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**ST. JOSEPH’S COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS), BANGALORE - 27**

**II B.A – COMMUNICATIVE ENGLISH**

**END-SEMESTER EXAM: DECEMBER 2022**

**COMMUNICATIVE ENGLISH: CE 322**

**Time- 2 hrs Max Marks- 60**

**Instructions:**

1. **This paper is for students of III semester Communicative English.**
2. **The paper has FIVE SECTIONS and FIVE printed pages.**
3. **You will lose marks for exceeding the word limit.**
4. **You are NOT allowed to use a dictionary.**
5. **Read the New Yorker piece ‘*Have you ever met one?* by Rivka Galchen and answer the questions below:**

I answered that I’d been visited by three ghosts.

Was it three?

The first ghost showed up in the form of a Bernese mountain dog. It was like this. I was staying at a cabin with my husband’s family over the Christmas break. This large dog, maybe two hundred and fifty pounds, came to the back door. He didn’t bark—he looked in through the glass pane and waited patiently. My father-in-law, who, as a child, had shared a home with a deer and a flying squirrel, opened the door.

That giant mountain dog came up the steps, crossed the room, and greeted me with a gentle head push. He put his nose down between his front paws, to make himself lower than me. He wagged his tail, gently. He had chosen me. He visited every day that week, for an hour or two in the morning, an hour or two in the afternoon, following me all around the house and out into the yard, too. I get along with dogs fine, generally, but this was something else. We loved each other. His nametag read “Kush.” To the rest of the family, he was merely polite. I don’t know how to explain it, but my father’s spirit was in that dog. Yes, my father had also been giant, and gentle, but it was more than that. My father was paying me a visit. It was strange, but also obvious. This was some fifteen years ago. In the year or so after the encounter, it seemed like I was meeting Bernese mountain dogs in elevators and on sidewalks all the time, but, when I met Kush, who was also my father, he was the first Bernese mountain dog I’d ever seen.

Where were all those dogs now? The breed had surged in popularity, then, it seemed, vanished.

I met the next ghost at a book-club meeting at the Boulder Public Library. I didn’t live in Boulder, I was passing through, but there was a notice in the newspaper about the book club, and my husband and I thought it sounded fun. I was a better person when I was young, and more open. The book club was reading “The Overcoat,” by Nikolai Gogol. Poor Akaky Akakievich spends all his savings on a new overcoat; the coat is stolen; after a series of further humiliations, trying to reclaim the coat, he dies of a fever; there are reports of his ghost haunting St. Petersburg, stealing coats from others.

It was a mixed crowd at the book club. Was the story about bureaucracy? About human vanity? About folklore? Was it a satire, or a tragedy, etc. It was the usual discussion. But then a small, thin man sitting in the corner scolded us all for missing the point. “Ghosts are real,” he said. The story was about a real ghost and “none of you understand that.” The thin man said that he knew that ghosts were real because for years he had worked at a slaughterhouse in Broomfield.

The man’s comments were received politely, but he left the meeting frustrated. Upon reflection, it was clear, to me and my husband, that the man from Broomfield was himself a ghost. That was what he was trying to say.

The last ghost was a mom I knew only a little bit, from my youth. Her husband was a professional trumpeter. I babysat for her two boys a few times. The last time I did so, they were so out of control when their parents came home that I was never asked back again—which I thought was reasonable. Later, two very sad things happened in that family: one of the boys died in a car accident, and the mom had a seizure in the night and was found to have a brain tumor. By that time, I lived in a city thousands of miles away and hadn’t seen the family in years. But one night, more than a year after I learned of the tumor, I had a very vivid dream with Leona in it—Leona was the mom’s name—and we said hello and were very happy to see each other. Really happy. The next day my own mom called me to tell me that Leona had died. I’d never had a dream with Leona in it before, and I never had another one after.

I told my daughter about the ghosts, because I wanted to be honest with her. Ghosts aren’t real, but also they are? Or something like that. I don’t know what I wanted to communicate to her. Probably I was showing off. I said three ghosts. But wasn’t that misleading? I had spent so many years interested in ghosts, the dead, ancestors I’d never met, anything sad and gone—that world felt real to me. But I haven’t seen a single ghost in more than ten years. Wait, no, I fixed the math. I hadn’t seen one in . . . the number of years was the age of my daughter. Now I spend my time more fully among the living. Either that, or the ghost these days is me.

