

**Marling School**  
**KS3 Reading Scheme**

# **Preparation for**

# **G.C.S.E**

**Gold Booklet**

**Name:**

**Form:**

**Teacher:**

**How does the reading scheme work?**

- Every fortnight one of your English lessons is timetabled for independent reading in the school library. During these lessons you will read books from this booklet. You will also need to spend some time reading them at home. In order to complete the Gold award, you need to read a total of **12 books**.

**The Class Read**

At some point this year, you will read the play *The Empress* as a class, with your teacher. When you read this, everyone will be expected to read aloud at some point. Your teacher will ask you questions about the text as you read.

**The Task Books**

The remaining **11** books you will need to read in your own time and will encompass the following:

**A Nineteenth-Century Novel:** at GCSE you will study a nineteenth-century novel as part of the English Literature specification. In this scheme, you will read *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*. You will also have pre-reading tasks to complete that will help prepare you for Literature study in Year 10.

**A Modern Novel:** you will read *The Secret Life of Bees* and complete a quiz and creative task for this text.

**A Twentieth-Century Novel:** at GCSE you will study a twentieth-century novel as part of the English Literature specification. In this scheme, you will read *Of Mice and Men*.

**1 x Read Around a Subject:** You will be choosing your G.C.S.E. options this year and you will have the opportunity to either continue your studies in subjects you are familiar with or to start your studies in a new subject. In order to assist you with your choices, your subject teachers have provided a list of suitable books which will “whet your appetite” for further study in the subject.

**2 x Genre Reads:** You may choose which genre you would like to read from each cluster. To help you, we have recommended some titles.

**2 x Contemporary Issues:** We have collected a range of book titles which deal with a variety of contemporary issues and themes. Please take the time to explore this genre and to take the opportunity to discover more about the world we live in and the people we live with.

**1 x Non-fiction:** Non-fiction books are a great way to explore and investigate problems and the world.

**1 x Short Story:** within the booklet is printed a short story titled ‘The Tell-Tale Heart’ by Edgar Allen Poe. You will read the story and write a poem in response.

**1 x Free Choice:** You may read one book of your choice. Speak to the Librarian for recommendations.

When you finish each of these 11 books you must **complete the corresponding task in the booklet.**

**Where do I get the books?**

- You may choose from the library, from home or from a public library. The librarian can help you find the book/s you need. Copies of the Gold booklet will be available in the library for reference and on the school website.

**When do I go to the library?**

- You can use the library during library lessons, however remember that this lesson is meant to be **for reading not for choosing your book/s**.

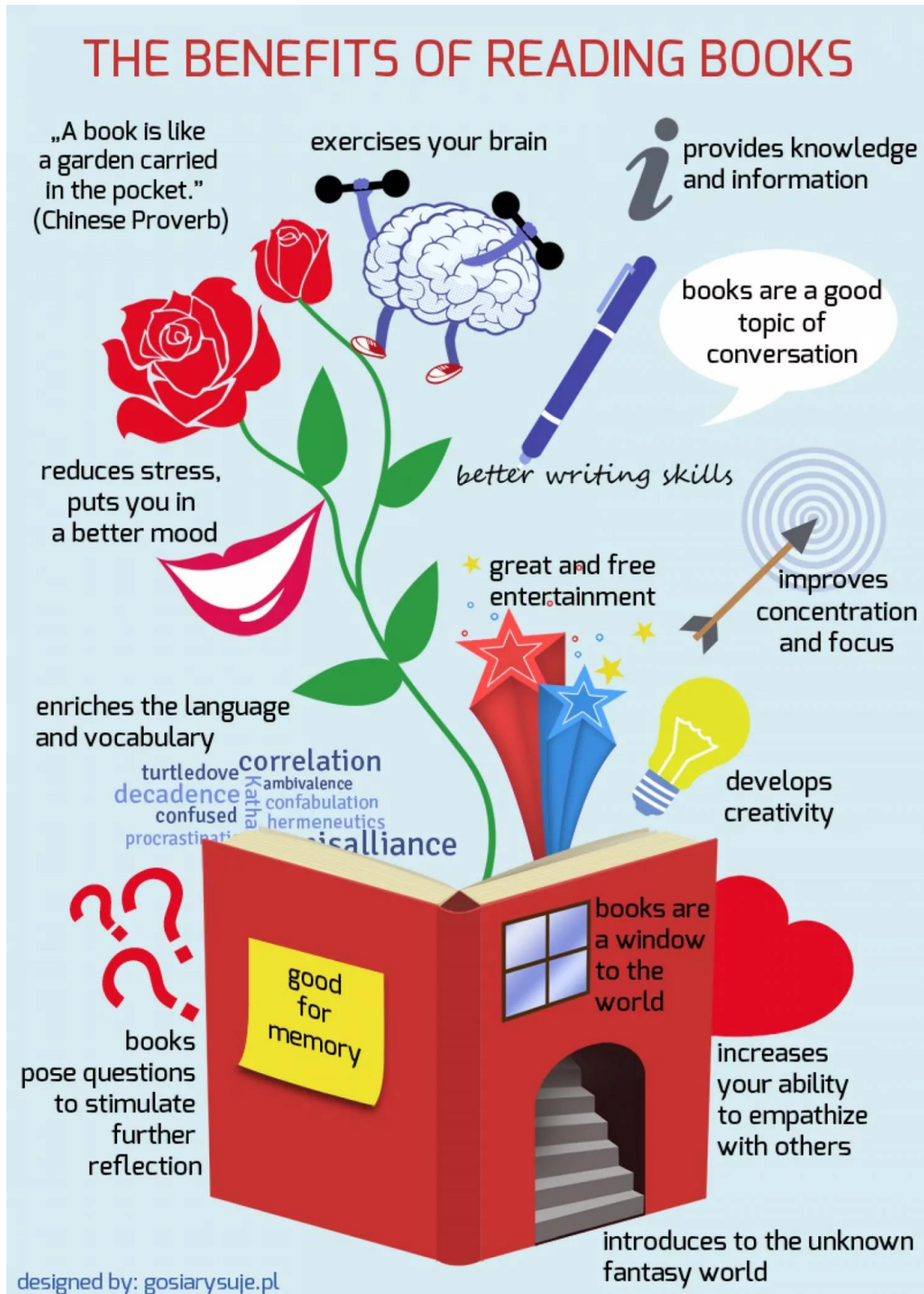
- The library is open from 8:30am (8:40am on Wednesdays), at break time, at lunchtime and after school for you to choose your book.

