

Welcome to AP Literature 2022-2023!

We will begin the year with a mini unit on short stories (prose in AP vocabulary). I know, making you work in the summer is not ideal, but remember, when you take the AP Exam in May, you will be competing against students who started school in the beginning of August. To compete, we too must begin early. However, to make up for all the summer assignments you have endured over the years, once the AP Exam is over, this class will focus more on having fun and preparing you for your first year of college. What does that mean? No major assignments after the AP Exam, except for one fun, group project.

All the information you need to complete the summer assignment can be accessed here. The last two pages include the scoring guide. Please print and attach it to your completed assignment.

AP English Literature and Composition

Summer Assignment

For this year's summer assignment, you will be reading and analyzing three short stories. These stories introduce the important aspects of literary analysis and the ability to write effectively about that analysis; in other words, this assignment is an initial foray into the fundamental requirements of the class.

The three short stories you need to read are:

Kate Chopin's "The Story of an Hour"

Ray Bradbury's "August 2002"

and Tobias Wolff's "Nightingale."

The stories will be available on our AP Lit Canvas website.

Each story will be used to explore an author's tool and how he or she uses it to develop a thematic idea, the author's purpose. Indeed, this combination forms the backbone of the AP Literature test, which consistently asks students to identify how an author utilizes a literary tool (character, setting, narration, etc.) to create meaning (big idea- theme) in the story.

So, here we go!

- 1) Read the three stories and carefully annotate them. Look for tonal words, figurative language, evocative sections of text that help you understand what is happening in the story and the point(s) the author is making. Make notes in the margins: ask questions, identify tone, mood, phrases that describe character, setting, narration techniques, plot events, figurative language). Jot down your interpretations.
- 2) Start your formal analysis with Chopin's story. To begin, consider the following points: *Note: the following points do not need to be formally written. Just be sure you have the answer to them to address in the actual paragraph you will write.*
 - a. Identify four sections of text that suggest the protagonist's feelings about her life as a married woman in her era.

- b. Explain, briefly, what these four sections of text reveal about her perspective and motives (*hint: why does she lock herself in her room?*)
 - c. Consider your annotations; evaluate your textual evidence; which are the strongest? That is, which lead you most directly to author's purpose (the point about life Chopin is making in her story)?
 - d. Identify the plot order Chopin uses in her story; briefly summarize, focusing on cause and effect, what happens in the story. How does Chopin's plot shape the story? What point might Chopin be positing with the ending of her story?
 - e. Plot, of course, revolves around conflict. Identify the central conflict of the story. How does this conflict affect your understanding of Chopin's meaning?
 - f. Figurative language, most notably symbolism and irony, are vital tools of an author. Identify an important symbol in the story. What is it and what does it symbolize? Also note an important use of irony in the story. What is the point of the irony?
 - g. For your actual assignment: Compose a well-written paragraph in which you examine how Chopin uses the literary elements of either character or plot, including conflict to develop the meaning of her work (a theme of the story).**
- 3) Continue your formal analysis with Bradbury's delightfully political story, turning your analytical eye to setting. A practical, but critical note: literature is not written in a void; it comes from the time and place in which the author lived. I strongly recommend you look up Bradbury; when did he live? Where did he live? What important world events might have shaped his consciousness? *Note: the following points do not need to be formally written. Just be sure you have the answer to them to address in the actual paragraph you will write.*
- a. Identify four sections of text that establish the setting of the story. Because mood and setting are intimately connected, note the mood that is conveyed through the setting.
 - b. Explain, briefly, what these four sections of text reveal about the setting. Evaluate your textual evidence; which are the strongest? That is, which lead you most directly to author's purpose (the point about his life Bradbury is making in his story)?
 - c. Analyze: in what ways are the setting in time and space essential ingredients of Bradbury's story? (*Hint: note the three different times presented in the story. Is one of these perspectives more correct? Why?*)
 - d. In this story, setting and symbolism work hand in hand. Explore this idea. How is Bradbury using setting symbolically? How might this be connected to a bigger idea he is presenting in his story – his meaning?
 - e. Go beyond the setting when exploring Bradbury's use of symbolism. Could the characters also have symbolic resonance?
 - f. In a second in a well-written paragraph analyze how Bradbury uses the literary element of setting to posit the meaning of the work as a whole (the theme). This paragraph may venture into symbolism and mood as well.**

