APRIL 2025 **71284/200L4Z/ 200H4Z**

Time : Three hours Maximum : 75 marks

SECTION A — (15 marks)

1. Choose the appropriate option that gives the correct meaning. (5)

		(a)	(b)	(c)	(d)
(i)	Conquer	- succeed	subjugate	surmount	vanquish
(ii)	Expose	- dissuade	reveal	stop	conceal
(iii)	Vulgar	- decent	indecent	quit	ignore
(iv)	Agony	- joy	ecstasy	pain	pleasant
(v)	Renown	- insignificant	famous	rude	polite
(vi)	Aloof	- frank	straight	distant	far
(vii)	Plea	- annoy	comfort	jealous	request
(viii)	Mystery	- known	clear	evident	puzzle
(ix)	Betray	- deceive	abandon	mad	tame
(x)	Radiant	- cloudy	dull	gloomy	glitter

2. Identify and correct the errors in each sentence. (10)

(a) Janu don't like ice cream.

(b) The cat chase the mouse.

(c) Every day, the sweet vendor instruct his son to read newspaper.

(d) The dog barks loud at night.

(e) They plays cricket through out the day.

(f) The students was happy with the result.

(g) Tom don't know the answer.

(h) We enjoys hiking on weekends.

(i) The children play in the park yesterday.

(j) The doctor always advise me to have healthy food.

SECTION B — (20 marks)

3. (a) Read the following paragraph and answer the questions that follow. (5)

At the time of my birth, Big Sister was six and a half years old. My three brothers were five, four and three. They blamed me for causing Mama's death and never forgave me.

A year later, Father remarried. Our stepmother, whom we called Niang, was a seventeen-year-old Eurasian beauty fourteen years his junior. Father always introduced her to his friends as his French wife, though she was actually half French and half Chinese.

Growing up in a wealthy family in 1950s Hong Kong, Adeline Yen Mah should have had an enviable childhood, but she was

rejected by her dominating stepmother and despised by her brothers and sisters. She was sent to a boarding school and left there. In this extract from her autobiography she related one of the few occasions when she went home.

Time went by relentlessly and it was Saturday again. Eight weeks more and it would be the end of term.... in my case perhaps the end of school forever.

Four of us were playing Monopoly. My heart was not in it and I was losing steadily. Outside it was hot and there was a warm wind blowing. The radio warned of a possible typhoon the next day. It was my turn and I threw the dice. As I played, the thought of leaving school throbbed at the back of my mind like a persistent toothache.

'Adeline!' Ma-mien Valentino was calling.

(i) How did Adeline's siblings feel about her, and why? (2)

(ii) How did Adeline's childhood differ from what might be expected in a wealthy family? (3)

(b) Read the following passage and answer the questions that follow. (5)

I believe this is a common habit of children and adolescents. As a very small child I used to imagine that I was, say, Robin Hood, and picture myself as the hero of thrilling adventures, but quite soon my "story" ceased to be narcissistic in a crude way and became more and more a mere description of what I was doing and the things I saw. For minutes at a time this kind of thing would be running through my head: 'He pushed the door open and entered the room. A yellow beam of sunlight, filtering through the muslin curtains, slanted on to the table, where a matchbox,

half-open, lay beside the inkpot. With his right hand in his pocket he moved across to the window. Down in the street a tortoiseshell cat was chasing a dead leaf,' etc., etc. This habit continued until I was about twenty-five, right through my non-literary years. Although I had to search, and did search, for the right words, I seemed to be making this descriptive effort almost against my will, under a kind of compulsion from outside. The 'story' must, I suppose, have reflected the styles of the various writers I admired at different ages, but so far as I remember it always had the same meticulous descriptive quality.

(i) What common habit does the author describe in children and adolescents? (2)

(ii) How did the author's imaginative storytelling change over time? (3)

(c) Read the following paragraph and answer the questions that follow. (5)

The love of life is, in general, the effect not of our enjoyments, but of our passions. We are not attached to it so much for its own sake, or as it is connected with happiness, as because it is necessary to action. Without life there can be no action no objects of pursuit - no restless desires-no tormenting passions. Hence it is that we fondly cling to it - that we dread its termination as the close, not of enjoyment, but of hope. The proof that our attachment to life is not absolutely owing to the immediate satisfaction we find in it, is, that those persons are commonly found most loath to part with it who have the least enjoyment of it, and who have the greatest difficulties to struggle with, as losing gamesters are the most desperate. And farther, there are not many persons who, with all their pretended

love of life, would not, if it had been in their power, have melted down, the longest life to a few hours. "The school-boy," says Addison, "counts the time till the return of the holidays; the minor longs to be of age; the lover is impatient till he is married."- "Hope and fantastic expectations spend much of our lives; and while with passion we look for a coronation, or the death of an enemy, or a day of joy, passing from fancy to possession without any intermediate notices, we throw away a precious year." JEREMY TAYLOR.

