

S. Number of Question Paper answered	:	
Unique Paper Code	:	62031105
Name of Course	:	B. A. Programme
Name of Paper	:	English Language Through Literature
Semester	:	I (2019 Admissions and after)
Maximum Marks	:	75
Duration	:	3 + 1 hours (one hour reserved for downloading of question paper, scanning and uploading of answer sheets)

The paper contains 3 unseen passages. **Students will attempt any THREE out of SIX questions.**

Questions 1 and 2 are based on passage 1.

Questions 3 and 4 are based on passage 2.

Questions 5 and 6 are based on passage 3.

All questions carry equal marks (25 marks).

Passage 1:

In the beginning, for a long time, we did not get any news of Mother or Father... We were young and were roused and excited by the arrests made by the government as well as by the general unrest. Living alone without our parents, we felt that we were also doing something toward the attainment of the country's freedom. So we weren't very upset or worried... But our parents were cut off from the dailiness of life, incarcerated within the high walls of jail and without news of the movement outside or of their children, whom they'd left alone...

After a few weeks we received letters from Mother and Father. Both of them said that they were well over there and we were not to worry about them. I was the eldest so I was told to take care of my brothers and they were instructed to obey me. From the letter we gathered that they were still in the Jabalpur jail... This was the first time that I, a completely inexperienced callow girl, had had the responsibility of managing the house...

In the individual satyagraha program of 1941, Mother had been the only female political prisoner, but this time there were many women with her. All the female political prisoners from Madhya Pradesh were in the Jabalpur Central Jail. There were only two women in the A class category. Jannalal Bajaj's daughter, Om, and his eldest daughter-in-law, Savitri Bajaj. In the B class there were many other women along with Mother; there were at least twenty to twenty-five women from Wardha Mahilashram... There were some women with young children in the C class... One such C class prisoner told the story of her arrest to Mother. Her husband had been arrested in August as soon as the movement had begun. She and her two children were left without any resources. Police repression was at its most brutal, so the neighbors not only did not help her, they were scared even to talk to her. She had no close

relatives...This illiterate and destitute woman could see no support in the whole wide world for her and could think of no means to feed her two children. She then began, very deliberately, in full view of a policeman, to hammer at a letter box with a stone. She was immediately jailed along with her children. This was her objective, because here she was secure and her children would be fed...

For the entire conglomeration of imprisoned freedom fighters this categorization of A, B, and C was not just a classification imposed by the state. It was a division that their own hearts and minds responded to and accepted...

Meals for the Mahilashram women came together and invariably a little would be left over, which was sent back. There were one or two pregnant women in the C class who found their food unpalatable. Mother then suggested that instead of sending the B class food back, it could be given to these women instead. How could the women who had taken a vow of truthfulness do something that was illegal! As a result of this, Mother had to give them something out of her own meal. The jail authorities were generally annoyed with her behavior and would punish her when they pleased by not allowing her to write or receive letters.

Once the matron locked some C class women out of their barracks as a punishment and went away. Mother...went to the women from the Mahilashram. They had long strips of jute on which they sat to spin the charka and in the evening these strips were used for prayers and the singing of hymns. Mother asked them to give these jute strips to the women, who could use them to lie on the floor. But...Would it not be a danger to truth and ahimsa to violate the law and provide beds for them? So the other women refused. Disappointed, Mother gave away a dhurrie and a blanket from her own bed and had to bear the brunt of the anger of the jail authorities for this crime...

Q1. This question has two subparts, A+B. Both have to be answered:

A. In passage 1, why do the jailed women refuse to break the jail rules on the writer's mother's request? Is the writer's mother's anger justified? Write a reasoned answer in about 250-300 words with reference to the events and conversations described in passage 1. (10 marks)

B. Imagine you are the mother of the writer of the biographical note in passage 1. Write an informal letter in 350-500 words to your daughter, describing to her your experiences in women's jail. (15 marks)

Q2. This question has two subparts, A+B. Both have to be answered:

A. How does the writer of passage 1 feel about her mother? Based on an analysis of the writer's attitude towards her mother, from the way in which she describes her mother's personality, her interactions with others and so on, write an answer in 250-300 words. (10 marks)

B. Imagine that you are one of the jail inmates from Mahilashram described in passage 1. Write a diary entry describing the day you had an argument with the mother of the writer, where you refused to give your 'jute strip' or jute *chathaai* to the women of category C. Examine the writer's descriptions of the Mahilashram closely to write an entry in 350-500 words. (15 marks)

Passage 2:

I am silver and exact. I have no preconceptions.
Whatever I see I swallow immediately
Just as it is, unmisted by love or dislike.
I am not cruel, only truthful,
The eye of a little god, four-cornered.
Most of the time I meditate on the opposite wall.
It is pink, with speckles. I have looked at it so long
I think it is part of my heart. But it flickers.
Faces and darkness separate us over and over.

Now I am a lake. A woman bends over me,
Searching my reaches for what she really is.
Then she turns to those liars, the candles or the moon.
I see her back, and reflect it faithfully.
She rewards me with tears and an agitation of hands.
I am important to her. She comes and goes.
Each morning it is her face that replaces the darkness.
In me she has drowned a young girl, and in me an old woman
Rises toward her day after day, like a terrible fish.

