

**OXFORD CAMBRIDGE AND RSA EXAMINATIONS  
GCSE (9–1)**

**J351/02**

**ENGLISH LANGUAGE**

**Exploring effects and impact**

**Reading Insert**

**MONDAY 12 JUNE 2017:**

**Morning**

**TIME ALLOWED: 2 hours**

**plus your additional time allowance**

**MODIFIED ENLARGED 24pt**

**YOU MUST HAVE:  
the Question Paper**

**READ INSTRUCTIONS OVERLEAF**



## **INSTRUCTIONS**

**The materials in this Reading Insert are for use with the questions in Section A of the Question Paper.**

## **INFORMATION**

**Any blank pages are indicated.**

## **Details of text extracts:**

### **TEXT 1**

**Text: 'Cider with Rosie'**  
**Author: Laurie Lee (1959)**

### **TEXT 2**

**Text: 'A Child's Christmas in Wales'**  
**Author: Dylan Thomas (1950)**

## TEXT 1

This is an abridged and adapted extract from Laurie Lee's novel, *Cider with Rosie*, published in 1959, which describes his childhood. Here the narrator is describing a winter's day when he, his brothers and the village boys go out to play.

Winter was no more typical of our valley than summer. It was not even summer's opposite; it was merely that other place. And somehow one never remembered the journey towards it; 5  
one arrived, and winter was here. The day came suddenly when all details were different and the village had to be rediscovered. One's nose went dead so that it hurt to breathe, and there were 10  
jigsaws of frost on the window. The light filled the house with a green polar glow; while outside – in the invisible world – there was a strange hard silence, or a metallic creaking, a faint 15  
throbbing of twigs and wires.

The kitchen that morning would be full of steam, billowing from kettles and

**pots. The outside pump was frozen  
again, making a sound like broken  
crockery, so that the girls tore icicles  
from the edge of the roof for water and  
we drank boiled ice in our tea. 20**

**‘It’s wicked,’ said Mother. ‘The poor,  
poor birds.’ And she flapped her arms  
with vigour. 25**

**She and the girls were wrapped in  
all they had, coats and scarves and  
mittens; some had the shivers and  
some drops on their noses, while poor 30  
little Phyllis sat rocking in a chair  
holding her sore feet like a handful of  
bees.**

**‘The poor, poor birds,’ Mother said  
again. 35**

**They were hopping around the  
windowsill, calling for bread and fats  
– robins, blackbirds, wood-peckers,  
jays, never seen together until now. We  
fed them for a while, amazed at their 40  
tameness, then put on our long wool  
scarves.**

**‘Can we go out, Mother?’**

**‘Well, don’t catch cold. And remember to get some wood.’** 45

**First we found some old cocoa-tins, punched them with holes, then packed them with smouldering rags. If held in the hand and blown on occasionally they would keep hot for several hours. They were warmer than gloves, and smelt better too. In any case, we never wore gloves.** 50

**So, armed with these, and full of hot breakfast, we stepped out into the winter world.** 55

**It was a world of glass, sparkling and motionless. Vapours had frozen all over the trees and transformed them into confections of sugar. Everything was rigid, locked-up and sealed, and when we breathed the air it smelt like needles and stabbed our nostrils and made us sneeze.** 60

Having sucked a few icicles, and 65  
kicked the water-butt – to hear its solid  
sound – and breathed through the frost  
on the window-pane, we ran up into  
the road. We hung around waiting for  
something to happen. A dog trotted 70  
past like a ghost in a cloud, panting his  
aura around him.

Now the winter's day was set in  
motion and we rode through its crystal  
kingdom. We examined the village 75  
for its freaks of frost, for anything we  
might use. We saw the frozen spring  
by the side of the road, huge like a  
swollen flower. We saw trees lopped-  
off by their burdens of ice, cow-tracks 80  
like pot-holes in rock, quiet lumps of  
sheep licking the spiky grass with their  
black and rotting tongues. The church  
clock had stopped and the weather-  
cock was frozen, so that both time and 85  
the winds were stilled; and nothing, we  
thought, could be more exciting than  
this.

