

[This question paper contains 12 printed pages.]

Your Roll No.....

Sr. No. of Question Paper : 4093

A

Unique Paper Code : 62031901

Name of the Paper : English Language Through  
Literature

Name of the Course : B.A. Programme (LOCF)

Semester : IV

Duration : 3 hours 30 mins Maximum Marks : 75

**Instructions for Candidates**

1. Write your Roll No. on the top immediately on receipt of this question paper.
2. The paper contains 3 unseen texts.
3. Students will attempt any **THREE** out of **FIVE** questions in **Part A** and **THREE** out of **FIVE** questions in **Part B**.
4. Both parts **A+B** have to be answered.

P.T.O.

**Passage 1 (750 words)**

But it was the same story at school, though. They always spoke in a bad way about people of our caste. If ever anything bad happened, they would say immediately, and without hesitation, "It must be one of the Cheri-children who did it. "About three quarters of the children in the school were Pallar and Parayar. All the same, the priests had built the school in the Nadar Street. The church too, was in the same street; so was the priests' house. Everyone seemed to think Harijan children were contemptible. But they didn't hesitate to use us for cheap labour. So we carried water to the teacher's house; we watered the plants. We did all the chores that were needed about the school.

Then I was in the seventh class. Every day, after school, I would play with the other children of our street before going home in the evening. There were two or three children who are related to me, and other boys and girls who always played together as a group.

One day, we were playing on the big neem tree in front of the school, hanging like bats, upside down from its branches. After a while, we started on another

game running right up the coconut palm and touching its tip. The coconut palm grew slantwise, at a convenient angle. If you came running along from a distance, at top speed, you could reach right to its tip and touch the coconut growing there. Spurred on by the excitement of the first few who managed to touch the coconut, those who came later, grabbed it and gave it a twist before climbing down. By the time I got there, the coconut fell at my touch, dropping with a thud. It wasn't even a fully ripened coconut, just a green one, without so much as water in it. All the children were frightened and ready to scatter. Everyone said that it was I who had plucked it. Then we just left it there and ran home. The next morning at assembly, the headmaster called out my name. "You have shown us your true nature as a Paraya," he said. 'You climbed the coconut tree yesterday after everybody else had gone home, and you stole a coconut. We cannot allow you inside this school. Stand outside." I was in agony because I had been shamed and insulted in front of all the children.

The headmaster was of the Chaaliyar caste. At that time, there was a battle going on between the Chaaliyar people and us, about the cemetery. All the children eyed me in a strange way and walked off to



their classes. I was in such shock and pain, I didn't know what to do. Then a teacher who lived along our street came by and advised me to go to the priest, tell him everything, and bring a letter from him to the headmaster. I went to the priest and told him the whole story in detail, and begged him to give me permission to go back to school. The priest's first response was to say, "After all, you are from the Cheri. You might have done it. You must have done it." The tears started welling up in my eyes, and I wept.

After a long time, the priest wrote a note asking that I should be allowed to return to the school. When I took it to the headmaster, he abused me roundly, using every bad word that came to his mouth, and then told me to go to my classroom. When I entered the classroom, the entire class turned around to look at me, and I wanted to shrink into myself as I went and sat on my bench, still weeping.

I studied up to the eighth class in my village, and then went on to high school in a neighbouring town. I was very surprised when I saw the school there, the children who attended it and the clothes they wore. I felt very shy and almost fearful. It felt good just to

climb the stairs and to walk into the classrooms upstairs, in such a big school. But I got used to it soon enough. And I also began to work at my studies eagerly. The children living in the hostel who were the same age as me wore smart clothes and possessed all sorts of finery like jewels and wrist-watches. I thought to myself that they were, in all probability, from upper-caste families.

**Passage 2 (444 words)**

SARITA : I'm planning something.

KAKASAHEB : What? A party?

SARITA : A Press Conference.

KAKASAHEB : A Press Conference? What, you've caught the infection, too, have you?

SARITA : A Press Conference at the Press Club. Every last journalist in Delhi must come to it.

KAKASAHEB : And what will this Press Conference of yours be about?

SARITA : I am going to present a man who in the year 1982 still keeps a slave, right here in Delhi. Jaisingh Jadhav. I'm going to say: this man's a great

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advocate of freedom. And he brings home a slave and exploits her. He doesn't consider a slave a human being—just a useful object. One you can use and throw away. He gets people to call him a sworn enemy of tyranny. But he tyrannizes his own slave as much as he likes, and doesn't think anything of it—nothing at all. Listen to the story of how he bought the slave Kamala and made use of her. The other slave he got free—not just free—the slave's father shelled out the money—a big sum. Ask him what he did with it. [An uncontrollable sob bursts from her. She controls it.] Sorry.

KAKASAHEB [Worried]: Sarita, what's all this you're thinking?

SARITA: I said, I'm sorry.

KAKASAHEB: Do you really think this way about Jaisingh?

SARITA: This is very little, what you've heard so far. There is much more.

KAKASAHEB: Anyone would think Jaisingh is a slave-driver.

SARITA: Not just anyone. I do.



KAKASAHEB: What on earth happened between you two?

SARITA: Marriage.

KAKASAHEB: That's been going on for the last ten years. Why did you think of all this only today?

