over the inconvenience of the wings and quite intelligently concluded that he was a lonely castaway from some foreign ship wrecked by the storm. And yet, they called in a neighbor woman who knew everything about life and death to see him, and all she needed was one look to show them their mistake.

"He's an angel," she told them. "He must have been coming for the child, but the poor fellow is so old that the rain knocked him down."

On the following day everyone knew that a flesh-and-blood angel was held captive in Pelayo's house. Against the judgment of the wise neighbor woman, for whom angels in those times were the fugitive survivors of a celestial

conspiracy, they did not have the heart to club him to death. Pelayo watched over him all afternoon from the kitchen, armed with his bailiff's club, and before going to bed he dragged him out of the mud and locked him up with the hens in the wire chicken coop. In the middle of the night, when the rain stopped, Pelayo and Elisenda were still killing crabs. A short time afterward the child woke up without a fever and with a desire to eat. Then they felt magnanimous and decided to put the angel on a raft with fresh water and provisions for three days and leave him to his fate on the high seas. But when they went out into the courtyard with the first light of dawn, they found the whole neighborhood in front of the chicken coop having fun with the angel, without the slightest reverence, tossing him things to eat through the openings in the wire as if he weren't a supernatural creature but a circus animal.

Father Gonzaga arrived before seven o'clock, alarmed at the strange news. By that time onlookers less frivolous than those at dawn had already arrived and they were making all kinds of conjectures concerning the captive's future. The simplest among them thought that he should be named mayor of the world. Others of sterner mind felt that he should be promoted to the rank of five-star general in order to win all wars. Some visionaries hoped that he could be put to stud in order to implant the earth a race of winged wise men who could take charge of the universe. But Father Gonzaga, before becoming a priest, had been a robust woodcutter. Standing by the wire, he reviewed his catechism in an instant and asked them to open the door so that he could take a close look at that pitiful man who looked more like a huge decrepit hen among the fascinated chickens. He was lying in the corner drying his open wings in the sunlight among the fruit peels and breakfast leftovers that the early risers had thrown him. Alien to the impertinences of the world, he only lifted his antiquarian eyes and murmured something in his dialect when Father Gonzaga went into the chicken coop and said good morning to him in Latin. The parish priest had his first suspicion of an imposter when he saw that he did not understand the language of God or know how to greet His ministers. Then he noticed that seen close up he was much too human: he had an unbearable smell of the outdoors, the back side of his wings was strewn with parasites and his main feathers had been mistreated by terrestrial winds, and nothing about him measured up to the proud dignity of angels. Then he came out of the chicken coop and in a brief sermon warned the curious against the risks of being ingenuous. He reminded them that the devil had the bad habit of making use of carnival tricks in order to confuse the unwary. He argued that if wings were not the essential element in determining the difference between a hawk and an airplane, they were even less so in the recognition of angels. Nevertheless, he promised to write a letter to his bishop so that the latter would write his primate so that the latter would write to

the Supreme Pontiff in order to get the final verdict from the highest courts.

His prudence fell on sterile hearts. The news of the captive angel spread with such rapidity that after a few hours the courtyard had the bustle of a marketplace and they had to call in troops with fixed bayonets to disperse the mob that was about to knock the house down. Elisenda, her spine all twisted from sweeping up so much marketplace trash, then got the idea of fencing in the yard and charging five cents admission to see the angel.

The curious came from far away. A traveling carnival arrived with a flying acrobat who buzzed over the crowd several times, but no one paid any attention to him because his wings were not those of an angel but, rather, those of a sidereal bat. The most unfortunate invalids on earth came in search of health: a poor woman who since childhood has been counting her heartbeats and had run out of numbers; a Portuguese man who couldn't sleep because the noise of the stars disturbed him; a sleepwalker who got up at night to undo the things he had done while awake; and many others with less serious ailments. In the midst of that shipwreck disorder that made the earth tremble, Pelayo and Elisenda were happy with fatigue, for in less than a week they had crammed their rooms with money and the line of pilgrims waiting their turn to enter still reached beyond the horizon.

The angel was the only one who took no part in his own act. He spent his time trying to get comfortable in his borrowed nest, befuddled by the hellish heat of the oil lamps and sacramental candles that had been placed along the wire. At first they tried to make him eat some mothballs, which, according to the wisdom of the wise neighbor woman, were the food prescribed for angels. But he turned them down, just as he turned down the papal lunches that the penitents brought him, and they never found out whether it was because he was an angel or because he was an old man that in the end ate nothing but eggplant mush. His only supernatural virtue seemed to be patience. Especially during the first days, when the hens pecked at him, searching for the stellar parasites that proliferated in his wings, and the cripples pulled out feathers to touch their defective parts with, and even the most merciful threw stones at him, trying to get him to rise so they could see him standing. The only time they succeeded in arousing him was when they burned his side with an iron for branding steers, for he had been motionless for so many hours that they thought he was dead. He awoke with a start, ranting in his hermetic language and with tears in his eyes, and he flapped his wings a couple of times, which brought on a whirlwind of chicken dung and lunar dust and a gale of panic that did not seem to be of this world. Although many thought that his reaction had not been

one of rage but of pain, from then on they were careful not to annoy him, because the majority understood that his passivity was not that of a hero taking his ease but that of a cataclysm in repose.

