



MOCK -2

CLASS – XII ISC

ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Full marks: 80

Time: 3hours

(Candidates are allowed additional 15 minutes for only reading the paper.

They must NOT start writing during this time).

Attempt all four questions.

The intended marks for questions / parts of questions are given in brackets).

(You are advised to spend not more than 50 minutes on Question 1, 50 minutes on Question 2(a&b), 25 minutes on Question 3 and 45 minutes on Question 4 and 10 minutes for Revision.) (You should begin each answer on a fresh page.)

Question 1

Write a composition (in approximately 400 - 450 words) on any one of the following subjects:

(You are reminded that you will be rewarded for orderly and coherent presentation of matter, use of appropriate style and general accuracy of spelling, punctuation and grammar.)

[20]

(i) The silent pages of history speak loud about the progression of human race. Describe a page from history which has left an indelible mark on your mind.

ii) Give a vivid account of a couple of days you experienced without using any 'Apps' in this technology-driven world.

(iii)Representation of women in modern advertisements in India is distasteful. Argue for or against this proposition.

(iv) Choices.

(v) Write an original short story that begins with the following words: "It was the first time I attempted to be different..."

Question 2

(a) A senior teacher of your school is about to retire after serving the institution for thirty years. She has been interviewed by you for a report to be published in the school magazine. Write the report (in approximately 300 words) based on the following points:

Name of the teacher- subject/s taught- her contribution to the institution- her cherished memories- unpleasant experiences if any- changes witnessed in the years of service- approval or disapproval of the changes- specific reasons for the same- future plans post retirement- feelings and emotions- message for the students.

[15]

(b) Your school decides to organize a Talent Hunt Contest among the school students. You, as the School Prefect, write a proposal of about 150 words on what steps you would take to conduct this event successfully.

[10]

Question 3

Answer sections (i), (ii) and (iii).

(i) In each of the following items, sentence A is complete, while sentence B is not. Complete sentence B, making it as similar as possible to sentence A. Write sentence B in each case.

[5]

(a) A: Humans are entitled to the gifts of nature as long as they are not greedy.

B: Only if

(b) A: I will write to you every month if you correspond regularly.

B: Should.....

(e) A: Ramola said, "She is the nicest person I have ever come across."

B: Ramola exclaimed that no.....

(d) A: As soon as the magician made the child float in the air, the crowd gaped in amazement.

B: No sooner

A: Why was Raghav convicted by the court?

B: What.....

(ii) Fill in each blank with a suitable word. [5]

(a) The old beggar is hard_ hearing.

(b) After ten years today I ran __ my friend.

(c) I hope you do not mind if I dropfor a cup of tea?

(d) I was swept in the energy of the crowd.

(e) It was not quite easy to turn.....such a lucrative offer.

(f) You cannot sidlefrom your responsibilities.

(g) The monitor will not give.....to the boys so easily.

(h) In spite of being fast friends they fellover a trifle.

(i) Never runyour subordinates.

(j)It is impolite to cut _ when two people are discussing something.

(i) Fill in the blanks: [5]

It 1.....(be) the day of Lalita's wedding. Guests 2..... (pour) in since morning. The house 3..... (resound) with the jingle of ornaments. 4..... (See) the guests, Maani too, 5..... (feel) elated. She 6..... (have) no ornaments on her body, she 7..... (not receive) any pretty dresses, yet her face 8..... (brim) with joy. Lalita 9.....(adorn) with ornaments. Maani had an intense desire to go and see the bride. Smilingly, she entered the room when suddenly she heard Chachi shouting, "Who 10.....(call) you here? Go, get out of this place."

Question 4

Read carefully the passage given below and answer the questions (a), (b) and (c) that follow:

14th August, 1947. That was the moment when a new era in history unfolded. 1963. We were nearing the sixteenth anniversary of the country's Partition and Independence, when Debesh Ray, novelist, penned a modern young man of Calcutta as a character in one of his novels. At first sight the young man appears to be insolent-obstinate, argumentative, and intelligent. In conversation with an internationally acclaimed film director he commented, "All of you are too obsessed with history. Riots, famines, the Partition and things like that. Although looking at you it is hardly obvious." With an air that acquiesced the thrust and yet resisted defeat, and perhaps partly in self-defense, the gentleman replied that he had witnessed these events firsthand. "But even if you hadn't seen all this, you would have still remained the same.

The stories you tell- of war, of violence of famine should have scorched your faces with the flames from the funeral pyres, should have covered bodies with layers of ash from the burning Ghats. But look at you! Every one of you, so smug and settled; so happy and fulfilled, your lives are complete.

You live in nice houses, eat good food, and your walls are hung with snapshots of your various successes. You seem to have made quite a killing out of this history you are so fond of. But we have not even that history; no wars though there are deaths, no riots though there are killings, no Partitions though there are refugees, no famine though people are dying out of hunger.

The events that we must witness daily- the deaths, the dying, the killing on the pavements - on the pavements of this city or its streets, or splashed across the columns of the newspapers, these have no history in which to seek refuge."

