NOVEMBER 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)

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

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

(a) Everyman have their own work to do.

(b) Either Priya or Sita will bring their guitar.

(c) I want some informations on this subject.

(d) Ramaiah divided his property between his five children.

(e) He has been waiting here since 3 hours.

(f) If you will work hard, you will pass.

(g) The Secretary and the Correspondent has come.

(h) Tharun is leaving for Delhi today night.

(i) Kailash was born in Mylapore in Chennai.

(j) I am going to my native.

SECTION B — (20 marks)

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

'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, for bringing honour to Hong Kong. We are proud of you'.

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

'I was going up the lift this morning with my friend C.Y. Tung when he showed me this article and asked me, '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. I thought, Is this 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 very 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!'

He laughed approvingly. 'I doubt it very much but that's a good answer'.

(i) What achievement is announced at the beginning of the passage? (2)

(ii) Why is Adeline's achievement significant for Hong Kong? (2)

(iii) How does Adeline react to the news of her victory? (1)

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

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,

which do not now seem to me so very wonderful, sent shivers down my backbone; and the spelling 'hee' for 'he' was an added pleasure. As for the need to describe things, I knew all about it already. So it is clear what kind of books I wanted to write, in so far as I could be said to want to write books at that time. I wanted to write enormous naturalistic novels with unhappy endings, full of detailed descriptions and arresting similes, and also full of purple passages in which words were used partly for the sake of their sound. And in fact my first completed novel, *Burmese Days,* which I wrote when I was thirty but projected much earlier, is rather that kind of book.

I give all this background information because I do not think one can assess a writer's motives without knowing something of his early development. His subject-matter will be determined by the age he lives in — at least this is true in tumultuous, revolutionary ages like our own - but before he ever begins to write he will have acquired an emotional attitude from which he will never completely escape. It is his job,

no doubt, to discipline his temperament and avoid getting stuck at some immature stage, or in some perverse mood: but if he escapes from his early influences altogether, he will have killed his impulse to write. Putting aside the need to earn a living, I think there are four great motives for writing, at any rate for writing prose. They exist in different degrees in every writer, and in any one writer the proportions will vary from time to time, according to the atmosphere in which he is living.

(i) What realization did the writer have at the age of sixteen? (2)

(ii) Why did the lines from Paradise Lost have such a strong impact on the writer? (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.

(a) How does the author distinguish between passions and enjoyments in relation to life? (2)

(b) What reason does the author give for why tyrants rarely take their own lives? (3)

4. Write a short report on the Cycle Rally conducted in your college for Drug Free Tamilnadu. (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) How did Dittu's life change after partition? (2)

(ii) How does the story highlight the conflict between personal principles and real-life challenges? (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) What was the narrator doing before he noticed the commotion in the street?(2)

(ii) How does Rahmun respond to Mini's question and what does it imply? (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 it is 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 25th Book Fair being held in your district. (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) How does the poem create the impression that the rocks are strong and unyielding? (2)

(ii) How does the imagery of nature contribute to the poem's theme? (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.
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,
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,

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) What do men struggle to understand about the speaker? (2)

(ii) How does the speaker describe her 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) Who is Cuhullin, and why is Fin afraid of him? (2)

(ii) What is the significance of Fin's magic thumb? (2)

(iii) To protect Fin, Oona disguises him as a ..... (1)

8. Rewrite as directed : (5)

(a) Kumar said, "I am very busy now". (into indirect speech)

(b) The teacher asked Vijay why he was late. (into direct speech)

(c) My father said, "Honesty is the best policy". (into indirect speech)

(d) Anbu asked me what I was doing. (into direct speech)

(e) Correct the errors: They asked, "Where do you live"

Or

9. You are the Secretary of your Department Association. Write a Vote of Thanks during the valedictory function. (5)

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