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This question paper contains 19 printed pages]

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S. No. of Question Paper : 3299

Unique Paper Code : 52031104

Name of the Paper : Core English (Language Through Literature)

Name of the Course : B.Com.

Semester : I (2019 Admissions)

Duration : 3 Hours

Maximum Marks : 75

(Write your Roll No. on the top immediately on receipt of this question paper.)

All questions are compulsory.

1. On the basis of your reading of the given passage (650 words), answer the questions below : 15

January 1, 1948. Queens, New York. Today, read my novel ["The Town and the City"] in its entirety. I see that it's almost finished. What is my opinion ? It is the sum of myself, as far as the written word can go, and my opinion of it is like my opinion of myself !—gleeful and affectionate one day, black with disgust the next. Wrote 2500 words, until interrupted by a visit from Allen Ginsberg, who came at four o'clock in the morning to tell me that he is going mad, but once and if

P.T.O.

cured he will communicate with other human beings as no one ever has—completely, sweetly, naturally. He described his terror and seemed on the verge of throwing a fit in my house. When he calmed down I read him parts of my novel and he leeringly announced that it was “greater than Melville, in a sense—the great American novel.”

I did not believe a word he said.

Someday I will take off my own mask and tell all about Allen Ginsberg and what he is in the “real” flesh. It seems to me that he is just like any other human being and that this drives him to wit's ends. How can I help a man who wants to be a monster one minute and a god the next ?

April 17, 1948. Went to N.Y., argued with a girl all night.

Also, Ginsberg went mad and begged me to hit him—which spells the end as far as I'm concerned, since it's hard enough

to keep sane without visiting the asylum every week. He wanted to know “what else” I had to do in the world that didn't include him. I told him I did have an unconscious desire to hit him but he would be glad later on that I did not. I have been through with all that foolishness since the days I fought with Edie [Edith Parker, Kerouac's first wife] and climbed trees with Lucien [Carr], but these Ginsbergs assume that no one else has seen their visions of cataclysmic emotion, and try to foist them on others. I have been a liar and a shifty weakling by pretending that I was the friend of these people—Ginsberg, Joan [Burroughs], Carr, Burroughs, [David] Kammerer even—when all the time I must have known that we disliked each other and were just grimacing incessantly in a comedy of malice. A man must recognize his limits or never be true.

August 23, 1948. Told my mother she ought to go live down South with the family instead of spending all her time slaving in shoe factories. In Russia they slave for the State, here they slave for Expenses. People rush off to meaningless jobs day after day, you see them coughing in the subways at dawn. They squander their souls on things like "rent," "decent clothes," "gas and electricity," "insurance," behaving like peasants who have just come out of the fields and are so dreadful tickled because they can buy baubles and doodads in stores.

My life is going to be a farm where I'll grow my food. I won't do nothing but sit under a tree while my crops are growing, drink homemade wine, write novels to edify my soul, play with my kids, and thumb my nose at the coughing wretches. The next thing you know, they'll all be marching off to some annihilating war which their leaders will start to keep up appearances. Shit on the Russians, shit on the Americans, shit on them all.

I have another novel in mind—"On the Road"—which I keep thinking about: two guys hitchhiking to California in search of something they don't really find, and losing themselves on the road, coming all the way back hopeful of something else :

- (a) What is the form of the passage that you just read — is it a Letter, a Confession, a Diary Entry, or a Feature Article ? Give reasons for your answer. 1+2=3
- (b) The writer of the above passage reveals a lot about himself. Based on your reading of the above passage, outline any *three* aspects of his character. 3
- (c) In Russia they slave for the State, here they slave for Expenses. People rush off to meaningless jobs day after day, you see them coughing in the subways at dawn. *They squander their souls on things like "rent," "decent clothes," "gas and electricity," "insurance,"*

behaving like peasants who have just come out of the fields and are so dreadful tickled because they can buy baubles and doodads in stores :

- (i) What is the figure of speech being used in the italicized lines; is it a Metaphor, a Simile, a Hyperbole, or an Alliteration ? 1
- (ii) Explain the meaning of the above extract. 2
- (d) Find synonyms for the following words/phrases in the given passage : 3
- (i) Delighted
- (ii) Devastating
- (iii) Laboring
- (iv) Healed
- (v) Continually
- (vi) Trinkets.
- (e) Describe the writer's relationship with Mr Ginsberg. Give reasons to support your answer. 3

- 2 A. Fill in the blanks with the given options : 5

When we lived in Koraput, Orissa, we1.....
 (has/have/had) no electricity; no primary school nearby
 and water did not flow out of a tap. As a result, I
 did not go to school2.....(yet/until/after)
 the age of eight; I was home-schooled. My father
3.....(use to/used to/ was to) get transferred
 every year. The family belongings4.....(fits/
 fit/fitting) into the back of a jeep — so the family moved
 from place to place and without any trouble, my Mother
5.....(should/must/would) set up an
 establishment and get us going. Raised by a widow
 who had come as a refugee from the then East Bengal,
6.....(she is/are/was) a matriculate when she
 married my Father.