### Why do I have to read the books outlined in this booklet?

- The reading lesson gives you the opportunity to tackle books in a variety of genres to expand your vocabulary, observe different writing styles and develop your understanding of various topics.
- Although we hope you will find the books enjoyable, the lesson is part of your academic studies.
- You can borrow other books from the library for your leisure reading outside of the lesson.

### When do I need a reading book?

**You need to bring a reading book into school every day.** Every English lesson and library lesson will require you to have a book ready to read. It is your responsibility to use break times and lunchtimes to find and / or change your book.



Reading Record – Every library lesson you must record your reading here.

[illegible]

## Read Around A Subject

**Art** - Any biography or study books related to the subject or particular artist. There are many to choose from.



**Biology** - Any of the classic Dawkins books eg, *The Selfish Gene (new edition)*, *The Blind Watchmaker*, *Climbing Mount Improbable*.

**Business Studies** - *Good to Great: Why Some Companies Make the Leap and Others Don't* by Jim Collins, *Shoe Dog: the story of the man behind Nike* by Phil Knight, *Too Big to Fail* by Andrew Ross Sorkin

**Chemistry** - *Of Ants and Dinosaurs* by Cizin Liu, *Killer T* by Robert Muchamore, *The Extinction Trials: Exile* by S.M. Wilson, *The Heart of Mars* by Paul Magrs



**Computing** - *The People Vs Tech - How the internet is killing democracy and how we save it* by Jamie Bartlett, *Algorithms of Oppression – How Search Engines Reinforce Racism* by Safiya Umqia Noble, *Irresistible* by Adam Alter

**DT** - *Drawing for product designers* by Kevin Henry, *Making It: Manufacturing techniques for product design* by Chris Lefteri, *Salt, Fat, Acid, Heat* by Samin Nosrat (for Food)



**Drama** - *DNA* by Dennis Kelly, *Blood Brothers* by Willy Russell, *The IT* by Vivienne Franzmann, *Find Me* by Olwen Wymark



**English** - *Dracula* by Bram Stoker, *Go Set a Watchman* by Harper Lee, *Hidden Figures* by Margot Lee Shetterly, *The Importance of Being Earnest* by Oscar Wilde.



