

## Summer Reading Assignment for Rising 11th Grade Students (not Honors)



Summer reading for rising 11th graders corresponds with the first unit of study in 11th grade, Writing Freedom. In this unit, students will explore fiction and non-fiction texts in order to answer the unit essential question: What does it mean to be “American”?

Over the summer, students will read the three text selections below. Students will be assessed on the material with a quiz when they return to school. The texts are included in this document.

**Directions:** All students will read the following texts:

- “from The Interesting Narrative of the Life of Olaudah Equiano”
- “Gettysburg Address”
- “The Pedestrian”

## Summer Reading Assignment for Honors English III & AP English Language and Composition

Students registered for AP English Language and Composition and Honors English III will read the biography Into the Wild by Jon Krakauer and The Great Gatsby by F. Scott Fitzgerald. Students are expected to have a deep understanding of the texts; annotating is encouraged. Annotating is any action that “deliberately interacts with a text to enhance the reader's understanding of, recall of, and reaction to the text.”

Students should ask questions, make comments, mark powerful words and phrases, and generally read actively. Students will also be assessed on the material with a quiz when they return to school. Students may want to purchase their own copy of the works so they can annotate them. Copies of the novel will be available by stopping by Tennessee High School's front office. They will need their lunch number to check out a copy.



from  
The Interesting  
Narrative of the Life of  
**Olaudah Equiano**

Olaudah Equiano

### BACKGROUND

In the first several chapters of his autobiography, Olaudah Equiano describes how *slave* traders kidnapped him and his sister from their home in West Africa and transported them to the African coast. During this six- or seven-month journey, Equiano was separated from his sister and held at a series of way stations. After reaching the coast, Equiano was shipped with other captives to North America. The following account describes this horrifying journey.

At last when the ship we were in, had got in all her cargo, they made ready with many fearful noises, and we were all put under deck, so that we could not see how they managed the vessel. But this disappointment was the least of my sorrow. The stench of the hold while we were on the coast was so intolerably **loathsome**, that it was dangerous to remain there for any time, and some of us had been permitted to stay on the deck for the fresh air; but now that the whole ship's cargo were confined together, it became absolutely pestilential. The closeness of the place, and the heat of the climate, added to the number in the ship, which was so crowded that each had scarcely room to turn himself, almost suffocated us.

### NOTES

Mark base words or indicate another strategy you used that helped you determine meaning.

**loathsome** (LOTH suhm) *adj.*

MEANING:

## NOTES

Mark base words or indicate another strategy you used that helped you determine meaning.

**wretched** (REHCH ihd) *adj.*

MEANING:

Mark base words or indicate another strategy you used that helped you determine meaning.

**dejected** (dee JEHK tihd) *adj.*

MEANING:

- 2 This produced copious perspirations, so that the air soon became unfit for respiration, from a variety of loathsome smells, and brought on a sickness among the slaves, of which many died—thus falling victims to the improvident avarice, as I may call it, of their purchasers. This **wretched** situation was again aggravated by the galling of the chains, now become insupportable, and the filth of the necessary tubs, into which the children often fell, and were almost suffocated. The shrieks of the women, and the groans of the dying, rendered the whole a scene of horror almost inconceivable. Happily perhaps, for myself, I was soon reduced so low here that it was thought necessary to keep me almost always on deck; and from my extreme youth I was not put in fetters. <sup>1</sup> In this situation I expected every hour to share the fate of my companions, some of whom were almost daily brought upon deck at the point of death, which I began to hope would soon put an end to my miseries. Often did I think many of the inhabitants of the deep much more happy than myself.
- 3 I envied them the freedom they enjoyed, and as often wished I could change my condition for theirs. Every circumstance I met with, served only to render my state more painful, and heightened my apprehensions, and my opinion of the cruelty of the whites.
- 4 One day they had taken a number of fishes; and when they had killed and satisfied themselves with as many as they thought fit, to our astonishment who were on deck, rather than give any of them to us to eat, as we expected, they tossed the remaining fish into the sea again, although we begged and prayed for some as well as we could, but in vain; and some of my countrymen, being pressed by hunger, took an opportunity, when they thought no one saw them, of trying to get a little privately; but they were discovered, and the attempt procured them some very severe floggings. One day, when we had a smooth sea and moderate wind, two of my wearied countrymen who were chained together (I was near them at the time), preferring death to such a life of misery, somehow made through the nettings and jumped into the sea; immediately, another quite **dejected** fellow, who, on account of his illness, was suffered to be out of irons, also followed their example; and I believe many more would very soon have done the same, if they had not been prevented by the ship's crew, who were instantly alarmed. Those of us that were the most active, were in a moment put down under the deck; and there was such a noise and confusion amongst the people of the ship as I never heard before, to stop her, and get the boat out to go after the slaves. However, two of the wretches were drowned, but they got the other, and afterwards flogged him unmercifully, for thus attempting to prefer death to slavery. In this manner we continued to undergo more hardships than I can now relate, hardships which are inseparable from this accursed trade. Many a time we were near suffocation from the want of fresh

