



Register No:

Date: 16-10-2017 (9AM)

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS), BANGALORE
I BA/BSC/BSW/BCOM END SEMESTER - Oct 2017
GENERAL ENGLISH - GE 114

Time: 2 ½ hours

Max marks: 70

(For supplementary students of 2016 batch only)

Do not write the register number on the question paper

Please attach the question paper along with the answer script.

INSTRUCTIONS:

This booklet contains THREE themes spread across 10 pages.

You may answer any ONE theme.

Please indicate your stream (and theme) clearly on the front page of your answer booklet.

Answer all sections under the theme you have chosen. Do not choose sections at random from different themes.

You will lose marks for exceeding word limits.

You are allowed to use a dictionary, during the examination

THIS BOOKLET CONTAINS TEN SIDES

Theme One

I. Read this piece by Claire Messud titled, *I Hate My Dogs (I Love My Dogs)*:

We're a family of four, or of six: two adults and two kids, with two dogs. Myshkin is a standard-sized, red, short-haired dachshund. She came to us as a puppy in the fall of 1998. Her junior consort, Bear, a rescue mutt, joined the family back in 2009, at which point he was said to be about eighteen months old.

At this point, Myshkin the matriarch, still silky and fine-featured, is deaf, blind, intermittently incontinent and increasingly weak on her pins. Her sturdy front legs splay and slide with the effort of standing, and her back legs have a way of collapsing. She ends up reclining—like the Queen of Sheba or a beached whale, depending on your perspective—in unlikely places, occasionally almost in her own excrement, which makes constant vigilance imperative.

Oh, and did I mention that she reeks? Not just a bit of dog-breath, or even the comparatively pleasant scent of wet dog. It's a holistic foulness, emanating not just from her mouth, which smells like the garbage, but at this point from her entire body, which, in spite of frequent bathing, carries about it the odour of a dung-heap in hot weather.

Dachshunds, though small dogs, have big dog barks: they bark loudly, deeply and resonantly, in a way that can't be ignored. If the phone rings, you can't hear what the caller says. If the radio or television is on, you won't catch that either. Sometimes, when we have dinner guests, we stash her, barking, in the car.

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She was super cute as a puppy. We chose her from the litter because she was the first to run to us and nuzzle our ankles; though we quickly came to understand that food is her first and abiding passion, and she may simply have thought we had some to offer. We have adored her, and made much of her and have overlooked some significant disadvantages. Myshkin rules the roost; but Bear, too, has his ways. He was, when first he came to us, runty but beautiful, and restless. He could run like a gazelle. Half a dozen times we had to enlist bands of strangers to help catch him. He could jump, too: one leap up onto the kitchen table, if you weren't looking, to eat a stick of butter. He was fearless.

I loved to walk him. I'll confess. He was so dapper and elegant, so handsome and swift. And I loved the compliments—he got so many compliments!

One late January evening in 2009, when my husband was out of town and a cousin was visiting, when I was in charge of the kids, the dinner, the dogs and life, I took Bear for his twilight round. Regrettably, I was multitasking: I had the dog, the bag of poo, and some letters to mail, and I was on the phone to my parents. I'd almost finished the round of the block, was up on the main road at the mailbox, when, while trying to manipulate the leash, the poo, the phone, the letters and the handle to the mailbox, I dropped the leash.

Bear panicked, and bolted. I slammed my foot down on the leash. I didn't catch it with my shoe. I stomped again, and again: too late. Bear dashed out into the rush hour traffic. He banged headlong into the bumper of a moving car on the far side of traffic, then rolled beneath it and out the other side.

I took him in my arms; his left eye protruded from his head as if on a stalk, or a spring—I thought, "How do cartoonists know this?"—and I cradled his little bloody head against my chest. I carried him down to our front porch, and sat with him on the step.

A woman, a stranger, pulled over, and offered to help. Bear was shaking, almost convulsing.

