

**DIPLOMA IN CREATIVE WRITING
IN ENGLISH**

**00145 Term-End Examination
December, 2014**

DCE-1 : GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF WRITING

Time : 3 hours

Maximum Marks : 100

(Weightage : 70%)

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

SECTION A

1. (a) How does a writer establish credibility with his readers ? Explain with examples. (300 words) 10
(b) What is the importance of writing in one's life ? (300 words) 10
2. (a) Explain the importance of title in writing. (300 words) 10
(b) What do you understand by the term 'narrative modes' ? (300 words) 10
3. (a) What role does direct experience play in creative writing ? (300 words) 10
(b) What role do dialogues play in a creative narrative ? (300 words) 10

4. (a) What do you understand by 'symbols' ?
Illustrate with examples. (300 words) 10
- (b) How does a monologue help in bringing
out the inner workings of a character ? Is it
more effective ? Illustrate with examples.
(300 words) 10
5. (a) Comment on different kinds of editing.
(300 words) 10
- (b) What precautions should one take before
submitting a manuscript for printing ?
(300 words) 10

SECTION B

6. Read the following passage and answer the questions that follow :

PRETENDING

by Sally Morgan

Nineteen fifty-nine, and another Milroy began school. Billy's initial reaction was similar to mine, he hated it. Every morning when we set off for school, Billy lagged behind, sobbing. How he managed to walk straight and not trip over always puzzled me, because while his body was trudging in the direction of school, his face was turned backwards towards our house.

He knew that Mum would be watching us from behind the curtains, and, if he looked really upset, she might weaken and call him back. Some days, he began his sobbing ritual so early that by the time we left, his face was red and puffy, his nose snotty and snorting. These occasions were generally too much for Mum, who only let him get as far as our letter-box before calling him back.

Billy's unhappiness at school never spilled over into recess and lunch-time. He was the kind of boy other boys looked up to, so he was never short of a pal. Billy was the image of Dad and, when it came to mateship, exactly like him.

Nan had a soft spot for Billy, too. She supported him in his dislike of school. 'Let him have the day off, Glad,' she pleaded when Billy began his crying routine, 'the child's not well.'

To Billy's credit, he didn't look well. I attempted to copy his mournful look several times, but to no avail. After a few pathetic attempts, it became obvious that what worked for Billy would not work for me. I had to resort to more deceitful means.

I found that a light spattering of talcum powder, rubbed first into my hands and then patted lightly over my face, worked wonderfully well.

'I feel really sick in the stomach, Nan.' I groaned as she gazed at my pale face. 'I think I'm gunna vomit.' Nan grabbed an empty saucepan and bent me over it. After emitting a few strangled noises, I straightened up and said, 'It's no use, it's gone down again.'

'Go and lie down,' Nan instructed, 'I'll send your mother in.'

Within a few minutes, Mum was standing by my bedside, looking extremely sceptical. 'Sally ... are you *really* sick?'

Nan always interrupted, 'Course she's sick, Glad, look at the child's face.'

'I'm not puttin' it on, Mum, honest. I feel real crook. Maybe I'll be better by lunch-time. Nan can send me to school then.'

'Don't be stupid, Sally,' Nan countered, rising to the bait, 'you can't go to school, you'll pass out.'

'All right,' Mum relented, 'you can stay home, but don't eat anything and stay in bed.'

Jill wandered in after Mum and Nan had left and said, 'You're rotten. You're not really sick, are you?'

'Course I am! Go away, you're makin' me feel sick. *Mu-um*, tell Jill to go away, she's makin' me feel worse.'

'You come out of there, Jilly. You let Sally sleep.' Jill gave me a disgusted look and walked off.

Once Jill and Billy had left for school, and Mum had left for her part-time job in Boans' Floral Department, I called out to Nan, 'I'm feelin' a bit better, Nan. Do ya think I could eat something?'

Nan pattered in, with her old tea-towel slung over her shoulder and said, 'Oooh, you still look white, Sally, I don't think you eat enough, your mother can't expect you to get better if you're not going to eat. You stay there and I'll bring in some toast and a hot cup of tea.'

After six or so rounds of toast and jam and a couple of mugs of tea, I said to Nan, 'Gee, it's stuffy in here, Nan.'

‘Yes, it is, go and sit outside, there’s nothin’ like a bit of fresh air when you’re sick in the stomach.’

Nan only spoke to me after that to tell me when lunch was ready. I spent the rest of the day outdoors, playing all my usual games and climbing trees.

I was sitting on the back verandah step, inspecting the cache of small rocks I’d collected, when Mum returned home from her day at work.

‘How’s Sally?’

‘Hmmp, she’s all right’, Nan grumbled. And then, with a giggle, she added, ‘Been sittin’ in that tree all day.’

Mum wandered out. ‘Another miraculous recovery, eh Sal?’

‘Yeah, dunno what it was, Mum, but I hope I don’t get it again.’

‘Don’t hope too much.’

Write a plot of a story of childhood, happiness, and mischief based on the excerpt. (450 words) 20

7. Rewrite the ending of the excerpt (of Q. 6) in the same mode (using dialogue etc.) but with a different conclusion. (450 words) 20

8. Read the following poem and answer the questions that follow :

Braided Lives

by Lakshmi Kannan

Sparse silver hair strayed over
the chubby face.

'I've more time on my hands now,' she chuckled.

'Not much hair to tend to,
just a few wispy strands, contained neatly
within this hair net.

So come, let me do your hair,'
she said to her daughter
gathering her thick, dark tresses.

Occasional threads of silver
streaked across in stark contrast.

It was disquieting.

'Why don't you look after your hair properly?'
scolded the mother.

Time was running out, was it,
even for my young daughter, she mused
pushing the grey strands under the black ones.

'You must massage your scalp with warm coconut oil
then wash your hair with the water of reetha seeds,
not with your stupid bazar shampoo !'

The daughter acquiesced with a smile.

She called out to her little girl,

'Come, let's finish doing your hair too

while we're about it. Hurry,' she urged.
The little girls' hair rippled defiantly
through the teeth of the comb,
hair so black, it hurts the eyes.

'Can't you sit still even for a minute ?' chided the
young mother
parting the child's hair into three strands
of equal thickness, to braid it.
She took the left strand
and moved it over the right,
while behind her, the mother moved the right
to cover the grey of the left,
then the middle strand of black hair
shot with white, moved left,
right, center, left
three in a row, twisting time
in the ritual of 'doing hair'.

- (a) How does the title of the poem convey continuity ? How is this sustained throughout the poem ? (300 words) 10
- (b) How is the idea of mortality (and old age) expressed in the poem ? (300 words) 10
-