

Modified Enlarged 36pt
OXFORD CAMBRIDGE AND RSA EXAMINATIONS

Tuesday 4 June 2019 – Morning

GCSE (9–1) English Language

**J351/01 Communicating information and
ideas**

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 Charge of the Light Brigade’

Author: William Howard Russell (1854)

TEXT 2

Text: adapted from ‘Let Us Make a Vow to the Dead’

Author: Ronald Reagan (1984)

TEXT 1

William Howard Russell was sent by ‘The Times’ newspaper to report on the Crimean War from the frontline. This is an extract from his account of the Charge of the Light Brigade when a small number of cavalymen rode their horses into attack against Russian gun batteries even though they knew most of them would be killed.

**At ten past eleven our Light Cavalry brigade rushed to the front. The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment. They swept proudly past,
5 glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendour of war. We could hardly believe the evidence of our senses! Surely that handful of men were not going to charge an army in
10 position? Alas! It was but too true – their desperate valour knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its better part – discretion.**

**They advanced in two lines, quickening
15 their pace as they closed towards the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was**

never witnessed than by those who,
without the power to aid, beheld their
heroic countrymen rushing into the
20 arms of death.

At the distance of 1200 yards the whole
line of the enemy gun batteries belched
forth, from thirty iron mouths, a flood
of smoke and flame, through which
25 hissed the deadly cannon balls. The
flight of the cannonballs was marked
by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead
men and horses, and by horses flying
wounded or riderless across the plain.
30 The brigade, however, never halted or
slacked its speed for an instant.

With its diminished ranks thinned by
those thirty guns, which the Russians
had laid with most deadly accuracy,
35 with a halo of flashing steel above
their heads, and with a cheer which
was many a noble fellow's death cry,
the brigade flew into the smoke of
the guns; but, before they were lost
40 from view, the plain was strewn with
their bodies and with the carcasses of
horses. They were exposed to fire from

the gun batteries on both hills, as well as to direct fire of rifles.

- 45 Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabres flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood. The blaze of their steel, as
50 an officer standing near me said, was 'like the turn of a shoal of mackerel'. We saw them riding through the guns, as I have said; to our delight, we saw them returning, after breaking through
55 a column of Russian infantry, and scattering them like chaff – but then the flank fire from a gun battery on the hill swept them down, scattered and broken as they were.
- 60 Wounded men and dismounted cavalrymen flying towards us told the sad tale – demigods could not have done what they had failed to do. It was as much as our Heavy Cavalry
65 Brigade could do to cover the retreat of the miserable remnant of that band of heroes as they returned to that place they had so lately quitted in all the

**70 pride of life. At twenty-five to twelve not
a British soldier, except the dead and
dying, was left in front of those bloody
Russian guns.**

TEXT 2

The invasion of Normandy was an important turning point in the Second World War. In 1984, on the 40th anniversary of the invasion, Ronald Reagan, the US President at the time, went to Normandy and made this speech to the men who had survived that battle.

5 We stand on a lonely, windswept point on the northern shore of France. The air is soft, but forty years ago at this moment, the air was dense with smoke and the cries of men, and the air was filled with the crack of rifle fire and the roar of cannon.

**10 At dawn, on the morning of 6th June 1944, two hundred and twenty-five Rangers jumped off the British landing craft and ran to the bottom of these cliffs. Their mission was one of the most difficult and daring of the invasion: to climb these sheer and
15 desolate cliffs and take out the enemy guns. The Allies had been told that some of the mightiest of the guns were**

here and they would be trained on the beaches to stop the Allied advance.

20 The Rangers looked up and saw the enemy soldiers, in position at the edge of the cliffs, shooting down at them with machine guns and throwing grenades. And the American Rangers
25 began to climb. They shot rope ladders over the face of these cliffs and began to pull themselves up. When one Ranger fell, another would take his place. When one rope was cut, a
30 Ranger would grab another and begin his climb again. They climbed, shot back, and held their footing.

Soon, one by one, the Rangers pulled themselves over the top, and, in seizing
35 the firm land at the top of these cliffs, they began to seize back the continent of Europe. Two hundred and twenty-five came here. After two days of fighting only ninety could still bear
40 arms.

Behind me is the memorial that symbolises the Ranger daggers that

were thrust into the top of these
cliffs. And before me are the men
45 who put them there. These are the
men who took the cliffs. These are
the champions who helped free a
continent. These are the heroes who
helped end a war.

50 Forty summers have passed since
the battle that you fought here. You
were young the day you took these
cliffs; some of you were hardly more
than boys, with the deepest joys of life
55 before you. Yet you risked everything
here. Why? Why did you do it? What
impelled you to put aside the instinct
for self-preservation and risk your lives
to take these cliffs? We look at you
60 and, somehow, we know the answer.

You all knew that some things are
worth dying for. One's country is
worth dying for, and democracy is
worth dying for, because it is the most
65 deeply honourable form of government
ever devised by man. All of you loved
liberty, all of you were willing to fight
tyranny, and all of you knew the people
69 of your country were behind you.

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