- 4) Conclude your formal analysis by exploring Tobias Wolff's "Nightingale," a problematic story that uses a traditional narration technique to present a befuddled protagonist. What point about societal expectations, dare I say rules, is the author's making? *Note: the following points do not need to be formally written. Just be sure you have the answer to them to address in the actual paragraph you will write.*
- Narrators or speakers relate accounts to readers and establish a relationship between the text and the reader. Identify four sections of text that establish Wolff's chosen narration technique. What POV is he using in his story?
 - Explore the use of POV. Why do you think he chose it? In what way does it help him build his story and the meaning of the story?
 - Tone, which goes hand in hand with narration is the speaker's attitude toward the subject. Identify two sections of texts that suggest the tone of the story. Use tonal words to identify that tone. Why do you think Wolff is establishing this tone? That is, how does it ultimately help him create meaning in the story?
 - What is the central conflict of Wolff's story? How does this conflict play into societal expectations?
 - Once again symbolism is quite important to the meaning of the story. Consider the title? What is a nightingale? How does the title connect to the main protagonist? What's up with the map? Symbolically what does it represent? Is it helpful to the protagonist?
 - And again, setting is important. Consider, the academy. Was it ever really there? How do you know? Why is it important?
 - In a third well-written paragraph address the following prompt: As observed in Wolff's "Nightingale," societal expectations, though designed to help society as a whole, can be detrimental to an individual. In a well-written paragraph analyze how Wolff uses the literary tool of narration to portray the complex interaction between the needs of society versus the needs of an individual. This paragraph may venture into tone as well as narration.**

The bottom line: the questions above are meant to help you work your way through the analysis of the stories. What you will turn into me for evaluation are the **three stand alone**, well-written paragraphs. Of course, this begs the question, what is a well-written paragraph? I am looking for:

- A claim that answers the question, focusing on the literary term and the author's meaning as conveyed in the story. (This will be your thesis statement). For this assignment, please use it as your topic sentence.
- Offer substantial textual evidence to support your claim. Be sure to analyze your textual support, explaining, specifically and in detail, how it supports your claim. Use logical reasoning, inference, and conclusion to validate your claim. Be sure to lead me through your thoughts to your conclusions: do not expect your reader to make inferences about your claims. (*Hint: substantial evidence is not a single quote, depending on the point, it might be 3-4, short, insightful quotes*).
- Be sure to introduce your textual evidence, to blend the evidence into your own analysis, to correctly cite the evidence, and to fully explain the evidence to your claim.

4. At the end of each paragraph, provide a strong conclusion sentence that sums up your analysis and drives home your thesis (the claim).
5. Obviously, your paragraphs should be typed, should follow standard spelling and punctuation rules, and should use a formal academic voice.

Short Story Texts

The Story of an Hour

Kate Chopin

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will—as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been.

When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under her breath: "free, free, free!" The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial.

She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for her during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature.

A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him—sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in the face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

"Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. "Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door—you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven's sake open the door."

"Go away. I am not making myself ill." No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Someone was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of the accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

But Richards was too late. When the doctors came, they said she had died of heart disease—of joy that kills.

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Kate Chopin's "The Story of an Hour" originally published 1894.

AUGUST 2002: NIGHT MEETING

Ray Bradbury

Before going on up into the blue hills, Tomas Gomez stopped for gasoline at the lonely station.

"Kind of alone out here, aren't you, Pop?" said Tomas.

The old man wiped off the windshield of the small truck. "Not bad."

"How do you like Mars, Pop?"

"Fine. Always something new. I made up my mind when I came here last year I wouldn't expect nothing, nor ask nothing, nor be surprised at nothing. We've got to forget Earth and how things were. We've got to look at what we're in here, and how different it is. I get a hell of a lot of fun out of just the weather here. It's Martian weather. Hot as hell daytimes, cold as hell nights. I get a big kick out of the different flowers and different rain. I came to Mars to retire and I wanted to retire in a place where everything is different. An old man needs to have things different. Young people don't want to talk to him; other old people bore hell out of him. So I thought the best thing for me is a place so different that all you got to do is open your eyes and you're entertained. I got this gas station. If business picks up too much, I'll move on back to some other old highway that's not so busy, where I can earn just enough to live on and still have time to feel the, different things here."

"You got the right idea, Pop," said Tomas, his brown hands idly on the wheel. He was feeling good. He had been working in one of the new colonies for ten days straight and now he had two days off and was on his way to a party.

"I'm not surprised at anything any more," said the old man. "I'm just looking. I'm just experiencing. If you can't take Mars for what she is, you might as well go back to Earth. Everything's crazy up here, the soil, the air, the canals, the natives (I never saw any yet, but I hear they're around), the clocks. Even my clock acts funny. Even time is crazy up here. Sometimes I feel I'm here all by myself, no one else on the whole damn planet. I'd take bets on it. Sometimes I feel about eight years old, my body squeezed up and everything else tall. Jesus, it's just the place for an old man. Keeps me alert and keeps me happy. You know what Mars is? It's like a thing I got for Christmas seventy years ago-don't know if you ever had one-they called them kaleidoscopes, bits of crystal and cloth and beads and pretty junk. You held it up to the sunlight and looked in through at it, and it took your breath away. All the patterns! Well, that's Mars. Enjoy it. Don't ask it to be nothing else but what it is. Jesus, you know that highway right there, built by the Martians, is over sixteen centuries old and still in good condition? That's one dollar and fifty cents, thanks and good night.

