



RAN-3142

T.Y.B.A (Sem.VI) Examination

October / November - 2019

English Paper-XXII

(Practical Criticism : Theory & Practice)

Time: 2 Hours]

[Total Marks: 50

सूचना : / Instructions

नीचे दृशविले निशानीवाणी विगतो उत्तरवही पर अवश्य लभवी.
Fill up strictly the details of signs on your answer book

Name of the Examination:

T.Y.B.A (Sem.VI)

Name of the Subject :

English Paper-XXII

Subject Code No.: 3 1 4 2

Seat No.:

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Student's Signature

Instructions:

- (1) Figures to the right indicate full marks
- (2) Mention clearly the options you attempt.

Q-1 (a) Explain briefly any three of the following poetic terms and stanza forms [09]

- (1) Rhythm
- (2) Terzarima
- (3) Ballad Stanza
- (4) Metre
- (5) Onomatopoeia

Q-2 (a) Explain briefly any three of the following critical terms: [09]

- (1) Deviation
- (2) Metaphor
- (3) Irony
- (4) Atmosphere
- (5) Point of view

Q-3

Attempt a critical analysis of the following poem keeping in view of its form and content

[16]

- (a) He ran the course and as he ran he grew,
And smelt his fragrance in the field. Already,
Running he knew the most he ever knew.

The egotism of a healthy body.
Ran into manhood ignorant of the past:
Culture of guilt and guilt's vague heritage.
Self-pity and the soul: what he possessed
Was rich, potential, like the bud's tipped rage.

The Corps developed, it was plain to see,
Courage, endurance, loyalty and skill
To a morale firm as morality,
Hardening him to an instrument, until

The finitude of virtues that were there
Bodies within the swarthy uniform
A compact innocence, child-like and clear,
No doubt could penetrate, no act could harm.

When he stood near the Russian partisan
Being burned alive, he therefore could behold
The ribs wear gently through the darkening skin
And sicken only at the Northern cold,

Could watch the fat burn with a violet flame
And feel disgusted only at the smell.
And judge that all pain finishes the same
As melting quietly by his boots it fell.

OR

- (b) "O where are you going?" said reader to rider,
"That valley is fatal when furnaces burn,
Yonder's the midden whose odors will madden,
That gap is the grave where the tall return."

"O do you imagine," said fearer to farer,
"That dusk will delay on your path to the pass,
Your diligent looking discover the lacking
Your footsteps feel from granite to grass?"

"O what was that bird," said horror to hearer,
"Did you see that shape in the twisted trees?
Behind you swiftly the figure comes softly.
The spot on your skin is a shocking disease?"

"Out of this house" , said rider to reader,
"Yours never will" , said farer to fearer,
"They're looking for you", said hearer to horror,
As he left them there, as he left them there.

Q-4 Attempt a critical analysis of the following prose keeping in view of its thematic and discourse pattern:

16

(a) One day I was travelling on foot from Galway to Dublin, and the darkness came on me and I ten miles from the town I was wanting to pass the night in. Then a hard rain began to fall and I was tired walking, so when I saw a sort of a house with no roof on it up against the road, I got in the way the walls would give me shelter. As I was looking round I saw a light in some trees two perches off, and thinking any sort of a house would be better than where I was, I got over a wall and went up to the house to look in at the window.

I saw a dead man laid on a table, and candles lighted, and a woman watching him. I was frightened when I saw him, but it was raining hard, and I said to myself, if he was dead he couldn't hurt me. Then I knocked on the door and the woman came and opened it.

'Good evening, ma'am,' says I.

'Good evening kindly, stranger,' says she, 'Come in out of the rain.' Then she took me in and told me her husband was after dying on her and she was watching him that night.

'But it's thirsty you'll be, stranger,' says she, 'Come into the parlour.' Then she took me into the parlour—and it was a fine clean house—and she put a cup, with a saucer under it, on the table before me with fine sugar and bread.

When I'd had a cup of tea I went back into the kitchen where the dead man was lying, and she gave me a fine new pipe off the table with a drop of spirits.

'Stranger,' says she, 'would you be afeard to be alone with himself?'

'Not a bit in the world, ma'am,' says I; 'he that's dead can do no hurt.'

Then she said she wanted to go over and tell the neighbours the way her husband was after dying on her, and she went out and locked the door behind her.

OR

- (b) I ate the ham and eggs and drank the beer. The ham and eggs were in a round-dish-the ham underneath and the eggs on top. It was very hot and at the first mouthful I had to take drink of beer to cool my mouth.

I was hungry and I asked the waiter for another order. I drank several glasses of beer. I was not thinking at all but read the paper of the man opposite me. It was about the break through on the British front. When he realized I was reading the back of his paper he folded it over. I thought of asking the waiter for a paper, but I could not concentrate. It was hot in the cafe and the air was bad. Many of the people at the tables knew one another. There were several card games going on. The waiters were busy bringing drinks from the bar to the tables. Two men came in and could find no place to sit. They stood opposite the table where I was. I ordered another beer. I was not ready to leave yet. It was too soon to go back to the hospital. I tried not to think and to be perfectly calm. The men stood around but no one was leaving, so they went out. I drank another beer. There was quite a pile of saucers now on the table in front of me. The man opposite me had taken off his spectacles, put them away in a case, folded his paper and put it in his pocket and now sat holding his liqueur glass and looking out at the room. Suddenly I knew I had to get back. I called the waiter, paid the reckoning, got into my coat, put on my hat and started out the door. I walked through the rain up to the hospital.

Upstairs I met the nurse coming down the hall.

"I just called you at the hotel," she said. Something dropped inside me.

"What is wrong?"

"Mrs. Henry has had a hemorrhage." "Can I go in?"

"No, not yet. The doctor is with her." "Is it dangerous?"

"It is very dangerous." The nurse went into the room and shut the door. I sat outside in the hall. Everything was gone inside of me. I did not think.

I could not think. I knew she was going to die and I prayed that she would not. Don't let her die.
