

Modified Enlarged 36pt
OXFORD CAMBRIDGE AND RSA EXAMINATIONS

Wednesday 6 November 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

INSTRUCTIONS

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



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DETAILS OF TEXT EXTRACTS:

TEXT 1

Text: extract from ‘Going Solo’

Author: Roald Dahl (1986)

TEXT 2

Text: adapted from ‘Jamrach’s Menagerie’

Author: Carol Birch (2011)

TEXT 1

This is an extract from Roald Dahl's autobiography, "Going Solo", published in 1986.

The author is travelling on a ship from England to Dar es Salaam in Africa, to start a new job. Here, he is transferring onto a new ship (the Dumra) to complete the voyage.

**I transferred to the 'Dumra' and it sailed the next day. That evening we called in at Zanzibar where the air was filled with the amazing spicy-sweet
5 scent of cloves, and I stood by the rail gazing at the old Arab town and thinking what a lucky young fellow I was to be seeing all these marvellous places free of charge and with a good
10 job at the end of it all. We left Zanzibar at midnight and I went to bed in my tiny cabin knowing that tomorrow would be journey's end.**

**When I woke up the next morning the
15 ship's engines had stopped. I jumped**

out of my bunk and peered through
the port-hole. This was my first
glimpse of Dar es Salaam and I have
never forgotten it. We were anchored
20 out in the middle of a vast rippling
blue-black lagoon and all around
the rim of the lagoon there were
pale-yellow sandy beaches, almost
white, and breakers were running up
25 on to the sand, and coconut palms
with their little green leafy hats were
growing on the beaches, and there
were casuarina trees, immensely
tall and breathtakingly beautiful with
30 their delicate grey-green foliage. And
then behind the casuarinas was what
seemed to me like a jungle, a great
tangle of tremendous dark-green trees
that were full of shadows and almost
35 certainly teeming, so I told myself,
with rhinos and lions and all manner
of vicious beasts.

Over to one side lay the tiny town
of Dar es Salaam, the houses white
40 and yellow and pink, and among the
houses I could see a narrow church
steeple and a domed mosque and

45 along the waterfront there was a line
of acacia trees splashed with scarlet
flowers. A fleet of canoes was rowing
out to take us ashore and the black-
skinned rowers were chanting weird
songs in time with their rowing.

50 The whole of that amazing tropical
scene through the port-hole has been
photographed on my mind ever since.
To me it was all wonderful, beautiful
and exciting. And so it remained for
the rest of my time in Tanganyika.
55 I loved it all. There were no furled
umbrellas, no bowler hats, no sombre
grey suits and I never once had to get
on a train or a bus.

TEXT 2

This is an extract from the novel, “Jamrach’s Menagerie”, by Carol Birch, published in 2011.

Jaffy Brown is a 15 year-old boy who has just been given a job on a ship which is hunting for whales. In this passage, after sailing for two weeks, they see land and stop at a group of islands called the Azores.

By then I was in love with a sailor’s life. There were times some nights when I knew that at last I’d reached that place towards which I’d been
5 drawn from the womb. The fo’c’s’le* was another womb, and I wouldn’t have been anywhere else. We had the best of it in fo’c’s’le. The talk went round and round, and the smoke
10 would mix in clouds and threads above our heads; and in those clouds and threads I saw blue worlds, misty uplands, an ever-changing landscape, until early one morning fourteen days
15 from home there came the cry of

**‘Land Ho’ from Gabriel on watch aloft,
and they appeared on the horizon,
real as the timbers beneath my feet.**

**20 Great blue mountains, layers and
layers of purple and grey and lilac
and rose in the sky. I ran for my old
telescope. They were beautiful, the
Azores. The weather was soft and
sweet and warm. We anchored off
25 Horta on Faial Island. I saw white
buildings and the steeple of a church
and the great cone of a mountain
stark against the clear sky, fluffy white
clouds massed around its base.**

**30 I’d never seen a mountain before, and
this one was a volcano. But it was
not here on this island, it was over
the sea, although it looked so close
it might have gobbled us all up in its
35 hot belly. I said something about how
peculiar it was that people went on
living so close to such things, all the
time knowing they could suddenly
explode and drown them all in ash
40 and fire, and Gabriel laughed and
nudged me with his elbow. ‘And the**

world goes on,' he said.

45 A great grey crag rose up behind the town. I have come to foreign parts, I said to myself. To where the strange tongues begin, the unknown ways, where mountains spew smoke and fire and even the earth underfoot is of a different substance.

50 We waited an hour. People came down, barefoot women with dark eyes and black hair, shouting to one another in loud rasping voices, old men, crones in shawls, high-pitched
55 children mobbing us in shrill sing-song. They brought potatoes and onions, beans and figs and apples, wild-eyed fowl complaining in wooden cages. I could make out nothing of
60 their speech. They could have been birds for all I understood of them, these foreign people.

*fo'c's'le = the forward part of the ship with the sailors' living quarters.

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