AP Language and Composition - Scatenato

2025-26 Scatenato Google Classroom Code: x2rtw27c

Summer Assignments

There are **THREE** components to our summer work. Read carefully and plan accordingly!

1. **Assignment #1 - *Reading - Preparation for Seminar and Work with Key Passages:*** Read and sticky-note annotate your choice novel (see list below). Be prepared to discuss your novel with the class. Identify key passages you found particularly inspiring or noteworthy and be prepared to share these with your classmates.
2. **Assignment #2 - *Writing - Preparation for Analysis & Argument*:** Complete four responses using four nonfiction excerpts, assigned below in this document. These are due over the course of the summer on specific due dates, listed with the prompts. You do not have to write more than one page for each, and your writing must be your own.
3. **Assignment #3 - *Collaborating - Preparation for Our Work Together:*** Read and annotate your assigned section of *Thank You for Arguing* (pdf copy on Classroom) and prepare to work in a group to teach your section to the class in the first weeks of school.

ASSIGNMENT #1: SUMMER READING CHOICES - FICTION

Please read ONE selection from the novels listed below. Do some initial research on the titles to help you select a book that interests you and offers a good challenge. Please also note that these books are contemporary works, written mostly for adults, and that many of them contain mature themes including rape, enslavement and other forms of violence, as well as some use of profane language. Level of difficulty also varies in these books, so make sure you have a good fit before you commit. There are published reviews of each book online.

VERY important: *Your work over the summer sets you up for success in the course, and that includes exhibiting behavior commensurate with your expectations for APL&C. Pace yourself through your work this summer - and choose a title you will enjoy reading and sharing with your class.*

Acquiring Books:

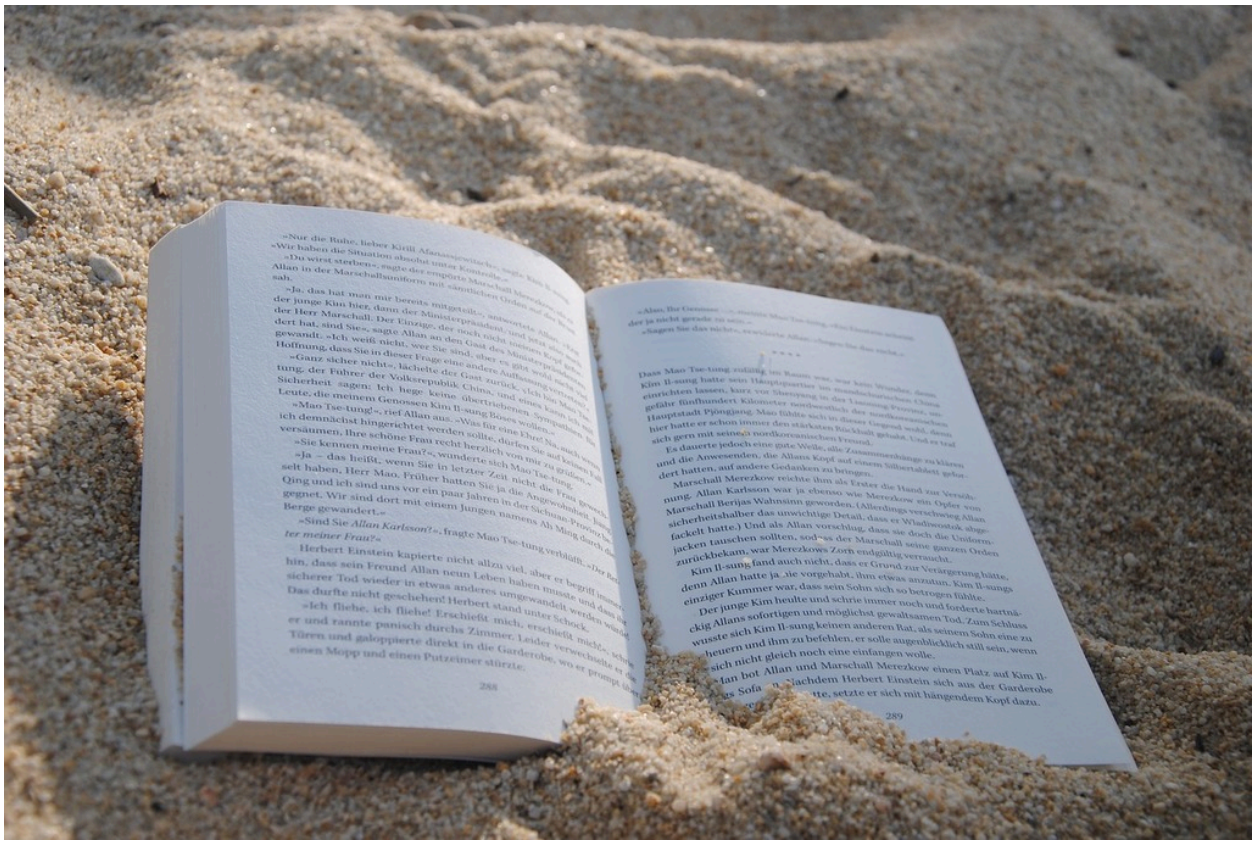
Ebooks: You may access copies of ebooks on the Sora digital library.

