

**OXFORD CAMBRIDGE AND RSA EXAMINATIONS**  
**GCSE (9–1)**  
**J351/02**  
**ENGLISH LANGUAGE**  
**Exploring effects and impact**  
**READING INSERT**  
**Friday 8 June 2018 – Morning**  
**TIME ALLOWED: 2 hours**  
**plus your additional time allowance**  
**MODIFIED ENLARGED 24pt**

**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: 'A Moment of War'**

**Author: Laurie Lee (1991)**

### **TEXT 2**

**Text: 'All That Matters'**

**Author: Wayson Choy (2004)**

## TEXT 1

**This is an extract from Laurie Lee's autobiographical novel, "A Moment of War", published in 1991. Here, the author remembers how he had joined the army in Spain. It is winter, and he and the other soldiers are cold and hungry.**

L Lee, 'A Moment of War', pp115-117, Penguin Books Ltd, 1991. Item removed due to third party copyright restrictions.

<sup>1</sup>pesetas = Spanish currency

<sup>2</sup>whippet's = a thin dog's



## TEXT 2

This is an extract from the novel, “All That Matters”, by Wayson Choy (published in 2004). In this passage, the narrator is helping his Grandmother prepare food for a party. There has been an argument between the narrator and Jenny Chong (the daughter of one of the guests), who has been told off and sent out of the kitchen as a punishment.

5      Tonight, at Grandmother’s gathering, I was supposed to be on my best behaviour. I was. Still, in the midst of all the activity between Grandmother and myself, I thought Jenny Chong should be here, too, not sulking in our parlour. More than I did, she belonged in the kitchen.

10     The melon soup was now at full boil. Five steaming plates were piled with greens and meats.  
“We serve now,” Grandmother said. “Why you look like that?”  
“Nothing,” I said, still fuming about doing all the work when Jenny could have helped.  
“Take off your nothing apron.”  
I obeyed. She pointed to the cloth napkins. I folded the napkins, then picked up the chopsticks.

15     With a pot holder, Grandmother lifted the hot dish of beef and greens sprinkled with herbs, all steaming with flavours and glistening from the sesame oil. Grandmother clanged her ladle against the wok<sup>3</sup>.

20     “Everyone please help!” she said, and the three ladies rushed into the kitchen, exclaiming over the delicious smells. Mrs Chong filled blue-and-white bowls with rice, and scrawny Mrs Leong and pudgy Mrs Wong, holding tea towels against the hot platters, carried the remaining pie-plate tin and porcelain dishes past Grandmother’s surveying eyes. I counted out enough napkins for everyone and picked  
25     up the porcelain soup spoons, just as I always did at dinner time. I slapped a napkin, chopsticks, and a spoon down in front of each empty chair. Adding me to the table, there were

<sup>3</sup>wok = Chinese cooking dish

five chairs. But there should have been six.

30 I caught a glimpse of Jenny Chong looking as mean as her mother. Her eyes narrowed again, daring me to stare one second longer.

Grandmother pushed me aside. “Watch out for the soup!”

35 And when the lid with the lucky red-and-gold crests was lifted off, the golden brew steamed majestically. Crystals of melon lay in a rich broth. The air smelled of crushed ginger. Everyone sighed with delight. Summer melon with chicken and sweet pork in chicken-feet stock was one of Grandmother’s specialities.

40 To signal the beginning of the meal, Grandmother dipped her chopsticks down into the communal soup bowl and gracefully lifted away the largest pork bone. Thick tender-cooked pork slid away and fell back into the fragrant broth.

45 Jenny Chong’s head turned slightly. She looked at me from the corner of her eye. I imagined her stomach growling with hunger, a tigress’s empty belly, her mouth salivating, her eyes the eyes of a huntress. Her jaw moved slightly as if she were chewing.

50 I gobbled down some rice like a hungry bear. I took up my spoon and royally dipped into the communal bowl. The mixed pork and chicken broth was savoury with sweet dried shrimp and greens. I slowly tipped the brimming porcelain spoon and caught a square of melon.

55 I only meant to slurp gently, but the heat of the melon caught me off guard. I gulped, gasped. Everyone stopped talking. I sputtered, a trail of glowing liquid dribbling down the corner of my mouth. Jenny Chong stared wide-eyed. Knuckles rapped my head.

“Stop showing off,” Grandmother said. “No one wants you!”

60 Beneath the stinging pain, through the waves of half-swallowed heat that made my eyes tear, I saw a grin break out on Jenny Chong’s face.

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