"Tomas drove off down the ancient highway, laughing quietly.

It was a long road going into darkness and hills and he held to the wheel, now and again reaching into his lunch bucket and taking out a piece of candy. He had been driving steadily for an hour, with no other car on the road, no light, just the road going under, the hum, the roar, and Mars out there, so quiet. Mars was always quiet, but quieter tonight than any other. The deserts and empty seas swung by him, and the mountains against the stars.

There was a smell of Time in the air tonight. He smiled and turned the fancy in his mind. There was a thought. What did Time smell like? Like dust and clocks and people. And if you wondered what Time sounded like it sounded like water running in a dark cave and voices crying and dirt dropping down upon hollow box lids, and rain. And, going further, what did Time look like? Time looked like snow dropping silently

into a black room or it looked like a silent film in an ancient theater, one hundred billion faces falling like those New Year balloons, down and down into nothing. That was how Time smelled and looked and sounded. And tonight--Tomas shoved a hand into the wind outside the truck--tonight you could almost touch Time.

He drove the truck between hills of Time. His neck prickled and he sat up, watching ahead.

He pulled into a little dead Martian town, stopped the engine, and let the silence come in around him. He sat, not breathing, looking out at the white buildings in the moonlight. Uninhabited for centuries. Perfect, faultless, in ruins, yes, but perfect, nevertheless.

He started the engine and drove on another mile or more before stopping again, climbing out, carrying his lunch bucket, and walking to a little promontory where he could look back at that dusty city. He opened his thermos and poured himself a cup of coffee. A night bird flew by. He felt very good, very much at peace.

Perhaps five minutes later there was a sound. Off in the hills, where the ancient highway curved, there was a motion, a dim light, and then a murmur.

Tomas turned slowly with the coffee cup in his hand.

And out of the hills came a strange thing.

It was a machine like a jade-green insect, a praying mantis, delicately rushing through the cold air, indistinct, countless green diamonds winking over its body, and red jewels that glittered with multifaceted eyes. Its six legs fell upon the ancient highway with the sounds of a sparse rain which dwindled away, and from the back of the machine a Martian with melted gold for eyes looked down at Tomas as if he were looking into a well.

Tomas raised his hand and thought Hello! automatically but did not move his lips, for this was a Martian. But Tomas had swum in blue rivers on Earth, with strangers passing on the road, and eaten in strange houses with strange people, and his weapon had always been his smile. He did not carry a gun. And he did not feel the need of one now, even with the little fear that gathered about his heart at this moment.

The Martian's hands were empty too. For a moment they looked across the cool air at each other.

It was Tomas who moved first.

"Hello!" he called.

"Hello!" called the Martian in his own language.

They did not understand each other.

"Did you say hello?" they both asked.

"What did you say?" they said, each in a different tongue.

They scowled.

"Who are you?" said Tomas in English.

"What are you doing here?" In Martian; the stranger's lips moved.

"Where are you going?" they said, and looked bewildered.

"I'm Tomas Gomez."

"I'm Muhe Ca."

Neither understood, but they tapped their chests with the words and then it became clear.

And then the Martian laughed. "Wait!" Tomas felt his head touched, but no hand had touched him. "There!" said the Martian in English. "That is better!"

"You learned my language, so quick!"

"Nothing at all!"

They looked, embarrassed with a new silence, at the steaming coffee he had in one hand.

"Something different?" said the Martian, eyeing him and the coffee, referring to them both, perhaps.

"May I offer you a drink?" said Tomas.

"Please."

The Martian slid down from his machine.

A second cup was produced and filled, steaming. Tomas held it out.

Their hands met and--like mist--fell through each other.

"Jesus Christ!" cried Tomas, and dropped the cup.

"Name of the Gods!" said the Martian in his own tongue.

"Did you see what happened?" they both whispered.

They were very cold and terrified.

The Martian bent to touch the cup but could not touch it. "Jesus!"
said Tomas.

"Indeed." The Martian tried again and again to get hold of the cup, but could not. He stood up and thought for a moment, then took a knife from his belt. "Hey!" cried Tomas. "You misunderstand, catch!" said the Martian, and tossed it. Tomas cupped his

hands. The knife fell through his flesh. It hit the ground. Tomas bent to pick it up but could not touch it, and he recoiled, shivering.

Now he looked at the Martian against the sky. "The stars!" he said.

"The stars!" said the Martian, looking, in turn, at Tomas.

The stars were white and sharp beyond the flesh of the Martian, and they were sewn into his flesh like scintillas swallowed into the thin, phosphorescent membrane of a gelatinous sea fish. You could see stars flickering like violet eyes in the Martian's stomach and chest, and through his wrists, like jewelry.

"I can see through you!" said Tomas.

"And I through you!" said the Martian, stepping back.

Tomas felt of his own body and, feeling the warmth, was reassured. I am real, he thought.