**Geography** - *Factfulness* by Hans Rosling, *Disaster by Choice* by Ilan Kelman, *Adventures in the Anthropocene* by Gaia Vince, *Prisoners of Geography* by Tim Marshall

**History** - *Black and British* by David Olusoga, *The Book Thief* by Markus Zusak, *The Kite Runner* by Khaled Hoessini



**Languages** - *Eagle of the Ninth* (for Latin), *Around the World in 80 Days* by Jules Vern (for French), *As I Walked Out One Midsummer Morning* by Laurie Lee (for Spanish), *The Book Thief* by Markus Zusak (for German)



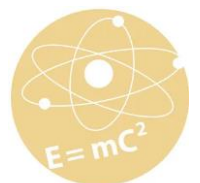
**Maths** - *Mathenauts* by Rudy Rucker, *Humble Pi: A Comedy of Math's Errors* by Matt Parker, *The Life Changing Magic of Numbers* by Bobby Seagull

**Music** - *Why Beethoven Threw the Stew* by Stephen Isserlis, *Nocturnes* by Kazuo Ishiguro, *Soul Music* by Terry Pratchett



**Psychology** - *The Shock of the Fall* by Nathan Filer, *The Rosie Project* by Graeme Simsion, *The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night* by Mark Haddon

**Physics** - *The Order of Time* by Carlo Rovelli, *Seven Brief Lessons on Physics* by Carlo Rovelli, *Surely You're Joking Mr Feynman* by Richard Feynman



**PE** - *Legacy* by James Kerr, *They Don't Teach This* by Eniola Aluko, *The Jordan Rules* by Sam Smith

**RE** - *Sophie's World* by Jostein Gaarder, *The Hiding Place* by Corrie Ten Boom, *Throne of the Crescent Moon* by Saladin Ahmed, *The Last Battle* by C.S.Lewis

## Read Around A Subject

Which subject and book did you choose?

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How does this book relate to your subject?

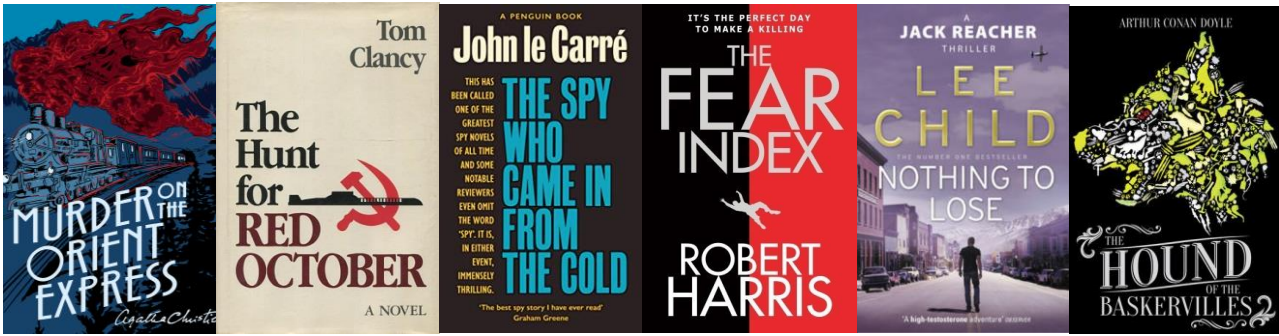

What additional information have you learnt about your subject?






