

June 2021

Welcome to English 120!

Attached you will find your summer reading assignment for this course. Remember, this is an honors course and you are expected to approach this assignment with curiosity and a serious work ethic. Be sure to complete ALL PARTS of the assignment fully to feel confident and prepared in September.

Your first assignment, an analytical essay for the novel *Unbroken*, must be typed in a Google document. Upon returning to school in September your essay will be uploaded to Turnitin.com. Your second assignment, a series of close readings for the play *The Glass Menagerie*, should also be completed in a Google document according to the provided instructions. This assignment will be turned in via Google Classroom in September.

Lastly, we expect that all of the work you submit is your own. If your work is plagiarized from online or other sources you will receive a zero and your parents will be notified. If two students submit responses that are identical or nearly identical, both students will receive a zero and their parents will be notified. Any academic dishonesty, plagiarism, or other issues of integrity will be referred to the vice- principal as per the district's academic integrity policy.

ALL work is due on **Wednesday, September 1, 2021**. Any work that is turned in after this date will not receive credit. **To be clear: No late work will be accepted.** If you no longer wish to take English 120, contact your guidance counselor immediately to change your schedule and obtain the proper summer assignment. Summer assignments are also available on the school website.

We look forward to embarking upon many future literary journeys with you! You may contact us via our school email addresses with any questions; however, be advised that we check and answer school email only periodically throughout the summer.

Have a safe and happy summer!

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# Hanover Park Regional High School District

## English 120: Summer Reading Assignment

### Overview:

For this summer assignment, you will read one novel and one play and complete activities for each. Read through the accompanying assignments for each work before you begin so you have a clear purpose as you read. After you have read a text, complete the accompanying assignment before moving on to the next text. Follow all directions carefully and be prepared to submit your work on **Wednesday, September 1**. Plagiarism of any kind will not be tolerated; this includes copying from internet or print resources, “sharing” work with another student, “borrowing” work from another student, etc. If your work is plagiarized you will receive 0% on the assignment and be subject to the district’s academic integrity policy as administered by the vice-principal. See the district policy here: <https://www.whippanypark.org/pdf/AcademicIntegrity.pdf>

### Assignment #1

**Read:** *Unbroken, A World War II Story of Survival, Resilience, and Redemption* by Laura Hillenbrand

**Assignment:** Write a formal essay (no more than 3 typed pages) in response to the following prompt.

Is Louis Zamperini an exceptional man who survives and thrives in ways most humans could not or is he an ordinary man who portrays for us what we are all inherently capable of?

A successful essay will select one position and defend it using specific evidence from the text. This assignment should be typed. Please note: This essay will be submitted via Turnitin.com and checked for plagiarism via the provided tools.

### Assignment #2

**Read:** *The Glass Menagerie* by Tennessee Williams

**Assignment:** Perform a close reading for each of the provided passages for scenes 1-6 of the play. For scene 7, choose your own passage and complete the close reading activity. Each close reading activity is accompanied by a specific literary device that should be your focus for analysis. To begin, open the document linked below and make a copy of it. Rename the file to include your first and last name. Keep this file accessible on your Google Drive and complete each close reading as you read the play. You will submit the completed close reading document via an assignment posted to Google Classroom in September.

**\*\*Both assignments will be graded based on effort and adherence to directions. Honors level attention to detail and depth of analysis are expected.\*\***

English 120 Summer Reading Assignment: *The Glass Menagerie*  
Close Reading Passage: Scene One

The Wingfield apartment is in the rear of the building, one of those vast hive-like conglomerations of cellular living-units that flower as warty growths in overcrowded urban centers of lower middle-class population and are symptomatic of the impulse of this largest and fundamentally enslaved section of American society to avoid fluidity and differentiation and to exist and function as one interfused mass of automatism.

The apartment faces an alley and is entered by a fire-escape, a structure whose name is a touch of accidental poetic truth, for all of these huge buildings are always burning with the slow and implacable fires of human desperation. The fire-escape is included in the set—that is, the landing of it and steps descending from it.