The Martian touched his own nose and lips. "I have flesh," he said, half aloud. "I am alive."

Tomas stared at the stranger. "And if I am real, then you must be dead."

"No, you!"

"A ghost!"

"A phantom!"

They pointed at each other, with starlight burning in their limbs like daggers and icicles and fireflies, and then fell to judging their limbs again, each finding himself intact, hot, excited, stunned, awed, and the other, ah yes, that other over there, unreal, a ghostly prism flashing the accumulated light of distant worlds.

I'm drunk, thought Tomas. I won't tell anyone of this tomorrow, no, no.

They stood there on the ancient highway, neither of them moving.

"Where are you from?" asked the Martian at last.

"Earth."

"What is that?"

"There." Tomas nodded to the sky.

"When?"

"We landed over a year ago, remember?"

"No."

"And all of you were dead, all but a few. You're rare, don't you know that?" "That's not true."

"Yes, dead. I saw the bodies. Black, in the rooms, in the houses, dead.

Thousands of them."

"That's ridiculous. We're alive!"

"Mister, you're invaded, only you don't know it. You must have escaped."

"I haven't escaped; there was nothing to escape. What do you mean? I'm on my way to a festival now at the canal, near the Eniall Mountains. I was there last night. Don't you see the city there?" The Martian pointed.

Tomas looked and saw the ruins. "Why, that city's been dead thousands of years."

The Martian laughed. "Dead. I slept there yesterday!"

"And I was in it a week ago and the week before that, and I just drove through it now, and it's a heap. See the broken pillars?"

"Broken? Why, I see them perfectly. The moonlight helps. And the pillars are upright."

"There's dust in the streets," said Tomas. "The streets are clean!"

"The canals are empty right there."

"The canals are full of lavender wine!" "It's dead."

"It's alive!" protested the Martian, laughing more now. "Oh, you're quite wrong. See all the carnival lights? There are beautiful boats as slim as women, beautiful women as slim as boats, women the color of sand, women with fire flowers in their hands. I can see them, small, running in the streets there. That's where I'm going now, to the festival; we'll float on the waters all night long; we'll sing, we'll drink, we'll make love. Can't you see it?"

"Mister, that city is dead as a dried lizard. Ask any of our party. Me, I'm on my way to Green City tonight; that's the new colony we just raised over near Illinois Highway. You're mixed up. We brought in a million board feet of Oregon lumber and a couple dozen tons of good steel nails and hammered together two of the nicest little villages you ever saw. Tonight we're warming one of them. A couple of rockets are coming in from Earth, bringing our wives and girl friends. There'll be barn dances and whisky--"

The Martian was now disquieted. "You say it is over that way?"

"There are the rockets." Tomas walked him to the edge of the hill and pointed down. "See?"

"No."

"Damn it, there they are! Those long silver things." "No."

Now Tomas laughed. "You're blind!"

"I see very well. You are the one who does not see."

"But you see the new town, don't you?"

"I see nothing but an ocean, and water at low tide."

"Mister, that water's been evaporated for forty centuries."

"Ah, now, now, that is enough." "It's

true, I tell you."

The Martian grew very serious. "Tell me again. You do not see the city the way I describe it? The pillars very white, the boats very slender, the festival lights--oh, I see them clearly! And listen! I can hear them singing. It's no space away at all."

Tomas listened and shook his head. "No."

"And I, on the other hand," said the Martian, "cannot see what you describe.

Well."

Again they were cold. An ice was in their flesh.

"Can it be ... ?"

"What?"

"You say from the sky?"

"Earth."

"Earth, a name, nothing," said the Martian. "But ... as I came up the pass an hour ago . . ." He touched the back of his neck. "I felt..."

"Cold?"

"Yes."

"And now?"

"Cold again. Oddly. There was a thing to the light, to the hills, the road," said the Martian. "I felt the strangeness, the road, the light, and for a moment I felt as if I were the last man alive on this world. . ."

"So did I!" said Tomas, and it was like talking to an old and dear friend, confiding, growing warm with the topic.

The Martian closed his eyes and opened them again. "This can only mean one thing. It has to do with Time. Yes. You are a figment of the Past!"

"No, you are from the Past," said the Earth Man, having had time to think of it now.

"You are so certain. How can you prove who is from the Past, who from the Future? What year is it?"

"Two thousand and one!"

"What does that mean to me?"

Tomas considered and shrugged. "Nothing."

"It is as if I told you that it is the year 4462853 S.E.C. It is nothing and more than nothing! Where is the clock to show us how the stars stand?"

"But the ruins prove it! They prove that I am the Future, I am alive, you are dead!"

"Everything in me denies this. My heart beats, my stomach hungers, my mouth thirsts. No, no, not dead, not alive, either of us. More alive than anything else. Caught between is more like it. Two strangers passing in the night, that is it. Two strangers passing. Ruins, you say?"

"Yes. You're afraid?"