SARITA: Why did I, you ask? I was asleep. I was unconscious even when I was awake. Kamala woke me up. With a shock. Kamala showed me everything. Because of her, I suddenly saw things clearly. I saw that the man I thought my partner was the master of a slave. I have no rights at all in this house. Because I'm a slave. Slaves don't have rights, do they, Kakasaheb? They must only slave away. Dance to their master's whim. Laugh, when he says, laugh. Cry, when he says, cry. When he says pick up the phone, they must pick it up. When he says, come to a party, they must go. When he says, lie on the bed—they [She is twisted in pain]

KAKASAHEB: Sarita, something's really gone wrong.

SARITA: And it will never get better, Kakasaheb. After this, I'll never think that this is my home.

KAKASAHEB: Look Sarita, Jaisingh is no different from other men. He's not unusual. You're wrong to think that he's a bad man ....

## Passage 3 (525 words)

Bholi dragged his left foot along the ground and forced me to stop. He lit a beedi and said. 'Sir, I can't conduct this inquiry. I'm scared of witches. If someone tells me there's a witch in some village, I skirt past it. To tell you the truth, I'm scared to go to my own village, Nadeigarh, east of Sahdevpur. People make fun of the name. Until a year ago there was a witch in this village. She's since been neutralized, unmasked. Fisherman Madhua's daughter-in-law, she came to our village when she was sixteen, maybe seventeen. She had two miscarriages in the first two years of marriage. That was when an ugly rumour raised its head that this beautiful young thing—Nitei was her name—was sucking her father-in-law's blood. Madhua was around fifty-five, broad as a sal tree from casting the fishing net, his arms thick as maces and as hard, his skin light, with a shock of curly black hair hanging down over his eyes. When Madhua began shriveling up, with a malady of an unknown kind, naturally people started talking. His son was a peon at the government printing press in Cuttack, and over and above his regular salary he made a fair amount on the side by selling stolen paper and ink. Plus he had free meals at his boss's place, where he doubled up as a cook. He didn't have to spend a rupee on himself



and was rolling in money, as you can imagine. He took his father to the town hospital and showed him to the best doctors. Madhua returned to the village with a big bundle of medicines, but his health continued to deteriorate. He began to avoid company, took to hiding from everybody. By day he didn't stir out. He would only go out on need after nightfall. That bull of a man shrank to a twig in just a few months. Some said he came face to face with a water goddess, others said his hopeless condition was brought on by eating the liver of some poisonous fish. When medicines failed, quacks and witch doctors were called in. He was treated for the evil eye. Nothing worked. One day a person claiming to possess knowledge of the world arrived in the village. The villagers came to him with their problems. In the end they mentioned Madhua's plight. The visitor asked them several questions and finally wanted to see the man. As soon as he reached Madhua's house he began to bellow: "This is the den of a blood-sucking witch!" The villagers couldn't believe their ears. The news crackled around the village that a witch was sucking Madhua's blood and that she was none other than his own daughter-in-law, his own son's wife. So she was called out with threats and promises of violence. Nobody would ever have suspected she was a witch—just didn't look like one,

you know. Not to ordinary eyes, not to yours or mine... Madhua sat in a stupor throughout all this... even when the daughter-in-law, frightened out of her wits, beaten up and with tears streaming down her cheeks admitted to her culpability.'

### Questions :

#### Part A

Attempt any **three** questions in 200-250 words each.

(3×10=30)

1. Why did the narrator of **Passage 1** feel "shy and almost fearful" when she joined a new school? Give a reasoned answer in 200-250 words.
2. From the given dramatic extract in **Passage 2**, what can you infer about the marital relations between Sarita and Jaisingh. Why is Sarita feeling so anguished? What kind of picture of Jaisingh emerges from Sarita's dialogues?
3. "Look Sarita, Jaisingh is no different from other men. He's not unusual." Discuss the significance of the representative nature of Jaisingh's character as it emerges in **Passage 2**.

4. What in your opinion could have driven the villagers to believe that Madhua's daughter-in-law was responsible for his ill health? Substantiate with reference to the extract in **Passage 3**.
5. Why does Nitei "admit her culpability"? Do you think she is really a witch? Discuss with reference to **Passage 3**.

### **PART B**

Attempt any **three** questions in 300-350 words each.  
(3×15=45)

6. Imagine you are the narrator of **Passage 1**. Write a diary entry, in about 300-350 words, describing the day you got in trouble for accidentally plucking a coconut.
7. Write a dramatic extract, in about 300-350 words, describing a conversation between the narrator of **Passage 1** and one of her upper caste friends in her new school, where the narrator tells her friend about the caste-based discrimination which she has experienced, and the impact it has had on her. Use dialogues and descriptions of non-verbal cues/stage directions to draft the conversation.



8. Re-imagine the exchange depicted in **Passage 2** between Sarita and Kakasaheb, modifying it to show Kakasaheb as understanding the issues Kamala raises about the problem of male dominance in the institution of marriage. You may represent the exchange in the form of a dialogue or a narrative or an essay.
9. Imagine you are a media person interviewing an eminent social worker on the issue of lack of agency for women in our society as shown in **Passage 3**. Include in the interview those factors that you think must change so that the status and treatment of women improves.
10. Suppose you are a witness to this scene in which Madhua's daughter-in-law was "unmasked and neutralized". Write a letter to an NGO that works on women's issues and cases, such as the one given in **Passage 3**, seeking action and intervention.