

# ENGLISH LITERATURE



## 11 - 12 TRANSITION WORK

### Introduction

As you embark on your journey into Year 12, it's essential to lay a strong foundation for your studies in English Literature. To help you transition smoothly and prepare for the exciting challenges ahead, we have designed a task for you to complete over the summer.

This task will not only enhance your academic skills but also it will ignite your passion for reading. Your summer reading will be particularly beneficial when you undertake your Non-Exam Assessment (NEA), as it will provide you with valuable insights, themes and ideas necessary for your coursework.

Embrace this opportunity to dive into a captivating story or stories, explore diverse perspectives, and develop critical thinking skills that will be invaluable in your A-level studies.

Enjoy your summer reading and look forward to an enriching year ahead!

### 1 - Prepare for learning

Please come to your first lesson prepared with the book you read over the summer and a pencil case.

You **will** need to purchase copies of *Great Gatsby* and *Othello*. Please use these ISBN numbers, so that you all have the same edition:

The *Great Gatsby* (Wordsworth Classics): ISBN **185326041X**

*Othello*: No Fear Shakespeare Deluxe Student Edition: ISBN **141147970X**

**These are useful, but not compulsory:**

- *Othello* York Notes A-level English Literature Study Guide: ISBN **058278431X**
- Study and Revise for AS/A-level: *Othello* by Pete Bunten: ISBN **978-1471853937**
- The *Great Gatsby*: York Notes Advanced: ISBN **0582823102**
- The *Great Gatsby*: Get Revision with Results (Oxford Literature): ISBN **0198398964**
- The *Great Gatsby* York Notes A-level English Literature: ISBN **1447982282**

### 2 - Tasks for learning

- 1) Read the short story *Theresa's Wedding* and complete the tasks beneath it.
- 2) Read one of the books from the suggested reading list that is included in this pack.

Read the short story *Theresa's Wedding* by Trevor Howard, which is on the next page, then complete the transition tasks listed below it.

### **Teresa's Wedding by William Trevor**

The remains of the wedding cake were on top of the piano in Swanton's lounge-bar, beneath a framed advertisement for Power's whiskey. Chas Flynn, the best man, had opened two packets of confetti: it lay thickly on the remains of the wedding-cake, on the surface of the bar and the piano, on the table and the two small chairs that the lounge-bar contained, and in the tattered green-and-red linoleum.

The wedding guests, themselves covered in confetti, stood in groups. Father Hogan, who had conducted the service in the church of the Immaculate Conception, stood with Mrs Atty, the mother of the bride, and Mrs Cornish, the mother of the bridegroom, and Mrs Tracy, a sister of Mrs Atty's.

Mrs Tracy was the stoutest of the three women, a farmer's widow who lived eight miles from the town. In spite of the jubilant nature of the occasion, she was dressed in black, a colour she had affected since the death of her husband three years ago. Mrs Atty, bespectacled, with her grey hair in a bun, wore a flowered dress - small yellow and blue blooms that blended easily with the confetti. Mrs Cornish was in pink, with a pink hat. Father Hogan, a big red-complexioned man, held a tumbler containing whiskey and water in equal measures; his companions sipped Winter's tale Sherry.

Artie Cornish, the bridegroom, drank stout with his friends Eddie Boland and Chas Flynn, who worked in the town's bacon factory, and Screw Doyle, so called because he served behind the counter in McQuaid's hardware shop. Artie, who worked in a shop himself - Driscoll's Provisions and Bar - was a freckled man of twenty eight, six years older than his bride. He was heavily built, his bulk encased now in a suit of navy blue serge, similar to the suits that all the other men were wearing that morning in Swanton's lounge-bar. In the opinion of Mr Driscoll, his employer, he was a conscientious shopman, with a good memory for where commodities were kept on the shelves. Customers occasionally found him slow.

The fathers of the bride and bridegroom, Mr Atty and Mr Cornish, were talking about greyhounds, keeping close to the bar. They shared a feeling of unease, caused by being in the lounge-bar of Swanton's, with women present, on a Saturday morning. 'Bring us two more big ones,' Mr Cornish requested of Kevin, a youth behind the bar, hoping that this addition to his consumption of whiskey would relax matters. They wore white carnations in the buttonholes of their suits, and stiff white collars which were reddening their necks. Unknown to one another, they shared the same thought: a wish that the bride and groom would soon decide to bring the occasion to an end by going to prepare themselves for their journey to Cork on the half-one bus. Mr Atty and Mr Cornish, bald-headed men of fifty-three and fifty-five, had it in mind to spend the remainder of the day in Swanton's lounge-bar, celebrating in their particular way the union of their children.

