

[This question paper contains 12 printed pages.]

Your Roll No.....

Sr. No. of Question Paper : 6112

H

Unique Paper Code : 2035001004

Name of the Paper : English Language Through Literature

Name of the Course : **Common Programme Group : G.E. English**

Semester : II

Duration : 3 Hours

Maximum Marks : 90

Instructions for Candidates

1. Write your Roll No. on the top immediately on receipt of this question paper.
2. This question paper contains 3 unseen passages and questions based on them.
3. The questions are in two parts, A and B, both of which are compulsory. Students will attempt any **THREE** out of five questions from each part.
4. Answers for **Part A** are to be written in **250-300** words and for **Part B** in **350-500** words.

P.T.O.

Passage 1

"But the lie is all up to you," Velu would tell them. "It is more personal, it is yours. You imagine it, carefully create it, until you believe in it, and then you make someone else believe in it, immediately establishing your superiority over him, because he now thinks what you want him to think. His reality is what you have painted for him. When you tell the truth you are just a messenger carrying what is given to you, but when you lie, you are a creator, a god even. In your believers you have created followers of a different reality, one of your own making."

Barber Sureshan would often look like he might fall at Velu's feet, but he limited himself to expressing his admiration by applying soap gently on the great liar's cheeks. Sureshan's motions upon the face and head of his customers betrayed his opinion of them. If he loved and respected his customer – as he did Velu – he would touch his face with gentle, subservient care, like a loving concubine. If he disliked the customer, positively hated him, he would shove the head around like a jackfruit on the market floor. In the way he placed blade on cheek, in the incessant song of his scissors, and in the language of his long and old fingers, Sureshan expressed his feelings for the people of Karuthupuzha.

Like all artists, Velu took his art very seriously. Lying came with its ethics and guidelines and codes of creation. So he never lied as a means to an end. Indeed, he was very serious about that. He would tell his friends: "But then, you don't lie for any purpose other than the thrilling, liberating feeling of it. If a magician wants he can put a goldsmith in a trance and take away all the gold. But he never does. If he did that, he would never be a great magician. Likewise, a true liar will not, cannot, use his lie to manipulate anyone, be it for good or bad."

There was often a curious side-effect to Velu's art. Sometimes when he created a beautiful new lie for the benefit of his listeners – the mostly clueless innocents of Karuthupuzha – he told the truth in his sleep. The moment his mind dipped into the featureless embrace of a deep slumber, his lips began to move. He spoke in a language not everyone could understand. The words stuck to each other like overcooked rice. But someone really close to him could understand him. Someone who had been by his side when he was asleep. So even his friends at the barber shop knew not of this side-effect. Only the two women in Velu's life had ever known and understood it.

When he was a little boy, Velu's mother understood it. She often sat up looking at a smiling moon among the clouds, deciphering his mumbled truths. For a while she worried over Velu's habit of lying, but soon she realized it was harmless. She understood he lied never for benefit, never to escape anything, but only as a means to vent his creativity, the way poets write poetry or painters paint pictures. She even felt a little proud. At night she listened to his truths: his confession that he really hadn't been to a rich, foreign country that was an island floating above the clouds. She kissed him when he vaguely articulated that he really hadn't seen their cow give birth because his mother had forbidden him to look. She sometimes had mild ethical conflicts when he sleep-talked about how he had made Rajan, his math teacher, believe that his parents were foster parents. He had apparently also convinced his teacher to keep this fact a secret.

As a young man, Velu replaced his long-dead mother with Kamala, his wife, who often sat up in bed after being woken up suddenly by his mumbling. Kamala was the smart, intelligent daughter of Sukumaran the constable. Under the same smiling moon, she heard the truths he was compelled to spill out, the realities behind the little tales he had created for Eeppachan Mothalali, his boss for whom he drove a white

Ambassador car. Kamala heard out his truths with the same curiosity she had for them on their first night of marriage, when she hardly understood the garbled sleep-talk. But even later, when she began to understand, she never taunted him. Like his mother, she sensed he had an absolute and uncontrollable need for lying. (752 words)

Passage 2.

NANI: This is not a saree, it's an odhni.

NANA: Maybe it is. (He puts it back)

NANI: I never wore this saree... I thought... when Dinoo gets married, our bahu will wear this...

NANA: She'll wear it, she'll wear it! Of course she'll wear it! Dinoo and our bahu, keep thinking about it!

