[This question paper contains 16 printed pages.]

Your Roll No.....

Sr. No. of Question Paper : 5919 **H**

Unique Paper Code : 2035002001

Name of the Paper : English Language Through Literature

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

Semester : IV

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 **2** parts. **Both** parts are compulsory.
3. Candidates have to answer **ANY THREE** the questions in **Part A** and **ANY THREE** questions in **Part B.**
4. Questions in **Part A** carry **10** marks each and questions in **Part B** carry **20** marks each.

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Passage 1

When Russian bombs struck Ukraine two years ago, Valeria Shashenok, a twenty-year-old aspiring fashion photographer, took cover with her parents in a basement in Chemihiv, a city north of Kyiv. They waited, restless and anxious, as Russian forces laid siege. In an effort to take her mind off things, Valeria made a series of TikTok videos, including a bomb-shelter riff on the "things that just make sense" trend, in which users share their lives' mundane absurdities. She documented details of her life in the bunker—preparing meals on a hot plate, making coffee with a blowtorch—and on forays outside she filmed destroyed buildings and blast pits. Valeria channelled her anger into deadpan: an eye roll, a bewildered hand flick, a "what gives" headshake. In the early weeks of the war, Ukrainians found salve in dark absurdist humour. Her videos went viral; one amassed more than twenty million views in just three days. A week later, she decided to leave Ukraine and to join millions of other people fleeing the war.

When the documentarian Nicola Fegg came across Valeria's videos, she found them "completely charming—and also really weird," Fegg told me. "I couldn't understand where her humour was coming from." With that question, Fegg's documentary "Following Valeria" was set in motion. Fegg then tagged along as Valeria travelled across Europe, finding temporary homes in Berlin, Milan, and a village outside of Nuremberg, all the while continuing to document her life on TikTok. She never lost her sense of wry amusement at the whole situation, at one point comparing her pilgrimage to "Keeping Up with the Kardashians."

Before the war, Valeria had used her TikTok account to promote herself as a commercial photographer. But soon she was using her social-media fame to take part in the war effort in a small but palpable way, by reaching viewers who watched events from afar. She began promoting a humanitarian organisation in Chemihiv, and she was able to send financial help to her uncle, who had been injured in a bombing raid. His son, Valeria's cousin, had died. Valeria told me

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that it was her ability to ask strangers for donations for Ukraine and to see funds arrive "at lightning speed" that brought home for her what her new platform might mean. "I was, like, 'Gee, no way!'" she recalled.

Many of the film's scenes unfold to the rhythm of a speeding train or a rolling suitcase, as Valeria, cell phone in hand, watches the scenery rush by, wanders unfamiliar streets, and joins a pro- Ukraine rally in a public square. She borrowed a jacket for a State of the Union address at the European Commission after a special invitation was extended to her and a handful of other social- media personalities. Fegg told me that it was "this stretch, between being an influencer and being a refugee" that she found the most interesting as a filmmaker. "It held so much tension that I wanted to portray who she was as a person."

Valeria was born in 2001, ten years after Ukraine gained independence from Russia, and, until the full-scale invasion, the country's fraught, volatile politics had given her and her generation a cynical outlook. "To me, politics is a dirty word," she told me. "But

then again, with the war, now anything we touch is politics." She was clear-eyed about the currents of trauma voyeurism and information warfare that had buoyed her early posts from Chemihiv. "The people who reposted my videos—they were using me to get clicks, but I was using them, too," she told me. "I realized that I can, say serious things, and that I reached people. There were many people who wanted to listen to a young girl and not some serious guy in parliament."

One telling scene in the film takes place in Germany, where Valeria sits on a bedroom floor struggling to record her answers to a list of interview questions about Ukraine; far from home, she is waging a fight of her own, searching for a voice. She finds it absurd that online trolls accuse her of using the invasion to get famous; she'd rather there never were a war in the first place. One of her favourite historical figures, she told me, is Margaret Thatcher: "They tried to blow her up, but she strode out of the room and went, 'Hah! Not so fast! ' I just love it. A real woman." Valeria has since returned to Ukraine, and she is still posting.