Print Books: A limited number of books are available through the FWHS library. Most of these books are also available through the Fairfield Public Library. Of course, you may choose to buy the book; this would allow you to annotate directly on the text.

*Whether paper or electronic, please **annotate** to keep track of and record your reactions and reflections as you read. Use a method that is comfortable for you. You should come to class prepared to discuss your text in depth and share your impressions and opinions with classmates who may or may not be reading the same text as you. This will be the first chance you will have to show yourself as a reader, writer and thinker.*

Summer Reading Fiction Choices:

- *Horse* by Geraldine Brooks
- *The Water Dancer* by Ta Nehisi Coates
- *Cloud Cuckooland* by Anthony Doerr
- *The Night Watchman* by Louise Erdich
- *Homegoing* by Yaa Gyassi
- *Lost Children Archive* by Valeria Luiselli
- *How Beautiful We Were* by Imbolo Mbue
- *A Mercy* by Toni Morrison
- *Our Missing Hearts* by Celeste Ng
- *There There* by Tommy Orange
- *Bewilderment* by Richard Powers



ASSIGNMENT #2: WRITING PROMPTS (WITH EXCERPTS)

These brief writing pieces are designed to help you sharpen your existing skills in rhetorical analysis and begin to consider deeply the role of rhetorical strategies in texts that are stylistically diverse. They also give your teacher some insight into you as a reader, writer, thinker and person. You should be familiar with and comfortable using the following terms in your responses, when appropriate. Write authentically, too - this is your way of introducing yourself.

Rhetoric: The effective use of language; also, the study of effective language use. The term can also be used negatively, as when it is said that a particular argument is really just using rhetoric, that is, using words persuasively (perhaps by making emotional appeals) without making a solid argument.

Argument: Writing that attempts to prove a point through reasoning. Argument presses its case by using logic and by supporting its logic with examples and evidence.

Evidence: The facts that support an argument. Evidence takes different forms depending on the kind of writing in which it appears, but generally is concrete, agreed-upon information that can be pointed to as example or proof.

Audience: As actors have audiences who can see and hear them, writers have readers. Having a sense of audience is important in writing because we write differently depending on who we think will be reading our work. If the audience is specific, we write in such a way that will appeal to a small group; if it is general, write in such a way that as many people as possible will listen to and be able to hear what we have to say.

Purpose: The author's goal or aim in writing a given piece. What is the author trying to get the audience to feel, think or do? This is especially important when considering rhetoric, as effective rhetoric always arises from its purpose.

Exigence: The "spark" that prompts a writer to write. Different from purpose, this is the impetus that begins the process of creating. It could be something that the author has always felt and finally committed to paper, or it could be a specific event or circumstance that gets the pen moving. Considering the exigence of a work of rhetoric is essential in understanding the choices made in creating it.

Tone: refers to the author's attitude toward the reader (e.g. formal, intimate, pompous) or to the subject matter (e.g. ironic, light, solemn, satiric, sentimental).

Diction: refers to the specific choice of words used in a literary work. A writer's diction may be characterized, for example, as formal, colloquial, abstract, concrete, literal or figurative. Diction is tempered by audience and informed by purpose and exigence.