# Genre Novels

## CRIME & THRILLERS



## FANTASY

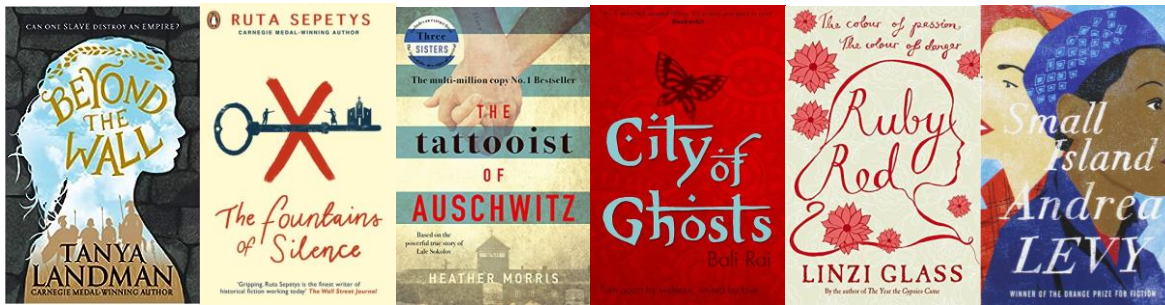


## SCIENCE FICTION & DYSTOPIAN





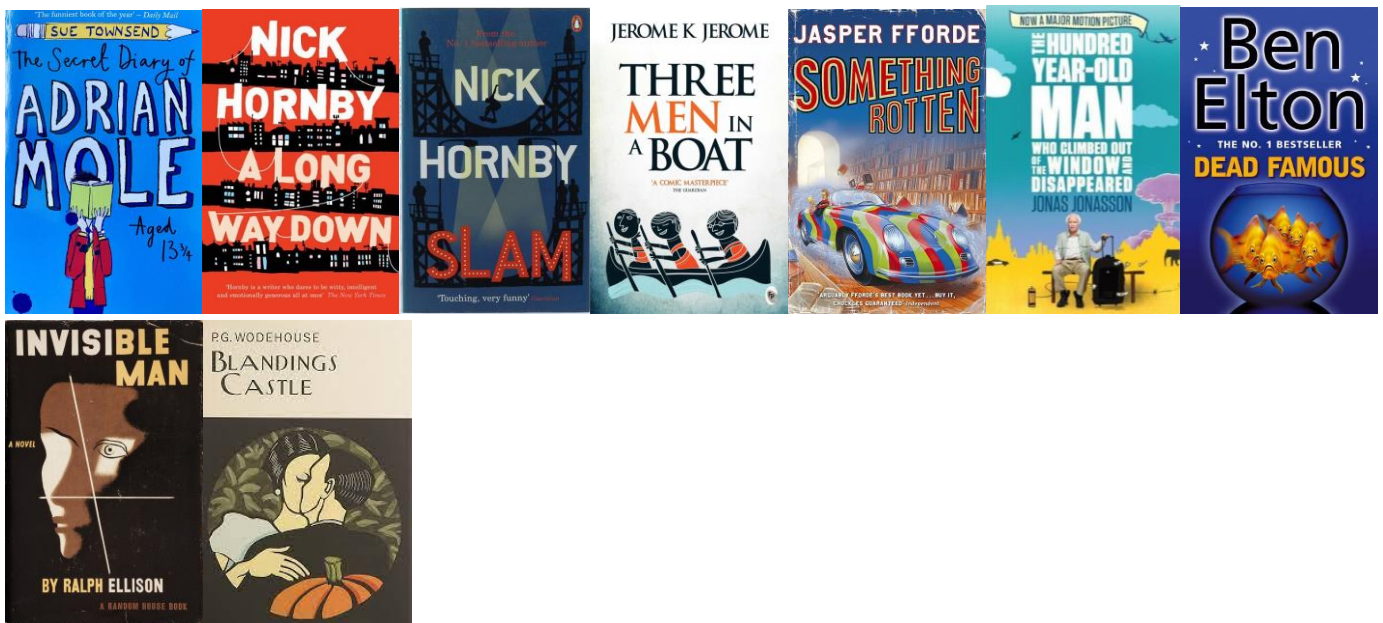
## HISTORICAL FICTION



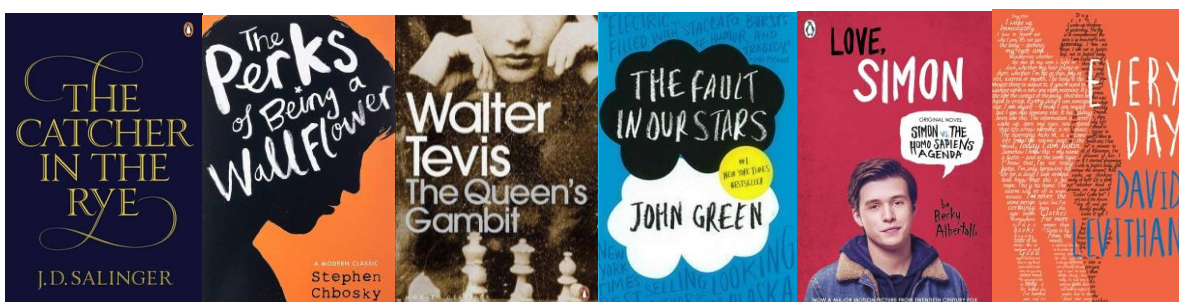
## HORROR & GHOST STORIES



## HUMOUR



## COMING OF AGE & ROMANCE



## Genre Novel

A **genre** is a specific type of music, film, or writing. Your favourite literary **genre** might be science fiction, and **your** favourite film **genre** might be horror.

1. What genre did you choose?

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2. What interests you about this genre?

--

3. What are the conventions of this genre? (use your chromebook to generate a list)


4. How does this novel fit into this genre? Give specific examples. You should also identify where the novel might break the rules of the genre.


5. Would you read a book from this genre again and why?


6. How likely are you to recommend this book to someone? Give clear reasons.


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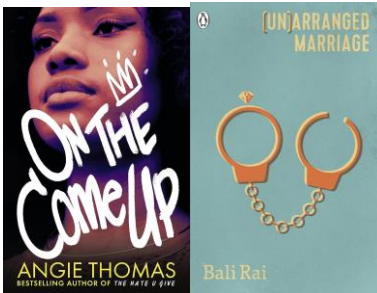



