

## A Level English Literature - Pre Course Preparation

Suggested reading list:

<b>Shakespeare</b>	
	<i>The Taming of the Shrew</i>
	<i>Measure for Measure</i>
	<i>Othello</i>
	<i>The Winter's Tale</i>

<b>Pre-1900 Prose</b>	
Jane Austen	<i>Persuasion</i>
Charlotte Bronte	<i>Jane Eyre</i>
Emily Bronte	<i>Wuthering Heights</i>
Kate Chopin	<i>The Awakening</i>
Thomas Hardy	<i>Tess of the D'Urbervilles</i>

<b>Post-1900 Prose</b>	
F. Scott Fitzgerald	<i>The Great Gatsby</i>
E.M. Forster	<i>A Room with a View</i>
L.P. Hartley	<i>The Go-Between</i>
Daphne Du Maurier	<i>Rebecca</i>
Ian McEwan	<i>Atonement</i>

Research tasks:

Research WW1 - battle of the Somme, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, Eastern front, western front, Russian revolution, roles of men and women in the war, expectation of war vs reality, shell shock.

Look at letters, diaries, speeches and poems from WW1 and analyse them looking at language, writer's purpose, links to WW1, emotions and experiences.

Create the Literary Canon and produce a timeline of key movements in literature, with research notes and examples for each movement.

## Unseen Poetry

**Q. Explore how the writer presents her ideas about conflict between individuals in “Cousin Kate.”**

### ‘Cousin Kate’ by Christina Rossetti

I was a cottage maiden Hardened by sun and air,  
Contented with my cottage mates,  
Not mindful I was fair.  
Why did a great lord find me out,  
And praise my flaxen hair?  
Why did a great lord find me out  
To fill my heart with care?

He lured me to his palace home –  
Woe's me for joy thereof  
To lead a shameless shameful life,  
His plaything and his love.  
He wore me like a silken knot,  
He changed me like a glove;  
So now I moan, an unclean thing,  
Who might have been a dove.

O Lady Kate, my cousin Kate,  
You grew more fair than I:  
He saw you at your father's gate,  
Chose you, and cast me by.  
He watched your steps along the lane,  
Your work among the rye;  
He lifted you from mean estate  
To sit with him on high.

Because you were so good and pure

He bound you with his ring:  
The neighbours call you good and pure,  
Call me an outcast thing.  
Even so I sit and howl in dust,  
You sit in gold and sing: Now which of us has  
tenderer heart?  
You had the stronger wing.

O cousin Kate, my love was true,  
Your love was writ in sand: If he had fooled not me  
but you,  
If you stood where I stand,  
He'd not have won me with his love  
Nor bought me with his land;  
I would have spit into his face  
And not have taken his hand.

Yet I've a gift you have not got,  
And seem not like to get:  
For all your clothes and wedding-ring.  
I've little doubt you fret.  
My fair-haired son, my shame, my pride,  
Cling closer, closer yet:  
Your father would give lands for one  
To wear his coronet.