

**DIPLOMA IN CREATIVE WRITING
IN ENGLISH**

02455

Term-End Examination

December, 2017

DCE-1 : GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF WRITING

Time : 3 hours

Maximum Marks : 100

(Weightage : 70%)

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.

SECTION A

1. (a) What are the features that form the substance of writing ? (300 words) 10
- (b) Describe briefly the various modes of direct address. (300 words) 10
2. (a) What are the factors which determine the opening of a story ? (300 words) 10
- (b) Elaborate upon the various types of endings with appropriate examples. (300 words) 10

3. (a) What are the sources a writer can draw upon for themes ? (300 words) 10
- (b) Discuss the role of 'situation' in creative writing. Illustrate. (300 words) 10
4. (a) How does language affect readability ? Explain. (300 words) 10
- (b) In what way is poetry different from prose ? Illustrate. (300 words) 10
5. (a) Comment on the importance of footnotes.
(300 words) 10
- (b) What are the points to be kept in mind while preparing an index ? (300 words) 10



SECTION B

6. (a) Write the outline of a story that begins as given below : (200 words) 10

Playtime came and Isabel was surrounded. The girls of her class nearly fought to put their arms round her, to walk away with her, to beam flatteringly, to be her special friend. She held quite a court under the huge pine trees at the side of the playground. Nudging, giggling together, the little girls pressed up close. And the only two who stayed outside the ring were the two who were always outside, the little Kelveys.

- (b) Write the ending of the story you creatively imagined in 6 (a). (250 words) 10

7. Read the poem given below and answer the questions that follow :

In Memoriam

So you were David's father,
And he was your only son,
And the new-cut peats and rotting
And the work is left undone,
Because of an old man weeping,
Just an old man in pain,
For David, his son David,
That will not come again.

Oh, the letters he wrote you,
And I can see them still,
Not a word of the fighting,
But just the sheep on the hill
And how you should get the crops in
Ere the year get stormier,
And the Bosches have got his body,
And I was his officer.

You were only David's father,
But I had fifty sons
When we went up in the evening
Under the arch of the guns,
And we came back at twilight –
O God ! I heard them call
To me for help and pity
That could not help at all.

Oh, never will I forget you,
My men that trusted me,
More my sons than your fathers'
For they could only see
The little helpless babies
And the young men in their pride.
They could not see you dying
And hold you while you died.

Happy and young and gallant,
They saw their first-born go,
But not the strong limbs broken
And the beautiful men brought low,
The piteous writhing bodies,
They screamed, 'Don't leave me Sir,'
For they were only your fathers
But I was your officer.

- (a) Comment on the use and repetition of the word 'only' by the poet. (75 words) 5
- (b) How does/do the person/persons addressed in the poem change from the beginning to the end ? What is the effect of this change ? (200 words) 10
- (c) In what ways are the memories different for the father and the officer ? (75 words) 5
8. Rewrite the following extract from the Mother's point of view : 20

Mother was very concerned about how she could give us a musical education. It was out of the question that we both be taught an instrument, since Father's business was at a low ebb and he hardly knew where he would find enough money to pay the rent, so she took us to a friend's house to listen to gramophone records. They were of the old-fashioned, cylindrical kind made by Edison and they sounded far away and thin like the voice of a ventriloquist mimicking far off musical instruments. But my sister and I marvelled at them. We should have been willing to sit over the long, narrow horn for days, but Mother decided that it would only do us harm to listen to military marches and the stupid songs of the music-hall.

It was then that we began to pay visits to musical emporiums. We went after school and during the holidays in the mornings. There were times when Father waited long for his lunch or evening meal, but he made no protest. He supposed Mother knew what she was doing in those shops and he told his friends of the effort Mother was making to acquaint us with music.

Our first visits to the shops were in the nature of reconnoitering sorties. In each emporium Mother looked the attendants up and down while we thumbed the books on the counters, stared at the enlarged photographs of illustrious composers, and studied the various catalogues of gramophone records. We went from shop to shop until we just about knew all there was to know about the records and sheet music and books in stock.

Then we started all over again from the first shop and this time we came to hear the records.

I was Mother's interpreter and I would ask one of the salesmen to play us a record she had chosen from one of the catalogues. Then I would ask him to play another. It might have been a piece for violin by Tchaikovsky or Beethoven or an aria sung by Caruso or Chaliapin. This would continue until Mother observed the gentleman in charge of the gramophone losing his patience and we would take our leave.

With each visit Mother became bolder and several times she asked to have whole symphonies and concertos played to us. We sat for nearly an hour cooped up in a tiny room with the salesman restlessly shuffling his feet, yawning and not knowing what to expect next. Mother pretended he hardly existed and, making herself comfortable in the cane chair, with a determined, intent expression she gazed straight ahead at the whirling disc.