(i) According to the passage, what is the primary reason people are attached to life? (2)

(ii) How does Jeremy Taylor describe the way people spend their lives? (3)

4. Imagine you are a police officer. Write a narrative report about a crime scene you investigated. Give a brief report. (5)

SECTION C — (20 marks)

5. (a) Read the following paragraph and answer the questions that follow. (5)

The protagonist of the story is a taxi driver named Dittu. His real name was Hardit Singh, and he was born into a well-to-do family in Pakistan. It was after partition that he came to India. His whole life changed after he came to India. He became a taxi driver.

One day, he found a wallet lying on the back seat of the car. It belonged to some passengers. Rather than feeling happy about it, he felt uneasy. He had no idea what to do with it, as it was already late in the evening. He believed that money found like this was always suspect. He felt that rich people were so careless with their belongings. He was sure that if they hadn't been rich, they would have been more careful.

Once, a passenger left an attaché case in his car. After that incident, he always asked the passengers about their whereabouts. That way, if something was forgotten, he could return it. He is a person who believes that he has nothing to do with money that doesn't belong to him. He thinks that his wife contracted leukoderma because she wore someone else's clothes. Thus, he always made sure that he would take someone else's belongings.

While he was in Pakistan, an unforgettable incident happened in his life. One evening, as he was passing through the bazaar on his bicycle, he saw a parcel lying in the middle of the road. He got down and picked it up. It was a heavy package. Dittu was curious to know what was inside. He made sure that no one was watching him and left the place with the parcel. He stopped in a secluded corner and started to

open the parcel. The parcel was made up of so many layers of packing paper and nothing else. He understood that it was done by the shopkeepers to test the honesty of the citizens. He felt ashamed and hesitated to go back to the market. He never had to return because partition occurred soon after.

(i) What is the main dilemma faced by the protagonist, Dittu, in the story? (2)

(ii) What happened when Dittu picked up the parcel in the bazaar? (2)

(iii) Who wrote the short story, "The Taxi Driver"?

(b) Read the following paragraph and answer the questions that follow. (5)

My five years' old daughter Mini cannot live without chattering. I really believe that in all her life she has not wasted a minute in silence. Her mother is

often vexed at this, and would stop her prattle, but I would not. To see Mini quiet is unnatural, and I cannot bear it long. And so my own talk with her is always lively.

One morning, for instance, when I was in the midst of the seventeenth chapter of my new novel, my little Mini stole into the room, and putting her hand into mine, said: "Father! Ramdayal the doorkeeper calls a crow a krow! He doesn't know anything, does he?"

Before I could explain to her the differences of language in this world, she was embarked on the full tide of another subject. "What do you think, Father? Bhola says there is an elephant in the clouds, blowing water out of his trunk, and that is why it rains!"

And then, darting off anew, while I sat still making ready some reply to this last saying, "Father! what relation is Mother to you?"

"My dear little sister in the law!" I murmured involuntarily to myself, but with a grave face contrived to answer : "Go and play with Bhola, Mini! I am busy!"

The window of my room overlooks the road. The child had seated herself at my feet near my table, and was playing softly, drumming on her knees. I was hard at work on my seventeenth chapter, where Protrap Singh, the hero, had just caught Kanchanlata, the heroine, in his arms, and was about to escape with her by the third story window of the castle, when all of a sudden Mini left her play, and ran to the window, crying, "A Kabuliwallah! a Kabuliwallah!" Sure enough in the street below was a Kabuliwallah, passing slowly along. He wore the loose soiled clothing of his people, with a tall turban; there was a bag on his back, and he carried boxes of grapes in his hand.

