

Welcome to A-Level English Literature!

List the first 5 words you would associate with the word **privilege**:

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.

September Expectations

- Entry Requirements: Grade 5 GCSE English Literature and Grade 5 GCSE English Language.
- Completion of the summer tasks.
- Purchase The Handmaid's Tale ISBN 9780099740919.



What does the Edexcel course look like? Open book

Unit	What is involved	%
Paper 1 – Drama	Section A – Othello by William Shakespeare Section B – A Streetcar Named Desire by Tennesse Williams	2hr15 exam = 30%
Paper 2 - Novel	Frankenstein by Mary Shelley and The Handmaid's Tale by Margaret Atwood	1hr15 exam = 20%
Paper 3 – Poetry	Section A – a collection of poems post- 2000, with one compared to an unseen poem Section B – a collection of poems from Christina Rossetti	2hr15 exam = 30%
Paper 4 – Coursework	Free choice of two texts written in a 2500 – 3000 word essay.	Non-examined assessment = 20%

Everything you do at GCSE transfers to A-Level – the form of the texts studied, the time periods of texts, and the skills of analysis, essay writing and forming a critical opinion.

What is privilege?

Key tropes in Dystopian fiction depict..

• Official institutions as ideological regulators - schools, churches, the police and military - emphasising the use of violence and coercion to regulate behaviour, thinking, language and expression and sexuality

A society usually rigidly hierarchical and unequal

 Liberal ideas about the loss of individuality – conformity displayed in compulsory or regulated dress, people drugged, use of psychological conditioning, control of the media, importance of spectacle and mass participation in public events

Dystopia:

• an imagined place or state in which everything is unpleasant or bad, typically a totalitarian or environmentally degraded one.

- The Hunger Games Reaping
- Divergent Choosing Ceremony
- In Time (2011) Official HD Movie Trailer YouTube
- Squid Game | Official Trailer | Netflix YouTube

Reading How does the extract demonstrate a dystopian society?

Questions to consider:

- How is language regulated?
- How is the hierarchy presented?
- How is a loss of individuality presented?

This is the opening chapter. What message is the writer trying to establish to the reader, and why? Try to use the word: **privilege.**

I've become a woman of few words.

Tonight, at supper, before I speak my final syllables of the day, Patrick reaches over and taps the silver-toned device around my left wrist. It's a light touch, as if he were sharing the pain, or perhaps reminding me to stay quiet until the counter resets itself at midnight. This magic will happen while I sleep, and I'll begin Tuesday with a virgin slate. My daughter, Sonia's, counter will do the same.

My boys do not wear word counters.

Over dinner, they are all engaged in the usual chatter about school.

Sonia also attends school, although she never wastes words discussing her days to her father and brothers. They've seen what happens when we overuse words.

I could tell them what they want to know: All men at the front of the classrooms now. One-way system. Teachers talk. Students listen. It would cost me sixteen words.

I have five left.

"How is her vocabulary?" Patrick asks, knocking his chin my way. He rephrases. "Is she learning?"

I shrug. By six, Sonia should have an army of ten thousand lexemes, individual troops that assemble and come to attention and obey the orders her small, still-plastic brain issues. Should have, if the three R's weren't now reduced to one: simple arithmetic. After all, one day my daughter will be expected to shop and to run a household, to be a devoted and dutiful wife. You need math for that, but not spelling. Not literature. Not a voice.

"You're the cognitive linguist," Patrick says, gathering empty plates, urging Steven to do the same.

"Was."

"Are."

In spite of my year of practice, the extra words leak out before I can stop them: "No. I'm. Not."

Patrick watches the counter tick off another three entries. I feel the pressure of each on my pulse like an ominous drum. "That's enough, Jean," he says.

The boys exchange worried looks, the kind of worry that comes from knowing what occurs if the counter surpasses those three digits. One, zero, zero. This is when I say my last Monday word. To my daughter. The whispered "Goodnight" has barely escaped when Patrick's eyes meet mine, pleading

I scoop her up and carry her off to bed. She's heavier now, almost too much girl to be hoisted up, and I need both arms.

Sonia smiles at me when I tuck her under the sheets. As usual, there's no bedtime story, no exploring Dora, no Pooh and Piglet, no Peter Rabbit and his misadventures in Mr. McGregor's lettuce patch. It's frightening what she's grown to accept as normal.

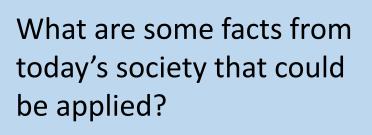
I hum her to sleep with a song about mockingbirds and billy goats, the verses still and quiet pictures in my mind's eye.

Patrick watches from the door. His shoulders, once broad and strong, slump in a downward-facing V; his forehead is creased in matching lines. **Everything about him seems to be pointing down.**

'The dystopia genre is a warning to today's society'. How far do you agree with this view?



How do you feel about this view?







What might be the risks of believing **fiction**?

What if the ideas presented came true?





What might be the benefits be of believing **fiction?**

How has my thinking changed as a result of this lesson?



Do Now

Introduction

Dystopia

Watch

Read

Exit Ticket