

## **A Level English Reading List - read a novel before you return in September**

### **Sci-fi / Speculative / Dystopian fiction**

The Handmaid's Tale (Margaret Atwood)  
The Power (Naomi Alderman)  
Oryx and Crake (Margaret Atwood)  
Nineteen Eighty Four (George Orwell)  
Brave New World (Aldous Huxley)  
A Clockwork Orange (Anthony Burgess)

### **Gothic fiction**

Frankenstein (Mary Shelley)  
Dracula (Bram Stoker)  
Wuthering Heights (Emily Bronte)  
The Romance of the Forest (Ann Radcliffe)  
The Castle of Otranto (Horace Walpole; considered the first gothic novel)

### **Some 'classics'**

Jane Eyre (Charlotte Bronte)  
Hard Times (Charles Dickens' shortest novel – to get you started on the rest!)  
The Mill on the Floss (George Eliot)  
Pride and Prejudice / Emma (Jane Austen)  
Tess of the D'Urbervilles (Thomas Hardy)  
The Picture of Dorian Gray (Oscar Wilde)  
The Great Gatsby (F Scott Fitzgerald)  
The Woman in White / The Moonstone (Wilkie Collins)  
The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde (R.L. Stevenson)

### **Some 'modern classics'**

The Bell Jar (Sylvia Plath)  
Oranges are not the only fruit (Jeanette Winterson)  
The Catcher in the Rye (JD Salinger)  
Lord of the Flies (William Golding)  
Alias Grace (Margaret Atwood)  
The Remains of the Day (Kazuo Ishiguro)  
The Unbearable Lightness of Being (Milan Kundera)  
The Alchemist (Paulo Coelho)  
To Kill a Mockingbird (Harper Lee)  
A Room with a View / A Passage to India (E.M. Forster)

### **21<sup>st</sup> Century novelists**

Donna Tartt  
Audrey Niffenegger  
Ian McEwan  
Sebastian Faulks  
Margaret Atwood  
Michael Chabon  
Hilary Mantel  
Zadie Smith  
Cormac McCarthy  
Scarlett Thomas  
Haruki Murakami  
John Irving  
Junot Diaz

### **'Close' by Carol Ann Duffy**

Lock the door. In the dark journey of our night  
two childhoods stand in the corner of the bedroom  
watching the way we take each other to bits  
to stare at our heart. I hear a story  
told in sleep in a lost accent. You know the truth.

Undress. A suitcase crammed with secrets  
bursts in the wardrobe at the foot of the bed.  
Dress again. Undress. You have me like a drawing,  
erased, coloured in, untitled, signed by your tongue.  
The name of a country written in red on my palm,

Unreadable. I tell myself where I live now,  
but you move in close till I shake, homeless,  
further than that. A coin falls from the bedside table,  
spinning its heads and tails. How the hell  
can I win. How can I lose. Tell me again.

Love won't give in. It makes a hired room tremble  
with the pity of bells, a cigarette smoke itself  
next to a full glass of wine, time ache  
into space, space, wants no more talk. Now  
it has me where I want me, now you, you do.

Put out the light. Years stand outside on the street  
looking up to an open window, black as our mouth  
which utters its tuneless song. The ghosts of ourselves,  
behind and before us, throng in a mirror, blind,  
laughing and weeping. They know who we are.

Write a short analysis of the poem and bring it to your first English lesson