



Oxford Cambridge and RSA

**Thursday 7 November 2024 – 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.



**Details of text extracts:**

**Text 1**

Text: *The Bonfire of the Vanities*

Author: Tom Wolfe (1987)

**Text 2**

Text: *Heroes and Villains*

Author: Angela Carter (1969)

## Text 1

This is an extract from the novel, *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, by Tom Wolfe (published in 1987). Sherman has been arrested by the police after a driving accident in which someone was seriously injured. The police – Goldberg and Martin – are driving him away from his home to be charged. They cross into a much poorer part of New York.

They were crossing a bridge...perhaps the Willis Avenue Bridge...he didn't really know what the bridge was. All he knew was that it was a bridge, and it went across the Harlem River, away from Manhattan. Goldberg snapped the cuffs onto his wrists. Sherman sank back into the seat and looked down, and there he was, in manacles<sup>1</sup>.

The rain was coming down harder. They reached the other end of the bridge. Well, here it was, the Bronx. It was like an old and decrepit part of Providence, Rhode Island. There were some massive but low buildings, grimy and mouldering, and broad weary black streets running up and down slopes. Martin drove down a ramp and on to another expressway.

Sherman reached around to his right to retrieve his jacket and put it over the handcuffs. When he realized that he had to move both hands in order to pick up the coat, and when the effort caused the manacles to cut into his wrists, a flood of humiliation...and *shame!*...swept over him. This was himself, the very self who existed in a unique and sacrosanct and impenetrable crucible<sup>2</sup> at the center of his mind, who was now in manacles...in the Bronx. Surely this was a hallucination, a nightmare, a trick of the mind, and he would pull back a translucent layer...and...The rain came down harder, the windshield wipers were sweeping back and forth in front of the two policemen.

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<sup>1</sup> manacles – handcuffs

<sup>2</sup> crucible – melting pot

## Text 2

This is an extract from Angela Carter's novel, *Heroes and Villains* (published in 1969) set in a world which has survived a disaster. Marianne has been captured by another tribe and is injured. Mrs. Green is now looking after her. Jewel is the person who captured her.

Marianne was fastened into the room by means of the trunks of some trees which were placed across the door outside, and she was left quite alone. Now she was no longer sick, Mrs. Green occupied herself with other duties about the house and only came to Marianne to bring her sad, heavy food or to lie down beside her on the mattress and sleep. The weather continued bad; she watched mists of rain shift and coalesce.

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As it grew darker, apparitions of horsemen appeared between the melting trees. Leaving the woods, they crossed the river, their horses loaded with carcasses of deer, wild pig and sheep; and men in their dripping furs were so plastered with mud they seemed not men at all but rather emanations of the shaggy forest. Mud and weariness rendered every one anonymous, and the wide, wet brims of their felt hats hid their faces; she could never distinguish Jewel among them. Miserable dogs lolloped beside them and they rode in silence.

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She felt herself removed to a different planet. Here the very air had a different substance, dank, chill and subtly flavoured with ordure<sup>1</sup>, to be choked down, like bad food, rather than breathed easily. Even the flames in the hearth formed a different kind of fire, when Mrs. Green lit it, a fire which menaced as it warmed and did not warm sufficiently while it puffed out such piercingly acrid smoke her eyes were always watering. Sounds drifted into the room, raucous cries and the neighing of horses. Sometimes she heard ferocious inhuman howlings, she thought these were the cries of wolves outside in the forest. And sometimes she thought she heard music which seemed to come from within the house itself, though often she confused it with the sound of the wind sighing in the branches outside.

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<sup>1</sup> ordure – manure

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