

UPC	:	62031901
Name of the course	:	B.A. Programme (LOCF)
Name of the paper	:	English Language Through Literature
Semester	:	III
Marks	:	75
Time limit	:	3+1 (one hour reserved for downloading of question paper, scanning and uploading of answer sheets)

The paper contains 3 unseen passages.
 Students will attempt any FOUR out of SIX questions.
 All questions carry equal marks (18.75 Marks x 4 = 75 Marks).

Answer any four out of six questions based on any of the following three passages.

Answers for all questions for subpart A to be written in 200-250 words and for subpart B in 300-350 words.

Passage 1 (743 words)

I'm not trying to be more Native than I am. Less white than I am. I'm trying to be honest about what I have to include. More often than not I've introduced myself as half Native. I know what people want to know as soon as I say that I'm Native: How much? I watch them wait to see what I'll say about it. They don't want to have to ask, and they know I don't want to have to say it. They're testing me that way, so when the quiet between us becomes too much for me, I mumble out the side of my mouth: *From my dad's side*. The other half of me is apparent. My skin is light and I have freckles. I'm brown around the summer months and whiter in the winter. But I look like my dad if you saw me next to him. We have the same head and body. Same barrel chest, same nose. I reference my dad when I bring up being Native because I'm always doing it, qualifying my quantity. My amount. Where it comes from. And it's never enough. Too many claim great-grandparents. People are tired of hearing about great-grandparents, and great-great-grandparents even more so. It's too much math. Do I think we shouldn't include smaller fractions in the definition of what it means to be Native? I don't know. What I do know is that if I don't include the amount that I am, people assume less. So if asked whether or not I'm Native, I say yeah, and then, maybe sadly, maybe with assertion, maybe both, I say: half.

Those with less than half lose more than half the battle at the outset. One Native grandparent equals one-quarter blood quantum. Should someone with this amount not be allowed to identify as Native, if their grandmother raised them? If they didn't even know that grandparent? What about great-great-grandparents? That's an eighth — if there's only one. What equations make sense to keep doing? How come math isn't taught with stakes? There are Natives enrolled in tribes with less than a 30 seconds worth of Native blood in them — as in, less than 30 seconds after hearing about that kind of low-percentage ancestry, you'll probably have dismissed them as faking. You. Everyone.

There are full-blooded Native people raised by white families in white communities who don't know a thing about what it means to be Native or how to live in such a way as to be identified as such.

Walking between worlds is an old Native half-breed trope. I've never felt that I've walked in two worlds. The half-world feels more like being pulled apart and told to speak in singular terms — to pick a side. Actively identifying as a Native person if you have a valid claim is important work — an act against systematically designed erasure.

A half is not a number. Mathematically speaking, it doesn't count as a number. I never did well in math, but I understand fractions better now. When I was talking to my dad recently he said, "The way I got it worked out, it's like this, you're 3/64 short of being half Cheyenne."

That's about 4% less than half. According to a poll conducted by the Atlantic, 4% of Americans believe lizard people control politics. So I'm that amount of crazy Americans short of being half Native American.

But I'm not half, technically. I can't, for example, technically call myself biracial. I'd have to include 1/32 Sioux* blood and 1/64 German blood. I know this because my dad knows this. Growing up they called him *Vehoe*. It means white man. It also means spider, and references a mythological trickster figure. He told me I'm less than half. He didn't mean it in any way. My dad's an engineer. Exact math matters to him. As it does to all of us who have to figure out the kind of math involved in the equation: Enough Blood times Not Enough Blood equals eligibility or ineligibility for tribal enrollment and therefore citizenship in a sovereign nation.

But I am half Native — Cheyenne — from my dad. This half of me is a cutting fraction, which cuts if I rub up against it too firmly, if I slide my finger along its edge. Halving is the beginning of erasure. I'm doing it here again. Qualifying myself. Worried about what you will think of me.

1. This question has two subparts, A+B. Both have to be answered.

A. How does Passage 1 show the confusion and anger of the writer at being objectified by others who view him primarily in terms of his race? Identify and describe those parts where the writer's discomfort becomes clear. Your answer should be written in 200-250 words. (8.75 marks)

B. Imagine you are the narrator of Passage 1. Write a diary entry (in about 300-350 words) where you describe a conversation you had with a friend who asked you insensitive questions about your race. Include descriptions of how your feelings were affected, and how you made your friend realize the problem with their thinking. (10 marks)

2. This question has two subparts, A+B. Both have to be answered.

A. The narrator of Passage 1 feels like he doesn't belong to either the white community or the Native American community. Do you agree? Give a reasoned answer in 200-250 words. (8.75 marks)

B. Imagine you are the narrator of Passage 1. Drawing on your own experiences, write an essay on the topic 'Impact of Everyday Racism' (in about 300-350 words). (10 marks)

Passage 2 (740 words):

OLLIVANT. Then who helped you? Ben?