"Who wants to see the Future, who ever does? A man can face the Past, but to think-- the pillars crumbled, you say? And the sea empty, and the canals dry, and the Maidens dead, and the flowers withered?" The Martian was silent, but then he looked on ahead. "But there they are. I see them. Isn't that enough for me? They wait for me now, no matter what you say."

And for Tomas the rockets, far away, waiting for him, and the town and the women from Earth. We can never agree," he said.

"Let us agree to disagree," said the Martian. "What does it matter who is Past or Future, if we are both alive, for what follows will follow, tomorrow or in ten thousand years. How do you know that those temples are not the temples of your own civilization one hundred centuries from now, tumbled and broken? You do not know. Then don't ask. But the night is very short. There go the festival fires in the sky, and the birds."

Tomas put out his hand. The Martian did likewise in imitation. Their hands did not touch; they melted through each other.

"Will we meet again?"

"Who knows? Perhaps some other night."

"I'd like to go with you to that festival."

"And I wish I might come to your new town, to see this ship you speak of, to see these men, to hear all that has happened."

"Good-by," said Tomas.

"Good night."

The Martian rode his green metal vehicle quietly away into the hills. The Earth

Man turned his truck and drove it silently in the opposite direction.

"Good lord, what a dream that was," sighed Tomas his hands on the wheel, thinking of the rockets, the women, the raw whisky, the Virginia reels, the party.

How strange a vision was that, thought the Martian, rushing on, thinking of the festival, the canals, the boats, the women with golden eyes, and the songs.

The night was dark. The moons had gone down. Starlight twinkled on the empty highway where now there was not a sound, no car, no person, nothing.

And it remained that way all the rest of the cool dark night.

[1950]

Nightingale

Tobias Wolff

DR. BOOTH TOOK several wrong turns during the drive upstate. It vexed him to get lost like this in front of his son, especially since the fault lay with the lousy map the Academy had sent him, but Owen was in one of his trances and didn't seem to notice. His eyes were fixed on the far distance and his lips formed whispery sounds in a cadence that suggested poetry or music. Dr. Booth knew better than to try and make sense of it, but he couldn't stop himself. He thought he recognized on word – "nightingale" – and that word awoke a memory of three children, himself and his older sisters, sitting in a garden at dusk while somewhere above them a bird sang. It was, he knew, a trick memory, a mirage: there had been no such garden and no such evening. But the

thought of his sisters, one drowned in a boating accident courtesy of her dimwit husband, the other far away and silent for years, made him even gloomier than he already was.

Owen did not want to go to the Academy. He had made this plain when the idea first came up, but Dr. Booth and his wife continued to discuss it, doubtfully to begin with; then slowly surrendering to its tidal pull, the boy had less and less to say. He receded further into the very remoteness Dr. Booth had been trying to lure him out of, and now, having failed, proposed to force him out of with the help of the school.

Dr. Booth had never heard of the academy until the brochure arrived in the mailbox. The cover showed a pair of uniformed boys standing guard on either side of a gate. It was snowing, and they appeared to have been there for some time: a good two inches had gathered on their epaulettes and caps. The last page of the brochure carried a statement by the Commandant, Colonel Karl: "It is no kindness to the young to pretend that life is not a struggle. The world belongs to men of will, and the sooner that lesson is learned; the better. We at Fort Steele are dedicated to teaching it by every means at our disposal."

Dr. Booth could well understand why Owen did not want to go to the academy. He was comfortable at home. He had his foolish dog, his lazy friends, the big house with all its sunny corners. When Dr. Booth went into the kitchen, there was Owen. In the living room, Owen again. The front yard, Owen; the backyard, the basement, the hammock -Owen. As a boy, Dr. Booth had delivered a hundred and eighty newspapers before school and hustled subscriptions at night. He played football. He ran for president of his class. Those memories of his own youth had figured heavily in the decision to send Owen away, but now, reviewing the list yet again, he thought he must be leaving something out, something conclusive. There was smore; surely there was more.

“It won’t be so bad,” he said.

Owen was silent.

“Give it a chance, son. You might even like it.” When Owen still didn’t answer, Dr. Booth said – almost cried out – “It’s for your own good.”

“I know,” Owen said.

“You do?”

“Yes.”

“How do you know?”

“Because it’s what you want.”

This was the very answer he would have hoped for, and he knew he should be satisfied with it, but he wasn’t. It troubled him. Just then the road came to a fork not indicated on his map, and he had to do some guesswork. He decided to take the right branch, then at the last moment swerved onto the left, which led through a dense stand of maples that hung darkly over the road and opened up to reveal across from a field golden with hay, the gates of Fort Steele Academy. Dr. Booth slowed down. He wasn’t ready, he wanted a moment to probe the unease he felt, but when his car came into view the two cadets on either side of the gate snapped to attention and held their salutes until he had driven between them onto the grounds of the school. Owen braced his hands against the dashboard; Dr. Booth heard him take a deep breath. They bumped over the cobbled lane toward a courtyard bordered on three sides by gray stone buildings. Two flags waved from the pole in the yard: Old Glory on top, the school crest below-- sabres crossed above a castle. A pair of cadets waited in the circular drive at the end of the lane, legs slightly apart, arms behind their backs. Like the guards at the gate, they wore black uniforms with white belts. Their eyes were shadowed by the gleaming bills of their caps. . . . ,

"Son," Dr. Booth said, "what did you mean, it's what I want?"

