

PEEKSKILL MIDDLE SCHOOL
 Summer Reading Assignment
 PKMS Students



Summer is here again! Congratulations on reaching the end of another school year and, hopefully, gaining more knowledge about the world, your community, and even yourself. Although summer is undoubtedly a time to rest, relax and recuperate, it’s also a great time to enjoy a good book. After all, learning never stops and our ability to read and enjoy literature is a skill that we constantly need to nurture. How does that happen? Quite simply, by **reading!**

With that in mind, over the summer you are required to:

- Read as many books as you can (you must read two books *at least*)**
- Parent/guardian signature on log**
- Read the two short stories and the poem that are *included in this packet***
- Complete Text Analysis Worksheets (3)**
- Extra Credit: Create one “Alternative Activity Project”(see below)**

All assignments are described in detail in this packet.

We have prepared a list of **suggested** texts, at a variety of ability levels, to help you choose books. When choosing what to read, keep in mind your current reading and interest levels. Ultimately, your task is to design your own summer reading adventure, based on your individual interests and ability level; the lists provided are highly recommended resources in mapping out the journey.

We’re looking forward to getting to know you for another exciting year of reading, writing and learning in the fall!

*-Mrs. Aucar, Mr. Cancro, Ms. Zupa
 6th grade teachers*

Your task: Read **AS MANY** books as you can during the summer, (**minimum** of two) .

<i>Title of Book</i>	<i>Author of Book</i>
<i>Parent/Guardian’s Signature:</i>	

SUGGESTED READING LIST

Author	Title	Genre	Reading Level
Card, Orson Scott	<i>Ender's Game</i>	Science Fiction	Z
Haddix, Margaret Peterson	<i>*Among the Hidden series/Buscados</i>	Science Fiction	Z
Clements, Andrew	<i>Things Not Seen</i>	Science Fiction	V
Ryan, Pam Munoz	<i>*Becoming Naomi Leon/Yo, Naomi León</i>	Realistic Fiction	V
Giff, Patricia Reilly	<i>The Pictures of Hollis Woods</i>	Realistic Fiction	V
Hiaasen, Carl	<i>Hoot, Chomp, Flush, OR Scat</i>	Realistic Fiction	W
Hapka, Catherine	<i>*Dolphin Dreams/Agenda</i>	Realistic Fiction	S
Sachar, Louis	<i>There's a Boy in the Girl's Bathroom</i>	Realistic Fiction	Q
Federle, Tim	<i>Better Nate Than Ever</i>	Realistic Fiction	Z
Flake, Sharon G.	<i>The Skin I'm In or Money Hungry</i>	Realistic Fiction	W
DiCamillo, Kate	<i>The Tiger Rising</i>	Realistic Fiction	T
Greenwald, Lisa	<i>My Life in Pink and Green</i>	Realistic Fiction	T
Paulsen, Gary	<i>*Nightjohn</i>	Historical Fiction	W
Downing Hahn	<i>TOOK</i>	Horror	T
Lowry, Lois	<i>Number the Stars</i>	Historical Fiction	U
Paulsen, Gary	<i>Woodsong</i>	Adventure	R
DiCamillo, Kate	<i>The Miraculous Journey of Edward Tulane</i>	Adventure	Q
Schwartz, Alvin	<i>Scary Stories to Tell in the Dark</i>	Horror	P
Patterson, James	<i>Middle School Worst Years of My Life Series</i>	Realistic Fiction	W
Morpurgo, Michael	<i>War Horse</i>	Fantasy	T
Olsen , Todd	<i>Lost in the Pacific</i>	Non-fiction	U
Bell, Cece	<i>El Deafo</i>	Fiction	Q
Sender, Ruth Minsky	<i>The Cage</i>	Non-fiction	Z
Halse Anderson, Laurie	<i>Forge</i>	Realistic fiction	Z
Bell, Alex	<i>Frozen Charlotte</i>	Realistic fiction	U
Woodson, Jacqueline	<i>Brown Girl Dreaming</i>	Realistic fiction	U
Lupica, Mike	<i>Fast Break (or other tiles)</i>	Realistic fiction	V
North Veronica	<i>Divergent</i>	Science Fiction	Z
Sonnenblick, Jordan	<i>Drums girls and Dangerous Pie</i>	Realistic fiction	Y
Korman , Gordon	<i>Born to Rock, Masterminds (or other titles by this author)</i>	Realistic Fiction	T
Alexander, Kwame	<i>Crossover</i>	Realistic Fiction	Z
Hoose, Phillip	<i>Boys who challenged Hitler</i>	Non-fiction	T
Reynolds, Jason	<i>Ghost</i>	Realistic Fiction	V
Yousafzai Malala	<i>I am Malala</i>	Non-fiction	Y
Peck , Richard	<i>The Best Man (any other books by this author)</i>	Realistic Fiction	W
Creech , Sharon	<i>Love that Dog</i>	Realistic fiction	T
Martin, Ann	<i>Everything for a Dog</i>	Realistic Fiction	U
Adam .Gidwitz	<i>A Tale Dark and Grimm</i>	Fiction	U

