

Roll No.

Total Pages : 8

BT-I/D-20

41039

ENGLISH

Paper : HM-101A

Time : Three Hours]

[Maximum Marks : 75

UNIT-I

1. (a) Use the following foreign phrases in your sentences :
- (i) ad hoc
 - (ii) ad absurdum
 - (iii) sine die
 - (iv) ultra vires
 - (v) lingua franca. (1×5)
- (b) Construct *two* words from each of the prefix given :
(any *five*)
- (i) a
 - (ii) Exo
 - (iii) Therm
 - (iv) Meta
 - (v) Para
 - (vi) Bene (1×5)

- (c) Construct *two* words from each of the suffix given :
(any *five*)
- (i)ing
(ii)ess
(iii)ed
(iv)ware
(v)ian
(vi)er. (1×5)

2. (a) Correct errors in the following sentences : (any *ten*)
- (i) I often watch television until late night.
(ii) I don't like shopping however I will come with you.
(iii) Old cars are easier to mend.
(iv) At school I used to lack in confidence.
(v) Nobody knows why the ship drowned?
(vi) He is Daniel in judgement.
(vii) Will you kindly open this knot?
(viii) His family members are coming by this train.
(ix) Good night, Rita; where have u been all these day?
(x) I have read the Shakespeare's *Macbeth*.
(xi) At school I used to lack in confidence. (1×10)
- (b) Discuss in detail the importance of punctuation in writing. (5)

3. (a) Punctuate the following sentences : (any *five*) (5)
- (i) Look out
 - (ii) She came to see me
 - (iii) Stupendous
 - (iv) It is not raining is it
 - (v) Close the window
 - (vi) Did anyone see you.
- (b) Read the passage carefully and answer the questions that follow :

A large number of travel writers and photographers visit all corners of our planet and publish their travelogues and photographs. They are all consciously or unconsciously helping the world to come together, creating a close-knit community of global citizens aware of the exquisite beauty and diversity of our planet. Cities have always fascinated me. I grew up in Nalanda, Bihar before moving to New Delhi for higher studies. I studied Geography at the Kirorimal College, Delhi University and later at the Jawaharlal Nehru University. After joining the Indian Foreign Service, I worked in New Delhi, Moscow, St. Petersburg and Kathmandu before moving to Brasilia. As part of my work, I often visit the capitals of different countries at very short notice. I look for poems on places I visit before setting out as I believe poems have the ability to render a deep and intimate experience of a place. Thus I set out on an impossible journey of finding a poem on each capital city of the world.

Jumoke Verissimo's Abuja is a – "Signpost/This capital is under construction/So enter into this rock town/ shaped like a mug/and see that/still when nothing happens/it moves into the news." She takes us to Abuja's dark underworld and bares her soul. She expresses her deep fears of being swallowed and at the same time hopes to move on. Kwame Dawes in his poem Green Boy takes us to a night in Accra when drums are heard instead of the sound of guns- "That night, they stared into/the orange dusk over Accra, poured libation,/listening for guns first, but soon/it was drums, the celebration. LiyouLibsekal describes Addis Ababa as a – "dappled green core pulses with early song/taxi boys in convulsive refrain." In Christopher Merrill's Algiers- "the ash fall hasn't reached the city, and yet the sky at noon is pitch-black. "I have never been to Conakry but Gerard Noiret's poem on Conakry instantly makes me feel the heat of this capital city in capital letters – "WHO FORGOT TO INVENT SHADE IN THIS COUNTRY?" Charlotte Hill O'Neal reminisces about her city In Memories of Dares Salaam, – "Charcoal smell wraps 'round makaa coals/ Sizzling and fizzling and assaulting my nostrils/with acrid sweet odors that I will never forget".

I would like to end it with an observation about Delhi by Jan Morris that holds true even today- "But Delhi? Delhi is not just a national capital, it is one of the political ultimate, one of the prime movers".

