

📖 You're invited: First-Day-of-School Book Club! 📖

When you come to English in the Fall, you'll join a book club to talk about a book you've all read!

- 1 **Pick your book** (see back of page)
- 2 **Read it and collect** things you'd like to talk about—lines that were beautifully written or that made you think, questions to talk about, random noticings and more!
- 3 Create a **two-pager** that shows **your personal interaction** with the book and that you **can use to build a conversation** with a book club on the first day back. Create the two-pager in a notebook you want to use for your Writer's Notebook next year—any notebook you like will do!

DUE DATE: Bring your book and two-pager to class on the **first day of school**. Get your own book, or see Ms. Walker to check one out from the library (limited).

*Pro tip: use a bookmark to track names and who's who.

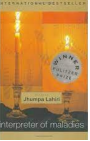

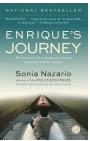

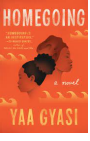





☑ **Great Examples:**

The collage displays several student-created two-pagers for the book 'The Circle'. One example is a character map with sections for 'GEORGE ORWELL', '1984', 'RANT-BOX', 'WAR', 'Disruption', 'Society', 'Privacy', and 'Place - box p. 2'. Another shows a 2-page spread with handwritten notes on 'SECRETS ARE LIES', 'SHARING IS CARING', and 'PRIVACY IS THEFT'. A third example features a character analysis of Klara and Josie, and a central question: 'What does it mean to be human?'.

⊗ **Non-examples:**

- Could have been made by just using Sparknotes or something online
- Does not show YOUR personal interaction with the story
- Does not include specifics from the story—and I don't mean the ones found on Sparknotes...

Choose from the following:

Book, author, and region	Excerpt from the book
  <p>South Asia: Interpreter of Maladies by Jhumpa Lahiri</p>	<p>They sat at the table, the rice cakes between them. He turned to a fresh page in his sketch pad. “You draw.”</p> <p>She selected a blue crayon. “What should I draw?”</p> <p>He thought for a moment. “I know,” he said. He asked her to draw things in the living room: the sofa, the director’s chairs, the television, the telephone. “This way I can memorize it.”</p> <p>“Memorize what?”</p> <p>“Our day together.” He reached for another rice cake.</p> <p>“Why do you want to memorize it?”</p> <p>“Because we’re never going to see each other, ever again.”</p>
  <p>Central America: Enrique’s Journey by Sonia Nazario</p>	<p>The Boy Does Not Understand.</p> <p>His mother is not talking to him. She will not even look at him. Enrique has no hint of what she is going to do.</p> <p>Lourdes knows. She understands, as only a mother can, the terror she is about to inflict, the ache Enrique will feel, and finally the emptiness.</p>
  <p>Africa: Homegoing by Yaa Gyasi</p>	<p>The night Effia Otcher was born into the musky heat of Fanteland, a fire raged through the woods just outside her father’s compound. It moved quickly, tearing a path for days. It lived off the air; it slept in caves and hid in trees; it burned, up and through, unconcerned with what wreckage it left behind, until it reached an Asante village. There, it disappeared, becoming one with the night.</p>
  <p>East Asia: Snow Flower and Secret Fan by Lisa See</p>	<p>You know the old saying about beautiful people marrying beautiful people and talented people marrying talented people? That morning I concluded that Uncle and Aunt were two ugly people and therefore perfectly matched. Uncle, my father’s younger brother, had bowlegs, a bald head, and a full shiny face. Aunt was plump, and her teeth were like jagged stones protruding from a karst cave. Her bound feet were not very small, maybe fourteen centimeters long, twice the size of what mine eventually became.</p>
  <p>Middle East: A Thousand Splendid Suns by Khaled Hosseini</p>	<p>Later, when she was older, Mariam did understand. It was the way Nana uttered the word—not so much saying it as spitting it at her—that made Mariam feel the full sting of it. She understood then what Nana meant, that a harami was an unwanted thing; that she, Mariam, was an illegitimate person who would never have legitimate claim to the things other people had, things such as love, family, home, acceptance.</p>