



Register Number:

Date:

**ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS), BANGALORE
I SEMESTER BA/BSc/BSW/BCOM/BBA
END - SEMESTER EXAMINATION OCTOBER 2019
GENERAL ENGLISH – GE 114**

Time: 2 1/2 hours

Max marks: 70

INSTRUCTIONS

- 1. Mention your stream (CS1/CS2/CS3) clearly on your answer script.**
- 2. This paper contains SEVEN printed sides.**
- 3. There are three themes. Choose any one theme and answer questions from the chosen theme only.**
- 4. You will lose marks for exceeding word limits.**
- 5. You are allowed to use a dictionary, during the examination.**

THEME 1

I. Read this short story by Kate Chopin titled *The Story of an Hour*:

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message. She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul. She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought. There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will--as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been. When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under her breath: "free, free, free!" The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial. She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him--sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in the face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

"Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission.

"Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door--you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven's sake open the door."

"Go away. I am not making myself ill." No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Someone was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of the accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

When the doctors came, they said she had died of heart disease--of the joy that kills.

I.A. Answer the following in about five sentences each: (4x5=20)

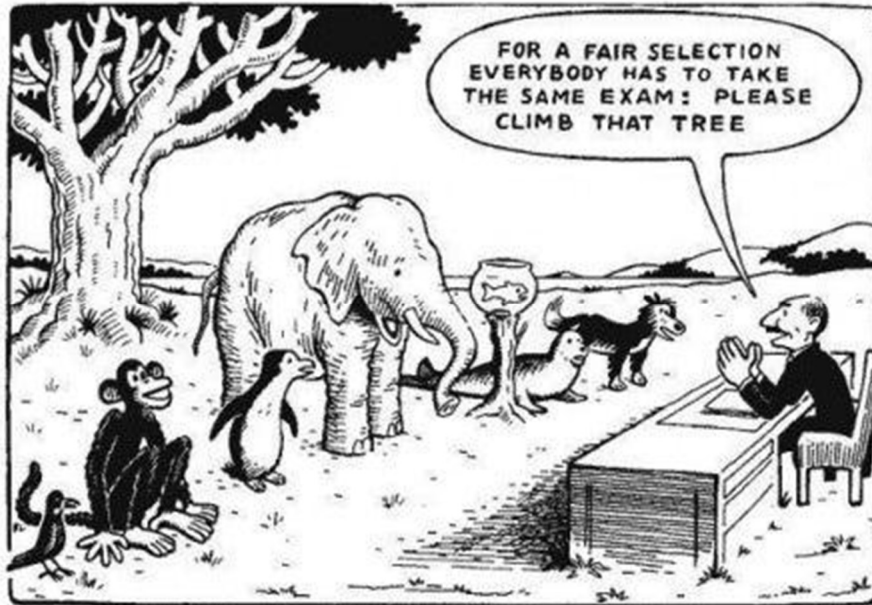
1. What imagery from the above passage is most striking? Why?
2. '*There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory.*' What exactly do you think Mrs. Mallard felt victorious about?
3. Write about an instance when you felt 'monstrous joy'?
4. Comment on the effect the last line lends to your reading experience.

I.B. Based on your reading of the passage answer the following questions in 150 words each: (5x10=50)

1. What questions about Mrs. Mallard does this story leave in your mind?
Elaborate.
2. Why did Mrs. Mallard feel a sense of freedom settle in with the news of her husband's death? Do you see anything wrong with the way she felt?
3. What do you think might have been the thoughts of Mrs. Mallard while she was walking down the stairs and witnessing Mr. Mallard walk in?
4. Suggest an alternative title for the above story. Validate your suggestion.
5. Write an alternative ending to this story and justify why you chose to end it this way?

THEME 2

I. Observe the below image closely:



The speech bubble reads: "For a fair selection everybody has to take the same exam: please climb that tree."

I.A. Answer the following in about five sentences each: (2x5=10)

1. In the above image, who do you think has an unfair advantage in the examination? Why?
2. Given that you are writing an examination now, which animal do you feel like right now from the image? Why?

I.B. Answer the following questions in 150 words: (5X10=50)

1. Do you think the above image makes a fair comment on today's education system?
2. Why do you think the artist has used a human instructor and animals as candidates in the above cartoon?
3. Write about the happenings in your exam hall right now as if it were a sports commentary.
4. What is the last day of examination like? What are you going to do on the last day of these exams?

5. Do you miss receiving report cards? What are some memories you have of the same?

II. "If a young man has trained his muscles and physical endurance by gymnastics and walking, he will later be fitted for every physical work. This is also analogous to the training of the mind and of the mental and manual skill. Thus, the wit was not wrong who defined education in this way: Education is that which remains, after one has forgotten what he learned in school."- **Dr. Albert Einstein.**

II.A. Answer the following questions based on the given quote in 150 words each: (1x10=10)

1. What according to you is 'training of the mind'? What from school that you learnt would you say was training of the mind? Has it stayed with you?

THEME 3

I. Read the poem titled *Father Returning Home* by Dilip Chitre:

My father travels on the late evening train
Standing among silent commuters in the yellow light
Suburbs slide past his unseeing eyes
His shirt and pants are soggy and his black raincoat
Stained with mud and his bag stuffed with books
is falling apart. His eyes dimmed by age
fade homeward through the humid monsoon night.
Now I can see him getting off the train
Like a word dropped from a long sentence.
He hurries across the length of the grey platform,
Crosses the railway line, enters the lane,
His chappals are sticky with mud, but he hurries onward.

Home again, I see him drinking weak tea,
eating a stale chapati, reading a book.
He goes into the toilet to contemplate
Man's estrangement from a man-made world.
Coming out he trembles at the sink,
The cold water running over his brown hands,
A few droplets cling to the greying hairs on his wrists.
His sullen children have often refused to share
jokes and secrets with him. He will now go to sleep
Listening to the static on the radio, dreaming

Of his ancestors and grandchildren, thinking
of nomads entering a subcontinent through a narrow pass.

**I.A. Answer any FOUR of the following questions in about five sentences each:
(4x5=20)**

1. What words in the poem suggest old age? Which word evokes this the most sharply? Why?
2. Do you agree that bathrooms are a great place for contemplation?
3. *'He will now go to sleep Listening to the static on the radio...'* What does this tell you about the father? What is your experience with the static?
*static – crackling or hissing noises on the radio or television.
4. Look up the word irony. Explain how this plays out the poem.
5. Have you shared a joke with your parent and regretted it?

I.B. Answer the following questions in 150 words each: (4x10=40)

1. *'Now I can see him getting off the train, like a word dropped from a long sentence.'* This is an example of a simile. Look up what a simile means? Discuss how this simile brings home the personality of the father?
2. *'His sullen children have often refused to share jokes and secrets with him.'* Why do you think they don't tell him their jokes and secrets? What do you gather from this about their relationship?
3. Does the title *Father Returning Home* do justice to the poem? How does the last line add meaning to the title?
4. What is your sense of home?

II. Observe the given image:



II. A. Answer any ONE of the following questions in 150 words: (1x10=10)

1. Do you think the person in the above image is lonely? Give reasons for your answer.
 2. The above image amongst other things is an example for wordplay. Are there examples of wordplay in your mother tongue that you can give, from stories, television or films?
- *Wordplay – a witty exploitation on the meanings and ambiguities of words.