NOVEMBER 2025 **71281/100L1Z/ 100H1Z**

Time : Three hours Maximum : 75 marks

SECTION A — (15 marks)

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

(i)	Fugitive	(a) exile	(b) endure	(c) citizen	(d) native
(ii)	Caprice	(a) honesty	(b) conspiracy	(c) eccentricity	(d) stability
(iii)	Spectators	(a) participants	(b) onlookers	(c) colleague	(d) partner
(iv)	Ail	(a) delight	(b) relief	(c) comfort	(d) pain
(v)	Barn	(a) shed	(b) garage	(c) bungalow	(d) apartment
(vi)	Prodigality	(a) conserving	(b) economical	(c) extravagance	(d) careful
(vii)	Throng	(a) crowd	(b) devoid	(c) bare	(d) empty
(viii)	Fiery	(a) quenched	(b) flaming	(c) choked	(d) suffocated
(ix)	Queer	(a) frank	(b) straight	(c) strange	(d) trustworthy
(x)	Whisper	(a) murmur	(b) polite	(c) soft	(d) muted
(xi)	Bewilder	(a) calm	(b) perplex	(c) enlighten	(d) instruct

2. Read the following passage and correct the errors. (10)

My little sister Lisa was practising how to riding a bicycle yesterday. Suddenly I hear a loud crash and ran to see what had happened. I saw that she was lying in the ground. I quickly pulled her up and bought her home. She was crying out loud. I quickly go inside the house and brought the first aid box. After cleaning the wound, I apply antiseptic to the wound. Lisa has scratches on her hand and knee. To calm her down, I took her to the nearby shop and brought her a big chocolate. Seeing her favourite chocolate, she immediately stop crying. Within two day, her wounds healed, and she went to play again.

SECTION B — (20 marks)

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

The Yousafzai divided up all the land among the male members of the tribe. It was a peculiar system called wesh under which every five or ten years all the families would swap villages and redistribute the land of the new village among the men so that everyone had the chance to work on good as well as bad land. It was thought this

would then keep rival clans from fighting. Villages were ruled by khans, and the common people, craftsmen and labourers, were their tenants. They had to pay them rent in kind, usually a share of their crop. They also had to help the khans form a militia by providing an armed man for every small plot of land. Each khan kept hundreds of armed men both for feuds and to raid and loot other villages.

As the Yousafzai in Swat had no ruler, there were constant feuds between the khans and even within their own families. Our men all have rifles, though these days they don't walk around with them like they do in other Pashtun areas, and my great-grandfather used to tell stories of gun battles when he was a boy. In the early part of the last century they became worried about being taken over by the British, who by then controlled most of the surrounding lands. They were also tired of the endless bloodshed. So they decided to try and find an impartial man to rule the whole area and resolve their disputes.

After a couple of rulers who did not work out, in 1917 the chiefs settled on a man called Miangul Abdul Wadood as their king. We know him affectionately as Badshah Sahib, and though he was completely illiterate, he managed to bring peace to the valley. Taking a rifle away from a Pashtun is like taking away his life, so he could not disarm the tribes. Instead he built forts on mountains all across Swat and created an army. He was recognized by the British as the head of state in 1926 and installed as wali, which is our word for ruler. He set up the first telephone system and built the first primary school and ended the wesh system because the constant moving between villages meant no one could sell land or had any incentive to build better houses or plant fruit trees.

(i) The peculiar system used by the Yousafzai to redistribute land among male members of the tribe was called (1)

(ii) Who was Miangul Abdul Wadood? (1)

(iii) What changes did Badshah Sahib implement in the Swat valley? (3)

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

There is an incident which occurred at the examination during my first year at the high school and which is worthy recording. Mr. Giles, the Education Inspector, had come on a visit of inspection. He had set us five words to write as a spelling exercise. One of the words was 'kettle', I had misspelt it. The teacher tried to prompt me with the point of his boot, but I would not be prompted. It was beyond me to see that he wanted me to copy the spelling from my neighbour's slate, for I had thought that the teacher was there to supervise us against copying. The result was that all the boys, except myself, were found to have spelt every word correctly. Only I had been stupid. The teacher tried later to bring this stupidity home to me, but without effect. I never could learn the art of 'copying'.