Text Analysis Response - "I Dream a World" by Langston Hughes

Step 1: Read and annotate the text:

- Underline key lines that show the theme or message of the story/poem
- Highlight evidence (proof) that shows the theme (message)

Step 2: Briefly summarize the important parts and details of the story/poem.

Step 3: Answer the following questions in complete sentences.

1. What is one theme (message) in the story/poem?

2. Choose a quote from the story/poem that shows this theme (message). Copy the quote.

3. This quote supports the theme because it shows...



I Dream A World

By Langston Hughes

I dream a world where man
No other man will scorn,
Where love will bless the earth
And peace its paths adorn
I dream a world where all
Will know sweet freedom's way,
Where greed no longer saps the soul
Nor avarice blights our day.
A world I dream where black or white,
Whatever race you be,
Will share the bounties of the earth
And every man is free,
Where wretchedness will hang its head
And joy, like a pearl,
Attends the needs of all mankind-
Of such I dream, my world!

Text Analysis Response - "The Scholarship Jacket" by Marta Salinas

Step 1: Read and annotate the text:

- Underline key lines that show the theme or message of the story/poem
- Highlight evidence (proof) that shows the theme (message)

Step 2: Briefly summarize the important parts and details of the story/poem.

Step 3: Answer the following questions in complete sentences.

2. What is one theme (message) in the story/poem?

2. Choose a quote from the story/poem that shows this theme (message). Copy the quote.

3. This quote supports the theme because it shows...

"The Scholarship Jacket"

By Marta Salinas

The small Texas school that I attended carried out a tradition every year during the eighth grade graduation; a beautiful gold and green jacket, the school colors, was awarded to the class valedictorian, the student who had maintained the highest grade for eight years. The scholarship jacket had a big gold S on the left front side and the winner's name was written in gold letters on the pocket.

My oldest sister Rosie had won the jacket a few years back and I fully expected to win also. I was fourteen and in the eighth grade. I had been a straight A student since the first grade, and the last year I had looked forward to owning that jacket. My father was a farm laborer who couldn't earn enough money to feed eight children, so when I was six I was given to my grandparents to raise. We couldn't participate in sports in school because there were registration fees, uniform costs, and trips out of town; so even though we were quite agile and athletic there would never be a sports school jacket for us. This one, the scholarship jacket, was our only chance.

In May, close to graduation, spring fever struck, and no one paid any attention in class; instead we stared out the windows and at each other, wanting to speed up the last few weeks of school. I despaired every time I looked in the mirror. Pencil thin, not a curve anywhere, I was called "Beanpole" and "String Bean" and I knew that's what I looked like. A flat chest, no hips, and a brain, that's what I had. That really isn't much for a fourteen-year-old to work with, I thought, as I absentmindedly wandered from my history class in the gym. Another hour of sweating in basketball and displaying my toothpick legs was coming up. Then I remembered my P.E. shorts were still in a bag under my desk where I'd forgotten them. I had to walk all the way back and get them. Coach Thompson was a real bear if anyone wasn't dressed for P.E. She had said I was a good forward and once she even tried to talk Grandma into letting me join the team. Grandma, of course, said no.

I was almost back at my classroom's door when I heard angry voices and arguing. I stopped. I didn't mean to eavesdrop; I just hesitated, not knowing.

what to do. I needed those shorts and I was going to be late, but I didn't want to interrupt an argument between my teachers. I recognized the voices; Mr. Schmidt, my history teacher, and Mr. Boone, my math teacher. They seemed to be arguing about me. I couldn't believe it. I still remember the shock that rooted

me flat against the wall as if I were trying to blend in with the graffiti written there. “I refuse to do it! I don’t care who her father is, her grades don’t even begin to compare to Martha’s. I won’t lie or falsify records. Martha has a straight A plus average and you know it” That was Mr. Schmidt and he sounded very angry. Mr. Boone’s voice sounded calm and quiet.