# Contemporary Issues in Fiction

## RACE & RACISM



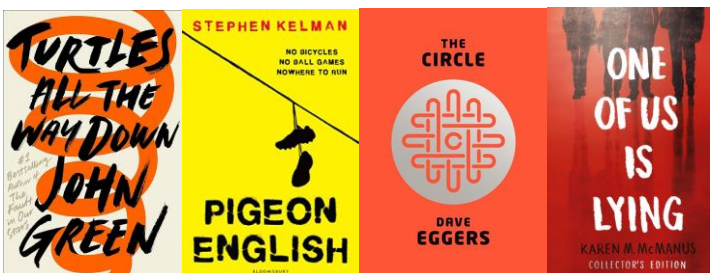
## FREEDOM OF SPEECH & FORCED MARRIAGE



## LGBTQ+



## MIGRATION & SOCIAL MEDIA



## TERRORISM, MENTAL HEALTH & SEXUAL ASSAULT



# Contemporary Issues in Fiction

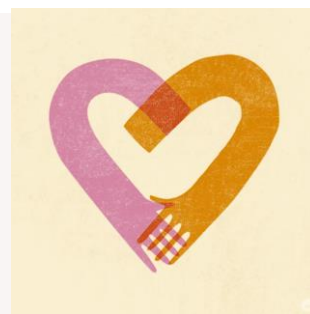
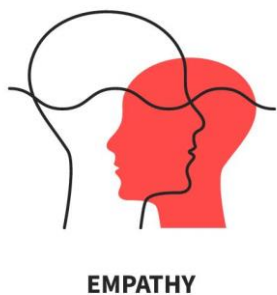


1. What contemporary issues did this novel address? Give examples from the text.


2. What did you learn/experience as a result of this novel? What do you think the writer's intention was? (e.g. what did they want you to learn/understand)


3. How did this book make you feel? And how could you empathise with characters?


4. Why do you think it is important that the contemporary issue you read about is explored in fiction?

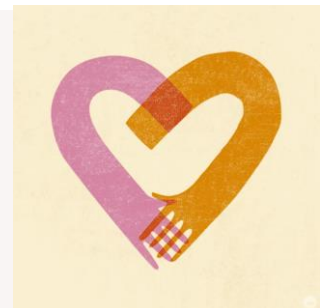
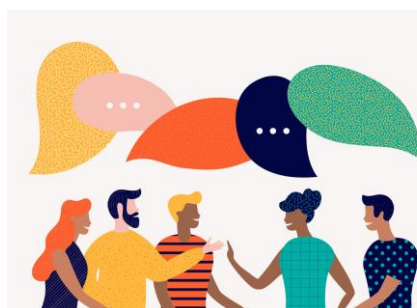
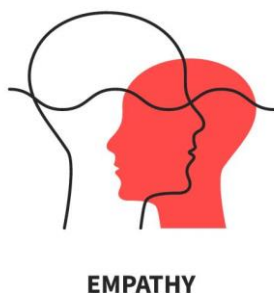
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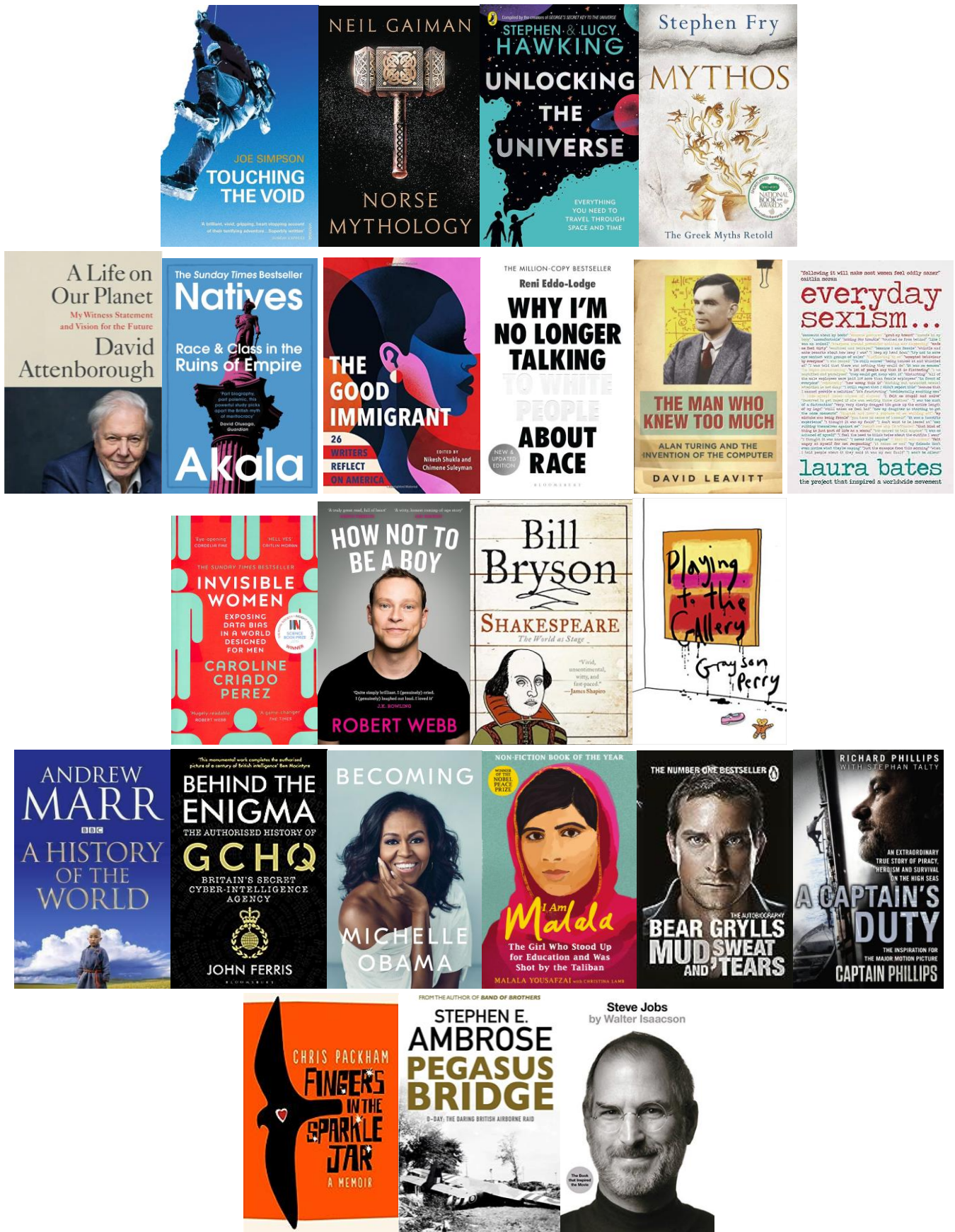

