

No. of Printed Pages : 6

DCE-1

## DIPLOMA IN CREATIVE WRITING IN ENGLISH

Term-End Examination

00570

December, 2011

### DCE-1 : GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF WRITING

Time : 3 hours

Maximum Marks : 100

(Weightage 70%)

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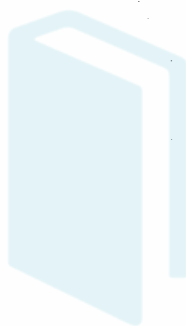
**Note :** This paper has *two* sections, A and B. Answer *five* questions in all, choosing at least *two* from each section. All questions carry equal marks.

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#### SECTION - A

1. Creative writing is a discipline. Suggest guidelines 20  
for an aspiring writer. (400 words)
2. With reference to Mulk Raj Anand's story " The 20  
Lost child" show how, besides authenticity of  
experience an author needs to focus on details of  
locale, atmosphere and character to make the  
story credible. (400 words)
3. What is the significance of climax in a formula 20  
story ? (400 words)

4. (a) Mention at least *four* strategies a writer should employ to ensure readability. 8
- (b) Elaborate on any *one* of these, preferably with examples. (400 words) 12
5. Proof reading and editing are essential skills a creative writer should acquire. Why ? (400 words) 20



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## SECTION - B

‘Where are you going’ ? Asked Maria. ‘Outside,’ said Bruno angrily. ‘If it’s any of your business.’

He had walked slowly but once he left the room he went more quickly towards the stairs and then ran down them at a great pace, suddenly feeling that if he didn’t get out of the house soon he was going to faint away. And within a few seconds he was outside and he started to run up and down the driveway, eager to do something active, anything that would tire him out. In the distance he could see the gate that led to the road that led to the train station that led home, but the idea of going there, the idea of running away and being left on his own without anyone at all, was even more unpleasant to him than the idea of staying.

The given passage is taken from a story about a nine-year old boy whose family has just moved to a new town where he has no one to play with .

6. (a) Having read the passage. Write a possible opening paragraph of the story. 10  
(250 words)
- (b) What kind of ‘ending’ would you like to give to your story : a typical or a surprise ending ? Why ? 5

- (c) Write an outline of the ending. (b+c 5  
150 words)

7. The author of the given passage has successfully 20  
established the authenticity of the child's  
experience making the account credible and very  
readable. Elaborate on this statement.  
(400 words)

8. JAROSLAV CEJKA

HALMA

1. Halma Ekha

Or the world belongs to the smart

2. If you want to reach your goal quickly

You have to construct a good bridgehead

Some handy steps or a sturdy ladder

3. Halma is a game where it doesn't pay

To go it alone

And forget those left behind

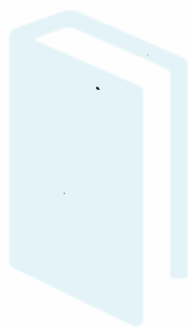
Because the last

May one day be

First

4. You are allowed to jump over your opponent  
But you don't have to destroy him  
Halma is no punitive campaign  
Against rice fields  
Or defenceless children
5. Halma is a peaceful game  
A game to see who is quicker  
You are not allowed to enter the same river  
twice  
Nor can you play the same game a second  
time  
Neither in halma  
Nor in life  
For one learns by one's mistakes  
Moreover everything is always different  
Where yesterday you found an open door  
Today it's closed  
Where there were solid steps  
Today not a stone is left standing  
And where once the sun rose on Asia  
An atomic cloud hangs for all time.
6. Halma Ekha  
The world belongs to the smart  
And man learns by his mistakes
7. Therefore some caution is necessary  
Above all in your first moves  
With whom you are playing  
And why \*

- (a) In the opening lines of the given poem the poet offers advice on how to be successful in life. Identify the **three** images, in the second verse, that he uses to suggest behaviour necessary for success. **3**
- (b) In the next verses the poet uses the metaphor of 'gaming' to describe a necessary attribute for gaining success in life. What are the rules of the game ? **10**
- (c) The poem begins on an optimistic, confident note but ends rather pessimistically. Identify the lines in the fifth verse where this change in mood takes place. **7**



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No. of Printed Pages : 6

DCE-1

## DIPLOMA IN CREATIVE WRITING IN ENGLISH

Term-End Examination

June, 2012

01281

### DCE-1 : GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF WRITING

Time : 3 Hours

Maximum Marks : 100

(Weightage 70%)

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*Note : This paper has 2 sections, A and B. Answer five questions in all, choosing at least two from each section. All questions carry equal marks.*

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#### SECTION - A

1. (a) What are the components that form the substance of writing ? Give examples. 10
- (b) What are the points an aspiring writer should keep in mind in order to make his writing effective ? 10
2. (a) What role does authenticity play in good writing ? 10
- (b) What do you understand by authorial voice ? 10

3. (a) What is the importance of the 'opening' in writing ? 10  
(b) Identify different types of endings. 10
4. (a) 'What do you understand by the term monologue' ? 10  
(b) Distinguish between a dialogue and monologue stating the role of each with suitable examples. 10
5. (a) Discuss the importance of proof reading. 10  
(b) What do you understand by editing ? 10



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## SECTION - B

6. Read the following passage and answer the questions that follow : 20

However, Din - Mohammed, who had been with us a long time, refused to take the risk. He insisted that the orchard was too far out of town, being situated on the other side of the river Phuleili.

'Release the parrots here, 'Dinu advised , 'or give them to the Maulana.' He went to the mosque and brought the Maulana to the gate even before I could agree or say anything about the required fruit trees.

I had watched the Maulana dissolve into tears the previous week, while he said goodbye to my grandmother and my mother. Both my grandmother and my mother had come to the house and into the neighbourhood of the mosque as brides. Now they were leaving, going across the border, to make new homes on the other side.

The Maulana did not weep as he said goodbye to me, but he rested a gnarled hand on my son's head. He promised to look after our parrots. I saw the grief in his old, grey - rimmed eyes. I turned my attention away from them, sliding my gaze across the narrow lane to look at the many strutting, white pigeons, their tails spread out like fans, unaware of what was

happening around them. The peacock, with a bedraggled, long tail sweeping the mud- baked floor of the compound, sat on a low branch, emitting loud, ugly cries. Stupid things, I thought. I shook my head.

‘I have promised my son,’ I said gently, ‘that the parrots will be given an orchard, a garden with a lot of fruit trees. They are wild birds and will fly away from you. Someone will catch them and put them in a cage again and sell them.’

I thanked the old Maulana and told him to look after my father who, as the head of the Hindu community, had decided to stay on to see to the affairs of his people left behind.

It was late afternoon when we got to the orchard. Din - Mohammed had, more or less, taken to his bed after leaving my grandmother and my mother at the station, and could not bring himself to sit in the coachman’s seat, much less see where he was going. The tears kept coming into his eyes and impairing his efficiency.

I took Khansahib, the second coachman, a young pathan, tall and fiercely loyal. He drove the carriage at an even, fast pace, his eyes alert. My son sat on his lap and kept up a conversation full of gurgling laughter. I looked about me, at the familiar landmarks, filling my eyes with them. I was astounded at the thought that they would always be there and yet I might never see them

again, It all seemed a bit difficult to accept.  
Write the plot of a story of exile based on the  
excerpt. (450 words )

7. Rewrite the above in the voice of the Maulana 20  
(450 words ).
8. Read the following **poem** and answer the question  
that follow :

### Mirror

Sylvia Plath

I am silver and exact. I have no **preconceptions**.  
Whatever I see I swallow immediately  
Just as it is, **unmisted** by love or dislike.  
I am not cruel, only truthful-  
The eye of a little god, four - cornered.  
Most of the time I meditate on the opposite wall.  
It is pink, with **speckles**. I have looked at it so  
long

I think it is a part of my heart. But it **flickers**.  
Faces and darkness separate us over and over.

Now I am a lake. A woman bends over me,  
Searching my **reaches** for what she really is.  
Then she turns to those liars, the candles or the  
moon.

I see her back, and reflect it faithfully.  
She rewards me with tears and an **agitation** of  
hands.

I am important to her. She comes and goes.  
Each morning it is her face that replaces the  
darkness.  
In me she has drowned a young girl, and in me  
an old woman  
Rises towards her day after day like a terrible fish.

- (a) Identify the figures of speech used in the poem. What is the effect of the last two lines ? 10
- (b) What characteristics of women are revealed in the poem ? How does the poet do so ? Illustrate. 10



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No. of Printed Pages : 5

DCE-1

## DIPLOMA IN CREATIVE WRITING IN ENGLISH

Term-End Examination

0 1 2 7 1

December, 2012

### DCE-1 : GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF WRITING

Time : 3 Hours

Maximum Marks : 100

(Weightage 70%)

*Note : This paper has 2 sections, A and B. Answer five questions in all, choosing at least two from each section. All questions carry equal marks.*

#### SECTION - A

1. (a) Discuss modes of address with appropriate examples. 10  
(b) Discuss writing as a form of self-expression. 10
2. (a) What do you understand by the term 'creative impulse'? 10  
(b) What is the importance of title and focus when writing a short story? 10
3. (a) What are the elements that go into dramatisation? Illustrate. 10  
(b) Do you think the use of imagery and symbols is simply for effect or do they add to the reading experience? Give reasons for your answer. 10

4. (a) What are the points to be kept in mind to ensure readability? 10
- (b) How is a character presented through dialogue? Give examples. 10
5. (a) How does an editor go about the task of editing? What are the various steps and things to keep in mind while doing so? 10
- (b) How important are notes and foot-notes in a book? What are the important features that go into the methodology of preparing notes? 10



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## SECTION-B

6. Read the following passage and answer the questions that follows. 20

Jessie came back from the golf game the next day both happy and worried.

‘It’s all right about the marriage,’ she said. ‘He proposed and I accepted.’

‘By the way, he’s coming over this evening to ask your permission. So far all’s well, but about the Brogue it’s a different matter. I told him the story about how much we wanted to buy the horse back, but he seems very set on keeping it. He said he must have a horse now that he’s living in the country. He’s going to start riding tomorrow.

‘He’s ridden a few times before this on an animal that used to carry 80-year-olds.

‘That’s about all his experience with horses. And tomorrow he’s going to ride the Brogue!’

‘I shall be a widow before I’m married, and I do so want to see what Greece is like; it looks so silly on the map. Vincent has promised to take me to Greece for our honeymoon.’ Clovis was sent for immediately, and told the situation.

‘Nobody can ride that animal with any safety,’ said Mrs Mullet, ‘except Toby, because he knows exactly what frightens it and is somehow prepared.’

'I did hint to Mr Penricarde, to Vincent, I should say, that the Brogue didn't like white gates,' said Jessie.

'White gates!' exclaimed Mrs Mullet. 'Did you mention what effect a pig has on him? He'll have to go past Lockyer's farm to get to the high road, and there's sure to be a pig or two playing about in the lane.'

'The Brogue's taken a dislike to turkeys lately as well,' said Toby.