Questions :

- (i) How do travel writers and photographers help the world? (2)
- (ii) Explain : "I believe poems have the ability to render a deep and intimate experience of a place." (3)
- (iii) Write a summary of the passage. (3)
- (iv) Write antonyms of the following words :
(a) Conscious.
(b) Create.
(c) Same.
(d) Odour. (2)
4. (a) What are misplaced modifiers? Explain using suitable examples. (5)
(b) Write a precise or summary of the following passage : (10)
Great writers are either husbands or lovers. Some writers supply the solid virtues of a husband : reliability, intelligibility, generosity, decency. There are other writers in whom one prizes the gifts of a lover, gifts of temperament rather than of moral goodness. Notoriously, women tolerate qualities in a lover— moodiness, selfishness, unreliability, brutality—that they would never countenance in a husband, in return for excitement, an infusion of intense feeling. In the same way, readers put up with unintelligibility, obsessiveness, painful truths, lies, bad grammar—if, in compensation, the writer allows them to savor rare emotions and

dangerous sensations. And, as in life, so in art both are necessary, husbands and lovers. It's a great pity when one is forced to choose between them.

Again, as in life, so in art: the lover usually has to take second place. In the great periods of literature, husbands have been more numerous than lovers; in all the great periods of literature, that is, except our own. Perversity is the muse of modern literature. Today the house of fiction is full of mad lovers, gleeful rapists, castrated sons—but very few husbands. The husbands have a bad conscience, they would all like to be lovers. Even so husbandly and soiled a writer as Thomas Mann was tormented by an Ambivalence toward virtue, and was forever carrying on about it in the guise of a conflict between the bourgeois and the artist. But most modern writers don't even allow Mann's problem. Each writer each literary movement vies with its predecessor in a great display of temperament, obsession, singularity. Modern literature is oversupplied with madmen of genius. No wonder, then, that when an immensely gifted writer, whose talents certainly fall short of genius, arises who boldly assumes the responsibilities of sanity, he should be acclaimed beyond his purely literary merits.

I speak of course, of Albert Camus, the ideal husband of contemporary letters. Being a contemporary, he had to traffic in the madmen's themes : suicide, affectlessness, guilt, absolute terror. But he does so with such an air of reasonableness, *mesure*, effortlessness, gracious impersonality, as to place him

apart from the others. Starting from the premises of a popular nihilism, he moves the reader—solely by the power of his own tranquil voice and tone—to humanist and humanitarian conclusions in no way entailed by his premises. This illogical leaping of the abyss to nihilism is the gift for which readers are grateful to Camus. This is why he evoked feelings or real affection one the part of his readers. Kafka arouses pity and terror. Joyce admiration, Proust and Gide respect, but no modern writer that I can think of, except Camus, has aroused love. His death in 1960 was felt as a personal loss by the whole literate world.

Whenever Camus is spoken of there is a mingling of personal, moral and literary judgement. No discussion of Camus fails to include, or at least suggest, a tribute to his goodness and attractiveness as a man. To write about Camus is thus to consider what occurs between the image of a writer and his work, which is tantamount to the relation between morality and literature. For it is not only that Camus himself is always thrusting the moral problem upon his readers. (All his stories, plays, and novels relate the carrier of a responsible sentiment, or the absence of it.) It is because his work, solely as literary accomplishment, is not major enough to bear the weight of admiration that readers want to give it. One *wants* Camus to be a truly great writer, not just a very good one. But he is not. It might be useful here to compare Camus with George Orwell and James Baldwin, two other husbandly writers who essay to

combine the role of artist with civic conscience. Both Orwell and Baldwin are better writers in their essays than they are in their fiction. This is not true of Camus, a far more important writer. But what is true is that Camus's art is always in the service of certain intellectual conceptions which are more fully stated in the essays. Camus's fiction is illustrative, philosophical. It is not so much about its characters—Meursault, Caligula, Jan, Clamence, Dr. Rieux—as it is about the problems of innocence and guilt, responsibility and nihilistic indifference. The three novels, the stories, and the plays have a thin, somewhat skeletal quality which makes them less than absolutely first-rate judged by the highest standards of contemporary art. Unlike Kafka, whose most illustrative and symbolic fictions are at the same time autonomous acts of the imagination, Camus's fiction continually betrays its source in an intellectual concern.

5. (a) Write an essay on any *one* of the topics mentioned below : (10)
- (i) Digital India : Myth or Reality.
 - (ii) GST : Effects and Impact on Economy.
 - (iii) Is education too commercialised these days.
 - (iv) Effects of 'Global Warming' around the world.
- (b) What are 'Clichés'? Explain using suitable examples? (5)
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