

1/ Prose fiction.

- ***Frankenstein***, Mary Shelley > ISBN 9791035829780

2/ Poetry.

- ***La Belle Dame Sans Merci***, John Keats (1819)
- ***Porphyria's Lover***, Robert Browning (1836)
- ***One Need Not be A Chamber To Be Haunted***, Emily Dickinson (1891)

3/ Drama.

- ***Macbeth***, William Shakespeare (Cambridge School Shakespeare) > ISBN 9781107615496

To help you a bit with your reading:

How to make a reading journal?

That can be arranged any way you like: you could for instance use a notebook where you could stick all sorts of material and/or use different colour codes for themes and quotations).

Here is what you should pay attention to when reading prose fiction, drama, or poetry:

- contextualisation: date of publication + author's biography (web search) + major events happening at the time (web search) + sources (what material the author might have found inspiration from);
- the paratext (what surrounds the text): the front cover with its title + dedication & epigraph (phrase, quotation, poem set as preamble);
- places: precise location + precise description (web search);
- timeline for each section + for the whole book: dates + linear progression?? >< flashbacks + flashforwards??
- characterisation (representation of people in literary works): onomastics (study of proper names > web search) + physical description + personality + connections between characters;
- the narrative structure: number of sections with their respective titles + number of chapters per section with numbering adopted;
- themes: dominant issues + key quotations.

Happy reading to you all...

...and have a lovely summer break :-)

Sylvie Laprince

La Belle Dame Sans Merci

JOHN KEATS

	O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms, Alone and palely loitering? The sedge has withered from the lake, And no birds sing.		25	She found me roots of relish sweet, And honey wild, and manna-dew, And sure in language strange she said – ‘I love thee true’.
5	O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms, So haggard and so woe-begone? The squirrel’s granary is full, And the harvest’s done.		30	She took me to her Elfin grot, And there she wept and sighed full sore, And there I shut her wild wild eyes With kisses four.
10	I see a lily on thy brow, With anguish moist and fever-dew, And on thy cheeks a fading rose Fast withereth too.		35	And there she lullèd me asleep, And there I dreamed – Ah! woe betide! – The latest dream I ever dreamt On the cold hill side.
15	I met a lady in the meads, Full beautiful – a faery’s child, Her hair was long, her foot was light, And her eyes were wild.		40	I saw pale kings and princes too, Pale warriors, death-pale were they all; They cried – ‘La Belle Dame sans Merci Hath thee in thrall!’
20	I made a garland for her head, And bracelets too, and fragrant zone; She looked at me as she did love, And made sweet moan.			I saw their starved lips in the gloam, With horrid warning gapèd wide, And I awoke and found me here, On the cold hill’s side.
	I set her on my pacing steed, And nothing else saw all day long, For sidelong would she bend, and sing A faery’s song.		45	And this is why I sojourn here Alone and palely loitering, Though the sedge is withered from the lake, And no birds sing.

Porphyria's Lover

ROBERT BROWNING

5 10 15 20 25 30	The rain set early in to-night, The sullen wind was soon awake, It tore the elm-tops down for spite, And did its worst to vex the lake: I listened with heart fit to break. When glided in Porphyria; straight She shut the cold out and the storm, And kneeled and made the cheerless grate Blaze up, and all the cottage warm; Which done, she rose, and from her form Withdrew the dripping cloak and shawl, And laid her soiled gloves by, untied Her hat and let the damp hair fall, And, last, she sat down by my side And called me. When no voice replied, She put my arm about her waist, And made her smooth white shoulder bare, And all her yellow hair displaced, And, stooping, made my cheek lie there, And spread, o'er all, her yellow hair, Murmuring how she loved me – she Too weak, for all her heart's endeavour, To set its struggling passion free From pride, and vainer ties dissever, And give herself to me for ever. But passion sometimes would prevail, Nor could ton-night's gay feast restrain A sudden thought of one so pale For love of her, and all in vain: So, she was come through wind and rain. Be sure I looked up at her eyes	35 40 45 50 55 60	Happy and proud; at last I knew Porphyria worshipped me; surprise Made my heart swell, and still it grew While I debated what to do. That moment she was mine, mine, fair, Perfectly pure and good: I found A thing to do, and all her hair In one long yellow string I wound Three times her little throat around, And strangled her. No pain felt she; I am quite sure she felt no pain. As a shut bud that holds a bee, I warily oped her lids: again Laughed the blue eyes without a stain. And I untightened next the tress About her neck; her cheek once more Blushed bright beneath my burning kiss: I propped her head up as before, Only, this time my shoulder bore Her head, which droops upon it still: The smiling rosy little head, So glad it has its utmost will, That all it scorned at once is fled, And I, its love, am gained instead! Porphyria's love: she guessed not how Her darling one wish would be heard. And thus we sit together now, And all night long we have not stirred, And yet God has not said a word!
--	--	---	--

One Need Not Be A Chamber To Be Haunted
EMILY DICKINSON

One need not be a Chamber – to be Haunted –
One need not be a House –
The Brain has Corridors – surpassing
Material place –

5 Far safer, of a Midnight Meeting
External Ghost
Than its interior Confronting –
That Cooler Host.

10 Far safer, through an Abbey gallop,
The Stones a'chase –
Than Unarmed, one's a'self encounter –
In lonesome Place –

15 Ourself behind ourself, concealed –
Should startle most –
Assassin hid in our Apartment
Be Horror's least.

20 The Body – borrows a Revolver –
He bolts the Door –
O'erlooking a superior spectre –
Or More –