



Oxford Cambridge and RSA

Monday 12 June 2023 – Morning

GCSE (9–1) English Language

J351/02 Exploring effects and impact

Insert

Time allowed: 2 hours



INSTRUCTIONS

- Use this Insert to answer the questions in Section A.
- Do **not** send this Insert for marking. Keep it in the centre or recycle it.

INFORMATION

- This document has **8** pages.

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Details of text extracts:**Text 1**

Text: adapted from *Enigma*

Author: Robert Harris (1995)

Text 2

Text: adapted from *A Crossing: A Cyclist's Journey Home*

Author: Brian Newhouse (1998)

Text 1

This is an amended extract from the novel, 'Enigma', by Robert Harris (published in 1995, but set during the Second World War). Jericho is awake at night, trying to work out how an important enemy coding machine operates.

To read a message enciphered on a four-rotor machine you had to have a four-rotor machine. Or did you? If it is true, as someone once said, that genius is 'a zigzag of lightning across the brain', then, in that instant, Jericho knew what genius was. He saw the solution lit up like a landscape before him.

5 He seized his dressing gown and pulled it over his pyjamas. He grabbed his overcoat, his scarf, his socks and his boots and in less than a minute he was on his bike, wobbling down the moonlit country lane towards the Park. The stars were bright, the ground was iron-hard with frost. He felt absurdly euphoric, laughing like a madman, steering directly into the frozen puddles along the edge of the road, the ice crusts rupturing under his tyres like drum skins.

10 Down the hill he free-wheeled into Bletchley. The countryside fell away, and the town spread out beneath him in the moonlight, familiarly drab and ugly but on this night beautiful, as beautiful as Prague or Paris, perched on either bank of a gleaming river of railway tracks. In the still air he could hear a train half a mile away being shunted in the sidings – the sudden, frantic chugging of a locomotive followed by a series of clanks, then a long exhalation of
15 steam.

A dog barked and set off another. He passed the church and the war memorial, braked to avoid skidding on the ice, and turned left into Wilton Avenue.

20 He was panting with exertion by the time he reached the Hut, fifteen minutes later, so much so he could barely blurt out his discovery and catch his breath and stop himself from laughing at the same time: 'They're – using – it – as – a – three-rotor – machine – they're – leaving – the – fourth – rotor – in – neutral'.

25 His arrival caused a commotion. The night shift all stopped working and gathered in a concerned half-circle round him – he remembered Logie, Kingcome, Puck and Proudfoot – and it was clear from their expressions they thought he really had gone mad. They sat him down and gave him a mug of tea and told him to take it again, slowly, from the beginning.

Text 2

This is an extract from Brian Newhouse's description of his bicycle ride across America, 'A Crossing: A Cyclist's Journey Home' (published in 1998). In this extract, Brian has slept overnight in a church hall. He has a long ride ahead of him to meet up with his girlfriend, Karen.

5 When I pulled the church door closed behind me at 6.30, the usual long, sharp shadows of these prairie mornings – and the winds that rise with them – were absent. A thick sunless fog lay on the town. Cheerless, but no wind. I turned on to State Highway 55 and took advantage of it, shifting out of third gear for the first time in days. I actually sat up. What a concept – no headwind. Karen's house on the east side of the Twin Cities lay 175 miles straight southeast and if the wind held off I could make it in a day and a half. I stroked the downhills hard and shifted into fifth, then sixth – the speedometer showed double digits, numbers I haven't seen forever.

10 It couldn't last. A hard little shower sprang over the handlebars, followed directly by the same wind I've bucked for days. The bike slowed, as if braked, the handlebars wrenched lightly back and forth. I shifted back to third. My hands on the bars have gotten good at gauging the wind by now; from the southeast, 21–22 m.p.h. I put my head down and crawled.

Then. Magic.

15 The rain stopped. The wind died. And within minutes, from north to south, in one long arc, the overcast and fog were peeled like a blanket from a bed. I expected to see a hand up there, furling it away. A gust of wind chucked my shoulder. It swung hard behind me and seemed to grab the seat, flinging it forward. I shifted out of third again. Down a hill, fifth gear, then sixth. The wind was chasing me now, stronger still. Raindrops dangling from telephone wires or corn leaves turned to diamonds in the sunlight. Eighth gear, tenth, the top – twelfth. Another hill. I flew up it in a second and ripped down its back at forty miles per hour. The wind kicked a notch higher. The phone wires swung on their poles like jump ropes.

25 I hit Barrett at a solid 35, right past SPEED LIMIT – 25. I hesitantly touched the brakes. But when was the last time you saw a cop run radar on a bike? I snapped them off and sailed head down through town and back into the waving corn. Hoffman next, then Kensington, then Farwell – each a handful of miles apart and each little more than a water tower and jiggling store fronts. By late morning I flew through Glenwood, Sedan, and Brooten. The streetlights are just snapping on as I knock on Karen's door with the rose behind me.

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