The bride, who had been Teresa Atty and was now Teresa Cornish, had a round, pretty face and black, pretty hair, and was a month and a half pregnant. She stood in the corner of the lounge with her friends, Philomea Morrissey and Kitty Roche, both of whom had been bridesmaids. All three of

them were attired in their wedding finery, dresses they had feverishly worked on to get finished in time for the wedding. They planned to alter the dresses and have them dyed so that later on they could go to parties in them, even though parties were rare in the town.

'I hope you'll be happy, Teresa,' Kitty Roche whispered. 'I hope you'll be all right.' She couldn't help giggling, even though she didn't want to. She giggled because she'd drunk a glass of gin and Kia-Ora orange, which Screw Doyle had said would steady her. She'd been nervous in the church. She's tripped twice on the walk down the aisle.

'You'll be marrying yourself one of these days,' Teresa whispered, her cheeks still glowing after the excitement of the ceremony. 'I hope you'll be happy too, Kit'.

But Kitty Roche, who was asthmatic, did not believe she'd ever marry. She'd be like Miss Levis, the Protestant woman on the Cork road, who'd never got married because of tuberculosis. Or old Hannah Flood, who had a bad hip. And it wasn't just that no one would want to be saddled with a diseased wife: there was also the fact that the asthma caused a recurrent skin complaint on her face and neck and hands.

Teresa and Philomena drank glasses of Babycham, and Kitty drank Kia-Ora with water instead of gin in it. They'd known each other all their lives. They'd been to the Presentation Nuns together, they'd taken First Communion together. Even when they'd left the Nuns, when Teresa had gone to work in the Medical Hall and Kitty Roche and Philomena in Keane's drapery, they'd continued to see each other almost every day.

'We'll think of you, Teresa,' Philomena said. 'We'll pray for you.' Philomena, plump and pale-haired, had every hope of marrying and had even planned her dress, in light lemony lace, with a Limerick veil. Twice in the last month, she'd gone out with Des Foley the vet, and even if he was a few years older than he might be and had a car that smelt of cattle disinfectant, there was more to be said for Des Foley than for many another.

Teresa's two sisters, much older than Teresa, stood by the piano and the framed Power's advertisement, between the two windows and the lounge-bar. Agnes, in smart powder-blue, was tall and thin, the older of the two; Loretta, in brown, was small. Their own two marriages, eleven and nine years ago, had been consecrated by Father Hogan in the Church of the Immaculate Conception and celebrated afterwards in this same lounge-bar. Loretta had married a man who was no longer mentioned because he'd gone to England and had never come back. Agnes had married George Tobin, who was at present sitting outside the lounge-bar in a Ford Prefect, reading a comic to his children. The Tobins lived in Cork now, George being the manager of a shoe-shop there. Loretta lived with her parents, like an unmarried daughter again.

'Sickens you,' Agnes said 'She's only a kid, marrying a goop like that. She'll be stuck in this dump of a town forever.'

Loretta didn't say anything. It was well known that Agnes' own marriage had turned out well: George Tobin was a teetotaller and had no interest in either horses or greyhounds. From where she stood Loretta could see him through the window, sitting patiently in the Ford Prefect, reading a

comic to his children. Loretta's marriage had not been consummated.

"Well, though I've said it before I'll say it again," said Father Hogan. "It's a great day for a mother."

Mrs Atty and Mrs Cornish politely agreed, without speaking. Mrs Tracy smiled.

'And for an aunt too, Mrs Tracy. Naturally enough.'

Mrs Tracy smiled again. 'A great day,' she said.

'Ah, I'm happy for Teresa,' Father Hogan said. 'And for Artie, too, Mrs Cornish; naturally enough. Aren't they as fine a couple as ever stepped out of this town?'

'Are they leaving the town?' Mrs Tracy asked, confusion breaking in her face. 'I thought Artie was fixed in Driscoll's.'

'It's a matter of speaking, Mrs Tracy,' Father Hogan explained. 'It's a way of putting the thing. When I was marrying them this morning I looked down at their faces and I said to myself, "Isn't it great God gave them life?"'

