

Modified Enlarged 36pt
OXFORD CAMBRIDGE AND RSA EXAMINATIONS

Friday 7 June 2019 – Morning

GCSE (9–1) English Language

J351/02 Exploring effects and impact

Reading Insert

Time allowed: 2 hours
plus your additional time allowance

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.

DETAILS OF TEXT EXTRACTS:

TEXT 1

Text: adapted from ‘The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner’

Author: Alan Sillitoe (1959)

TEXT 2

Text: adapted from ‘The Ingenious Edgar Jones’

Author: Elizabeth Garner (2007)

TEXT 1

This is an extract from Alan Sillitoe's short story, "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner", published in 1959. The narrator (Smith) is an inmate in a Borstal – a prison for young offenders. He enjoys cross-country running and is one of the best at it in the prison. Here, he is setting out on an early morning run.

**5 And this long-distance running lark is the best of all, because it makes me think so good that I learn things even better than when I'm on my bed at night. And apart from that, what with thinking so much while I'm running I'm getting to be one of the best runners in the Borstal. I can go my five miles round better than anybody
10 else I know.**

15 So as soon as I tell myself I'm the first man ever to be dropped into the world, and as soon as I take that first flying leap out into the frosty grass of an early morning when even birds haven't the heart to whistle, I

get to thinking, and that's what I like.
I go my rounds in a dream, turning
at lane or footpath corners without
20 knowing they're there, and shouting
good morning to the early cow-milker
without seeing him.

It's a treat being a long-distance
runner, out in the world by yourself
25 with not a soul to make you bad-
tempered or tell you what to do or that
there's a shop to break and enter a bit
back from the next street. Sometimes
I think that I've never been so free
30 as during that couple of hours when
I'm trotting up the path out of the
gates and turning by that bare-faced,
big-bellied oak tree at the lane end.
Everything's dead, but good, because
35 it's dead before coming alive, not
dead after being alive. That's how I
look at it.

Mind you, I often feel frozen stiff at
first. I can't feel my hands or feet
40 or flesh at all, like I'm a ghost who
wouldn't know the earth was under
him if he didn't see it now and again

through the mist. But even though
some people would call this frost-pain
45 suffering if they wrote about it to their
mams in a letter, I don't, because I
know that in half an hour I'm going to
be warm, that by the time I get to the
main road and am turning on to the
50 wheatfield footpath by the bus stop
I'm going to feel as hot as a potbellied
stove and as happy as a dog with a tin
tail.

TEXT 2

This is an extract from the novel, “The Ingenious Edgar Jones”, by Elizabeth Garner (published in 2007). William Jones is a Porter (watchman) at Oxford University. In this passage, it is evening, and he is leaving his home in Jericho, a part of Oxford where he lives with his pregnant wife Eleanor, to go to his work in St Giles.

The night that William Jones’s world changed began like any other.

At six o’clock he rose from his bed.
At quarter-past six he took tea and
5 toast with his wife, Eleanor, in their
front parlour. And at half-past six, to
the beat of the bell of the grandfather
clock, he buttoned up his coat, pulled
his hat down upon his head, kissed
10 his wife and lifted the latch of the
front door.

The steady pace of his footsteps marked out the half-hour walk across Oxford. It was a cold February night.

15 The night was clear and pinpricked
with stars. The moon was nothing
but a splinter, the curl of a stray
feather stuck to the velvet dark of the
sky. William pulled up his collar and
20 watched the mists of his breath rope
through the air before him.

He always loved the turning from the
lanes of Jericho out on to St Giles. It
was an invisible boundary between
25 the quiet domestic world where
he was a loving husband and the
University where he was a watchman
at the college gates. Every time he
trod this path he would reflect how
30 the change in the streets echoed the
differences between his worlds.

The roads of Jericho twisted in upon
themselves, and a man could get
easily lost. It was sometimes thus
35 when he was sitting by the fireside
with his wife. The conversation would
ebb and flow between them, full of
affection, and talk of the daughter
that was blossoming in her belly. But
40 there were times when there were

shadowed corners in their speech,
when a thing might not mean to
Eleanor what it meant to him, and
he would feel that he had taken a
45 wrong turning down a dark alley, and
was sitting in a room that seemed in
outwards appearance to be his home,
but was not.

50 Whereas when he emerged on to
the University streets, there stood
the broad walls of the colleges, set
shoulder to shoulder, their domes,
spires and battlements pointing
magnificently towards the heavens.
55 And here William knew exactly who he
was: he was Porter Jones, warden of
the nights, the man who watched over
great minds as they slumbered. Here
William had a place and a function,
60 and no one could shift him from it.

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