Imagery: refers to the use of language in a literary work that evokes sense-impressions by literal or figurative reference to perceptible or "concrete" objects, scenes, actions, or states as distinct from the language or abstract argument or exposition. The imagery of a literary work thus comprises the set of images that it uses to appeal to senses (including, but not limited to sight).

Symbol, Symbolism: A symbol is something that stands for something else. Unlike allegory, symbolism is multi-dimensional--it may convey a number of meanings. The symbol of the great white whale in Herman Melville's *Moby Dick*, for example, may stand for the devil, nature, the forces of the universe or something else altogether.

Style: The way a writer writes. Any of the choices writers make while writing—about diction, sentence length, structure, rhythm, and figures of speech—that make their work sound like them. The tone of a particular work can be due in part to a writer's style.

Voice: A writer's unique use of language that allows a reader to perceive a human personality (persona) in his or her writing. The elements of style that determine a writer's voice include sentence structure, diction, and tone. The term can also be applied to the narrator of a selection.

PROMPT 1: CREATIVE PERSONAL NARRATIVE

Read the following piece from The Moth - a well-established podcast in which speakers (amateur and professional, celebrity and everyday people) tell a story from their own lives. These stories form the basis for The Moth Radio Hour and various events and "Story Slams" across the country. Read Ms. Dimoriaku's story and as you do, consider ***aspects of voice and purpose*** *in her speech. You may choose to listen using the link embedded. Then, address the prompt that follows.*

"Don't Violate my People"
from *The Moth* by Mmachi Dimoriaku
listen HERE

So, when my parents came from Nigeria about 19 years ago, they decided that for all the children, they are going to have Nigerian names. And by they, I mean my dad because, you see, my mom wanted to give me a chance at life and give me an English name. But no, my dad was all like in his accent, "You must have a typical Igbo Nigerian name."

And so, since the beginning of my life, I have had a long, long name that people joke is a sentence. And, throughout the beginning of early education, a lot of times, whenever my

teachers would try to pronounce my full name, they would look at it and they would say, “mmm.”

And I would always look at them, “Oh, that’s not how you pronounce it but ok.” And a lot of time they wouldn’t get it until June and by that time I'm just like, “I’m not gonna see you again in September so ok.”

I remember one time in Kindergarten I saw my report card. There’s this little category where it says whether or not you talk and pronounce their name correctly and I got a “needs improvement.” So, from the way they pronounce my name to the way my parents pronounce my name was very, very different, which is why I am sort of in this cultural rift. I was born in America but I have lineage in Nigeria. So, whenever I’m in America, I’m Nigerian or African while in Nigeria I am American, I’m just black. So, it was a really hard time for me to identify with either one. So, in middle school—beginning of sixth grade—I decided that I am not African. I am just American. I am black. That is all I am. I had like three different aliases, three different names: Victoria, Veronica, Vanessa. I was in love with the letter “V” for some reason. And everyone just called me either Victoria or Veronica. And I’m like, “Hey, what’s up, how you doing?” Nobody would call me by my name. When teachers tried to say it, I was like, “Oh, no, that’s not my name. My name is Victoria, and that’s what you call me.”

And that worked out for a little bit until one day in Latin class. Let me give you a little rundown on Latin Class. There are more students registered in the class than there are seats in the classroom. So, if you aren’t there on time, you do not get a seat. You either sit on the dirty floor or you stand up. And it’s hot, sticky, there’s no AC, it’s just like really uck. And one day, there was this boy who just decided, “Hey, I'm just gonna violate all the Africans today.” He was saying, “You African booty scratchers, go back to your country.” And he did that African click thing, which I really don’t understand why people still do that, like there are more cultures. And he continued doing it and nobody said anything: no student, no teacher said anything. He wasn’t violating me of course ‘cause I already said I’m not African. I don’t have anybody whose from Nigeria or anything.

After a certain amount of time, I don’t know what was going on in my head. But suddenly, I was standing up. And I was saying—I don’t know what impels me to say this but I got up and I said, “Don’t violate my people!” But I didn’t mean to say that; I was trying to hide it.

