

The Petrides School
Principal, Joanne Buckheit
H.S. Assistant Principal, Anthony Tabbitas

June 2018

Dear Students,

In order to ensure that you continue your reading fluency, students are required to complete summer reading. You must read **one** book from the provided list, as well as the attached short story and keep a double-entry log (logs may be photocopied if needed). **Your logs will be used to write an in-class analytical essay, as well as collected for a grade.**

In order to prepare for your in-class essay, you will have to **answer a set of questions** that will guide your critical reading of the texts. You must make sure to use textual evidence (direct quotes) when answering the response questions. In addition, your answers **must be typed** in that **these questions will be collected and graded.**

Lastly, please keep in mind you are **NOT** submitting an essay. The essay will be done in class and will assess your written ability based on current state standards. Students will be expected to illustrate their understanding of the structure of an essay by developing an introduction, thesis, central idea, body paragraphs with supporting details, and a conclusion.

I look forward to hearing your thoughts on your selected novel and the accompanying text in September. Remember to be prepared during your first week of school to complete your semester's first writing piece. May you have a summer filled with great books, and lots of fun in the sun!

Best,
Ms. Matos ☺
9th Grade English Teacher
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Student Check list (You must complete the following):

- Annotations for your selected book AND accompanying short story.
- Typed answers to the accompanying questions for BOTH your selected book and short story.

Questions (Must answer all questions for both your selected book AND short story):

1. Who is the **protagonist** of the story? Who is the antagonist? Establish his/her age, family background, social class and status, and occupation. Explain.
2. What are the **conflicts**? Are they **physical, intellectual, moral, or emotional**? Is the main conflict between sharply differentiated good and evil, or is it more subtle and complex?
3. Characterize the main characters of the text. Are they developed/ complex characters? If so, what makes them complex? What makes them round, or flat characters?
4. What **point of view** does the story use (first person, second-person, third person)? How do we know the author uses a particular point of view? Does the point of view remain the same or does it change?
5. Select one character, and analyze how that particular character had to face adversity. What was the situation? How did they overcome their situation? If they did not overcome their situation, what happened to that character?

Book List (Select one):

Book Title	Author	Synopsis
<i>To Kill a Mockingbird</i>	Lee Harper	The story takes place during three years of the Great Depression in the fictional town of Maycomb, Alabama. It focuses on six-year-old Scout Finch, who lives with her older brother, Jem, and their widowed father. Time a re tough and unfortunate events lead to a crime, a trial, and a town discovery.
<i>Speak</i>	Laurie Halse Anderson	Since the beginning of the school year, high school freshman Melinda has found that it's been getting harder and harder for her to speak out loud. What could have caused Melinda to suddenly fall mute? What secrets doe she hide?
<i>The Outsiders</i>	S.E. Hinton	Written forty-five years ago – when she was 16 years old – S. E. Hinton's classic story of a boy who finds himself on the outskirts of regular society remains as powerful today as it was the day it was written.
<i>Shoeless Joe</i>	W.P. Kinsella	"If you build it, he will come." These famous words of a baseball announcer lead Ray Kinsella to carve a baseball diamond out of his cornfield in honor of his hero, the baseball legend Shoeless Joe Jackson.

Short Story: Thank You, Ma'am

(by Langston Hughes)

She was a large woman with a large purse that had everything in it but hammer and nails. It had a long strap, and she carried it slung across her shoulder. It was about eleven o'clock at night, and she was walking alone, when a boy ran up behind her and tried to snatch her purse. The strap broke with the single tug the boy gave it from behind. But the boy's weight and the weight of the purse combined caused him to lose his balance so, instead of taking off full blast as he had hoped, the boy fell on his back on the sidewalk, and his legs flew up. The large woman simply turned around and kicked him right square in his blue-jeaned sitter. Then she reached down, picked the boy up by his shirt front, and shook him until his teeth rattled.

After that the woman said, "Pick up my pocketbook, boy, and give it here." She still held him. But she bent down enough to permit him to stoop and pick up her purse. Then she said, "Now ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

Firmly gripped by his shirt front, the boy said, "Yes'm." The woman said, "What did you want to do it for?" The boy said, "I didn't aim to."

She said, "You a lie!"

By that time two or three people passed, stopped, turned to look, and some stood watching. "If I turn you loose, will you run?" asked the woman.

"Yes'm," said the boy.

"Then I won't turn you loose," said the woman. She did not release him.

"I'm very sorry, lady, I'm sorry," whispered the boy.

"Um-hum! And your face is dirty. I got a great mind to wash your face for you. Ain't you got nobody home to tell you to wash your face?"

"No'm," said the boy.