The three women looked across the lounge, at Teresa standing with her friends Phiolmena Morrissey and Kitty Roche, and then at Artie, with Screw Doyle, Eddie Boland and Chas Flyn.

'He has a great career in front of him in Driscoll's,' Father Hogan pronounced. 'Will Teresa remain in the Medical Hall, Mrs Atty?'

Mrs Atty replied that her daughter would remain for a while in the Medical Hall. It was Father Hogan who had persuaded Artie of his duty when Artie had hesitated. Mrs Atty and Teresa had gone to him for advice, he'd spoken to Artie and to Mr and Mrs Cornish, and the matter had naturally not been mentioned on either side since.

'Will I get you another glassful, Father?' inquired Mrs Tracy, holding out her hand for the priest's tumbler.

'Well, it isn't every day I'm honoured,' said Father Hogan with his smile, putting the tumbler into Mrs Tracy's hand.

At the bar Mr Atty and Mr Cornish drank steadily. In their corner Teresa and her bridesmaids talked about weddings that had taken place in the church of the Immaculate Conception in the past, how they had stood by the railings of the church when they were children, excited by the finery and the men in serge suits. Teresa's sisters whispered, Agnes continuing about the inadequacy of the man Teresa had just married. Loretta whispered without actually forming words. She wished her sister wouldn't go on so because she didn't want to think about any of it, about what had happened to Teresa, and what would happen to her again tonight, in a hotel in Cork. She'd fainted when it had happened to herself, when he'd come at her like a farm animal. She'd fought like a mad thing.

It was noisier in the lounge-bar than it had been. The voices of the bridegroom's friends were raised; behind the bar young Kevin had switched on the wireless. 'Don't get around much anymore,' cooed a soft male voice.

'Bedad, there'll be no holding you tonight, Artie,' Edie Boland whispered thickly into the bridegroom's ear. He nudged Artie in the stomach with his elbow, spilling some Guinness. He laughed uproariously.

'We're following you in two cars,' Screw Doyle said. 'We'll be waiting in the double bed for you.' Screw Doyle laughed also, striking the floor repeatedly with his left foot, which was a habit of his when excited. At a late hour the night before he'd told Artie that once, after a dance, he'd spent an hour in a field the girl Artie had agreed to marry. 'I had a great bloody ride of her,' he'd confided.

'I'll have a word with Teresa,' said Father Hogan, moving away from Teresa's mother, her aunt and Mrs Cornish. He did not, however, cross the lounge immediately, but paused by the bar, where Mr Cornish and Mr Atty were. He put his empty tumbler on the bar itself, and Mr Atty pushed it towards young Kevin, who at once refilled it.

'Well, it's a great day for a father,' said Father Hogan. 'Aren't they a tip-top credit to each other?'

'Who's that, Father?' inquired Mr Cornish, his eyes a little bleary, sweat hanging from his cheeks.

Father Cornish laughed. He put his tumbler on the bar again, and Mr Cornish pushed it towards young Kevin for another refill.

In their corner Philomena confided to Teresa and Kitty Roche that she wouldn't mind marrying Des Foley the vet. She'd had four glasses of Baby Cham. If he asked her this minute, she said, she'd probably say yes. 'Is Chas Flynn nice?' Kitty Roche asked, squinting across at him.

On the wireless Petula Clark was singing 'Downtown.' Eddie Boland was whistling 'Mother Macree'. 'Listen, Screw,' Artie said, keeping his voice low although it wasn't necessary. 'Is it true? Did you go into a field with Teresa?'

Loretta watched while George Tobin in his Ford Prefect turned a page of the comic he was reading to his children. Her sister's voice continued in its abuse of the town and its people, in particular the shopman who had got Teresa pregnant. Agnes hated the town and always had. She'd met George Tobin at a dance in Cork and had said to Loretta that in six months' time she'd be gone from the town forever. Which was precisely what had happened, except that marriage had made her less nice than she'd been. She hated the town in a jolly way once, laughing over it. Now she hardly laughed at all.

'Look at him,' she was saying. 'I doubt he knows how to hold a knife and fork.'

Loretta eased her observation of her sister's husband through the window and regarded Artie Cornish instead. She looked away from him immediately because his face, so quickly replacing the face of George Tobin, had caused in her mind a double image which now brutally persisted. She

felt a sickness in her stomach, and closed her eyes and prayed. But the double image remained: George Tobin and Artie Cornish coming at her sisters like two farmyard animals and her sisters fighting to get away. 'Dear Jesus,' she whispered to herself. 'Dear Jesus, help me'.

