

CCU Introduction to Literature—Summer Reading Assignments

All assignments must be typed in MLA format and is due the first Friday of the first semester. All assignments MUST BE students' own original work and is worth as follows totaling 130 points.

I. Required Reading:

- *How to Read Literature Like a Professor* by Thomas C. Foster (ISBN-13: 978-0060009427) (HRLLP)
- *A Case for Christ* by Lee Strobel (ISBN-10: 0310209307) After each chapter, **respond to the discussion questions.** (25pts)

II. Choose a title from the list below. **Write a five-paragraph essay** addressing the following: (50pts)

- Identify the protagonist, the antagonist, and the story's plot.
- From a biblical perspective, ascertain a lesson from the theme and/or character (s).
- Be sure to avoid plot summary. (3-5 pages)
 - *King Lear* (Shakespeare)
 - *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (Wilde)
 - *The Red Badge of Courage* (Crane)
 - *Pudd'nhead Wilson* (Twain)
 - *The Screwtape Letters* (Lewis)

III. Choose one poem from the following list and **write a paragraph response (1 page)** identifying the theme and three poetic devices with examples from the poem. Poems are printed on page two. (25 pts)

- "Beautiful Old Age"—D. H. Lawrence
- "The Children's Hour"—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
- "Weary In Well-Doing"—Christina Rossetti
- "What Is Divinity"—Wallace Stevens
- "Thanatopsis"—William Cullen Bryant

IV. Choose and read one unabridged novel from the list below. Annotate according to (HRLLP). Assess the author's perspective (worldview) on the novel's plot and themes. Identify one of the novel's major themes and **write a paragraph response (1 page)** in preparation for your literary research project, which will be due at the end of the first semester. Avoid plot summary. Be sure to bring your annotated novel and assessment to class the first Friday of the semester. (25 pts)

<i>1984</i> (Orwell)	<i>East of Eden</i> (Steinbeck)	<i>Oliver Twist</i> (Dickens)
<i>The Age of Innocence</i> (Wharton)	<i>Great Expectations</i> (Dickens)	* <i>Paradise Lost</i> (Milton)
<i>The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn</i> (Twain)	<i>The House of the Seven Gables</i> (Hawthorne)	<i>Persuasion</i> (Austen)
<i>Anna Karenina</i> (Tolstoy)	<i>The Idiot</i> (Dostoevsky)	<i>Pride and Prejudice</i> (Austen)
<i>Bleak House</i> (Dickens)	<i>The Inferno</i> (Alighieri)	<i>Robinson Crusoe</i> (Defoe)
<i>The Call of the Wild and White Fang</i> (London)	<i>Jane Eyre</i> (Bronte, C.)	<i>The Scarlet Pimpernel</i> (Orczy)
<i>The Count of Monte Cristo</i> (Dumas)	<i>Les Miserables</i> (Hugo)	<i>A Tale of Two Cities</i> (Dickens)
<i>Don Quixote</i> (Cervantes)	<i>Madame Bovary</i> (Flaubert)	<i>The Time Machine</i> (Wells)
<i>Dracula</i> (Stoker)	<i>The Mayor of Casterbridge</i> (Hardy)	<i>Tess of the d'Urbervilles</i> (Hardy)
<i>Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde</i> (Stevenson)	<i>Middlemarch</i> (Eliot)	<i>The Three Musketeers</i> (Dumas)
	<i>Moby Dick</i> (Melville)	<i>Tom Jones</i> (Fielding)
	<i>The Odyssey</i> (Homer)	<i>Uncle Tom's Cabin</i> (Stowe)
	<i>Of Human Bondage</i> (Maugham)	<i>Vanity Fair</i> (Thackeray)

V. Read and complete the Summer Assignment Survey. (5pts)

- ◇ **Note:** Writing assignments are intended to gauge your writing and analytical skills.

Poems

“Beautiful Old Age” by D. H. Lawrence

It ought to be lovely to be old
to be full of the peace that comes of experience
and wrinkled ripe fulfilment.

The wrinkled smile of completeness that follows a life
lived undaunted and unsoured with accepted lies
they would ripen like apples, and be scented like pippins
In their old age.

Soothing, old people should be, like apples
when one is tired of love.
Fragrant like yellowing leaves, and dim with the soft
stillness and satisfaction of autumn.

And a girl should say:
It must be wonderful to live and grow old.
Look at my mother, how rich and still she is!-

And a young man should think: By Jove
my father has faced all weathers but it's been a life!

“The Children’s Hour” by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day’s occupations, that is known as the Children’s Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for your all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
An moulder in dust away!

“Weary In Well-Doing” by Christina Rossetti

I would have gone; God bade me stay:
I would have worked: God bade me rest.
He broke my will from day to day,
He read my yearnings unexpressed
And said them nay.

Now I would stay; god bids me go:
Now I would rest; God bids me work.
He breaks my heart tossed to and fro,
My soul is wrung with doubts that lurk
And vex it so.

I go, Lord, where Thou sendedst me:
Day after day I plod and toil:
But, Christ my God, when will it be
That I may let alone my toil
And rest with Thee?

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.