And it was that moment—everyone looked at me—and it was that moment I knew I messed up so badly because it was just like, “Oh, she’s not—she’s African. Where’s she from? Let’s find her name!” They found my name and completely butchered it. And, you know, it’s very hard

for me to be able to accept—for me at the time to accept—that I am from Africa. And even, from my own parents, they would say I am American. They wouldn't really say I am from Nigeria.

It was until one day in summer school my teacher, who was Ghanian, came up to me and said, "You know, you're not American. You're actually from Nigeria. You have a beautiful culture. You have a beautiful name. Accept it and love who you are." And I heard him and it was actually the first time I really heard somebody from the same continent as me telling me, "You are from where I am from." And though I heard him, I didn't want to hear him.

And it wasn't until 9th grade, again. That the same idea came about and... It was 9th grade, same situation, different boy, same African jokes, but this time—before anybody could interfere—I stood up and I looked at him and said the same words again, "Don't violate my people." It was that moment that I knew I was strong. That I am powerful. That I am able to say my name and be able to accept who I am. And though it's a little bit of a struggle at times, like I still have a hard time saying it. And you guys, you don't have to get it tonight, it's ok. But the first step to accepting my true culture is saying my name. Here it goes: My full name is Mmachi Dimoriaku. Thank you.

Prompt

*Think of and write about a specific story from your life related to your name (first, middle, last, nickname). You may choose to **perform** your story first (video or audio file) and then write down what you said, OR you can just **write** it as a narrative. Tell the story as your introduction to me. Use Ms. Dimoriaku's story as inspiration, letting your own unique voice come out as you create. Tell me who you are and why!*

Due by Monday, July 21. Submit to Google Classroom.

PROMPT 2: STRUCTURE AND ORGANIZATION

Read the essay below, excerpted from The Anthropocene Reviewed, *a collection of opinions on current culture written by John Green (author of* The Fault in Our Stars). *In this collection Green gives ratings - like film ratings, out of four stars - for aspects of our current culture that he wishes to comment on. For example, in the collection Green rates Diet Dr. Pepper, Super Mario Kart, and, in the essay below, the board game Monopoly. As you read, consider Green's message, not only in terms of the game itself (which has a fascinating history) but in terms of what he is implying about American culture and society through his review. Then, write your response to the prompt that follows.*

MONOPOLY

John Green, from *The Anthropocene Reviewed*

WHEN MY FAMILY AND I PLAY MONOPOLY, a board game in which the goal is to bankrupt your fellow players, I sometimes think about Universal Paperclips, a 2017 video game created by Frank Lantz. In Universal Paperclips, you play the role of an artificial intelligence that has been programmed to create as many paperclips as possible. Over time, you produce more and more paperclips, until eventually you exhaust all of Earth's iron ore, whereupon you send probes to outer space to mine paperclip materials from other planets, and then eventually other solar systems. After many hours of play, you finally win the game: You've turned all the universe's available resources into paperclips. You did it. Congratulations. Everyone is dead.

In Monopoly, you land on various properties as you move around a square board. In the original game, the properties are from a fictionalized version of Atlantic City, New Jersey, but that changes depending on region and edition. For instance, in the Pokémon version of the game, properties include Tangela and Raichu. Regardless, if you land on an unclaimed property, you can purchase it, and if you establish a monopoly by purchasing related properties, you can build houses and hotels. When other players land on places you own, they must pay you rent. Acquire enough properties, and the rent becomes unsustainable for your fellow players, and they go bankrupt.

There are many problems with Monopoly, but maybe the reason the game has persisted for so long-it has been one of the world's best selling board games for over eighty years is that its problems are our problems: Like life, Monopoly unfolds very slowly at first, and then becomes distressingly fast at the end. Like life, people find meaning in its outcomes even though the game is rigged toward the rich and privileged, and insofar as it isn't rigged, it's random. And like life, your friends get mad if you take their money, and then no matter how rich you are, there's an ever-expanding void inside of you that money can never fill, but

gripped by the madness of unregulated enterprise you nonetheless believe that if you just get a couple more hotels or take from your friends their few remaining dollars, you will at last feel complete.

