

**DIPLOMA IN CREATIVE WRITING  
IN ENGLISH**

**Term-End Examination**

**December, 2015**

**DCE-1 : GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF WRITING**

*Time : 3 hours*

*Maximum Marks : 100*

*(Weightage : 70%)*

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

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**SECTION A**

1. (a) What, according to you, are the essential qualities for an aspiring creative writer ?  
(300 words) 10
- (b) Discuss the autobiographical mode of writing.  
(300 words) 10
  
2. (a) How can a creative writer distinguish between a genuine creative impulse and a passing, superficial emotion ? Illustrate your answer with examples. (250 words) 10
- (b) What is the function of climax in fiction ? In what kinds of fiction is climax considered inessential ? (300 words) 10

3. (a) A writer of fiction is obliged “to rise” and “transcend the limitations of fact and history.” Comment. (300 words) 10
- (b) Write briefly about the function of dialogue in creating an authentic and realistic environment in a work of fiction. (250 words) 10
4. (a) Define imagery. Comment on the role of image and imagery in creative writing. (250 words) 10
- (b) What is symbolism ? Does it convey meaning more effectively ? (250 words) 10
5. (a) Can a creative writer be his or her own copy editor and general editor ? (250 words) 10
- (b) Write a note on Indexing. (250 words) 10

## SECTION B

6. (a) Write the outline of a story which concludes as given below. (150 words) 10

"My father is in a coma. It is a brain haemorrhage. So even the doctors are praying. Of course they do not know him. But I do. And the question I've kept asking myself is : does he deserve to live ? His face is so calm right now, it is hard to believe the sort of person he used to be.

I look into his calm expressionless face and think, 'I hate you'."

- (b) Write the opening paragraphs of the story visualised by you in (a). (250 words) 10

7. Rewrite the following passage "Why a Robin ?" from the daughter's point of view : 20

### WHY A ROBIN ?

"Tell me something about it," she says.  
'About a robin.'

'Buy why a robin ?'

'I don't know,' she says carelessly. Then, firmly, "Teacher said so. Teacher said a robin.'

Foolishly I ignore the finality of her words and blunder on. 'Why not a bird we know something about ? A sparrow, or a ... a ... a ... myna, or even ... a peacock ?'

'No. Not those. I want a robin,' she says with childish petulance. Her lower lip is thrust forward, her forehead is furrowed, her eyes are angry. But I am amazed at her beauty. How did I, so plain, so common, get a daughter like her ? Her beauty always gives me a physical wrench. And saddens me. It puts distances between us. Can one envy one's own daughter ? I think I do. She gets so much out of life, effortlessly, gracefully. While I ... ?

'Tell me something about the robin.'

This is almost the first time my daughter is appealing to me for help. And I cannot help her. I frown in my turn, perplexed and worried. What shall I say ?

'I don't know,' I say at last. 'I know nothing about it. Except that it's a pretty bird. With a red breast ... ? And it comes in winter ... ? Children feed it bread crumbs ... ?'

The words come out haltingly, hesitantly; I feel like I did when I was a child, answering questions I was not very sure of. Her expectant look unnerves me even more. She is looking at me, head held on one side, almost like a bird herself. But not one that will let me ruffle its feathers. Not one that will come and peck from my hands.

As I stop, she bursts out, 'Oh! Is that all! What's the use of that? I'm supposed to do a two-page composition on the robin and you tell me two words. You can't help me you're no use at all.' I'm conscious that I've failed her, I try to make amends. 'Why don't you write about a peacock? That's a beautiful bird.'

'Teacher said no ex-o-tic birds.' She pronounces the new word carefully and with pride.

'But a peacock isn't exotic. It belongs here. In some places it's quite common.'

'You don't understand,' she says scornfully, looking down at me. Already at twelve, she seems taller than me. Already at her age, she knows more than I do. There is no awkwardness in her; she holds herself with a grace and poise I have never achieved. 'We can't choose the subject ourselves. You don't understand. You don't know anything.'

I look at her terrified. She has already judged me and found me wanting. There is nothing more I can say.

'I'll ask Papa. He's sure to know, he'll help me.'



If, when hearing that I have been stilled at last,  
they stand at the door,  
Watching the full-starred heavens that  
winter sees,  
Will this thought rise on those who will meet my  
face no more,  
“He was one who had an eye for such  
mysteries” ?

And will any say when my bell of quittance is  
heard in the gloom,  
And a crossing breeze cuts a pause in its  
outrollings,  
Till they rise again, as they were a new bell’s  
boom,  
“He hears it not now, but used to notice such  
things” ?

- (a) Describe the mood and emotion of the poem by Thomas Hardy. What impression do you form of the poet’s personality ? (300 words) 15
- (b) Identify two metaphors and one simile in this poem. 5