The eye that had burst out couldn't be saved. The other they retained, though purely for cosmetic purposes: Bear can't see a thing. In the early days, he'd try to leap onto a piece of furniture that wasn't there—a wonderful sight in its way, to see him bounce high into the air and plop right back down—or he'd sit patiently facing a wall, his head slightly cocked, as if gazing upon a beautiful vista. The vet assured us that for a dog, sight is like taste or smell for humans, a secondary sense; and that Bear could lead a full and happy life without his eyes.

Bear is an inspiration, a teacher of how to make the best of things, how to enjoy what you have and not lament what you've lost. He has an aura of patient wisdom. I suffered grief and guilt after the accident; some part of me felt, too, that I was being punished for my vanity, for having been so proud of Bear's superficial charms.

As you can tell, we complain about our dogs. We berate the barking, perorate about the pissing, lament our enslavement, and throw up our hands at the bad smells. We curse when on our knees cleaning carpets; we curse when trying to quell the crazed barking at four in the morning; we curse when one or other of the dogs vomits yet again. My husband always jokes that a true vacation is when the dogs are in the kennel and we're at home without them. But we also stroke them and kiss them and hug them and worry about them. When we're in the house without them, we're baffled by the silence, and amazed by the free space and time. We have, it's fair to say, a love-hate relationship with the animals.

This is where people have opinions. When you tell people about our canine situation, many can't believe it. They see it as our moral failing that the dogs are still alive. "Get rid of them," they urge scornfully. "What are you thinking?" We've been told that the dogs' behaviour is a reflection upon our characters, that were we better alpha dogs ourselves, our pack wouldn't misbehave as they do. We've been told that we are weak, and that we owe it to our children to have these dogs put down.

Before Myshkin was lame and foul and intolerable, she gave us years of affection and happiness. Even in her dotage, she's shown her love by inching ever closer, or by pushing her damp nose under our hands for a caress. For God's sake, she's shown it even by her barking. She waits up for her master to come home; she wakens us at dawn to start the day. And Bear: he's sweetness itself, except with the deliverymen and the sofa leg. If he can't prance or dart the way he did once; if he's no longer the most handsome dog in town; how, knowing what he suffered—and having caused that suffering, indeed—can I not love him the more?

The dogs, after all, are the only people who are *always* glad to see us. Who are we to be anything but grateful for their affection and trust? Who are we to play God over them? And yet, what have we done all along but play God?

I.A. Answer ANY THREE of the following in about 150 words each: (3x10=30)

1. Have you had intense Love- Hate relationships of this kind with pets/ people/ food/ things? Discuss.
2. At some point Messud feels guilty. Why? Do you think she should?
3. I took him in my arms; his left eye protruded from his head as if on a stalk, or a spring—I thought, "How do cartoonists know this?"
Do you find Messud being insensitive to her dog when she says this?
4. "The dogs, after all, are the only people who are *always* glad to see us." Are you an animal person? Do you agree with what Messud says?

II. Read this poem titled *The Power of a Dog* by Rudyard Kipling before attempting the questions that follow:

There is sorrow enough in the natural way
From men and women to fill our day;
And when we are certain of sorrow in store,
Why do we always arrange for more?
*Brothers and Sisters, I bid you beware
Of giving your heart to a dog to tear.*

Buy a pup and your money will buy
Love unflinching that cannot lie—
Perfect passion and worship fed
By a kick in the ribs or a pat on the head.
*Nevertheless it is hardly fair
To risk your heart for a dog to tear.*

When the fourteen years which Nature permits
Are closing in asthma, or tumour, or fits,
And the vet's unspoken prescription runs
To lethal chambers or loaded guns,

*Then you will find—it's your own affair—
But ... you've given your heart to a dog to tear.*

When the body that lived at your single will,
With its whimper of welcome, is stilled (how still!).
When the spirit that answered your every mood
Is gone—wherever it goes—for good,
*You will discover how much you care,
And will give your heart to a dog to tear.*