“Look, Joann’s father is not only on the Board, he owns the only store in town; we could say it was a close tie and...”

The pounding in my ears drowned out the rest of the words only a word here and there filtered through. “... Martha is Mexican... resign... won’t do it...” Mr. Schmidt came rushing out, luckily for me went down the opposite way toward the auditorium, so he didn’t see me. Shaking, I waited a few minutes and then went in and grab my bag and fled from the room. Mr. Boone looked up when I came in but didn’t say anything. To this day I don’t remember if I got in trouble in P.E. for being late or how I made it through the rest of the afternoon. I went home very sad and cried into my pillow that night so grandmother wouldn’t hear me. It seemed a cruel coincidence that I had overheard that conversation.

The next day when the principal called me into the office, I knew what it would be about. He looked uncomfortable and unhappy. I decided I wasn’t going to make it easier for him so I looked him straight in the eye. He looked away and fidgeted with the papers on his desk.

“Martha,” he said, “there’s been a change in policy this year regarding the scholarship jacket. As you know, it has always been free.” He cleared his throat and continued. “This year the Board decided to change fifteen dollars—which still won’t cover the complete cost of the jacket”.

I stared at him in shock and a small sound of dismay escaped by throat. I hadn’t expected this. He still avoided looking in my eye’s.

“So if you are unable to pay the fifteen dollars for the jacket, it will be given to the next one in line.” Standing with all the dignity I could muster, I said, I’ll speak to my grandfather about it, sir, and let you know tomorrow.” I cried on the walk home from the bus stop. The dirt road was a quarter of a mile from the highway, so by the time I got home, my eyes were red and puffy.

“Where’s Grandpa?” I asked Grandma, looking down at the floor so she wouldn’t ask me why I’d been crying. She was sewing on a quilt and didn’t look up.

“I think he’s out back working in the bean field.”

I went outside and looked out at the fields. There he was, I could see him walking between the rows, his body bent over the little plants, hoe in hand. I walked slowly out to him, trying to think of how I could best ask him for the money. There was a cool breeze blowing and a sweet smell of mesquite in the air, but I didn't appreciate it. I kicked at a dirt clot. I wanted that jacket so much. It was more than just being a valedictorian and giving a little thank you speech for the jacket on graduation night. It represents eight years of hard work and expectation. I knew I had to be honest with Grandpa; it was my only chance. He saw me and looked up.

He waited for me to speak. I cleared my throat nervously and clasped my hands behind my back so he wouldn't see them shaking. "Grandpa, I have a big favor to ask you" I said in Spanish, the only language he knew. He still waited silently, I tried again. "Grandpa, this year principal said the scholarship jacket is not going to be free. It's going to cost fifteen dollars and I have to take the money tomorrow, otherwise it'll be given to someone else." The last words came out in an eager rush. Grandpa straightened up tiredly and leaned his chin on the hoe handle. He looked out over the field that was filled with the tiny green bean plants. I waited, desperately hoping he'd say I could have the money. He turned to me and asked quietly, "what does a scholarship jacket mean?"

I answered quickly; maybe there was a chance. "It means you've earned it by having the highest for eight years and that's why they're giving it to you." Too late to realize the significance of my words. Grandpa knew that I understood it was not a matter of money. It wasn't that. He went back to hoeing the weeds that sprang up between the dedicated little bean plants. It was a time-consuming job; sometimes the small shoots were right next to each other. Finally he spoke again.

"Then if you pay for it, Marta, it's not a scholarship jacket, it is? Tell your principal I will not pay the fifteen dollars."

I walked back to the house and locked myself in the bathroom for a long time. I was angry with grandfather even though I know he was right; and I was angry with the Board, whoever they were. Why did they have to change the rules just when it was my turn to win the jacket?

It was a very sad and withdrawn girl who dragged into the principal's office the next day. This time he did look me in the eyes.

“What did your grandfather say?” U sat very straight in my chair. “He said to tell u he won’t pay the fifteen dollars.”

