

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_



## 9th Grade Introduction to Literary Genres Summer 2018 Reading Assignments

ACADEMIC HONESTY--By signing below, I am indicating that I read the work(s) under discussion, and these responses are my own original work:

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Read the assigned summer reading book, *A Thousand Splendid Suns* by Khaled Hosseini, and answer each of the below prompts in a complete paragraph of 6-8 sentences per prompt. Be sure to reference specific moments in the text to prove your points and provide citations for those moments in your answer. For example, if you reference when Laila says, "Goodbye, Mariam," you would provide the citation "(Hosseini 402)" because that moment occurs on page 402 of the novel by Khaled Hosseini.

If you have any questions, please reach out to Mr. Flanagan at [bflanagan@lacordaire.net](mailto:bflanagan@lacordaire.net) and he will respond as soon as he can. Have a great summer and happy reading!

- 1) Think of how the characters of Laila and Mariam start their stories, and think of how they end their stories? Does one character change more than the other? Does either character stay the same?**

**2) What are the reasons that Laila and Mariam do not initially get along once Laila marries Rasheed? What specific events make them change their views of each other and how does that give them strength to fight against Rasheed's control?**

**3) Social pressures are a major theme of the novel. Choose one scene where any character gives in to pressure from society to act a certain way and explain what makes that character give in. Provide specific examples of why the character caves.**

## **Selection of Poetry**

For the poetry selection, you will be required to annotate the text so that you will be prepared to discuss theme, image, figurative language, and deeper meaning in class. Read the poems with a pen handy and annotate the text to indicate your observations, questions, and reactions, such as:

- Underline words, phrases and sentences that you feel are significant and help you to understand the poem's deeper meaning. Indicate in the margin what is revealed by the underlined section
- Put a star or other marker next to lines that you feel convey important ideas about the speakers' experiences
- Identify any uses of figurative language (metaphor, simile, personification) you are already familiar with. If you are not familiar with any other figurative language, identify particularly strong images in the poems
- Identify and define any unfamiliar vocabulary words
- Note any questions that you have as you read

### **I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud** by WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

**Sonnet 116: Let me not to the marriage of true minds** 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 wand'ring 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 prov'd,  
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

**The Road Not Taken** by ROBERT FROST

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveler, long I stood  
And looked down one as far as I could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,  
And having perhaps the better claim,  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;  
Though as for that the passing there  
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay  
In leaves no step had trodden black.  
Oh, I kept the first for another day!  
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,  
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—  
I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.

**Because I could not stop for Death – (479) by EMILY DICKINSON**

Because I could not stop for Death –  
He kindly stopped for me –  
The Carriage held but just Ourselves –  
And Immortality.

We slowly drove – He knew no haste  
And I had put away  
My labor and my leisure too,  
For His Civility –

We passed the School, where Children strove  
At Recess – in the Ring –  
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain –  
We passed the Setting Sun –

Or rather – He passed Us –  
The Dews drew quivering and Chill –  
For only Gossamer, my Gown –  
My Tippet – only Tulle –

We paused before a House that seemed  
A Swelling of the Ground –  
The Roof was scarcely visible –  
The Cornice – in the Ground –

Since then – 'tis Centuries – and yet  
Feels shorter than the Day  
I first surmised the Horses' Heads  
Were toward Eternity –

## **Caged Bird** by DR. MAYA ANGELOU

A free bird leaps  
on the back of the wind  
and floats downstream  
till the current ends  
and dips his wing  
in the orange sun rays  
and dares to claim the sky.

But a bird that stalks  
down his narrow cage  
can seldom see through  
his bars of rage  
his wings are clipped and  
his feet are tied  
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings  
with a fearful trill  
of things unknown  
but longed for still  
and his tune is heard  
on the distant hill  
for the caged bird  
sings of freedom.

The free bird thinks of another breeze  
and the trade winds soft through the sighing trees  
and the fat worms waiting on a dawn bright lawn  
and he names the sky his own

But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams  
his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream  
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied  
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings  
with a fearful trill  
of things unknown  
but longed for still  
and his tune is heard  
on the distant hill  
for the caged bird  
sings of freedom.