"Then it will get washed this evening," said the large woman starting up the street, dragging the frightened boy behind her.

He looked as if he were fourteen or fifteen, frail and willow-wild, in tennis shoes and blue jeans.

The woman said, "You ought to be my son. I would teach you right from wrong. Least I can do right now is to wash your face. Are you hungry?"

"No'm," said the being dragged boy. "I just want you to turn me loose." "Was I bothering you when I turned that corner?" asked the woman. "No'm."

"But you put yourself in contact with me," said the woman. "If you think that that contact is not going to last awhile, you got another thought coming. When I get through with you, sir, you are going to remember Mrs. Luella Bates Washington Jones."

Sweat popped out on the boy's face and he began to struggle. Mrs. Jones stopped, jerked him around in front of her, put a half-nelson about his neck, and continued to drag him up the street. When she got to

her door, she dragged the boy inside, down a hall, and into a large kitchenette- furnished room at the rear of the house. She switched on the light and left the door open. The boy could hear other roomers laughing and talking in the large house. Some of their doors were open, too, so he knew he and the woman were not alone. The woman still had him by the neck in the middle of her room.

She said, "What is your name?"

"Roger," answered the boy.

"Then, Roger, you go to that sink and wash your face," said the woman, whereupon she turned him loose—at last. Roger looked at the door—looked at the woman—looked at the door—and went to the sink.

Let the water run until it gets warm," she said. "Here's a clean towel."

"You gonna take me to jail?" asked the boy, bending over the sink.

"Not with that face, I would not take you nowhere," said the woman. "Here I am trying to get home to cook me a bite to eat and you snatch my pocketbook! Maybe, you ain't been to your supper either, late as it be. Have you?"

"There's nobody home at my house," said the boy.

"Then we'll eat," said the woman, "I believe you're hungry—or been hungry—to try to snatch my pocketbook."

"I wanted a pair of blue suede shoes," said the boy.

"Well, you didn't have to snatch my pocketbook to get some suede shoes," said Mrs. Luella Bates Washington Jones. "You could of asked me."

"M'am?"

The water dripping from his face, the boy looked at her. There was a long pause. A very long pause. After he had dried his face and not knowing what else to do dried it again, the boy turned around, wondering what next. The door was open. He could make a dash for it down the hall. He could run, run, run, run, run!

The woman was sitting on the day-bed. After a while she said, "I were young once and I wanted things I could not get."

There was another long pause. The boy's mouth opened. Then he frowned, but not knowing he frowned.

The woman said, "Um-hum! You thought I was going to say but, didn't you? You thought I was going to say, but I didn't snatch people's pocketbooks. Well, I wasn't going to say that." Pause. Silence. "I have done things, too, which I would not tell you, son—neither tell God, if he didn't already know. So you set down while I fix us something to eat. You might run that comb through your hair so you will look presentable."

In another corner of the room behind a screen was a gas plate and an icebox. Mrs. Jones got up and went behind the screen. The woman did not watch the boy to see if he was going to run now, nor did she watch her purse which she left behind her on the day-bed. But the boy took care to sit on the far side of the room where he thought she could easily see him out of the corner of her eye, if she wanted to. He did not trust the woman not to trust him. And he did not want to be mistrusted now.

“Do you need somebody to go to the store,” asked the boy, “maybe to get some milk or something?”

“Don’t believe I do,” said the woman, “unless you just want sweet milk yourself. I was going to make cocoa out of this canned milk I got here.”

“That will be fine,” said the boy.

She heated some lima beans and ham she had in the icebox, made the cocoa, and set the table. The woman did not ask the boy anything about where he lived, or his folks, or anything else that would embarrass him. Instead, as they ate, she told him about her job in a hotel beauty-shop that stayed open late, what the work was like, and how all kinds of women came in and out, blondes, red-heads, and Spanish. Then she cut him a half of her ten-cent cake.

“Eat some more, son,” she said.

When they were finished eating she got up and said, “Now, here, take this ten dollars and buy yourself some blue suede shoes. And next time, do not make the mistake of latching onto my pocketbook nor nobody else’s—because shoes come by devilish like that will burn your feet. I got to get my rest now. But I wish you would behave yourself, son, from here on in.”

She led him down the hall to the front door and opened it. “Good-night! Behave yourself, boy!” she said, looking out into the street.

The boy wanted to say something else other than “Thank you, ma’am” to Mrs. Luella Bates Washington Jones, but he couldn’t do so as he turned at the barren stoop and looked back at the large woman in the door. He barely managed to say “Thank you” before she shut the door. And he never saw her again.

Name:

Date:

Double- Entry Log