My parents set the foundation of my life and the value system, which makes7.....(him/her/me) what I am today and largely, defines what success means to me today.

Our day used to start with the family huddling around8.....(my/their/her) Mother's *chulha* — an earthen fire place she would build at each place of posting where she would cook for the family. There was9..... (either gas, or electrical stoves/neither gas, nor electrical stoves). The morning routine started with tea. As the brew was served, Father10.....(should/will have to/would) ask us to read aloud the editorial page of The Statesman's 'muffosil' edition — delivered one day late. We did not understand much of what we were reading. But the ritual was meant for us to know that the world was larger than Koraput district and the English I speak today, despite having studied in an Oriya medium school, has to do with that routine.

B. Edit and rewrite the following passage to remove errors. There is an error in each of the five parts of the passage. 5

a. There would a lot of talk of *aukaat* and *jaat* in Article 15. b. The film's title refers to the provision in the Indian Constitution that prohibits discrimination on the grounds of religion, race, caste, sex, butplace of birth. c. Yet it's no secret that even today across much of India caste remainedthe enduring marker of identity, and the singular cause of conflict and violence. d. AyushmannKhurrana plays AyanRanjan, a newly minted IPS officer posting to a small town named Lalgao in the armpit of Uttar Pradesh. e. Ayan represent the educated, urban Indian — idealistic, progressive, woke, but uninformed when it comes to the 'real issues' of the other India; the 'real' India.

3. On the basis of your reading of the given drama extract (600 words), answer the questions below : 15

The play opens on a dark stage. A window behind the kitchen down stage right is lit and immediately an emergency (ambulance) siren is heard and the confused sounds of a hospital O.P.D. Two figures in white jackets are silhouetted against the window briefly and are saying Shivani . . . Sanjay . . . An accident . . . a cacophony of sounds. Simultaneously from right of stage a phone sound is heard. The light fades on the couple, they vanish and the ambulance siren merges into a strident phone ring, which merges into an alarm clock going off. Light shifts to the bed on the right of stage. Shivani reaches out her right hand from under the pillow and shoves the alarm into the bedside drawer. The phone keeps ringing. It's 6 pm in the evening. She turns, picks up the phone with her left hand and drops it back in its cradle, cursing, pillow

on her head. Phone is persistent but the ambulance sound tapers off. She slides her hand out of the pillow and grabs the phone.

SHIVANI(*confused, sleepy*): Hello! Hello? Doctor? (*sits bolt upright*) Oh God, Sanjiv, it's you. I had an awful dream, a hospital . . . (*broken*) two doctors and that siren. Listen I have this premonition—can we meet earlier for a coffee—I have a bad feeling that won't go away (*rubs her back on the pillow and vanishes under the sheet*).

She listens, and her mood changes, swings her legs off the bed

No! definitely not! No damn five minute coffee breaks! What's the point, Sanjiv? (*Looks for her cigarette as he continues placating her; lights her cigarette, it won't light*) No! I can't talk at work I just can't—the studio is full of technicians and

that damn inquisitive Das—it's so bloody noisy and you know it (*lights her cigarette*) once you get there it's like a conveyor belt you can't get off! (*She inhales, listens to him*). Sanjiv, cut the crap, are we going with Renu and Ajay to the Djinns or not ? (*She inhales nervously, throws her feet over the bed, running her hand tiredly over her head as she listens to him, and head comes down dejectedly*) Oh! I see . . . well I guess a second birthday is a big event. Even the papas have to be good boys, right ? Well, if you have to you have to (*stares at her cigarette viciously, slips on her chappals from under the bed*). I'm not making a scene. I am not! You called me, remember ? (*Searching for her tablets on her table, bends, listening to him*) What do you want me to bring? The 'Economic Times' of the 14th (*her tablets in hand, she swallows them, and as she stands up she catches sight of her dishevelled, unkempt self in the mirror opposite, she stares*

at herself). Yes. Okay, we'll meet for the briefing at 7.30 pm . . . anything else ? (*Distracted, stares at the mirror, takes off her hairband, and is about to hang up on him, rethinking her whole life.*) What ? Black ?! Absolutely bloody not! You know I hate black!! I-am-not—making-a-SCENE! (*She bangs the phone down and keeps staring at the mirror, stares at the coat rack with a black trouser suit draped across it, runs a hand across her face, looks at her ringless finger and is near tears.*)

Phone goes again, she thinks it's Sanjiv trying to make up and grabs the remote.