We've sorrow enough in the natural way,
When it comes to burying Christian clay.
Our loves are not given, but only lent,
At compound interest of cent per cent.
Though it is not always the case, I believe,
That the longer we've kept 'em, the more do we grieve:
For, when debts are payable, right or wrong,
A short-time loan is as bad as a long—
*So why in—Heaven (before we are there)
Should we give our hearts to a dog to tear?*

1. The poem suggests that keeping a dog is a risky business. Do you agree? **Explain your answer in about 5-8 sentences (5 marks)**
2. What do you understand of human nature through this poem? **Explain your answer in about 5-8 sentences (5 marks)**

III. Answer the following in about 200 words each: (2x15= 30)

1. If you could have a pet (if you have one, then apart from it), what kind would you want to keep and why?
2. Both, the essay and the poem deal with the subject of dogs. How are the two pieces of text different from each other? Which one did you prefer? Explain your choice.

Theme 2

I. Read this piece by Amanda Machado from *The Atlantic*:

How Millennials Are Changing Travel

In the summer of 2012, at age 24, I left home to travel the world. In just over a year, I backpacked through South America, South Asia, Western Europe, and the western United States. I hiked the Inca Trail, skied the Alps, hitchhiked through Patagonia, and trekked through the Himalayas. I worked at hostels, stayed at a Buddhist monastery, and gardened at an English women's retreat center in exchange for meals and a place to sleep. And while I learned many things on the trip, what was most surprising was how many people my age were traveling just like me.

In the United States, the Boston Consulting Group reports, the millennial generation, defined as those between the ages of 16 and 34, is more interested than older generations in traveling abroad. The United Nations estimates that 20 percent of all international tourists, or nearly 200 million travellers, are young people, and that this demographic generates more than \$180 billion in annual tourism revenue.

Not only that, but we're redefining the very meaning of international travel, foregoing standard vacations in favour of extended, meaningful experiences. The World Youth Student and Educational (WYSE) Travel Confederation, which recently surveyed more than 34,000 people from 137 countries, found that young travellers are not as interested in "the traditional sun, sea and sand holidays" as previous generations are. They are spending less time in "major gateway cities" and instead exploring more remote destinations, staying in hostels instead of hotels, and choosing long-term backpacking trips instead of two-week jaunts. It makes sense to travel now, instead of saving travel for a future that is in no way guaranteed.

This kind of travel did not come naturally to me. I grew up middle class in Florida in a family where "traveling" generally meant driving two hours to the nicest nearby beach. I got a passport when I was 16 so I could visit my extended family in Ecuador, and by the time I entered college, that family reunion was still the only time I had ever been overseas. Until I discovered the backpacking scene, I always considered travel to be something reserved for the wealthy, or at least for people with far more experience abroad than I had.

But with easy access to social media and budget-travel tools like Airbnb, Couchsurfing, Sky scanner, and Lonely Planet message boards, I soon realized that long-term travel wasn't nearly as expensive or difficult as I had imagined. I funded my 15-month trip by saving more than half the money from a part-time job in high school, and the rest came from two years of work after college. And while there's little data on the economic backgrounds of backpackers, the people I met during my trip—waiters, teachers, seasonal workers, flight attendants, carpenters—gave me the sense that people of diverse means had done the same.

Faced with a lack of reliable, long-term employment options, a number of millennials are also using travel to take a break from job-searching and re-evaluate what to do next. Both of my traveling partners, Kevin Parine and Chellin Lauer, considered going abroad after finding limited job opportunities in their area of study. Parine graduated with a degree in geology but decided to travel after struggling to find work in his field. Lauer graduated with a degree in biology and ended up moving to South Korea to work as a science and English teacher, and then travel whenever she had the chance.

"Teaching English in Korea was the highest-paying job I could find after graduating," Lauer, 26, says. "But the flipside to a bad job market is that it gave me a chance to explore something I probably would have never done otherwise."

Studies indicate that millennials advocate strongly for work-life balance, and have few qualms about leaving jobs that don't meet their expectations. A 2012 Net Impact survey found that young workers are more concerned with finding happiness and fulfilment at the office than workers of past generations.

