

Patrick Henry High School
Advanced Placement Literature and Composition
Summer Assignment

To prepare for the Advanced Placement Literature and Composition course there are two texts you need to read this summer. **Read The Grapes of Wrath by John Steinbeck and The Road by Cormac McCarthy before coming to class the first day of school.** As you read, **annotate the books.** This is all that you really need to do. The books will be collected the first week of school and you will receive a grade for the annotations you write. Don't use post-its in a library book. Write directly in a book you own. Annotating is an extraordinarily important skill, so this step is vital.

Here is what you should include in your annotations:

- ♦ Write down questions you have as you read. The questions can be about the characters, the plot or the author's purposes. If you find an answer to your question write down the page number where the answer is located so you can refer to it.
- ♦ Write down comments about the literature. If a character does something you think is strange write a note about it. If you think you have found a quote in the book that seems to exemplify what the author intended to emphasize thematically make a note of it. If you see allusions to other literary works write it down. For that matter, any literary device/technique (symbol, metaphor...) you see the author using should be noted.
- ♦ If you think something is sad or funny make a note of it in the book. If it makes you feel angry, write it down. React to the characters and their predicaments as you read.
- ♦ Use a short hand for your annotations if you wish. That is actually a smart thing to do. However, remember that underlines and highlights are **not** annotations. Your thoughts and questions are the real annotations, and your effort with what you write will be what is rewarded.

An example of how to annotate well is on the next page.

Mr. Ojeda and Mrs. Good
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Sharon, she said, "If them ladies comes, you tell 'em I'll be right back." She disappeared around the side of the sanitary unit.

Rose of Sharon sat down heavily on a box and regarded her wedding shoes, black patent leather and tailored black bows. She wiped the toes with her finger and wiped her finger on the inside of her skirt. Leaning down put a pressure on her growing abdomen. She sat up straight and touched herself with exploring fingers, and she smiled a little as she did it. *I'm glad to see her happy, regardless of who's to come*

Along the road a stocky woman walked, carrying an apple box of dirty clothes toward the wash tubs. Her face was brown with sun, and her eyes were black and intense. She wore a great apron, made from a cotton bag, over her gingham dress, and men's brown oxfords were on her feet. She saw that Rose of Sharon caressed herself, and she saw the little smile on the girl's face.

"So!" she cried, and she laughed with pleasure. "What you think it's gonna be?"

Rose of Sharon blushed and looked down at the ground, and then peeked up, and the little shiny black eyes of the woman took her in. "I don't know," she mumbled.

The woman plopped the apple box on the ground. "Got a live tumor," she said, and she cackled like a happy hen. "Which'd you ruther?" she demanded.

"I dunno—boy, I guess. Sure—boy."

"You jus' come in, didn' ya?"

"Las' night—late."

"Gonna stay?"

"I don't know. 'F we can get work, guess we will."

A shadow crossed the woman's face, and the little black eyes grew fierce. "'F you can git work. That's what we all say."

"My brother got a job already this mornin'."

"Did, huh? Maybe you're lucky. Look out for luck. You can't trus' luck." She stepped close. "You can only git one kind a luck. Caint have more. You be a good girl," she said fiercely. "You be good. If you got sin on you—you better watch out for that there baby." She squatted down in front of Rose of Sharon. "They's scandalous things goes on in this here camp," she said darkly. "~~Ever~~ Sat'dy night—they's dancin', an' not only squar' dancin', neiter. They's some does clutch-an'-hug dancin'! I seen 'em."

funny to compare to modern times

Rose of Sharon said guardedly, "I like dancin', squar' dancin'." And she added virtuously, "I never done that other kind."

The brown woman nodded her head dismally. "Well, some does. An' the Lord ain't lettin' it get by, neither; an' don' you think He is."

"No, ma'am," the girl said softly.

The woman put one brown wrinkled hand on Rose of Sharon's knee, and the girl flinched under the touch. "You let me warn you now. They ain't but a few deep down Jesus-lovers left. Ever' Sat'dy night when that there strang ban' starts up an' should be a-playin' hymnody, they're a-reelin'—yes, sir, a-reelin'. I seen 'em. Won' go near, myself, nor I don' let my kin go near. They's clutch-an'-hug, I tell ya." She paused for emphasis and then said, in a hoarse whisper, "They do more. They give a stage play." She backed away and cocked her head to see how Rose of Sharon would take such a revelation. *Who cares?!*

"Actors?" the girl said in awe.

"No, sir!" the woman exploded. "Not actors, not them already damn' people. Our own kinda folks. Our own people. An' they was little children didn' know no better, in it, an' they was pertendin' to be stuff they wasn't. I didn' go near. But I hearn 'em talkin' what they was a-doin'. The devil was jus' a-struttin' through this here camp."

Rose of Sharon listened, her eyes and mouth open. "Oncet in school we give a Chris' chile play—Christmus."

"Well—I ain' sayin' tha's bad or good. They's good folks thinks a Chris' chile is awright. But—well, I wouldn' care to come right out flat an' say so. But this here wasn' no Chris' chile. This here was sin an' delusion an' devil stuff. Struttin' an' paradin' an' speakin' like they're somebody they ain't. An' dancin' an' clutchin' an' a-huggin'."

Rose of Sharon sighed. *is she as tired of this woman as I am?*

"An' not jus' a few, neither," the brown woman went on. "Gettin' so's you can almos' count the deep-down lamb-blood folks on your toes. An' don' you think them sinners is puttin' nothin' over on God, neither. No, sir, He's a-chalkin' 'em up sin by sin, an' He's drawin' His line an' addin' 'em up sin by sin. God's a-watchin', an' I'm a-watchin'. He's already smoked two of 'em out."

Rose of Sharon panted, "Has?" *bull crap. sometimes things just happen.*

The brown woman's voice was rising in intensity. "I seen it. Girl a-carryin' a little one, jes' like you. An' she play-acted, an' she hug-

this old woman sounds annoying, spreading rumors and telling people what to do like she's some preacher.