'It's obvious that Penricarde mustn't be allowed to go out on that animal,' said Clovis. 'At least not till Jessie has married him, and is tired of him. I tell you what, ask him to a picnic tomorrow, starting at an early hour. He's not the sort to go out for a ride before breakfast. The day after I'll find an excuse to take him on a drive. The Brogue will be standing idle in the stable and Toby can offer to exercise it; then it can pick up a stone or something of the sort and conveniently become lame. If you hurry on the wedding a bit the lameness story can be kept up till the ceremony is safely over.'

Based on the given excerpt, write an appropriate ending to the events described (350 words).

7. Report the entire episode in the first person with Jessie as the narrator. (450 words) 20



8. Read the following poem and answer the question that follows :

**Where the Mind is Without Fear**

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;

Where knowledge is free;

Where the world has not been broken up

into fragments<sup>1</sup> by narrow domestic walls;

Where words come out from the depths of truth;

Where tireless striving<sup>2</sup> stretches its arms towards perfection;

Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary<sup>3</sup> desert sand of dead habit;

Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action .....

Into that heaven of freedom, my Father,

Let my country awake.

**RABINDRANATH TAGORE**

- (a) What are the figures of speech used by the poet to express his ideas ? Identify them and describe their impact on the reader. 10
- (b) Describe in your own words the kind of world envisioned in the poem. 10

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No. of Printed Pages : 6

DCE-1

## DIPLOMA IN CREATIVE WRITING IN ENGLISH

Term-End Examination 00114

June, 2013

### DCE-1 : GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF WRITING

Time : 3 Hours

Maximum Marks : 100

(Weightage 70%)

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**Note :** This paper has *two* sections, *A* and *B*. Answer *five* questions in all, choosing at least *two* from *each* section. All questions *carry equal* marks.

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#### SECTION - A

1. Discuss a short story or novel you have read recently in terms of the information it provides about the society in which it is set ? How important is it for fiction to provide accurate information ? (450 words) 20
2. Write a note on the relationship between the reader and the writer. Should a writer always keep the reader in mind ? Give a reasoned answer. (450 words) 20
3. Write a note on the difference between the use of dialogue in poetry and drama giving suitable examples. (450 words) 20

4. Why are imagery and symbols used extensively in poetry ? Give examples of striking imagery and symbols from the poems you have read to illustrate your answer.(450 words) 20
5. In your opinion what is more important-the writer's own experience or research ? Give a reasoned answer.(450 words) 20



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## SECTION - B

**The following extract is from a short story. Read it carefully and answer the questions that follow :**

'Papa, I want you to read this book. If you find even one paragraph dirty, you can throw me out of the house,'

He continued staring at me, but his condescension had morphed into a confused scowl now.

'I am sorry I hid it from you,' I continued, 'but I really can't help if the cover is like that....believe me.....the book isn't.'

Papa took the book from my hand. His eyes were sceptical and thoughtful at the same time.

A few days later, when I came back from college, I found Papa waiting for me.

'Here's your book,' he said, handing over the Chase to me.

I swallowed apprehensively, wondering what he would say next. James Hadley Chase rarely, if ever, wrote sleazy lines or sexual descriptions, but I had not read this book yet.

Papa was quiet for a few more seconds, like fathers are when they have to take back something they have said. Finally, he cleared his throat and spoke, 'Well, I shouldn't have judged the book hastily by its cover. Nor you for that matter.'

Papa continued speaking almost to himself, the only question is..... do i have to get used to such pictures? In my house?’

‘I can stop reading them if you want me to.....

‘No, no,’ Papa replied, shaking his head.

‘Surprisingly for a book like this, it carries a good message: crime never pays.’

6. (a) What is the tone of the story-serious of funny ? Identify lines that set the tone. (200 words) 10

- (b) Do you agree with the father’s assessment that crime fiction may be educational for an adolescent boy? What is your assessment? (200 words) 10

7. Write an imagined opening to the story from which the above extract has been taken and give it an appropriate title. (450 words) 20

8. Read the following poem and answer the questions below :

I crept into your room tonight  
about eleven o’ clock just as i used to do  
when you were eight or nine years old.

But you were gone-  
it came as quite a shock to find  
Your bed so empty, cold.

Since then I've tried to recollect.

the moment when you left-  
while i chatted at the shops ?  
Or maybe as I couch-potato slouched  
staring at the world's disasters.

Your room was tidy, the Lego neatly  
stored below the bed in two red  
plastic boxes, your cars  
precision-parked along the windowsills.

Your books, tapes and videos  
lined the shelves, dusty with memories  
photos of you smiled down from the walls-  
a small blonde boy, eyes shining.

And then I realised I hadn't seen  
that child for such a long dark time.

So, when I crept into your room  
expecting his blonde and tousled head  
dreaming on the pillow, expecting  
to kiss his sleep-warm cheek  
it frightened me to find him gone.

Tonight I'll leave a window open-  
just in case. I'll leave  
the door unlocked,  
the stair light on.

- (a) How does the poet communicate the enormity of her loss to the reader? Identify in the poem imagery that suggests loss. (200 words) **10**
- (b) This poem is telling a story. Write the opening of a short story on the same theme and give it an appropriate title. (250 words) **10**
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No. of Printed Pages : 3

DCE-1

## DIPLOMA IN CREATIVE WRITING IN ENGLISH

Term-End Examination

December, 2013

### DCE-1 : GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF WRITING

Time : 3 Hours

Maximum Marks : 100

(Weightage 70%)

**Note :** The paper has **two** sections, A and B. Answer **five** questions in all, choosing at least **two** from **each** section. All questions **carry equal** marks.

#### SECTION - A

1. How does reading influence the aspiring writer ? 20  
Illustrate your answer giving examples from what you have read. (450 words)
2. What are formula stories ? Illustrate your answer with examples. (450 words) 20
3. What does dialogue reveal about the characters ? 20  
Answer with examples from fiction, poetry, or drama. (450 words)
4. Write a note on the autobiographical mode of narration. What are the limitations of this mode and how should the writer attempt to overcome them ? (450 words) 20



5. Why are imagery and symbols important in poetry ? Answer with suitable examples. (450 words) 20

### SECTION - B

**The following extract is the opening of an Italian short story. Read it carefully and answer the questions below :**

Zefferino's father never got into bathing-dress. He stayed in rolled-up trousers and vest, with a white linen cap on his head, and never moved away from the rocks. He had a passion for limpets, the flat clams which stick to rocks and become with their very hard shells almost part of the stone. To prise them off Zefferino's father used a knife, and every Sunday he would scrutinize the rocks on the headland one by one through his spectacled eyes. On he would go until his little basket was full of limpets; some he ate as soon as gathered, sucking the damp bitter pulp as if from a spoon; the rest he would put into his basket. Every now and again he would raise his eyes, let them meander over the smooth sea and call out : 'Zefferino! Where are you ?'

Zefferino spent whole afternoons in the water. They would go together as far as the point, then his father left him there and went straight off after his clams. Limpets were no attraction to Zefferino, they were so motionless and stubborn, what interested him most were crabs, then octopuses, jellyfish and then eventually any kind of fish. In summer his hunts became ever more arduous and resourceful; and now there was not a boy of his age who was so good with an underwater gun as he.

6. (a) What impression do you form of the kind of persons Zefferino and his father are ? Identify lines from the passage that suggest personality-traits. (200 words) 10
- (b) In your opinion, is this a successful opening for a short story ? (250 words) 10
7. On the basis of the passage given above write an imaginary conversation between Zefferino and his father as they are walking from their home to the beach. (450 words) 20
8. Read the following poem and answer the questions below.
- A Difference**
- 'But surely,' she says, 'there are some  
you love, some you trust ?  
'Me, for example. Think of me  
please as some sort of flower'  
It's easy enough. We're sitting  
on the grass.  
She looks exactly  
like a gigantic flower.  
So I say to her,  
but she still looks sad.  
'There is a difference',  
she tells me gently,  
'between a simile  
and a genuine metaphor.'
- (a) What is the tone of this poem - serious or humorous ? Discuss. (250 words) 10
- (b) How does the poet suggest the kind of relationship the two people in the poem share ? 10

No. of Printed Pages : 6

00018

DCE-1

## DIPLOMA IN CREATIVE WRITING IN ENGLISH

Term-End Examination

June, 2014

### DCE-1 : GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF WRITING

Time : 3 hours

Maximum Marks: 100

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*Note : This paper has 2 sections A and B. Answer five questions in all. Choosing atleast 2 from each section. All questions carry equal marks.*

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#### SECTION-A

1. (a) Comment on the autobiographical mode of narration with suitable examples (300 Words). 10  
(b) What do you understand by 'theme' What makes it an important component of creative writing? (300 Words). 10
2. (a) What is 'clarity' with reference to Writing? (300 Words). 10  
(b) What do you understand by 'creative impulse'? (300 Words). 10
3. (a) What is meant by 'Climax'? How is the climactic effect achieved in a fictional work, Illustrate (300 Words). 10

- (b) Why do you think that the beginning of a story is important? Give reasons *(300 Words)*. 10
4. (a) What are the functions of figurative language in creative writing? Illustrate with examples. *(300 Words)*. 10
- (b) What do you understand by 'readability' *(300 Words)*. 10
5. (a) What are the points to be kept in mind while preparing notes and footnotes?*(300 Words)*. 10
- (b) What do you understand by 'indexing'? How is it useful? *(300 Words)*. 10

### SECTION B

6. Read this following passage and answer the questions that follow : 20

#### THANKS FOR YOUR TIME

It had been some time since Jack had seen the old man. College, girls, career, and life itself got in the way. In fact, Jack moved clear across the country in pursuit of his dreams. There, in the rush of his busy life, Jack had little time to think about the past and often no time to spend with his wife and son. He was working on his future, and nothing could stop him.

Over the phone, his mother told him, "Mr. Belser died last night. The funeral is Wednesday,"

Memories flashed through his mind like an old newsreel as he sat quietly remembering his childhood days.

"Jack, did you hear me?"

"Oh sorry, Mom. Yes, I heard you. It's been so long since I thought of him. I'm sorry, but I honestly thought he died years ago," Jack said.

"Well, he didn't forget you. Every time I saw him he'd ask how you were doing. He'd reminisce about the many days you spent over 'his side of the fence' as he put it," Mom told him.

"I loved that old house he lived in," Jack said.

"You know, Jack, after your father died, Mr. Belser stepped in to make sure you had a man's influence in your life," she said.

"He's the one who taught me carpentry," he said. "I wouldn't be in this business if it weren't for him. He spent a lot of time teaching me things he thought were important...Mom, I'll be there for the funeral," Jack said.

As busy as he was, he kept his word. Jack caught the next flight to his hometown. Mr. Belser's funeral was small and uneventful. He had no children of his own, and most of his relatives had passed away.

The night before he had to return home, Jack and his Mom stopped by to see the old house next door one more time.

Standing in the doorway, Jack paused for a moment. It was like crossing over into another dimension, a leap through space and time.

The house was exactly as he remembered. Every step held memories. Every picture, every piece of furniture... Jack stopped suddenly.

"What's wrong, Jack?" his Mom asked.

"The box is gone," he said.

"What box?" Mom asked.

"There was a small gold box that he kept locked on top of his desk. I must have asked him a thousand times what was inside. All he'd ever tell me was 'the thing I value most,'" Jack said.

