

OCR H472

Content Overview	Assessment Overview	
<p>Component 01</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Shakespeare Drama and poetry pre-1900 	<p>Drama and poetry pre-1900 (01)*</p> <p>Written paper 60 marks Closed text 2 hours 30 minutes</p>	<p>40% of total A level</p>
<p>Component 02</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Close reading in chosen topic area Comparative and contextual study from chosen topic area 	<p>Comparative and contextual study (02)*</p> <p>Written paper 60 marks Closed text 2 hours 30 minutes</p>	<p>40% of total A level</p>
<p>Component 03</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Close reading OR re-creative writing piece with commentary. Comparative essay* 	<p>Literature post-1900 (03)*</p> <p>40 marks Non-exam assessment</p>	<p>20% of total A level</p>

Component One:

Hamlet, Shakespeare

An Ideal Husband, Wilde

A Collection of Christina Rossetti's Poetry

Component Two:

Sense and Sensibility, Austen

Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Hardy

Component Three:

Journey's End, R.C. Sheriff

A Collection of Owen Poetry

Half of A Yellow Sun, Adichie

OCR A Level English Literature Reading List

Must Reads	Should Reads	Could Reads
Hamlet	Othello	Macbeth Romeo and Juliet King Lear
Wilde: An Ideal Husband	A Woman of No Importance The Importance of Being Earnest Ellman: Oscar Wilde Thomas: Christina Rossetti, A Biography	The Picture of Dorian Grey
Austen: Sense and Sensibility	Pride and Prejudice Worsley: Jane Austen at Home	Mansfield Park Northanger Abbey
Hardy: Tess of the D'Urbervilles	Charlotte Bronte: Jane Eyre George Elliot: The Mill on the Floss Sylvia Plath: The Bell Jar Toni Morrison: The Bluest Eye Jeanette Winterson: Oranges Are Not The Only Fruit	D. H. Lawrence: Women in Love Zora Neale Hurston: Their Eyes Were Watching God
Adichie: Half of a Yellow Sun	Purple Hibiscus The Thing Around Your Neck We Should All Be Feminists	Zadie Smith: White Teeth
Journey's End and a selection of Wilfred Owen Poetry	S Barry: A Long, Long Way S Faulkes: Birdsong P Barker: Regeneration	Remarque: All Quiet on the Western Front S Hill: Strange Meeting

In preparation for the beginning of the course, it is expected that you will have read all the texts identified in the 'Must Read' column. To consolidate your understanding of characterisation and plot, you will also benefit from watching a range of screen adaptations, especially of Hamlet, Sense and Sensibility and Tess of the D'Urbervilles.

Resources and Useful Websites

Hamlet- full text

<http://shakespeare.mit.edu/hamlet/full.html>

An Ideal Husband- full text

<https://www.fulltextarchive.com/page/An-Ideal-Husband1/>

Sense and Sensibility- full text

<https://www.shmoop.com/sense-and-sensibility/full-text.html>

Tess of the D'Urbervilles- full text

<https://www.fulltextarchive.com/page/Tess-of-the-d-Urbervilles-A-Pure-Woman-by1/>

Hamlet:

<https://www.litcharts.com/lit/hamlet>

<https://www.rsc.org.uk/hamlet/>

<https://www.amazon.co.uk/Hamlet-Kenneth-Branagh/dp/B00IHS1FQK>

Recommended revision guide:

This is an outstanding accompanying guide which links directly to the specification:

https://www.amazon.co.uk/Hamlet-study-guide-AS-Level-ebook/dp/B01N23X0GZ/ref=sr_1_7?dchild=1&keywords=hamlet+ocr&qid=1587108287&sr=8-7

Drama and poetry pre-1900		
Section 1 set texts: Shakespeare	Knowledge, skills and understanding	Learners should be able to:
Learners study one Shakespeare play: <ul style="list-style-type: none">• <i>Coriolanus</i>• <i>Hamlet</i>• <i>Measure for Measure</i>• <i>Richard III</i>• <i>The Tempest</i>• <i>Twelfth Night</i>	Learners are required to analyse the text in close detail, exploring Shakespeare's use of language and dramatic effects. Learners are required to consider issues raised in a specific extract in relation to their understanding of the play as a whole. Learners are required to explore ways in which the chosen play is/has been interpreted by different audiences, including over time.	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• analyse ways in which Shakespeare shapes meanings in the chosen play including the function and effects of structure, form and language• articulate informed, personal and creative responses to the chosen Shakespeare play, using associated concepts and terminology, and coherent, accurate written expression• explore the play informed by different interpretations• consider different interpretations across time.

Activities:

Read the play and annotate, analysing language, form and structure

Produce a timeline documenting key historical events, including in Shakespeare's own life

Create an accompanying revision guide, exploring plot, characterisation, key themes and key quotations in the play

Research critical interpretations of the play over time and produce a 10 minute presentation which will be delivered to the class. You can use the quotations on the following pages as the basis of your presentation.

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Critical Interpretations

Hamlet as a prehistoric Dane is morally bound to kill his Uncle: politically as rightful heir to the usurped throne, and filially as 'the stone of a dear father murdered' and a mother seduced by an incestuous adulterer... if he can convince himself that the ghost who has told him all this is really his father's spirit... then, he says, "I know my course". But when fully convinced he finds to his bewilderment that he cannot kill his uncle deliberately... Shakespeare described this moral bewilderment as a fact but he did not explain it.... What happened to Hamlet was what had happened fifteen hundred years before to Jesus. Born into the vindictive morality of Moses he has evolved into the Christian perception of the futility and wickedness of revenge and punishment, founded on the simple fact that two black do not make a white.

Bernard Shaw (1947)

When we first see him in the play, he is clearly a very young man, sensitive and idealistic, suffering the shock of growing up.... He now sees everywhere, but especially in his own nature, the general taint, taking from life its meaning, from woman her integrity, from the will its strength, turning reason into madness.... Hamlet is not the first young man to have felt the heavy and weary weight of all this unintelligible world; and, like the others, he must come to terms with it.

