

**B.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, NOVEMBER 2019**  
**BRANCH XII – ENGLISH**  
**FIRST SEMESTER**

**COURSE: MAJOR – CORE**  
**PAPER: PROSE**

**TIME: 3 HOURS**  
**MAX. MARKS: 100**

**SECTION A**

**I. Answer any four of the following in about 150 words each. (4 x 10 = 40 marks)**

1. Describe the ways in which Addison has dealt with humour as an underlying theme in “Ladies’ Headdress.”
2. What is an expository essay? Briefly elucidate George Mikes’ “Tea” as one that falls into that genre.
3. Why does Rowling attribute her success to failure and imagination?
4. How does Lincoln’s address at Gettysburg highlight the American national purpose?
5. Define an autobiography. How and why is Maya Angelou’s *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings* considered to be one?
6. Describe the experiences of Iyer as a traveller in Bhutan.

**SECTION B**

**II. Answer any two of the following in about 400 words each. (2 x 20 = 40 marks)**

7. “In this regard, we urban intellectuals could take some salutary lessons from the villagers of Mandya.” Explicate.
8. Critically analyse Charles Dickens’ “Letter to his Wife” as an epistolary form of prose.
9. Discuss in detail the various themes that Maya Angelou explores in her autobiography, *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*.
10. Discuss Temsula Ao’s memoir as one that delineates her journey to success despite the limiting situations she faced in life.

**SECTION C**

**III. Critically analyse the given passage with reference to context, content, style and tone. (1 x 20 = 20 marks)**

11. It was the setting for a grey, gritty, Scandinavian myth. Out of Finland’s Lusoto we drove, through an icy drizzle, to a bleak and rocky hill. Ari, our driver-guide, geared into his four-wheel drive and we ground, groaned and churned shards of slate from our wheels before reaching the top. Dark wooden shacks loomed out of a rubble-strewn field and a few ghostly conifers stood like spectral sentinels. The only spot of colour was a tall man in a red parka. He strode up to us, crunching rubble and frost under his sturdy boots, and said, “I’m Fred. Welcome to the Arctic Amethyst mine of Lampivaara!”

Both his voice and his handshake were warm and his accent had a slight Afrikaans ring. We didn’t dwell on that, preferring to hurry into a log hut where a fire blazed in a stove.

It was warm and there was a faint fragrance of resin. Fred hung up his parka, gave us a hot berry drink and wove the Saga of the Shaman's Stone. While a knife-edged Lappish wind keened outside, we fled back four milliard — four thousand million — years when the world was very young and very violent. Deep below the surface of the earth, two great tectonic plates, churning on their oceans of molten magma, collided. "It pushed up mountains four to five kilometres high," Fred's voice was suitably hushed at the enormity of it all. The berry juice was sweet and tart and we unzipped our anoraks. "Now, 10 Ice Ages followed covering all this where we are sitting, under two or three kilometres of ice. It wore down the high mountains till, today, Lampivaara is only 400m high."

The warmth and the berry juice, fermented perhaps, had made us feel a bit drowsy. "Now, the amethysts began to form!" Our drowsiness vanished. "The melting ice had minerals in it. Silica in the water crystallised into quartz, often called Mountain Crystal. It's used in TV sets, watches and solar panels. In the 1800s they made spectacles of it." This is probably why spectacle lenses are sometimes referred to as 'pebbles'. Fred refreshed our mugs. We sipped warily. He reached behind him and held out chunks of rock. "When the radiation is high, the quartz turns black and is known as Smoky Quartz." The quartz sat in our palms, winking in the light. Sci-fi tales created ET beings of crystal. We recalled reading that when viruses are dormant, they are crystalline waiting for a living host to propagate. In our flights of fantasy we had lost some of his words. He was now saying "When the spirit doctors, the Shamans, discovered that sparks fly when crystal is rubbed and that there is a smell like the odour of a thunderstorm, they said such crystals were a gift of the Thunder God, Ukko."

## OR

Devonshire Terrace  
Tuesday Morning  
Fifteenth April 1851

My dearest Kate.

Now observe. You must read this letter, very slowly and carefully. If you have hurried on thus far without quite understanding (apprehending some bad news), I rely on your turning back, and reading again.

Little Dora, without being in the least pain, is suddenly stricken ill. She awoke out of a sleep, and was seen, in one moment, to be very ill. Mind! I will not deceive you. I think her very ill.

There is nothing in her appearance but perfect rest. You would suppose her quietly asleep. But I am sure she is very ill, and I cannot encourage myself with much hope of her recovery. I do not—and why should I say I do, to you my dear!—I do not think her recovery at all likely.

I do not like to leave home. I can do nothing here, but I think it right to stay here. You will not like to be away, I know, and I cannot reconcile it to myself to keep you away. Forster with his usual affection for us comes down to bring you this letter and to bring you home. But I cannot close it without putting the strongest entreaty and injunction upon you to come with perfect composure—to remember what I have often told you, that we never can expect to be exempt, as to our many children, from the afflictions of other parents—and that if—if—when

you come, I should even have to say to you "Our little baby is dead", you are to do your duty to the rest, and to shew yourself worthy of the great trust you hold in them.

If you will only read this, steadily, I have a perfect confidence in your doing what is right.

Ever affectionately,  
Charles Dickens

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