**I.A. Answer ANY ONE of the following questions in Five to Six lines: (5 Marks)**

1. Is there any other way of explaining the encounter with the dog?
2. Why do the narrator and their husband believe that the man from Broomfield is a ghost?

**I.B. Answer ANY ONE of the following questions in 100-150 words: (10 Marks)**

1. How does this story compare to the other pieces – fiction and personal essays – you have read this semester? Would you describe this piece as fiction or a personal essay?
2. If the entire piece was written as one long paragraph, would it change your reading experience?

**II.** In Turkish, there are different variations in the plural inflection.

|  | Singular | Plural |
| --- | --- | --- |
| Eg. | Adam (man) | Adamlar (men) |
| a. |  | Toplar (guns) |
| b. | Ders (lesson) |  |
| Eg. | Yer (place) | Yerler (places) |
| c. |  | Yollar (roads) |
| d. | Ok (arrow) |  |
| e. |  | Dostlar (friends) |

**II.A. Answer the following question: (5 Marks)**

1. Identify the five missing forms in the table above–3 singular and 2 plural forms.

**III. Answer ANY ONE of the following questions in 100-150 words: (10 Marks)**

1. The difference between derivational and inflectional morphemes are worth emphasising. Using two words from the sentence below, explain the concepts of derivational and inflectional morphemes.

*The penguin’s playfulness amused the spectators.*

1. What are clipping and blending? In what ways are these word formation processes similar? Does this happen in other languages that you are familiar with? Give examples?

**IV. Read this excerpt from the profile of D.J. Solomun, written by Ed Caesar.**

This summer, several people described Solomun to me as the “king of Ibiza.” He professes to hate this appellation, but it has some merit. Since 2013, except for the *covid* pause, he has played at Pacha, the island’s oldest night club, at least twenty Sundays a year. (The parties begin at midnight and run until dawn on Monday.) His residency, called Solomun+1, so dominates the scene that other clubs plan their schedules around it. *Ibiza Spotlight*, a night-life guide, recently called Solomun+1 the “centre of the universe.”

At Can Domingo, Solomun turned to Janson, smiled, and said, in thickly accented English, “Hey, it’s nearly twelve—why aren’t you in Pacha?” Other clubs on the island hire several d.j.s for a single evening, and at larger venues d.j.s play simultaneously in different rooms. With more names on the bill, there is a better chance that clubbers will spot someone they like. Pacha has one main room, and Solomun prefers a simple formula. He believes that dancers yearn to be taken on a musical journey, and that the way to lead them is to create a long, involving set. When Solomun plays, he invites only one other d.j., his “+1”—tonight it would be Janson. The guest plays from midnight until 2:30 *a.m.*, Solomun plays from 2:30 *a.m.* until 5 *a.m.*, and then the pair perform together, or “back-to-back,” for the final two hours, finishing at 7 *a.m*.

Janson had been aware that midnight was approaching, but he wasn’t one to make a fuss. Indeed, he had been chatting pleasantly with Solomun about the insanity of their schedules. The next day, Janson would take three roundabout flights to get to Corsica, for a gig that evening. “I’m a working-class kid,” he said. “I have to work.”

At midnight, a Pacha employee drove Janson away in a van. The other diners were in no rush: Paul Bor, Solomun’s tour manager, who is almost always by his side; a famous German actor; a currency trader from London, who met Solomun on a health retreat; a Croat tech guy who lives in L.A. Typically, Solomun doesn’t arrive at Pacha until nearly 2 *a.m*. When the check arrived, Solomun paid, and everyone returned to their villas to shower and change before the night—or the morning—began in earnest.

**IV.A. Answer the following questions in FIVE to SIX lines. (3x5=15)**

1. How much time do you think Ed Caesar has put into researching and writing this piece? Give two bits of evidence from the piece.
2. Is the phrase “+1” used in the same way throughout the piece? What is your basis for saying so?
3. Does Ed Caesar like his subject? What detail supports your answer?

**V. Respond to the following writing prompt in 150-200 words. (15 Marks)**

1. Sneezing

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