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9. Imagine you are a journalist who wants to publish an article on how the panchayat functions in villages. Conduct an interview of one of the panches, on the issue mentioned in passage 3, to highlight the significance of the panchayat as the indigenous system of governance.
10. Suppose you are a witness to a similar scene as given in Passage 3, in one of the Panchayat rulings in your state. Write a letter to a friend providing details about the event and resolution offered by the members to the problem.

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[This question paper contains 16 printed pages.]

Your Roll No.....

Sr. No. of Question Paper : 3420

Unique Paper Code : 62031901

Name of the Paper : English Language Through Literature

Name of the Course : B.A. Programme (LOCF)

Semester : III

Duration : 3 Hours

Maximum Marks : 75

Instructions for Candidates

1. Write your Roll No. on the top immediately on receipt of this question paper.
2. The paper contains 3 unseen passages.
3. Students will attempt **SIX** questions in all – this will include any **THREE** out of **FIVE** questions in **Section A** and any **THREE** out of **FIVE** questions in **Section B**.
4. Both parts **A+B** have to be answered.

P.T.O.

Passage 1 (750 words):

I was born in St. Louis, Missouri, but from the age of three I grew up in Stamps, Arkansas, with my paternal grandmother, Annie Henderson, and my father's brother, Uncle Willie, and my only sibling, my brother, Bailey...

Those are facts, but facts, to a child, are merely words to memorize, "My name is Johnny Thomas. My address is 220 Center Street." All facts, which have little to do with the child's truth.

My real growing up world, in Stamps, was a continual struggle against a condition of surrender. Surrender first to the grown up human beings who I saw every day, all black and all very, very large. Then submission to the idea that black people were inferior to white people, who I saw rarely.

Without knowing why exactly, I did not believe that I was inferior to anyone except maybe my brother. I knew I was smart, but I also knew that Bailey was smarter, maybe because he reminded me often and even suggested that maybe he was the smartest person in the world. He came to that decision when he was nine years old.

PART B

All questions carry 15 marks each. Attempt any 3 out of 5 Questions. Answers for **all** questions in **Section B** to be written in 350-500 words.

6. Imagine you are the narrator of Passage 1, and have only recently been dropped to your mother's house by your grandmother. Write a diary entry describing how you feel in the new environment.
7. Imagine you are the narrator of Passage 1, and you have been asked by your teacher to give a speech on the importance of kindness and charity, during the morning assembly. Draw on your personal experiences to present your views on the given topic.
8. Are the characters in Passage 2 able to communicate easily with each other? Write a dramatic extract of a conversation between any one of the characters in Passage 2 and yourself, focussing on what they would actually have liked to say to the other person present in the extract. Use dialogues and descriptions of non-verbal cues/stage directions to draft the conversation.

QUESTIONS

PART A

All questions carry 10 marks each. Attempt any 3 out of 5 Questions. Answers for **all** questions in **Section A** to be written in **250-300** words.

1. Who are the people that the narrator of Passage 1 admires, and why? Give a reasoned answer with reference to the given extract.
2. If you could give a title to Passage 1, what would it be, and why? Justify the appropriateness of the title by referring closely to the given extract.
3. What does the setting of the interiors reveal about the household and its residents in Passage 2?
4. Discuss the nature of the relationship between the first man and the woman as it emerges in Passage 2.
5. Do you think Algu Chowdhari is a good head panch? Give a reasoned answer with reference to Passage 3.

The South, in general, and Stamps, Arkansas, in particular had had hundreds of years' experience in demoting even large adult blacks to psychological dwarfs. Poor white children had the license to address lauded and older blacks by their first names or by any names they could create...

My paternal grandmother who raised me had a remarkable influence on how I saw the world and how I reckoned my place in it. She was the picture of dignity. She spoke softly and walked slowly, with her hands behind her back, fingers laced together. I imitated her so successfully that neighbors called me her shadow...

When I was thirteen, my grandmother took me back to California to join my mother, and she returned immediately to Arkansas. The California house was a world away from that little home in which I grew up in Arkansas. My mother wore her straight hair in a severe stylish bob. My grandmother didn't believe in hot curling women's hair, so I had grown up with a braided natural. Grandmother turned our radio on to listen to the news, religious music, Gang Busters, and The Lone Ranger. In California my mother wore lipstick and rouge and played loud blues music and jazz on a record player. Her house was full of people who laughed a lot and talked loudly. I definitely did

not belong. I walked around in that worldly atmosphere, with my hands clasped behind my back, my hair pulled back in a tight braid, humming a Christian song.

