APRIL 2026 **71284/200L4Z/ 200H4Z**

Time : Three hours Maximum : 75 marks

SECTION A — (15 marks)

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

	(i)	(ii)	(iii)	(iv)
(a) Reluctant	– pleasant	eagerness	interest	unwilling
(b) Abandon	– continue	reveal	desert	conceal
(c) Revolt	– Accent	indecent	resist	support
(d) Norality	– principle	ecstasy	pain	dilemma
(e) Renown	– insignificant	well-known	rude	polite
(f) Mercy	– angry	upset	gloom	sympathy
(g) Plea	– annoy	comfort	jealous	request
(h) Shatter	– create	produce	construct	destroy
(i) Allure	– attract	divert	distract	puzzle
(j) Bonnet	– hat	bat	mat	cat

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

(a) The teacher gave the students a hundred rupee notes.

(b) One of my friend is a doctor.

(c) The teacher asked the students to bring they're books.

(d) The company have been in business for ten years.

(e) She don't like going to parties.

(f) The team, including the captain, is going to the match.

(g) I finished my work just now.

(h) The news are good.

(i) I congratulate you for your success in your career.

(j) Mathematics are a difficult subject

SECTION B — (20 marks)

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

I knocked on the door. Father was alone, looking relaxed in his slippers and bathrobe, reading a newspaper. He smiled as I entered and saw he was in a happy mood. I breathed a small sigh of relief at first but became uneasy when I wondered why he was being so thinking. Is this a giant ruse on his part to trick me? Dare I let my guard down?

'Sit down! Sit down!' He pointed to a chair. 'Don't look so scared, Here, take a look at this!

He handed me the day's newspaper and there, in one corner, I saw my name ADELINE YEN in capital letters prominently displayed.

It was announced today that 14-year-old Hong Kong school girl ADELINE JUN-LING YEN of Sacred Heart Canossian School, Caine Road, Hong Kong, has won

first prize in the International Play-writing Competition held in London, England, for the 1951 - 1952 school year. It is the first time that any local Chinese student from Hong Kong has won such a prestigious event. Besides a medal, the prize comes with a cash reward of FIFTY ENGLISH POUNDS. Our sincere congratulations, ADELINE YEN, bringing honour to Hong Kong. We are proud of you'

Is possible? Am I dreaming? Me, the winner?

I was going up this lift this morning with my friend C.Y. Tung when he showed me this article and asked 'Is the winner Adeline Jun-ling Yen related to you? The two of you have the same uncommon last name. Now C.Y. himself has a few children about your age but so far none of them has won an international literary prize, as far as I know. So I was quite pleased to tell him you are my daughter. Well done!'

He looked radiant. For once, he was proud of me. In front of his revered colleague C.Y. Tung, a prominent fellow businessman also

from Shanghai, I had given him face. For the big moment I have been waiting for? My whole being vibrated with all the joy in the world. I only had to stretch out my hand to reach the stars.

'Tell me, how did you do it?' he continued. 'How come you won?'

'Well, the rules and regulations were so complicated. One really has to be dedicated just to understand what they want. Perhaps I was the only one determined enough to enter and there were no other competitors!'

(i) What was Adeline's father reading when she entered his room? (1)

(ii) Describe Adeline's father's demeanor when Adeline entered the room and how it changed after reading the newspaper article. (2)

(iii) What was Adeline's response when her father asked her how she won the competition, and what did it reveal about her character? (2)

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

"However, throughout this time I did in a sense engage in literary activities. To begin with there was the made-to-order stuff which I produced quickly, easily and without much pleasure to myself. Apart from school work, I wrote vers d' occasion, semi-comic poems which I could turn out at what now seems to me astonishing speed-at fourteen I wrote a whole rhyming play, in imitation of Aristophanes, in about a week-and helped to edit school magazines, both printed and in manuscript. These magazines were the most pitiful burlesque stuff that you could imagine, and I took far less trouble with them than now would with the cheapest journalism. But side by side with all this, for fifteen years or more, I was carrying out a literary exercise of a quite different kind: this was the making up of a continuous 'story' about myself, a sort of diary existing only in the mind.

