

**Modified Enlarged 18pt**

**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.

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  
5 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 else I know.

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  
10 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 knowing they're there, and shouting  
15 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 with not a soul to make you bad-tempered or tell you what to do or that there's a  
20 shop to break and enter a bit back from the next street. Sometimes I think that I've never been so free 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.  
25 Everything's dead, but good, because it's dead

before coming alive, not dead after being alive.  
That's how I look at it.

30 Mind you, I often feel frozen stiff at first. I can't feel  
my hands or feet or flesh at all, like I'm a ghost  
who wouldn't know the earth was under him if he  
35 didn't see it now and again through the mist. But  
even though some people would call this frost-pain  
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 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.

5 At six o’clock he rose from his bed. At quarter-past six he took tea and 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 his wife and lifted the latch of the front door.

10 The steady pace of his footsteps marked out the half-hour walk across Oxford. It was a cold February night. 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 watched the mists  
15 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 the quiet domestic world where he was a loving husband and the University where  
20 he was a watchman at the college gates. Every time he trod this path he would reflect how the change in the streets echoed the differences between his worlds.

25 The roads of Jericho twisted in upon themselves,  
and a man could get easily lost. It was sometimes  
thus 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  
30 was blossoming in her belly. But 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  
wrong turning down a dark alley, and was sitting in a  
35 room that seemed in outwards appearance to be his  
home, but was not.

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  
40 heavens. 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,  
and no one could shift him from it.



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