My mother watched me for about two weeks. Then we had what was to become familiar as, "a sit down talk to."

She said, "Maya, you disapprove of me because I am not like your grandmother. That's true. I am not. But I am your mother and I am working some part of my anatomy off to buy you good clothes and give you well-prepared food and keep this roof over your head. When you go to school, the teacher will smile at you and you will smile back. Other students you don't even know will smile and you will smile. But on the other hand, I am your mother. I tell you what I want you to do. If you can force one smile on your face for strangers, do it for me. I promise you I will appreciate it"

She put her hand on my cheek and smiled. "Come on baby, smile for mother. Come on."

She made a funny face and against my wishes, I smiled. She kissed me on the lips and started to cry.

"That's the first time I have seen you smile. It is a

own mother, as it is my duty to look after her. But there is always friction between the women in a household. How can I be blamed for that? My aunt wants a separate monthly allowance from me. You all know how much property there was. There is not enough income from it to pay her a monthly allowance. Apart from this, there is no mention of any monthly allowance in our agreement, otherwise I wouldn't have taken on this unnecessary headache. That is all that I have to say. The panch is welcome to decide as it wishes.'

Algu Chowdhari used to visit the courts frequently. So he knew a great deal about law. He began to cross-examine Jumman. Each question hit Jumman like a blow to the heart. Ramdhan was amazed at the skillful questioning. Jumman was wondering what had happened to Algu. Only a little while ago he was talking so differently. Was their old friendship going to prove of no use? Jumman Sheikh was lost in such thoughts when Algu announced the decision: 'Jumman Sheikh! The panches have considered the matter. It seems to them that the old aunt should be paid a monthly allowance. It is our opinion that there is enough income from her property to pay her such an allowance. This is our decision. If Jumman is unwilling to pay her the allowance, the agreement should be cancelled.'

Jumman Sheikh was overjoyed, but he hid his feelings. In a calm voice he said, 'Whether you select Algu or Ramdhan it makes no difference to me.'

Algu did not want to get involved in their quarrel. He tried to back out. 'Aunt,' he said, 'Jumman and I share a deep friendship.'

The aunt replied in a sober voice, 'No one will turn his back to justice for the sake of a friendship. God resides in the heart of a panch. They speak in God's voice.'

Algu Chowdhari's nomination was accepted. Unhappy with her selection, the opponents of Ramdhan Mishra and Jumman silently cursed the old woman.

Algu Chowdhari said, 'Sheikh Jumman! You and I are old friends. Whenever the need arose, we helped each other. But at this moment, you and your old aunt are both equal in my eyes. Now you can make your statement to the panch.'

Jumman was confident that he had won the round and that Algu was talking for effect. So he said peacefully, 'Dear members! Three years ago my aunt transferred her property to me. In return I had agreed to look after her needs, and as God is my witness, I have caused her no trouble till today. I treat her as my

beautiful smile, Mother's beautiful daughter can smile."

I had never been called beautiful and no one in my memory had ever called me daughter.

That day, I learned that I could be a giver by simply bringing a smile to another person. The ensuing years have taught me that a kind word, a vote of support is a charitable gift. I can move over and make another place for someone. I can turn my music up if it pleases, or down if it is annoying.

I may never be known as a philanthropist, but I certainly am a lover of mankind, and I will give freely of my resources.

I am happy to describe myself as charitable.

Passage 2 (750 words):

(The same living room. A high-school satchel lies open on a teapoy; with half the books spilt out. On the sofa there a few old journals, a pair of scissors and some magazine cuttings. A pair of pyjamas swings from the back of one chair. There is a tea-tray on the dining table.

The WOMAN enters, laden with parcels. She looks young for her years and though her cotton sari

and choli are simple, they look attractive on her. Tired and slightly irritable, she dumps the parcels on a chair and looks around the room.)

THE WOMAN: Phew-e-ew...! No one's ever at home! Kinni! Out I suppose. (goes towards books) This child is impossible. Another torn book! (*goes to sofa*) And Ashok's been...! Elizabeth Taylor...Audrey Hepburn...Shirley Maclaine...! That's right, just live for these pictures! (*is about to sit down when she sees the pyjamas*) The Bara Sahib...! (picks up the pyjamas with distaste, is about to throw them into a corner but then starts folding them). Idle all day but he can't look after his clothes ... or even clear the table! Everything's left for me to do. (*puts down the pyjamas, picks up the tray and goes towards courtyard door. THE FIRST MAN enters. He is wearing a cotton shirt and trousers.*)

THE FIRST MAN: It looks as if you caught a bus earlier than usual today!

