

STELLA MARIS COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS) CHENNAI 600 086
(For candidates admitted during the academic year 2019– 2020 and thereafter)

**B.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, APRIL 2024
ENGLISH AND COMMUNICATION SKILLS
SIXTH SEMESTER**

**COURSE : MAJOR ELECTIVE
TITLE : LITERATURES OF ASIA
SUBJECT CODE : 19CE/ME/LA45
TIME : 3 HOURS**

MAX. MARKS: 100

SECTION A

I Answer three of the following questions in about 350 words each. (3x15=45 marks)

1. How does Manto use the backdrop of the partition of India in “Khol Do.”
2. Explain the theme of expectation and disappointment in Shanmugalingam’s *Land of Our Parents*.
3. Delve into the themes of memory and nostalgia in Mahmoud Darwish’s “The Passport.”
4. Explore the recurring themes in Yehuda Amichai's poetry.
5. Explain the importance of the title in Emily Nasarallah’s “The Green Bird.”

SECTION B

II Answer any two of the following questions in about 600 words each. (2x20=40 marks)

6. Explain the transformation of the village in “Oil Field” as portrayed by Hassan Alwan.
7. How is the history of Palestine weaved into the personal memoir of Amos Oz’s *A Tale of Love and Darkness*?
8. Elaborate the mood and atmosphere created in Masoka Shiki's haikus prescribed for study.
9. Examine the social class disparities in Khaled Hosseini’s *The Kite Runner*.

SECTION C

III. Analyse the following passage with reference to concepts prescribed for study from Khaled Hosseini’s *The Kite Runner*.

(1x15=15 marks)

I became what I am today at the age of twelve, on a frigid overcast day in the winter of 1975. I remember the precise moment, crouching behind a crumbling mud wall, peeking into the alley near the frozen creek. That was a long time ago, but it’s wrong what they say about the past, I’ve learned, about how you can bury it. Because the past claws its way out. Looking back now, I realize I have been peeking into that deserted alley for the last twenty-six years.

One day last summer, my friend Rahim Khan called from Pakistan. He asked me to come see him. Standing in the kitchen with the receiver to my ear, I knew it wasn't just Rahim Khan on the line. It was my past of unatoned sins. After I hung up, I went for a walk along Spreckels Lake on the northern edge of Golden Gate Park. The early-afternoon sun sparkled on the water where dozens of miniature boats sailed, propelled by a crisp breeze. Then I glanced up and saw a pair of kites, red with long blue tails, soaring in the sky. They danced high above the trees on the west end of the park, over the windmills, floating side by side like a pair of eyes looking down on San Francisco, the city I now call home. And suddenly Hassan's voice whispered in my head: _For you, a thousand times over._ Hassan the harelippped kite runner.

I sat on a park bench near a willow tree. I thought about something Rahim Khan said just before he hung up, almost as an after thought. -There is a way to be good again.- I looked up at those twin kites. I thought about Hassan. Thought about Baba. Ali. Kabul. I thought of the life I had lived until the winter of 1975 came and changed everything. And made me what I am today.