MARY. Why? Are men the only ones who help women?

EMILY. Tell him, Mary; it's best now.

OLLIVANT. [*Surprised.*] You knew and have kept it from me?

EMILY. [*Calmly.*] I found I hadn't lost my old skill, though it's been a good many years since I held a brush—since before we were married, George. I had an idea I thought would sell: paper dolls with little hand-painted dresses on separate sheets; they were so much softer than the printed kind, and children like anything soft. I wrote to Mr. Aylwin—you remember—he was so kind to me years before. He had called here once before when you were away and asked after my work. He used to think I had such promise. He found an opportunity to use the dolls as a specialty, and when I explained he induced some other firms to use all I can paint, too. They pay me very well. I made enough each month to help Mary...

OLLIVANT. [*Incredulously.*] After you heard me say when she left I wouldn't give her a cent?

EMILY. You were keeping Ben, weren't you?

OLLIVANT. But that's different!

EMILY. I didn't see why we shouldn't help *both* our children.

OLLIVANT. [*Perplexed, he turns to MARY.*] And you took it!

MARY. [*Simply.*] I couldn't bargain with what I felt. I had to study. I'd have taken anything, gotten it anywhere. I had to live. You didn't help me. Ben and I both went against your will, but you helped him because he was your son. I was only your daughter.

OLLIVANT. [*Visibly hurt*] Mary, I didn't realize how much you meant to me till I thought of what might have happened to you without my help. Would you have stayed on in the city if your mother hadn't helped you?

MARY. [*Firmly.*] Yes.

OLLIVANT. [*After a pause.*] Then I guess what you *feel* is stronger than all your mother and I tried to teach you.... Are you too proud to take help from me—now?

MARY. [*Simply.*] No, father; till I succeed. Then I'll pay you back like Ben promised.

OLLIVANT. [*Hurt.*] You don't think it was the money, Mary? It wasn't.

MARY. No; it was your father speaking and his father before him. And perhaps I was speaking for those before me who were silent or couldn't be heard.

OLLIVANT. [*With sincerity.*] I don't exactly understand *that* any more than the feeling you spoke of driving you from home. But I do see what you mean about brothers and sisters. You seem to think boys and girls are the same. But they're not. Men and women are different. You may not know it, but your mother had foolish ideas like you have when I first knew her. She was poor and didn't have a mother to support her, and she had to work for a living. She'd

about given up when I met her—trying to work at night to feed herself in the day while studying. But she was sensible; when a good man came along who could support her she married him and settled down. Look how happy she's been here with a home of her own that is a home—with associations and children. Where would she be, struggling to-day trying to paint pictures for a living? Why, there's lots of men who can paint pictures, and too few good wives for hard-working, decent men who want a family—which is God's law. You'll find that out one of these days and you'll give yourself as she did. Someday a man will come and you'll want to marry him. How could you keep on with your work, going about the country?

MARY. [*Quietly.*] You leave mother at times, don't you?

OLLIVANT. I've got to.

MARY. So may I.

OLLIVANT. And the children?

MARY. They'd have a share of my life.

OLLIVANT. A mighty big share if you're human, I tell you. Ask your mother if you think they're easy coming and bringing up.

MARY. And now they've left her. Dear mother, what has she to do?

OLLIVANT. Well, if you ever get a husband with those ideas of yours you'll see what a wife has to do. [*He goes to her.*] Mary, it isn't easy, all this you've been saying. But your mother and I are left alone, and perhaps we *have* got different views than you. But if ever you do see it our way, and give up or fail— well, come back to us, understand?

MARY. [*smiling*] I may come back a success!

3. This question has two subparts, A+B. Both have to be answered.

A. What impression of the societal attitude to women do you form from your reading of the dramatic extract in Passage 2? Would you say that the women resist oppressive patriarchal pressures? Substantiate your answer (in 200-250 words) with words, phrases or statements from the passage. (8.75 marks)

B. Imagine you are Mary from the dramatic extract (Passage 2). Prepare a research journal (in 300-350 words), using formal register, enlisting important aspects from the exchange between your father and yourself on his perspectives on women's roles and responsibilities. (10 marks)

4. This question has two subparts, A+B. Both have to be answered.

A. In the dramatic extract in Passage 2, what reasons are given by Ollivant for helping Ben over Mary? Would you say that he is an example of the repressive patriarchal forces of his times? Frame your answer in 200-250 words. (8.75 marks)

