

**MAGNOLIA SCHOOL**  
7<sup>th</sup> Grade Summer Reading Assignment

**Journal Requirements:** Purchase an authentic and bound journal with lines marked for writing. If you have last year's summer reading journal, you may continue using it. Remember to do your best work and write clearly and neatly for each entry. Label and date each entry in your journal.

**Required:**

- *Johnny Tremain* by Esther Forbes

**Book List (choose one):**

Choose one novel from the list below for your second book. All summer reading works must be unabridged versions.

- *Journey to the Center of the Earth* by Jules Verne
- *The Story of My Life* by Helen Keller
- Any one of Books 2 through 8 of the *Anne of Green Gables* series by Lucy Maud Montgomery
- Any of the *Lord of the Rings* trilogy by J. R. R. Tolkien
- *Little Women* by Louisa May Alcott

**Poem**

Poem Option #1: "I Hear America Singing" by Walt Whitman

Poem Option #2: "The Raven" by Edgar Allan Poe

Poem Option #3: "A Prophecy: To George Keats in America" by John Keats

All seventh-grade students are required to choose one summer poem provided in this document, copy it word for word into their journals and memorize it for recital on the first day of school.

**Journal Assignment Parts I & II:**

Read *Johnny Tremain* by Esther Forbes and a novel of your choosing from the book list above. Write a thoughtful and well-written journal entry for each assigned book. Each journal entry should be labeled, dated, and at a minimum, two or more paragraphs in length for each novel. Here are some questions to consider:

- Did you enjoy the novel? Why or why not?
- What did you think of the main characters in the novel? Who did you like and who did you dislike?
- What did you learn from the novel? What does it teach you about how others should be treated?
- Is there anything about that novel that you disagreed with? Did any characters make poor choices?
- What are some of the themes and main ideas of the novel? What was the main message? Was it about courage? Generosity? Growth? Forgiveness? Survival?
- How do the characters in the novel change or grow throughout the story? Did any characters learn a new way of looking at the world than how they saw things at the beginning?
- Would you recommend this book to a friend? Why or why not?

\*Your reflections should be at least two full paragraphs each, but you are welcome to write more! I will thoroughly enjoy reading your writing and seeing your thoughts and ideas on paper.

**Journal Assignment Part III:**

- Choose one of the summer poems provided in this document. Copy the poem into your journal word for word. You may add decorations, doodles, or drawings to your copied poem if you'd like. Memorize it for the first day of school!

**Journal Assignment Part IV:**

- Journals can be wonderful tools for capturing moments in time in our lives. Write about a family story or memory from your summer or your extended time at home. You can share a favorite memory, write about how you've grown as a person, a new hobby you've picked up, or a trip you took with your family.

**Your summer reading assignment will be due on the first day of school and will be for a grade. Have fun reading!**

Summer Reading Assignment Grading Rubric:

Assignment	Label	Date	Complete	Thoughtfulness	Neatness	Total
<i>Johnny Tremain</i>	/1	/1	/12 (2 paragraphs minimum)	/12	/4	/30
Novel #2	/1	/1	/12 (2 paragraphs minimum)	/12	/4	/30
Copy of Poem	/1	/1	/5		/3	/10
Personal Journal Entry (memory, family story, etc.)	/1	/1	/5	/5	/3	/15
Poem Recitation			/15			/15
<b>TOTAL SCORE</b>						/100

## Poem Choice #1

"I Hear America Singing" by Walt Whitman

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,  
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it  
should be blithe and strong,  
The carpenter singing his as he measures his  
plank or beam,  
The mason singing his as he makes ready for  
work, or leaves off work,  
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his  
boat, the deckhand singing on the steamboat  
deck,  
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench,  
the hatter singing as he stands,  
The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his  
way in the morning, or at noon intermission  
or at sundown,  
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the  
young wife at work, or of the girl sewing or  
washing,  
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to  
none else,  
The day what belongs to the day—at night the  
party of young fellows, robust, friendly,  
Singing with open mouths their strong  
melodious songs.