'Sure it was only a bit of gas,' Screw Doyle assured Artie. 'Sure there was no harm done, Artie.'

In no way did Teresa love him. She had been aware of that when Father Hogan had arranged the marriage, and even before that, when she'd told her mother that she thought she was pregnant and had then mentioned Artie Cornish's name. Artie Cornish was much the same as his friends: you could be walking along a road with Screw Doyle or Artie Cornish and you could hardly tell the difference. There was nothing special about Artie Cornish, except that he always added up the figures twice when he was serving you in Driscoll's. There was nothing bad about him either, any more than there was anything bad about Edie Bolan or Chas Flynn or even Screw Doyle. She's said privately to Father Hogan that she didn't love him or feel anything for him one way or the other: Father Hogan had replied that in the circumstances all that line of talk was irrelevant.

When she was at the Presentation Convent Teresa had imagined her wedding, and even the celebration in this very lounge-bar. She had imagined everything that had happened that morning, and the things that were happening still. She had imagined herself standing with her bridesmaids as she was standing now, her mother and her aunt drinking sherry, Agnes and Loretta being there too, and other people, and music. Only the bridegroom had been mysterious, some faceless, bodiless presence, beyond imagination. From conversations she had had with Philomena and Kitty Roche, and with her sisters, she knew that they had imagined in a similar way. Yet Agnes had settled for George Tobin because George Tobin was employed in Cork and could take her away from the town. Loretta, who had been married for a matter of weeks, was going to become a nun.

Artie ordered more bottles of stout from young Kevin. He didn't want to catch the half-one bus and have to sit beside her all the way to Cork. He didn't want to go to the Lee Hotel when they could just as easily have remained in the town, when he could just as easily have gone to Driscoll's tomorrow and continued as before. It would have been different if Screw Doyle hadn't said he'd been in a field with her: you could pretend a bit on the bus, and in the hotel, just to make the whole thing go. You could pretend like you'd been pretending ever since Father Hogan had laid down the law, you could make the best of it like Father Hogan had said.

He handed a bottle of stout to Chas Flynn and one to Screw Doyle and another to Eddie Boland. He'd ask her about it on the bus. He'd repeat what Screw Doyle had said and ask her if it was true. For all he knew the child she was carrying was Screw Doyle's child and would be born with Screw Doyle's thin nose, and everyone in the town would know when they looked at it. His mother had told him when he was sixteen never to trust a girl, never to get involved, because he'd be caught in the end. He'd get caught because he was easy-going, because he didn't possess the smartness of Screw Doyle and some of the others. 'Sure, you might as well marry Teresa as anyone else,' his father had said after Father Hogan had called to see them about the matter. His mother had said things would never be the same again.

Eddie Boland sat down at the piano and played 'Mother Macree', causing Agnes and Loretta to

move to the other side of the lounge-bar. In the motor-car outside the Tobin children asked their father what the music was for.

'God go with you, girl,' Father Hogan said to Teresa, motioning Kitty Roche and Philomena away. 'Isn't it a grand thing that's happened, Teresa?' His red-skinned face, with the shiny false teeth so evenly arrayed in it, was close to hers. For a moment she thought he might kiss her, which of course was ridiculous, Father Hogan kissing anyone, even at a wedding celebration.

'It's a great day for all of us, girl,'

When she'd told her mother, her mother said it made her feel sick in her stomach. Her father hit her on the side of the face. Agnes came down specially from Cork to try and sort the matter out. It was then that Loretta had first mentioned becoming a nun.

'I want to say two words,' said Father Hogan, still standing beside her, but now addressing everyone in the lounge-bar. 'Come over here alongside us, Artie. Is there a drop in everyone's glass?'

Artie moved across the lounge-bar, with his glass of stout. Mr Cornish told young Kevin to pour out a few more measures. Eddie Boland stopped playing the piano.

'It's only this,' said Father Hogan. 'I want us all to lift our glasses to Artie and Teresa. May God go with you, the pair of you,' he said, lifting his own glass.

'Health, wealth and happiness,' proclaimed Mr Cornish from the bar.

'And an early night,' shouted Screw Doyle. 'Don't forget to draw the curtains, Artie.'