It was gone. Everything about the house was exactly how Jack remembered it, except for the box. He figured someone from the Belser family had taken it.

"Now I'll never know what was so valuable to him," Jack said. "I better get some sleep. I have an early flight home, Mom."

It had been about two weeks since Mr. Belser died. Returning home from work one day Jack discovered a note in his mailbox.

"Signature required on a package. No one at home. Please stop by the main post office within the next three days," the note read. Early the next day Jack retrieved the package. The small box was old and looked like it had been mailed a hundred years ago. The handwriting was difficult to read, but the return address caught his attention .

"Mr. Harold Belser" it read.

Jack took the box out to his car and ripped open the package. There inside was the gold box and an envelope. Jack's hands shook as he read the note inside.

"Upon my death, please forward this box and its contents to Jack Bennett. It's the thing I valued most in my life." A small key was taped to the letter. His heart racing, as tears filling his eyes, Jack carefully unlocked the box. There inside he found a beautiful gold pocket watch.

Running his fingers slowly over the finely etched casing, he unlatched the cover. Inside he found these words engraved:

"Jack, Thanks for your time!- Harold Belser."

"The thing he valued most...was...my time."

Jack held the watch for a few minutes, then called his office and cleared his appointments for the next two days. "Why?" Janet, his assistant asked.

"I need some time to spend with my son," he said. "oh, by the way, Janet...thanks for your time!"

Write a plot of a story of memory, love and regret, based on the given story (*450 words*)

7. Rewrite the story in the autobiographical mode with Mr. Belser as the narrator (*450 words*) 20
8. Read the following poem and answer the questions that follow :

### THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

By W B Yeats

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:  
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee;  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;

There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,  
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

- (a) Comment on the imagery used in the poem. **10**  
*(300 words).*
- (b) How does the poet tell you that he is not **10**  
physically but mentally present at Innisfree,  
*(300 words).*

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No. of Printed Pages : 8

**DCE-1**

**DIPLOMA IN CREATIVE WRITING  
IN ENGLISH**

**00145 Term-End Examination  
December, 2014**

**DCE-1 : GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF WRITING**

*Time : 3 hours*

*Maximum Marks : 100*

*(Weightage : 70%)*

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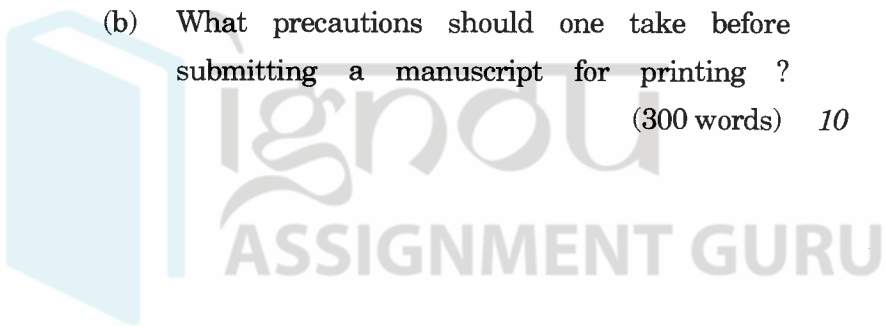
**Note :** *This question paper has **two** Sections A and B. Answer **five** questions in all, choosing at least **two** from each section. All questions carry equal marks.*

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**SECTION A**

1. (a) How does a writer establish credibility with his readers ? Explain with examples.  
(300 words) 10
- (b) What is the importance of writing in one's life ?  
(300 words) 10
2. (a) Explain the importance of title in writing.  
(300 words) 10
- (b) What do you understand by the term 'narrative modes' ?  
(300 words) 10
3. (a) What role does direct experience play in creative writing ?  
(300 words) 10
- (b) What role do dialogues play in a creative narrative ?  
(300 words) 10

4. (a) What do you understand by 'symbols' ?  
Illustrate with examples. (300 words) 10
- (b) How does a monologue help in bringing out the inner workings of a character ? Is it more effective ? Illustrate with examples.  
(300 words) 10
5. (a) Comment on different kinds of editing.  
(300 words) 10
- (b) What precautions should one take before submitting a manuscript for printing ?  
(300 words) 10



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## SECTION B

6. Read the following passage and answer the questions that follow :

### PRETENDING

*by Sally Morgan*

Nineteen fifty-nine, and another Milroy began school. Billy's initial reaction was similar to mine, he hated it. Every morning when we set off for school, Billy lagged behind, sobbing. How he managed to walk straight and not trip over always puzzled me, because while his body was trudging in the direction of school, his face was turned backwards towards our house.

He knew that Mum would be watching us from behind the curtains, and, if he looked really upset, she might weaken and call him back. Some days, he began his sobbing ritual so early that by the time we left, his face was red and puffy, his nose snotty and snorting. These occasions were generally too much for Mum, who only let him get as far as our letter-box before calling him back.

Billy's unhappiness at school never spilled over into recess and lunch-time. He was the kind of boy other boys looked up to, so he was never short of a pal. Billy was the image of Dad and, when it came to mateship, exactly like him.

Nan had a soft spot for Billy, too. She supported him in his dislike of school. 'Let him have the day off, Glad,' she pleaded when Billy began his crying routine, 'the child's not well.'

To Billy's credit, he didn't look well. I attempted to copy his mournful look several times, but to no avail. After a few pathetic attempts, it became obvious that what worked for Billy would not work for me. I had to resort to more deceitful means.

I found that a light spattering of talcum powder, rubbed first into my hands and then patted lightly over my face, worked wonderfully well.

'I feel really sick in the stomach, Nan.' I groaned as she gazed at my pale face. 'I think I'm gunna vomit.' Nan grabbed an empty saucepan and bent me over it. After emitting a few strangled noises, I straightened up and said, 'It's no use, it's gone down again.'

'Go and lie down,' Nan instructed, 'I'll send your mother in.'

Within a few minutes, Mum was standing by my bedside, looking extremely sceptical. 'Sally ... are you *really* sick ?'

Nan always interrupted, 'Course she's sick, Glad, look at the child's face.'

'I'm not puttin' it on, Mum, honest. I feel real crook. Maybe I'll be better by lunch-time. Nan can send me to school then.'

‘Don’t be stupid, Sally,’ Nan countered, rising to the bait, ‘you can’t go to school, you’ll pass out.’

‘All right,’ Mum relented, ‘you can stay home, but don’t eat anything and stay in bed.’

Jill wandered in after Mum and Nan had left and said, ‘You’re rotten. You’re not really sick, are you?’

‘Course I am ! Go away, you’re makin’ me feel sick. *Mu-um*, tell Jill to go away, she’s makin’ me feel worse.’

‘You come out of there, Jilly. You let Sally sleep.’ Jill gave me a disgusted look and walked off.

Once Jill and Billy had left for school, and Mum had left for her part-time job in Boans’ Floral Department, I called out to Nan, ‘I’m feelin’ a bit better, Nan. Do ya think I could eat something?’

Nan potted in, with her old tea-towel slung over her shoulder and said, ‘Oooh, you still look white, Sally, I don’t think you eat enough, your mother can’t expect you to get better if you’re not going to eat. You stay there and I’ll bring in some toast and a hot cup of tea.’

After six or so rounds of toast and jam and a couple of mugs of tea, I said to Nan, ‘Gee, it’s stuffy in here, Nan.’

‘Yes, it is, go and sit outside, there’s nothin’ like a bit of fresh air when you’re sick in the stomach.’

Nan only spoke to me after that to tell me when lunch was ready. I spent the rest of the day outdoors, playing all my usual games and climbing trees.

I was sitting on the back verandah step, inspecting the cache of small rocks I’d collected, when Mum returned home from her day at work.

‘How’s Sally?’

‘Hmmp, she’s all right’, Nan grumbled. And then, with a giggle, she added, ‘Been sittin’ in that tree all day.’

Mum wandered out. ‘Another miraculous recovery, eh Sal?’

‘Yeah, dunno what it was, Mum, but I hope I don’t get it again.’

‘Don’t hope too much.’

Write a plot of a story of childhood, happiness, and mischief based on the excerpt. (450 words) 20

7. Rewrite the ending of the excerpt (of Q. 6) in the same mode (using dialogue etc.) but with a different conclusion. (450 words) 20

8. Read the following poem and answer the questions that follow :

### **Braided Lives**

*by Lakshmi Kannan*

Sparse silver hair strayed over  
the chubby face.

'I've more time on my hands now,' she chuckled.

'Not much hair to tend to,

just a few wispy strands, contained neatly  
within this hair net.

So come, let me do your hair,'  
she said to her daughter  
gathering her thick, dark tresses.

Occasional threads of silver  
streaked across in stark contrast.

It was disquieting.

'Why don't you look after your hair properly ?'

scolded the mother.

Time was running out, was it,

even for my young daughter, she mused

pushing the grey strands under the black ones.

'You must massage your scalp with warm coconut oil

then wash your hair with the water of reetha seeds,

not with your stupid bazar shampoo !'

The daughter acquiesced with a smile.

She called out to her little girl,

'Come, let's finish doing your hair too

while we're about it. Hurry,' she urged.  
The little girls' hair rippled defiantly  
through the teeth of the comb,  
hair so black, it hurts the eyes.

'Can't you sit still even for a minute ?' chided the  
young mother  
parting the child's hair into three strands  
of equal thickness, to braid it.  
She took the left strand  
and moved it over the right,  
while behind her, the mother moved the right  
to cover the grey of the left,  
then the middle strand of black hair  
shot with white, moved left,  
right, center, left  
three in a row, twisting time  
in the ritual of 'doing hair'.

- (a) How does the title of the poem convey continuity ? How is this sustained throughout the poem ? (300 words) 10
- (b) How is the idea of mortality (and old age) expressed in the poem ? (300 words) 10
-



No. of Printed Pages : 7

**DCE-1**

**DIPLOMA IN CREATIVE WRITING  
IN ENGLISH**

**Term-End Examination**

**June, 2015**

00556

**DCE-1 : GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF WRITING**

*Time : 3 hours*

*Maximum Marks : 100*

*(Weightage : 70%)*

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**Note :** *This paper has two Sections, A and B. Answer **five** questions in all, choosing at least **two** from each section. All questions carry equal marks.*

---

**SECTION A**

1. (a) Define the four essential features of writing which distinguish creative writing as an art form. (300 words) 10  
(b) Explain the significance of structure in creative writing. (300 words) 10
2. (a) Why is it necessary for a writer to rise above his/her personal experience for creating a story or poem ? (300 words) 10  
(b) The basic structure of a conventional short story is seen in terms of a beginning, middle and end. Comment. (300 words) 10
3. (a) "A dramatic and arresting beginning assures the readability of a work of fiction." Expand this statement. (300 words) 10  
(b) Readability requires that the writer avoids the use of complex sentences and heavy diction. Elaborate. (300 words) 10

4. (a) Discuss the importance of clarity in creative writing. (300 words) 10
- (b) Write a note on Authenticity and Credibility in writing. (300 words) 10
5. (a) State briefly the difference between a copy editor's and a general editor's functions. (300 words) 10
- (b) Proof-read the given passage using proof-reading symbols. 10

Passage :

Good murder mysteries need bodies, and a little blood; Women should ideally be more

squeemish about corpses and crime scenes preferring poison to more evident violence. but

that is rather chauvinistic perspective it seems. As liddle puts it women can get 'nicely

bloody and vilent, yes – certainly. And less messy. it would get boreing after a while

Theres only so many time your readers will accept poison as a means of murder

## SECTION B

6. Given below is the opening scene of a short story.

(a) Continue the story for approximately another 200 words. 10

(b) Write a happy ending for the story.  
(150 words) 10

“Most weekends in the year, the two brothers went cycling, but occasionally they went fishing for a change. On one of these fishing trips the elder brother fell into the water and caught a severe chill. As he sat in bed gazing gloomily at the picture of ‘The Death of Nelson’ on the opposite wall, he wished that his brother and he had gone for their usual cycle ride.”

