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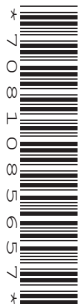
GCSE (9–1) English Language

J351/02 Exploring effects and impact

Reading Insert

Wednesday 7 November 2018 – Morning

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.

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Details of text extracts:

Text 1

Text: adapted from *Jamaica Inn*

Author: Daphne du Maurier (1936)

Text 2

Text: adapted from *The Woman in Black*

Author: Susan Hill (1983)

Text 1

This is an adapted extract from Daphne du Maurier's novel, 'Jamaica Inn', published in 1936. After the death of her mother, Mary Yellan has gone to live with her aunt and uncle (Mr and Mrs Merlyn) at their inn. Here, worried by things she has seen and heard, she has decided to get up in the night and explore.

Adapted from D Du Maurier, 'Jamaica Inn', pp52-55, Virago, 2015. Item removed due to third party copyright restrictions.

Text 2

This is an adapted extract from the novel, 'The Woman in Black', by Susan Hill (published in 1983). In this passage, the narrator is visiting for the first time an old house called Eel Marsh House, with a dog called Spider for company. He is woken in the night by something.

At first all seemed very quiet, very still, and I wondered why I had awoken. Then, with a missed heart-beat, I realized that Spider was up and standing at the door. Every hair of her body was on end, her ears were pricked, her tail erect, the whole of her tense, as if ready to spring. And she was emitting a soft, low growl from deep in her throat. I sat up paralysed, frozen in the bed, conscious only of the dog and the prickling of my own skin and of what suddenly seemed a different kind of silence, ominous and dreadful.

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And then, from somewhere within the depths of the house – but somewhere not very far from the room in which I was – I heard a noise. It was a faint noise, and, strain my ears as I might, I could not make out exactly what it was. It was a sound like a regular yet intermittent bump or rumble. Nothing else happened. There were no footsteps, no creaking floorboards, the air was absolutely still, the wind did not moan through the casement. Only the muffled noise went on and the dog continued to stand, bristling at the door, now putting her nose to the gap at the bottom and snuffling along, now taking a pace backwards, head cocked, and, like me, listening, listening. And, every so often, she growled again.

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In the end, I suppose because nothing else happened and because I did have the dog to take with me, I managed to get out of bed, although I was shaken and my heart beat uncomfortably fast within me. But it took some time for me to find sufficient reserves of courage to enable me to open the bedroom door and stand out in the dark corridor. The moment I did so, Spider shot ahead and I heard her padding about, sniffing intently at every closed door, still growling and grumbling down in her throat.

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After a while, I heard the odd sound again. It seemed to be coming from along the passage to my left, at the far end. But it was still quite impossible to identify. Very cautiously, listening, hardly breathing, I ventured a few steps in that direction. Spider went ahead of me. The passage led only to three other bedrooms on either side and, one by one, regaining my nerve as I went, I opened them and looked inside each one. Nothing, only heavy old furniture and empty unmade beds and, in the rooms at the back of the house, moonlight. Down below me, on the ground floor of the house, silence, a seething, blanketing, almost tangible silence, and a musty darkness, thick as felt.

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And then I reached the door at the very end of the passage. Spider was there before me and her body, as she sniffed beneath it, went rigid, her growling grew louder. I put my hand on her collar, stroked the rough, short hair, as much for my own reassurance as for hers. I could feel the tension in her limbs and body and it answered to my own.

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My throat felt constricted and dry and I had begun to shiver. There was something in that room and I could not get to it, nor would I dare to, if I were able.

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