AP English Literature 2013-14 Summer Reading and Essay Assignment

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1. Reading: You need to obtain the following books to read over the summer. If you check them out from the library, be sure to renew them in August; if you are reading them on an electronic device, bring that device to class. We will discuss these books beginning day one of the semester. You should expect a test, with an essay to follow. As you read, take notes and observe the author's use of various literary techniques (such as imagery, figurative language, point of view, character development) rather than the rhetorical devices studied in AP English Language.

Salvage the Bones by Jesmyn Ward Medea by Euripides (choose a translation of the ancient Greek play that is readable)

2. Essay: The essay prompt is on the back of this sheet. It is from an AP English Literature exam. The suggested time to complete this essay is 40 minutes; **DO NOT spend more than 40 minutes on this assignment**. Follow the directions carefully and type a thoughtful, well-organized essay that answers the prompt. Do not summarize the passage. Use examples from the text in your body paragraphs. **This essay is due to turnitin.com by 11:59 PM on Sunday August 4, 2013.**

To turn the essay in, please join class #6419265 using a REAL e-mail address so that your instructor can contact you, if necessary. The password is caSe sEnsiTive so make sure to differentiate between capital and small letters – there is no space between AP and Lit and there is an underscore between Lit and Summer: APLit_Summer

Failure to satisfactorily complete the summer reading, failure to submit the essay to turnitin.com on-time, or submitting an essay with plagiarized content, will be grounds for removal from the class.

AP® ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS

Question 2

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

The following selection is the opening of Ann Petry's 1946 novel, *The Street*. Read the selection carefully and then write an essay analyzing how Petry establishes Lutie Johnson's relationship to the urban setting through the use of such literary devices as imagery, personification, selection of detail, and figurative language.

There was a cold November wind blowing through 116th Street. It rattled the tops of garbage cans, sucked window shades out through the top of opened windows and set them flapping back against the windows; and it drove most of the people off the street in the block between Seventh and Eighth Avenues except for a few hurried pedestrians who bent double in an effort to offer the least possible exposed surface to its violent assault.

It found every scrap of paper along the street—theater throwaways, announcements of dances and lodge meetings, the heavy waxed paper that loaves of bread had been wrapped in, the thinner waxed paper that had enclosed sandwiches, old envelopes,
newspapers. Fingering its way along the curb, the wind set the bits of paper to dancing high in the air, so that a barrage of paper swirled into the faces of the people on the street. It even took time to rush into doorways and areaways and find chicken bones and
pork-chop bones and pushed them along the curb.

It did everything it could to discourage the people walking along the street. It found all the dirt and dust and grime on the sidewalk and lifted it up so that the dirt got into their noses, making it difficult to breathe; the dust got into their eyes and blinded them; and the grit stung their skins. It wrapped newspaper around their feet entangling them until the people cursed deep in their throats, stamped their feet, kicked at the paper. The wind blew it back again and again until they were forced to stoop and dislodge the paper with their hands. And then the wind grabbed their hats,

pried their scarves from around their necks, stuck its fingers inside their coat collars, blew their coats away from their bodies.

The wind lifted Lutie Johnson's hair away from the back of her neck so that she felt suddenly naked and bald, for her hair had been resting softly and warmly against her skin. She shivered as the cold fingers of the wind touched the back of her neck, explored the sides of her head. It even blew her eyelashes away from her eyes so that her eyeballs were bathed in a rush of coldness and she had to blink in order to read the words on the sign swaying back and forth over her head.

Each time she thought she had the sign in focus, the wind pushed it away from her so that she wasn't certain whether it said three rooms or two rooms. If it was three, why, she would go in and ask to see it, but if it said two—why, there wasn't any point. Even with the wind twisting the sign away from her, she could see that it had been there for a long time because its original coat of white paint was streaked with rust where years of rain and snow had finally eaten the paint off down to the metal and the metal had slowly rusted, making a dark red stain like blood.

It was three rooms. The wind held it still for an instant in front of her and then swooped it away until it was standing at an impossible angle on the rod that suspended it from the building. She read it rapidly.

Three rooms, steam heat, parquet floors, respectable.

Three rooms, steam heat, parquet floors, respectable tenants. Reasonable.