The scene is memory and is therefore non-realistic. Memory takes a lot of poetic license. It omits some details; others are exaggerated, according to the emotional value of the articles it touches, for memory is seated predominantly in the heart. The interior is therefore rather dim and poetic.

At the rise of the curtain, the audience is faced with the dark, grim rear wall of the Wingfield tenement. This building, which runs parallel to the footlights, is flanked on both sides by dark, narrow alleys which run into murky canyons of tangled clotheslines, garbage cans and the sinister lattice-work of neighboring fire-escapes. It is up and down these side alleys that exterior entrances and exits are made, during the play. At the end of TOM's opening commentary, the dark tenement wall slowly reveals (by means of a transparency) the interior of the ground floor Wingfield apartment.

Downstage is the living room, which also serves as a sleeping room for LAURA, the sofa unfolding

to make her bed. Upstage, center, and divided by a wide arch or second proscenium, with transparent faded portieres (or second curtain), is the dining room. In an old-fashioned what-not in the living room are seen scores of transparent glass animals. A blown-up photograph of the father hangs on the wall of the living room, facing the audience, to the left of the archway. It is the face of a very handsome young man in a doughboy's First World War cap. He is gallantly smiling, ineluctably smiling, as if to say, "I will be smiling forever."

The audience hears and sees the opening scene in the dining room through both the transparent fourth wall of the building and the transparent gauze portieres of the dining-room arch. It is during this revealing scene that the fourth wall slowly ascends, out of sight. This transparent exterior wall is not brought down again until the very end of the play, during TOM's final speech.

The narrator is an undisguised convention of the play. He takes whatever license with dramatic convention as is convenient to his purposes.

TOM enters dressed as a merchant sailor from alley, stage left, and strolls across the front of the stage to the fire-escape. There he stops and lights a cigarette. He addresses the audience.

English 120 Summer Reading Assignment: *The Glass Menagerie*  
Close Reading Passage: Scene Two

AMANDA. As you know, I was supposed to be inducted into my office at the D.A.R. this afternoon. [IMAGE: A SWARM OF TYPEWRITERS]. But I stopped off at Rubicam's Business College to speak to your teachers about your having a cold and ask them what progress they thought you were making down there.

LAURA. Oh . . .

AMANDA. I went to the typing instructor and introduced myself as your mother. She didn't know who you were. "Wingfield," she said. "We don't have any such student enrolled at the school!"

I assured her she did, that you have been going to classes since early in January.

"I wonder," she said, "if you could be talking about that terribly shy little girl who dropped out of school after only a few days' attendance?"

"No," I said, "Laura, my daughter, has been going to school every day for the past six weeks!"

"Excuse me," she said. She took the attendance book out and there was your name, unmistakably printed, and all the dates you were absent until they decided that you had dropped out of school.

I still said, "No, there must have been some mistake! There must have been some mix-up in the records!"

And she said, "No—I remember her perfectly now. Her hands shook so that she couldn't hit the right keys! The first time we gave a speed-test, she broke down completely—was sick at the stomach and almost had to be carried into the wash-room! After that morning she never showed up any more.

We phoned the house but never got any answer"—While I was working at Famous and Barr,\* I suppose, demonstrating those—Oh!

I felt so weak I could barely keep on my feet!

I had to sit down while they got me a glass of water!

Fifty dollars' tuition, all of our plans—my hopes and ambitions for you—just gone up the spout, just gone up the spout like that. [LAURA draws a long breath and gets awkwardly to her feet. She crosses to the victrola and winds it up]. What are you doing?

LAURA. Oh! [She releases the handle and returns to her seat.]

AMANDA. Laura, where have you been going when you've gone out pretending that you were going to business college?

LAURA. I've just been going out walking

AMANDA. That's not true.

LAURA. It is. I just went walking.

AMANDA. Walking? Walking? In winter? Deliberately courting pneumonia in that light coat? Where did you walk to, Laura?

LAURA. All sorts of places—mostly in the park.

AMANDA. Even after you'd starting catching that cold?