THE WOMAN: This is a fine way to behave! No one's ever at home. What were you doing?

THE FIRST MAN: Nothing. I was just outside. In the market.

THE WOMAN: (*picks up the pyjamas again*)

widow's curse? I will be happy to abide by your decision.'

Ramdhan Mishra, whose many clients had been given shelter by Jumman in the village, said, 'Jumman Mian, better settle with the old woman now. Otherwise whatever the panch decide, you will have to accept. Or name your own panch.'

Jumman noticed that most of the panch members were people who were obliged to him in one way or another. He said, 'I will accept the panch's decision as the decision of God. Let my aunt select them. I have no objection.'

The aunt shouted, 'You creature of God! Why don't you come out with the names so that I should also know.'

Jumman replied angrily, 'Don't force me to open my mouth. It's your problem. Name whoever you want.'

The aunt realized that Jumman was trying to put all the blame on her. She said, 'Son, you should fear God! The panch is nobody's friend or enemy. What kind of talk is this? If you can't trust anybody, then let it go. I am sure at least you trust Algu Chowdhari. I will propose his name as the head panch.'

THE WOMAN: He's dining in the neighbourhood today. Said he'd drop in.

THE FIRST MAN: Hmm (*starts rocking the chair again*)

THE WOMAN: I can't stand that.

THE FIRST MAN: (*stops rocking the chair*) You told him to come, I suppose?

THE WOMAN: Well, he is my boss.

THE FIRST MAN: Being your boss doesn't mean...

THE WOMAN: Who works for him, you or I?

THE FIRST MAN: When is he coming?

THE WOMAN: I don't know. Whenever he passes this way.

THE FIRST MAN: Very convenient.

THE WOMAN: People envy me. He has been here twice. This will be the third time. (*picks up the scissors, magazine cuttings and journals and puts them into the drawer of the writing-desk; puts the books into the satchel and places the satchel upright on one side*)

THE FIRST MAN: So, people also know that he comes here?

THE WOMAN: Why? Is there something wrong with that?

THE FIRST MAN: Did I say so?

THE WOMAN: Didn't you imply it?

THE FIRST MAN: I suppose I shouldn't say anything at all. But if I remain silent...

THE WOMAN: You remain silent! You of all people! (*picks up her parcels from the chair and tidies them away*)

THE FIRST MAN: I never said a word on his earlier visits!

THE WOMAN: How could you? You weren't at home either time.

THE FIRST MAN: So? I had some work...

THE WOMAN: That I am sure you will have again today!

THE FIRST MAN: Actually... I do have to go out ... but if you want me for...

THE WOMAN: I don't want you for anything. Would you like another cup of tea? I'm making one for myself.

THE FIRST MAN: All right....make one for me too.
(*THE WOMAN goes towards the courtyard door*)
Listen! What happened about... I mean the strike anticipated in your office?

THE WOMAN: You'll hear about it when it takes place.

Passage 3:

The panchayat sat down. The old aunt appealed to them.

'Members of the panchayat! Three years ago I transferred all my property to the name of my nephew. All of you know this. In return for this, Jumman had agreed to feed and clothe me. Somehow, for a year, I managed to suffer through, but now I cannot bear their ill-treatment. I neither got enough food nor adequate clothes. I am a poor helpless widow, unable to fight in a court or durbar. Except for you all, who else will listen to my grief? I am willing to accept whatever you decide. If you think I am at fault, you can punish me. If you find Jumman guilty, explain matters to him. Why does he want to suffer a helpless

Whenever I come back, the house is in a mess.

THE FIRST MAN: Here, give that to me.

THE WOMAN: What's the point? Couldn't you have thought of it earlier? (*opens the cupboard angrily and thrusts the pyjamas in. THE FIRST MAN idly looks here and there and then places his hand on the back of a chair*) Who was here for tea?

THE FIRST MAN : (*guiltily*) I was.

THE WOMAN: A whole pot of tea for just one person? Did you give Kinni her glass of milk?

THE FIRST MAN: I haven't seen her yet.

THE WOMAN: If you bothered to stay at home... (*picks up tray and exits by courtyard door*)

THE FIRST MAN: Hmm-mm (*starts rocking a chair. THE WOMAN returns.*) I only went out for a short while.

THE WOMAN: (*starts tidying the room*) How should I know for how long you went out? He will be coming over soon.

THE FIRST MAN: Who will be coming over? (*stops rocking the chair*) Singhanian?