Maynard Mack (1952)

On the stage the madman was once a regular comic figure... The originality of Shakespeare's version lay in his taking the lunatic sympathetically and seriously, and thereby making an advance towards the eastern consciousness of the fact that lunacy may be inspiration in disguise, since a man who has more brains than his fellows necessarily appears as mad to them as one who has less.

Bernard Shaw (1907)

In this (the question of Hamlet's sanity) Shakespeare's extraordinary powers of observation and penetration granted him a degree of insight that it has taken the world three subsequent centuries to reach. Until our generation... a dividing line separated the sane and responsible from the irresponsible insane... It is now becoming more and more widely recognised that much of mankind lives in an intermediate and unhappy state... of which Hamlet is the supreme example in literature. This intermediate plight, in the toils of which perhaps the greater part of mankind struggles and suffers, is given the name of psychoneurosis, and long ago the genius of Shakespeare depicted it for us with faultless insight.

Ernest Jones (1949)

It can of course only be the poet's own mind which confronts us in Hamlet... written immediately after the death of Shakespeare's father.

Freud (1900)

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Ever burrowing in his own soul, Hamlet catalogues his frailties, and feels contempt from them and for himself; and all the while he lives on this contempt, and draws nourishment from it. For all self-awareness is a force.

Ivan Turgenev (1818-1883)

There is no sign in the text that (Hamlet) was averse from any action, even of the most violent kind... Hamlet was so far from being incapable of action that he committed without remorse that extreme action, murder, and he committed it four times and killed a man in self-defence.

Rebecca West (1958)

In the old legend Hamlet's personality is quite comprehensible... and flows from Hamlet's character and position. But Shakespeare putting into Hamlet's mouth speech which he himself wishes to express, and making him commit actions which are necessary to the author... destroys all that constitutes the character of Hamlet and of the legend. During the whole of the drama, Hamlet is doing not what he would really desire, but what is necessary for the author's plan... There is no possibility of finding any explanation whatever of hamlet's actions or words, and therefore no possibility of attributing any character to him.

Tolstoy (1906)

He is the most amiable of misanthropes.

William Hazlitt (1817)

Hamlet is Shakespeare.

H.A. Taine (1863)

It is we who are Hamlet.

S.T. Coleridge (1818)

Shakespeare, so alive to the spirit of his own time (is in Hamlet) mysteriously attuned besides to some "prophetic soul of the wide world dreaming on things to come". While our age of doubts endures, and men still cry despairingly, "I do not know...", and must go on uncomforted, the play will keep, I should suppose, its hold on us.

Harley Granville-Barker (1930)

The tragedy is riddled with theatrical language, with various uses of the "play the part" idiom, and with words like "act", "perform", "prologue", "shape", "applaud", and "show"

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which are either overtly theatrical, or else hover on the edge of a dramatic meaning. The play of the "Murder of Gonzago" is not only the strategic centre of the plot, the turning-point of the action; it is also... the focal point from which a preoccupation with appearance and reality, truth and falsehood, expressed in theatrical terms, radiates both backward and forward in time... Through the agency of illusion, the prince has at last separated appearance from reality, hypocrisy from truth. The theatre has been a touchstone.

Anne Righter (1962)

To me it is clear that Shakespeare meant... to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a stage unfit for the performance of it. In this view the whole piece seems to me to be composed... an oak-tree planted in a costly jar, which should have borne only pleasant flowers in its bosom: the roots expand, the jar is shattered.

Goethe (1795)

A coarse and barbarous piece which would not be tolerated by the basest rabble in France or Italy... One would think that this work was the fruit of the imagination of a drunken savage. But amidst all these vulgar irregularities... are to be found... some sublime passages worthy of the greatest genius.

Voltaire (1748)

Further Reading

Alexander, Peter: The Complete Man

[<http://www.freehomepages.com/hamlet/other/essayson.htm>]

'All The Year Round' Essay on "The Origin of Hamlet" [<http://shakespearean.org.uk/ham1-dic.htm>]

Bradley, A.C., Shakespearean Tragedy, 1905. on-line edition with notes. (*Hamlet, Othello, King Lear, Macbeth*) <http://shakespeare-navigators.com//bradley/>]

Coleridge, S. T. "Hamlet" - Lectures and Notes on Shakspeare and Other English Poets (London : George Bell and Sons, 1904), pp. 342-368. [<http://shakespearean.org.uk/ham1-col.htm>]

Coleridge, S. T. 'Table Talk' on Hamlet [<http://shakespearean.org.uk/ham2-col.htm>]

Cowden Clarke, Mary. fictional Girlhood of Ophelia [<http://shakespearean.org.uk/oph1-cla.htm>]

Elliot, T. S. : "Hamlet and His Problems." in *The Sacred Wood: Essays on Poetry and Criticism*. (London: Methuen, 1921). p. 95-103. [<http://shakespeare-navigators.com//hamlet/Eliot/welcome.html>]

or: Hamlet and his Problems (1922), [<http://www.bartleby.com/200/sw9.html>]

Faucit, Helena (Lady Martin) "Ophelia": On Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters (Edinburgh and London : William Blackwood and Sons, 1899), pp. 3-21. Sixth Edition. [<http://shakespearean.org.uk/oph1-fau.htm>]

Granville_Barker, Harvey. Preface to Hamlet (1936), exerpt on place-structure and time-structure [<http://princehamlet.com/granville.html>] (May 2001)

Hazlitt, William. Essays [<http://www.blupete.com/Literature/Essays/TableHaz.htm>], On Genius and Common Sense [<http://www.blupete.com/Literature/Essays/Hazlitt/Genius.htm>]

Hazlitt, William. Essay on Hamlet. Source Text : William Hazlitt, *Lectures on the Literature of the Age of Elizabeth and Characters of Shakespear's Plays* (London : George Bell and Sons, 1900), pp. 73-81. [<http://shakespearean.org.uk/ham1-haz.htm>]

Jameson, Anna. Shakspeare's Heroines : Characteristics of Women, Moral, Poetical and Historical (London : George Bell and Sons, 1891), on Ophelia: pp. 153-170. Transcribed and edited by Thomas Larque. [<http://shakespearean.org.uk/oph1-jam.htm>]