(i) How does the narrator describe his daughter, Mini? (2)

(ii) How does Mini's mother feel about her talkativeness? (2)

(iii) Who is Ramdayal? (1)

(c) Read the following dialogues and answer the questions that follow. (5)

DUKE : Make room, and let him stand before our face. Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too, That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange Than is thy strange apparent cruelty; And where thou now exact'st the penalty, Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh, Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture, But,

touch'd with human gentleness and love, Forgive a moiety of the principal; Glancing an eye of pity on his losses, That have of late so huddled on his back, Enow to press a royal merchant down And pluck commiseration of his state From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint, From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd To offices of tender courtesy. We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

SHYLOCK : I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose; And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn To have the due and forfeit of my bond: If you deny it, let the danger light Upon your charter and your city's freedom. You'll

ask me, why I rather choose to have A weight of carrion flesh than to receive Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that: But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd? What if my house be troubled with a rat And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet? Some men there are love not a gaping pig; Some, that are mad if they behold a cat; And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose, Cannot contain their urine: for affection, Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer: As there is no firm reason to be render'd, Why he cannot abide

a gaping pig; Why he, a harmless necessary cat; Why he, a woollen bagpipe; but of force Must yield to such inevitable shame As to offend, himself being offended; So can I give no reason, nor I will not, More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing I bear Antonio, that I follow thus A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

(i) How does the Duke describe Antonio's misfortunes? (2)

(ii) How does the Duke appeal to Shylock's sense of humanity? (3)

6. Write a vote of thanks for your college Annual Day celebration. (5)

SECTION D — (20 marks)

7. (a) Read the following lines and answer the questions that follow. (5)

Even rocks crack, I tell you,
and not on account of age.
For years they lie on their backs in the cold and the heat,
so many years,
It almost creates the impression of calm.
They don't move, so the cracks stay hide.
A kind of pride.
Years pass over them as they wait.
Whoever is going to shatter them hasn't come yet.
And so the moss flourishes, the seaweed is cast about,
the sea bursts out and slides back,
and it is seems the rocks are perfectly still.

Till a little seal comes to rub up against them,

comes and goes.

And suddenly the stone has an open wound.

I told you, when rocks crack, it happens by surprise.

Not to mention people.

(i) What does the poet mean by saying, "Even rocks crack, I tell you, and not on account of age"? (2)

(ii) What role does time play in the poem's depiction of the rocks? (2)

(iii) What is the tone of the poem? (1)

(b) Read the following stanza and answer the questions that follow. (5)

Petty women wonder where my secret lies.

I'm not cute or built to suit a fashion model's size

I walk into a room
Just as cool as you please,
And to a man,
The fellows stand or

But when I start to tell them,
They think I'm telling lies.
I say,
It's in the reach of my arms,
The span of my hips,
The stride of my step,
The curl of my lips.
I'm a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's me.

Fall down on their knees.
Then they swarm around me,
A hive of honey bees.
I say,
It's the fire in my eyes,
And the flash of my teeth,
The swing in my waist,
And the joy in my feet.
I'm a woman
Phenomenally.

(i) How does the speaker describe her unique qualities? (2)

(ii) What message does the poem convey about self-confidence? (3)

(c) Read the following passage and answer the questions that follow. (5)

NARRATOR 3 : This Cuhullin was said to have beaten every giant in Ireland except Fin, and the thought of meeting him face to face made Fin shake in his boots.

NARRATOR 1 : Well, when Fin had been working away from home a good many months, he took it into his head to go home and see his wife, a fine woman named Oona. It was two counties away-but sure that wasn't far for a man like Fin.

NARRATOR 4 : He pulled up a fir tree by its roots-a full grown tree, mind you-and stripped off the branches to make himself a walking stick. Then off he set, and in no time at all he reached his own mountain and the house he'd built on it, and there was Oona to greet him.

FIN : (heartily, with arms outstretched) Oona, me love!

OONA : (warmly) Ach, Fin, it's glad I am to see you. I hope you're a bit hungry, for fixed a little something when I saw you coming.

NARRATOR 2 : She sat him down to a grand meal of three whole roast oxen, thirty boiled cabbages, and a pile of her best bread loaves, which she'd just taken from the oven.

FIN : (starts eating) A finer cook never filled this great belly! (keeps eating, but distractedly)

NARRATOR 3 : But Oona could see that her husband was worried about something.

OONA : What ails you, Fin?

FINN : Ach, Oona, it's this Cuhullin.

NARRATOR 1 : Fin told her how the dreaded giant was looking for him.

FIN : And every time I suck me thumb, I get more worried about him.

NARRATOR 4 : You see, Fin had a magic thumb, and if he sucked it, it would warn him of any danger.

(i) What does the passage reveal about Fin's character? (2)

(ii) Why does Oona suspect that something is troubling Fin? (2)

(iii) Finn is afraid of facing cuhullin, the giant who defeated all others in Ireland. (1)

8. Imagine that you are promoter of real estate. Write a persuasive paragraph on the specific attractive features of the plot you intend to sell. (5)

Or

9. You are the Secretary of the Students' Union. Write a welcome address for the inaugural function. (5)