Yet the incident did not in the least diminish my respect for my teacher. I was, by nature, blind to the faults of elders. Later I came to know of many other failings of this teacher, but my regard for him remained the same. For I had learnt to carry out the orders of elders, not to scan their actions.

Two other incidents, belonging to the same period, have always clung to my memory. As a rule I had a distaste for any reading beyond my school books. The daily lessons had to be done, because I disliked being taken to task by my teacher as much as I dislike deceiving him. Therefore I would do the lessons, but often without my mind in them. Thus when even the lessons could not be done properly, there was of course no question of any extra reading. But somehow my eyes fell on a book purchased by my father. It was Shravana Pitribhakti Nataka (a play about Shravana's devotion to his parents). I read it with intense interest. There came to our place about the same time itinerant showmen. One of the pictures

I was shown was of Shravana carrying, by means of slings fitted for his shoulders, his blind parents on a pilgrimage. The book and the picture left an indelible impression on my mind. 'Here is an example for you to copy,' I said to myself. The agonized lament of the parents over Shravana's death is still fresh in my memory. The melting tune moved me deeply, and I played it on a concertina which my father had purchased for me.

(i) Name the Education Inspector mentioned in the above passage. (1)

(ii) Name the book that influenced Gandhi. (1)

(iii) What incident occurred during the examination that the author recalls? (3)

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

At dawn slowly
the sun withdraws his
long misty arms of
embrace. Happy lovers

whose exertions leave
no aftertaste nor slush
of love's combustion; Earth
perfumed in dewdrop
fragrance wakes

to whispers of
soft-eyed light...
Later he
will wear out his temper
ploughing the vast acres
of heaven and take it

out of her in burning
darts of anger. Long
accustomed to such caprice
she waits patiently

for evening when thoughts
of another night will
restore his mellowness
and her power
over him.

(i) Love Cycle is a poem written by the African writer _____. (1)

(ii) The poem depicts the couple: the sun as an _____ and the earth as a _____ (2)

(iii) What does the earth do as it wakes up in the morning? (2)

4. Write a descriptive paragraph of the book that you have recently read. (5)

SECTION C — (20 marks)

5. (a) Read the following stanza and answer the questions that follows : (5)

The eight other runners pulled up on their heels
The ones who had trained for so long to compete
One by one they all turned around and went back to help him
And brought the young boy to his feet

Then all the nine runners joined hands and continued
The hundred yard dash now reduced to a walk
And a banner above that said "Special Olympics"
Could not have been more on the mark.

That's how the race ended, with nine gold
medals
They came to the finish line holding hands
still
And a standing ovation and nine beaming
faces
Said more than these words ever will.

(i) "Nine Gold Medals" tells the true story of the _____ race at a 1976 event. (1)

(ii) Each of the nine athletes was awarded a gold medal for their display of _____ (1)

(iii) What is the main theme of the poem, "Nine Gold Medals"? (3)

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

"My cloak!" no other word she spoke,
But loud and bitterly she wept,
As if her innocent heart would break;
And down from off her seat she leapt.

"What ails you, child?" — she sobbed "Look here!"

I saw it in the wheel entangled,
A weather-beaten rag as e'er
From any garden scare-crow dangled.

There, twisted between nave and spoke,
It hung, nor could at once be freed;
But our joint pains unloosed the cloak,
A miserable rag indeed!

"And whither are you going, child,
To-night alone these lonesome ways?"
"To Durham," answered she, half wild —
"Then come with me into the chaise."

(i) What is the child lamenting about in the poem? (2)

(ii) What does the speaker offer to the child after learning about her destination? (2)

(iii) Who is the speaker of the poem? (1)

(c) Read the following stanza and answer the questions that follow : (5)

I had heard a lot about Miss Beam's school, but I did not get the chance to visit it till last week.

When I arrived at the school I saw a girl of about twelve, with her eyes covered with a bandage, being led carefully between the flower-beds by a little boy of eight. She stopped and asked who it was that had come in, and he seemed to be describing me to her. Then they passed on. Miss Beam was all that I had expected - middle - aged authoritative, kind and understanding. Her hair was beginning to turn grey, and her round figure was likely to be comforting to a homesick child.