Owen stared at him without comprehension.

Dr. Booth stopped the car. "Well? Owen? What do I want?"

"For me to grow up," Owen said, watching one of the cadets march toward them. He was tall and his chin was long and sharp and his belt buckle flashed like a beacon. He was carrying a clipboard in a crisp, prescribed-looking way. The cadet stopped in front of the car and waited as Dr. Booth and Owen got out.

"Name, sir?"

"Booth."

The cadet ran a finger down the clipboard. "Booth, Owen G., blood type A."

"That's my boy." Dr. Booth smiled at Owen, who stared dead ahead. He had attempted to square his thin shoulders and was holding his arms straight at his sides. He had never looked so young. Dr. Booth made up his mind to have a talk with Colonel Karl before he left. He wasn't going to leave his son here without some definite assurances.

"Private Booth is late, sir. Roll call for new men was 1300 hours."

"I'm aware of that. We had some trouble getting here. A lot of trouble, in fact. That map is practically worthless."

"I'm sure you have excellent reasons, sir. The fact remains, Private Booth is late. Private Booth will report immediately to the quartermaster. When Private Booth has drawn his gear, he will smartly to D barrack and await orders. Corporal Costello will escort him. You can leave his bags here." The cadet snapped his fingers. The other cadet stepped forward.

Owen turned quickly to Dr. Booth and held out his hand. Dr. Booth understood that he did this to prevent the embrace he knew was coming, which the doctor, wounded, was tempted to impose on him anyway. But he took his son's hand in his own.

"Goodbye, sir," Owen said. Then he fell in behind Corporal Costello and followed him across the courtyard, trying to match the cadet's precise stride and rigid carriage. He didn't even come close, and Dr. Booth knew that he never would. The distracted saunter he kept breaking into was not an accident of age, something to be outgrown or overcome: it was, in truth, nothing less than Owen himself.

"I need to speak to Colonel Karl," Dr. Booth said.

"Colonel Karl is busy, sir," the cadet said.

Dr. Booth insisted, and finally the cadet led him to a windowless lounge in the basement of the far building. He was alone there. An aerial photograph of the school occupied one wall; otherwise, the room was bare of ornament. Four overstuffed chairs faced a coffee table bearing an Academy brochure identical to the one Dr. Booth had received. He picked it up and slowly turned the pages, then set it down and paced the room. A silent grandfather clock, hands frozen at 6:18, stood in one corner, an empty umbrella stand in another. Time passed. Dr. Booth went upstairs to the door of the building. The courtyard was empty. The flags drooped on their pole. He stepped outside and, seeing no one, followed a brick pathway around back in the direction Owen had gone. The path skirted a deserted football field with bleachers on one side, then led past a pond covered with lily pads. On the opposite bank, black against the hazy sky, rose the stone walls and battlemented tower of what Dr. Booth recognized from the brochure as Memorial Chapel. The path he was on turned away in the opposite direction. He left it and pushed through clumps of sumac and elder to the other side of the pond.

One half of the arched door was locked, the other slightly ajar. Dr. Booth listened, heard nothing, and entered the chapel. Weak light fell aslant through the long narrow windows, windows like gun slits. It seemed to dim rather than brighten the oak pews and-stone floors. There was no organ. The altar was bare. On the platform in front of the altar, facing the pews, someone had placed a high-backed wooden chair. Dr. Booth could not make out its purpose. If one wished to address the congregation, one would surely use the carved pulpit with its superior elevation and authority. One would stand, not sit. He studied the chair from the rear of the chapel, then started down the aisle. In obedience to an impulse he was hardly aware of but could not resist, Dr. Booth held his upper body stiff and paused for a beat after each step, one foot trailing, heel raised. He had never marched before, but he marched in this fashion the length of the aisle and climbed to the altar, where he executed a perfect about face and then, as if on command, lowered himself onto the chair, back straight, hands in his lap.

How quiet it was. Dr. Booth looked out into the chapel, at the somber pews where the cadets would file in and stand waiting and then take their seats in a single motion-one great creak, then silence. Whoever sat in this chair could see the face of every cadet. Dr. Booth could almost see the faces himself, row after row of them, faintly luminous in the shadows. He could feel them watching him from behind their unblinking eyes, weighing him in the scales, and then it came to him that this was the place of judgment. This was where you sat to have your faults revealed and to receive your sentence. Dr. Booth looked away, at the heavy beams overhead the roof slanting up into darkness. He closed his eyes. Still, he saw the faces of the cadets, taut and pale above their black uniforms. He strained to find among them some glint of fellow feeling, some intimation of mercy; he found none.

