

AP Literature and Composition Summer Assignment – 2019-2020 School Year

Dear Student,

Welcome to **AP Literature and Composition**! My name is **Mr. Santory**, and I will be your guide through the magical and thought-provoking world of English literature. As a prospective scholar in my class, you can expect the following items:

- Rigorous and rewarding college-appropriate coursework
- Carefully selected novels, short stories, and poetry of substantial literary merit and quality
- Insightful, student-led seminar discussions
- A survey of major literary periods from the Romantic to the Contemporary
- More essay writing than is permitted by Maryland law
- The formidable comedic talents of Mr. Santory

To get an initial impression of your writing abilities and critical thinking skills, I would like you to compose a **complete essay response** for each of the three following prompts. While there is no specific, minimum length for each essay, it is unlikely that you will be able to fully develop your analysis with less than 4-5 paragraphs.

IMPORTANT: This assignment will count as an **assessment grade** and **will be collected on the first day of class**. AP Literature and Composition is designed to be conducted on a college level, and my expectations align with that degree of rigor. Lateness is **not excusable**, and significant penalties will be placed on any assignments submitted after the first day.

Enjoy your summer. Relax. Go outside. And be ready to work when the next year begins!

Sincerely,
Mr. Santory



Pictured: Mr. Santory deeply pondering literature

Essay One (Poetry Analysis):

Each of the two poems below is concerned with a young man at the age of twenty-one, traditionally the age of adulthood. Read the two poems carefully. Then write a well-organized essay in which you compare and contrast the poems, analyzing the poetic techniques, such as point of view and tone, that each writer uses to make his point about coming of age.

To Sir John Lade, on His Coming of Age (‘A Short Song of Congratulation’)

Long-expected one and twenty
Lingering year at last is flown,
Pomp and pleasure, pride and plenty,
Great Sir John, are all your own.

Line

5 Loosened from the minor’s tether,
Free to mortgage or to sell,
Wild as wind, and light as feather,
Bid the slaves of thrift farewell.

10

Call the Bettys, Kates, and Jennys,
Every name that laughs at care,
Lavish of your grandsire’s guineas,
Show the spirit of an heir.

15

All that prey on vice and folly
Joy to see their quarry fly,
Here the gamester light and jolly,
There the lender grave and sly.

20

Wealth, Sir John, was made to wander,
Let it wander as it will;
See the jockey, see the pander,
Bid them come, and take their fill.

When the bonny blade carouses,
Pockets full, and spirits high,
What are acres? What are houses?
Only dirt, or wet or dry.

25

If the guardian or the mother
Tell the woes of wilful waste,
Scorn their counsel and their pother,*
You can hang or drown at last.

1780 —Samuel Johnson (1709–1784)

* fuss

When I Was One-and-Twenty

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
‘Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free.’
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

Line

5

10

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
‘The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
’Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue.’

15

And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, ’tis true, ’tis true.

1896 —A. E. Housman (1859–1936)

Essay Two (Prose Analysis):

The following passage is taken from the story “Cherry Bomb” by Maxine Clair. Read the passage carefully. Then write an essay in which you analyze how Clair uses literary techniques to characterize the adult narrator’s memories of her fifth-grade summer world.

It was two summers before I would put my thin-penny bus token in the slot and ride the Fifth Street trolley all the way to the end of the line to junior high.

Line Life was measured in summers then, and the
5 expression “I am in this world, but not of it” appealed to me. I wasn’t sure what it meant, but it had just the right ring for a lofty statement I should adopt. That Midwest summer broke records for straight over-one-hundred-degree days in July, and Mr. Calhoun still
10 came around with that-old-thing of an ice truck. Our mother still bought a help-him-out block of ice to leave in the backyard for us to lick or sit on. It was the summer that the Bible’s plague of locusts came. Evening sighed its own relief in a locust hum that
15 swelled from the cattails next to the cemetery, from the bridal wreath shrubs and the pickle grass that my younger cousin, Bea, combed and braided on our side of the alley.

20 I kept a cherry bomb and a locked diary in the closet under the back steps where Bea, restrained by my suggestion that the Hairy Man hid there, wouldn’t try to find them. It was an established, Daddy-said-so fact that at night the Hairy Man went anywhere he wanted to go but in the daytime he stayed inside the
25 yellow house on Sherman Avenue near our school. During the school year if we were so late that the patrol boys had gone inside, we would see him in his fenced-in yard, woolly-headed and bearded, hollering things we dared not repeat until a nurse kind of
30 woman in a bandanna came out and took him back inside the house with the windows painted light blue, which my mother said was a peaceful color for somebody shell-shocked.

35 If you parted the heavy coats between the raggedy mouton that once belonged to my father’s mother, who, my father said, was his Heart when she died, and the putrid-colored jacket my father wore when he got shipped out to the dot in the Pacific Ocean where, he said, the women wore one piece of cloth and looked
40 as fine as wine in the summertime, you would find yourself right in the middle of our cave-dark closet. Then, if you closed your eyes, held your hands up over your head, placed one foot in front of the other, walked until the tips of your fingers touched the
45 smooth cool of slanted plaster all the way down to where you had to slue your feet and walk squat-legged, fell to your knees and felt around on the floor—then you would hit the strong-smelling cigar box. My box of private things.

50 From time to time my cousins Bea and Eddy stayed with us, and on the Fourth of July the year before, Eddy had lit a cherry bomb in a Libby’s corn can and tried to lob it over the house into the alley. Before it reached the top of the porch it went off, and a piece
55 of tin shot God-is-whipping-you straight for Eddy’s eye. By the time school started that year, Eddy had a keloid* like a piece of twine down the side of his face and a black patch he had to wear until he got his glass eye that stared in a fixed angle at the sky. Nick,
60 Eddy’s friend, began calling Eddy “Black-Eyed Pea.”

After Eddy’s accident, he gave me a cherry bomb. His last. I kept it in my cigar box as a sort of memento of good times. Even if I had wanted to explode it, my mother had threatened to do worse to us if we so
65 much as looked at fireworks again. Except for Christmas presents, it was the first thing anybody ever gave me.

* a thick scar

Essay Three (Open Response Analysis):

TIP: You do not have to use a book from the list, but the book you choose must be of equivalent literary merit and complexity

“You can leave home all you want, but home will never leave you.”

—Sonsyrea Tate

Sonsyrea Tate’s statement suggests that “home” may be conceived of as a dwelling, a place, or a state of mind. It may have positive or negative associations, but in either case, it may have a considerable influence on an individual.

Choose a novel or play in which a central character leaves home yet finds that home remains significant. Write a well-developed essay in which you analyze the importance of “home” to this character and the reasons for its continuing influence. Explain how the character’s idea of home illuminates the larger meaning of the work.

Choose a work from the list below or another appropriate novel or play of comparable literary merit. Do not merely summarize the plot.

Absalom, Absalom!

All the Pretty Horses

Beloved

Bleak House

Candide

The Cherry Orchard

The Country of the Pointed Firs

Fences

A Free Life: A Novel

The Glass Menagerie

The God of Small Things

Going After Cacciato

The Grapes of Wrath

Great Expectations

The Great Gatsby

Home to Harlem

A House for Mr. Biswas

The House of Mirth

The House on Mango Street

The Inheritance of Loss

Invisible Man

Jane Eyre

The Little Foxes

Look Homeward, Angel

The Namesake

Never Let Me Go

The Piano Lesson

The Poisonwood Bible

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man

The Road

Song of Solomon

A Streetcar Named Desire

Sula

Their Eyes Were Watching God

Things Fall Apart

Wise Blood

The Women of Brewster Place

Wuthering Heights