7. Rewrite the given passage in the first person from the point of view of Veblen MacKay-Sim. 20

Veblen MacKay-Sim was engaged to Paul Vreeland, a post-graduate research fellow in neuroscience, and the time had finally come to bring him home to meet the family. A classic rite of passage, except that the irregularities of her mother’s personality held a certain terror for her. She was often reminded that humans were flawed, no families faultless, and no matter what happened that day, it was all part of *the rich*

*tapestry of life*. Her mother would surely rise to such an occasion. And Paul, who routinely examined brain-injured cadavers, could surely endure it too.

The couple set off on a Saturday morning, skirting the traffic-ensnarled Bay Area, passing the minaret-like towers of the oil refineries at Martinez and the mothball fleet of warships in the Carquinez Strait, discussing their future. Then Veblen found, as they drove up Napa Valley into the mountains, that she was having trouble breathing.

"Paul."

He touched her arm. "You're shaking. What's wrong?"

She said, "What if you don't like her?"

"Does she have three heads?"

"No."

"Hugely obese ? One of those people who can barely move?"

"No." She shook her head.

"What then?"

"She's—complicated. She, sometimes—" To sum up the catalog of past episodes would be strenuous.

"Tell me, it's okay."

"Sometimes, she—she—"

“Take it easy!”

“Whenever she gets the chance, she’ll call someone a pompous ass.”

Paul looked surprised. “You mean, like, strangers?”

She nodded. “Usually.”

“Friends sometimes too?”

“Depends on what you mean by *friends*.”

He took her hand. “Are you saying she’s going to call me a pompous ass?”

Veblen said, “No, but *if* she does—”

“I sort of agree with her,” Paul said. “Pompous asses are everywhere.”

At last they reached the long driveway of Veblen’s childhood home, on a hammer-shaped parcel her mother had bought years back, so rocky and barren it had never gained in value during the land booms. The house sat on the hammerhead, and the driveway was in the handle, flanked by elephant-sized hummocks of blackberry vines, where Veblen used to pick berries by the gallons to make pies and cobblers and jam. She’d sell them at a table by the road, to help her mother make ends meet. In the fall she’d put on leather gloves to her elbows, to hack the vines back off the driveway, uncovering snakes and lizards and voles.

In the spring the vines would start to come back, the green canes growing noticeably by the day, rising straight like spindles before gravity caused them to arc. They grew on the surface the way roots grow underground, in all directions, overlapping, intertwined. The blackberries had defined her life in those days — their encroaching threat, their abundant yield. All her old chores came to mind as they rolled up the drive to the familiar crunching sound of tires on gravel.

“I never would’ve imagined you growing up somewhere like this,” Paul said.

“Really?”

“Really.”

8. Read the poem ‘Testament’ given below and answer the questions that follow :

### TESTAMENT

There are too many poems with the word  
Death, death, death, tolling among the rhyme.  
Let us remember death, a soaring bird  
Whose wing will shadow all of us in time.

Let us remember death, an accident  
Of darkness fallen far away and near.  
But, being mortal, be most eloquent  
Of daylight and the moment now and here.

Not to the name of death over and over,  
But the prouder name of life, is poetry sworn.  
The living man has words that rediscover  
Even the dust from whence the man was born.

And words that may be water, food, and fire,  
Of love and pity and perfection wrought,  
Or swords or roses, as we may require,  
Or sudden towers for the climbing thought.

Out of the beating heart the words that beat  
Sing of the fountain that is never spent.  
Let us remember life, the salt, the sweet,  
And make of that our tireless testament.

(a) Describe the poet's attitude to life and death  
in the poem. (200 words) 10

(b) (i) Identify the figures of speech used  
by the poet to create vivid images of  
life and death.

(ii) What images would you use to portray  
death and life ? (Give two examples  
each) 10

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No. of Printed Pages : 7

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**DCE-1**

**DIPLOMA IN CREATIVE WRITING  
IN ENGLISH**

**Term-End Examination**

**December, 2015**

**DCE-1 : GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF WRITING**

*Time : 3 hours*

*Maximum Marks : 100*

*(Weightage : 70%)*

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**Note :** *This paper has two Sections, A and B. Answer **five** questions in all, choosing at least **two** from each section. All questions carry equal marks.*

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**SECTION A**

1. (a) What, according to you, are the essential qualities for an aspiring creative writer ?  
(300 words) 10
- (b) Discuss the autobiographical mode of writing.  
(300 words) 10
2. (a) How can a creative writer distinguish between a genuine creative impulse and a passing, superficial emotion ? Illustrate your answer with examples. (250 words) 10
- (b) What is the function of climax in fiction ? In what kinds of fiction is climax considered inessential ? (300 words) 10



3. (a) A writer of fiction is obliged "to rise" and "transcend the limitations of fact and history." Comment. (300 words) 10
- (b) Write briefly about the function of dialogue in creating an authentic and realistic environment in a work of fiction. (250 words) 10
4. (a) Define imagery. Comment on the role of image and imagery in creative writing. (250 words) 10
- (b) What is symbolism ? Does it convey meaning more effectively ? (250 words) 10
5. (a) Can a creative writer be his or her own copy editor and general editor ? (250 words) 10
- (b) Write a note on Indexing. (250 words) 10

## SECTION B

6. (a) Write the outline of a story which concludes as given below. (150 words) 10

"My father is in a coma. It is a brain haemorrhage. So even the doctors are praying. Of course they do not know him. But I do. And the question I've kept asking myself is : does he deserve to live ? His face is so calm right now, it is hard to believe the sort of person he used to be.

I look into his calm expressionless face and think, 'I hate you'."

- (b) Write the opening paragraphs of the story visualised by you in (a). (250 words) 10

7. Rewrite the following passage "Why a Robin ?" from the daughter's point of view : 20

### WHY A ROBIN ?

"Tell me something about it," she says.  
'About a robin.'

'Buy why a robin ?'

'I don't know,' she says carelessly. Then, firmly, 'Teacher said so. Teacher said a robin.'

Foolishly I ignore the finality of her words and blunder on. 'Why not a bird we know something about ? A sparrow, or a ... a ... a ... myna, or even ... a peacock ?'

'No. Not those. I want a robin,' she says with childish petulance. Her lower lip is thrust forward, her forehead is furrowed, her eyes are angry. But I am amazed at her beauty. How did I, so plain, so common, get a daughter like her ? Her beauty always gives me a physical wrench. And saddens me. It puts distances between us. Can one envy one's own daughter ? I think I do. She gets so much out of life, effortlessly, gracefully. While I ... ?

'Tell me something about the robin.'

This is almost the first time my daughter is appealing to me for help. And I cannot help her. I frown in my turn, perplexed and worried. What shall I say ?

'I don't know,' I say at last. 'I know nothing about it. Except that it's a pretty bird. With a red breast ... ? And it comes in winter ... ? Children feed it bread crumbs ... ?'

The words come out haltingly, hesitantly; I feel like I did when I was a child, answering questions I was not very sure of. Her expectant look unnerves me even more. She is looking at me, head held on one side, almost like a bird herself. But not one that will let me ruffle its feathers. Not one that will come and peck from my hands.

As I stop, she bursts out, 'Oh ! Is that all ! What's the use of that ? I'm supposed to do a two-page composition on the robin and you tell me two words. You can't help me you're no use at all.' I'm conscious that I've failed her, I try to make amends. 'Why don't you write about a peacock ? That's a beautiful bird.'

'Teacher said no ex-o-tic birds.' She pronounces the new word carefully and with pride.

'But a peacock isn't exotic. It belongs here. In some places it's quite common.'

'You don't understand,' she says scornfully, looking down at me. Already at twelve, she seems taller than me. Already at her age, she knows more than I do. There is no awkwardness in her; she holds herself with a grace and poise I have never achieved. 'We can't choose the subject ourselves. You don't understand. You don't know anything.'

I look at her terrified. She has already judged me and found me wanting. There is nothing more I can say.

'I'll ask Papa. He's sure to know, he'll help me.'





No. of Printed Pages : 9

**DCE-1**

**DIPLOMA IN CREATIVE WRITING  
IN ENGLISH**

**Term-End Examination**

**June, 2016**

01166

**DCE-1 : GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF WRITING**

*Time : 3 hours*

*Maximum Marks : 100*

*(Weightage : 70%)*

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**Note :** *This paper has two Sections, A and B. Answer **five** questions in all, choosing at least **two** from each section. All questions carry equal marks.*

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**SECTION A**

1. (a) What do you understand by 'Creative Writing' ? (300 words) 10
- (b) What are the points to be kept in mind for one who wishes to be a writer ? (300 words) 10
2. (a) Distinguish between 'authenticity' and 'credibility' with appropriate examples. (300 words) 10
- (b) What is meant by the term 'authorial voice' ? Illustrate. (300 words) 10

3. (a) What is the process that prepares a writer to put down his thoughts and ideas ?  
(300 words) 10

(b) What are the points to be kept in mind when writing the opening of a short story ?  
(300 words) 10

4. (a) Discuss the various kinds of endings.  
(300 words) 10

(b) What role does dialogue play in a narrative ?  
(300 words) 10

5. (a) What are the activities that a copy editor is expected to perform ? (300 words) 10

(b) What is the importance of notes and footnotes ? (300 words) 10

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## **SECTION B**

6. Read the following passage and answer the question that follows :

20

### **MY MOTHER'S AMAZING MEATLOAF MYSTERY**

**by 'God's Penman'**

Every mother harbors a mystery of some sort. Many handed down from one generation to the next forming a bond so strong no man can penetrate. I came to realize this at an early age, which has stood me in good standing throughout life. Namely, don't mess with female secrets.

It all started at a church fellowship supper, which is usually the centerpoint of any good church. Attend just one church fellowship supper and you learn everything that needs to be known about that church. These functions, as you might guess, are supervised entirely by the women of the church.

My mother's mystery had roots at a church fellowship supper. Everyone was expected to bring their signature dish.

For example, everyone knew Sister Grace's signature dish was her sweet potatoes topped with marshmallows. Nobody in her right mind would dare bring a similar dish. Also,

Sister Sylvia always brought the mashed potatoes with gravy, which everybody agreed would be a featured plat du jour at the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. Sister Eloise's contribution was apple pie to die for, and the list went on and on.

