

**B.A./ B.B.A./B.C.A./B.Com./B.Sc./ B.S.W./B.V.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, NOVEMBER 2019
FIRST SEMESTER**

COURSE : FOUNDATION CORE

PAPER : LANGUAGE THROUGH LITERATURE - I

TIME : 3 HOURS

MAX. MARKS: 100

SECTION A - READING

I. A. Read the following excerpt and answer the questions that follow. (15 marks)

In all the years since he had run away from home, Raju had worked as a nightwatchman in many towns and in many types of establishments. When he started out, it was the only job he could get. Over time, he had grown used to the work and to the attendant routine. He had a very hard time during the inevitable gap of one or two days between leaving a job and joining another. He could not sleep a wink at night. He felt miserable, having to spend the entire night in his hovel of a room without sleep.

Because of his vocation, nights were familiar territory for him. He slept through the day. On most days, he did not get even a glimpse of daylight.

He thought that he did his work properly, without any shortcomings. But some unexpected problem would crop up suddenly, forcing him to change his employer. Since there was a perennial demand for nightwatchmen, he always got another job immediately. The only problem was accommodation. He needed a room where he could sleep undisturbed during the day.

He had grown used to staying awake at night. But it was impossible to meet and chat with people at night-time. He was forced to interact with men who did the same type of job and talk endlessly about the same boring topics night after night. Besides, he rarely saw any women. By the time he came out, the women would have reached home or were on their way. Anyway, he didn't have the time to stop and look at them. The occasions where he managed to talk to women were very rare in his life. A few words uttered by them on those occasions still rang in his ears. Like picture frames, he had put up certain faces in his heart. Now and again, he would pick one and caress her to his heart's content.

When Raju went to his native village a few years ago, his mother spoke to him about his marriage. He indeed yearned for intimacy with a woman. But what girl would marry a man who stayed out all night and lolled at home during the day? No wonder his mother was still searching.

Raju loved listening to all kinds of sounds. He hated that hour in the night when all the noises died down gradually and everything became silent. When it happened, he would hum a song or bang hard on the ground with his stick. No sound could be a substitute for human voices. If someone spoke more than a sentence to him or listened patiently to what he was saying, he felt ebullient all night long. Most times, however, his routine was to walk along filthy city streets throughout the night.

On his rounds, he would see the trash piled up outside big office buildings, banks, warehouses and rich people's mansions, and dogs loitering in and around those piles. As the bustle of human activity dwindled steadily, the road assumed the visage of a corpse. A fetid odour started to waft

at midnight. Milkmen and vegetable sellers brought the road to life at dawn. Even as the road became more and more alive, he took his leave. Why would anyone want to witness death from up close or leave the living behind?

The farmhouse was unlike the other places he had worked in. Leave alone women, he rarely saw another human being. It was a different world, with birds and towering trees, that was turning there. At six every evening, he turned on the lamps on all sides of the farm. Then he untied the dogs and set them loose. Similarly, at six in the morning, he had to turn off the lamps and tie up the dogs. He patrolled the entire farm throughout the night. The dogs were not of much use. Every now and then, they looked randomly in some direction, raised their snouts and started barking for no reason at all. If he ran forward and checked, not even a small dry leaf would have stirred there. Once he realized that they were barking because, like him, they were weary of having nothing to do, he stopped giving any importance to it.

The farm was a large, rectangular expanse. Most nights, he would go and sit near the entrance on the eastern side of the farm. On a rare day, a vehicle might pass on the twenty-foot-wide road in front of the entrance. He would wonder for some time about where that vehicle was headed. He would listen keenly for any sound of the vehicle coming to a halt nearby. For him, it was like playing a game. If he walked in the other three directions, he would bump into fences. He had a torch that could send its beam quite far into the distance. Regardless of the side he was patrolling, he kept flashing the beam. There were snakes, he had been told. He didn't see any snakes. Unimaginably large field rats scurried across his path. Owls hooted, shattering the deep silence of the night. Their white wings marked with black lines and spots, the owls looked different from any he had seen before. When he first heard their cries, he was petrified by the sound. As he listened to it more and more intently, he grew to like it.

The sound they made was not gentle. Nor did it start softly and become louder. It began at peak volume. It was like a child bawling immediately after being pinched. He loved those owls. He felt that they were like him. They stayed awake at night, unlike any other species of bird. But the owl was never alone. It was always with another owl, or more. Even if the cries were very loud, he was able to discern variations among them. And when they cried during copulation, there was a passionate tenderness in it. On hearing that cry one day, he had trained the beam of his torch up at a tree. He saw two owls leap off and fly away together. He felt bad about having spoilt their pleasure. He would have liked it if the owls lived closer to the ground. But the farm owner had cut off the lower branches of all the trees and let them grow to a great height. In the trees, the foliage at the top spread out like a tent. The owls liked to sit around there. He had to strain hard to see them. If they stayed lower down, he could talk to those owls too, like he did with parrots and pigeons. He considered the owl's cry a little companion that cheered him up every now and then.