(747 words)

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Passage 2

I had halted on the road. As soon as I saw the elephant I knew with perfect certainty that I ought not to shoot him. It is a serious matter to shoot a working elephant—it is comparable to destroying a huge and costly piece of machinery—and obviously one ought not to do it if it can possibly be avoided. And at that distance, watching the animal peacefully eating, I thought then and I think now that his attack of 'must' was already passing off; in which case he would merely wander harmlessly about until the mahout came back and caught him. Moreover, I did not in the least want to shoot him. I decided that I would watch him for a little while to make sure that he did not turn savage again, and then go home.

But at that moment I glanced round at the crowd that had followed me. It was an immense crowd, two thousand at least and growing every minute. It blocked the road for a long distance on either side. I looked at the sea of yellow faces above the garish clothes—faces all happy and excited over this bit of fun, all

certain that the elephant was going to be shot. They were watching me as they would watch a conjurer about to perform a trick. They did not like me, but with the magical rifle in my hands I was momentarily worth watching. And suddenly I realized that I should have to shoot the elephant after all. The people expected it of me and I had got to do it; I could feel their two thousand wills pressing me forward, irresistibly. And it was at this moment, as I stood there with the rifle in my hands, that I first grasped the hollowness, the futility of the white man's dominion in the East. Here was I, the white man with his gun, standing in front of the unarmed native crowd—seemingly the leading actor of the piece; but in reality I was only an absurd puppet pushed to and fro by the will of those yellow faces behind. I perceived in this moment that when the white man turns tyrant it is his own freedom that he destroys. He becomes a sort of hollow, posing dummy, the conventionalized figure of a sahib. For it is the condition of his rule that he shall spend his life in trying to impress the "natives," and so in every crisis he has got to do what the "natives" expect of him. He wears a mask, and his face grows

to fit it. I had got to shoot the elephant. I had committed myself to doing it when I sent for the rifle. A sahib has got to act like a sahib; he has got to appear resolute, to know his own mind and do definite things. To come all that way, rifle in hand, with two thousand people marching at my heels, and then to trail feebly away, having done nothing-no, that was impossible. The crowd would laugh at me. And my whole life, every white man's life in the East, was one long struggle not to be laughed at.

But I did not want to shoot the elephant. I watched him beating the bunch of grass against his knees, with that preoccupied grandmotherly air that elephants have. It seemed to me that it would be murder to shoot him. At that age, I was not squeamish about killing animals, but I had never shot an elephant and never wanted to. (Somehow it always seems worse to kill a large animal.) Besides, there was the beast's owner to be considered. Alive, the elephant was worth at least a hundred pounds; dead, he would only be worth the value of his tusks, five pounds, possibly. But I had got to act quickly. I turned to some

experienced-looking Burmans who had been there when we arrived, and asked them how the elephant had been behaving. They all said the same thing; he took no notice of you if you left him alone, but he might charge if you went too close to him.

It was perfectly clear to me what I ought to do. I ought to walk up to within, say, twenty-five yards of the elephant and test his behavior. If he charged, I could shoot; if he took no notice of me, it would be safe to leave him until the mahout came back.

(751 words)

Passage 3

In the ordinary way of things, when people say that they are giving up, they are usually referring to something like smoking, or alcohol, or chocolate, or any of the other anaesthetic pleasures of everyday life: they are not, on the whole, talking about suicide (though people do tend to want to give up only their supposedly self-harming habits). Giving up certain things may be good for us, and yet the idea of someone just giving up is never appealing. Like alcoholics

who need everybody to drink, there tends to be a determined cultural consensus that life is, and has to be, worth living (if not, of course, actually sacred).

There are, to put it as simply as possible, what turn out to be good and bad sacrifices (and sacrifice creates the illusion – or reassures us – that we can choose our losses). There is the giving up that we can admire and aspire to, and the giving up that profoundly unsettles us. What, for example, does real hope or real despair require us to relinquish? What exactly do we imagine we are doing when we give something up? There is an essential and far-reaching ambiguity to this simple idea. We give things up when we believe we can change; we give up when we believe we can't.

All the new thinking, like all the old thinking, is about sacrifice, about what we should give up to get the lives we should want. For our health, for our planet, for our emotional and moral wellbeing - and, indeed, for the profits of the rich – we are asked to give up a great deal now. But alongside this orgy of improving self-sacrifices – or perhaps underlying it – there is a

despair and terror of just wanting to give up. A need to keep at bay the sense that life may not be worth the struggle, the struggle that religions and therapies and education, and entertainment, and commodities, and the arts in general are there to help us with. For more and more people now it seems that it is their hatred and their prejudice and their scapegoating that actually keeps them going. As though we are tempted more than ever by what Nietzsche once called "a will to nothingness, a counter-willan aversion to life, a rebellion against the most fundamental presuppositions of life".