Of course, being new to the church we did not understand this culinary dynamic. So, when we were invited to the first church fellowship supper the head lady asked my mother what dish she would bring. Not really having such a dish, my mother casually mentioned meatloaf, which seemed to settle the issue.

For some reason the church fellowship supper slipped our mind and the evening before my mother suddenly remembered. "Oh; my," she exclaimed, "I forgot to make the meatloaf."

Being a practical-minded person, she simply went to one of her favourite markets, purchased a freshly made meatloaf and brought it home and "doctored it up", as she said. That settled, she thought no more about it.

The next day at the church fellowship supper, we arrived bearing our store-bought

meatloaf. How were we to know this was anathema at the church ? We were just delighted to be with the rest of the church people enjoying the delicacies. I will never forget the great spread we encountered. So much food, so little stomach.

Fifteen minutes into the eating portion of the fellowship supper, people began complimenting my mother on the meatloaf. "This is," one lady proclaimed, "one of the best meatloaves I have ever tasted." Then she said something that sent my mother into a panic. "You just must give me the recipe for this delicious meatloaf of yours. I've never had anything like it before."

Right about here an awful thought dawned on my mother. From bits of conversation heard here and there, she realized each dish was a special dish and if anybody knew hers was store-bought, she would be in serious trouble.

All the ladies took great pride in their special dishes at the church fellowship supper and would not be caught dead with a dish from the store. So, my mother faced a special dilemma. On the one hand, she couldn't lie and take credit for something she didn't do, but on

the other hand, she was backed into a serious corner.

I, being young at the time, did not understand all that was going on, but I could tell my mother was in a lot of distress. Then, like the sun rising in the morning, her face lit up and a big smile crawled across her face.

“Ladies,” she giggled with delight, “I could never give away the family secret recipe.”

As silly as this seemed to me then and now, all the ladies of the church nodded knowingly and that was the end of it. Every woman knows every other woman, especially mothers, have secrets they cannot divulge. This goes double for secret recipes from the kitchen. They understood certain confidences are not to be breached.

This spawned a new dilemma for my mother. She was now expected at every church fellowship supper to bring her famous meatloaf. Once, I remember, she tried to make a meatloaf but it didn't turn out like her “famous” meatloaf and she feared taking such a risk with such a discriminating group as the ladies of the church. For the next 20 years, she was forced to

purchase her famous meatloaf from the market in high hopes that no lady from the church would discover her secret recipe for her meatloaf.

Several times during that 20-year time my mother volunteered to bring some other dish but none of the ladies would hear of it. One lady expressed the obvious opinion of the entire church when she said, "Our church fellowship suppers would not be the same without your homemade meatloaf." Nothing more needed said.

My mother smiled, hiding the fear lurking in her heart that one day her meatloaf recipe would be found out. Fortunately, nobody ever found out my mother's recipe for her amazing meatloaf. Although she moved and no longer attends that church, she once in a while delights a family reunion with her famous meatloaf.

**Question :**

Rewrite the story from the mother's perspective.

(450 words)

7. Write the plot of a story that deals with families coping with unforeseen situations with humour and quick thinking. (450 words)

20

8. Read the following poem and answer the questions that follow :

### IN MEMORIAM

*E.A. Mackintosh (killed in action aged 24)*

So you were David's father,  
And he was your only son,  
And the new-cut peats are rotting  
And the work is left undone,  
Because of an old man weeping,  
Just an old man in pain,  
For David, his son David,  
That will not come again.

Oh, the letters he wrote you,  
And I can see them still,  
Not a word of the fighting,  
But just the sheep on the hill  
And how you should get the crops in  
Ere the year get stormier,  
And the Bosches have got his body,  
And I was his officer.

You were only David's father,  
But I had fifty sons  
When we went up in the evening  
Under the arch of the guns,  
And we came back at twilight –  
O God! I heard them call  
To me for help and pity  
That could not help at all.

Oh, never will I forget you,  
My men that trusted me,  
More my sons than your fathers',  
For they could only see  
The little helpless babies  
And the young men in their pride.  
They could not see you dying,  
And hold you while you died.

Happy and young and gallant,  
They saw their first-born go,  
But not the strong limbs broken  
And the beautiful men brought low,  
The piteous writhing bodies,  
They screamed "Don't leave me, sir",  
For they were only your fathers  
But I was your officer.

- (a) How does the poet bring out the difference between the father and the officer? What are the lexical devices that establish this difference? (300 words)

10

- (b) Comment on the manner in which the poet has outlined the horrors of war. (300 words)

10

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No. of Printed Pages : 10

**DCE-1**

**DIPLOMA IN CREATIVE WRITING  
IN ENGLISH**

**Term-End Examination**

**December, 2016**

00074

**DCE-1 : GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF WRITING**

*Time : 3 hours*

*Maximum Marks : 100*

*(Weightage : 70%)*

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**Note :** *This paper has two sections, A and B. Answer five questions in all, choosing at least two from each section. All questions carry equal marks.*

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**SECTION A**

1. (a) Discuss the various aspects of a literary work with appropriate examples. (300 words) 10
- (b) In what ways can a writer establish a direct mode of address in the narrative ? (300 words) 10
2. (a) What is the importance of a title and focus while writing a short story ? (300 words) 10
- (b) How do different kinds of stories have different endings ? Illustrate. (300 words) 10



3. (a) What do you understand by 'situation' in the context of writing ? (300 words) 10
- (b) What is a monologue ? What role does it play in a narrative ? (300 words) 10
4. (a) What is the methodology of proof-reading ? Give examples. (300 words) 10
- (b) What essentially is the role of an editor ? (300 words) 10
5. (a) What are the guidelines for preparing a good index ? (300 words) 10
- (b) List the types of indexes with examples. (300 words) 10

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## SECTION B

6. Read the following story and answer the question that follows :

### HOMEWORK

*by Jim Schicatano*

"Have you done your homework?"

"Oh mom!"

"Quit playing with the dog and get in that bedroom and do your homework!"

Jason reluctantly released the sock that he had been pulling from Cocoa's mouth and the dog stood there in silence, waiting for her master to return to playing their game of tug-of-war.

"Can't a kid have some fun?"

"You've had enough fun today. Right now, it's time for your homework."

"Listen to your mother," the father insisted. "I told you how important your homework is."

"Oh yeah, like my whole life's gonna end if I don't do my stupid homework."

"Hey, young man, you watch your mouth!" The father had been reading the evening paper from

the family room couch but now he directed his full attention to his sarcastic son. Jason remained on the floor near Cocoa, fully expecting a tongue-lashing by his father. He was determined to remain defiant, but his father's large imposing stature and the swiftness with which he was capable of pulling out his belt, quickly diminished his boldness. "We've been too lenient on you this year and your grades are down. But that's gonna change. From now on I want you to automatically do that homework of yours after dinner. And I don't want to have to tell you about it, again."

Jason slammed his fist into the soft, carpeted floor before rising. He was aware of his disobedience, yet he wished to make a stand. "I don't know what the big deal is," he sharply replied.

"The big deal is: we want you to have a future."

"I don't understand what's wrong with you kids today," the mother chided him. "They can't make it any easier for you."

"Oh right, like it was so much harder when YOU were kids." Jason's insolent response surprised even him.

"You're damn right it was," the father argued. He hopped off the couch and approached his defiant son. "We didn't have all the luxuries like you kids have today. And we didn't talk back to our parents the way you kids do."

"It's tougher being a kid today," Jason declared, slowly backing away from his father. "You didn't have all the problems we have. We have a lot more pressure today."

"All right, just for that, you're grounded ! Now go in that room of yours and do your homework ! And stay there for the rest of the night."

"What did I do ?" Jason cried out in surprise.

"You know very well what you did ! You better start watching that mouth of yours, boy, 'cause I've about had it with your sarcastic remarks !"

Jason stormed out of the family room and headed down the hallway to his bedroom. Cocoa loyally followed him, wagging her tail.

The mother and father gazed at each other in silence for several lingering moments. Their son's laziness was becoming a growing problem and they were uncertain how to handle it. His behaviour baffled them because they had always stressed the importance of work to their son.

Where had he developed such apathy ? They shook their heads in dismay before resuming their prior activities.

The father returned his attention to the evening paper which was displayed on the family room ceiling-viewer. He floated comfortably two feet above the flat, bed-shaped, anti-gravity couch, with his arms folded casually behind his head. "Turn to Sports," he commanded. Page one of the Sports' section instantly appeared on the ceiling-viewer.

The mother reclined on the shape-shifting rocking chair, which naturally altered its shape to provide the maximum comfort to its host. She reached over to the house's computer control panel, pressed a red button and ordered, "Othello please." Colorful, life-like, computer generated, hologram actors suddenly appeared in their family room and began to act out Shakespeare's classical play. Her left hand tightly gripped her Tension-Ball, which absorbed all the stress and anxiety from her mind and body.

"I hope we aren't pushing him too much," the mother noted worriedly. "You know, it's not good to push a child too much, either."

"The boy's got to learn that life's not easy," the father firmly replied. "No one's gonna hand you anything today. You have to work for it." He reached out and grabbed a snack made, and served to him on a tray, by their government-issued robot.

"Rays, please," he commanded, as he munched on his delectable after-dinner snack. An invisible beam was instantly emitted from the anti-gravity couch and was directed at its occupant. Gentle bursts of stress-relieving heat and comforting waves of inaudible sound, vibrated and massaged his aching back and his stiff neck. "These four-hour work days are killing me," he mumbled to himself.

"I hope we're doing the right thing."

"That boy's taking everything for granted," the father abruptly added in anger. "And we've got to put a stop to it right now."

"I guess so," the mother softly replied. Her eyes were already closed — her mind and body drained of all the anxiety that was the result of the previous argument. She was beginning to drift into a deep, relaxing sleep.

Jason was fuming in his bedroom. He hurled his pillow against the wall in indignation before brusquely grabbing his homework assignment for the night.

"They don't understand," he bitterly complained, directing his comments to Cocoa. "Things are tougher today. They don't have any idea what it's like being a kid."

But since no reasonable alternative to his problem existed, he reluctantly placed aside his resentment and began to work. He inserted the homework disk into his player, grabbed the long connecting cord, and inserted its metal end into the socket in the back of his head. Like everyone else, his cerebral socket had been implanted at birth.

Jason always hated downloading his homework into his brain. He swore it was the longest two minutes of the day.

**Question :**

Rewrite the story incorporating the elements that are present in the contemporary world.

20

(450 words)

7. Write a plot of a story that features futuristic technological developments in everyday life.

(450 words) 20

8. Read the following poem and answer the questions that follow :

**WOLF**

*Keki N. Daruwalla*

Fire-lit

half silhouette and half myth

the wolf circles my past

treading the leaves into a bed

till he sleeps, black snout

on extended paws.

Black snout on sulphur body

he nudged his way

into my consciousness.

Prowler, wind-sniffer, throat-catcher,

his cries drew a ring

around my night;

a child's night is a village

on the forest edge.

My mother said

his ears stand up

at the fall of dew

he can sense a shadow

move across a hedge



on a dark night;  
he can sniff out  
your approaching dreams;  
there is nothing  
that won't be lit up  
by the dark torch of his eyes.  
The wolves have been slaughtered now.  
A hedge of smoking gun-barrels  
rings my daughter's dreams.