Travel creates time to reflect on these priorities and decide how our career choices can accommodate them. We understand that bumming around in our twenties for too long is irresponsible, but we also find it irrational to work unfulfilling jobs only to feel legitimate. And if we have the financial resources to pause, travel, and reassess, then why not take advantage of that privilege?

"If you were to ask older people. 'Is this a good idea, should I go do this?' the answer perceived is 'no,'" says Randall Bourquin, 25, who spent six months last year backpacking through South and

Central America. "People think that there's too much opportunity cost, or that it's going to cause a speed bump in your career."

Elizabeth Harper, 25, discovered her career interests while backpacking in Southeast Asia. Traveling gave her time to read for pleasure, and she ended up leafing through books passed around in hostels about atrocities that had occurred in the countries she was visiting. She eventually graduated with a master's degree in international human-rights law and has since worked on human-rights issues for the United Nations and the International Commission of Jurists.

For me and many others millennials, *this* was the opportunity we worked hard to achieve: the opportunity to have options—to have time to reflect, and to experience the world in a way many generations before us never could.

I. A. Answer the following questions in about 150 words each: (3x10=30)

1. "Not only that, but we're redefining the very meaning of international travel, foregoing standard vacations in favour of extended, meaningful experiences." Comment on this statement and explain what according to you qualifies as a standard vacation, and a meaningful experience?
2. Does the piece sound idealistic and impractical? How will this fare in an Indian context?
3. "Until I discovered the backpacking scene, I always considered travel to be something reserved for the wealthy, or at least for people with far more experience abroad than I had." Have you felt the same way? What kind of pre-conceived notions have you had with regard to travelling?

II. Think about all the travel experiences you've had. What does travelling do to you? How has the idea of travelling changed for you over these years? Explain using instances from your own travels. Answer in about 250 words (20 Marks)

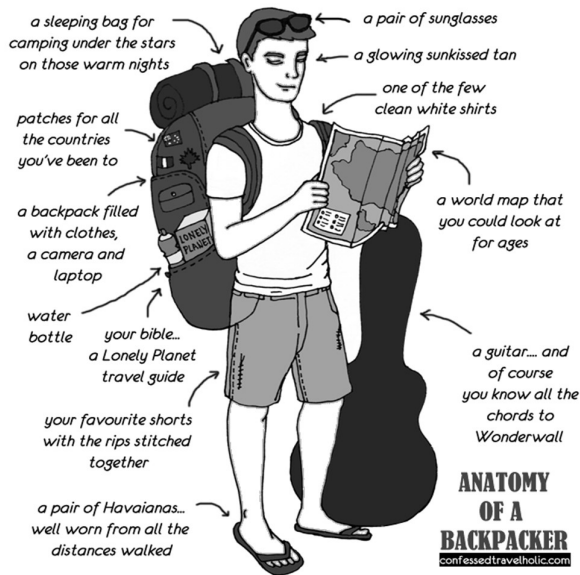
III. Examine the cartoons:



"I love travel—it's so much fun to spend money in a different place."



'You know, it's nice to go travelling but it's oh so nice to come home'



III. A. Answer the following in about 150 words each: (2x10=20)

1. What understanding do the cartoons offer us on the idea of traveling?
2. Is the idea of solo travelling an overrated one?

Theme 3

I. Read this piece by Janaki Nair about growing up in Bangalore in the sixties and seventies:

CORNERS AND OTHER CHILDHOOD SPACES

On the sun-warmed yellowing granite of the steps before the Tract and Book Society, my brother and I played, while Anthony, spread out over several steps, shut his watchful eye. We ran races and jumped between its blistering green wooden doors and those of the Haberdashery Store opposite. On Sundays, the street was ours, a playground into which only the occasional cycle or cycle rickshaw intruded. Car numbers were carefully noted in a little book, and crossed out if they passed twice. The rain tree shed its plentiful jammy fruit, from which hard balls were fashioned.

