

**OXFORD CAMBRIDGE AND RSA EXAMINATIONS
GCSE (9–1)
J351/02
ENGLISH LANGUAGE
Exploring effects and impact
Reading Insert
WEDNESDAY 7 NOVEMBER 2018:
Morning
TIME ALLOWED: 2 hours
plus your additional time allowance
MODIFIED ENLARGED 36pt**

**YOU MUST HAVE:
the Question Paper**

INSTRUCTIONS

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



Details of text extracts:

TEXT 1

Text: adapted from 'Jamaica Inn'

Author: Daphne du Maurier (1936)

TEXT 2

Text: adapted from 'The Woman in Black'

Author: Susan Hill (1983)

TEXT 1

This is an adapted extract from Daphne du Maurier's novel, 'Jamaica Inn', published in 1936. After the death of her mother, Mary Yellan has gone to live with her aunt and uncle (Mr and Mrs Merlyn) at their inn. Here, worried by things she has seen and heard, she has decided to get up in the night and explore.

Adapted from D Du Maurier, 'Jamaica Inn', pp52-55, Virago, 2015. Item removed due to third party copyright restrictions.

TEXT 2

This is an adapted extract from the novel, 'The Woman in Black', by Susan Hill (published in 1983). In this passage, the narrator is visiting for the first time an old house called Eel Marsh House, with a dog called Spider for company. He is woken in the night by something.

At first all seemed very quiet, very still, and I wondered why I had awoken. Then, with a missed heart-beat, I realized that Spider was up and standing at the door. Every hair of her body was on end, her ears were pricked, her tail erect, the whole of her tense, as if ready to spring. And she was emitting a soft, low growl from deep in her throat. I sat up paralysed, frozen in the bed, conscious only of the dog and the prickling of my own skin and of what suddenly seemed a different kind of silence, ominous and dreadful.

And then, from somewhere within the depths of the house – but somewhere

not very far from the room in which
I was – I heard a noise. It was a faint
noise, and, strain my ears as I might, 20
I could not make out exactly what
it was. It was a sound like a regular
yet intermittent bump or rumble.
Nothing else happened. There were
no footsteps, no creaking floorboards, 25
the air was absolutely still, the wind
did not moan through the casement.
Only the muffled noise went on and the
dog continued to stand, bristling at the
door, now putting her nose to the gap 30
at the bottom and snuffling along, now
taking a pace backwards, head cocked,
and, like me, listening, listening. And,
every so often, she growled again.

In the end, I suppose because nothing 35
else happened and because I did have
the dog to take with me, I managed to
get out of bed, although I was shaken
and my heart beat uncomfortably fast
within me. But it took some time for me 40
to find sufficient reserves of courage to
enable me to open the bedroom door
and stand out in the dark corridor. The
moment I did so, Spider shot ahead

**and I heard her padding about, sniffing 45
intently at every closed door, still
growling and grumbling down in her
throat.**

**After a while, I heard the odd sound 50
again. It seemed to be coming from
along the passage to my left, at the far
end. But it was still quite impossible
to identify. Very cautiously, listening,
hardly breathing, I ventured a few
steps in that direction. Spider went 55
ahead of me. The passage led only to
three other bedrooms on either side
and, one by one, regaining my nerve
as I went, I opened them and looked
inside each one. Nothing, only heavy 60
old furniture and empty unmade beds
and, in the rooms at the back of the
house, moonlight. Down below me, on
the ground floor of the house, silence,
a seething, blanketing, almost tangible 65
silence, and a musty darkness, thick as
felt.**

**And then I reached the door at the very
end of the passage. Spider was there
before me and her body, as she sniffed 70**

beneath it, went rigid, her growling grew louder. I put my hand on her collar, stroked the rough, short hair, as much for my own reassurance as for hers. I could feel the tension in her limbs and body and it answered to my own. 75

My throat felt constricted and dry and I had begun to shiver. There was something in that room and I could not get to it, nor would I dare to, if I were able. 80

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