Johnson, Samuel Hamlet: Excerpt from "Notes on Shakespeare"

Johnson, Samuel. Johnson On Shakespeare (London : Oxford University Press, 1929), pp. Miss S Beasley sbeasley@stmca.org.uk

189-196. Transcribed and edited by Thomas Larque. [<http://shakespearean.org.uk/ham1-joh.htm>]

Jones, Ernest: Hamlet and Oedipus (excerpt)

[<http://www.freehomepages.com/hamlet/other/essayson.htm>]

Jones, Ernest: Hamlet and Oedipus [<http://shakespeare-navigators.com//jones/>] (Sept. 2010)

Joyce, James. Lectures on Hamlet

[http://www.univ.trieste.it/~nirdange/netjoyce/e_netjoyce/e_10.html] (Jan. 2002)

James Joyce on *Hamlet*: James Joyce's Life of Shakespeare ann. by John Barger

[<http://www.robotwisdom.com/jaj/shakespeare.html>] (Jan. 2002)

Knight, Wilson: Embassy of Death (Hamlet as villain, Claudius as hero, from *The Wheel of Fire*, 1930) (excerpt) [<http://www.freehomepages.com/hamlet/other/essayson.htm>]

or: G. Wilson Knight: The Embassy of Death (excerpt)

[http://www.mtsn.org.uk/staff/staffpages/cer/hamlet/Claudius_as_hero.html] (March 2002)

Lewis: Hamlet --The Prince or the Poem?

[<http://www.freehomepages.com/hamlet/other/essayson.htm>]

de Madariaga, Salvador. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern (excerpt)

[<http://www.freehomepages.com/hamlet/other/essayson.htm>]

Moulton: From *The Library of Literary Criticism of English and American Authors*, ed. Charles Wells Moulton, 8 vols. (London: Moulton Publishing, 1901), 1: 500-07.

[<http://geocities.com/litpageplus/shakmoul-hamlet.html>]

Vining, Edward P. The Mystery of Hamlet (1881), excerpt. (Hamlet as a woman)

[http://shea.mit.edu/ramparts/commentaryguides/hamlet_a_woman/vining.htm] (March 2002)

J. Dover Wilson: Antic Disposition (excerpt)

[<http://www.freehomepages.com/hamlet/other/essayson.htm>]

Excerpts from critics Dover Wilson: Antic Disposition From *What Happens in Hamlet* (1935).

[http://www.mtsn.org.uk/staff/staffpages/cer/hamlet/Excerpts_critics.html] (March 2002)

Rossetti Poetry

<http://victorianweb.org/authors/crossetti/index.html>

Recommended text: This is an excellent accompanying revision guide which links directly to the OCR specification.

https://www.amazon.co.uk/Christina-Rossetti-Selected-Revision-Guides/dp/1520338554/ref=sr_1_3?dchild=1&keywords=rossetti+ocr&qid=1587108197&sr=8-3

Activities:

Read the poems and annotate, analysing language, form and structure

Produce a timeline documenting key historical events, including Rossetti's own life

Research and produce a 10 minute presentation which will be delivered to the class, focusing on contextual factors for Rossetti's poetry: these can include key social, historical and cultural factors which influenced Rossetti's work. It is important to also include influences from Rossetti's personal life, such as her illnesses and her work with fallen women.

Poems to be studied

Shut Out

Good Friday

No Thankyou John

Remember

Song

Maude Clare

Soeur Louise De La Misericorde

*In the Round Tower at Jhansi
(Indian Mutiny)*

From the Antique

Remember

A Birthday

Twice

Echo

Up Hill

Goblin Market

Winter: My Secret

Shut Out

Christina Rossetti, 1830 - 1894

The door was shut. I looked between
Its iron bars; and saw it lie,
My garden, mine, beneath the sky,
Pied with all flowers bedewed and green:

From bough to bough the song-birds crossed,
From flower to flower the moths and bees;
With all its nests and stately trees
It had been mine, and it was lost.

A shadowless spirit kept the gate,
Blank and unchanging like the grave.
I peering through said: 'Let me have
Some buds to cheer my outcast state.'

He answered not. 'Or give me, then,
But one small twig from shrub or tree;
And bid my home remember me
Until I come to it again.'

The spirit was silent; but he took
Mortar and stone to build a wall;
He left no loophole great or small
Through which my straining eyes might look:

So now I sit here quite alone
Blinded with tears; nor grieve for that,
For nought is left worth looking at
Since my delightful land is gone.

A violet bed is budding near,
Wherein a lark has made her nest:
And good they are, but not the best;
And dear they are, but not so dear.

No, thank you, John

Christina Rossetti, 1830 - 1894

I never said I loved you, John:
Why will you tease me day by day,
And wax a weariness to think upon
With always "do" and "pray"?

You know I never loved you, John;
No fault of mine made me your toast:
Why will you haunt me with a face as wan
As shows an hour-old ghost?

I dare say Meg or Moll would take
Pity upon you, if you'd ask:
And pray don't remain single for my sake
Who can't perform the task.

I have no heart?—Perhaps I have not;
But then you're mad to take offence
That don't give you what I have not got:
Use your common sense.

Let bygones be bygones:
Don't call me false, who owed not to be true:
I'd rather answer "No" to fifty Johns
Than answer "Yes" to you.

Let's mar our pleasant days no more,
Song-birds of passage, days of youth:
Catch at today, forget the days before:
I'll wink at your untruth.

Let us strike hands as hearty friends;
No more, no less; and friendship's good:
Only don't keep in view ulterior ends, And points not understood

In open treaty. Rise above
Quibbles and shuffling off and on:
Here's friendship for you if you like; but love,-
No, thank you, John

Song ["When I am dead, my dearest"]

Christina Rossetti, 1830 - 1894

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain:
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget

Soeur Louise De La Misericorde

I have desired, and I have been desired;
But now the days are over of desire,
Now dust and dying embers mock my fire;
Where is the hire for which my life was hired?
Oh vanity of vanities, desire!