B. Continue the dramatic extract in Passage 2 further in 300-350 words, as Mr. Aylwin, by conducting a short interview of Emily, reflecting on her life struggles due to gender and class, and her dire need for financial assistance. Keep in mind the given characterization and the tensions in the plot. You may use dialogue and stage directions to develop the plot further. (10 marks)

Passage 3 (708 words):

Although not quite seven, Kallu did the work of a grown man. He was shaken out of his sleep early in the morning and, dressed only in an old, tattered shirt in winter with Abba's old woollen cap pulled down over his ears, looking like a midget, dripping at the nose, he promptly set to work. Scared off by the cold water, he was always reluctant to wash his face, and just once in awhile he would carelessly rub the tips of his fingers over his teeth which remained permanently coated with a thin film of mildew. The first thing he did in the morning was to get the stove going. Then he put water on for tea, set the table for breakfast and made a hundred rounds to the door and back carrying butter, bread, then milk and, finally, the eggs—flapping his slippers noisily, he travelled to the kitchen innumerable times. And after the cook had prepared breakfast, Kallu made more trips to the table lugging hot toast and parathas. To ensure their good health, the children (nearly all of whom were Kallu's age), were forcibly fed porridge, milk, eggs, toast and jam while Kallu quietly looked on. When breakfast was over he sat alone in the kitchen and ate left-over burnt ends of toast and paratha, hurriedly downing them with some tea.

He came to this household at a very young age, did the work of a bearer and sweeper, and all this for two rupees a month along with some old, ragged cast-offs. His mother lived in the village and had entrusted him to our care; he would at least have enough to eat, she thought. She herself worked as a cook for the village zamindar

She visited him sometimes, usually at the Teej festival, and brought him molasses and parched wheat or fried corn. She too put him to work.

'Dear boy, come here and scratch my back.'

'Son, bring me some water.'

'Get some roti from the kitchen, son. And ask the cook for a little dal as well.'

'Rub my shoulders.'

'Massage my head.'

The truth was, his little hands executed a great foot massage, and once he started you didn't want him to stop; often he would have to continue massaging the entire afternoon. Sometimes he dozed off and fell on your legs. A kick was generally enough to awaken him. Kallu had no time to play. If, for some reason, he had a little respite between errands, he would be found slumped with exhaustion, silently staring into space like an idiot. Seeing him sitting like this, looking so foolish, someone or the other would stick a straw in his ear surreptitiously, and startled, he would bashfully turn to a task that required his attention.

Preparations for Malihabi's wedding were under way. There was talk of weddings all day long—who's going to marry whom, how did so-and-so marry so-and-so, and who should marry whom. 'Who're you going to marry, Nanhi?' Mumani would jokingly ask. 'Apa,' lisped Nanhi, sending everyone into fits of laughter.

'Who're you going to marry, Kallu?' Amma asked in jest one day.

Kallu revealed his yellow teeth in a shy grin. When he was pressed for an answer he lowered his eyes and whispered, 'Salima bi.'

'May you rot in hell! You stupid fool! A curse on your face!' Peeved by the laughter around her, Mumani proceeded to box Kallu's ears.

Then one day, while he and Salima were playing, Kallu asked her, 'Salima bi, will you marry me?'

'Yes ... es,' Salima nodded vigorously, her little head bobbing up and down.

Mumani, sitting in the sunny part of the courtyard, combing her hair, was privy to this exchange between Kallu and her daughter. Livid with anger, she removed her sandal from her foot and smacked him one with it. A blow landed in the wrong place, Kallu's nose began to bleed and soon blood was streaming down the side of his face. Kallu's mother, who was visiting at the time, saw the blood and screamed that her son had been murdered.

'Get out of my house, you hypocrite!' Mumani yelled and ordered both mother and son out. Kallu's mother wept and begged forgiveness, but her pleas went unheeded.

5. This question has two subparts, A+B. Both have to be answered.

A. Please read the passage carefully. Critically examine the attitude of the household towards Kallu. Is Kallu's mother to be blamed for this treatment of Kallu at the hands of the other people? Give reasons for your answer in 200-250 words. (8.75 marks)

B. Write a letter of complaint (300-350 words) to the Childright India Foundation about child labour and exploitation of Kallu in the house of the narrator. Mention how Kallu is not sent to school and suffers from malnutrition. (10 marks)

6. This question has two subparts, A+B. Both have to be answered.

A. Based on the passage, what do you understand of Kallu's personality traits and his dreams? Do you think he was unhappy in the house? Give reasons for your answer in 200-250 words. (8.75 marks)

B. Imagine you are Salima bi and you are conscious of the unjust treatment of Kallu by your family members. Write a dialogue of 300-350 words between Salima bi and her mother as she tries to persuade her to take care of Kallu. (10 marks)