1 . **fetters** (FEHT uhrz) *n.* chains.

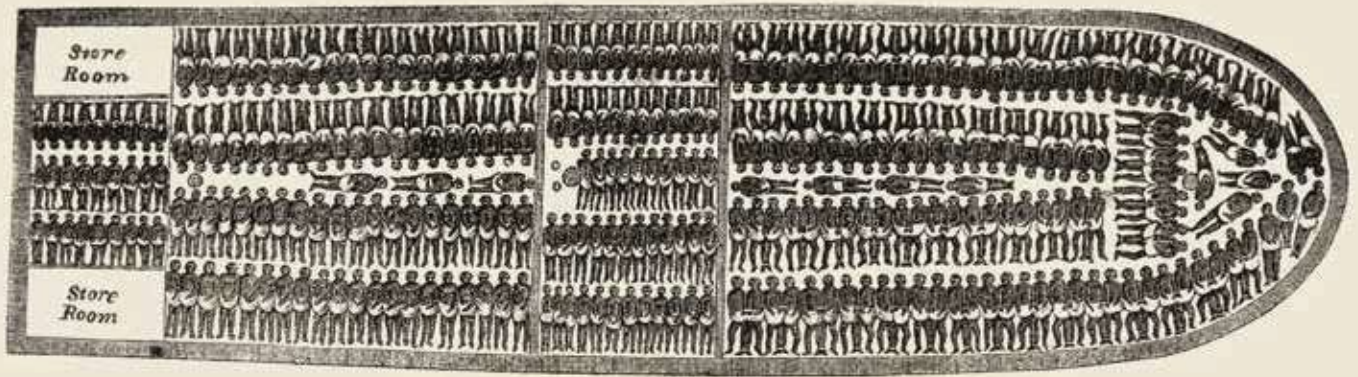
air, which we were often without for whole days together. This, and the stench of the necessary tubs, carried off many.

s During our passage, I first saw flying fishes, which surprised me very much; they used frequently to fly across the ship, and many of them fell on the deck. I also now first saw the use of the *quadrant*;<sup>2</sup> I had often with astonishment seen the mariners make observations with it, and I could not think what it meant. They at last took notice of my surprise; and one of them, willing to increase it, as well as to gratify my curiosity, made me one day look through it. The clouds appeared to me to be land, which disappeared as they passed along. This heightened my wonder; and I was now more persuaded than ever, that I was in another world, and that every thing about me was magic. At last, we came in sight of the island of Barbados, at which the whites on board gave a great shout, and made many signs of joy to us. We did not know what to think of this; but as the vessel drew nearer, we plainly saw the harbor, and other ships of different kinds and sizes, and we soon anchored amongst them, off Bridgetown.<sup>3</sup> Many merchants and planters now came on board, though it was in the evening. They put us in separate parcels,<sup>4</sup> and examined us attentively. They also made us jump, and pointed to the land, signifying we were to go there.

2 **quadrant** (KWOD ruhnt) *n.* instrument used by navigators to determine the position of a ship.

3 **Bridgetown** capital of Barbados.

4 **parcels** (PAHR suhlz) *n.* groups.



This portion of a 1788 British abolitionist poster depicts the *Brookes*, a slave ship, and the maximum number of slaves that it could transport legally. Slave traders carried as many slaves as the law allowed, knowing that many would die during the journey.

# Gettysburg Address

Abraham Lincoln



## BACKGROUND

Abraham Lincoln gave this speech to 15,000 people at the consecration of a new military cemetery in the town of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania—the site of the bloodiest battle ever fought on American soil, and the turning point of the Civil War. At the time of this speech, the war had been raging for more than two years. Lincoln needed to gain continuing support for a bloody conflict that was far from over.

## NOTES

Mark familiar word parts or indicate another strategy you used that helped you determine meaning.

