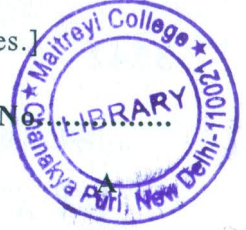


Libs -13/05/22 (E)
13 MAY 2022

[This question paper contains 6 printed pages.]



Your Roll No.

Sr. No. of Question Paper : 3742

Unique Paper Code : 12033914

Name of the Paper : Modes of Creative Writing:
Poetry, Fiction and Drama

Name of the Course : B.A. (Progeam)

Semester : IV / VI

Duration : 3 hours 30 minutes

Maximum Marks : 75

Instructions for Candidates

1. Write your Roll No. on the top immediately on receipt of this question paper.
2. Attempt 3 questions each out of 5 from **BOTH Part A and Part B.**

PART A

1. Identify the tropes/figure of speech in the following statements : (10×1=10)
 - (i) Does it stink like rotten meat?
 - (ii) All the world's a stage

P.T.O.

- (iii) The pen is mightier than the sword
- (iv) A deafening silence greeted his words
- (v) Ten thousand saw I at a glance
- (vi) Water water everywhere/ Nor any drop to drink
- (vii) It is a truth universally acknowledged that a man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife
- (viii) ID
- (ix) Madam, I'm Adam
- (x) Billions of Blue Blistering Barnacles

2. Define **any 5** of the following forms/features of Poetry : (2×5=10)

Rhythm, Iambic meter, diction, imagery, free verse, terza rima (tercet), limerick, epigram, epic, sonnet.

- 3. Discuss the importance of point of view and setting in a short story. (10)
- 4. What are the differences between the climactic and episodic forms of a play? (10)

- 5. Define the steps in revising and editing that you would use when you are sending a manuscript to the publisher. (10)

PART B

- 6. Use **any 5** of the following tropes/figures of speech in a single piece of creative writing which can be in the form of short story/poem/short play :

Simile, Personification, Chiasmus, Onomatopoeia, Taboo Language, Sexist Language, Word Order, Dialects, Slang, Jargon (15)

- 7. Read the following poem and analyse it in terms of its structure and imagery and discuss the sentiments it invokes in the reader : (15)

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay:
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.
 The waves beside them danced; but they
 Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
 A poet could not but be gay,
 In such a jocund company:
 I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought:
 For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

8. Write a short story which starts with the following sentence: It was a dark and stormy night. (15)
9. Discuss the salient features of tragedy, both traditional and modern. Which do you prefer and why? (15)
10. The paragraph given below requires proofreading and editing before it can be put out in the public domain. Proof read and edit it, and then re-write the final version.

I give Pirrip as my father's family name, on the authority of his tombstone and my sister — Mrs Joe Gargery, who married blacksmith, as I never saw my father or my mother, and never saw any likeness of either of them (for their days were long before the days of photographs), my first fancies regarding what they were like, were unreasonably derived from their tombstones. The shape of the letters on my father's, gave me an odd idea that he was a square stout, dark man, with curly black hair. From the character and turn of the inscription, "Also Georgiana Wife of the Above, I drew a childish conclusion that my mother was freckled and sickly. To five little stone lozenges, each about a foot and a half long, which were arranged in a neat row beside their grave, and were sacred to the memory of five little brothers of mine — who gave up

trying to get a living, exceedingly early in that universal struggle — I am indebted for a belief I religiously entertained that they had all been bom on their backs with their hands in their trousers-pockets, and had never taken them out in these state of existence. Ours was the marsh country, down by the river, within, as the river wound, twenty miles the sea. My first most vivid and broad impression of the identity of things, seems to me to have been gained on a memorable raw afternoon towards evening. At such a time I found out for certain, that this bleak place overgrown with nettles was the churchyard; and that Philip Pirrip, late of this parish, and also Georgiana wife of the above, was dead and buried; and that Alexander, Bartholomew, Abraham, Tobias, and Roger, in fant children of the aforesaid, were also dead and buried; and that the dark flat wilderness beyond the churchyard, intersected with dykes and mounds and gates, with scattered cattle feeding on it, was the marshes; and that the low leaden line beyond, was the river; and that the distance savage lair from which the wind was rushing, was the sea; and that the small bundle of shivers growing afraid of it all and begin to cry, was Pip. (15)