



Oxford Cambridge and RSA

Wednesday 6 November 2019 – Morning

GCSE (9–1) English Language

J351/02 Exploring effects and impact

Reading Insert

Time allowed: 2 hours



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.

INFORMATION

- This document consists of **8** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

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 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 job at the end of it all. We left 5 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 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 out in the middle of a vast rippling blue-black lagoon 10 and all around the rim of the lagoon there were pale-yellow sandy beaches, almost white, and breakers were running up 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 their delicate grey-green foliage. And then behind the casuarinas 15 was what seemed to me like a jungle, a great tangle of tremendous dark-green trees that were full of shadows and almost 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 and yellow and pink, and among the houses I could see a narrow church steeple and a domed mosque and along 20 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.

The whole of that amazing tropical scene through the port-hole has been photographed on 25 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. 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 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 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 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.

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 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.

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 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 and fire, and Gabriel laughed and nudged me with his elbow. ‘And the world goes on,’ he said.

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.

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 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 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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