1. How did Raju react to silence during his working hours on the farm? (2 marks)
2. What did Raju observe during his late night walks on the streets? (2 marks)
3. Describe his response to the owls. (4 marks)
4. From the list given below, frame three sentences using any three words in the same meaning as given in the passage. (1 x 3 = 3 marks)
 ebullient caress rare interact loiter
5. State whether the following are true or false. (1 x 4 = 4 marks)
 - i. Raju was unemployed for a long time.
 - ii. Raju did not want to get married.
 - iii. Raju enjoyed conversing with people.
 - iv. The dogs were Raju's favourite companions.

B. Read the poem given below and answer the questions that follow.**Chinese Art and Greek Art
-By Jalaluddin Rumi**

The Prophet said, "There are some who see Me
by the same Light in which I am seeing them.
Our natures are one.
Without reference to any strands
of lineage, without reference to texts or traditions,
we drink the Life-Water together."

Here's a story
about that hidden mystery:
The Chinese and the Greeks
were arguing as to who were the better artists.

The King said,
"We'll settle this matter with a debate."
The Chinese began talking,
but the Greeks wouldn't say anything.
They left.

The Chinese suggested then
that they each be given a room to work on
with their artistry, two rooms facing each other
and divided by a curtain.

The Chinese asked the King
for a hundred colors, all the variations,
and each morning they came to where
the dyes were kept and took them all.

The Greeks took no colors.
"They're not part of our work,"
They went to their room
and began cleaning and polishing the walls. All day
every day they made those walls as pure and clear
as an open sky.

There is a way that leads from all-colors
to colorlessness. Know that the magnificent variety
of the clouds and the weather comes from
the total simplicity of the sun and the moon.

The Chinese finished, and they were so happy.
They beat the drums in the joy of completion.
The King entered their room,
astonished by the gorgeous color and detail.

The Greeks then pulled the curtain dividing the rooms.
The Chinese figures and images shimmeringly reflected
on the clear Greek walls. They lived there,
even more beautifully, and always
changing in the light.

The Greek art is the Sufi way.
They don't study books of philosophical thought.
They make their loving clearer and clearer.
No wantings, no anger. In that purity
they receive and reflect the images of every moment,
from here, from the stars, from the void.
They take them in
as though they were seeing
with the Lighted Clarity
that sees them.

1. What are the requirements put forth by the Chinese? (3 marks)
2. How do the Greeks proceed to do their work? (4 marks)
3. What did the Chinese do after completing their work? (2 marks)
4. "The Greek Art is the Sufi way." Explain (4 marks)
5. Why does the Prophet say that their "natures are one"? (2 marks)

SECTION B

II. Answer any three of the following in about 350 words each. (3 x 10 = 30 marks)

1. Describe the observations and experiences of the patriot in Ezekiel's poem "The Patriot."
2. Narrate the experiences of Muddlehead in your own words.
3. How do the bridge players help Queen Pulamvula?
4. Explain the role of the dwarves in "Snow Night."

SECTION C

III. Fill in the blanks using the verbs given in brackets in the appropriate tense. (1 x 10 = 10 marks)

1. It was important for me to reach home early last evening as Joe and Jane _____
(come) home for dinner. But when I _____ (reach) the bus-stand, I found a car waiting for
me. It _____ (be) Joe and Jane who _____ (come) there to pick me up.
2. My friend who _____ (live) in Singapore _____ (come) to India on a short visit.
She _____ (hope) to meet her relatives and friends. She also _____ (plan) to buy a
house in the country-side before she _____ (leave) the city. During the first week of her
stay, I hope she _____ (attend) my daughter's wedding too.

IV. Fill in the blanks with the appropriate form of the verb that agrees with the subject. (1 x 10 = 10 marks)

A few of my friends _____ (is / are) Japanese. All of them _____ (have / has) difficulty
speaking English. None of them _____ (prefer / prefers) to stay in India after their
graduation. My friend Simone and his family particularly _____ (enjoy / enjoys) eating spicy
Chennai street-food. However I try to cook atleast one meal a day. Bread and butter _____
(is / are) their breakfast today.

During our trip to Pondicherry, one of them lost her bag. We hope to get it back as she _____ (has / have) registered a case at the police station. The police _____ (is / are) investigating the case and _____ (has / have) already taken into custody three suspects. One of them _____ (happen / happens) to be a tourist guide enrolled in a private tourist agency. Many of them _____ (do / does) not provide correct details about themselves during registration.

SECTION D

V. Write a paragraph of 150 words on any one of the following.

(1 x 10 = 10 marks)

1. Narrate a memorable dream you have had.
2. Narrate an interesting incident from your childhood.

VI. In a paragraph of about 150 words, describe any one of the pictures given below.

(1 x 10 = 10 marks)