To me, the worst thing about Monopoly is its convoluted, self- contradictory analysis of capitalism. The game is essentially about how acquiring land is literally a roll of the dice, and how the exploitation of monopolies enriches the few and impoverishes the many. And yet, the point of the game is to get as rich as you can.

Monopoly's mealymouthed take on economic inequality is also like life, at least life in Monopoly's home nation of the United States, where many of us think of billionaires the way I thought of the popular kids in middle school. I despised them, but also desperately wanted to be them. In Monopoly's case, the thematic inconsistency of the game is largely a product of its complicated origin story, which turns out to say far more about capitalism than the game itself does.

Here's the creation myth as it gets told by Monopoly's current owner, the toy company Hasbro: In 1929, in the wake of the great stock market crash, forty-year-old Charles Darrow lost his job in Philadelphia and was forced to scratch together a living as a door-to-door salesman. But then in 1933, he invented the board game Monopoly, eventually patenting the game and licensing it to the company Parker Brothers. Darrow became the first board game millionaire, a proper rags-to-riches story of an American inventor succeeding via the sweat of his Randian brow.

It's a great story; so great, in fact, that many copies of Monopoly have been printed with Darrow's biography alongside the rules. Today, there's even a plaque in Atlantic City celebrating Charles Darrow. The only problem with the story is that Charles Darrow did not invent Monopoly.

Almost thirty years earlier, a woman named Elizabeth Magie created a board game called the Landlord's Game. As detailed in Mary Pilon's wonderful book The Monopolists, Magie was a writer and actor who supported her artistic pursuits with a career as a stenographer and typist, work that she hated. "I wish to be constructive," she once said, "not a mere mechanical tool for transmitting a man's spoken thoughts to letter paper."

In her lifetime, Magie was best known for a newspaper ad in which she offered herself up for sale to the highest bidder. She described herself as "not beautiful, but very attractive," and a woman of “strong bohemian characteristics." The ad, which made national news, was meant to call attention to the discrimination against women in every aspect of American life,

which forced them out of the workforce and into subservient roles in marriage. She told a reporter, "We are not machines. Girls have minds, desires, hopes, and ambitions."

Magie also felt that no feminist movement could succeed without larger changes in the economic system. "In a short time," she said, "men and women will discover that they are poor because Carnegie and Rockefeller have more maybe than they know what to do with." To help show this to the world, in 1906 Magie created the Landlord's Game. Magie was a follower of Henry George, an economist who believed, as Antonia Noori Farzan put it in the Washington Post, "that railroads, telegraphs, and utilities should be publicly owned, rather than controlled by monopolies, and that land should be considered common property."

Magie designed the Landlord's Game to illustrate George's ideas, and believed that as children played it, they would "see clearly the gross injustice of our present land system." The Landlord's Game was similar to Monopoly in many ways: Like Monopoly, it had a square board with properties, and like Monopoly, if you made a bad roll you could go to jail. But Magie released her game with two sets of rules. In one, the goal-like contemporary Monopoly was to impoverish your opponents and acquire land monopolies. In the other set of rules, "all were re- warded when wealth was created," as Pilon put it. One set of rules showcased how rent systems enriched landlords while keeping tenants poor, leading to capital over time concentrating in fewer and fewer hands. The other set sought to suggest a better way in which wealth generated by the many was shared by the many.

The monopolist rules for the Landlord's Game proved more popular, and as college students learned the game and played handmade versions of it, they expanded and changed rules to make it even more similar to the Monopoly we know today. An Indianapolis version, called the Fascinating Game of Finance, was released in 1932, and it was in Indianapolis that a woman named Ruth Hoskins learned the game. She soon moved to Atlantic City, and adapted the game to her new hometown. Hoskins taught the game to many people, including a couple who later moved to Philadelphia, where they taught the Fascinating Game of Finance to a guy named Charles Todd, who in turn taught it to Charles Darrow. Darrow then asked for a copy of the rules, altered some of the design, patented the game, and became a millionaire.

