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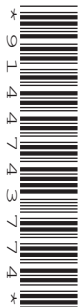
**Thursday 9 November 2023 – Morning**

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



**Details of text extracts:****Text 1**

Text: adapted from *The Cruel Sea*

Author: Nicholas Monsarrat (1951)

**Text 2**

Text: adapted from *Where the Crawdads Sing*

Author: Delia Owens (2018)

## Text 1

*This is an extract from the novel, The Cruel Sea, by Nicholas Monsarrat (published in 1951). Ferraby is a 20-year-old, training to sail a new ship (the Compass Rose) which is about to go to war.*

Ferraby and Captain Ericson came up together at four o'clock, to take over the morning's watch. For the first couple of hours Ericson dealt with everything there was to be done, leaving Ferraby to watch him, or stare at the horizon, and occasionally to check a buoy or a lighthouse on the chart: but towards six o'clock, when they were set on a straight, trouble-free course which would need no alteration for thirty miles or so, he decided that he'd had enough of it. He had been on the bridge from dusk until midnight – about eight hours altogether – the previous evening, and he badly needed sleep.

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'Think you can take her now, sub?' Captain Ericson asked. 'This is our course for the rest of the watch, and there's nothing in the way. How about it?'

'All right, sir. I – I'd like to.'

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'You can get me on the voice-pipe if anything turns up. Just watch out for those fishing boats, and if you have to alter course, go to seaward of them rather than inshore. But you'd better call me if there are a lot of them about.'

'Aye, aye, sir.'

'All right, then...' He stayed for a few moments, watching the hills still looming clear to starboard, and the flashing light, which had been their mark for changing on to a new course, now just past the beam, and then he said: 'She's yours, sub,' and turned to go. His seaboots rang on the bridge ladder, and died away, and Ferraby was left to himself.

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He had never known such a moment in his life, and he found it difficult to accept without a twinge of near panic. The whole ship, with her weapons and her watchful lookouts and her sixty-odd men sleeping below, was now his: he could use her intricate machinery, alter her course and speed, head out for the open Atlantic or run straight on the rocks... He felt small and alone, in spite of the bridge lookouts and the signalman and the sailor who shared the watch with him: he was shivering, and he heard his heart thumping, and he wondered if he could bear it if they met a convoy, or if some accident – like the steering gear breaking down – brought on a sudden crisis. He wasn't really fitted for this: he was a bank clerk, he was only twenty, he'd been commissioned for exactly eight weeks... But the minutes of uncertainty passed, as *Compass Rose* held her steady course and nothing happened to disturb it: she was, it seemed, a going concern, and possibly he knew *just* enough to supervise her without some catastrophic blunder which nothing could retrieve.

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Presently he began to enjoy himself.

Leaning over the bridge rail, he could see the whole forepart of the ship clear in the moonlight: above him, the mast rolled through a slow, gentle arc against the dark sky: astern, their wake spreading and stretching out behind them was bounded by a thin line of phosphorescence which gave it a concise, formal beauty. He felt himself to be in the middle of a pattern, the focal point of their forceful advance: here was the bridge, the nerve centre, with its faint glow from the instruments and the dark motionless bulk of the two lookouts marking each wing, and here was himself, who controlled it all and to whom all the lines of this pattern led. Sub-Lieutenant Ferraby, Officer-of-the-Watch – he grinned suddenly to himself, and felt, for a moment, almost heroic.

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## Text 2

*This is an extract from Delia Owens' novel Where the Crawdads Sing (published in 2018). Although Kya has been in the family fishing boat with her older brother Jodie, this is the first time she has gone alone.*

But being only seven and a girl, she'd never taken the boat out by herself. It floated there, tied by a single cotton line to a log. Gray grunge and frayed fishing tackle covered the boat floor. Stepping in, she said out loud, "Gotta check the gas like Jodie said, so Pa won't figure I took it." She poked a broken reed into the rusted tank. "Nough for a short ride, I reckon."

Like any good robber, she looked around, then flicked the cotton line free of the log and poled forward with the lone paddle. The silent cloud of dragonflies parted before her.

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Kya toiled along, a tiny speck of a girl in a boat, turning this way and that as endless estuaries branched and braided before her. *Keep left at all the turns going out*, Jodie had said. She barely touched the throttle, easing the boat through the current, keeping the noise low. As she broke around a stand of reeds, a whitetail doe with last spring's fawn stood lapping water. Their heads jerked up, slinging droplets through the air. Kya didn't stop or they would bolt, a lesson she'd learned from watching wild turkeys: if you act like a predator, they act like prey. Just ignore them, keep going slow. She drifted by, and the deer stood as still as a pine until Kya disappeared beyond the salt grass.

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She entered a place with dark lagoons in a throat of oaks and remembered a channel on the far side that flowed to an enormous estuary. Several times she came upon dead ends, had to backtrack to take another turn. Keeping all these landmarks straight in her mind so she could get back. Finally the estuary lay ahead, water stretching so far it captured the whole sky and all the clouds within it.

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The tide was going out, she knew by water lines along the creek shores. When it receded enough, any time from now, some channels would shallow up and she'd run aground, get stranded. She'd have to head back before then.

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As she rounded a stand of tall grass, suddenly the ocean's face – gray, stern, and pulsing – frowned at her. Waves slammed one another, awash in their own white saliva, breaking apart on the shore with loud booms – energy searching for a beachhead. Then they flattened into quiet tongues of foam, waiting for the next surge.

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The surf taunted her, daring her to breach the waves and enter the sea, but without Jodie, her courage failed. Time to turn around anyway. Thunderheads grew in the western sky, forming huge gray mushrooms pressing at the seams.

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