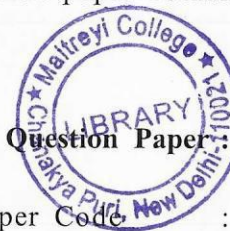


8. Imagine a different exchange between Alexander and Sacha from the one given in Passage 2 where Alexander admits he is at fault and offers a resolution to the crisis presented in the passage. You may represent the exchange in the form of a dialogue or a narrative.
9. Suppose you have been in a similar situation to the one described in Passage 2 where what belonged to you was taken away from you. Write a letter to a friend expressing how you felt about the same.
10. Write a paragraph where you describe and explain the ideas that inspired Shaheed Bhagat Singh, using details from Passage 3.

[This question paper contains 16 printed pages.]



Your Roll No.....

Sr. No. of Question Paper: 6008

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.

Passage 1 (740 words):

I used to play with the girls till I was eight years old... Then there was a fire at home, the school was destroyed. That meant I could no longer come out of the inner quarters. My mother's brother had lost his home, so my mother brought over his little son into our house. I was very pleased with this, all day I would carry him around in my arms and play with him. He, too, became extremely fond of me. I took over his bathing, his feeding, I would never let him cry.

A distant uncle had his home close to our place. An aunt stayed there. I spent all my days there with the little boy. There were few people in that house, only the three uncles, that aunt and some children. Auntie used to suffer from a kind of gout, but she still had to do all the housework. I would always hear her groan: "I wish I could die, all this work is too much for me." I felt so sorry for her! ...I said to her: "Why don't you rest, I'll do all your work for you." She said: "How will you do it, I have never seen you do anything. Also, your folks will scold me if I make you work." I told her: "No one will know, you show- me how to do it, I'll do everything."

4. Attempt a character sketch of Sacha from your reading of Passage 2.
5. Describe the connection between the city of Delhi and the life of Shaheed Bhagat Singh as set forth in Passage 3.

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 writer of Passage 1. Write a diary entry about the day you decided to help your sick aunt with her housework.
7. The writer of Passage 1 has now grown up, and has become a famous author. Imagine that you get the chance to interview her for the local newspaper. Draft an interview in about 300–350 words, comprising dialogues, relevant directions, non-verbal cues etc.

Assistant Superintendent of Police J. P. Saunders on March 23, 1931 and cremated at Hussainiwala on the banks of the Sutlej.

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. Do you think Passage 1 celebrates traditional feminine qualities that a male-dominated society expects women to have? Give a reasoned answer with reference to the extract.
2. Do you think the writer of Passage 1 feels she was unintentionally mistreated by the people around her in her childhood? Give a reasoned answer with reference to the extract.
3. In Passage 2, what changes in her life does Sacha experience due to the loss of her manuscript? Is the issue only plagiarism or more complex and existentialist? Give a reasoned answer.

Then she began to instruct me and I began to follow her words. I was delighted to do her work for her. Gradually, I learnt to do everything. I would make all the preparations for her cooking, she would sit and cook, and I would watch her. Soon, I learnt to cook. I began to cook all their meals. No one at home knew anything of this. Since my aunt was so fond of me, I spent all my time with her.

Some time passed in this way. As I sat oiling her hair one morning, my own aunt came over to visit her. I went and hid inside as soon as I saw her. She asked: "Child, why do you hide?" The other aunt said, "She was oiling my hair, so she was embarrassed to see you." My aunt laughed and picked me up... The other aunt said: "The child is really a good worker. I can hardly move around, my gout bothers me so. She is doing all my work. She has brought me new life." My aunt was so pleased -. that she carried me home in her arms and said: "Did you know, this child knows how to do all the housework! Our sister-in-law in the house over there is suffering from gout, so she does all her work"... My mother's happiness knew no bounds.

She said: "Little Mother, show us what you can do." From that day, I took over all the work at home. They did not want me to work, but I would still do it on my own, without telling anyone. This pleased them so much that I became everybody's darling. From that day, my days of play were over. I played no more, I only worked...

Clouds were gathering... I got married when I was twelve. I had not an inkling about what was going to happen. One day I had gone for a bath at the pond behind our house. There were a lot of people around. Someone looked at me and said: "Whoever gets this girl will be blessed, it will be the crowning of all desire." Another person said: "So many people are already eager to take her away immediately, but her mother doesn't allow it." Yet another one exclaimed: "How can she hold her back, sooner or later her mother will have to give her away, otherwise why was she born a girl?"

