

**Modified Enlarged 24pt**  
**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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