

MAGNOLIA SCHOOL
7th 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:

- *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 *Little Women* by Louisa May Alcott.

Write **two** thoughtful and well-written journal entries for this assigned book. Each journal entry should be labeled, dated, and at a minimum, two or more paragraphs in length. 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>Little Women</i>	/1	/1	/12 (2 paragraphs minimum)	/12	/4	/30
<i>Little Women</i>	/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
TOTAL SCORE						/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!