. The door swung open at the rear of the chapel and a cadet stood silhouetted

in the doorway. "Sir," he said.

Dr. Booth stood clumsily, knocking over the chair. He set it right and hurried

up the aisle. "Coming," he called out.

The cadet held the door for Dr. Booth and followed him outside, where another cadet—the tall one who'd scolded him for being late—passed on Colonel Karl's deepest regrets that, owing to prior obligations, he was unable to speak with Dr. Booth this afternoon. The Doctor could return the next morning if he wished or call for an appointment at some later date.

Dr. Booth supposed he could raise a fuss and make it impossible for Colonel Karl not to see him, but he was worried about the trouble this might cause Owen, and anyway he had to get back on the road if he was to reach home before dark. He was ready to leave Fort Steele Academy; he was ready almost to the point of panic. So he accepted Colonel Karl's message without protest and allowed the two cadets to take him back to his car. They led him like a prisoner, the tall one in front, the other at his heels, but saluted elegantly when he started the engine and drove back down the lane. The guards at the gate also saluted. In the field across the road a green tractor moved slowly along the fence, pulling a mower. The smell of fresh cut hay filled the car and lingered until Dr. Booth was several miles away, and lost again.

• . • • •

He parked on the shoulder of the road, engine ticking, and choked back his rage just enough to hold the goddam son of a bitch map without tearing it to pieces. With a trembling finger he tried to retrace his route: he'd taken this road through the maple grove beyond the school, yes, then it must've been this one, here, that had carried him over an unmarked bridge and thence to a triple fork, also unmarked, where he'd been forced to make the first of a long series of choices for

which he had received no guidance, before finally coming to rest in this vast flatland whose very existence went completely unremarked by the map.

A water tower gleamed in the distance. The reek of manure lay heavy on the air. Three white-faced cows watched from the fence to his left as Dr. Booth con, turned to study the map, this time in reverse, trying to find the various roads that he and Owen had followed from home to the Academy. Only the first couple of turns off the interstate were correctly indicated. It was a pure miracle he had ever found the school, given that he'd had to make his way there almost entirely on hunches.

He crumpled the map and threw it out the window. One of the Cows took a step backward, then continued to ruminate and stare. Dr. Booth was thinking about the aerial photograph in the lounge. He saw it again in detail. There was no pond in the picture, and the chapel stood a good distance from its actual location, forming part of a quadrangle. That quadrangle did not exist. Like the map, the aerial photograph was a fiction.

Once Dr. Booth recognized this, he had to entertain a number of questions he'd been trying to shrug off. During his time at the Academy, he had seen only a few cadets-the guards, and the ones who had taken charge of Owen. Where were all the other boys in this school of five hundred? Why hadn't he run across any of them out marching around, or heard their voices? How had their parents found the way? Why wouldn't Colonel Karl see him, or at least send a deputy?

Dr. Booth turned the car around and started back the way he'd come. He was determined not to leave Owen in that place. He saw a crossroad approaching and knew without doubt that he should turn right. The certainty he felt was surprising and tonic, like the first deep breath when he left the hospital at day's end. He knew where he was going now.

How had this happened? The brochure had arrived – but why? And why had he considered it at all – the surrender of his boy to unknown disciplines and judgements, to powers of which he knew nothing, except they were without patience, or humor, or mercy? His wife had resisted at first, but in spite of his own doubts he had bullied her along until she, like Owen, saw the futility of argument. They had no choice in the matter; nor, it then seemed to him, did he. From the moment he saw the brochure he had known, unhappily, miserably in fact, that Owen would go there. His attempts to talk himself out of it left him even more helplessly snarled in justifications that now seemed trivial, baffling.

He had compared Owen to himself – how, in his youth he had sold newspapers and played sports and run for office. That much was true. But he'd never actually been elected; he had offered himself up year after year and received nothing for his pains but more humiliation. His father had made him take on the paper route because they needed the money, and he'd hated every minute of it, the waking in the darkness, the cold and rain, the way his customers cried poor and hid from him. He'd played varsity football, yes, but only in his senior year, when his little brother took over the route. Owen was much younger than he had been then. Much younger. How had he forgotten?

Reasons. Owen's remoteness. Time for the boy to wake up and get out of the house, show some pluck, some drive, some will power—that was always the closing argument, the clincher. But why? Owen did well in school. He was quiet and liked to read and wasn't much of an athlete, but he wasn't lazy or lacking in courage; he and his friends routinely rode their bikes up and down hills that verged on the perpendicular. And those sounds Owen made what was the harm in them? Why shouldn't he dream up poems, or songs, or whatever they were? He was a child.