We had our pick of playgrounds at the meeting of St. Mark's Road and Church Street, above which our house was perched. The big parking lot of Aerflow opposite was more strictly guarded than the lovely wooded grounds of Bowring Institute where we learned to cycle, batted several jammy balls into the undergrowth, hallowed boats from seed pods, and collected 'piss-kois' (the bladders of the spathodea) to squirt at distracted passers-by.

C. Pinto ran the most popular cycle shop, renting cycles for 25p or 50p an hour, depending on your size. We knew him in all his guises, in his workday clothes fixing a cycle with cheroot between his lips, in his striped underpants, and in his tuxedo, playing the saxophone for the Bowring Band. He was alert as we were to our 'petty pilfering of minutes', renting the cycles at 5 minutes to 2 and returning it at 10 past 3.

The dark narrow staircase to our house was squeezed between Vittal Rao and Sons, the tailors and the Haberdashery Store. The homeopathic clinic of Dr. Peters, who was a hearty announcement of good health, and immaculate in his suit and bow tie, completed the set of shops below the house. Nothing in Vittal Rao's mild indulgent manner, not even the wickedly large scissors he wielded, betrayed the violent inclinations so proudly claimed on his board: The Late Cutter of Agnes. He was a stark contrast to the owner of Haberdashery Store, Inayethullah Khan. The haberdashery store sold everything from thimbles to rick-rack to stockings and cloth. Inayeth Khan ruled its dark interior, obsequious in his dark clothes and brimless hat to the woman looking for stockings, but never hesitating to bring his wooden yard rule down on our sticky fingers if we handled the satin ribbon for too long. Ibrahim and Mohammed Sait who ran the Furniture House next door were far more gracious, allowing us to fidget on the plump sofas, open and shut chests of drawers, hide in cupboards and make faces in the mirrors.

British Council Library was started opposite us, a space that was so different from anything we had seen. Deep armchairs and tables were interspersed between shelves groaning under the weight of the books. Children were served a wide range of books and magazines. *Lettice leaf* and *Eagle* brought English worlds alive long before Archie and Richie Rich took us to America.

The way back home passed the family that lived on Church Street, leaning on and playing around their gunny-bagged belongings. Copper-haired children ran about and occasionally begged, but over all the years we spent sharing the street, we never learnt their names. Other passers-by and residents alike we rudely christened, according to what we thought appropriate. Uncle Joe was the man who ran the scooter garage, a dashing young Anglo-Indian. Mother Hen descended from the cycle rickshaw to make her purchases of lace or maybe curtains. But the most intriguing of passer-by was the pair of Parsi women whom we called the Paper Pickers. They passed by at about 8 p.m. each night, scrupulously picking up every scrap of paper as they made their own way down a deserted Church street. We never knew why, but that did not stop our wild speculations. Nor did we hesitate to experiment. Sometimes, we would add to their arduous labours by helpfully scattering more paper. Other times we cleared the short stretch, convinced that they looked dismayed by this deprivation.

People who came and went from Parade Café, as Koshy's was known then, provided some variety from the monotony of the regulars. A woman on a motorcycle came there for her cup of coffee. A few straggling lawyers, a stream of foreigners, and others who photographed the monkeys on our terrace made up a fair clientele. But Koshy's itself was out of bound to us, and a peek through the windows was the only glimpse of what was forbidden, where who knew what dangers lurked! In all the years we lived opposite we may have stepped in once, for what I distinctly remember as tomato ice cream.

All this changed when we grew up and away from our beloved corner of Church Street and St. Mark's Road. Offices sprang up and took the place of houses, drably towering over an increasingly busy street. There was no room for nostalgia, since smart new cement buildings were a good deal better than sagging verandas with monkey tops and broken tiles. The arrival of Premier Bookshop added to the attractions of the new commercial area, and more than amply made up for the full descent of the British Library into a technologized information source. The taciturn Shanbhag replaced Mr Pinto as the favourite shopkeeper, especially since he gave generous credit, and played the role of a

postmaster in the time before the invasive mobile phone, transmitting messages between friends, lovers and other argumentative Indians.