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# Non-Fiction Titles



## Non-fiction

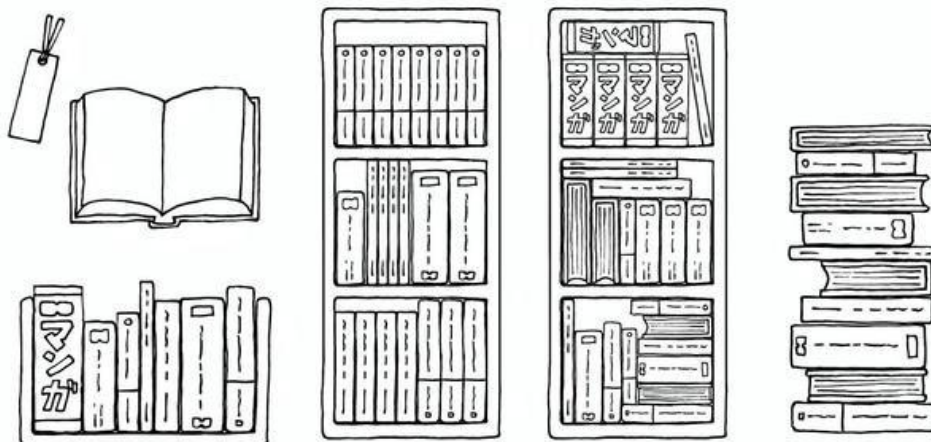
1. What book did you choose and why?

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2. What do you think the writer's purpose was in writing this book?


3. Who is the target audience for this book? How do you know?


4. How does the author's expertise or credibility come through in the text?

Free Choice





**1. What book did you choose, and why?**


**2. Write a summary of the book for someone who is considering reading it.**


**3. What did you enjoy / not enjoy about this book?**


**4. In your opinion, should this book be studied in school? Explain your decision.**


## **'The Tell-Tale Heart' by Edgar Allen Poe (1843)**

True! — nervous — very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why will you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses — not destroyed — not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Hearken! and observe how healthily — how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! yes, it was this! One of his eyes resembled that of a vulture — a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so by degrees — very gradually — I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye forever.

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen me. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded — with what caution — with what foresight — with what dissimulation I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it — oh, so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed, so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly — very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon his bed. Ha! — would a madman have been so wise as this? And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously — oh, so cautiously — cautiously (for the hinges creaked) — I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for seven long nights — every night just at midnight — but I found the eye always closed; and so it was impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his Evil Eye. And every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into the chamber, and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he had passed the night. So you see he would have been a very profound old man, indeed, to suspect that every night, just at twelve, I looked in upon him while he slept.