- (a) 'the ambulance siren merges into a strident phone ring, which merges into an alarm clock going off...'. What does this use of sound suggest about the scenario being depicted ?

- (b) How do the stage directions (given in italics) at the beginning of the dramatic extract help in establishing the scene ? 3
- (c) List *three* facts about the speaker's life that emerge from her telephone conversation. 3
- (d) What do the stage directions during the telephone conversation convey about the speaker's emotional state ? 3
- (e) Based on the extract, what seems to be the nature of the relationship between Shivani and Sanjiv. Give *three* evidences. 3
4. On the basis of your reading of the given short story extract (610 words), answer the questions below : 15

In the beginning, for most of the day, he had stared at his bedroom ceiling, at the three beige blades of the fan churning at its center, their edges grimy. He could hear the

top edge of a calendar scraping against the wall behind him when the fan was on. If he moved his neck to the right he had a view of a window with a dusty bottle of Dettol on its ledge and, if the shutters were open, the concrete of the wall that surrounded the house, the pale brown geckos that scampered there. He listened to the constant parade of sounds outside, footsteps, bicycle bells, the incessant squawking of crows and of the horns of cycle rickshaws in the lane so narrow that taxis could not fit. He heard the tube-well at the corner being pumped into urns. Every evening at dusk he heard a conch shell being blown in the house next door to signal the hour for prayer. He could smell but not see the shimmering green sludge that collected in the open sewer.

Life within the house continued. His father came and went from work, his brothers and sisters from school. His mother

worked in the kitchen, checking in on him periodically, her lap stained with turmeric. Twice daily the maid twisted rags into buckets of water and wiped the floors. During the day he was groggy from painkillers. At night he dreamed either that he was still trapped inside the train or, worse, that the accident had never happened, that he was walking down a street, taking a bath, sitting cross-legged on the floor and eating a plate of food. And then he would wake up, coated in sweat, tears streaming down his face, convinced that he would never live to do such things again. Eventually, in an attempt to avoid his nightmares, he began to read, late at night, which was when his motionless body felt most restless, his mind agile and clear. Yet he refused to read the Russians his grandfather had brought to his bedside, or any novels, for that matter. Those books, set in countries he had never seen, reminded him only of his confinement. Instead

he read his engineering books, trying his best to keep up with his courses, solving equations by flashlight. In those silent hours, he thought often of Ghosh. "Pack a pillow and a blanket," he heard Ghosh say. He remembered the address Ghosh had written on a page of his diary, somewhere behind the tram depot in Tollygunge. Now it was the home of a widow, a fatherless son. Each day, to bolster his spirits, his family reminded him of the future, the day he would stand unassisted, walk across the room. It was for this, each day, that his father and mother prayed. For this that his mother gave up meat on Wednesdays. But as the months passed, Ashoke began to envision another sort of future. He imagined not only walking, but walking away, as far as he could from the place in which he was born and in which he had nearly died. The following year, with the aid of a cane, he returned

to college and graduated, and without telling his parents he applied to continue his engineering studies abroad. Only after he'd been accepted with a full fellowship, a newly issued passport in hand, did he inform them of his plans. "But we already nearly lost you once," his bewildered father had protested. His siblings had pleaded and wept. His mother, speechless, had refused food for three days. In spite of all that, he'd gone.

- (a) Why are sights and sounds described with such detail in the first paragraph of the above extract ? 3
- (b) Why does the narrator begin to read ? 4
- (c) Why does the narrator wish to go abroad ? 4
- (d) The narrator finds it nightmarish to dream "that the accident had never happened". What might be the reasons for such a feeling ? 4

5. Attempt any *two* composition questions (in 400 - 450 words each) from the three choices provided below. Each question is linked to the comprehension pieces in Qs. 1/3/4. $2 \times 10 = 20$
- (a) Based on your reading of the passage in Q. 1, write a letter from the writer to his mother.
- (b) Based on your reading of the extract in Q. 3, write a character sketch of Sanjiv.
- (c) Imagine the narrator is visited by Ghosh's father. Write 10 turns of dialogue between them continuing the story as suggested by the passage in Q. 4.