Dr. Booth-turned left at a fork and navigated a run of sharp turns as if he'd spent his life on this road. The haze was gone, the late afternoon light almost painfully clear. Pumpkins gleamed in a passing field.

He had wanted Owen out of the house. That was the truth, and it made no sense to him now. The impatience he'd felt, coming upon his son reading or playing with his dog, doing nothing, dreaming-why? What was the crime? As a boy, he himself had wanted nothing more than the chance to dream. It had come seldom in that crowded, industrious house, and never lasted long. Why should he begrudge his son what had most desired? Why should he begrudge his son his childhood?

Neat files of corn flicked past. Dr. Booth drove faster, fast as he dared, through corkscrew turns, down straightaways, over gravel fire roads and glistening blacktop. Past marsh, past field, up hilltops awash in light and deep into valleys abysmal. As he drove he pondered the face of his son as if it were a map, as if he were learning where to turn from the curve of Owen's neck, the slant of an eyebrow. And then it began to fade. At first he barely noticed. The long fine line of the nose blurred subtly, that was all. Then the cheeks paled; the smile grew faint; the light dulled and died from the eyes. He fiercely studied every feature even as it ebbed away trying to hold the ghostly image there, keep it in mind long enough to find his way back to the true face. And then it vanished, and he was lost again. He passed through a dark wood. The trees closed above him in a way that seemed protective, and when he left-their embrace he slowed and pulled to the side of the road. The sun was going down over the field to his right, where a tractor moved slowly in the distance, cutting the last rows of hay.

Dr. Booth got out of the car. He crossed the road and gazed up the hill. Another field, also full of new mown hay. The smell went to his head. He stood there a moment, then ducked

through the fence and walked farther into the field. He kept staring up the hill as he climbed, looking for something. When he reached the crest he stopped. All around him the fields rolled empty away. He felt a stone under his shoe, nudged it aside, then bent to pick it up. Not a stone, after all. A button—a metal button caked with dirt. He picked at it until the brass was revealed, then examined it in the last of the light. Under the verdigris he could make out a pair of crossed swords. A military button, then. An old one.

Something must have happened—here, long ago—that was why he'd been drawn to this place. A battle had been fought, no quarter given; boys became men, and were lost. Wasn't that the way of it? He slipped the button in his pocket and started down the hill.

AP Literature Summer Assignment -staple this paper to the front of your printed assignment.**Scoring Guide****Total ____/70**

1. Student author provides a well-crafted analysis of **Kate Chopin’s “The Story of an Hour”** in a paragraph response addressing the prompt in question **2G**. _____/20

Provides a thesis that addresses “the meaning of the work as a whole” _____/ 2

- a. Expresses an interpretation of story; and
- b. Requires a defense (both through text and interpretation of text).

Provides a body of evidence that is _____/5

- a. Significant,
- b. Substantial, and
- c. Uses logical reasoning to explain relationships between the text and the thesis.

Provides a coherent written structure that _____/3

- a. Logically links ideas, sentences by sentence; and
- b. Uses transitions that indicate relationships between and among reasons, evidence, ideas, or details.

Addresses the content referred to in questions **2a, 2b, 2c, 2d, and 2e** of the summer assignment _____/10

2. Student author provides a well-crafted analysis of **Ray Bradbury’s “August 2002: A Night Meeting”** in a paragraph response addressing the prompt in question **3F**. _____/20

Provides a thesis that addresses “the meaning of the work as a whole” _____/2

- c. Expresses an interpretation of story; and
- d. Requires a defense (both through text and interpretation of text).

Provides a body of evidence that is _____/5

- d. Significant,
- e. Substantial, and
- f. Uses logical reasoning to explain relationships between the text and the thesis.

Provides a coherent written structure that ____/3

- c. Logically links ideas, sentences by sentence; and
- d. Uses transitions that indicate relationships between and among reasons, evidence, ideas, or details.

Addresses the content referred to in questions **3a, 3b, 3c, 3d, and 3e** of the summer assignment. _____/10

3. Student author provides a well-crafted analysis of **Tobias Wolff's "Nightingale"** in a paragraph response addressing the prompt in question **4G**. _____/20

Provides a thesis that addresses "the meaning of the work as a whole" _____/2

- e. Expresses an interpretation of story; and
- f. Requires a defense (both through text and interpretation of text).

Provides a body of evidence that is _____/5

- g. Significant,
- h. Substantial, and
- i. Uses logical reasoning to explain relationships between the text and the thesis.

Provides a coherent written structure that _____3

- e. Logically links ideas, sentences by sentence; and
- f. Uses transitions that indicate relationships between and
- g. among reasons, evidence, ideas, or details.

Addresses the content referred to in questions **4a, b, 4c, and 4d** of the summer assignment. _____/10

4. Conventions: writer follows the standard practices of composition, writes in present tense, punctuation and spelling adhere to standard, follows MLA style guide, correct heading, headers, prints on one side only, etc. _____/10