- (a) Comment on how the poet has used metaphors to bring out the attributes of the wolf. 10  
(300 words)
- (b) Comment on the ending of the poem. Does it reverse the readers' expectations in any way? 10  
(300 words)
-

No. of Printed Pages : 7

**DCE-1**

**DIPLOMA IN CREATIVE WRITING  
IN ENGLISH**

**Term-End Examination**

**01595**

**June, 2017**

**DCE-1 : GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF WRITING**

*Time : 3 hours*

*Maximum Marks : 100*

*(Weightage : 70%)*

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**Note :** *This paper has two sections, A and B. Answer **five** questions in all, choosing at least **two** from each section. All questions carry equal marks.*

---

**SECTION A**

1. (a) What do you understand by 'clarity' ?  
Illustrate. (300 words) 10
- (b) Explain the connection between authenticity  
and credibility with suitable examples.  
(300 words) 10
2. (a) What is the importance of the opening of a  
story ? Illustrate. (300 words) 10
- (b) Describe the process of preparation for writing.  
Give examples. (300 words) 10

3. (a) What new dimension does a postscript of the climax give to a work of fiction ? (300 words) 10
- (b) Explain what you understand by 'choice of a situation'. (300 words) 10
4. (a) What is the role and function of a monologue ? (300 words) 10
- (b) Explain 'Readability' with suitable examples. (300 words) 10
5. (a) Why is proof-reading an important aspect of writing ? (300 words) 10
- (b) Describe an editor's work . (300 words) 10

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## SECTION B

6. (a) Write the outline of a story which ends as given below. (200 words) 10

Sindhu looked at her for a moment and said, "Yes, I will gladly give them to you, my charming lady; but now that you have discovered my secret, I would ask you to tell me the meaning of the three different coloured stones set in the gold ring you gave me. When I know that secret I shall only ask for a barrel of foodstuffs in exchange for my last goat and my magic flute."

- (b) Write the beginning of the story that you have visualised in 6 (a). (250 words) 10

7. Read the poem below and answer the questions that follow :

### **My Grandmother's House**

There is a house now far away where once  
I received love ... That woman died,  
The house withdrew into silence, snakes moved  
Among books I was then too young  
To read, and, my blood turned cold like the moon.  
How often I think of going  
There, to peer through blind eyes of windows or  
Just listen to the frozen air,  
Or in wild despair, pick an armful of  
Darkness to bring it here to lie  
Behind my bedroom door like a brooding  
Dog ... you cannot believe, darling,  
Can you, that I lived in such a house and  
Was proud, and loved ... I who have lost  
My way and beg now at stranger's doors to  
Receive love, at least in small change ?

*Kamala Das*

- (a) The poet says she would like to “pick an armful of darkness”. What purpose does the image serve and what do you think is striking about the image ? What is the poetic device used ?

(200 words) 10

- (b) What is the role of memory in this poem ?

(75 words) 5

- (c) What are the sensory experiences that the poet conjures up ? (75 words) 5

8. Rewrite the following extract from our Else's point of view : 20

‘Hullo,’ she said to the passing Kelveys.

They were so astounded that they stopped.

Lil gave her silly smile. Our Else stared.

‘You can come and see our doll’s house if you want to,’ said Kezia, and she dragged one toe on the ground. But at that Lil turned red and shook her head quickly.

‘Why not ?’ asked Kezia.

Lil gasped, then she said, ‘Your ma told our ma you wasn’t to speak to us.’



'Oh, well,' said Kezia. She didn't know what to reply. 'It doesn't matter. You can come and see our doll's house all the same. Come on. Nobody's looking.'

But Lil shook her head still harder.

'Don't you want to?' asked Kezia.

Suddenly there was a twitch, a tug at Lil's skirt. She turned round. Our Else was looking at her with big imploring eyes; she was frowning; she wanted to go. For a moment Lil looked at our Else very doubtfully. But then our Else twitched her skirt again. She started forward. Kezia led the way. Like two little stray cats they followed across the courtyard to where the doll's house stood.

'There it is,' said Kezia.

There was a pause. Lil breathed loudly, almost snorted; our Else was still as stone.

'I'll open it for you,' said Kezia kindly. She undid the hook and they looked inside.

'There's the drawing-room and the dining-room, and that's the ...'

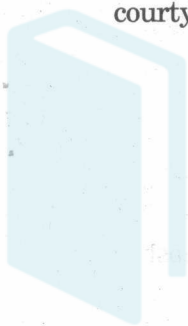
'Kezia!'

It was Aunt Beryl's voice. They turned round. At the back door stood Aunt Beryl, staring as if she couldn't believe what she saw.

‘How dare you ask the little Kelveys into the courtyard?’ said her cold, furious voice. ‘You know as well as I do, you’re not allowed to talk to them. Run away, children, run away at once. And don’t come back again,’ said Aunt Beryl. And she stepped into the yard and shooed them out as if they were chickens.

‘Off you go immediately!’ she called, cold and proud.

They did not need telling twice. Burning with shame, shrinking together, somehow they crossed the big courtyard and squeezed through the white gate.



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No. of Printed Pages : 8

**DCE-1**

**DIPLOMA IN CREATIVE WRITING  
IN ENGLISH**

**02455**

**Term-End Examination**

**December, 2017**

**DCE-1 : GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF WRITING**

*Time : 3 hours*

*Maximum Marks : 100*

*(Weightage : 70%)*

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**Note :** *This paper has two sections, A and B. Answer five questions in all, choosing at least two from each section. All questions carry equal marks.*

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**SECTION A**

- 
1. (a) What are the features that form the substance of writing ? (300 words) 10
- (b) Describe briefly the various modes of direct address. (300 words) 10
2. (a) What are the factors which determine the opening of a story ? (300 words) 10
- (b) Elaborate upon the various types of endings with appropriate examples. (300 words) 10

3. (a) What are the sources a writer can draw upon for themes ? (300 words) 10
- (b) Discuss the role of 'situation' in creative writing. Illustrate. (300 words) 10
4. (a) How does language affect readability ? Explain. (300 words) 10
- (b) In what way is poetry different from prose ? Illustrate. (300 words) 10
5. (a) Comment on the importance of footnotes. (300 words) 10
- (b) What are the points to be kept in mind while preparing an index ? (300 words) 10

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## SECTION B

6. (a) Write the outline of a story that begins as given below : (200 words)

10

Playtime came and Isabel was surrounded. The girls of her class nearly fought to put their arms round her, to walk away with her, to beam flatteringly, to be her special friend. She held quite a court under the huge pine trees at the side of the playground. Nudging, giggling together, the little girls pressed up close. And the only two who stayed outside the ring were the two who were always outside, the little Kelveys.

- (b) Write the ending of the story you creatively imagined in 6 (a). (250 words)

10

7. Read the poem given below and answer the questions that follow :

**In Memoriam**

So you were David's father,  
And he was your only son,  
And the new-cut peats and rotting  
And the work is left undone,  
Because of an old man weeping,  
Just an old man in pain,  
For David, his son David,  
That will not come again.  
Oh, the letters he wrote you,  
And I can see them still,  
Not a word of the fighting,  
But just the sheep on the hill  
And how you should get the crops in  
Ere the year get stormier,  
And the Bosches have got his body,  
And I was his officer.

You were only David's father,  
But I had fifty sons  
When we went up in the evening  
Under the arch of the guns,  
And we came back at twilight –  
O God ! I heard them call  
To me for help and pity  
That could not help at all.

Oh, never will I forget you,  
My men that trusted me,  
More my sons than your fathers'  
For they could only see  
The little helpless babies  
And the young men in their pride.  
They could not see you dying  
And hold you while you died.

Happy and young and gallant,  
They saw their first-born go,  
But not the strong limbs broken  
And the beautiful men brought low,  
The piteous writhing bodies,  
They screamed, 'Don't leave me Sir,'  
For they were only your fathers  
But I was your officer.

- (a) Comment on the use and repetition of the word 'only' by the poet. (75 words) 5
- (b) How does/do the person/persons addressed in the poem change from the beginning to the end ? What is the effect of this change ? (200 words) 10
- (c) In what ways are the memories different for the father and the officer ? (75 words) 5
8. Rewrite the following extract from the Mother's point of view : 20

Mother was very concerned about how she could give us a musical education. It was out of the question that we both be taught an instrument, since Father's business was at a low ebb and he hardly knew where he would find enough money to pay the rent, so she took us to a friend's house to listen to gramophone records. They were of the old-fashioned, cylindrical kind made by Edison and they sounded far away and thin like the voice of a ventriloquist mimicking far off musical instruments. But my sister and I marvelled at them. We should have been willing to sit over the long, narrow horn for days, but Mother decided that it would only do us harm to listen to military marches and the stupid songs of the music-hall.

It was then that we began to pay visits to musical emporiums. We went after school and during the holidays in the mornings. There were times when Father waited long for his lunch or evening meal, but he made no protest. He supposed Mother knew what she was doing in those shops and he told his friends of the effort Mother was making to acquaint us with music.

Our first visits to the shops were in the nature of reconnoitering sorties. In each emporium Mother looked the attendants up and down while we thumbed the books on the counters, stared at the enlarged photographs of illustrious composers, and studied the various catalogues of gramophone records. We went from shop to shop until we just about knew all there was to know about the records and sheet music and books in stock.

Then we started all over again from the first shop and this time we came to hear the records.

I was Mother's interpreter and I would ask one of the salesmen to play us a record she had chosen from one of the catalogues. Then I would ask him to play another. It might have been a piece for violin by Tchaikovsky or Beethoven or an aria sung by Caruso or Chaliapin. This would continue until Mother observed the gentleman in charge of the gramophone losing his patience and we would take our leave.

With each visit Mother became bolder and several times she asked to have whole symphonies and concertos played to us. We sat for nearly an hour cooped up in a tiny room with the salesman restlessly shuffling his feet, yawning and not knowing what to expect next. Mother pretended he hardly existed and, making herself comfortable in the cane chair, with a determined, intent expression she gazed straight ahead at the whirling disc.



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No. of Printed Pages : 8

**DCE-1**

**DIPLOMA IN CREATIVE WRITING  
IN ENGLISH**

**Term-End Examination**

**June, 2018**

01857

**DCE-1 : GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF WRITING**

*Time : 3 hours*

*Maximum Marks : 100*

*(Weightage : 70%)*

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**Note :** *This paper has two sections, A and B. Answer five questions in all, choosing at least two from each section. All questions carry equal marks.*

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**SECTION A**

1. (a) Discuss the essential aspects of a literary work. 10  
(b) Explain what you understand by authenticity and credibility with suitable examples. 10
2. (a) Why is the 'opening' important ? 10  
(b) Discuss various types of endings. 10

3. (a) What are the points to be kept in mind while selecting a theme ? 10
- (b) What role does dialogue play in a creative piece of work ? 10
4. (a) What is an image and how does it add to the quality of the writing ? 10
- (b) What is meant by 'readability' ? Why is it important ? 10
5. (a) What does the job of a copy editor entail ? 10
- (b) What is the importance of a carefully worked out index ? 10

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## SECTION B

6. Read the following story and rewrite it from Sally's point of view.

20

### The Black Telephone

When I was a young boy, my father had one of the first telephones in our neighborhood. I remember the polished, old case fastened to the wall. The shiny receiver hung on the side of the box. I was too little to reach the telephone, but used to listen with fascination when my mother talked into it.