**dedicated** (DEHD uh kayt ihd)  
*adj.*

MEANING:

**consecrate** (KON suh krayt) *V*

MEANING:

**hallow** (HAL oh) *V*

MEANING:

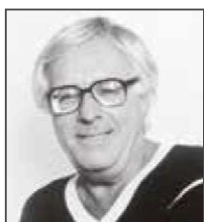
November 19, 1863

- F**our score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and **dedicated** to the proposition that all men are created equal.
- 2 Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.
- 3 But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot **consecrate**—we cannot **hallow**—**this** ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

# The Pedestrian

Ray Bradbury

## About the Author



**Ray Bradbury** (1920-2012) was an American author who primarily wrote science fiction and fantasy. After publishing his first story in 1940, he wrote several collections of short stories and a number of novels. For his lifetime 's work, the Pulitzer Prize Board awarded Bradbury a Special Citation. He also penned children's stories and crime fiction .

## BACKGROUND

Ray Bradbury published this science fiction story in 1951 . Set in his hometown of Waukegan, Illinois, "The Pedestrian" foreshadows themes in Bradbury's most famous novel, *Fahrenheit 451*, in which a society bans reading and mandates watching TV. Many of his stories blend dark realism with hints of hope.

- T**o enter out into that silence that was the city at eight o'clock of a misty evening in November, to put your feet upon that buckling concrete walk, to step over grassy seams and make your way, hands in pockets, through the silences, that was what Mr. Leonard Mead most dearly loved to do. He would stand upon the corner of an intersection and peer down long moonlit avenues of sidewalk in four directions, deciding which way to go, but it really made no difference; he was alone in this world of AD. 2053, or as good as alone, and with a final decision made, a path selected, he would stride off, sending patterns of frosty air before him like the smoke of a cigar.
- 2 Sometimes he would walk for hours and miles and return only at midnight to his house. And on his way he would see the cottages and homes with their dark windows, and it was not unequal to walking through a graveyard where only the faintest

## NOTES

glimmers of firefly light appeared in flickers behind the windows. Sudden gray phantoms seemed to manifest upon inner room walls where a curtain was still undrawn against the night, or there were whisperings and murmurs where a window in a tomb-like building was still open.

3 Mr. Leonard Mead would pause, cock his head, listen, look, and march on, his feet making no noise on the lumpy walk. For long ago he had wisely changed to sneakers when strolling at night, because the dogs in intermittent squads would parallel his journey with barkings if he wore hard heels, and lights might click on and faces appear and an entire street be startled by the passing of a lone figure, himself, in the early November evening.

4 On this particular evening he began his journey in a westerly direction, toward the hidden sea. There was a good crystal frost in the air; it cut the nose and made the lungs blaze like a Christmas tree inside; you could feel the cold light going on and off, all the branches filled with invisible snow. He listened to the faint push of his soft shoes through autumn leaves with satisfaction, and whistled a cold quiet whistle between his teeth, occasionally picking up a leaf as he passed, examining its skeletal pattern in the infrequent lamplights as he went on, smelling its rusty smell.

5 "Hello, in there," he whispered to every house on every side as he moved. "What's up tonight on Channel 4, Channel 7, Channel 9? Where are the cowboys rushing, and do I see the United States Cavalry over the next hill to the rescue?"

6 The street was silent and long and empty, with only his shadow moving like the shadow of a hawk in midcountry. If he closed his eyes and stood very still, frozen, he could imagine himself upon the center of a plain, a wintry, windless American desert with no house in a thousand miles, and only dry river beds, the streets, for company.

7 "What is it now?" he asked the houses, noticing his wrist watch. "Eight-thirty P.M.? Time for a dozen assorted murders? A quiz? A revue?<sup>1</sup> A comedian falling off the stage?"

a Was that a murmur of laughter from within a moonwhite house? He hesitated, but went on when nothing more happened. He stumbled over a particularly uneven section of sidewalk. The cement was vanishing under flowers and grass. In ten years of walking by night or day, for thousands of miles, he had never met another person walking, not once in all that time.

9 He came to a cloverleaf intersection which stood silent where two main highways crossed the town. During the day it was a thunderous surge of cars, the gas stations open, a great insect rustling and a ceaseless jockeying for position as the scarab-beetles, a faint incense pattering from their exhausts,

1. **revue** (rih VYOO) *n.* musical show with skits.

skimmed homeward to the far directions. But now these highways, too, were like streams in a dry season, all stone and bed and moon radiance.