They stood awkwardly, not holding hands, not even touching. Teresa watched while her mother drank the remains of her sherry, and while her aunt drank and Mrs Cornish drank. Agnes's face was disdainful, a calculated reply to the coarseness of Screw Doyle's remarks. Loretta was staring ahead of her, concentrating her mind on her novitiate. A quick flush passed over the roughened countenance of Kitty Roche. Philomena laughed, and all the men in the lounge-bar, except Father Hogan, laughed.

'That's sufficient of that talk,' Father Hogan said with contrived severity. 'May you meet happiness halfway,' he added, suitably altering his intonation. 'The pair of you, Artie and Teresa.'

Noise broke out again after that. Father Hogan shook hands with Teresa and then with Artie. He had a funeral at half past two, he said: he'd better go and get his dinner inside him.

'Goodbye, Father,' Artie said. 'Thanks for doing the job.'

'God bless the pair of you,' said Father Hogan, and went away.

'We should be going for the bus,' Artie said to her. 'It wouldn't do to miss the old bus.'

'No, it wouldn't.'

'I'll see you down there. You'll have to change your clothes.'

'Yes.'

'I'll come the way I am.'

'You're fine the way you are, Artie.'

He looked at the stout in his glass and didn't raise his eyes from it when he spoke again.

'Did Screw Doyle take you into a field, Teresa?'

He hadn't meant to say it then. It was wrong to come out with it like that, in the lounge-bar, with the wedding cake still there on the piano, and Teresa still in her wedding-dress, and confetti everywhere. He knew it was wrong even before the words came out; he knew that the stout had angered and befuddled him.

'Sorry,' he said. 'Sorry, Teresa.'

She shook her head. It didn't matter: it was only to be expected that a man you didn't love and who didn't love you would ask a question like that at your wedding celebration.

'Yes,' she said. 'Yes, he did'.

'He told me. I thought he was coddling. I wanted to know.'

'It's your baby, Artie.' The other thing was years ago.'

He looked at her. Her face was flushed, her eyes had tears in them.

'I had too much stout,' he said.

They stood where father Hogan had left them, drawn away from their wedding guests. Not knowing where else to look, they looked together at Father Hogan's black back as he left the lounge-bar, and then at the perspiring, naked heads of Mr Cornish and Mr Atty by the bar.

At least they had no illusions, she thought. Nothing worse could happen than what had happened already, after Father Hogan had laid down the law. She wasn't going to get a shock like Loretta had got. She wasn't going to go sour like Agnes had gone when she'd discovered that it wasn't enough just to marry a man for a purpose, in order to escape from a town. Philomena was convincing herself that she'd fallen in love with an elderly vet, and if she got any encouragement Kitty Roche would convince herself that she was mad about anyone at all.

For a moment Teresa stood there, the last moment before she left the lounge-bar, she felt that she and Artie might make some kind of marriage together because there was nothing that could be

destroyed, no magic or anything else. He could ask her the question he had asked, while she stood there in her wedding-dress: he could ask her and she could truthfully reply, because there was nothing special about the occasion, or the lounge-bar covered in confetti.

### **Task 1: Prose exploration**

Answer the following questions about *Teresa's Wedding*.

1. What kind of text is this?
2. When was the text written?
3. What is the subject matter?
4. Who is speaking and how does the writer use the idea of 'voice' in text?
5. How does the writer use setting(s)?
6. How does the writer use ideas of time? Past, present, future.
7. How does the writer structure, organise and develop ideas in the text?
8. Is there anything distinctive in the way the text is written? Structure, choices of vocabulary, sentence structures, variations in pace?
9. Are there any patterns, repetitions of key ideas or images, use of contrasts?
10. What kinds of language are used? Formal, informal, descriptive, dialogue and so on.
11. Is the language all the same or does the writer use contrast?
12. What is the tone of the text?
13. What might be the writer's purposes in this text?

### **Task 2: An approach to close language study.**

Select one of the stylistic elements listed below, that has been used in *Teresa's Wedding* and explain how it contributes to the story.

- Lexis (words)
- Tense
- Sentence length and structure
- Images, symbols and motifs
- Narrative voice
- Sound effects
- Paragraphing
- Narrative structure
- Repetition
- Parallels and oppositions

### **Task 3: Analytical writing**

Use all of your ideas to answer the big question:

*What can the story, Teresa's Wedding, teach us about love through the ages?*

## Reading for pleasure

Reading for pleasure is an important part of A Level Literature. Here's a list, choose a book, or books, to enjoy.

