



Oxford Cambridge and RSA

Wednesday 2 November 2022 – Morning

GCSE (9–1) English Language

J351/02 Exploring effects and impact

Insert

Time allowed: 2 hours



INSTRUCTIONS

- Do **not** send this Insert for marking. Keep it in the centre or recycle it.

INFORMATION

- Use the Insert to answer the questions in Section A.
- This document has **8** pages.

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Details of text extracts:**Text 1**

Text: adapted from *The Green Rock*

Author: Sylvia Plath (1949)

Text 2

Text: adapted from *Holiday Memory*

Author: Dylan Thomas (1942)

Text 1

This is an extract from the short story, 'The Green Rock', by Sylvia Plath (published in 1949). Susan and her younger brother David are playing on the sands near their childhood home.

Susan giggled.

5 The sun shone down on the two figures wandering along the water's edge. Susan thoughtfully chewed the end of one pigtail; she gazed across the stony beach to where the tide was beginning to go out, revealing the oozing slime of the mud flats. Near the shore, the retreating waves foamed about a large, flat rock. As she stared at the noisy, receding waters, a delightful idea came to her.

'Let's go over by the green rock,' she said.

10 David followed her, ankle-deep, through the cold, sloshing waves. The mud was soft and cold between his toes, but he walked gingerly, hoping there weren't any jagged clam shells beneath the surface. Susan climbed up on the slippery rock and stood triumphant, her hair blowing in the wind that sang across the bay.

'Come on!' she shouted above the roar of the tide. David grabbed her firm outstretched hand and sprang up beside her. They stood there, motionless, like two sturdy figureheads, until the rock was left dry by the ebb tide.

15 It was a large boulder, deeply embedded in the sand so that only the upper part was visible. Above the slimy, black stones, it raised a smooth green surface, like the shell of some giant turtle. There was a flat place on top where one could sit, and a few graded planes on one side formed a row of shallow steps. Indeed the rock was like some docile animal, lost in sleep.

20 The children loved to climb up the friendly, irregular surface and play all sorts of magic games. Sometimes the rock would be a sailboat in stormy seas, and sometimes it became a lofty mountain. But today it was a castle.

'You dig a moat so no one can cross,' commanded Susan, 'and I'll sweep out the rooms.' She began to brush off all the sand while David dug a little trench around the rock itself.

25 There were bits of colored glass to arrange for windows, and all the periwinkles that clung to the moist side of the rock had to be flicked from their comfortable habitat onto the sharp pebbles.

30 David and Susan were giants in a world of minute miracles. They laid out broken shells for plates and fancied themselves a part of the miniature universe. The faintest stir of spotted crab or mud-colored sea worm could not escape their quick eyes. But they saw even more than this, for they beheld the golden turrets of the castle rising above their heads.

The sun was sinking when they stopped their play.

Text 2

This is an extract from the short story, 'Holiday Memory' by Dylan Thomas (published in 1946). The narrator is remembering a childhood visit to the seaside, where there was a fairground.

August Bank Holiday – a tune on an ice-cream cornet. A slap of sea and a tickle of sand. A fanfare of sunshades opening. A wince and whinny of bathers dancing into deceptive water. A tuck of dresses. A rolling of trousers. A compromise of paddlers. A sunburn of girls and a lark of boys. A silent hullabaloo of balloons.

5 I remember the sea telling lies in a shell held to my ear for a whole harmonious, hollow minute by a small, wet girl in an enormous bathing suit marked Corporation Property.

10 I remember sharing the last of my moist buns with a boy and a lion. Tawny and savage, with cruel nails and rapacious mouth, the little boy tore and devoured. Wild as seedcake, ferocious as a hearthrug, the depressed and verminous lion nibbled like a mouse at his half a bun and hiccupped in the sad dusk of his cage.

15 I remember a man like an alderman or a bailiff, bowlered¹ and collarless, with a bag of monkeynuts in his hand, crying "Ride 'em, cowboy!" time and again as he whirled in his chairplane² giddily above the upturned laughing faces of the town girls bold as brass and the boys with padded shoulders and shoes sharp as knives; and the monkeynuts flew through the air like salty hail.

Children all day capered or squealed by the glazed or bashing sea, and the steam-organ wheezed its waltzes in the threadbare playground and the waste lot, where the dodgems dodged, behind the pickle factory.

20 And mothers loudly warned their proud pink daughters or sons to put that jellyfish down; and fathers spread newspapers over their faces; and sandfleas hopped on the picnic lettuce; and someone had forgotten the salt.

25 In those always radiant, rainless, lazily rowdy and skyblue summers departed, I remember August Monday from the rising of the sun over the stained and royal town to the husky hushing of the roundabout music and the dowsing of the gas jets in the seaside fair: from bubble-and-squeak³ to the last of the sandy sandwiches.

¹bowlered = wearing a business hat

²chairplane = a fairground ride

³bubble-and-squeak = fried breakfast

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