

OCR

Oxford Cambridge and RSA

Tuesday 4 June 2019 – Morning

GCSE (9–1) English Language

J351/01 Communicating information and ideas

Reading Insert

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 *The Charge of the Light Brigade*

Author: William Howard Russell (1854)

Text 2

Text: adapted from *Let Us Make a Vow to the Dead*

Author: Ronald Reagan (1984)

Text 1

William Howard Russell was sent by The Times newspaper to report on the Crimean War from the frontline. This is an extract from his account of the Charge of the Light Brigade when a small number of cavalrymen rode their horses into attack against Russian gun batteries even though they knew most of them would be killed.

At ten past eleven our Light Cavalry brigade rushed to the front. The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendour of war. We could hardly believe the evidence of our senses! Surely that handful of men were not going to charge an army in position? Alas! It was but too true – their desperate valour knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its better part – discretion.

They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed towards the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who, without the power to aid, beheld their heroic countrymen rushing into the arms of death.

At the distance of 1200 yards the whole line of the enemy gun batteries belched forth, from thirty iron mouths, a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly cannon balls. The flight of the cannonballs was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, and by horses flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The brigade, however, never halted or slacked its speed for an instant.

With its diminished ranks thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with most deadly accuracy, with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow's death cry, the brigade flew into the smoke of the guns; but, before they were lost from view, the plain was strewn with their bodies and with the carcasses of horses. They were exposed to fire from the gun batteries on both hills, as well as to direct fire of rifles.

Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabres flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood. The blaze of their steel, as an officer standing near me said, was 'like the turn of a shoal of mackerel'. We saw them riding through the guns, as I have said; to our delight, we saw them returning, after breaking through a column of Russian infantry, and scattering them like chaff – but then the flank fire from a gun battery on the hill swept them down, scattered and broken as they were.

Wounded men and dismounted cavalrymen flying towards us told the sad tale – demigods could not have done what they had failed to do. It was as much as our Heavy Cavalry Brigade could do to cover the retreat of the miserable remnant of that band of heroes as they returned to that place they had so lately quitted in all the pride of life. At twenty-five to twelve not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of those bloody Russian guns.

5

Text 2

The invasion of Normandy was an important turning point in the Second World War. In 1984, on the 40th anniversary of the invasion, Ronald Reagan, the US President at the time, went to Normandy and made this speech to the men who had survived that battle.

We stand on a lonely, windswept point on the northern shore of France. The air is soft, but forty years ago at this moment, the air was dense with smoke and the cries of men, and the air was filled with the crack of rifle fire and the roar of cannon.

5 At dawn, on the morning of 6th June 1944, two hundred and twenty-five Rangers jumped off the British landing craft and ran to the bottom of these cliffs. Their mission was one of the most difficult and daring of the invasion: to climb these sheer and desolate cliffs and take out the enemy guns. The Allies had been told that some of the mightiest of the guns were here and they would be trained on the beaches to stop the Allied advance.

10 The Rangers looked up and saw the enemy soldiers, in position at the edge of the cliffs, shooting down at them with machine guns and throwing grenades. And the American Rangers began to climb. They shot rope ladders over the face of these cliffs and began to pull themselves up. When one Ranger fell, another would take his place. When one rope was cut, a Ranger would grab another and begin his climb again. They climbed, shot back, and held their footing.

15 Soon, one by one, the Rangers pulled themselves over the top, and, in seizing the firm land at the top of these cliffs, they began to seize back the continent of Europe. Two hundred and twenty-five came here. After two days of fighting only ninety could still bear arms.

20 Behind me is the memorial that symbolises the Ranger daggers that were thrust into the top of these cliffs. And before me are the men who put them there. These are the men who took the cliffs. These are the champions who helped free a continent. These are the heroes who helped end a war.

25 Forty summers have passed since the battle that you fought here. You were young the day you took these cliffs; some of you were hardly more than boys, with the deepest joys of life before you. Yet you risked everything here. Why? Why did you do it? What impelled you to put aside the instinct for self-preservation and risk your lives to take these cliffs? We look at you and, somehow, we know the answer.

You all knew that some things are worth dying for. One's country is worth dying for, and democracy is worth dying for, because it is the most deeply honourable form of government ever devised by man. All of you loved liberty, all of you were willing to fight tyranny, and all of you knew the people of your country were behind you.

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