## TEXT 2

This is an abridged extract from Dylan Thomas's story, *A Child's Christmas in Wales*, published in 1950. The writer remembers his childhood, growing up in Swansea near the Mumbles Road. Here he is remembering a day in the snow spent with his friend, Jim.

It was on the afternoon of the day of Christmas Eve, and I was in Mrs. Prothero's garden, waiting for cats, with her son Jim. It was snowing. It was always snowing at Christmas. 5  
December, in my memory is white as Lapland, although there were no reindeers. But there were cats. Patient, cold and callous, our hands wrapped in socks, we waited to snowball the cats. 10  
Sleek and long as jaguars and horrible-whiskered, spitting and snarling, they would slide and sidle over the white back-garden walls, and the lynx-eyed hunters, Jim and I, fur-capped and 15  
moccasined trappers from Hudson Bay, off Mumbles Road, would hurl our deadly snowballs at the green of their eyes.

**The wise cats never appeared. We  
were so still, Eskimo-footed arctic  
marksmen in the muffling silence of  
the eternal snows – eternal, ever since  
Wednesday – that we never heard  
Mrs. Prothero’s first cry from her igloo  
at the bottom of the garden. Or, if we  
heard it at all, it was, to us, like the far-  
off challenge of our enemy and prey,  
the neighbour’s polar cat. But soon  
the voice grew louder. “Fire!” cried  
Mrs. Prothero, and she beat the dinner-  
gong<sup>1</sup>.**

**And we ran down the garden, with  
the snowballs in our arms, towards  
the house; and smoke, indeed, was  
pouring out of the dining room, and the  
gong was bombilating<sup>2</sup>. This was better  
than all the cats in Wales standing on  
the wall in a row. We bounded into  
the house, laden with snowballs, and  
stopped at the open door of the smoke-  
filled room.**

**Something was burning all right;  
perhaps it was Mr. Prothero, who  
always slept there after midday dinner**

**with a newspaper over his face. But he was standing in the middle of the room, saying, “A fine Christmas!” and smacking at the smoke with a slipper.**

**“Call the fire brigade,” cried Mrs. Prothero as she beat the gong. “They won’t be there,” said Mr. Prothero, “it’s Christmas.”** **50**

**There was no fire to be seen, only clouds of smoke and Mr. Prothero standing in the middle of them, waving his slipper as though he were conducting.** **55**

**“Do something,” he said.**

**And we threw all our snowballs into the smoke – I think we missed Mr. Prothero – and ran out of the house to the telephone box.** **60**

**“Let’s call the police as well,” Jim said.**

**“And the ambulance.”** **65**

**“And Ernie Jenkins, he likes fires.”**

**But we only called the fire brigade, and soon the fire engine came and three tall men in helmets brought a hose into the house and Mr. Prothero got out just in time before they turned it on. Nobody could have had a noisier Christmas Eve.**

**70**

**<sup>1</sup>Dinner-gong = small piece of metal struck to call people to dinner**

**<sup>2</sup>Bombilating = vibrating**



## **Copyright Information**

**OCR is committed to seeking permission to reproduce all third-party content that it uses in its assessment materials. OCR has attempted to identify and contact all copyright holders whose work is used in this paper. To avoid the issue of disclosure of answer-related information to candidates, all copyright acknowledgements are reproduced in the OCR Copyright Acknowledgements Booklet. This is produced for each series of examinations and is freely available to download from our public website ([www.ocr.org.uk](http://www.ocr.org.uk)) after the live examination series.**

**If OCR has unwittingly failed to correctly acknowledge or clear any third-party content in this assessment material, OCR will be happy to correct its mistake at the earliest possible opportunity.**

**For queries or further information please contact the Copyright Team, First Floor, 9 Hills Road, Cambridge CB2 1GE.**

**OCR is part of the Cambridge Assessment Group; Cambridge Assessment is the brand name of University of Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate (UCLES), which is itself a department of the University of Cambridge.**