

# **Rishi Bankim Chandra Evening College**

**B.A. Internal Examination 2024**

**SEM – IV (NEP)**

**Subject: English Honours**

**Paper Code: ENGDSC405T**

**Time: 1 hour**

**Full Marks: 20**

**Answer *any 2* taking *1* from each Group (2x10=20)**

## **GROUP A**

1. Write a Substance of the following text and add a Critical note.  
(1x10=10)

- a. It seemed that out of battle I escaped  
Down some profound dull tunnel, long since scooped  
Through granites which titanic wars had groined.

Yet also there encumbered sleepers groaned,  
Too fast in thought or death to be bestirred.  
Then, as I probed them, one sprang up, and stared  
With piteous recognition in fixed eyes,  
Lifting distressful hands, as if to bless.  
And by his smile, I knew that sullen hall,—  
By his dead smile I knew we stood in Hell

With a thousand fears that vision's face was grained;  
Yet no blood reached there from the upper ground,  
And no guns thumped, or down the flues made moan.  
"Strange friend," I said, "here is no cause to mourn."  
"None," said that other, "save the undone years,  
The hopelessness. Whatever hope is yours,  
Was my life also; I went hunting wild  
After the wildest beauty in the world,  
Which lies not calm in eyes, or braided hair,

But mocks the steady running of the hour,  
And if it grieves, grieves richlier than here.  
For by my glee might many men have laughed,  
And of my weeping something had been left,  
Which must die now. I mean the truth untold,  
The pity of war, the pity war distilled.  
Now men will go content with what we spoiled.  
Or, discontent, boil bloody, and be spilled.  
They will be swift with swiftness of the tigress.  
None will break ranks, though nations trek from progress.  
Courage was mine, and I had mystery;  
Wisdom was mine, and I had mastery:  
To miss the march of this retreating world  
Into vain citadels that are not walled.  
Then, when much blood had clogged their chariot-wheels,  
I would go up and wash them from sweet wells,  
Even with truths that lie too deep for taint.  
I would have poured my spirit without stint  
But not through wounds; not on the cess of war.  
Foreheads of men have bled where no wounds were.

“I am the enemy you killed, my friend.  
I knew you in this dark: for so you frowned  
Yesterday through me as you jabbed and killed.  
I parried; but my hands were loath and cold.  
Let us sleep now. . . .”

**OR**

**b.**

Even 60 years after independence the woman of India are still exploited and abused in spite of constitutional guarantees and new laws. The man considers himself superior to the woman and her master. The orthodox system of the family is set in his favour exclusively. Within the confines of domestic walls, man feels free to act like a merciless male chauvinist. The birth of a female child is considered a curse in most parts of our country. Without any thought the female foetus is murdered. At practical level law fails to protect a woman's human rights. The situation is worse in rural areas. There the woman slave for

men considering it their fate and a duty ordered by God Almighty. The rural women have no idea about their legal rights and privileges.

It is not the illiterate women's fate only. Even an educated woman of urban areas who are gainfully employed does not use their rights for fear of antagonizing her husband. They meekly give in to the male arrogance to avoid domestic discord and physical abuse. The males of the family decide how to spend the earnings of the working female. From very childhood, the girls are mentally conditioned to let the males do the thinking for her and accept their decisions.

Thus, the male dominance continues to hold away at the cost of the rights and the privileges of women. This factor has created gross imbalance in the Indian families. Nowadays the families do not mind sisters, daughters and wives seeking gainful employment as long as they don't exercise their right to spend their earnings as they like. A working woman brings home tidy salary to add to the family income but she cannot hope of any help from her husband in doing domestic chores. She has to toil alone like a slave. For husbands doing household work is below their dignity and as far as the women are concerned it is their natural duty. The doubly burdened women when protesting or complaining the men ignore them or react violently, which results in the growing tensions in relationships. The resultant quarrels and maladjustments in the family badly affect the children psychologically.

## **GROUP B**

2. Attempt a Stylistic Analysis of the given text (1x10=10)

a. Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveler, long I stood  
And looked down one as far as I could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,  
And having perhaps the better claim,  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;  
Though as for that the passing there  
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay  
In leaves no step had trodden black.  
Oh, I kept the first for another day!  
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,  
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—  
I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.

**OR**

- b. A few miles south of Soledad, the Salinas River drops in close to the hillside bank and runs deep and green. The water is warm too, for it has slipped twinkling over the yellow sands in the sunlight before reaching the narrow pool. On one side of the river the golden foothill slopes curve up to the strong and rocky Gabilan Mountains, but on the valley side the water is lined with trees— willows fresh and green with every spring, carrying in their lower leaf junctures the debris of the winter's flooding; and sycamores with mottled, white, recumbent limbs and branches that arch over the pool. On the sandy bank under the trees the leaves lie deep and so crisp that a lizard makes a great skittering if he runs among them. Rabbits come out of the brush to sit on the sand in the evening, and the damp flats are covered with the night tracks of 'coons, and with the spreadpads of dogs from the ranches, and with the split-wedge tracks of deer that come to drink in the dark.

There is a path through the willows and among the sycamores, a path beaten hard by boys coming down from the ranches to swim in the deep pool, and beaten hard by tramps who come wearily down from the highway in the evening to jungle-up near water. In front of the low horizontal limb of a giant sycamore there is an ash pile made by many fires; the limb is worn smooth by men who have sat on it.