We chatted for a little while, and then I asked her some questions about her teaching methods, which I had heard were simple.

"...We teach only those things that are simple and useful to pupils-spelling, adding, subtracting, multiplying, writing. The rest is done by reading to them and giving them interesting talks. There are practically no other lessons.

"...I have heard so much," I said, "about the originality of your system."

Miss Beam smiled. "Ah, yes," she said. "I am coming to that. The real aim of this school is not to teach thought but thoughtfulness-humanity, kindness and citizenship.

That is the ideal I have always had, and happily, there are parents good enough to trust me to try and put it into practice. Look out of the window a minute, will you?"

I went to the window, which looked out on a large garden and playground at the back.

"What do you see?" Miss Beam asked.

"I see some very beautiful grounds," I said, "and a lot of jolly children. But what surprises me, and pains me too, so that they are not all healthy and active. As I came in, I saw one poor little thing being led about because of some trouble with her eyes. And now I can see two more in the same condition, while there is a girl with a crutch just under the window watching the others at play. She seems to be a hopeless cripple."

(i) What was the first impression of the narrator upon arriving at Miss Beam's school? (2)

(ii) How does Miss Beam describe her teaching methods? (3)

6. Write a narrative paragraph on the trekking that you undertaken with your friends. (5)

SECTION D — (20 marks)

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

A few strike out without map or chart,
Where never a man has been,
From the beaten path they draw apart
To see what no man has seen.
There are deeds they hunger alone to do;
Though battered and bruised and sore,
They blaze the path for the many, who
Do nothing not done before.

The things that haven't been done before
Are the tasks worthwhile today;
Are you one of the flock that follows, or
Are you one that shall lead the way?
Are you one of the timid souls that quail
At the jeers of a doubting crew,
Or dare you, whether you win or fail,
Strike out for a goal that's new?

(i) What is the attitude of the timid souls mentioned in the above lines? (2)

(ii) What choice does the poet present to the reader regarding their role in pursuing goals? (3)

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

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

(i) What does the speaker think about the woods? (2)

(ii) What does the speaker mean by 'promises to keep'? (3)

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

NARRATOR 1 : Once in China there lived an old widow and her son, Chen. The widow was known all over for the brocades that she made on her loom.

NARRATOR 4 : Weaving threads of silver, gold, and colored silk into her cloth, she made pictures of flowers, birds, and animals....

NARRATOR 2 : Pictures so real they seemed almost alive.

NARRATOR 3 : People said there were no brocades finer than the ones the widow wove.

NARRATOR 1 : One day, the widow took a pile of brocades to the marketplace, where she quickly sold them. Then she went about buying her household needs.

NARRATOR 4: All at once she stopped.

WIDOW : "Oh, my!"

NARRATOR 2: Her eye had been caught by a beautiful painted scroll that hung in one of the stalls.

NARRATOR 3 : It showed a marvelous palace, all red and yellow and blue and green, reaching delicately to the sky. All around were fantastic gardens, and walking through them, the loveliest maidens.

NARRATOR 1 : "Do you like it?" asked the stall keeper. "It's a painting of Sun Palace. They say it lies far to the east and is the home of many fairy ladies."

WIDOW : (sighs) "It's wonderful,". It makes me want to be there." (pays and takes it)

NARRATOR 4 : Though it cost most of her money, the widow could not resist buying the scroll.

NARRATOR 2 : When she got back to her cottage, she showed it to her son.

WIDOW : "Look, Chen. Have you ever seen anything more beautiful? How I would love to live in that palace, or at least visit it!"

NARRATOR 3 : Chen looked at her thoughtfully.

CHEN : "Mother, why don't you weave the picture as a brocade? That would be almost like being there."

WIDOW : "Why, Chen, what a marvelous idea! I'll start at once."

NARRATOR 1 : She set up her loom and began to weave. She worked for hours, then days, then weeks, barely stopping to eat or sleep. Her eyes grew bloodshot, and her fingers raw.

(i) What was the widow known for in her village? (1)

(ii) What did the widow see in the marketplace that caught her eye? (2)

(iii) What was the widow's condition after working on the brocade for a long time? (2)

8. Write a persuasive paragraph on the merits and demerits of social media. (5)

Or

9. Write an expository paragraph on the person you admire and why. (5)