Giving up is always sacrificing something in the service of something deemed to be better. The question, whenever we want to do anything, whenever we make a choice, is unavoidably: what will we have to give up? Choice is, by definition, exclusionary, and reveals preference. There is always some imaginary exchange at work; something is given up with a view to something being given back. Whether we are giving up on confidence, or on free speech, or on sociability, or on wanting, or on meaning, or on life itself, it is, as

it were, the return we have in mind, however unconscious we are of the deal being brokered. What we want from any given sacrifice is always worth discussing. Sacrifice and its discontents is what there is to talk about. Giving up, or giving up on, anything or anyone always exposes that we take what we wish to.

So giving up, in its myriad forms, we need to remember, whatever else it is, is a gift-giving (and it is always up and never down, as though to some higher authority). To give something up is to seek your own assumed advantage, your apparently preferred pleasure, but in an economy that we mostly can't comprehend, or, like all economies, predict. As though at certain moments in our lives we are given the order "Give up!" or "Give it up!", and so begins an obscure kind of wishing and hoping and bargaining.

We calculate, in so far as we can, the effect of our sacrifice, the future we want from it (it is never clear, for example, whether a sacrifice is a plea or a coercion or both, a manipulation or a forlorn surrender or both). As though at certain points in our lives we

are asking what we have to do to get through to certain people, or to get through to ourselves: to get through to the life we want. We are asking what we are going to have to lose to gain what we think we want. These are sometimes the moves, of course, of an omniscient animal who claims he can know what he wants, and for whom knowing his wants, and having good ideas about how he may gratify them, is the only thing he can imagine doing. Sacrifice, giving up, is a form of prediction. (780 words)

Questions:

PART-A

Answer **any 3** of the following in about 250-300 words: (3×10=30)

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 did Valeria cope with the war-torn situation? What type of content did she create during the siege? (10)

2. What themes emerge in Valeria's story as she navigates the challenges of war and displacement? In what ways does Valeria's experience challenge stereotypes and misconceptions about refugees and migrants? (10)

3. What rationale does the speaker offer to not shoot the elephant? (10)

4. What does the speaker mean by 'the futility of the white man's dominion in the East'. (10)

5. What kinds of 'giving up', are discussed in Passage 3? (10)

PART-B

Answer **any 3** of the following in about 300-350 words: (3×20=60)

Questions **6** and **7** are based on **passage 1**;
Question **8** is based on **passage 2**;
Questions **9** and **10** are based on **passage 3**.

6. Imagine you are Valeria Shashenok from passage 1, who is now back in Ukraine. Write a letter in 350 words to a friend reflecting on the psychological impact of living through a war and your quest for survival as a young woman and a social media personality. (20)

7. passage 1 talks about the portrayal of personal trauma and crisis on social media platforms. Write a feature article on the use of social media platforms as tools for activism and awareness in times of conflict in 300-350 words. (20)

8. Imagine yourself to be a reporter, and conduct an interview of one of the natives, who has witnessed the entire incident, to understand his perspective on why the elephant must be shot. Write about 20 questions with appropriate answers. (20)

9. Summarise Passage 3. (20)

10. (a) Create a dialogue between your friend and yourself sharing details of a bad habit that you gave up recently. Write 15 turns of dialogue. (15)

(b) Use the MLA citation style convention and re-write the following : (5)

(i) Random House, 2017. Wingate, Lisa. *Before We Were Yours.*

(ii) Sabat, Yaika. *BookRiot,* Riot New Media Group, 22 Nov. 2017, bookriot.com/puerto-rican-writers/. "Puerto Rican Writers, Poets, and Essayists."

(iii) Brundan, Katy. *Criticism*, vol. 61, no. 3, summer 2019, pp. 285-310. "What We Can Learn From the Philologist in Fiction."

(iv) "Sending Mom and Dad Off to College for the Day." *Los Angeles Times,* 11 Feb. 2020, pp. B1-B2.Larry, Gordon.

(v) Leroux, Marcel. Springer, 2005. *Global Warming: Myth or Reality?: The Erring Ways of Climatology.*