

## 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) Read and complete the test case. (15pts)
- *A Case for Christ* by Lee Strobel (ISBN-10: 0310209307) After each chapter, respond to the discussion questions. (15pts)

### II. Choose one of the titles 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.
  - *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 two poems from the following list and write a one-page response identifying the theme and three poetic devices with examples from each poem. Poems are printed on page two. (20pts)

- "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 by assessing the author's perspective (worldview) of the novel's plot and themes. Write a two-page assessment in preparation for your literary research project, which will be due at the end of the first semester. Be sure to bring your annotated novel and assessment to class the first Friday of the semester. (25pts)

<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)

### Poems

“Beautiful Old Age” by D. H. Lawrence

It ought to 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?

“What Is Divinity” by Wallace Stevens

What is divinity if it can come  
Only in silent shadows and in dreams?  
Shall she not find in comforts of the sun,  
In pungent fruit and bright, green wings, or else  
In any balm or beauty of the earth,  
Things to be cherished like the thought of heaven?  
Divinity must live within herself:  
Passions of rain, or moods in falling snow;  
Grievings in loneliness, or unsubdued  
Elations when the forest blooms; gusty  
Emotions on wet roads on autumn nights;  
All pleasures and all pains, remembering  
The bough of summer and the winter branch,  
These are the measures destined for her soul.

“Thanatopsis” by William Cullen Bryant

To him who in the love of Nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language; for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides  
Into his darker musings, with a mild  
And healing sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts  
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—  
Go forth, under the open sky, and list  
To Nature’s teachings, while from all around—  
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—  
Comes a still voice—

Yet a few days, and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,  
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,  
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim  
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,  
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
To mix for ever with the elements,  
To be a brother to the insensible rock  
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain  
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak  
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

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.