I was stunned when I heard this, I was oppressed by a sense of dread. I went home and asked my mother: "Ma! if someone asks for me, will you give me away?" Mother said: "Hush! Who told you that? Who will I

Bhagat Singh was just five-years-old then and on meeting Lalaji he was greatly enthused. "We will eventually win Swaraj," he told him and left after having some gajar-ka-halwa to do sit-ups and push-ups (dand-baitakh) behind Pipal Park, the site now occupied by Tilak market. While Lala Hanwant Sahay was a religious-minded man, Bhagat Singh had declared himself an atheist. In a pamphlet, "Why I am an Atheist", at a time when the noose was being prepared for his hanging, undaunted by the lurking death, when many fall on their knees to seek pardon from God, he states: "God has become a useful myth and was useful to the society of the primitive age."

Moreover, "the idea of God is helpful to man in distress". God and religion enabled the helpless individual to face life with courage ... To the distressed, the betrayed and the helpless, God serves as "a father, mother, sister and brother, friend and helper."

But, says Bhagat Singh, "when science has grown and when the oppressed begin to struggle for their self-emancipation, when man tries to stand on his own legs and become a realist the need for God, this artificial crutch, comes to an end." He was tortured and hanged along with his associates Rajguru and Sukhdev for bombing the State Assembly and killing

the shop (now taken over by a zari sari trader) and suddenly it dawned on him that he was Bhagat Singh, the most wanted revolutionary. Sarin picked up a conversation with him and they walked out of Parantha Wali Gali towards the Town Hall and then Queen's Park (now Gandhi Park), opposite Old Delhi Station. Here they discussed plans to make the British pay for their atrocities. The handsome Sarin Bhai, from a Khatri family which migrated from Punjab during Shah Alam's reign, was later arrested and jailed but released fairly early as there were no heinous charges against him.

Sarin Bhai used to talk about those days after Independence. He related the story of how he, Bhagat Singh and two others went to meet Lala Hanwant Sahay (whom I interviewed in 1966) who used to stay opposite Fort View Hotel in Chandni Chowk. Lalaji was one of the accused in the Hardinge Bomb case in which a bomb was thrown at the Viceroy while he was going in a royal procession to the Red Fort in 1912. Hardinge was wounded and his elephant mahout killed. Lalaji, his teacher Master Amir Chand, Master Awadh Behari, Bhai Balmukund and Basant Sanyal were arrested as conspirators. Lalaji was sentenced to life imprisonment (which was later reduced to seven years rigorous imprisonment) and the others to death.

give you away to, how will I give you away?" She went into her room, wiping away her tears. When I saw that my mother was weeping. My heart nearly stopped, I was sure that my mother would give me away. Pain tore at my heart. I began to wonder, what has happened, where will she send me away?

Passage 2 (750 words):

Alexander – Sorry, another time, I would've offered you coffee and we would have chatted a while but I'm a bit short on time...

Sacha – Ah yes... The medal of Knight of Arts and Letters... You can't miss that...

Alexander – You know about that? Listen, I don't have much time...

Sacha – Don't worry, I won't be long.

She sits and gets comfortable, contrary to her words. He's a bit confused.

Alexander (ironic) – Please, have a seat. You're here for an autograph, right?

Sacha – An autograph, yes... *(She picks up a copy of the Goncourt sitting on the desk and looks at the cover.)* Another life, the tragic destiny of a woman who chooses to disappear and change identity after a heartbreak. You could say this book changed my life.

Alexander – Thank you.

Sacha – I didn't say it changed it for the better...

Alexander – I'm sorry...

Sacha – For you as well.

Alexander – Me?

Sacha – This book changed your life as well. And in your case, for the better...

Alexander – That's true...

Sacha – A Goncourt Award, that's impressive...

Alexander – Indeed.

Sacha – You hadn't written anything meaningful prior. You haven't written anything since...

