

**DIPLOMA IN CREATIVE WRITING
IN ENGLISH**

Term-End Examination

00556

June, 2015

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) Define the four essential features of writing which distinguish creative writing as an art form. (300 words) 10
- (b) Explain the significance of structure in creative writing. (300 words) 10
2. (a) Why is it necessary for a writer to rise above his/her personal experience for creating a story or poem ? (300 words) 10
- (b) The basic structure of a conventional short story is seen in terms of a beginning, middle and end. Comment. (300 words) 10
3. (a) "A dramatic and arresting beginning assures the readability of a work of fiction." Expand this statement. (300 words) 10
- (b) Readability requires that the writer avoids the use of complex sentences and heavy diction. Elaborate. (300 words) 10

4. (a) Discuss the importance of clarity in creative writing. (300 words) 10
- (b) Write a note on Authenticity and Credibility in writing. (300 words) 10
5. (a) State briefly the difference between a copy editor's and a general editor's functions. (300 words) 10
- (b) Proof-read the given passage using proof-reading symbols. 10

Passage :

Good murder mysteries need bodies, and a little blood; Women should ideally be more squeemish about corpses and crime scenes preferring poison to more evident violence. but that is rather chauvinistic perspective it seems. As liddle puts it women can get 'nicely bloody and vilent, yes – certainly. And less messy. it would get boreing after a while Theres only so many time your readers will accept poison as a means of murder

SECTION B

6. Given below is the opening scene of a short story.
- (a) Continue the story for approximately another 200 words. 10
- (b) Write a happy ending for the story. (150 words) 10

“Most weekends in the year, the two brothers went cycling, but occasionally they went fishing for a change. On one of these fishing trips the elder brother fell into the water and caught a severe chill. As he sat in bed gazing gloomily at the picture of ‘The Death of Nelson’ on the opposite wall, he wished that his brother and he had gone for their usual cycle ride.”

7. Rewrite the given passage in the first person from the point of view of Veblen MacKay-Sim. 20

Veblen MacKay-Sim was engaged to Paul Vreeland, a post-graduate research fellow in neuroscience, and the time had finally come to bring him home to meet the family. A classic rite of passage, except that the irregularities of her mother’s personality held a certain terror for her. She was often reminded that humans were flawed, no families faultless, and no matter what happened that day, it was all part of *the rich*

tapestry of life. Her mother would surely rise to such an occasion. And Paul, who routinely examined brain-injured cadavers, could surely endure it too.

The couple set off on a Saturday morning, skirting the traffic-ensnarled Bay Area, passing the minaret-like towers of the oil refineries at Martinez and the mothball fleet of warships in the Carquinez Strait, discussing their future. Then Veblen found, as they drove up Napa Valley into the mountains, that she was having trouble breathing.

“Paul.”

He touched her arm. “You’re shaking. What’s wrong?”

She said, “What if you don’t like her?”

“Does she have three heads?”

“No.”

“Hugely obese? One of those people who can barely move?”

“No.” She shook her head.

“What then?”

“She’s—complicated. She, sometimes—” To sum up the catalog of past episodes would be strenuous.

“Tell me, it’s okay.”

“Sometimes, she—she—”

"Take it easy!"

"Whenever she gets the chance, she'll call someone a pompous ass."

Paul looked surprised. "You mean, like, strangers?"

She nodded. "Usually."

"Friends sometimes too?"

"Depends on what you mean by *friends*."

He took her hand. "Are you saying she's going to call me a pompous ass?"

Veblen said, "No, but *if* she does--"

"I sort of agree with her," Paul said. "Pompous asses are everywhere."

At last they reached the long driveway of Veblen's childhood home, on a hammer-shaped parcel her mother had bought years back, so rocky and barren it had never gained in value during the land booms. The house sat on the hammerhead, and the driveway was in the handle, flanked by elephant-sized hummocks of blackberry vines, where Veblen used to pick berries by the gallons to make pies and cobblers and jam. She'd sell them at a table by the road, to help her mother make ends meet. In the fall she'd put on leather gloves to her elbows, to hack the vines back off the driveway, uncovering snakes and lizards and voles.

In the spring the vines would start to come back, the green canes growing noticeably by the day, rising straight like spindles before gravity caused them to arc. They grew on the surface the way roots grow underground, in all directions, overlapping, intertwined. The blackberries had defined her life in those days — their encroaching threat, their abundant yield. All her old chores came to mind as they rolled up the drive to the familiar crunching sound of tires on gravel.

“I never would’ve imagined you growing up somewhere like this,” Paul said.

“Really?”

“Really.”

8. Read the poem ‘Testament’ given below and answer the questions that follow :

TESTAMENT

There are too many poems with the word
Death, death, death, tolling among the rhyme.
Let us remember death, a soaring bird
Whose wing will shadow all of us in time.

Let us remember death, an accident
Of darkness fallen far away and near.
But, being mortal, be most eloquent
Of daylight and the moment now and here.

Not to the name of death over and over,
But the prouder name of life, is poetry sworn.
The living man has words that rediscover
Even the dust from whence the man was born.

And words that may be water, food, and fire,
Of love and pity and perfection wrought,
Or swords or roses, as we may require,
Or sudden towers for the climbing thought.

Out of the beating heart the words that beat
Sing of the fountain that is never spent.
Let us remember life, the salt, the sweet,
And make of that our tireless testament.

- (a) Describe the poet's attitude to life and death in the poem. (200 words) 10
- (b) (i) Identify the figures of speech used by the poet to create vivid images of life and death.
- (ii) What images would you use to portray death and life ? (Give two examples each) 10
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