Sometime in August 1996, a rough draft of a story by Amalendu Chakraborty, novelist and short story writer who contributed the text for Mrinal Sen's movies Ek Din Protidin and Akaler Sanhaane, happened to come my way. A school teacher, in his early thirties, living in a village somewhere in Bardhaman, cycling to work, one morning suddenly notices an expensive red car on the road. He moves towards it. He has no difficulty in recognizing the man who steps out of the car. It is the same film director who came to this village sixteen years ago in order to make a movie on famine, on the search for famine, the famine of 1943 which reduced the rural areas of Bengal into nothing more than fields of corpses. That director had now come back suddenly. The young man, who had then been a teenager, was now a school teacher into his thirties. In these sixteen years he has seen a lot happening

around him, gone through many experiences. He starts talking to the director, now middle-aged and wiser, and takes him back to his little home. They keep talking and the conversation flows along easily. At one point, although not in a tone of complaint, he says, "Sixteen years ago you had set out amidst undivided Bengal in search of famine and that quest had brought you to this village. What have you come for today? Will you notice only the clothes and the food we so desperately lack and not the dignity, the decency, the honesty?"

The man's voice throbbed with emotion; not despair but a terrible agony as everyday was a battle for survival against an all-consuming problem for him and others like him.

He continued in somewhat saddened tone, "You know our grandfathers had Gandhi, our fathers had socialism... and we? What do we have?" Although sixteen years ago, the day the entire crew had arrived at this village, the word had already been spread that the cinema 'babus' were coming.

September 1980- I remember how an aged farmer, his body nothing more than a bundle of bones, had suddenly spoken up, almost in jest: "The babus have come looking for famine. But here we are the famine; it is present in every pore of our beings."

And he had burst out laughing. Guileless laughter! Therefore, these people, these half-fed hunger stricken people, had learnt to survive by virtue of their own peculiar logic. They had not the slightest iota of interest or enthusiasm in how these cinema 'babus' were trying to capture their condition so as to be able to hold it up for the rest of the world to see.

The history that Debesh Ray's insolent-obstinate-intelligent young man had spoken of had not yet been created when I came to Calcutta in 1940.

I knew that the war had started in Europe in 1939 and about the Japanese attack on China. News about the Spanish Civil war had reached us too and we were aware that in that war, famous personalities like artists, authors, poets, had lent their names and support to the faction that demanded democracy. Together they had formed the 'international brigade' whose motto was 'no pasaran' (they shall not pass'). I was familiar with snatches of these world events even before I came to the city. But my perceptions were so long, clouded in amazement; it was only in Calcutta that the despair and the terror that these happenings now invoked engulfed me. This was between 1940 and 1942, and it was in 1942 that the Quit India Movement began.

I was in Calcutta during the famine of 1943. Ever so slowly, the entire city was teeming with glimpses of Bengal whose countryside had been reduced to nothing more than vast burning grounds for the dead. And every day I witnessed visions from hell that littered the city's pavements. Like those around me, I was at once severely distressed and yet possessed of some inhuman strength that kept me alive. And in this way, countless people died, and with them, even the figures denoting their existence were lost without a trace. And to couch it in the parlance of the young man- the obstinate and argumentative young man created by Debesh Ray- all that remained secure in history was that famine'?. That is the 'famine' that one day found expression through the works of novelists and poets, on the canvases and the colours of the artists, the voices of our singers and in the play Naban by the Gana Natya Sangha.

The wizened old farmer comes to mind- how he had laughed at the sight of the 'cinema babus'. How he had flaunted the famine that was in 'every pore' of their beings. A cruel taunt and a heartless jest, but I cannot deny that it was the play "Nabanna' that tempted me to take that first step in the direction of cinema; and it was not just Nabanna but many other influences at work as well.

Once this historically successful famine was over, the political arena was in the throes of a struggle for power and a series of riots and violence broke out that would have rocked the very foundations of hell. The next year, after the entire nation had been thrown into turmoil, Delhi witnessed the partition of the country and its freedom at midnight to the accompaniment of dazzling fanfare and celebrations. And in that festive atmosphere, the Prime Minister of the newly independent country spoke to his countrymen, "At the stroke of the midnight hour... India will awake to life and freedom."

(a) Given below are three words and phrases. Find the words which have a similar meaning in the passage.

(1) Complied

(2) Cluttered

(3) Emaciated

[3]

(b) For each of the words given below, choose the correct sentence that uses the same word unchanged in spelling, but with a different meaning from that which it carries in the passage:

[3]

(1) Faces

(A) Faces are deceptive; so do not be gulled away by beautiful faces.

(B) In the face of danger, I promise not to be discouraged.

(C) Are you scared to face the realities of life?

(D) He is not worried what he faces in life as long as he has his friend by his side.

(2) Starts

(A) Only if you start the race will you finish it.

(B) She starts at the slightest of noises while watching a horror film.

(C) She starts the day with her morning prayers.

(3) Snatches

Starters are appetizers too difficult to resist for gluttons like us.

(A) The baby shows no patience and snatches food when hungry.

(B) The policeman witnessed the pickpocket snatching the lady's purse.

(C) Pappu waited to snatch the bait and run to the finishing line.

(D) He managed to catch only snatches of the conversation.

(ii) Answer the following questions in your own words as briefly as possible:

(a) What had inspired the narrator to become a film director? [2]

(b) How does the narrator differentiate between the news that reaches' and the experience that teaches? [2]

(c) How does the Prime Minister's address to the Indians at the hour of our country's independence sound ironical? [2]

(iii) Summarize in not more than 100 words in the form of a connected passage how film makers achieve greatness out of the misery of the unfortunate? [8]