

**FAKIR CHAND COLLEGE**  
**B.A. GENERAL**  
**ELECTIVE ENGLISH (ENGG)**  
**SEMESTER IV**  
**PAPER CC4/GE4**

**INTERNAL EXAMINATION**

ENGG  
CC4/GE4

SET I

SEM IV  
F.M. 10

1. Attempt any **one**:

Write an essay on the celebrations of festivals in the light of the ongoing pandemic situation.

OR

Write an essay on the neo-education system in the COVID-19 scenario.

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**TUTORIAL**

ENGG  
CC4/GE4

SEM IV  
F.M. 08

1. Write a critical appreciation of the following poem:

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;  
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:  
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

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**THEORY**

ENGG

SEM IV

CC4/GE4

F.M. 32

1. Attempt any **one** essay: (20)
  - a) Women in 21<sup>st</sup> century
  - b) Education system in India
  - c) Relevance of Shakespeare's writing in today's world literature
  - d) The nation-wide lockdown due to COVID-19
  
2. Attempt any **one** summary with a critical note: (10+2)

Lightly, O lightly we bear her along,  
She sways like a flower in the wind of our song;  
She skims like a bird on the foam of a stream,  
She floats like a laugh from the lips of a dream.  
Gaily, O gaily we glide and we sing,  
We bear her along like a pearl on a string.  
Softly, O softly we bear her along,  
She hangs like a star in the dew of our song;  
She springs like a beam on the brow of the tide,  
She falls like a tear from the eyes of a bride.  
Lightly, O lightly we glide and we sing,  
We bear her along like a pearl on a string.

OR

At that moment the boss noticed that a fly had fallen into his broad inkpot, and was trying feebly but desperately to clamber out again. Help! Help! said those struggling legs. But the sides of the inkpot were wet and slippery; it fell back again and began to swim. The boss took up a pen, picked the fly out of the ink, and shook it on to a piece of blotting-paper. For a fraction of a second it lay still on the dark patch that oozed round it. Then the front legs waved, took hold, and, pulling its small, sodden body up, it began the immense task of cleaning the ink from its wings. Over and under, over and under, went a leg along a wing as the stone goes over and under the scythe. Then there was a pause, while the fly, seeming to stand on the tips of its toes, tried to expand first one wing and then the other. It succeeded at last, and, sitting down, it began, like a minute cat, to clean its face. Now one could imagine that the little front legs rubbed against each other lightly, joyfully. The horrible danger was over; it had escaped; it was ready for life again.

But just then the boss had an idea. He plunged his pen back into the ink, leaned his thick wrist on the blotting-paper, and as the fly tried its wings down came a great heavy blot. What would it make of that! What indeed! The little beggar seemed absolutely cowed, stunned, and afraid to move because of what would happen next. But then, as if painfully, it dragged itself forward. The front legs waved, caught hold, and, more slowly this time, the task began from the beginning.

He's a plucky little devil, thought the boss, and he felt a real admiration for the fly's courage. That was the way to tackle things; that was the right spirit. Never say die; it was only a question of... But the fly had again finished its laborious task, and the boss had just time to refill his pen, to shake fair and square on the new-cleaned body yet another dark drop. What about it this time? A painful moment of suspense followed. But behold, the front legs were again waving; the boss felt a rush of relief. He leaned over the fly and said to it tenderly, "You artful little b..." And he actually had the brilliant notion of breathing on it to help the drying process. All the same, there was something timid and weak about its efforts now, and the boss decided that this time should be the last, as he dipped the pen deep into the inkpot.