Here's how much Charles Darrow did not invent Monopoly: Marven Gardens is a neighborhood near Atlantic City. In Charles Todd's version of the game, which he learned by way of Ruth Hoskins, the neighborhood is misspelled as Marvin Gardens. That misspelling is re- peated in Darrow's version of the game, because Charles Darrow didn't invent Monopoly. So the story we hear of an individual rightly rewarded for his genius turns out to be a far more complicated story of a woman who created a game that thousands of collaborators then improved by playing it. A story of capitalism working turns out to be a story of capitalism failing. So many people got robbed by Darrow's monopolism, but Elizabeth Magie's loss is

especially galling, because it wasn't only her game that got buried by Monopoly but also the ideals she worked so hard to share. Magie's rebuke of unregulated extractive capitalism was transformed into a celebration of getting rich by making others poor.

In the game of Monopoly, power and resources get unjustly distributed until one individual ends up with everything, and only in that sense is it Charles Darrow's game. Still, more than a hundred years after Magie first debuted the Landlord's Game, Hasbro continues to credit Charles Darrow as the inventor of Monopoly, and will say of Elizabeth Magie only, "There have been a number of popular property trading games throughout history. Elizabeth Magie- a writer, inventor, and feminist- was one of the pioneers of land-grabbing games." In short, Hasbro still refuses to acknowledge that the land they grabbed was never theirs for the taking.

I give Monopoly one and a half stars.

Prompt

Write a reflection on what you think Green is trying to achieve through this piece. What is he pushing us, his readers, to feel, to think, or even to do? What are the major shifts in his writing, and what effect do these shifts have? You should support your response with key phrases and/or terms that signal these shifts in subject or focus. (Your response should be a single, well developed body paragraph about one page in length, double-spaced, Times New Roman, 12-point font. It's okay if you go beyond a page.)

Due by Monday, July 28. Submit to Google Classroom.



PROMPT 3: DETAIL, IMAGERY AND MORE

Read the following excerpts from Anthony Doerr's Four Seasons in Rome *and respond to the prompt that follows. NB: This is one of Mrs. Scatenato's favorite books ever! Doerr is an incredible writer and he really, truly "gets" Rome in this book.*

From *Four Seasons in Rome* by Anthony Doerr

Winter

The Earth trundles along. Autumn seeps away from Rome. Good-bye, tomatoes; good-bye, tourists. Good-bye, whitethroats and warblers, and good-bye to the little brown corn bunting who landed on our terrace yesterday and sang a few notes before continuing on. Tonight I press my face into the pillow and imagine the migrants sweeping south through Europe, down the length of Italy, swallows and kingfishers, bean geese and sand martins, a tide across the Alps, darkening the moon, chasing the sun.

The vegetable stand we buy from is located in a little convergence of alleys between the hardware store and the bakery, called Largo Luigi Micelli. The sisters who run it are stubby-fingered and wear gumboots. "*Buongiorno,"* they say, every time we arrive. "*Dimmi."* Tell me.

Most days a son helps them, eager and grave in his apron, periodically bringing a hand to his upper lip to confirm the existence of his downy mustache. The three of them educate me in winter produce: one type of cauliflower white as cotton, another purple as dusk; sheaves of young leeks with mud still packed into their roots; basins of squash; tiny, spherical potatoes like miniature moons. Frost, they say, adds flavor to the leaves of kale; winter radicchio should be brushed with oil and grilled on warm coals. There is fennel in bright reedy piles. Crinkly, soft cabbages. Mountains of radishes. There are eggplants in rows and eggplants in heaps; indigo, violet-blue, some so purple they are black.

The leeks are bundled like debarked, nascent trees; the red-leaf lettuces are aloof and silent; they burn like torch flames. Especially in wet weather the market is luminous: the air slightly smoky, the stalls seemingly huddled together against the chill, the emerald piles of spinach, the orange pyramids of carrots, a dozen tattered umbrellas gleaming with beads of rain. And then, at noon, shutters are drawn, awnings collapse, the banquet is put away, and in the evening we walk past on the way home from a restaurant and all that remains of the market are locked stalls and trash in the gutters and the reflections of streetlights in the puddles.

This morning the sisters have wood strawberries, *fragoline di bosco*, little red droplets of flesh.

They have supposedly been harvested in the hills we can see from the roof of the Academy.

I buy a carton for two euros, then reach inside the stroller's rain cover and hand a strawberry like a tiny glowing lamp to each of the boys. They study it before sliding it between their lips.