Longing and love, pangs of a perished pleasure,
Longing and love, a disenkindled fire,
And memory a bottomless gulf of mire,
And love a fount of tears outrunning measure;
Oh vanity of vanities, desire!

Now from my heart, love's deathbed, trickles, trickles,
Drop by drop slowly, drop by drop of fire,
The dross of life, of love, of spent desire;
Alas, my rose of life gone all to prickles,--
Oh vanity of vanities, desire!

Oh vanity of vanities, desire;
Stunting my hope which might have strained up higher,
Turning my garden plot to barren mire;
Oh death-struck love, oh disenkindled fire,
Oh vanity of vanities, desire!

From the Antique

Christina Rossetti, 1830 - 1894

It's a weary life, it is, she said:
Doubly blank in a woman's lot:
I wish and I wish I were a man:
Or, better than any being, were not:

Were nothing at all in all the world,
Not a body and not a soul:
Not so much as a grain of dust
Or a drop of water from pole to pole.

Still the world would wag on the same,
Still the seasons go and come:
Blossoms bloom as in days of old,
Cherries ripen and wild bees hum.

None would miss me in all the world,
How much less would care or weep:
I should be nothing, while all the rest
Would wake and weary and fall asleep

A Birthday

Christina Rossetti, 1830 - 1894

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.

Echo

Christina Rossetti, 1830 - 1894

Come to me in the silence of the night;
Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
As sunlight on a stream;
Come back in tears,
O memory, hope, love of finished years.

Oh dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
Where souls brimfull of love abide and meet;
Where thirsting longing eyes
Watch the slow door
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
My very life again tho' cold in death:
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:
Speak low, lean low,
As long ago, my love, how long ago.

Goblin Market

Christina Rossetti, 1830 - 1894

Morning and evening
Maids heard the goblins cry:
"Come buy our orchard fruits,
Come buy, come buy:
Apples and quinces,
Lemons and oranges,
Plump unpeck'd cherries,
Melons and raspberries,
Bloom-down-cheek'd peaches,
Swart-headed mulberries,
Wild free-born cranberries,
Crab-apples, dewberries,
Pine-apples, blackberries,
Apricots, strawberries;—
All ripe together
In summer weather,—
Morns that pass by,
Fair eves that fly;
Come buy, come buy:
Our grapes fresh from the vine,
Pomegranates full and fine,
Dates and sharp bullaces,
Rare pears and greengages,

Damsons and bilberries,
Taste them and try:
Currants and gooseberries,
Bright-fire-like barberries,
Figs to fill your mouth,
Citrons from the South,
Sweet to tongue and sound to eye;
Come buy, come buy."

Evening by evening
Among the brookside rushes,
Laura bow'd her head to hear,
Lizzie veil'd her blushes:
Crouching close together

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In the cooling weather,
With clasping arms and cautioning lips,
With tingling cheeks and finger tips.
"Lie close," Laura said,
Pricking up her golden head:
"We must not look at goblin men,
We must not buy their fruits:
Who knows upon what soil they fed
Their hungry thirsty roots?"
"Come buy," call the goblins
Hobbling down the glen.
"Oh," cried Lizzie, "Laura, Laura,
You should not peep at goblin men."
Lizzie cover'd up her eyes,
Cover'd close lest they should look;
Laura rear'd her glossy head,
And whisper'd like the restless brook:
"Look, Lizzie, look, Lizzie,
Down the glen tramp little men.
One hauls a basket,
One bears a plate,
One lugs a golden dish
Of many pounds weight.
How fair the vine must grow
Whose grapes are so luscious;
How warm the wind must blow
Through those fruit bushes."
"No," said Lizzie, "No, no, no;
Their offers should not charm us,
Their evil gifts would harm us."
She thrust a dimpled finger
In each ear, shut eyes and ran:
Curious Laura chose to linger
Wondering at each merchant man.
One had a cat's face,
One whisk'd a tail,
One tramp'd at a rat's pace,

One crawl'd like a snail,
One like a wombat prowl'd obtuse and furry,
One like a ratel tumbled hurry skurry.

She heard a voice like voice of doves
Cooing all together:
They sounded kind and full of loves
In the pleasant weather.

Laura stretch'd her gleaming neck
Like a rush-imbedded swan,
Like a lily from the beck,
Like a moonlit poplar branch,
Like a vessel at the launch
When its last restraint is gone.

Backwards up the mossy glen
Turn'd and troop'd the goblin men,
With their shrill repeated cry,
"Come buy, come buy."
When they reach'd where Laura was
They stood stock still upon the moss,
Leering at each other,
Brother with queer brother;
Signalling each other,
Brother with sly brother.
One set his basket down,
One rear'd his plate;
One began to weave a crown
Of tendrils, leaves, and rough nuts brown
(Men sell not such in any town);
One heav'd the golden weight
Of dish and fruit to offer her:
"Come buy, come buy," was still their cry.
Laura stared but did not stir,
Long'd but had no money:
The whisk-tail'd merchant bade her taste
In tones as smooth as honey,
The cat-faced purr'd,
The rat-faced spoke a word
Of welcome, and the snail-paced even was heard;

One parrot-voiced and jolly
Cried "Pretty Goblin" still for "Pretty Polly;"—
One whistled like a bird.

But sweet-tooth Laura spoke in haste:
"Good folk, I have no coin;
To take were to purloin:
I have no copper in my purse,
I have no silver either,
And all my gold is on the furze
That shakes in windy weather
Above the rusty heather."
"You have much gold upon your head,"
They answer'd all together:
"Buy from us with a golden curl."
She clipp'd a precious golden lock,
She dropp'd a tear more rare than pearl,
Then suck'd their fruit globes fair or red:
Sweeter than honey from the rock,
Stronger than man-rejoicing wine,
Clearer than water flow'd that juice;
She never tasted such before,
How should it cloy with length of use?
She suck'd and suck'd and suck'd the more
Fruits which that unknown orchard bore;

She suck'd until her lips were sore;
Then flung the emptied rinds away
But gather'd up one kernel stone,
And knew not was it night or day
As she turn'd home alone.