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 match-box, 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.

When I was about sixteen I suddenly discovered the joy of mere words, i.e. the sounds and associations of words. The lines from Paradise Lost-

So hee with difficulty and labour hard

Moved on: with difficulty and labour hee"

(i) What was the author doing for fifteen years or more alongside other writing activities? (2)

(ii) What was the nature of the 'story' the author used to create in his mind as a child and how did it evolve over time?

(3)

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

The love of life is in fact the sum of all our passions and of all our enjoyments; but these are by no means the same thing, for the vehemence of our passions is irritated, not less by disappointment than by the prospect of success. Nothing seems to be a match for this general tenaciousness of existence, but such an extremity either of bodily or mental suffering as destroys at once the power both of habit and imagination. In short, the question whether life is accompanied with a greater quantity

of pleasure or pain, may be fairly set aside as frivolous, and of no practical utility; for our attachment to life depends on our interest in it; and it cannot be denied that we have more interest in this moving, busy scene, agitated with a thousand hopes and fears, and checkered with every diversity of joy and sorrow, than in a dreary blank. To be something is better than to be nothing, because we can feel no interest in nothing. Passion, imagination, self-will, the sense of power, the very consciousness of our existence, bind us to life, and hold us fast in its chains, as by a magic spell, in spite of every other consideration. Nothing can be more philosophical than the reasoning which Milton puts into the mouth of the fallen angel:

_____ "And that must end us, that must be our cure,

To be no more; sad cure: for who would lose,

Though full of pain, this intellectual being,

Those thoughts that wander through eternity,

To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost

In the wide womb of uncreated night,

Devoid of sense and motion?"

Nearly the same account may be given in answer to the question which has been asked, Why so few tyrants kill themselves? In the first place, they are never satisfied with the mischief they have done, and cannot quit their hold of power, after all sense of pleasure is fled. Besides, they absurdly argue from the means of happiness placed within their reach to the end itself; and, dazzled by the pomp and pageantry of a throne, cannot relinquish the persuasion that they ought to be happier than other men. The prejudice of opinion, which attaches us to life, is in them stronger than in others, and incorrigible to experience. The Great are life's fools ——— dupes of the splendid shadows that surround them, and wedded to the very mockeries of opinion.

(i) According to the passage, what binds us to life despite pain and suffering? (2)

(ii) Why does the passage suggest that tyrants rarely kill themselves? Explain using two reasons given in the text. (3)

4. Write a short report on the Blood Donation Camp conducted in your college. (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) Why did Dittu feel uneasy when he found the wallet in his taxi? (2)

(ii) Describe the incident in Pakistan that tested Dittu's honesty and how he felt afterward. (3)

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

One morning, a few days before he had made up his mind to go, I was correcting my proof sheets in my study. It was chilly weather. Through the window the rays of the sun touched my feet, and the slight warmth was very welcome. It was almost eight o'clock, and the early pedestrians were returning home, with their heads covered. All at once, I heard an uproar in the street, and, looking out, saw Rahmun being led away bound between two policemen, and behind them a crowd of curious boys. There were blood-stains on the clothes of the Kabuliwallah, and one of the policemen carried a knife.

Hurrying out, I stopped them, and enquired what it all meant. Partly from one, partly from another, I gathered that a certain

neighbour had owed the pedlar something for a Rampuri shawl, but had falsely denied having bought it, and that in the course of the quarrel, Rahmun had struck him. Now in the heat of his excitement, the prisoner began calling his enemy all sorts of names, when suddenly in a verandah of my house appeared my little Mini, with her usual exclamation: "O Kabuliwallah! Kabuliwallah!" Rahmun's face lighted up as he turned to her. He had no bag under his arm today, so she could not discuss the elephant with him. She at once therefore proceeded to the next question: "Are you going to the father-in-law's house?" Rahmun laughed and said: "Just where I am going, little one!" Then seeing that the reply did not amuse the child, he held up his fettered hands. "Ali," he said, "I would have thrashed that old father-in-law, but my hands are bound!"