Father Gonzaga held back the crowd's frivolity with formulas of maidservant inspiration while awaiting the arrival of a final judgment on the nature of the captive. But the mail from Rome showed no sense of urgency. They spent their time finding out if the prisoner had a navel, if his dialect had any connection with Aramaic, how many times he could fit on the head of a pin, or whether he wasn't just a Norwegian with wings. Those meager letters might have come and gone until the end of time if a providential event had not put an end to the priest's tribulations.

It so happened that during those days, among so many other carnival attractions, there arrived in the town the traveling show of the woman who had been changed into a spider for having disobeyed her parents. The admission to see her was not only less than the admission to see the angel, but people were permitted to ask her all manner of questions about her absurd state and to examine her up and down so that no one would ever doubt the truth of her horror. She was a frightful tarantula the size of a ram and with the head of a sad maiden. What was most heartrending, however, was not her outlandish shape but the sincere affliction with which she recounted the details of her misfortune. While still practically a child she had sneaked out of her parents' house to go to a dance, and while she was coming back through the woods after having danced all night without permission, a fearful thunderclap rent the sky in two and through the crack came the lightning bolt of brimstone that changed her into a spider. Her only nourishment came from the meatballs that charitable souls chose to toss into her mouth. A spectacle like that, full of so much human truth and with such a fearful lesson, was bound to defeat without even trying that of a haughty angel who scarcely deigned to look at mortals. Besides, the few miracles attributed to the angel showed a certain mental disorder, like the blind man who didn't recover his sight but grew three new teeth, or the paralytic who didn't get to walk but almost won the lottery, and the leper whose sores sprouted sunflowers. Those consolation miracles, which were more like mocking fun, had already ruined the angel's reputation when the woman who had been changed into a spider finally crushed him completely. That was how Father Gonzaga was cured forever of his insomnia and Pelayo's courtyard went back to being as empty as during the time it had rained for three days and crabs walked through the bedrooms.

The owners of the house had no reason to lament. With the money they saved

they built a two-story mansion with balconies and gardens and high netting so that crabs wouldn't get in during the winter, and with iron bars on the windows so that angels wouldn't get in. Pelayo also set up a rabbit warren close to town and gave up his job as a bailiff for good, and Elisenda bought some satin pumps with high heels and many dresses of iridescent silk, the kind worn on Sunday by the most desirable women in those times. The chicken coop was the only thing that didn't receive any attention. If they washed it down with creolin and burned tears of myrrh inside it every so often, it was not in homage to the angel but to drive away the dungheap stench that still hung everywhere like a ghost and was turning the new house into an old one. At first, when the child learned to walk, they were careful that he not get too close to the chicken coop. But then they began to lose their fears and got used to the smell, and before they child got his second teeth he'd gone inside the chicken coop to play, where the wires were falling apart. The angel was no less standoffish with him than with the other mortals, but he tolerated the most ingenious infamies with the patience of a dog who had no illusions. They both came down with the chicken pox at the same time. The doctor who took care of the child couldn't resist the temptation to listen to the angel's heart, and he found so much whistling in the heart and so many sounds in his kidneys that it seemed impossible for him to be alive. What surprised him most, however, was the logic of his wings. They seemed so natural on that completely human organism that he couldn't understand why other men didn't have them too.

When the child began school it had been some time since the sun and rain had caused the collapse of the chicken coop. The angel went dragging himself about here and there like a stray dying man. They would drive him out of the bedroom with a broom and a moment later find him in the kitchen. He seemed to be in so many places at the same time that they grew to think that he'd be duplicated, that he was reproducing himself all through the house, and the exasperated and unhinged Elisenda shouted that it was awful living in that hell full of angels. He could scarcely eat and his antiquarian eyes had also become so foggy that he went about bumping into posts. All he had left were the bare cannulae of his last feathers. Pelayo threw a blanket over him and extended him the charity of letting him sleep in the shed, and only then did they notice that he had a temperature at night, and was delirious with the tongue twisters of an old Norwegian. That was one of the few times they became alarmed, for they thought he was going to die and not even the wise neighbor woman had been able to tell them what to do with dead angels.

And yet he not only survived his worst winter, but seemed improved with the first sunny days. He remained motionless for several days in the farthest corner

of the courtyard, where no one would see him, and at the beginning of December some large, stiff feathers began to grow on his wings, the feathers of a scarecrow, which looked more like another misfortune of decrepitude. But he must have known the reason for those changes, for he was quite careful that no one should notice them, that no one should hear the sea chanteys that he sometimes sang under the stars. One morning Elisenda was cutting some bunches of onions for lunch when a wind that seemed to come from the high seas blew into the kitchen. Then she went to the window and caught the angel in his first attempts at flight. They were so clumsy that his fingernails opened a furrow in the vegetable patch and he was on the point of knocking the shed down with the ungainly flapping that slipped on the light and couldn't get a grip on the air. But he did manage to gain altitude. Elisenda let out a sigh of relief, for herself and for him, when she watched him pass over the last houses, holding himself up in some way with the risky flapping of a senile vulture. She kept watching him even when she was through cutting the onions and she kept on watching until it was no longer possible for her to see him, because then he was no longer an annoyance in her life but an imaginary dot on the horizon of the sea.

SONNET 130 by William Shakespeare

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

SONNET 116 by William Shakespeare

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no; it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Sonnet 43 By Elizabeth Barrett Browning

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.