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. A watch's minute hand moves more quickly than did mine. Never before that night had I felt the extent of my own powers — of my sagacity. I could scarcely contain my feelings of triumph. To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little, and he not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea; and perhaps he heard me; for he moved on the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back — but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness, (for the shutters were close fastened, through fear of robbers,) and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept pushing it on steadily, steadily.

I had my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in the bed, crying out — "Who's there?"

I kept quite still and said nothing. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed listening; — just as I have done, night after night, hearkening to the death watches in the wall.

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was the groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain or of grief — oh, no! — it was the low stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with awe. I knew the sound well. Many a night, just at midnight, when all the world slept, it has welled up from my own bosom, deepening, with its dreadful echo, the terrors that distracted me. I say I knew it well. I knew what the old man felt, and pitied him, although I chuckled at heart. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not. He had been saying to himself — "It is nothing but the wind in the chimney — it is only a mouse crossing the floor," or "it is merely a cricket which has made a single chirp." Yes, he has been trying to comfort himself with these suppositions: but he had found all in vain. All in vain; because Death, in approaching him had stalked with his black shadow before him, and enveloped the victim. And it was the mournful influence of the unperceived shadow that caused him to feel — although he neither saw nor heard — to feel the presence of my head within the room.

When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing him lie down, I resolved to open a little — a very, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it — you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily — until, at length a single dim ray, like the thread of the spider, shot from out the crevice and fell upon the vulture eye.

It was open — wide, wide open — and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness — all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man's face or person: for I had directed the ray as if by instinct, precisely upon the damned spot.

And now have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over acuteness of the senses? — now, I say, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew that sound well, too. It was the beating of the old man's heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still. I scarcely breathed. I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eye. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker and quicker, and louder and louder every instant. The old man's terror must have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment! — do you mark me well? I have told you that I am nervous: so I am. And now at the dead hour of the night, amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror. Yet, for some minutes longer I refrained and stood still. But the beating grew louder, louder! I thought the heart must burst. And now a new anxiety seized me — the sound would be heard by a neighbor! The old man's hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once — once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But, for many minutes, the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more.

If still you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned, and I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse. I cut off the head and the arms and the legs.

I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye — not even his — could have detected any thing wrong. There was nothing to wash out — no stain of any kind — no blood-spot whatever. I had been too wary for that. A tub had caught all — ha! ha!

When I had made an end of these labors, it was four o'clock — still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart, — for what had I now to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to search the premises.

I smiled, — for what had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search — search well. I led them, at length, to his chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the room, and desired them here to rest from their fatigues, while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My manner had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They sat, and while I answered cheerily, they chatted of familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears: but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct: — it continued and became more distinct: I talked more freely to get rid of the feeling: but it continued and gained definitiveness — until, at length, I found that the noise was not within my ears.

No doubt I now grew very pale; — but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased — and what could I do? It was a low, dull, quick sound — much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I gasped for breath — and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly — more vehemently; but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations; but the noise

steadily increased. Why would they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men — but the noise steadily increased. Oh God! what could I do? I foamed — I raved — I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder — louder — louder! And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God! — no, no! They heard! — they suspected! — they knew! — they were making a mockery of my horror! — this I thought, and this I think. But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die! — and now — again! — hark! louder! louder! louder! louder! —

“Villains!” I shrieked, “dissemble no more! I admit the deed! — tear up the planks! — here, here! — it is the beating of his hideous heart!”

**Use this space to write a poem titled ‘The Tell-Tale Heart’. Your poem should have Gothic elements and have a sinister atmosphere.**





# The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde by Robert Louis Stevenson

Read the context information and highlight key information.

## Theory of Evolution:

In 1859, Charles Darwin's *The Origin of Species* was published. It introduced the **Theory of Evolution** to the public. According to this theory all life on earth has evolved from more primitive forms. For example, humans evolved from apes. Many saw the book as an attack on religion, because it made it impossible to believe that God created the world in seven days.

Many believed that science had become dangerous and was meddling in matters only God had control over. The theory played on social concerns that man could digress to a prior evolutionary state (atavism).

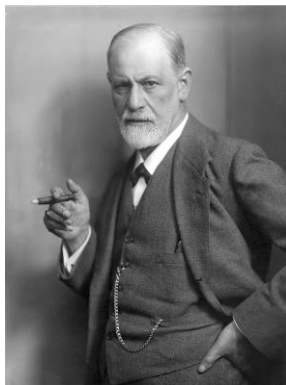
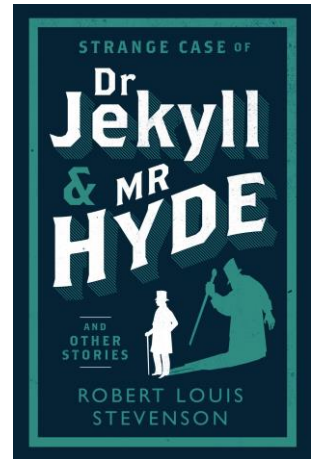
## Dual Nature:

Many Victorians believed that humans have a **dual nature**.

