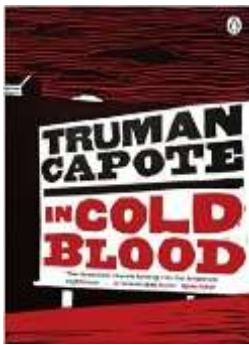


Year 12 Bridging Work: English Literature

This bridging work will help your teachers to assess your current skills and prepare you for the challenges of the course. Please submit the completed written tasks to your Literature teacher at the first lesson in September.

1. Reading

Over the summer, read 'In Cold Blood' by Truman Capote (*Penguin Essentials edition*). This is the first text we will be studying on the course.



Try to purchase this edition, ISBN number 9780241956830

2. Poetry Analysis

Write an analysis of the following poem, which features in your poetry anthology in Year 12. Focus on how poetic language is used to say a great deal about the speaker's feelings in fewer words and with more intensity than could be expressed in prose. What do you make of the speaker's feelings towards her 'nine year old self'? Include your own personal response to the powerful impact of particular words. (500 – 600 words).

To My Nine-Year-Old Self **By Helen Dunmore**

You must forgive me. Don't look so surprised,
perplexed, and eager to be gone, balancing on your
hands or on the tightrope. You would rather run than
walk, rather climb than run rather leap from a height
than anything.

I have spoiled this body we once shared. Look at the scars, and watch the way I move, careful of a bad back or a bruised foot. Do you remember how, three minutes after waking we'd jump straight out of the ground floor window into the summer morning?

That dream we had, no doubt it's as fresh in your mind as the white paper to write it on. We made a start, but something else came up - a baby vole, or a bag of sherbet lemons - and besides, that summer of ambition created an ice-lolly factory, a wasp trap and a den by the cesspit.

I'd like to say that we could be friends but the truth is we have nothing in common beyond a few shared years. I won't keep you then. Time to pick rosehips for tuppence a pound, time to hide down scared lanes from men in cars after girl-children,

or to lunge out over the water on a rope that swings from that tree long buried in housing - but no, I shan't cloud your morning. God knows I have fears enough for us both –

I leave you in an ecstasy of concentration slowly peeling a ripe scab from your knee to taste it on your tongue.