LAURA. It was the lesser of two evils, Mother. [IMAGE: WINTER SCENE IN PARK]. I couldn't go back up. I—threw up—on the floor!

AMANDA. From half past seven till after five every day you mean to tell me you walked around in the park, because you wanted to make me think that you were still going to Rubicam's Business College?

LAURA. It wasn't as bad as it sounds. I went inside places to get warmed up.

AMANDA. Inside where?

LAURA. I went in the art museum and the birdhouses at the Zoo. I visited the penguins every day! Sometimes I did without lunch and went to the movies. Lately I've been spending most of my afternoons in the Jewel-box, that big glass house where they raise the tropical flowers.

Famous and Barr a large department store in St. Louis

English 120 Summer Reading Assignment: *The Glass Menagerie*  
Close Reading Passage: Scene Three

TOM. Listen! You think I'm crazy *about the warehouse?* [*He bends fiercely toward her slight figure.*] You think I'm in love with the Continental Shoemakers? You think I want to spend fifty-five years down there in that—celotex-interior! with—fluorescent—tubes! Look! I'd rather somebody picked up a crowbar and battered out my brains—than go back mornings! I go! Every time you come in yelling that God damn "Rise and Shine!" "Rise and Shine!" I say to myself, "How lucky dead people are!" But I get up. I go! For sixty-five dollars a month I give up all that I dream of doing and being *ever!* And you say self—self's all I ever think of. Why, listen, if self is what I thought of, Mother, I'd be where he is—GONE! [*Pointing to father's picture.*] As far as the system of transportation reaches! [*He starts past her. She grabs his arm.*] Don't grab at me, Mother!

AMANDA. Where are you going?

TOM. I'm going to the movies!

AMANDA. I don't believe that lie!

TOM [*Crouching toward her, overtowering her tiny figure. She backs away, gasping.*] I'm going to opium dens! Yes, opium dens, dens of vice and criminals' hang-outs, Mother. I've joined the Hogan gang, I'm a hired assassin, I carry a tommy-gun in a violin case! I run a

string of cat-houses in the Valley! They call me Killer, Killer Wingfield, I'm leading a double-life, a simple, honest warehouse worker by day, by night a dynamic czar of the *under-world, Mother.* I go to gambling casinos, I spin away fortunes on the roulette table! I wear a patch over one eye and a false mustache, sometimes I put on green whiskers. On those occasions they call me—*El Diablo!* Oh, I could tell you things to make you sleepless! My enemies plan to dynamite this place. They're going to blow us all sky-high some night! I'll be glad, very happy, and so will you! You'll go up, up on a broomstick, over Blue Mountain with seventeen gentlemen callers! You ugly—babbling old—witch. . . [*He goes through a series of violent, clumsy movements, seizing his overcoat, lunging to the door, pulling it fiercely open. The women watch him, aghast. His arm catches in the sleeve of the coat as he struggles to pull it on. For a moment he is pinioned by the bulky garment. With an outraged groan he tears the coat off again, splitting the shoulder of it, and hurls it across the room. It strikes against the shelf of LAURA'S glass collection, there is a tinkle of shattering glass. LAURA cries out as if wounded.*]

English 120 Summer Reading Assignment: *The Glass Menagerie*  
Close Reading Passage: Scene Four

[LEGEND: "PLANS AND PROVISIONS."]

TOM. All right! What about Laura?

AMANDA. We have to be making some plans and provisions for her. She's older than you, two years, and nothing has happened. She just drifts along doing nothing. It frightens me terribly how she just drifts along.

TOM. I guess she's the type that people call home girls.

AMANDA. There's no such type, and if there is, it's a pity! That is unless the home is hers, with a husband!

TOM. What?

AMANDA. Oh, I can see the handwriting on the wall as plain as I see the nose in front of my face! It's terrifying! More and more you remind me of your father! He was out all hours without explanation!—Then *left!* *Good-bye!* And me with the bag to hold. I saw that letter you got ~~from the Merchant Marine. I know what you're~~ ~~dreaming of. I'm not standing here blind-~~ folded. Very well, then. Then *do it!* But not till there's somebody to take your place.

