

# The Sixth Form at George Abbot

'Academic excellence within a vibrant community.'



Subject: English Literature

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## Pre Sixth Form Tasks

Task	Detail	Demonstrated		
		Yes	Partially	No
Organisation	<p><b>Task 1 - A response to the poem The Long Queen by Carol Ann Duffy (the poem is on the next page)</b></p> <p>Taking into account AO1 for English Literature:</p> <p><i>"Informed, personal and creative responses to literary texts"</i></p> <p>Choose what you think are some of the most striking images from this poem (there is no right answer) and be prepared to give your opinions on this piece in class.</p>			
	<p><b>Task 2 – Write a review of your favourite piece of literature</b> (approximately 500 words)</p> <p>This review should include:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Brief outline of the plot.</li> <li>• The main characters in the text and why they are interesting.</li> <li>• The key themes and how they are explored in the novel.</li> <li>• The key messages and ideas the writer is trying to get across to their audience.</li> <li>• The context and setting of the texts (e.g. World War 1 novel, dystopian future etc.).</li> <li>• Why it is your favourite piece of Literature.</li> </ul>			
Further Reading				
Additional task(s)				

All tasks completed	Yes	No
Subject Teacher Signature		

## The Long Queen – Carol Ann Duffy

The Long Queen couldn't die.  
Young when she bowed her head  
for the cold weight of the crown, she'd looked  
at the second son of the earl, the foreign prince,  
the heir to the duke, the lord, the baronet, the count,  
then taken Time for a husband. Long live the Queen.

What was she queen of? Women, girls,  
spinsters and hags, matrons, wet nurses,  
witches, widows, wives, mothers of all these.  
Her word of law was in their bones, in the graft  
of their hands, in the wild kicks of their dancing.  
No girl born who wasn't the Long Queen's always child.

Unseen, she ruled and reigned; some said  
in a castle, some said in the tower in the dark heart  
of a wood, some said out and about in rags, disguised,  
sorting the bad from the good. She sent her explorers away  
in their creaking ships and was queen of more, of all the dead  
when they lived if they did so female. All hail to the Queen.

What were the laws? Childhood: whether a girl  
awoke from the bad dream of the worst, or another  
swooned into memory, bereaved, bereft, or a third one  
wrote it all down like a charge-sheet, or the fourth never left,  
scouring the markets and shops for her old books and toys -  
no girl growing who wasn't the apple of the Long Queen's eye.

Blood: proof, in the Long Queen's colour,  
royal red, of intent; the pain when a girl  
fist bled to be insignificant, no cause for complaint,  
and this to be monthly, linked to the moon, till middle age  
when the law would change. Tears: salt pearls, bright jewels for the Long  
Queen's fingers to weigh as she counted their sorrow.

Childbirth: most to lie on the birthing beds,  
push till the room screamed scarlet and children  
bawled and slithered into their arms, sore flowers;  
some to be godmother, aunt, teacher, teller of tall tales,  
but all who were there to swear that the pain was worth it.  
No mother bore daughter not named to honour the Queen.

And her pleasures were stories, true or false,  
that came in the evening, drifting up on the air  
to the high window she watched from, confession  
or gossip, scandal or anecdote, secrets, her ear tuned  
to the light music of girls, the drums of women, the faint strings  
of the old. Long Queen. All her possessions for a moment of time.