The principal muttered something I couldn’t understand under his breath, and walked over to the window. He stood looking out at something outside. He looked bigger than usual when he stood up; he was a tall gaunt man with gray hair, and I watched the back of his head while I waited for him to speak.

“Why?” he finally asked. “Your grandfather has the money. Doesn’t he own a small beam farm?”

I looked at him, forcing my eyes to stay dry. “He said if I had to pay for it, then it wouldn’t be a scholarship jacket,” I said and stood up to leave. “I guess you’ll just have to give it to Joann.” I hadn’t meant to say that; it had just slipped out. I was almost to the door when he stopped me.

“Martha—wait.”

I turned and looked at him, waiting. What did he want now? I could feel my heart pounding. Something bitter and vile tasting was coming up in my mouth; I was afraid I was going to be sick. I didn’t need and sympathy speeches. He sighed loudly at me, biting his lip, as if thinking.

“Okay, damn it. We’ll make an exception in your case. I’ll tell the Board, you’ll get your jacket.”

I could hardly believe it. I spoke in a trembling rush. “Oh, thank you sir!” Suddenly I felt great. I didn’t know about adrenalin in those days, but I knew something was pumping through me, making me feel as tall as the sky. I wanted to yell, jump, run the mile, do something I ran out so I could cry in the hall where there was no one to see me. At the end of the day, Mr. Schmidt winked at me and said, “I hear you’re getting a scholarship jacket this year. His face looked as happy and innocent as a baby’s but I knew better. Without answering I gave him a quick hug and ran to the bus. I cried on the walk home again, but this time because I was so happy. I couldn’t wait to tell Grandpa and ran straight to the field. I joined him in row where he was working and without saying anything I crouched down and started pulling up the weeds with my hands. Grandpa worked alongside me for a few minutes, but he didn’t ask what had happened. After I had a little pile of weeds between the rows, I stood up and faced him.

“The principal said he’s making an exception the jacket after all. That’s after I told him what you said.”

Grandpa didn’t say anything, he just gave me a pat on the shoulder and a smile. He pulled out the crumpled red handkerchief that he always carried in his back pocket and wiped the sweat off his forehead.

“Better go see if your grandmother needs any help with supper.”

I gave him a big grin. He didn't fool me. I skipped and ran back to the house whistling some silly tune.

Text Analysis Response - "All Summer In A Day" by Ray Bradbury

Step 1: Read and annotate the text:

- **Underline key lines that show the theme or message of the story/poem**
- **Highlight evidence (proof) that shows the theme (message)**

Step 2: Briefly summarize the important parts and details of the story/poem.

Step 3: Answer the following questions in complete sentences.

3. What is one theme (message) in the story/poem?

2. Choose a quote from the story/poem that shows this theme (message). Copy the quote.

3. This quote supports the theme because it shows...

"All Summer in a Day"

By Ray Bradbury

"Ready."

"Ready."

"Now?"

"Soon."

"Do the scientists really know? Will it happen today, will it?"

"Look, look; see for yourself!"

The children pressed to each other like so many roses, so many weeds, intermixed, peering out for a look at the hidden sun.

It rained.

It had been raining for seven years; thousands upon thousands of days compounded and filled from one end to the other with rain, with the drum and gush of water, with the sweet crystal fall of showers and the concussion of storms so heavy they were tidal waves come over the islands. A thousand forests had been crushed under the rain and grown up a thousand times to be crushed again. And this was the way life was forever on the planet Venus, and this was the schoolroom of the children of the rocket men and women who had come to a raining world to set up civilization and live out their lives.

"It's stopping, it's stopping!"

"Yes, yes!"

Margot stood apart from them, from these children who could never remember a time when there wasn't rain and rain and rain. They were all nine years old, and if there had been a day, seven years ago, when the sun came out for an hour and showed its face to the stunned world, they could not recall. Sometimes, at night, she heard them stir, in remembrance, and she knew they were dreaming and remembering gold or a yellow crayon or a coin large enough to buy the world with. She knew they thought they remembered a warmth, like a blushing in the face, in the body, in the arms and legs and trembling hands. But then they always awoke to the tattering drum, the endless shaking down of clear bead necklaces upon the roof, the walk, the gardens, the forests, and their dreams were gone.

All day yesterday they had read in class about the sun. About how like a lemon it was, and how hot. And they had written small stories or essays or poems about it.

I think the sun is a flower

That blooms for just one hour.