Lizzie met her at the gate
Full of wise upbraidings:
"Dear, you should not stay so late,
Twilight is not good for maidens;
Should not loiter in the glen
In the haunts of goblin men.
Do you not remember Jeanie,
How she met them in the moonlight,
Took their gifts both choice and many,
Ate their fruits and wore their flowers
Pluck'd from bowers
Where summer ripens at all hours?"

But ever in the noonlight
She pined and pined away;
Sought them by night and day,
Found them no more, but dwindled and grew grey;
Then fell with the first snow,
While to this day no grass will grow
Where she lies low:
I planted daisies there a year ago

That never blow.
You should not loiter so."
"Nay, hush," said Laura:
"Nay, hush, my sister:
I ate and ate my fill,
Yet my mouth waters still;
To-morrow night I will
Buy more;" and kiss'd her:
"Have done with sorrow;
I'll bring you plums to-morrow
Fresh on their mother twigs,
Cherries worth getting;
You cannot think what figs
My teeth have met in,
What melons icy-cold
Piled on a dish of gold
Too huge for me to hold,
What peaches with a velvet nap,
Pellucid grapes without one seed:
Odorous indeed must be the mead
Whereon they grow, and pure the wave they drink
With lilies at the brink,
And sugar-sweet their sap."

Golden head by golden head,
Like two pigeons in one nest
Folded in each other's wings,
They lay down in their curtain'd bed:
Like two blossoms on one stem,
Like two flakes of new-fall'n snow,
Like two wands of ivory

Tipp'd with gold for awful kings.
Moon and stars gaz'd in at them,
Wind sang to them lullaby,
Lumbering owls forbore to fly,
Not a bat flapp'd to and fro
Round their rest:
Cheek to cheek and breast to breast
Lock'd together in one nest.

Early in the morning
When the first cock crow'd his warning,
Neat like bees, as sweet and busy,
Laura rose with Lizzie:
Fetch'd in honey, milk'd the cows,
Air'd and set to rights the house,
Kneaded cakes of whitest wheat,
Cakes for dainty mouths to eat,
Next churn'd butter, whipp'd up cream,
Fed their poultry, sat and sew'd;

Talk'd as modest maidens should:
Lizzie with an open heart,
Laura in an absent dream,
One content, one sick in part;
One warbling for the mere bright day's delight,
One longing for the night.

At length slow evening came:
They went with pitchers to the reedy brook;
Lizzie most placid in her look,
Laura most like a leaping flame.
They drew the gurgling water from its deep;
Lizzie pluck'd purple and rich golden flags,
Then turning homeward said: "The sunset flushes
Those furthest loftiest crags;
Come, Laura, not another maiden lags.
No wilful squirrel wags,
The beasts and birds are fast asleep."
But Laura loiter'd still among the rushes
And said the bank was steep.

And said the hour was early still
The dew not fall'n, the wind not chill;
Listening ever, but not catching
The customary cry,
"Come buy, come buy,"
With its iterated jingle
Of sugar-baited words:
Not for all her watching
Once discerning even one goblin
Racing, whisking, tumbling, hobbling;
Let alone the herds
That used to tramp along the glen,
In groups or single,
Of brisk fruit-merchant men.

Till Lizzie urged, "O Laura, come;
I hear the fruit-call but I dare not look:
You should not loiter longer at this brook:
Come with me home.
The stars rise, the moon bends her arc,
Each glowworm winks her spark,
Let us get home before the night grows dark:
For clouds may gather
Though this is summer weather,
Put out the lights and drench us through;
Then if we lost our way what should we do?"
Laura turn'd cold as stone
To find her sister heard that cry alone,
That goblin cry,
"Come buy our fruits, come buy."
Must she then buy no more such dainty fruit?
Must she no more such succous pasture find,
Gone deaf and blind?
Her tree of life droop'd from the root:
She said not one word in her heart's sore ache;
But peering thro' the dimness, nought discerning,
Trudg'd home, her pitcher dripping all the way;
So crept to bed, and lay
Silent till Lizzie slept;

Then sat up in a passionate yearning,
And gnash'd her teeth for baulk'd desire, and wept
As if her heart would break.

Day after day, night after night,
Laura kept watch in vain
In sullen silence of exceeding pain.
She never caught again the goblin cry:
"Come buy, come buy;"—
She never spied the goblin men
Hawking their fruits along the glen:
But when the noon wax'd bright
Her hair grew thin and grey;

She dwindled, as the fair full moon doth turn
To swift decay and burn
Her fire away.

One day remembering her kernel-stone
She set it by a wall that faced the south;
Dew'd it with tears, hoped for a root,
Watch'd for a waxing shoot,
But there came none;
It never saw the sun,
It never felt the trickling moisture run:
While with sunk eyes and faded mouth
She dream'd of melons, as a traveller sees
False waves in desert drouth
With shade of leaf-crown'd trees,
And burns the thirstier in the sandful breeze.

She no more swept the house,
Tended the fowls or cows,
Fetch'd honey, kneaded cakes of wheat,
Brought water from the brook:
But sat down listless in the chimney-nook
And would not eat.

Tender Lizzie could not bear
To watch her sister's cankerous care
Yet not to share.

She night and morning
Caught the goblins' cry:
"Come buy our orchard fruits,
Come buy, come buy;"—
Beside the brook, along the glen,
She heard the tramp of goblin men,
The yoke and stir
Poor Laura could not hear;
Long'd to buy fruit to comfort her,
But fear'd to pay too dear.
She thought of Jeanie in her grave,
Who should have been a bride;
But who for joys brides hope to have
Fell sick and died
In her gay prime,
In earliest winter time
With the first glazing rime,
With the first snow-fall of crisp winter time.

Till Laura dwindling
Seem'd knocking at Death's door:
Then Lizzie weigh'd no more
Better and worse;
But put a silver penny in her purse,
Kiss'd Laura, cross'd the heath with clumps of furze
At twilight, halted by the brook:
And for the first time in her life
Began to listen and look.