Prompt:

Reflecting on how author Anthony Doerr uses detail and imagery to create a vivid, visceral description of early fall in the city of Rome, create your own vivid, visceral description of an environment in which you have existed, if even for a short period of time. This should be specific but it does NOT have to be your home - this is a good opportunity to explore, in writing, a place that is less familiar, even a spot you visited on vacation. Put yourself into that specific place, either physically or even just emotionally, focus on your surroundings, the sensory details you can pull into your writing. Welcome your reader into this place, sharing not only what you see but what you feel, think, smell, taste, touch. Let your writing reveal how you feel about this place. (Your response should be a single, well developed paragraph about one page in length, double-spaced, Times New Roman, 12-point font. It's okay if you go beyond a page.)

Due by Monday, August 4. Submit to Google Classroom.



PROMPT 4: SOURCES OF AUTHORITY IN ARGUMENTATION

On March 27, 2023 a mass-shooting occurred at the Covenant School in Nashville, Tennessee. The shooter killed three children and three adults, and it is, to date, the deadliest mass shooting in Tennessee's history. The shooter, 28-year old Aidan Hale, was shot and killed by two officers of the Metropolitan Nashville Police Department. As you read the following open letter by journalist Margaret Renkl, consider aspects of tone - the attitude the writer has for the topic - and how Renkl creates a very specific tone through the choices she makes in her writing. Then, respond to the prompt that follows:

An Open Letter to Governor Lee on the Slaughter of Our Children
by Margaret Renkl

Dear Gov. Bill Lee,

For more than 24 hours, I waited for you to speak to the people of Tennessee about the massacre of Nashville schoolchildren and the adults who gave their lives trying to keep them safe. These were your citizens. These children were your children. This shattered faith community is exactly the kind of community that gives you solace in your own moments of fear and despair. What would you say to them? To us?

What promises of reform would you offer? What vows before God that nothing like this would ever happen to another family on your watch? To another innocent child?

I waited to hear.

I have never had any reason to believe that you would represent my own views and my own values in the governance of this state, but I still had hope that the murder of *children* would have the power, however temporarily, to carry us to common ground. God help me, I still had enough faith in your humanity to hope that you might be moved by the obliterated bodies of these tiny Tennesseans to do *something*. To lead us somewhere better. At the very least to promise that you would try.

For more than 24 hours, you did not speak.

I live in a quiet neighborhood. In that quiet, it is possible to hear sirens from miles away. When the sirens started Monday, I was standing in my front yard talking to a friend. At first I didn't even register the keening, but almost immediately it became an uncountable number of sirens. Police sirens and fire engine sirens and the heart-chilling sound of ambulance sirens.

For two hours, Governor Lee, it was nothing but sirens. Sirens going and sirens coming. Sirens loud enough to be heard indoors, and from every room in the house. Sirens in the background

of every phone call that morning, as people kept checking in to compare notes. What have you heard?

That many sirens can mean only one thing, I knew, but I prayed with every cell in my body to be wrong about that. Please, God, not a school. There are so many schools in the first-ring suburbs — public and private schools, preschools and elementary schools, middle schools and high schools. Please, God, let it be none of them. Please, not one of them.

Do you know what people do after a sudden loss like this, Governor? They question every single choice they have ever made. They lie in the dark and wonder how one little shift in the trajectory of time might have led to some other outcome. Would a different school have been safer? What if I'd believed that story about a stomach ache? Should I have kept them home with me, never let them leave my side? Should I have quit my job and home-schooled them?

This is the heartbreak after the heartbreak — the way we all think it might have been our own fault somehow. Whatever terrible thing has happened, we find a way to make it our own fault. Everyone who has lived through a sudden loss knows that. I thought for sure you knew it, too. However distant we might be from the epicenter of that school and the survivors whose lives will never, ever be the same, we are all broken by these images. Oh, those tiny, tiny children! Oh, their beautiful, beautiful protectors! How could we have saved them? What could we possibly have done to save them?

Every parent in the country, and everyone who isn't a parent, too, is asking these questions. What can I do to be sure another child isn't next? Why aren't you asking it?

