

[This question paper contains 16 printed pages.]

Your Roll No.....

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E

Unique Paper Code : 52031901

Name of the Paper : English Language Through Literature

Name of the Course : **B.Com. Prog**

Semester : IV

Duration : 3 Hours

Maximum Marks : 75

Instructions for Candidates

1. Write your Roll No. on the top immediately on receipt of this question paper.
2. This 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** of the 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.

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Passage 1

I was the tenth of eleven live children born to Tranquilino Ponce and Vicenta Solis. My mother miscarried twins, said to be boys, among her first five children. Of the first three Rosalia, Socorro-the-First, and Rito only knew Rito, who died before I started school. And although my parents appeared not to dwell on their loss, they would allude now and then to their first years in this country and to the children they had lost. I thought of my first three siblings as Them.

Rosalia was bom in Mexico. At twenty-two my father married my mother, then twenty. They lived in Barretos ... until about 1915, when my father decided to emigrate to this country.... Once all their papers were in order, and with money sent them by my uncles in California, they left with Rosalia, their infant daughter. My mother often spoke of the trip and of having to throw dirty diapers out the train windows because there was no place to put them...

In a photograph taken when she was about thirteen, Rosalie looks tall for her age, tall and strong. " Her hair is neither curly nor fashionable, but pulled back. I found it difficult to believe Rosalie was my sister, because she was so homely! This material may be protected by copyright. She looked old for her age and terribly serious. I would stare at the photo, trying to find a resemblance. I also heard that when my mother, pregnant with me, visited Rosalie at Olive View Sanatorium (she later died of tuberculosis), Rosalia took one look at my mother's round belly and said, "Why do you want more family?" I never heard my mother's response.

Rosalie died when I was three months old ... with tuberculosis, a disease prevalent among Mexican immigrants, and was quarantined, first at home, in Los Cuartitos, the rooms my father and brothers occupied, then at a sanitarium. She died at eighteen.

Maria del Socorro ... was born in Ventura, California.

She was my parent's second child and lived but a short time. Her death was tragic and somewhat mysterious; I knew the details by heart. One day when she was about five, she was playing with a boy from the labor camp. He had a box of matches and began to taunt her. The two chased each other around the camp. Suddenly he lit a match and threw it at her; her dress caught fire. Frightened of the flames that quickly enveloped her, she ran, not toward home but into the lemon groves! By the time my mother came to her rescue, Socorro-the-First was badly burned. She died a day later.

Although the boy had a reputation for being in trouble, his parents never acknowledged his part in the incident. My parents forgave him and his parents, although my mother was devastated. My sister was buried in a simple plot somewhere in Ventura. Soon after that our family moved to Pacoima. When I first heard this story, I built up a hate for the boy and vowed to get him, but I never met him.

Rito, also born in Ventura, was my parent's first son; more than the others he resembled my father's family.... The one image I have of this brother, who died of tuberculosis right before World War II, is of a tall, slender man in pajamas.... Rito, along with other young men from Pacoima ... dug ditches and worked in the construction of roads. While there Rito developed tuberculosis. He also spent the last years of his life at Olive View Sanatorium. Now and then he came home on a pass, but stayed alone in the cuartitos. He never ate with us; I don't remember him inside our house. Mostly he looked sad. Handsome and sad.

One day I had just finished my oatmeal and ran outside to play. Rito, then about twenty, was sitting alone.... He called me over and asked, "Why isn't your hair combed?" I put my hand to my curly hair, embarrassed at having Rito see me looking so messy.... He sat me on his lap and began to unravel my messy hair. As he worked he spoke, his voice soft and low. "I don't like

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to see you with your hair in your face," he told me. "Always wash your face and comb your hair before going outdoors. Okay?" I remember his soft touch, the long tapered fingers that gently separated my Shirley Temple curls, the blue-green eyes that looked into mine, the dark wavy hair that fell across his smooth white forehead. His sad look. Years later I developed a crush on actor Gilbert Roland (old even then). He reminded me of Rito, dear Rito, who by combing my messy hair had told me so much about himself. (787 words)

Passage 2

When the doctor suggested surgery
and a brace for all my youngest years,
my parents scrambled to take me
to massage therapy, deep tissue work,
osteopathy, and soon my crooked spine
unspooled a bit, I could breathe again,

and move more in a body unclouded
by pain. My mom would tell me to sing
songs to her the whole forty-five minute
drive to Middle Two Rock Road and forty-
five minutes back from physical therapy.
She'd say, even my voice sounded unfettered
by my spine afterward. So I sang and sang,
because I thought she liked it. I never
asked her what she gave up to drive me,
or how her day was before this chore. Today,
at her age, I was driving myself home from yet
another spine appointment, singing along
to some maudlin but solid song on the radio,
and I saw a mom take her raincoat off
and give it to her young daughter when
a storm took over the afternoon. My god,
I thought, my whole life I've been under her
raincoat thinking it was somehow a marvel
that I never got wet.

Passage 3

She thought she heard the phone ringing, so she sprang up and went in. By the time she reached it, she realized that she had only imagined it. Probably, neither Sarah nor Corinne had gotten her messages yet. She had left one message with an unreliable machine, and the other with a less reliable grandchild. She hoped they would call back.

