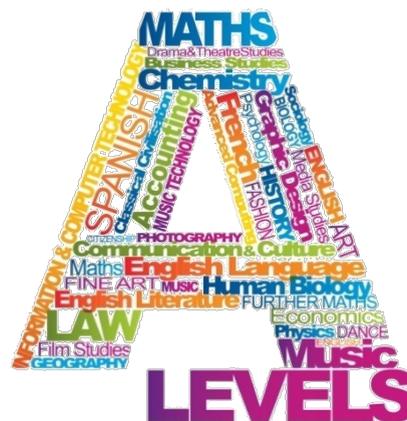


GCSE to A LEVEL Transition Project



Name:

Subject: English Literature

The purpose of this transition project is to introduce you to studying this subject at A Level standard. You will need to complete 10 hours of study for each subject every week, of which 4½ are in class with your teacher and the rest is independent study. Therefore, it is important that you enjoy this subject and that you start to practice your study skills as early as possible. Some subjects have significant maths content (for example business, psychology, economics); others require strong essay writing skills (for example history, law, English). Think about the study skills and underpinning knowledge you will require in this subject - not just the title.

If, after completing this project, you think this may not be your ideal choice, you can ask to transfer to another subject at the start of term. Please check you have the entry requirements and it fits alongside your other choices on the A Level Matrix (timetable). If you do decide to change subject, you will be required to complete the transition project for your new choice too.

We hope you enjoy this project as you start your A Level journey. As soon as you have completed it, please email this work to dropbox_alevelsub@chichester.ac.uk.

Please ensure your name, student number and subject are within the file name before emailing it.

Eg Clare Peters 402xxxxx Geography.docx

Please ensure your work is submitted before you come in for Enrolment.

Have a good summer and we look forward to seeing you in September.



Subject Information 2016-2017

Course Title

A level English Literature

Course Code

LAN212CD1A

Examining Board

Edexcel

Examination Dates

Provisional Year 2 Exam dates in 2021: tbc

In the examination key things to remember are:

An understanding of structure, form and language in set texts.
To form connections between poems and prose texts.
To review contexts of texts.
To identify dramatic devices in a play.
Bring clean set texts into exam only
Black ink pen x 3

This academic year will comprise units

9ET0/01: Exam Unit - Drama - 2hrs 15mins

9ET0/02: Exam Unit - Prose - 1hr 15mins

9ET0/01: Exam Unit - Poetry - 2hrs 15mins



Course Teacher

Abdul Malik

Contact Telephone:

01243 786321 ext: 2020

Email

Abdul.malik@chichester.ac.uk

Texts or Resources you will need to obtain for this academic year:

- **Poems of the Decade: An Anthology of the Forward Books of Poetry**, selected by William Sieghart (*Forward Worldwide, London*), 2011
- **A Streetcar Named Desire**, Tennessee Williams, (*Methuen Student Edition*) x2
- **Frankenstein**, Mary Shelley, (*Penguin Classics*) x2
- **The Handmaid's Tale**, Margaret Atwood, (*Vintage Future classics*) x2
- **Othello**, William Shakespeare (*The New Cambridge Shakespeare*) x2
- **Selected Poems: Keats**, John Keats (*Penguin Classics*)

PLEASE ENSURE YOU ONLY PURCHASE THE EDITIONS SPECIFIED ABOVE FOR THE COURSE. IF YOU PURCHASE ALTERNATIVE EDITIONS, YOU WILL STILL HAVE TO BUY THE ABOVE COPIES AGAIN.

Coursework Submission (with dates)

February 2021 - 2nd yr

In order to stretch and challenge myself, I can access further learning resources such as:

York Notes advanced for core set texts



Task 1 Eat Me by Patience Agbabi

This is one of the poems you will be studying in year one (see next page).

- A01: Informed, personal and creative responses to literary texts with accurate written expression.

Write an essay on the themes of **the human body and control** in the poem *Eat Me* (500-700 words)



Eat Me

When I hit thirty, he brought me a cake,
three layers of icing, home-made,
a candle for each stone in weight.

The icing was white but the letters were pink,
they said, eat me. And I ate, did
what I was told. Didn't even taste it.

Then he asked me to get up and walk
round the bed so he could watch my broad
belly wobble, hips judder like a juggernaut.

The bigger the better, he'd say, I like
big girls, soft girls, girls I can burrow inside
with multiple chins, masses of cellulite.

I was his Jacuzzi. But he was my cook,
my only pleasure the rush of fast food,
his pleasure, to watch me swell like forbidden fruit.

His breadfruit. His desert island after shipwreck.
Or a beached whale on a king-size bed
craving a wave. I was a tidal wave of flesh

too fat to leave, too fat to buy a pint of full-fat milk,
too fat to use fat as an emotional shield,
too fat to be called chubby, cuddly, big-built.

The day I hit thirty-nine, I allowed him to stroke
my globe of a cheek. His flesh, my flesh flowed.
He said, Open wide, poured olive oil down my throat.

Soon you'll be forty... he whispered, and how
could I not roll over on top. I rolled and he drowned
in my flesh. I drowned his dying sentence out.

I left him there for six hours that felt like a week.
His mouth slightly open, his eyes bulging with greed.
There was nothing else left in the house to eat.