Then I discovered that somewhere inside the wonderful device lived an amazing person. Her name was "Information Please" and there was nothing she did not know. Information Please could supply anyone's number and the correct time.

My personal experience with the genie-in-a-bottle came one day while my mother was visiting a neighbour. Amusing myself at the tool bench in the basement, I whacked my finger with a hammer, the pain was terrible, but there seemed no point in crying because there was no one home to give sympathy. I walked around the house sucking my throbbing finger, finally arriving at the stairway. The telephone! Quickly, I ran for the footstool in the parlor and dragged it to the landing. Climbing up, I unhooked the receiver in the parlor and held it to my ear.

"Information, please," I said into the mouthpiece just above my head.

A click or two and a small clear voice spoke into my ear.

"Information."

"I hurt my finger ... " I wailed into the phone, the tears came readily enough now that I had an audience.

"Isn't your mother home ?" came the question.

"Nobody's home but me," I blubbered.

"Are you bleeding ?" the voice asked.

"No," I replied. "I hit my finger with the hammer and it hurts."

"Can you open the icebox ?" she asked.

I said I could.

"Then chip off a little bit of ice and hold it to your finger," said the voice.

After that, I called "Information Please" for everything. I asked her for help with my geography, and she told me where Philadelphia was. She helped me with my math. She told me my pet chipmunk that I had caught in the park just the day before, would eat fruit and nuts.

Then, there was the time Petey, our pet canary, died. I called, "Information Please," and told her the sad story. She listened, and then said things grown-ups say to soothe a child. But I was not consoled. I asked her, "Why is it that birds should sing so beautifully and bring joy to all families, only to end up as a heap of feathers on the bottom of a cage ?"

She must have sensed my deep concern, for she said quietly, "Wayne, always remember that there are other worlds to sing in." Somehow I felt better.

Another day I was on the telephone, "Information Please."

"Information," said the now familiar voice.

"How do I spell fix?" I asked.

All this took place in a small town in the Pacific Northwest. When I was nine years old, we moved across the country to Boston. I missed my friend very much. "Information Please" belonged in that old wooden box back home and I somehow never thought of trying the shiny new phone that sat on the table in the hall. As I grew into my teens, the memories of those childhood conversations never really left me. Often, in moments of doubt and perplexity I would recall the serene sense of security I had then. I appreciated now how patient, understanding, and kind she was to have spent her time on a little boy.

A few years later, on my way back to college, my plane put down in Seattle. I had about a half-hour or so between planes. I spent 15 minutes or so on the phone with my sister, who lived there now. Then without thinking what I was doing, I dialed my hometown operator and said, "Information Please."

Miraculously, I heard the small, clear voice I knew so well.

"Information."

I hadn't planned this, but I heard myself saying,

"Could you please tell me how to spell fix?"

There was a long pause. Then came the soft spoken answer, "I guess your finger must have healed by now."

I laughed, "So it's really you," I said. "I wonder if you have any idea how much you meant to me during that time?" "I wonder," she said, "if you know how much your call meant to me. I never had any children and I used to look forward to your calls." I told her how often I had thought of her over the years and I asked if I could call her again when I came back to visit my sister.

"Please do," she said. "Just ask for Sally."

Three months later I was back in Seattle.

A different voice answered, "Information."

I asked for Sally.

"Are you a friend?" she said.

"Yes, a very old friend," I answered.

"I'm sorry to have to tell you this," she said, "Sally had been working part-time the last few years because she was sick. She died five weeks ago." Before I could hang up, she said, "Wait a minute, did you say your name was Wayne?"

"Yes." I answered.

"Well, Sally left a message for you. She wrote it down in case you called. Let me read it to you." The note said, "Tell him there are other worlds to sing in. He'll know what I mean."

I thanked her and hung up. I knew what Sally meant.

7. Write the plot of a story in which two lonely people forge an unlikely fiendship in spite of differences in age, background, education, etc. 20
8. Read the following poem and answer the questions that follow :

### **I Am Not Old**

*By Samantha Reynolds*

I am not old ... she said

I am rare.

I am the standing ovation

At the end of the play.

I am the retrospective

Of my life as art

I am the hours

Connected like dots

Into good sense

I am the fullness

Of existing.

You think I am waiting to die ...

But I am waiting to be found

I am a treasure.

I am a map.

And these wrinkles are

Imprints of my journey

Ask me anything.

- (a) Comment on the comparisons made by the poet. Are they similes or metaphors ? How well do they convey her intent ? 10
- (b) In what ways do you think an old person could be like a treasure ? 10



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No. of Printed Pages : 8

**DCE-1**

**DIPLOMA IN CREATIVE WRITING  
IN ENGLISH**

**Term-End Examination**

00071

**December, 2018**

**DCE-1 : GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF WRITING**

*Time : 3 hours*

*Maximum Marks : 100*

*(Weightage : 70%)*

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**Note :** *This paper has two sections, A and B. Answer **five** questions in all, choosing at least **two** from each section. All questions carry equal marks.*

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**SECTION A**

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1. (a) What do you understand by clarity in writing ? 10
- (b) Discuss the various modes of direct address. 10
2. (a) What are the steps to be taken when preparing to write ? 10
- (b) What do we mean by a climax to a piece of work ? Elucidate. 10

3. (a) How does the type of story influence what type of ending it should have ? Illustrate. 10
- (b) What is meant by 'situation' ? What factors contribute to choice of situation ? 10
4. (a) What is a monologue ? How can it be used in dramatisation ? 10
- (b) Discuss the role and meaning of symbols in creative writing. 10
5. (a) Why is proof-reading an essential part of the writing process ? 10
- (b) Explain the importance of footnoting. 10

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## SECTION B

6. Read the following story and rewrite it from the point of view of the father – The Old Man. 20

### **The Old Man and the Dog**

*by Catherine Moore*

"Watch out ! You nearly broad-sided that car !"  
My father yelled at me. "Can't you do anything right ?"

Those words hurt worse than blows. I turned my head toward the elderly man in the seat beside me, daring me to challenge him. A lump rose in my throat as I averted my eyes. I wasn't prepared for another battle. "I saw the car, Dad. Please don't yell at me when I'm driving." My voice was measured and steady, sounding far calmer than I really felt.

Dad glared at me, then turned away and settled back. At home I left Dad in front of the television and went outside to collect my thoughts. Dark, heavy clouds hung in the air with a promise of rain. The rumble of distant thunder seemed to echo my inner turmoil. What could I do about him ?

Dad had been a lumberjack in Washington and Oregon. He had enjoyed being outdoors and had reveled in pitting his strength against the forces of nature. He had entered gruelling lumberjack competitions, and had placed often. The shelves in his house were filled with trophies that attested to his prowess.

The years marched on relentlessly. The first time he couldn't lift a heavy log, he joked about it; but later that same day I saw him outside alone, straining to lift it. He became irritable whenever anyone teased him about his advancing age, or when he couldn't do something he had done as a younger man.

Four days after his sixty-seventh birthday, he had a heart attack. An ambulance sped him to the hospital while a paramedic administered CPR to keep blood and oxygen flowing. At the hospital, Dad was rushed into an operating room. He was lucky; he survived. But something inside Dad died. His zest for life was gone. He obstinately refused to follow doctor's orders. Suggestions and offers of help were turned aside with sarcasm and insults. The number of visitors thinned, then finally stopped altogether. Dad was left alone.

My husband, Dick, and I asked Dad to come live with us on our small farm. We hoped the fresh air and rustic atmosphere would help him adjust. Within a week after he moved in, I regretted the invitation. It seemed nothing was satisfactory. He criticized everything I did. I became frustrated and moody. Soon I was taking my pent-up anger out on Dick. We began to bicker and argue. Alarmed, Dick sought out our pastor and explained the situation. The clergyman set up weekly counselling appointments for us. At the close of each session he prayed, asking God to soothe Dad's troubled mind.

But the months wore on and God was silent. Something had to be done and it was up to me to do it. The next day I sat down with the phone book and methodically called each of the mental health clinics listed in the Yellow Pages. I explained my problem to each of the sympathetic voices that answered in vain. Just when I was giving up hope, one of the voices suddenly exclaimed, "I just read something that might help you ! Let me go get the article." I listened as she read. The article described a remarkable study done at a nursing home. All of the patients were under treatment for chronic depression. Yet their attitudes had improved dramatically when they were given responsibility for a dog.

I drove to the animal shelter that afternoon. After I filled out a questionnaire, a uniformed officer led me to the kennels. The odour of disinfectant stung my nostrils as I moved down the row of pens. Each contained five to seven dogs. Long-haired dogs, curly-haired dogs, black dogs, spotted dogs all jumped up, trying to reach me. I studied each one but rejected one after the other for various reasons too big, too small, too much hair.

As I neared the last pen a dog in the shadows of the far corner struggled to his feet, walked to the front of the run and sat down. It was a pointer, one of the dog world's aristocrats. But this was a caricature of the breed. Years had etched his face and muzzle with shades of gray. His hipbones jutted out in lopsided triangles. But it was his eyes that caught and held my attention. Calm and clear, they beheld me unwaveringly.

I pointed to the dog. "Can you tell me about him?" The officer looked, then shook his head in puzzlement. "He's a funny one. Appeared out of nowhere and sat in front of the gate. We brought him in, figuring someone would be right down to claim him. That was two weeks ago and we've heard nothing. His time is up tomorrow." He gestured helplessly. As the words sank in, I turned to the man in horror. "You mean you're going to kill him?" "Ma'am", he said gently, "that's our policy. We don't have room for every unclaimed dog." I looked at the pointer again. The calm brown eyes awaited my decision. "I'll take him," I said.

I drove home with the dog on the front seat beside me. When I reached the house I honked the horn twice. I was helping my prize out of the car when Dad shuffled onto the front porch. "Ta-da! Look what I got for you, Dad!" I said excitedly. Dad looked, then wrinkled his face in disgust. "If I had wanted a dog I would have gotten one. And I would have picked out a better specimen than that bag of bones. Keep it! I don't want it," Dad waved his arm scornfully and turned back toward the house.

Anger rose inside me. It squeezed together my throat muscles and pounded into my temples. "You'd better get used to him, Dad. He's staying!" Dad ignored me. "Did you hear me Dad?" I screamed. At those words Dad whirled angrily, his hands clenched at his sides, his eyes narrowed and blazing with hate. We stood glaring at each other like duelists, when suddenly the pointer pulled free from my grasp.

He wobbled toward my dad and sat down in front of him. Then slowly, carefully, he raised his paw.

Dad's lower jaw trembled as he stared at the uplifted paw.... Confusion replaced the anger in his eyes. The pointer waited patiently. Then Dad was on his knees hugging the animal.

It was the beginning of a warm and intimate friendship. Dad named the pointer Cheyenne. Together he and Cheyenne explored the community. They spent long hours walking down dusty lanes. They spent reflective moments on the banks of streams, angling for tasty trout. They even started to attend Sunday services together, Dad sitting in a pew and Cheyenne lying quietly at his feet.

