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DCE-01

**DIPLOMA IN CREATIVE WRITING IN
ENGLISH (D.C.E.)**

Term-End Examination

June, 2024

**DCE-01 : GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF
WRITING**

Time : 3 Hours

Maximum Marks : 100

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

Section-A

1. (a) Why is the 'opening' important in a fictional narrative ? Distinguish between a 'planned' and an 'improvised' opening. 10
- (b) Distinguish between 'end' and 'ending'. Write a note on single-effect ending. 10

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2. (a) What do you understand by 'DRAMATIC DIALOGUE' ? Discuss in detail Dramatic-Dialogue in Drama and Poetry. 10
- (b) Comment on the use of Imagery and Symbols in Poetry. Give suitable examples. 10
3. (a) Why is clarity and directness important ? How do you achieve clarity, while maintaining transparency of the content ? 10
- (b) Comment on the nature and function of 'climax' in a story. What is the function of a postscript to a climax ? 10
4. (a) Comment on the necessity of Proof-Reading. 10
- (b) What do you understand by 'Authenticity of Facts' while writing a creative piece of Literature. 10
5. (a) How does one make the 'choice of a situation' while dramatising ideas ? 10
- (b) What do you understand by 'Monologue' ? Comment on the inevitability of monologues. 10

Section–B

6. Rewrite the given paragraph in a dramatised form :

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The sun was now ascending the sky, blazing on his ledge that faced the south. He felt the heat because he had not eaten since the previous nightfall.

He stepped slowly out to the brink of the ledge, and standing on one leg with the other leg hidden under his wing, he closed one eye, then the other, and pretended to be falling asleep. Still they took no notice of him. He saw his two brothers and his sister lying on the plateau dozing with their heads sunk into their necks. His father was preening the feathers on his white back. Only his mother was looking at him. She was standing on a little high hump on the plateau, her white breast: thrust forward. Now and again, she tore at a piece of fish that lay at her feet and then scrapped each side of her beak on the rock. The sight of the food maddened him. How he loved to tear food that way, scrapping his beak now and again to whet it.

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“Ga, ga, ga,” he cried begging her to bring him some food. “Gaw-col-ah,” she screamed back derisively. But he kept calling plaintively, and after a minute or so he uttered a joyful scream. His mother had picked up a piece of the fish and was flying across to him with it. He leaned out eagerly, tapping the rock with his feet, trying to get nearer to her as she flew across. But when she was just opposite to him, she halted, her wings motionless, the piece of fish in her beak almost within reach of his beak. He waited a moment in surprise, wondering why she did not come nearer, and then, maddened by hunger, he dived at the fish. With a loud scream he fell outwards and downwards into space. Then a monstrous terror seized him and his heart stood still. He could hear nothing. But it only lasted a minute. The next moment he felt his wings spread outwards. The wind rushed against his breast feathers, then under his stomach, and against his

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wings. He could feel the tips of his wings cutting through the air. He was not falling headlong now. He was soaring gradually downwards and outwards. He was no longer afraid. He just felt a bit dizzy. Then he flapped his wings once and he soared upwards. "Ga, ga, ga, Ga, ga, ga, Gaw-col-ah," his mother swooped past him, her wings making a loud noise. He answered her with another scream. Then his father flew over him screaming. He saw his two brothers and his sister flying around him curveting and banking and soaring and diving.

Then he completely forgot that he had not always been able to fly, and commended himself to dive and soar and curve, shrieking shrilly.

He was near the sea now, flying straight over it, facing straight out over the ocean. He saw a vast green sea beneath him, with little ridges moving over it and he turned his beak sideways and cawed amusedly.

P.T.O.

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His parents and his brothers and sister had landed on this green flooring ahead of him. They were beckoning to him, calling shrilly. He dropped his legs to stand on the green sea. His legs sank into it. He screamed with fright and attempted to rise again flapping his wings. But he was tired and weak with hunger and he could not rise, exhausted by the strange exercise. His feet sank into the green sea, and then his belly touched it and he sank no farther. He was floating on it, and around him his family was screaming, praising him and their beaks were offering him scraps of dog-fish.

He had made his first flight.

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

The Ball Poem by John Berryman

What is the boy now, who has lost his ball,

What, what is he to do ? I saw it go

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Merrily bouncing, down the street, and then
Merrily over - there it is in the water!
No use to say 'O there are other balls' :
An ultimate shaking grief fixes the boy
As he stands rigid, trembling, staring down
All his young days into the harbour where
His ball went. I would not intrude on him;
A dime, another ball, is worthless. Now
He senses first responsibility
In a world of possessions. People will take
Balls, balls will be lost always, little boy.
And no one buys a ball back. Money is external.
He is learning, well behind his desperate eyes,
The epistemology of loss, how to stand up
Knowing what every man must one day know
And most know many days, how to stand up.

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Questions :

- (a) Analyse the theme of the poem. 10
- (b) Comment on the literary devices used in the poem. How do they fulfill the poet's purpose? 10
8. Write a dialogue between the managing director of a company and his client. The client is not satisfied by the product that he has purchased. 20