Q3. This question has two subparts, A+B. Both have to be answered:

A. In the poem in passage 2, who is 'I'? Why does 'I' compare themselves to a 'little God' and later, a lake? What is the significance of these metaphors? Write a reasoned answer in 250-300 words. (10 marks)

B. Paraphrase the poem in passage 2 in 350-500 words. (15 marks)

Q4. This question has two subparts, A+B. Both have to be answered:

A. In the poem in passage 2, what is the relationship between the speaking voice and the woman described in the second stanza? How does the speaking voice impact the life of this woman? Write a reasoned answer in 250-300 words. (10 marks)

B. Imagine you are the woman described in the poem (passage 2), and have by now overcome your desire to conform to societal notions about female beauty. Write a personal essay (in 350-500 words) outlining how your earlier obsession with your appearance affected you mentally and physically, and how you have now overcome it. (15 marks)

Passage 3:

There was nothing special about her face... But on the very first day, when Sultana alighted from the rickshaw, entered her doorway, and saw Shyamali sitting in front of the servant's quarters, she felt there was something worth looking at again and again. Shyamali noticed Sultana, but instead of folding her hands in a respectful greeting, she only looked up and smiled briefly...

Coming in from the gate, her mind went back to many things she had heard in her childhood. Those low-born women—they were unreliable, she had always been told. She thought of the stories she had heard from her grandmother about girls bought during a famine who ran off with some man the moment they got enough to eat. These women picked up husbands and dropped them with equal ease. They had no feelings about such things...

One evening, three or four days later, when Sultana returned from the college where she taught, and was looking through her mail, she heard the sounds of laughter outside. It sounded like Shyamali. Quietly, she opened the bathroom window. Sultana's young daughter was chasing Shyamali around. Shyamali ran into her little room and shouted, "Enough for now!...Now I must cook, dear child. We'll play tomorrow." The servants and others from the neighborhood stood around laughing...

The child sat on a brick while Shyamali arranged a few cow dung cakes in the stove and began to blow into it. Sultana closed the window. Shyamali's unrestrained, innocent laughter and vitality pleased her. Still, had those office attendants and watchmen not been standing around, it would have been better. Under the eyes of so many males to be a...Of course Shyamali had not even glanced in the direction of any one of them. Still, it may have been a bit of wantonness. But was it wantonness?...

Sultana...began to think of questions she would like to ask Shyamali. Shyamali sat down and, in answer to Sultana's questions, told her that her husband was dead and that she worked in the yellow bungalow next door as a nursemaid for the Major Sahib's child. As she mentioned the child, she laughed with great affection once or twice, and it was evident that she loved him.

The cook brought the chillies and stood looking intently at Shyamali, but she took the chillies without even a glance in his direction. He nodded at Sultana in greeting and went out without speaking. Later, after Shyamali had gone, the cook observed, "Begum Sahib, you should not allow that woman into the house again."

"Hmm. You go and take care of your work," Sultana said, a little put out.

But the old servant, who had spent sufficient years with the family to establish some authority, was not prepared to give in so easily. He continued, “That one has left her husband. She has run away from her home...

She was startled out of her thoughts. The cook was saying, “She has left her man and run away. Ram Avatar—poor fellow—is of a respectable caste. He is a Rajput Thakur. And she is a low-caste woman. She must have drugged him.”

Sultana was annoyed. “Don’t talk rot. You just have to hear one thing to start your gossip off. Go. That’s enough of your stuff.” The cook picked up the basket of chillies and left, muttering. Sultana could dismiss him, but not the thoughts he had left with her. She had to admit that she was shocked by the cook’s tale. Why had Shyamali done such a thing? She had left her husband, run away from home, and worse, was here having an affair with Ram Avatar. Well, be that as it may. She had also lied to Sultana. She had said her husband was dead. Why did she have to do that? She should have trusted Sultana to understand. Perhaps these women of low birth—no, no—what difference did it make whether the caste was high or low?

Q. 5. This question has two subparts, A+B. Both have to be answered:

A. In passage 3, why does the cook speak ill of Shyamali in front of Sultana? Do you think his views about Shyamali are justified? Write your answer in 250-300 words based on a close analysis of the text. (10 marks)

B. Rewrite the short story (in passage 3) from Shyamali’s perspective in 350-500 words. (To build your narrative, you can focus on those portions of the original story that deal with Shyamali’s actions and her interactions with other characters.) (15 marks)

Q. 6. This question has two subparts, A+B. Both have to be answered:

A. In passage 3, Sultana is a college teacher. She believes she doesn’t discriminate against people on the basis of class, caste, and sex. Do you think her views about herself are supported by the narrative (analyze descriptions of her interactions with other characters, her thoughts about them, etc)? Write a reasoned answer in 250-300 words. (10 marks)

B. Imagine that after the events described in the story (in passage 3), Sultana and Shyamali have a conversation, and Sultana shares what the cook told her about Shyamali. Draft that conversation in the form of a dialogue – keeping in mind the personal details, personality traits, and speaking styles of the two characters that can be gleaned from the short story. (There should be about 15 dialogues per character – 30 dialogues in all). (15 marks)