(i) Why was Rahmun being led away by the policemen? (2)

(ii) How did Mini recognize Rahmun, and what was Rahmun's reaction when he saw her? (3)

(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) What does the Duke expect Shylock to do in this situation? (2)

(ii) Why does Shylock refuse to accept money instead of Antonio's flesh? (3)

6. Compose a welcome address for the Sports Day of your college. (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 is the main concept of the poem? (2)

(ii) How does "Pride" reflect on human vulnerability? (3)

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

Men themselves have wondered
What they see in me.

They try so much
But they can't touch

My inner mystery.
The ride of my breasts,

The grace of my style.
I'm a woman

Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's me

Now you understand

Just why my head's not bowed.
I don't shout or jump about
Or have to talk real loud.
When you see me passing,

When I try to show them,
They say they still can't see.
I say,
It's in the arch of my back,
The sun of my smile,
It ought to make you proud.
I say,
It's in the click of my heels,
The bend of my hair,

the palm of my hand,
The need for my care.
'Cause I'm a woman

Phenomenally.

Phenomenal woman,
That's me
.

(i) How does the poet describe her physical appearance? (2)

(ii) How does body language play an important role in the above poem? (3)

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

NARRATOR 1: Many years ago in the north of Ireland, there lived a giant named Fin MacCool.

FIN: (*proudly, to audience*) That's me name!

NARRATOR 4: One thing Fin is said to have done was to make a road that crossed the sea from Ireland to Scotland. You can still see what's supposed to be the first stretch of that road. It's called the Giant's Causeway, arid it's a group of great rocks all fitting together.

NARRATOR 2: Now, this story happened when Fin was *building* his road. At the time we're talking about, Fin was a worried giant. He'd been told that another giant, called Cuhullin, was looking for him to challenge him to a fight, to find out which of them was the strongest.

CUHULLIN: (*growls, to audience*)

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 I 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?

FIN: 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.

NARRATOR 2: Now, Oona was worried too, hut she had an idea.

OONA: Go now, and look across the mountain for his coming. You're sure to see him on his way, and that'll give us time to prepare a welcome.

NARRATOR 3: So Fin MacCool did what his wife bid, for he knew her to be a woman of great good sense. And inside the house, Oona cleared the table and began baking a new batch of bread loaves. These were the big, flat loaves you can see in Ireland to this day. But this was a special batch indeed, for inside each loaf she put a great iron griddle.

NARRATOR 1: Well, at last Fin ran into the house.

FIN: Oona, he's coming, and he's a terrible size of a creature! What can I do? If I run away, I'll be shamed forever! And if I stay here, he'll tie my body in knots!

OONA: Ach, be easy now, Fin. Just do what I say, and before the day is out, may be his own forefinger will betray him. (*goes to the other room*)

NARRATOR 4: You see, Cuhullin too had a magic finger. All his strength was in the forefinger of his right hand. If he lost that finger, he'd be no stronger than any ordinary man.

(i) Why was Fin MacCool feeling worried while building his road? (2)

(ii) What special preparation did Oona make to welcome Cuhullin? (2)

Fill-in-the-blanks

(iii) Fin MacCool's magic thumb would warn him of any ————————. (1)

8. Rewrite as directed. (5)

(a) Ravi said, "I am a teacher". (into indirect speech)

(b) The teacher asked Ravi what he was doing then. (into direct speech)

(c) My teacher said, "I am going to teach grammar". (into indirect speech)

(d) Anbu asked me where I was going. (into direct speech)

(e) Ravi told Rahim that he had completed the project work. (into direct speech)

Or

9. You are the convener of a national seminar on "Sustainable Development and Environmental Conservation". Frame a vote of thanks to be delivered at the end of the seminar, thanking the chief guest, dignitaries, speakers, delegates, and organizers. (5)

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