NANI: She will wear it! Let Dinoo get here. This time I will not let him return without getting married. We will definitely have a bahu in this house now... she'll wash my hair, comb my hair... I can't go on like this at this age, everything by myself...

NANA: No, no, you can't manage by yourself. How can you? When there's Nana there?

NANI: For what?

NANA: For washing your hair, for combing it, of course.

NANI: There you go! Just once, it was my mistake, I let you soap my hair, and you'll go on about it like a stuck record. Listening to you my hair will start dropping!

NANA: They'll drop, let them drop! I'm there to rub oil on your head. But listen, before you lose your hair, get your son fixed up.

NANI: Of course I'll get him fixed up, as if I'll let him off. We'll also have to get a bigger flat then.

NANA: Yes, yes, we'll get everything, but let Dinoo get here from America first.

NANI: He'll come. Aaye bina how can he... he must come.

NANA: But when? It's eight years already. I don't know -

NANI: Of course he'll come. Don't go on getting muddled about it. What else can he do? What does he have there? Who will look after him there? What is there in America?

NANA: What is the point in your blabbering about this to me? You should ask him, ask Dinoo these questions.

NANI: (A change of tone) All this is because of you after all.

NANA: Stop putting the blame on my head again and again.

NANI: Why not? You are the one who sent him off to America.

NANA: What do you mean sent him off? I didn't ask him to stay there forever, did I?

NANI: I ask you what was the need to send him in the first place? He became an engineer here. Who was dying to be educated there?

NANA: Arrey, but what crime did I -

NANI: Now, please -Chup. He had a good job here, no? You got him to give it up and you sent him off so far.

NANA: And why? So that when he got back from there and he lands a nice job, he will be well off.. and buy a car, and get a bungalow, and -

NANI: Its your more and more that did it. Satyanash! Once this more and more demon raises its head there is no end to its craving. There must be some dignity in things, no? Having happiness from less, and not more? Your more and more, eight years have passed already! He is still there making more and more money, no sign of him here.

NANA: God knows if he has got himself a wife there...

NANI: Now don't start mouthing such inauspicious thoughts. He is not someone to do something like that. Even if he does marry there it doesn't matter. As long as our bahu is one of us.

Madhu enters wiping his hands on his pants. He goes out by the front door. Nani and Nana watch him go.

NANA: This man has true bliss. Does his work, fills his belly. Not a worry in his life ... not like us.

NANI: There's going to be a baby in the house - his house.
(612 words)

Passage 3

Words

All round me are words, and words and words,
They grow on me like leaves, they never
Seem to stop their slow growing
From within... But I tell myself, words
Are a nuisance, beware of them, they
Can be so many things, a
Chasm where running feet must pause, to
Look, a sea with paralyzing waves,
A blast of burning air or,
A knife most willing to cut your best

Friend's throat... Words are a nuisance, but.
They grow on me like leaves on a tree,
They never seem to stop their coming,
From a silence, somewhere deep within ...

(387 words)

Questions

Part A

All questions carry 10 marks each. Attempt any 3 questions out of 5. Answers for all **Part A** questions are to be written in **250-300** words.

Questions 1 and 2 are based on **passage 1**.

Questions 3 and 4 are based on **passage 2**.

Question 5 is based on **passage 3**.

1. How would barber Sureshan show his admiration for Velu?
2. What was the side-effect of Velu's art?

3. In the play, why does Nani blame Nana for the son's absence?
4. What kind of relationship do Nani and Nana share? Is their dialogue full of bitterness or is it a playful exchange?
5. In the poem what effect has the repetition of "words" have in the first line?

Part B

All questions carry 20 marks each. Attempt any 3 questions out of 5. Answers for all **Part B** questions are to be written in 250-300 words.

Question 6 is based on **passage 1**.

Questions 7 and 8 are based on **passage 2**.

Questions 9 and 10 are based on **passage 3**.

6. Why is lying described as an art in the passage? How is lying different from truth? What are the ethics of lying?
7. Explain how lying for Velu is the means of asserting superiority. However, there is a weak side to Velu. What is it?

8. There are no grandchildren in the play yet the characters are referred to as Nana and Nani. What does this reflect about the situation? Why is Madhu described as having bliss?
9. Imagine you are either Nani or Nana. Write a letter to your son convincing him to return to India for good.
10. What are the metaphors used to describe words in the poem? Describe the negative potential of these metaphors.