That was Margot's poem, read in a quiet voice in the still classroom while the rain was falling outside.

"Aw, you didn't write that!" protested one of the boys.

"I did," said Margot. "*I did.*"

"William!" said the teacher.

But that was yesterday. Now the rain was slackening, and the children were crushed in the great thick windows.

"Where's teacher?"

"She'll be back."

"She'd better hurry; we'll miss it!"

They turned on themselves like a feverish wheel, all tumbling spokes.

Margot stood alone. She was a very frail girl who looked as if she had been lost in the rain for years and the rain had washed out the blue from her eyes and the red from her mouth and the yellow from her hair. She was an old photograph dusted from an album, whitened away, and if she spoke at all her voice would be a ghost. Now she stood, separate, staring at the rain and the loud wet world beyond the huge glass.

"What're *you* looking at?" said William.

Margot said nothing.

“Speak when you’re spoken to.” He gave her a shove. But she did not move; rather she let herself be moved only by him and nothing else.

They edged away from her; they would not look at her. She felt them go away. And this was because she would play no games with them in the echoing tunnels of the underground city. If they tagged her and ran, she stood blinking after them and did not follow. When the class sang songs about happiness and life and games, her lips barely moved. Only when they sang about the sun and the summer did her lips move as she watched the drenched windows.

And then, of course, the biggest crime of all was that she had come here only five years ago from Earth, and she remembered the sun and the way the sun was and the sky was when she was four in Ohio. And they, they had been on Venus all their lives, and they had been only two years old when last the sun came out and had long since forgotten the color and heat of it and the way it really was. But Margot remembered.

“It’s like a penny,” she said once, eyes closed.

“No, it’s not!” the children cried.

“It’s like a fire,” she said, “in the stove.”

“You’re lying; you don’t remember!” cried the children.

But she remembered and stood quietly apart from all of them and watched the patterning windows. And once, a month ago, she had refused to shower in the school shower rooms, had clutched her hands to her ears and over her head, screaming the water mustn’t touch her head. So after that, dimly, dimly, she sensed it, she was different, and they knew her difference and kept away.

There was talk that her father and mother were taking her back to Earth next year; it seemed vital to her that they do so, though it would mean the loss of thousands of dollars to her family. And so, the children hated her for all these reasons of big and little consequence. They hated her pale snow face, her waiting silence, her thinness, and her possible future.

“Get away!” The boy gave her another push. “What’re you waiting for?”

Then, for the first time, she turned and looked at him. And what she was waiting for was in her eyes.

“Well, don’t wait around here!” cried the boy savagely. “You won’t see nothing!”

Her lips moved.

“Nothing!” he cried. “It was all a joke, wasn’t it?” He turned to the other children. “Nothing’s happening today. Is it?”

They all blinked at him and then, understanding, laughed and shook their heads. “Nothing, nothing!”

“Oh, but,” Margot whispered, her eyes helpless. “But this is the day, the scientists predict, they say, they know, the sun . . .”

“All a joke!” said the boy, and seized her roughly. “Hey everyone, let’s put her in a closet before teacher comes!”

“No,” said Margot, falling back.

They surged about her, caught her up and bore her, protesting, and then pleading, and then crying, back into a tunnel, a room, a closet, where they slammed and locked the door. They stood looking at the door and saw it tremble from her beating and throwing herself against it. They heard her muffled cries. Then, smiling, they turned and went out and back down the tunnel, just as the teacher arrived.

“Ready, children?” She glanced at her watch.

“Yes!” said everyone.

“Are we all here?”

“Yes!”

The rain slackened still more.

They crowded to the huge door.

The rain stopped.

It was as if, in the midst of a film concerning an avalanche, a tornado, a hurricane, a

volcanic eruption, something had, first, gone wrong with the sound apparatus, thus muffling and finally cutting off all noise, all of the blasts and repercussions and thunders, and then, second, ripped the film from the projector and inserted in its place a peaceful tropical slide which did not move or tremor. The world ground to a standstill. The silence was so immense and unbelievable that you felt your ears had been stuffed or you had lost your hearing altogether. The children put their hands to their ears. They stood apart. The door slid back and the smell of the silent, waiting world came into them.

The sun came out.

It was the color of flaming bronze and it was very large. And the sky around it was a blazing blue tile color. And the jungle burned with sunlight as the children, released from their spell, rushed out, yelling, into the springtime.