As each passing year pressed more shops and restaurants on to that small space, as the Pintos, Gaffoors, Regos, Roses and Rodrigues moved away, and as the jostling on the streets for parking space replaced thought of revolution with unvarnished rage, it looked pretty much as if Buckminster Fuller's *Oblivion* was being realized. Premiers and Koshy's still provided the much needed and increasingly beleaguered space for meetings and now, deals. The rows of the books in Premier's had climbed to three and Shanbhag had to dig deep, though with unerring accuracy, to find Richards Sennett's *Flesh and Stone*. By this time, it was positively dangerous to enter the store, since even the loud hailing of a friend could bring down a tottering pile of books.

I did not grieve until one morning in 2000, I saw that the bright shining wealth of the new millennium had not in fact evicted the oldest residents of Church Street. Rigged up on the corner of the pavement diagonally across from Premier's was a makeshift bier, and few straggling flowers, between the gunny bundles. Copper-haired children played around it, and in the eyes of the thinner, older women sorting paper, alongside the dead member of that family who was laid out, there was a flicker of recognition. They alone had watched the street change hands, and they alone remained untouched by the promiscuous trafficking in properties. Even the small traffic island at our end of the street, over which my father sometime drove his Vauxhall, had been 'sponsored' before yielding place to the road divider. If only the money that marked each inch of Church Street had offered this family a better chance: instead, they alone remained like harsh reminder of the corners of our childhood, and all the success had blinded us to. It was a small and painful jolt to those memories of another time, but I still could not bring myself to find out their names, these people who had shared the street from when we were young, and who and to whom death came as a welcome eviction.

I. A. Answer the following questions in about 150 words each: (3x10=30)

1. Nair in her childhood noted down car numbers and crossed them if they passed twice, and fashioned hard balls from Jammy fruits among many other things. How did you pass time in your childhood?
2. Nair feels a sense of loss which is quite evident in the last paragraph. What is this loss? Do you feel the same way about the city you grew up in?
3. If you had choice, would you go back in time and grow up again in your city or would you be satisfied continuing to live in the present? Explain your choice.

II. Every city has stories to tell, just like the stories Nair gives us of the city she grew up in. What is the story of your city? Answer in about 250 words. (20 marks)

III. Read the following poem by S. S. Prasad:

Nanalore

I live on the outskirts of nanalore
Where builders promise gigaspace,
pastel Intel, Pulsescore, Freescale.
My roads transform overnight into one-ways;
the traffic jams form a constellation
of headlights along the national highway.
I go to my hometown for Christmas,
have learnt to thank God for Fridays.

I live in a silicon valley that is remote controlled:
when it burns elsewhere, here it smokes.
I'm part of a game of ladders and snakes---
I'm not sure I'll have my job tomorrow,
but for today, a six-digit gross is no joke.
The receptionist in my office panics at ISD calls,
and laughter fizzes in the cubicles like Coke.
I have upgraded my car to Mercedes
from Maruti, my family is proud of me. But
my neck hurts from Repititive Stress Injury,
my evenings are masked and nights enlarged
by the company that patents circuits, basmati,
tumeric and neem. Will another Alavandan*
challenge his Akki Alvan, mon ami?
I wear my tag, lest I forgot who I am.

*Akki Alvan, a court poet under the Cholas, collected tax for knowledge from his fellow pandits, whom he subdued during debates. He imprisoned those who failed to pay him the tax. The Vaishnavite saint Alavandan challenged Akki Alvan to a debate, and defeated him, thus setting free the imprisoned pandits and abolishing the tax.

III. A. Answer the following in about 150 words each: (2x10= 20)

1. "I wear my tag, lest I forget who I am". How do you understand this line? What is the tag and why is it important?
2. Pick three images of Bangalore from the above poem that you find interesting/ relevant and discuss your choice.

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