The **good side**: calm, rational, everyday normality of family life and employment;

The **bad side**: fantasies, nightmares, anger and violence.

In 1888 the notorious **Jack the Ripper** murders occurred in London. For many Victorians, these murders underlined the Jekyll and Hyde **duality of human nature** especially as some people believed Jack the Ripper to be Prince Albert (son of Queen Victoria).



## Freudian Theory:

The idea of the savage nature of humans hidden under a civilised outside was made famous by the Austrian psychologist **Sigmund Freud** (1856-1939). Freud developed the theory that humans were neither exclusively or essentially good.

**Id**: seeking instant gratification, having an aggressive instinct, and having no moral or social value, taking pleasure in violence, needing to have desires satisfied immediately i.e. think of a baby screaming when it becomes hungry.

**Ego**: conscious and rational, and rational and is dominated by social principles.

**Super Ego**: as represented by the proclaimed and implicit morals of Victorian society which prided itself on refinement and goodness.

## The Gothic:

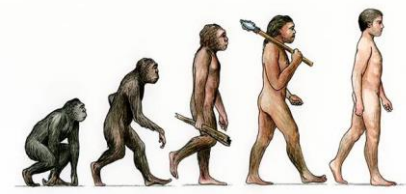
Literary conventions of the Gothic.

- **Doubling** (mirror images or things being split in two)
- **Pathetic fallacy** (the use of the weather to reflect the mood, in the case of the Gothic this is usually fog, storms, rain or darkness.)
- **Imprisonment** (characters trapped physically or psychologically)
- **Fear of the Unknown**
- **Doppelgangers** (two of the same person)
- **Atavism** (a tendency to revert to something ancient or ancestral)
- **Imagery** (full moon, destruction, supernatural, midnight)
- **Good vs. Evil** (clear distinctions between the two and appearances to match)
- **Mystery and Suspense**

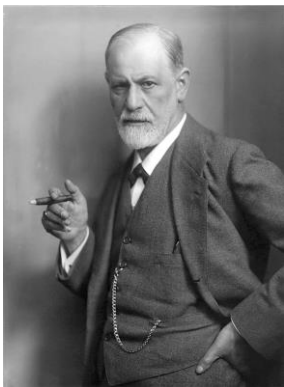


Now you have read Jekyll and Hyde, explain how the novel links to the contextual information you read.

**Theory of Evolution:**



**Dual Nature:**



**Freudian Theory:**

**The Gothic:**



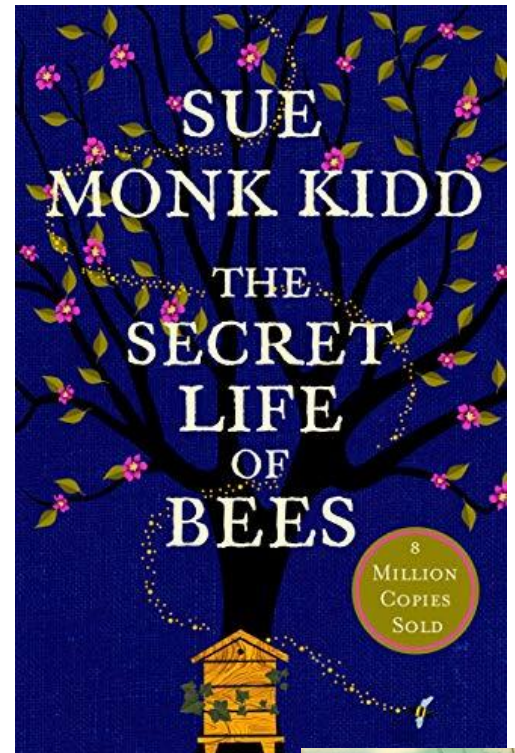
## **The Secret Life of Bees by Sue Monk Kidd**

Now you've read the book, answer the quiz questions:

1. What convinces Lily to leave home in the first place?
2. Who does August live with?
3. What colour is the Boatwright house?
4. Why is Zach arrested?
5. What does Zach want to be when he grows up?
6. Where does Lily stay at the Boatwright farm?
7. How does May commit suicide?
8. What does Lily remember best about her mother?
9. Where does May go when she is sad?

10. What is the relationship between Neil and June?

11. Where does Lily go at the end of the novel?



### Of Mice and Men by John Steinbeck

Use this space to create a character profile for Lenny. You should draw a picture of Lenny and label it with information about him and include quotations from the text.

