

## Expository Writing (SS1014)

## Final Exam

Date: May 21<sup>st</sup> 2024

Course Instructor(s)

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Total Time (Hrs.): 3:00

Total Marks: 60

Total Questions: 3

Roll No

Section

Student Signature

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Attempt all the questions on the answer sheets.

In today's fast-paced world, the debate over the role of technology in education is ongoing. As digital platforms continue to reshape the way we learn, there's a growing concern that traditional teaching methods may be left behind. However, amidst the charm of virtual classrooms and interactive apps, it's crucial to consider the enduring value of face-to-face instruction.

Q1. Write a five-paragraph argumentative essay on the context stated above and explain how the integration of technology will replace traditional teaching methods in education.

Note: word count is 350-400 words

2-Outside Class [25 marks]

3-STEM.

### Personal Essay

Q2: Who are you? Focus on your background, cultural, and personal characteristics and use examples to explain how your perception of self and your interactions with those around you have shaped your identity?

Note: word count is 130 - 150 words

[10 marks]

Q3: Write a response to the short story "Purple Hands". Focus on your opinion supported with the relevant evidence from the story.

Note: word count is 275-300 words

[25 marks]

Your response should include

- *Introductory Paragraph*
- *Body Paragraphs*
- *Concluding paragraph*

### Purple Hands

by Aidan Coyle, Published in 2021

When I was a small child my grandparents would take me, blackberry picking. It was usually late August when the blackberries had fully ripened. Grandad would drive us ~~is~~ in his old van. Despite not being comfortable or particularly safe, Grandad's vans had a character you would not find in a sleek new car complete with the latest innovations and a silent engine. Being seven or eight at the time, I always enjoyed a trip as we bounced along to our destination. My grandparents always chose the same spot. Wild blackberry bushes stretched along the roadside as far as the eye could see in both directions. The road overlooked a small pitch and putt course. On such sunny summer days, it was always full. Golfers ambled sedately from hole to hole and the crack of metal striking ball was a constant accompaniment.

Several hours of picking berries ensued. Nana warned me not to eat any until they had all been washed but turned a knowing blind eye while I gorged anyway. I also helped myself to the occasional unripe red berry as I had a particular taste for anything bitter. The fully immature green berries proved a step too far for even my pallet<sup>e</sup> and were merely unpleasant.

When at last we were finished, the bright scenery had turned to lengthy shadows and the afternoon had elapsed into evening. Grandad hauled a bin bag half full of berries back to the van. Juice bled slowly onto the ground. Nana would later make apple and blackberry tarts and fill several jars with jam. When I reached the van, my stomach hurt from too much fruit. My hands stung from constant thorn pricks and were stained dark purple. I always enjoyed those days.