I ask it all the time, and I don't even have school-age children. I ask because my husband is a teacher, because our son is a teacher, because my brother is a teacher and my sister is a teacher and my oldest and closest friends — here in Nashville and around the country — are teachers.

I am proud of all the people I love who have given their lives to teaching, but I am so afraid for them. I lie awake in fear for them. A person who accepts the immense challenges of teaching children shouldn't be obliged to accept the responsibility of shielding them from bullets, too. And yet every teacher does exactly that. Every single one of them scans every classroom they enter, looking for the hiding places, testing the locks on doors.

There's nothing they can do to keep their students, or their own children, from being next. But *you* could, Governor Lee, if you wanted to. You may be the only one in this entire state who could do something to protect our children. You could do it, if you wanted to.

You could support legislation that would ban assault weapons. I'm not so naïve as to believe that banning assault weapons would prevent all school shootings, but it would prevent many,

many deaths. It would slow the rampage. It would give police officers — who even more than teachers are called to put their lives on the line to protect us — a fighting chance. Weapons of war do not belong in the hands of civilians. We all know that. You know that.

I'm not trying to talk you out of your support for gun rights, Governor Lee. You wouldn't need to back down on gun rights. We can argue till kingdom come about background checks and registration requirements and gun safes and biometric trigger locks, and I'd be very happy to talk with you about all the safety measures you could support that would honor your commitment to gun rights and public safety both.

It was never likely that events this week would change your commitment to serving up every item on the gun lobby's agenda, I admit, but I still had hope. There's nothing "other" about this school community to hide behind, no way to pass it off as something that only happens in other places. Maybe you would see it this time. Maybe it would be personal this time. I kept hoping that your delay in responding was a sign that you were gathering the courage to do the right thing.

You weren't, though. When you finally spoke, it was not to introduce a plan to reduce gun violence and prevent the slaughter of our community's beloved children. When you finally spoke, it was to say nothing at all.

Prompt:
Write a reflection on how author Margaret Renkl uses personal experience rather than what we traditionally think of as expertise to craft a convincing argument in her open letter to Governor Lee of Tennessee. Be sure to put into your own words Renkl's argument and what it is about her piece that you think, specifically, makes it so persuasive. You should support your response with key phrases and/or words quoted and closely analyzed from the text. Your response should be a single, well developed paragraph about one page in length, double-spaced, Times New Roman, 12-point font. It's okay if you go beyond a page.

Due by Monday, August 11. Submit to Google Classroom

ASSIGNMENT #3: *THANK YOU FOR ARGUING* GROUP ASSIGNMENT

When we meet before the end of the school year you will receive a number that corresponds to the section of the text you will be responsible for reading and annotating BEFORE school starts. Please feel free to read the entire text, though! It's an excellent introduction to rhetoric, the focus of our work together in APL&C. This specific assignment, however, will form the basis for your first group endeavor, as you will be in a group of fellow students tasked with ***teaching your segment of this text to the class.*** *In particular, as you read you should focus on the following questions:*

- What is **rhetoric**?
- What are **essential** aspects of rhetoric and the art of persuasion?
- What are ways in which the art of persuasion is **important** to everyday life?
- What are some unique, significant, thought-provoking **takeaways** from Heinrich's work?
- What are specific **terms** associated with rhetoric and the art of persuasion?

You will have time together to work on this in class, but the expectation is that you come prepared to contribute in meaningful ways to your group's project. The text is linked below in PDF form and on Google Classroom.

Thank You for Arguing by Jay Heinrichs (PDF copy linked here)

*****NB: the pages listed below correspond to the PDF copy of the book.*****

Group 1 - Offense - **pg. 21-29** ("Open Your Eyes") and **pg. 33 - 89**

Group 2 - Offense - **pg. 21-29** ("Open Your Eyes") and **pg. 90 - 151**

Group 3 - Defense - **pg. 21-29** ("Open Your Eyes") and **pg. 155 - 206**

Group 4 - Advanced Offence - **pg. 21-29** ("Open Your Eyes") and **pg. 209 - 261**

Group 5 - Advanced Agreement - **pg. 21-29** ("Open Your Eyes") and **pg. 256 - end**