

Model Question Paper Class XII

Elective English

A. [Known texts]

Non-Fiction

(8 marks)

I a. Read this short excerpt and answer the question below:

I wish I could hit upon a pleasant track of thought, a track indirectly reflecting credit upon myself, for those are the pleasantest thoughts, and very frequent even in the minds of modest mouse-coloured people, who believe genuinely that they dislike to hear their own praises. They are not thoughts directly praising oneself, that is the beauty of them; they are thoughts like this...

. . . And the novelists in future will realise more and more the importance of these reflections for of course there is not one reflection but an almost infinite number; those are the depths they will explore, those the phantoms they will pursue, leaving the description of reality more and more out of their stories, taking a knowledge of it for granted, as the Greeks did and Shakespeare perhaps-but these generalisations are very worthless.

Why does Virginia Woolf consider reflections of the self more important than the description of reality in story-writing? Comment on a novel or story that you have read that illustrates this technique.

Poetry

(7 marks)

I b. Read the following lines from Emily Dickinson's poem and answer the questions below:

*The Sun shone whole at intervals -
Then Half - then utter hid -
As if Himself were optional
And had Estates of Cloud*

*Sufficient to enfold Him
Eternally from view -
Except it were a whim of His
To let the Orchards grow -*

*A Bird sat careless on the fence -
One gossiped in the Lane
On silver matters charmed a Snake
Just winding round a Stone -*

- i. Explain the extended metaphor in these lines and discuss its effectiveness as a literary device.
- ii. Give examples from other poems you have read in which this device features prominently.

Fiction

8 + 7 = 15 marks

- 2a. Read the following excerpts from James Joyce's *Eveline* and answer the question given below:**

"She stood up in a sudden impulse of terror! Escape! She must escape! Frank would save her. He would give her life, perhaps love too. But she wanted to live. Why should she be unhappy? She had a fight to happiness. ...

Their passage had been booked. Could she still draw back after all he had done for her? Her distress awoke a nausea in her body and she kept moving her lips in fervent prayer.

A bell clanged upon her heart....

No! No! No! Impossible. Her hands clutched the iron in frenzy. Amid the seas she sent a cry of anguish. "

'It is not the actions of a character in a short story but the whole range of emotions that cause the actions that contributes to its plot. ' How does this statement apply to *Eveline's* final decision?

- 2b. The human mind has a tendency to construct its own reality that often conflicts with the objective reality of life. Why does Miss Carvil support Captain Hagberd in his imaginary construction? What is her personal disappointment in Captain Hagberd's refusal to accept Harry as his son when he returned?**

Drama

(8+7=15 marks)

- 3a. Discuss the following comment on the play *Chandalika* giving examples from the text:**

'*Chandalika* is a tragedy of self-consciousness overreaching its limit. Self-consciousness up to a certain limit is necessary for self-development; for without an awareness of the dignity of one's function or role in society, one cannot give one's best to the world. ...But self-consciousness, like good wine, easily intoxicates and it is difficult to control the dose and have just enough Of it... . '

- 3b. 'The central issue in Karnad's *Broken Images* is the radically unequal status of fiction written in two contemporary languages, Kannada and English. The other issue is that Indian plays in English occupy a distinctly subservient position not only to fiction and non-fiction but also in relation to plays in Indian languages such as Bengali, Marathi, and Kannada. '**

Would you agree that Karnad's own authorial career is a strong attempt at counteracting these two imbalances? Give examples of other writers who have been successful in this.

[Note: This section dealt with texts that have already been studied. The following section contains selections from poetry and non-fiction of a comparable level. Students should be able to respond sensitively to these texts]

B. [New texts]

Poetry

(10 marks)

4. **Read this excerpt from the poem *Lines Written a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey* by William Wordsworth. Answer the questions that follow:**

*Five years have past; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a sweet inland murmur. - Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
Which on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view **10**
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which, at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Among the woods and copses lose themselves,
Nor, with their green and simple hue, disturb
The wild green landscape. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreathes of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees,
With some uncertain notice, as might seem, **20**
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire
The hermit sits alone.*

*Though absent long,
These forms of beauty have not been to me,
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
And passing even into my purer mind **30**
With tranquil restoration. - feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure; such, perhaps,
As may have had no trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life;
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery, **40**
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lighten'd: - that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame,
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things. **50***