“Now, don’t go too far,” called the teacher after them. “You’ve only two hours, you know. You wouldn’t want to get caught out!”

But they were running and turning their faces up to the sky and feeling the sun on their cheeks like a warm iron; they were taking off their jackets and letting the sun burn their arms.

“Oh, it’s better than the sun lamps, isn’t it?”

“Much, much better!”

They stopped running and stood in the great jungle that covered Venus, that grew and never stopped growing, tumultuously, even as you watched it. It was a nest of octopuses, clustering up great arms of fleshlike weed, wavering, flowering in this brief spring. It was the color of rubber and ash, this jungle, from the many years without sun. It was the color of stones and white cheeses and ink, and it was the color of the moon.

The children lay out, laughing, on the jungle mattress and heard it sigh and squeak under them, resilient and alive. They ran among the trees, they slipped and fell, they pushed each other, they played hide-and-seek and tag, but most of all they squinted at the sun until tears ran down their faces; they put their hands up to that yellowness and that amazing blueness and they breathed of the fresh, fresh air and listened and listened to the silence which suspended them in a blessed sea of no sound and no motion. They looked at everything and savored everything. Then, wildly, like animals escaped from their caves, they ran and ran in shouting circles. They ran for an hour and did not stop running.

And then—

In the midst of their running, one of the girls wailed.

Everyone stopped.

The girl, standing in the open, held out her hand.

“Oh, look, look,” she said, trembling.

They came slowly to look at her opened palm.

In the center of it, cupped and huge, was a single raindrop.

She began to cry, looking at it.

They glanced quietly at the sky.

“Oh. Oh.”

A few cold drops fell on their noses and their cheeks and their mouths. The sun faded behind a stir of mist. A wind blew cool around them. They turned and started to walk back toward the underground house, their hands at their sides, their smiles vanishing away.

A boom of thunder startled them, and like leaves before a new hurricane, they tumbled upon each other and ran. Lightning struck ten miles away, five miles away, a mile, a half-mile. The sky darkened into midnight in a flash.

They stood in the doorway of the underground for a moment until it was raining hard. Then they closed the door and heard the gigantic sound of the rain falling in tons and avalanches, everywhere and forever.

“Will it be seven more years?”

“Yes. Seven.”

Then one of them gave a little cry.

“Margot!”

“What?”

“She’s still in the closet where we locked her.”

“Margot.”

They stood as if someone had driven them, like so many stakes, into the floor. They looked at each other and then looked away. They glanced out at the world that was raining now and raining and raining steadily. They could not meet each other’s glances. Their faces were solemn and pale. They looked at their hands and feet, their faces down.

“Margot.”

One of the girls said, “Well . . . ?”

No one moved.

“Go on,” whispered the girl.

They walked slowly down the hall in the sound of cold rain. They turned through the doorway to the room in the sound of the storm and thunder, lightning on their faces, blue and terrible. They walked over to the closet door slowly and stood by it.

Behind the closet door was only silence.

They unlocked the door, even more slowly, and let Margot out.

Extra Credit

Complete **ONE** (1) Activity in response to one book (your choice). This must be handed in the second week of school along with your packet in order to receive the extra credit.

- **Create a Comic Strip:** Create a 4-panel comic strip, being sure to depict a major scene from the novel read. Be sure to explain what's happening in the scene.
- **Create a Video:** The video can be a trailer advertising the novel, designed as an interview, or a re-enactment of the novel read.
- **Be the Lyricist!:** Create a rap, song, or poem about the novel read.
- **Create a Diary/Journal:** Create a diary/journal for a character in the novel. Include the following: several entries explaining your character's feelings about the events and other characters in the book. Create a cover for the diary/journal.
- **Letter to the Author:** Write a letter to the author of the book asking why the main character acted like she/he did or why the author developed a particular idea and thought it was important.
- **You're the Author!:** You are the author. You have decided to write an additional chapter to the book you just read.
- **Create a book talk -Write a review!** Tell a friend why you would want to read this book.
- **Write an essay about your book:** Describe, in detail, the protagonist (main character) of one of the novels you read this summer. Discuss how the character changed from the beginning to the end of the book. The change could be emotional, physical, or in personality. Be sure to explain how the change occurred. Did the change bring about a life lesson for the character? Use specific details from the book to support your answers.