Laugh'd every goblin
When they spied her peeping:
Came towards her hobbling,
Flying, running, leaping,
Puffing and blowing,
Chuckling, clapping, crowing,
Clucking and gobbling,
Mopping and mowing,
Full of airs and graces,
Pulling wry faces,
Demure grimaces,

Cat-like and rat-like,
Ratel- and wombat-like,
Snail-paced in a hurry,
Parrot-voiced and whistler,

Helter skelter, hurry skurry,
Chattering like magpies,
Fluttering like pigeons,
Gliding like fishes,—
Hugg'd her and kiss'd her:
Squeez'd and caress'd her:
Stretch'd up their dishes,
Panniers, and plates:
"Look at our apples
Russet and dun,
Bob at our cherries,
Bite at our peaches,
Citrons and dates,
Grapes for the asking,
Pears red with basking
Out in the sun,
Plums on their twigs;
Pluck them and suck them,
Pomegranates, figs."—

"Good folk," said Lizzie,
Mindful of Jeanie:
"Give me much and many: —
Held out her apron,
Toss'd them her penny.

"Nay, take a seat with us,
Honour and eat with us,"
They answer'd grinning:
"Our feast is but beginning.
Night yet is early,
Warm and dew-pearly,
Wakeful and starry:
Such fruits as these
No man can carry:
Half their bloom would fly,

Half their dew would dry,
Half their flavour would pass by.
Sit down and feast with us,
Be welcome guest with us,
Cheer you and rest with us."—
"Thank you," said Lizzie: "But one waits
At home alone for me:
So without further parleying,
If you will not sell me any
Of your fruits though much and many,
Give me back my silver penny
I toss'd you for a fee."—
They began to scratch their pates,
No longer wagging, purring,
But visibly demurring,

Grunting and snarling.
One call'd her proud,
Cross-grain'd, uncivil;
Their tones wax'd loud,
Their looks were evil.
Lashing their tails
They trod and hustled her,
Elbow'd and jostled her,
Claw'd with their nails,
Barking, mewing, hissing, mocking,
Tore her gown and soil'd her stocking,
Twitch'd her hair out by the roots,
Stamp'd upon her tender feet,
Held her hands and squeez'd their fruits
Against her mouth to make her eat.

White and golden Lizzie stood,
Like a lily in a flood,—
Like a rock of blue-vein'd stone
Lash'd by tides obstreperously,—
Like a beacon left alone
In a hoary roaring sea,
Sending up a golden fire,—
Like a fruit-crown'd orange-tree

White with blossoms honey-sweet
Sore beset by wasp and bee,—
Like a royal virgin town
Topp'd with gilded dome and spire
Close beleaguer'd by a fleet
Mad to tug her standard down.

One may lead a horse to water,
Twenty cannot make him drink.
Though the goblins cuff'd and caught her,
Coax'd and fought her,
Bullied and besought her,
Scratch'd her, pinch'd her black as ink,
Kick'd and knock'd her,
Maul'd and mock'd her,
Lizzie utter'd not a word;
Would not open lip from lip
Lest they should cram a mouthful in:
But laugh'd in heart to feel the drip
Of juice that syrapp'd all her face,
And lodg'd in dimples of her chin,
And streak'd her neck which quaked like curd.
At last the evil people,
Worn out by her resistance,
Flung back her penny, kick'd their fruit

Along whichever road they took,
Not leaving root or stone or shoot;
Some writh'd into the ground,
Some div'd into the brook
With ring and ripple,
Some scudded on the gale without a sound,
Some vanish'd in the distance.

In a smart, ache, tingle,
Lizzie went her way;
Knew not was it night or day;
Sprang up the bank, tore thro' the furze,
Threaded copse and dingle,
And heard her penny jingle

Bouncing in her purse,—
Its bounce was music to her ear.
She ran and ran
As if she fear'd some goblin man
Dogg'd her with gibe or curse
Or something worse:
But not one goblin scurried after,
Nor was she prick'd by fear;
The kind heart made her windy-paced
That urged her home quite out of breath with haste
And inward laughter.

She cried, "Laura," up the garden,
"Did you miss me?
Come and kiss me.
Never mind my bruises,
Hug me, kiss me, suck my juices
Squeez'd from goblin fruits for you,
Goblin pulp and goblin dew.
Eat me, drink me, love me;
Laura, make much of me;
For your sake I have braved the glen
And had to do with goblin merchant men."

Laura started from her chair,
Flung her arms up in the air,
Clutch'd her hair:
"Lizzie, Lizzie, have you tasted
For my sake the fruit forbidden?
Must your light like mine be hidden,
Your young life like mine be wasted,
Undone in mine undoing,
And ruin'd in my ruin,
Thirsty, canker'd, goblin-ridden?"—
She clung about her sister,
Kiss'd and kiss'd and kiss'd her:

Tears once again
Refresh'd her shrunken eyes,
Dropping like rain

After long sultry drouth;
Shaking with aguish fear, and pain,
She kiss'd and kiss'd her with a hungry mouth.

Her lips began to scorch,
That juice was wormwood to her tongue,
She loath'd the feast:
Writhing as one possess'd she leap'd and sung,
Rent all her robe, and wrung
Her hands in lamentable haste,
And beat her breast.
Her locks stream'd like the torch
Borne by a racer at full speed,
Or like the mane of horses in their flight,
Or like an eagle when she stems the light
Straight toward the sun,
Or like a caged thing freed,
Or like a flying flag when armies run.

Swift fire spread through her veins, knock'd at her heart,
Met the fire smouldering there
And overbore its lesser flame;
She gorged on bitterness without a name:
Ah! fool, to choose such part
Of soul-consuming care!
Sense fail'd in the mortal strife:
Like the watch-tower of a town
Which an earthquake shatters down,
Like a lightning-stricken mast,
Like a wind-uprooted tree
Spun about,
Like a foam-topp'd waterspout
Cast down headlong in the sea,
She fell at last;
Pleasure past and anguish past,
Is it death or is it life?

