

SUMMER READING

9th Grade

HONORS

REQUIREMENTS: Read
Fahrenheit 451 by Ray Bradbury
PLUS one more from the list below
and complete the assignment
outlined.

Stargirl
by Jerri Spinelli

The Witch of Blackbird Pond
by Elizabeth George Speare

The Horse and His Boy
by C.S. Lewis

Messenger
by Lois Lowry

Son
by Lois Lowry

ADVANCED

REQUIREMENTS: One book from
the following list and complete
the assignment outlined below.

Stargirl
by Jerri Spinelli

The Witch of Blackbird Pond
by Elizabeth George Speare

The Horse and His Boy
by C.S. Lewis

Messenger
by Lois Lowry

Son
by Lois Lowry

Fahrenheit 451
by Ray Bradbury



ASSIGNMENT!

The assignment is to annotate the book(s) as you read, according to the instructions below. When you read for high school, even for summer reading, it's good practice to keep a pencil or pen in one hand, and use it. Annotate your copy of the book (or use sticky notes or pieces of paper if you're borrowing a book). See below for directions and examples.

How to Annotate:

Put symbols in the margins:

? = question

☆ = important

! = Something surprised you.

○ = Circle unfamiliar words.

♡ = You like this part.

Underline + C = introducing character or characterization

Underline + S = setting

Underline + T = theme

Underline + LD = literary device (indicate which one[s])

Underline + I = You can make an inference.

Use the margin to write your questions, thoughts, ideas, definitions, or other annotations to help you remember and analyze what you've read. A book that will receive full credit is one that has, on average, an annotation or two per page. The sample pages below show more than what's required, and some of your pages should have more than what's required too.

This assignment is DUE on the first day of classes. This means you should walk into class having read the whole book (or books) and having finished your annotations.

If you have questions regarding this assignment, please email Mr. Darrell Stovall (one of the 9th grade English teachers) at dstovall@jcchs.org.

The next two pages show what your annotated pages might look like.



one

The Hearth and the Salamander

It was a pleasure to burn.

It was a special pleasure to see things eaten, to see things blackened and *changed*. With the brass nozzle in his fists, with this great python spitting its venomous kerosene upon the world, the blood pounded in his head, and his hands were the hands of some amazing conductor playing all the symphonies of blazing and burning to bring down the tatters and charcoal ruins of history. With his symbolic helmet numbered 451 on his stolid head, and his eyes all orange flame with the thought of what came next, he flicked the igniter and the house jumped up in a gorging fire that burned the evening sky red and yellow and black. He strode in a swarm of fireflies. He wanted above all, like the old joke, to shove a marshmallow on a stick in the furnace, while the flapping pigeon-winged books died on the porch and

metaphors LD

?
what does 451 symbolize?

★

lawn of the house. While the books went up in sparkling whirls and blew away on a wind turned dark with burning.

C

Montag grinned the fierce grin of all men singed and driven back by flame.

?

He knew that when he returned to the firehouse, he might wink at himself, a minstrel man, burnt-corked, in the mirror. Later, going to sleep, he would feel the fiery smile still gripped by his face muscles, in the dark. It never went away, that smile, it never ever went away, as long as he remembered.

Why is he always smiling?

S

He hung up his black beetle-colored helmet and shined it; he hung his flameproof jacket neatly; he showered luxuriously, and then, whistling, hands in pockets, walked across the upper floor of the fire station and fell down the hole. At the last moment, when disaster seemed positive, he pulled his hands from his pockets and broke his fall by grasping the golden pole. He slid to a squeaking halt, the heels one inch from the concrete floor downstairs.

I
future!

He walked out of the fire station and along the midnight street toward the subway where the silent air-propelled train slid soundlessly down its lubricated flue in the earth and let him out with a great puff of warm air onto the cream-tiled escalator rising to the suburb.

Whistling, he let the escalator waft him into the still night air. He walked toward the corner, thinking little at all about nothing in particular. Before he reached the corner, however, he slowed as if a wind had sprung up from nowhere, as if someone had called his name.

The last few nights he had had the most uncertain feelings about the sidewalk just around the corner here, moving in the moment prior to