TOM. What do you mean?

AMANDA. I mean that as soon as Laura has got somebody to take care of her, married, a home of her own, independent—why, then you'll be free to go wherever you please, on land, on sea, whichever way the wind blows you! But until that time you've got to look out for your sister. I don't say me because I'm old and don't matter! I say for your sister because she's young and dependent. I put her in business college—a dismal failure! Frightened her so it made her sick at the stomach. I took her over to the Young People's League at the church. Another fiasco. She spoke to nobody, nobody spoke to her. Now all she does is fool with those pieces of glass and play those worn-out records. What kind of a life is that for a girl to lead?

English 120 Summer Reading Assignment: *The Glass Menagerie*  
Close Reading Passage: Scene Five

AMANDA. Don't say peculiar.

TOM. Face the facts. She is.

[THE DANCE-HALL MUSIC CHANGES TO A TANGO THAT HAS A MINOR AND SOMEWHAT OMINOUS TONE.]

AMANDA. In what way is she peculiar—may I ask?

TOM [*Gently*]. She lives in a world of her own—a world of—little glass ornaments, Mother. . . . [*Gets up. AMANDA remains holding brush, looking at him, troubled*] She plays old phonograph records and—that's about all— [*He glances at himself in the mirror and crosses to door.*]

AMANDA [*Sharply*]. Where are you going?

TOM. I'm going to the movies. [*Out screen door.*]

AMANDA. Not to the movies, every night to the movies! [*Follows quickly to screen door.*] I don't believe you always go to the movies! [*He is gone. AMANDA looks worriedly after him for a moment. Then vitality and optimism return and she turns from the door. Crossing to portieres.*] Laura! Laura! [*LAURA answers from kitchenette.*]

LAURA. Yes, Mother.

AMANDA. Let those dishes go and come in front! [*LAURA appears with dish towel. Gaily.*] Laura, come here and make a wish on the moon!

[SCREEN IMAGE: MOON.]

LAURA [*Entering*]. Moon—moon?

AMANDA. A little silver slipper of a moon. Look over your left shoulder, Laura, and make a wish! [*LAURA looks faintly puzzled as if called out of sleep. AMANDA seizes her shoulders and turns her at an angle by the door.*] Now! Now, darling, wish!

LAURA. What shall I wish for, Mother?

AMANDA [*Her voice trembling and her eyes suddenly filling with tears*]. Happiness, Good fortune!

[*The violin rises and the stage dims out.*]

English 120 Summer Reading Assignment: *The Glass Menagerie*  
Close Reading Passage: Scene Six

TOM. Yes, movies! Look at them— [*A wave toward the marvels of Grand Avenue.*] All of those glamorous people—having adventures—hogging it all, gobbling the whole thing up! You know what happens? People go to the *movies* instead of *moving*! Hollywood characters are supposed to have all the adventures for everybody in America, while everybody in America sits in a dark room and watches them have them! Yes, until there's a war. That's when adventure becomes available to the masses! *Everyone's* dish, not only Gable's! Then the people in the dark room come out of the dark room to have some adventures themselves—Goody, goody!—It's our turn now, to go to the South Sea Island—to make a safari—to be exotic, far-off!—but I'm not patient. I don't want to wait till then. I'm tired of the *movies* and I am *about to move*!

JIM [*Incredulously*]. Move?

TOM. Yes.

JIM. When?

TOM. Soon!

JIM. Where? Where?

[*Theme three music seems to answer the question, while TOM thinks it over. He searches among his pockets.*]

TOM. I'm starting to boil inside. I know I seem dreamy, but inside—well, I'm boiling!—Whenever I pick up a shoe, I shudder a little thinking how short life is and what I am doing!—Whatever that means. I know it doesn't mean shoes—except as something to wear on a traveler's feet! [*Finds paper.*] Look—

JIM. What?

TOM. I'm a member.

JIM [*Reading*]. The Union of Merchant Seamen.