Life out of death.
That night long Lizzie watch'd by her,

Miss S Beasley sbeasley@stmca.org.uk

Counted her pulse's flagging stir,
Felt for her breath,
Held water to her lips, and cool'd her face
With tears and fanning leaves:
But when the first birds chirp'd about their eaves,

And early reapers plodded to the place
Of golden sheaves,
And dew-wet grass
Bow'd in the morning winds so brisk to pass,
And new buds with new day
Open'd of cup-like lilies on the stream,
Laura awoke as from a dream,
Laugh'd in the innocent old way,
Hugg'd Lizzie but not twice or thrice;
Her gleaming locks show'd not one thread of grey,
Her breath was sweet as May
And light danced in her eyes.

Days, weeks, months, years
Afterwards, when both were wives
With children of their own;
Their mother-hearts beset with fears,
Their lives bound up in tender lives;
Laura would call the little ones
And tell them of her early prime,
Those pleasant days long gone
Of not-returning time:
Would talk about the haunted glen,
The wicked, quaint fruit-merchant men,

Their fruits like honey to the throat
But poison in the blood;
(Men sell not such in any town):
Would tell them how her sister stood
In deadly peril to do her good,
And win the fiery antidote:
Then joining hands to little hands
Would bid them cling together,
"For there is no friend like a sister

In calm or stormy weather;
To cheer one on the tedious way,
To fetch one if one goes astray,
To lift one if one totters down,
To strengthen whilst one stands."

Good Friday ('Am I a stone and not a sheep?')
Christina Rossetti, 1830 - 1894

Am I a stone, and not a sheep,
That I can stand, O Christ, beneath Thy cross,
To number drop by drop Thy blood's slow loss,
And yet not weep?

Not so those women loved
Who with exceeding grief lamented Thee;
Not so fallen Peter weeping bitterly;
Not so the thief was moved;

Not so the Sun and Moon
Which hid their faces in a starless sky,
A horror of great darkness at broad noon -
I, only I.

Yet give not o'er,
But seek Thy sheep, true Shepherd of the flock;
Greater than Moses, turn and look once more
And smite a rock.

In the Round Tower at Jhansi (Indian Mutiny)
Christina Rossetti, 1830 - 1894

A hundred, a thousand to one; even so;
Not a hope in the world remained:
The swarming howling wretches below
Gained and gained and gained.

Skene looked at his pale young wife:—
'Is the time come?'—'The time is come!'—
Young, strong, and so full of life:
The agony struck them dumb.

Close his arm about her now,
Close her cheek to his,
Close the pistol to her brow—
God forgive them this!

'Will it hurt much?'—'No, mine own:
I wish I could bear the pang for both.'
'I wish I could bear the pang alone:
Courage, dear, I am not loth.'

Kiss and kiss: 'It is not pain
Thus to kiss and die.
One kiss more.'—'And yet one again.'—
'Good-bye.'—'Good-bye.'

Maude Clare

Christina Rossetti, 1830 - 1894

Out of the church she followed them
With a lofty step and mien:
His bride was like a village maid,
Maude Clare was like a queen.

"Son Thomas, " his lady mother said,
With smiles, almost with tears:
"May Nell and you but live as true
As we have done for years;

"Your father thirty years ago
Had just your tale to tell;
But he was not so pale as you,
Nor I so pale as Nell."

My lord was pale with inward strife,
And Nell was pale with pride;
My lord gazed long on pale Maude Clare
Or ever he kissed the bride.

"Lo, I have brought my gift, my lord,
Have brought my gift, " she said:
To bless the hearth, to bless the board,
To bless the marriage-bed.

"Here's my half of the golden chain
You wore about your neck,
That day we waded ankle-deep
For lilies in the beck:

"Here's my half of the faded leaves
We plucked from the budding bough,
With feet amongst the lily leaves, -
The lilies are budding now."

He strove to match her scorn with scorn,
He faltered in his place:
"Lady, " he said, - "Maude Clare, " he said, -
"Maude Clare, " - and hid his face.

She turn'd to Nell: "My Lady Nell,
I have a gift for you;
Though, were it fruit, the blooms were gone,
Or, were it flowers, the dew.

"Take my share of a fickle heart,
Mine of a paltry love:
Take it or leave it as you will,
I wash my hands thereof."

"And what you leave," said Nell, "I'll take,
And what you spurn, I'll wear;
For he's my lord for better and worse,
And him I love Maude Clare.

"Yea, though you're taller by the head,
More wise and much more fair:
I'll love him till he loves me best,
Me best of all Maude Clare.

Remember

Christina Rossetti, 1830 - 1894

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you plann'd:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

Twice

I took my heart in my hand
 (O my love, O my love),
I said: Let me fall or stand,
 Let me live or die,
But this once hear me speak
 (O my love, O my love);
Yet a woman's words are weak:
 You should speak, not I.

You took my heart in your hand
 With a friendly smile,
With a critical eye you scanned,
 Then set it down,
And said: It is still unripe,
 Better wait awhile;
Wait while the skylarks pipe,
 Till the corn grows brown.

As you set it down it broke,--
 Broke, but I did not wince;
I smiled at the speech you spoke,
 At your judgment that I heard:
But I have not often smiled
 Since then, nor questioned since,
Nor cared for corn-flowers wild,
 Nor sung with the singing bird.

I take my heart in my hand,
 O my God, O my God,
My broken heart in my hand:
 Thou hast seen, judge Thou.
My hope was written on sand,
 O my God, O my God;
Now let Thy judgment stand,--
 Yea, judge me now.

This contemned of a man,
 This marred one heedless day,
This heart take Thou to scan
 Both within and without:
Refine with fire its gold,

Purge Thou its dross away,--
Yea, hold it in Thy hold,
Whence none can pluck it out.

I take my heart in my hand,--
I shall not die, but live,--
Before Thy face I stand;
I, for Thou callest such:
All that I have I bring,
All that I am I give,
Smile Thou and I shall sing,
But shall not question much

Up-hill

Christina Rossetti, 1830 - 1894

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day?

From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?

A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.

May not the darkness hide it from my face?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?

They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

Of labour you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Yea, beds for all who come.