### Reading list:

#### Classics (Pre-20th Century)

##### **Pride and Prejudice by Jane Austen (1813)**

A romantic novel exploring the manners and matrimonial machinations among the British gentry.

##### **Jane Eyre by Charlotte Brontë (1847)**

Follows the experiences of its eponymous heroine, including her growth to adulthood and her love for Mr. Rochester.

##### **Wuthering Heights by Emily Brontë (1847)**

A tale of passion and revenge set on the Yorkshire moors.

##### **Madame Bovary by Gustave Flaubert (1857)**

The story of a doctor's wife, Emma, who has adulterous affairs and lives beyond her means.

##### **Dracula by Bram Stoker (1897)**

A Gothic novel introducing the character of Count Dracula and establishing many conventions of subsequent vampire fantasy.

##### **Frankenstein by Mary Shelley (1818)**

The story of Victor Frankenstein, a scientist who creates a sapient creature in a scientific experiment.

#### Early 20th Century (1900-1950)

##### **The Color Purple by Alice Walker (1982)**

A moving exploration of love between women amidst themes of racism, sexism, and redemption.

##### **To the Lighthouse by Virginia Woolf (1927)**

Examines the complexities of family life and human relationships.

##### **The Great Gatsby by F. Scott Fitzgerald (1925)**

A critique of the American Dream through the story of Jay Gatsby.

##### **1984 by George Orwell (1949)**

A dystopian novel about totalitarianism and surveillance.

##### **Brave New World by Aldous Huxley (1932)**

A dystopian novel about a future world society controlled by technology and eugenics.

##### **Mrs Dalloway by Virginia Woolf (1925)**

Details a day in the life of Clarissa Dalloway, a high-society woman in post-World War I England.

##### **Heart of Darkness by Joseph Conrad (1899)**

A journey into the African Congo revealing the darkness of European colonialism.

**A Passage to India by E.M. Forster (1924)**

Explores the racial tensions and prejudices of British India.

**Rebecca by Daphne du Maurier (1938)**

A Gothic novel about a young bride who is overshadowed by her husband's first wife.

**Giovanni's Room by James Baldwin (1956)**

An exploration of identity, sexuality, and societal expectations of an American man in Paris who grapples with his love for an Italian bartender.

**Late 20th Century (1950-2000)****Beloved by Toni Morrison (1987)**

The story of an escaped slave haunted by the ghost of her daughter.

**One Hundred Years of Solitude by Gabriel Garcia Marquez (1967)**

A multi-generational story of the Buendía family and the town of Macondo.

**The Handmaid's Tale by Margaret Atwood (1985)**

A dystopian novel about a totalitarian regime that subjugates women.

**The Bell Jar by Sylvia Plath (1963)**

A semi-autobiographical novel about a young woman's mental breakdown.

**Catch-22 by Joseph Heller (1961)**

A satirical novel about the absurdities of war.

**Things Fall Apart by Chinua Achebe (1958)**

Depicts pre- and post-colonial life in Nigeria.

**Slaughterhouse-Five by Kurt Vonnegut (1969)**

Follows the life of Billy Pilgrim, who becomes "unstuck in time."

**Love in the Time of Cholera by Gabriel García Márquez (1985)**

A tale of enduring love and resilience spanning decades in a Caribbean port city, amidst a backdrop of cholera outbreaks.

**Contemporary (2000-Present)****Never Let Me Go by Kazuo Ishiguro (2005)**

Explores the lives of children raised for the purpose of organ donation.

**A Thousand Splendid Suns (2007)**

In war-torn Afghanistan, two women forge an unbreakable bond amidst the brutality of their shared husband and societal oppression.

**Atonement by Ian McEwan (2001)**

A story of love, war, and the impact of a lie.

**Enduring Love (1997)**

A novel about an obsessive and dangerous relationship that threatens to unravel the lives of everyone involved.

**Americanah by Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie (2013)**

Explores themes of race and identity through the experiences of a Nigerian woman in America.

**Circe by Madeline Miller (2018)**

A reimagining of the story of Circe, a figure from Greek mythology.

**The Marriage Portrait by Maggie O'Farrell (2022)**

Told from the perspective of the Duchess in Browning's poem 'My Last Duchess', it sheds light on her story.

**Lessons in Chemistry (2022)**

In the 1960s, a brilliant female chemist defies societal norms by bringing her scientific expertise to a popular cooking show.