

**DIPLOMA IN CREATIVE WRITING IN  
ENGLISH**

**Term-End Examination**

**December, 2012**

**DCE-2 : FEATURE WRITING**

*Time : 3 hours*

*Maximum Marks : 100*

*(Weightage 70%)*

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*Note : This paper has **two** sections, **A** and **B**. Attempt **any five** questions in all, choosing at least **two** from each section. All questions carry **equal** marks.*

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**SECTION - A**

1. Write a short note on **any two** of the following  
(200 words each). **2x10=20**
- (a) How to give direction to an interview while it is in progress ?
- (b) The importance of the reviewer's evaluation of a book.
- (c) Promotional travel writing.
2. How could a writer on women's issues draw out **20**  
an interviewee who is illiterate and inarticulate,  
but whose experiences are worth sharing with  
others ?

3. Discuss the importance of additional props like photographs, sketches and maps for travel writers of both categories- personal and promotional 20
4. The reviewer of books must be acquainted with other books in the same field and yet not pretentiously scholarly. Discuss. 20
5. Discuss how an interviewer should conduct an interview so that both the interviewer and interviewee feel relaxed and do not lose their bearings. 20

## SECTION - B

6. Write an interview for a magazine article with a sports person about the game itself, the particular event and circumstances which have brought her/him to the city and the organisation of the event. (400 words) 20
7. Write a travel article for weekly magazine on a visit to a historical site around which a modern township has grown. (400 words) 20
8. Write a report, bringing out the conditions of women labourers at a building site, which are more oppressive than those of male labourers (400 words) 20
9. Write the review of a book that is about the culture, festivals and food of a particular region (400 words) 20
10. Comment on following paragraph in your capacity as a book reviewer ; (300 words) 20  
On certain nights, when I lie in bed, hovering over that mysterious abyss between wakefulness and sleep, I can see Father standing in the rain outside, his hair all wet, the water streaming across his face. He looks half his size, gone is the fat around his waist the furrows on his forehead. Instead he

looks weak, lost, like a child left stranded in the blinding rain. I want to open the window, ask him to come in, change his clothes and cover him with a blanket. I want to tell him that what happened, happened and its been selfish of me to keep using him as an excuse for failures of my own making or as a subject of my prose. I want him to help me understand why he failed as a father and how so much hatred and pain could have gracefully coexisted with so much love and joy. But its too late, I am trapped in cliches Father is gone, leaving behind the rain pouring out from a dark Calcutta night.

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