The Tiffany lamp across the little parlor cast a warm glow on the antique table on which it sat. She needed to pack away the pictures and memorabilia she had spread across it. Sarah and Corinne could help her decide what to do with all of them. The two girls might even enjoy seeing the pictures of themselves frozen in time, laughing and crying and staring and dancing and growing over the years. She had documented all of the awards, all the accolades, all the accomplishments . All the usefulness. She wished just once she had spent quiet time with them, walking

along abandoned beaches, sailing on quiet waters, fishing on a lonely pier. If she had her child-rearing to do over, she would take them outside at night and lie on a blanket, staring at the stars. She would teach them to breathe the breeze that caressed their faces, to savor the scent of jasmine, to walk for pleasure and not for exercise.

But, until lately, those joys had somehow escaped her. Life had been a series of ventures, one deadline piled upon another. She had rushed through her life, building her momentum and chalking up her feats, and had taught her daughters to do the same. She picked the phone back up; listened to make sure it had a dial tone. They would call back soon. Any minute now, one of them would get home and return her call.

She walked to the coffeepot, and filled it with coffee grounds ... she practiced the speech she had prepared for Sarah and Corinne. She had to be persuasive without being overbearing. Talking them into dropping

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everything and spending a week with her in Florida was not going to be easy. She had taught them well. Sarah's husband and two children had not shaken her free of the lessons Maggie had so carefully programmed into her. And Corinne's three businesses were testimony that the family way worked.

"She wanted to be with her daughters. The three of them needed time for mending fences, for healing relationships, for explanations and exhortations. She picked up the phone and called the airline. She would buy their tickets, and perhaps that would force their hands. She hoped it wasn't too late to show them that time wasted is not always a waste of time."

Corinne Downing sat at a red light holding the cell phone to her ear, growing more and more irritated. Wasn't it just like her sister to put her on hold for so long when Sarah knew she was on a cell phone in her car? That was the story of her life. Just put Corinne on hold. Let time tick by, minutes, hours, years at a

time, while everyone else's life moved on.

Sarah clicked back on. "Sorry about that. It was the speaker for the conference next week. She canceled, so now I'm stuck finding another one. Now, where were we? Oh, yes. Mom."

She really wants us to go, Sarah. It's all about this autobiography she's doing. She wants pictures of us together— like I really want my picture stamped on the cover of ten thousand books. I don't know what's gotten into her. This has become so important, she'll do just about anything. And she's already bought our airline tickets. How's that for confidence?"

She what?" Sarah asked.

She thinks if she has the tickets, we have to go. She just won't take no for an answer."

"Well, we're grown women, Corinne," Sarah said.

"She'll have to take no for an answer."

"But then there's that 'Honor your mother' thing," Corinne said. "Part of me keeps thinking that I'd better do what she says." "Or what?" Sarah asked. "Is she going to ground you? For heaven's sake, you're twenty-eight years old. I'm thirty-three. I don't have time for this." The phone beeped again, and she moaned. "Hold on, Corinne."

"Corinne was certain her blood pressure climbed as she waited. She reached her tiny duplex still holding the phone to her ear. As she got out of the car, she looked down at the spot on her jeans. What had she been thinking, adding a dog-walking business to her other struggling enterprises? Designing Web sites kept her swamped enough, and her jewelry business filled most of her free time. And now look at her. An overzealous cocker spaniel had urinated on her today."

(790 words)

QUESTIONS

PART A

Answer any 3 of the following : (3×10=30)

Question 1 is based on Passage 1;

Question 2 and 3 are based on Passage 2;

Question 4 and 5 are based on Passage 3;

1. Why does the author in Passage 1 think of her eldest three siblings as "Them"? What does the description that she offers of each of them tell you about her feelings towards all three? (10)
2. In Passage 2, how does the sight of the child being protected in the storm by her mother change the poet's perspective about her own life? Can it be called a moment of epiphany? (10)
3. Why do you think the poet's mother in Passage 2 always asks her to sing in the car on their way to therapy? (10)

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4. Why does the mother in Passage 3 feel desperate to meet her daughters? Does she believe that her daughters will actually come? (10)
5. How do Corrine and Sarah's reactions to their mother's message differ from each other in Passage 3? What does that tell you about their respective characters? (10)

PART B

Answer **any 3** of the following: (3×15=45)

Questions 6 & 7 are based on Passage 1;

Question 8 is based on Passage 2;

Questions 9 and 10 are based on Passage 3;

6. On the basis of your reading of Passage 1, write an imaginative dialogue between Rosalie and her mother as she finds out that her mother is having another child. Do you think Rosalie is elated at the idea of having a ninth sibling? How would her mother react to her questioning? (15)

7. Imagine that you are the author of Passage 1. Write a diary entry recording your feelings towards the boy responsible for Maria's death. What do you make of your parent's decision to forgive him and his family? (15)
8. On the basis of your reading of Passage 2, write a dialogue between the poet and her parents, in which the poet expresses her gratitude towards her parents for helping her cope with her physical condition. (15)
9. Imagine that you are the mother in Passage 3, and your daughters have agreed to come to visit you. Write a dialogue/essay/story explaining to them why it was so important for you that they come. Explain to them how your perspective on life has changed. What is the advice that you would offer them for their future? (15)

10. Imagine that you are Corinne Downing from Passage 3 and have just decided to go on the trip to Florida with your mother. Draft a telephonic conversation between Corinne and Sarah where Corinne announces her decision to Sarah and tries to convince Sarah to come along. What are the reasons she would offer? How would Sarah react? (15)