Alexander – It's so sensitive of you to remind me of that.

police and spies who were trying their best to capture him alive. The revolutionary had taken a room from an old disinherited Rani near Ghatia Bazar, Agra on rent. The whole day he stayed indoors but at night he and his companions (all sworn to rid the country of the British) came out and walked the streets wrapped up in blankets ...

After living there for some days the Revolutionary Party discreetly moved to Delhi, according to old residents who are all dead now. In Delhi too the revolutionaries adopted the same life-style. They stayed atop a halwai's shop, some with beards, though Bhagat Singh, had shaved off his "darhi" and also cut his hair against the tenets of his religion to escape recognition. He, however, justified it by saying that the motherland demanded sacrifices and parting with kesh (hair) was among them. His comrade-in-arms was the hefty Chandrashekhar Azad who shot himself rather than fall into the hands of the police during an encounter in Alfred Park, Allahabad.

It was by chance that Sarin Bhai, a revolutionary from Chillint Ghatia, who was staying incognito in Chandni Chowk, met Bhagat Singh in Parantha Gali where he had come to drink milk. It was a winter night and wrapped in a blanket Sarin Bhai peered at the face of the man who was standing near him at

know how to do anything else besides write.

Instead of starting a new life, I wandered across France. Across the world. I became a vagabond. I could've gone on never noticing this plagiarism, since you were careful to change the title of my novel ... But you see, this manuscript was largely autobiographical. I sprinkled this novel with personal references that you didn't bother to disguise. Everything in there is true. It's my life. Your heroine is me... Everyone has congratulated you on your ability to portray the character of this wounded woman, who is trying to invent another life, with such realism. To erase one's memory and start again from scratch, it seems simple. But the skeletons always end up out of the closet.

Passage 3 (750 words):

Sardar Bhagat Singh's birth anniversary (he was born on September 27, 1907) make's one's thoughts turn to the life of the man who has come to be known as "Shaheed-e-Azam" for laying down his life for his country. Many things are known about him, except for his tryst with Delhi. One remembers anecdotes about the way Bhagat Singh outwitted the colonial

Sacha – However, you know how to sell yourself to the media. Articles, shows, conferences abroad... Bravo, such energy!

Alexander – Promoting is part of the job... Though it's not what I prefer.

Sacha – I'm sure you prefer writing. Unfortunately, you've only penned one bestseller. Alexander – I did write two other novels before this one.

Sacha – Yes... But they didn't have as much momentum as this one, if I may. You could almost say they aren't from the same author.

Alexander – They were my early works. I've matured. Listen, I told you, I'm in a hurry. Did you bring a copy I can sign?

Sacha – Why? There are plenty here, aren't there?

Alexander – I see... Since you've traveled a long way to come here, I'll sign it and then, I have to ask you to leave. *(He grabs a copy from a pile.)* What's your name?

Sacha – Sacha.

Alexander – How do you spell it?

Sacha grabs a copy, signs it and hands it to Alexander.

Sacha – Like this.

Alexander takes the book, confused.

Alexander (*reading the signature*) – “To my biggest fan”... Usually, I’m the one who writes for my readers, and I’m the one who signs... Not the other way around...

Sacha – That, you do...

Alexander – Listen, Madam...

Sacha – Sacha.

Alexander – Listen, Sacha, you show up unexpectedly at my house. I have the courtesy of meeting with you even though I’m in a hurry. But if you’re here to insult me... Who are you anyway?

Sacha – Your conscience, maybe. If you have one...

Alexander – What are you getting at?

Sacha – We both know very well that this is all a lie, isn’t it?

Alexander – All what? What?

Sacha – You didn’t write this novel. You found the manuscript on a train.

Alexander – This is ridiculous! How can you say such a thing?

Sacha – Because I am the author of this manuscript.

Alexander – Listen, I don’t have time for this charade, and I’m not in the mood. I’m asking you to leave now.

Sacha – If I leave, I’m going straight to the editor of the leading morning paper. You know? The one for which you sometimes work as a columnist. I’m sure they’ll find my story very interesting.

He hesitates for a bit.

Alexander – Alright, I’m listening.

Sacha – After losing my manuscript, on which I worked for years, I had a meltdown ... I was in shock for several months. Before falling into a deep depression. I even tried to kill myself... Then, I decided to do what I wrote at the end of my novel: disappear. Voluntarily. But I didn’t have any money. And I didn’t