Winter: My Secret

I tell my secret? No indeed, not I;
Perhaps some day, who knows?
But not today; it froze, and blows and snows,
And you're too curious: fie!
You want to hear it? well:
Only, my secret's mine, and I won't tell.

Or, after all, perhaps there's none:
Suppose there is no secret after all,
But only just my fun.
Today's a nipping day, a biting day;
In which one wants a shawl,
A veil, a cloak, and other wraps:
I cannot ope to everyone who taps,
And let the draughts come whistling thro' my hall;
Come bounding and surrounding me,
Come buffeting, astounding me,
Nipping and clipping thro' my wraps and all.
I wear my mask for warmth: who ever shows
His nose to Russian snows
To be pecked at by every wind that blows?
You would not peck? I thank you for good will,
Believe, but leave the truth untested still.

Spring's an expansive time: yet I don't trust
March with its peck of dust,
Nor April with its rainbow-crowned brief showers,
Nor even May, whose flowers
One frost may wither thro' the sunless hours.

Perhaps some languid summer day,
When drowsy birds sing less and less,
And golden fruit is ripening to excess,
If there's not too much sun nor too much cloud,
And the warm wind is neither still nor loud,
Perhaps my secret I may say,
Or you may guess.

Oscar Wilde: *An Ideal Husband*

Section 2 set texts: Drama and poetry pre-1900	Knowledge, skills and understanding	Learners should be able to:
<p>Learners study one pre-1900 drama text:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Christopher Marlowe: <i>Edward II</i> John Webster: <i>The Duchess of Malfi</i> Oliver Goldsmith: <i>She Stoops to Conquer</i> Henrik Ibsen: <i>A Doll's House</i> Oscar Wilde: <i>An Ideal Husband</i> <p>Learners study one pre-1900 poetry text:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Geoffrey Chaucer: <i>The Merchant's Prologue and Tale</i> John Milton: <i>Paradise Lost Books 9 & 10</i> Samuel Taylor Coleridge: <i>Selected Poems*</i> Alfred, Lord Tennyson: <i>Maud</i> Christina Rossetti: <i>Selected Poems*</i> 	<p>Learners are required to explore contrasts, connections and comparisons between their chosen literary texts.</p> <p>Learners are required to explore ways in which texts relate to each other and to literary traditions, movements and genres.</p> <p>Learners are required to understand the significance of cultural and contextual influences on readers and writers.</p> <p>Learners are required to identify and consider how attitudes and values are expressed in their chosen texts.</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> demonstrate understanding of the significance and influence of contexts in which the chosen texts were written and received explore connections across the texts articulate informed, personal and creative responses to the chosen texts, using associated concepts and terminology, and coherent, accurate written expression explore the texts informed by different interpretations.

<https://www.litcharts.com/lit/an-ideal-husband>

<http://www.victorianweb.org/authors/wilde/index.html>

Activities:

Read the play and annotate, analysing language, form and structure

Produce a timeline documenting key historical events, including in Wilde's own life

Create an accompanying revision guide, exploring plot, characterisation, key themes and key quotations in the play

Research contextual factors which influences Wilde's writing and produce a leaflet which can be shared with the class. Use these headings:

Political Context	Social context	Theatrical Context	Biographical/ Authorial Context
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Sense and Sensibility

<https://www.litcharts.com/lit/sense-and-sensibility>

<http://victorianweb.org/previctorian/austen/context.html>

There are several editions of the novel in print but the Norton Critical Edition is preferred as it includes key contextual information and critical responses:

https://www.amazon.co.uk/Sense-Sensibility-Norton-Critical-Editions/dp/039397751X/ref=sr_1_2?dchild=1&keywords=sense+and+sensibility+critical&qid=1587108058&sr=8-2

Activities:

Read the novel and annotate, analysing language, form and structure

Produce a timeline documenting key historical events, including in Austen's own life.

Create a handout exploring Regency England. You must include: behaviour, dress, manners, marriage and wills/ property.

Create an accompanying revision guide, exploring plot, characterisation, key themes and key quotations in the novel

Research contextual factors which influenced Austen's writing and produce a leaflet which can be shared with the class. Use these headings:

Political Context	Social context	Biographical/ Authorial Context
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Produce a handout identifying critical interpretations of the novel. You must include at least 5 critical reviews, from across a period of time.

Tess of the d'Urbervilles

<https://www.litcharts.com/lit/tess-of-the-d-urbervilles>

<http://victorianweb.org/authors/hardy/index.html>

Recommended text: Norton Critical edition

https://www.amazon.co.uk/Tess-Durbervilles-Authoritative-Critical-Editions/dp/0393959031/ref=sr_1_1?dchild=1&keywords=tess+of+the+durbervilles+norton+critical&qid=1587107920&sr=8-1

Activities:

Read the novel and annotate, analysing language, form and structure

Produce a timeline documenting key historical events during the Victorian period.

Create an accompanying revision guide, exploring plot, characterisation, key themes and key quotations in the novel

Research contextual factors which influenced Hardy's writing and produce a leaflet which can be shared with the class

Produce a handout identifying critical interpretations of the novel. You must include at least 5 critical reviews, from across a period of time.

Coursework Preparation

Journey's End

<https://www.litcharts.com/lit/journey-s-end>

Read the text and annotate, analysing language, form and structure

Produce a timeline documenting key historical events which inspired the text

Create an accompanying revision guide, exploring plot, characterisation, key themes and key quotations

Research contextual factors which influenced Sheriff's writing and produce a leaflet which can be shared with the class

Owen Poetry

Research Wilfred Owen and his poetry.

Produce a 10 minute presentation which will be delivered to the class exploring contextual factors which influenced Owen's writing. You must include: historical, social, political context and biographical information

Half of A Yellow Sun

<https://www.litcharts.com/lit/half-of-a-yellow-sun>

Read the text and annotate, analysing language, form and structure

Produce a timeline documenting key historical events which inspired the text

Create an accompanying revision guide, exploring plot, characterisation, key themes and key quotations

Research contextual factors which influenced Adichie's writing and produce a leaflet which can be shared with the class