10 He turned back on a side street, circling around toward his home. He was within a block of his destination when the lone car turned a corner quite suddenly and flashed a fierce white cone of light upon him. He stood entranced, not unlike a night moth, stunned by the illumination, and then drawn toward it.

11 A metallic voice called to him:

12 "Stand still. Stay where you are! Don't move!"

13 He halted.

14 "Put up your hands!"

15 "But-" he said.

16 "Your hands up! Or we'll shoot!"

17 The police, of course, but what a rare, incredible thing; in a city of three million, there was only *one* police car left, wasn't that correct? Ever since a year ago, 2052, the election year, the force had been cut, down from three cars to one. Crime was ebbing; there was no need now for the police, save for this one lone car wandering and wandering the empty streets.

18 "Your name?" said the police car in a metallic whisper. He couldn't see the men in it for the bright light in his eyes.

19 "Leonard Mead," he said.

20 "Speak up!"

21 "Leonard Mead!"

22 "Business or profession?"

23 "I guess you'd call me a writer."

24 "No profession," said the police car, as if talking to itself. The light held him fixed, like a museum specimen, needle thrust through chest.

25 "You might say that," said Mr. Mead. He hadn't written in years. Magazines and books didn't sell any more. Everything went on in the tomblike houses at night now, he thought, continuing his fancy. The tombs, ill-lit by television light, where the people sat like the dead, the gray or multicolored lights touching their faces, but never really touching *them*.

26 "No profession," said the phonograph voice, hissing. "What are you doing out?"

27 "Walking," said Leonard Mead.

28 "Walking!"

29 "Just walking," he said simply, but his face felt cold.

30 "Walking, just walking, walking?"



u  
3 "Yes, sir."  
32 "Walking where? For what?"  
33 "Walking for air. Walking to see."  
34 "Your address!"

NOTES

35 "Eleven South Saint James Street."  
36 "And there is air in your house, you have an *air conditioner*, Mr. Mead?"  
37 "Yes."  
38 "And you have a viewing screen in your house to see with?"  
39 **"No."**  
40 "No?" There was a crackling quiet that in itself was an accusation.  
41 "Are you married, Mr. Mead?"  
42 **"No."**  
43 "Not married," said the police voice behind the fiery beam. The moon was high and clear among the stars and the houses were gray and silent.  
44 "Nobody wanted me," said Leonard Mead with a smile.  
45 "Don't speak unless you're spoken to!"  
46 Leonard Mead waited in the cold night.  
47 "Just *walking*, Mr. Mead?"  
48 "Yes."  
49 "But you haven't explained for what purpose."  
50 "I explained; for air, and to see, and just to walk."  
51 "Have you done this often?"  
52 "Every night for years."  
53 The police car sat in the center of the street with its radio throat faintly humming.  
54 "Well, Mr. Mead," it said.  
55 "Is that all?" he asked politely.  
56 "Yes," said the voice. "Here." There was a sigh, a pop. The back door of the police car sprang wide. "Get in."  
57 "Wait a minute, I haven't done anything!"  
58 "Get in."  
59 "I protest!"  
60 "Mr. Mead."  
61 He walked like a man suddenly drunk. As he passed the front window of the car he looked in. As he had expected there was no one in the front seat, no one in the car at all.  
62 "Get in."  
63 He put his hand to the door and peered into the back seat, which was a little cell, a little black jail with bars. It smelled of riveted steel. It smelled of harsh antiseptic; it smelled too clean and hard and metallic. There was nothing soft there.  
64 "Now if you had a wife to give you an alibi," said the iron voice. "But-"  
65 "Where are you taking me?"

66 The car hesitated, or rather gave a faint whirring click, as if information, somewhere, was dropping card by punch-slotted

card under electric eyes. "To the Psychiatric Center for Research on Regressive Tendencies."

67 He got in. The door shut with a soft thud. The police car rolled through the night avenues, flashing its dim lights ahead.

68 They passed one house on one street a moment later, one house in an entire city of houses that were dark, but this one particular house had all of its electric lights brightly lit, every window a loud yellow illumination, square and warm in the cool darkness.

69 "That's *my* house," said Leonard Mead.

70 No one answered him.

71 The car moved down the empty river-bed streets and off away, leaving the empty streets with the empty sidewalks, and no sound and no motion all the rest of the chill November night.

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