## Poem Choice #2

"The Raven" by Edgar Allan Poe

"Once upon a midnight dreary, while I  
pondered, weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of  
forgotten lore—  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly  
there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my  
chamber door.  
"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my  
chamber door—  
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak  
December;  
And each separate dying ember wrought its  
ghost upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had  
sought to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow  
for the lost Lenore—  
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the  
angels name Lenore—  
Nameless *here* for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of  
each purple curtain  
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors  
never felt before;  
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I  
stood repeating  
"Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my  
chamber door—  
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my  
chamber door;—  
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating  
then no longer,  
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness  
I implore;  
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently  
you came rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at  
my chamber door,  
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I  
opened wide the door;—  
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood  
there wondering, fearing,  
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever  
dared to dream before;  
But the silence was unbroken, and the  
stillness gave no token,  
And the only word there spoken was the  
whispered word, "Lenore?"  
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back  
the word, "Lenore!"—  
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul  
within me burning,  
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder  
than before.  
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at  
my window lattice;  
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this  
mystery explore—  
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery  
explore;—  
'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with  
many a flirt and flutter,  
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly  
days of yore;  
Not the least obeisance made he; not a  
minute stopped or stayed he;  
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched  
above my chamber door—  
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my  
chamber door—  
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy  
into smiling,  
By the grave and stern decorum of the  
countenance it wore,  
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,"  
I said, "art sure no craven,  
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering  
from the Nightly shore—  
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's  
Plutonian shore!"  
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear  
discourse so plainly,  
Though its answer little meaning—little  
relevancy bore;  
For we cannot help agreeing that no living  
human being  
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above  
his chamber door—  
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above  
his chamber door,

With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid  
bust, spoke only  
That one word, as if his soul in that one word  
he did outpour.  
Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather  
then he fluttered—  
Till I scarcely more than muttered "Other  
friends have flown before—  
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes  
have flown before."  
Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so  
aptly spoken,  
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only  
stock and store  
Caught from some unhappy master whom  
unmerciful Disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs  
one burden bore—  
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy  
burden bore  
Of 'Never—nevermore'."

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into  
smiling,  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of  
bird, and bust and door;  
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook  
myself to linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous  
bird of yore—  
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and  
ominous bird of yore  
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable  
expressing  
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into  
my bosom's core;  
This and more I sat divining, with my head at  
ease reclining  
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-  
light gloated o'er,

But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamp-light  
gloating o'er,  
    *She* shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser,  
perfumed from an unseen censer  
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on  
the tufted floor.  
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—  
by these angels he hath sent thee  
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy  
memories of Lenore;  
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget  
this lost Lenore!"  
    Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet  
still, if bird or devil!—  
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest  
tossed thee here ashore,  
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert  
land enchanted—  
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me  
truly, I implore—  
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell  
me, I implore!"  
    Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet  
still, if bird or devil!  
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that  
God we both adore—  
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the  
distant Aidenn,  
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the  
angels name Lenore—  
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the  
angels name Lenore."  
    Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or  
fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—  
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's  
Plutonian shore!  
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie  
thy soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust  
above my door!  
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy  
form from off my door!"  
    Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is  
sitting, *still* is sitting  
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my  
chamber door;  
And his eyes have all the seeming of a  
demon's that is dreaming,  
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws  
his shadow on the floor;  
And my soul from out that shadow that lies  
floating on the floor  
    Shall be lifted—nevermore!

### Poem Choice #3

"A Prophecy: To George Keats in America"  
by John Keats

'Tis the witching time of night,  
Orbed is the moon and bright,  
And the Stars they glisten, glisten,  
Seeming with bright eyes to listen.  
For what listen they?  
For a song and for a charm,  
See they glisten in alarm,  
And the Moon is waxing warm  
To hear what I shall say.  
Moon! keep wide thy golden ears—  
Hearken, Stars! and hearken, Spheres!—  
Hearken, thou eternal Sky!  
I sing an infant's Lullaby,  
O pretty lullaby!  
Listen, listen, listen, listen,  
Glisten, glisten, glisten, glisten,  
And hear my Lullaby!  
Though the Rushes, that will make  
Its cradle, still are in the lake—  
Though the linen that will be

Its swathe, is on the cotton tree—  
Though the woollen that will keep  
It warm, is on the silly sheep—  
Listen, Starlight, listen, listen,  
Glisten, glisten, glisten, glisten,  
And hear my lullaby!  
Child, I see thee! Child, I've found thee  
Midst of the quiet all around thee!  
Child, I see thee! Child, I spy thee  
And thy mother sweet is nigh thee!  
Child, I know thee! Child no more,  
But a Poet evermore!  
See, see the Lyre, the Lyre,  
In a flame of fire,  
Upon the little cradle's top  
Flaring, flaring, flaring,  
Past the eyesight's bearing.  
Awake it from its sleep,  
And see if it can keep  
Its eyes upon the blaze—  
Amaze, amaze!  
It stares, it stares, it stares,  
It dares what no one dares!  
It lifts its little hand into the flame  
Unharm'd, and on the strings  
Paddles a little tune, and sings,  
With dumb endeavor sweetly—  
Bard art thou completely!  
    Little child  
    O' th' western wild,  
Bard art thou completely!  
Sweetly with dumb endeavor.  
A poet now or never,  
    Little child  
    O' th' western wild,  
A Poet now or never!