- i. *How do the above lines reflect Wordsworth's definition of poetry as 'emotion recollected in tranquillity'?*
- ii. *How does Wordsworth's description of the scene around him compare with Coleridge's style of description in Kub/a Khan?*

Non-fiction

(10 marks)

5. *Read this excerpt and answer the question below:*

A writer is someone who spends years patiently trying to discover the second being inside him, and the world that makes him who he is: when I speak of writing, what comes first to my mind is not a novel, a poem, or literary tradition, it is a person who shuts himself up in a room, sits down at a table, and alone, turns inward; amid its shadows, he builds a new world with words. This man - or this woman - may use a typewriter, profit from the ease of a computer, or write with a pen on paper, as I have done for 30 years. As he writes, he can drink tea or coffee, or smoke cigarettes. From time to time he may rise from his table to look out through the window at the children playing in the street, and, if he is lucky, at trees and a view, or he can gaze out at a black wall. He can write poems, plays, Dr novels, as I do. All these differences come after the crucial task of sitting down at the table and patiently turning inwards. To write is to turn this inward gaze into words, to study the world into which that person passes when he retires into himself, and to do so with patience, obstinacy, and joy. As I sit at my table, for days, months, years, slowly adding new words to the empty page, I feel as if I am creating a new world, as if I am bringing into being that other person inside me, in the same way someone might build a bridge or a dome, stone by stone. The stones we writers use are words. As we hold them in our hands, sensing the ways in which each of them is connected to the others, looking at them sometimes from afar, sometimes almost caressing them with our fingers and the tips of our pens, weighing them, moving them around, year in and year out, patiently and hopefully, we create new worlds.

The writer's secret is not inspiration - for it is never clear where it comes from - it is his stubbornness, his patience. That lovely Turkish saying - to dig a well with a needle - seems to me to have been said with writers in mind. In the old stories, I love the patience of Ferhat, who digs through mountains for his love - and I understand it, too. In my novel, My Name is Red, when I wrote about the old Persian miniaturists who had drawn the same horse with the same passion for so many years, memorising each stroke, that they could recreate that beautiful horse even with their eyes closed, I knew I was talking about the writing profession, and my own life. If a writer is to tell his own story - tell it slowly, and as if it were a story about other people - if he is to feel the power of the story rise up inside him, if he is to sit down at a table and patiently give himself over to this art - this craft - he must first have been given some hope. The angel of inspiration (who pays regular visits to some and rarely calls on others) favours the hopeful and the confident, and it is when a writer feels mostly lonely, when he feels most doubtful about his efforts, his dreams, and the value of his writing - when he thinks his story is only his story - it is at such moments that the angel chooses to reveal to him stories, images and dreams that will draw out the world he wishes to build. If I think back on the books to which I have devoted my entire life, I am most surprised by those moments when I have felt as if the sentences, dreams, and pages that have made me so ecstatically happy have not come from my own imagination that another power has found them and generously presented them to me.

What do you understand of the complexity of the process of writing from the above description of a writer's subjective experience of writing?

6. (A) Grammar

(5 marks)

I. Identify the content words and function words in the following sentences:

- a. The tree outside the window taps very gently on the pane.
- b. A man sat himself solidly in an armchair, and looked into the fire.
- c. It is a funny sort of superstition.

II. State what type of sentence each of the following is and explain why.

- a. Intelligence comes into being only when you are free to question.
- b. 'Put money in thy purse.' B. Pronunciation

(B) Pronunciation

(5 marks)

I. Underline the words that are stressed in the following sentences:

- i. Still there's no harm in putting a stop to one's disagreeable thoughts by looking at a mark on the wall.
- ii. On the road you have often passed villagers carrying heavy loads, have you not?
- iii. I looked up and saw the mark on the wall.

II. Mark the stress in the underlined words in the following sentences:

- i. A gentleman is more easily taken in by the falsified history taught in these places.
- ii. So far I have mentioned nothing but plain natural and historical facts.

Additional Reading

(15 marks)

1. The distinction between reality and fantasy is blurred in Marquez' stories. Elucidate with examples.

Or

2. Comment on the usage of Indian English in Doongaji House.

Or

3. The play Dance Like a Man focuses on changing perspectives with which performing arts is viewed. Discuss.

Or

4. The theme in Life of Galileo is the question of responsibility, of how one uses ideas and beliefs. Discuss.