

**DIPLOMA IN CREATIVE WRITING IN  
ENGLISH**

**Term-End Examination**

**June, 2012**

**01281**

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

*Time : 3 Hours*

*Maximum Marks : 100*

*(Weightage 70%)*

---

*Note : This paper has 2 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 components that form the substance of writing ? Give examples. 10
- (b) What are the points an aspiring writer should keep in mind in order to make his writing effective ? 10
2. (a) What role does authenticity play in good writing ? 10
- (b) What do you understand by authorial voice ? 10

3. (a) What is the importance of the 'opening' in writing ? 10  
(b) Identify different types of endings. 10
4. (a) 'What do you understand by the term monologue' ? 10  
(b) Distinguish between a dialogue and monologue stating the role of each with suitable examples. 10
5. (a) Discuss the importance of proof reading. 10  
(b) What do you understand by editing ? 10

## SECTION - B

6. Read the following passage and answer the questions that follow : 20

However, Din - Mohammed, who had been with us a long time, refused to take the risk. He insisted that the orchard was too far out of town, being situated on the other side of the river Phuleili.

'Release the parrots here, 'Dinu advised, 'or give them to the Maulana.' He went to the mosque and brought the Maulana to the gate even before I could agree or say anything about the required fruit trees.

I had watched the Maulana dissolve into tears the previous week, while he said goodbye to my grandmother and my mother. Both my grandmother and my mother had come to the house and into the neighbourhood of the mosque as brides. Now they were leaving, going across the border, to make new homes on the other side.

The Maulana did not weep as he said goodbye to me, but he rested a gnarled hand on my son's head. He promised to look after our parrots. I saw the grief in his old, grey - rimmed eyes. I turned my attention away from them, sliding my gaze across the narrow lane to look at the many strutting, white pigeons, their tails spread out like fans, unaware of what was

happening around them. The peacock, with a bedraggled, long tail sweeping the mud-baked floor of the compound, sat on a low branch, emitting loud, ugly cries. Stupid things, I thought. I shook my head.

'I have promised my son,' I said gently, 'that the parrots will be given an orchard, a garden with a lot of fruit trees. They are wild birds and will fly away from you. Someone will catch them and put them in a cage again and sell them.'

I thanked the old Maulana and told him to look after my father who, as the head of the Hindu community, had decided to stay on to see to the affairs of his people left behind.

It was late afternoon when we got to the orchard. Din - Mohammed had, more or less, taken to his bed after leaving my grandmother and my mother at the station, and could not bring himself to sit in the coachman's seat, much less see where he was going. The tears kept coming into his eyes and impairing his efficiency.

I took Khansahib, the second coachman, a young pathan, tall and fiercely loyal. He drove the carriage at an even, fast pace, his eyes alert. My son sat on his lap and kept up a conversation full of gurgling laughter. I looked about me, at the familiar landmarks, filling my eyes with them. I was astounded at the thought that they would always be there and yet I might never see them

again, It all seemed a bit difficult to accept.  
Write the plot of a story of exile based on the  
excerpt. (450 words )

7. Rewrite the above in the voice of the Maulana 20  
(450 words ).
8. Read the following **poem** and answer the question  
that follow :

**Mirror**

**Sylvia Plath**

I am silver and exact. I have no **preconceptions**.  
Whatever I see I swallow immediately  
Just as it is, **unmistakenly** by love or dislike.  
I am not cruel, only truthful-  
The eye of a little god, four - cornered.  
Most of the time I meditate on the opposite wall.  
It is pink, with **speckles**. I have looked at it so  
long  
I think it is a part of my heart. But it **flickers**.  
Faces and darkness separate us over and over.

Now I am a lake. A woman bends over me,  
Searching my **reaches** for what she really is.  
Then she turns to those liars, the candles or the  
moon.  
I see her back, and reflect it faithfully.  
She rewards me with tears and an **agitation** of  
hands.

I am important to her. She comes and goes.  
Each morning it is her face that replaces the  
darkness.  
In me she has drowned a young girl, and in me  
an old woman  
Rises towards her day after day like a terrible fish.

- (a) Identify the figures of speech used in the poem. What is the effect of the last two lines? **10**
- (b) What characteristics of women are revealed in the poem? How does the poet do so? Illustrate. **10**
-