Dad and Cheyenne were inseparable throughout the next three years. Dad's bitterness faded, and he and Cheyenne made many friends. I knew that God had answered my prayers after all.

7. Write a short dialogue between a mother who is ill and her son who is trying to cheer her up and get her on her feet again. 20

8. Read the poem below and answer the questions which follow :

### **Solitude**

*by Ella Wheeler Wilcox*

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;  
Weep, and you weep alone;  
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,  
But has trouble enough of its own.

Sing, and the hills will answer;  
Sigh, it is lost on the air;  
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,  
But shrink from voicing care.  
Rejoice, and men will seek you;  
Grieve, and they turn and go;  
They want full measure of all your pleasure,  
But they do not need your woe.  
Be glad, and your friends are many;  
Be sad, and you lose them all,  
There are none to decline your nectared wine,  
But alone you must drink life's gall.  
Feast, and your halls are crowded;  
Fast, and the world goes by.  
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,  
But no man can help you die.  
There is room in the halls of pleasure  
For a large and lordly train,  
But one by one we must all file on  
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

- (a) Comment on the use of opposites in the poem.  
How does it add to the meaning ? 10
- (b) What is the theme of the poem ? Do you think  
that the assumption is a valid one ? Explain. 10



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**DCE-1**

**DIPLOMA IN CREATIVE WRITING IN ENGLISH**

**Term-End Examination, 2019**

**DCE-1 : GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF WRITING**

**Time : Three Hours]**

**[Maximum Marks: 100**

**(Weightage : 70%)**

**Note :** This paper has two sections, A and B. Answer five questions in all, choosing atleast two from each section.

**All questions carry equal marks.**

**SECTION-A**

1. (a) What are the points that an aspiring writer should keep in mind while writing ? (300 words) [10]  
(b) What do you understand by 'authorial voice' ? Illustrate. (300 words) [10]
2. (a) What are the criteria for delection of themes in creative writing ? (300 words) [10]  
(b) "A well-structured climax is a revalation of the writer's world view". Explain. (300 words) [10]

3. (a) Explain the use of imagery with appropriate examples. (300 words) [10]
- (b) What are the factors which influence the choice of situation ? (300 words) [10]
4. (a) How does dialogue help to dramatise ideas ? Illustrate. (300 words) [10]
- (b) Explain the link between ambiguity and suspense with examples. (300 words) [10]

### SECTION-B

5. (a) What are the different kinds of editing ? (300 words) [10]
- (b) What is the importance of indexing ? (300 words) [10]
6. (a) Write the outline of a story that ends as given below. (200 words) [10]

It was nine o' clock. Sr. Montes thought about waking him. Would he be able to walk, to leave the house ? Maybe he would let him sleep a bit longer. For an instant he was struck with a fear

that he was dead. But suddenly, miraculously, the boy opened his eyes.

"How do you feel?"

He took a moment to answer.

"It hurts....., but less."

Gabriel sat upright. Sr. Montes sat down next to him.

"Come and have some breakfast."

As he watched the boy get out of his makeshift bed, Sr. Montes thought that maybe he should buy him some clothes. His were dirty and torn.

With new clothes he could leave, Sr. Montes thought. The boy could leave. And then what ? Go back to the street. Continue selling chocolates, barely sustaining his skinny body, in the noisy stillness of the street.

- (b) Write the beginning of the story that you have visualises in 6.(a). (250 words) [10]

7. Read the poem below and answer the questions that follow : [10]

Dream Deferred

What happens to a dream deferred ?

Does it dry up

Like a raisin in the sun ?

Or fester like a sore..

And then run ?

Does it stink like rotten meat ?

Or crust and sugar over..

Like a syrupy sweet ?

Maybe it just sags

Like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?

- (a) What are the images used in the poem ? Are they Negative or Positive ? Why ? (200 words) [10]

(b) Comment about the rhyme scheme in the poem.  
(75 words) [5]

(c) What is the poetic device used in the images ?  
Do you think it is appropriate ? (75 words) [5]

8. Rewrite the following extract from the husband's point of view : [20]

One evening her husband came home with an air of triumph, holding a large envelope in his hand.

"Look," he said, "here's something for you."

She tore open the paper and drew out a card, on which was printed the words :

"The Minister of Education and Mme. Georges Rampouneau request the pleasure of M. and Mme. Loisel's company at the Ministry, on the evening of Monday January 18th."

Instead of being delighted, as her husband had hoped, she threw the invitation on the table resentfully, and muttered :

"What do you want me to do with that ?"

"But, my dear, I thought you would be pleased. You never go out, and it will be such a lovely occasion! I had awful trouble getting it. Every one wants to go; it is very exclusive and they're not giving many invitations to clerks. The whole ministry will be there."

She stared at him angrily, and said impatiently :

"And what do you expect me to wear if I go ?"

He hadn't thought of that. He stammered:

"Why, the dress you go to the theatre in. It seems very nice to me..." He stopped, stunned, distressed to see his wife crying. Two large tears ran slowly from the corners of her eyes towards the corners of her mouth.

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No. of Printed Pages : 7

DCE-1

**DIPLOMA IN CREATIVE WRITING IN ENGLISH**

**Term-End Examination, 2019**

**DCE-1 : GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF WRITING**

**Time : 3 Hours**

**Maximum Marks : 100**

**(Weightage : 70%)**

**Note :** This paper has **two** sections A and B. Answer **five** questions in all, choosing at least **two** from each section.  
All questions carry equal marks.

**SECTION-A**

1. (a) What is the substance of Writing ? Give examples. (300 words) [10]
- (b) How can one achieve lucidity in writing ? (300 words) [10]
2. (a) Explain the importance of the Title. (300 words) [10]
- (b) What do you understand by "appropriate ending" ? Illustrate. (300 words)

3. (a) What role does dramatic dialogue play in fiction ?(300 words) [10]
- (b) Bring out the connection between language and readability. (300 words) [10]
4. (a) " A situation is to a story what flour is to bread". Explain. (300 words) [10]
- (b) What is the role and function of Symbols ? (300 words) [10]
5. (a) What are the points to be kept in mind while proof-reading ? (300 words) [10]
- (b) Why are footnotes necessary ? (300 words) [10]

## SECTION-B

6. (a) Write the outline of a story that begins as gives below. (200 words) [10]

The door was answered by a small woman almost as young as he was, who was holding a baby in one hand and a revolver in the other. If he'd been standing in his underwear Lichi couldn't



have felt as naked as he did now without his uniform. What scared him most was that it was a very old revolver, almost a museum piece, the kind that people inherit already loaded and don't know how to use.

"I'm sorry, I thought it was my ex-husband," the woman said, putting the gun into her pocket.

"Come in."

"Did you hear anything anomalous a moment ago?" he asked, his voice strained after the exertion.

"I heard a scream", nodded this dusky Snow White after a moment's hesitation, perhaps thrown by the anomalous word he had used to indicate a strange or odd noise. "It must have been that moron on the second floor. It sounded as though she was being killed. That's why I thought it might be my ex-husband. I thought maybe he'd got the wrong floor".

- (b) Write the ending of the story that you have visualised in 6 (a). (250 words)

7. Read the poem below and answer the questions that follow :

Touched by An Angel

We, unaccustomed to courage

exiles from delight

live coiled in shells of loneliness

until love leaves its high holy temple

and comes into our sight

to liberate us into life.

Love arrives

and in its train come ecstasies

old memories of pleasure

ancient histories of pain.

Yet if we are bold,

love strikes away the chains of fear

from our souls.

We are weaned from our timidity

In the flush of love's light

we dare be brave

And suddenly we see

that love costs all we are

and will ever be.

Yet it is only love

which sets us free.

**Questions :**

- (a) What image of love is conjured up in the lines "Love arrives... our souls" ? What is the poetic device used ? (200 words) [10]
- (b) What effect does love have on us ? (75 words)[5]
- (c) What are the images that describe people who have not experienced love ? (75 words) [5]
8. Rewrite the following extract from Mr. Swales' point of view : [20]

Funny how you can always tell when somebody's laughing behind your back. Jodie hadn't really heard anything,

maybe a whisper, but when she turned around, the girls in the back row of the class were looking at her, trying to hide smiles and giggles. She looked back at her teacher. Mr. Swales was talking about what people do all day. He also wanted to find out what his students wanted to be when they grew up. He called on Billy Mitzer first.

"My daddy works in a bank," Billy Mitzer said. "I guess I want to work in a bank too. There's lots of money in the bank."

"My parents have a grocery store," Emmy DiSalvo said. "Papa's behind the counter and Mama keeps the cash register. But I want to be an airline pilot."

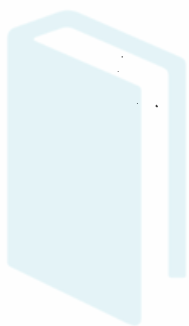
Jodie liked it when Mr. Swales asked them questions like this. He was about to call on Jodie when the girls in the back row burst out laughing.

Shirley Danes yelled, "Jodie's Daddy is a garbageman! Pee-yoo!" Everybody in the class laughed out loud. Everybody except Jodie, that is. She felt her face turn bright red. She looked around the whole classroom. Everyone was laughing. Some kids were even holding their noses.

Jodie looked at Mr. Swales. He was angry. He almost never raised his voice, but now he did.

" Silence! I want everybody quiet this instant".

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No. of Printed Pages : 7

**DCE-01**

**DIPLOMA IN CREATIVE WRITING IN  
ENGLISH (DCE)**

**Term-End Examination**

**June, 2020**

**DCE-01 : GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF WRITING**

*Time : 3 Hours*

*Maximum Marks : 70*

*Note : (i) Answer five questions in all.*

*(ii) Answer at least two questions from each*

*Section.*

*(iii) All questions carry equal marks.*

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**Section—A**

1. (a) How can one achieve lucidity in writing ? 10
- (b) Discuss writing as a form of self-expression. 10

**P. T. O.**

[ 2 ]

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2. (a) Explain the importance of the title of any work. 10

(b) What do you understand by the term 'Creative Impulse' ? 10

3. (a) What role does dramatic dialogue play in fiction ? Illustrate. 10

(b) What does 'authorial voice' mean ? 10

4. (a) 'A situation is to a story what flower is to bread.' Explain. 10

(b) What are the points to be kept in mind to ensure readability ? 10

5. (a) What are the principles of editing ? 10

(b) What are the important features of preparing notes ? 10

**Section—B**

6. Read the following poem and answer the questions that follow :

Someone dropped a burning match

Unheeded by the way

It caught on fire some underbrush;

Its user did not stay.

From grass to brush from brush to tree

So stealthily it ran,

That no one ever guessed or knew

Just where that fire began.

Someone built a campfire

And failed to put it out.

A breeze came and quickened;

The embers spread about;

And soon the woods were blazing.



**[ 4 ]**

**DCE-01**

**The fire spread and spread;**

**The trees that took long years to grow**

**Stand blackened now and dead.**

**Someone saw a little fire**

**As he was passing by.**

**He did not stop to put it out;**

**He did not even try.**

**He had not started it, of course;**

**He had no time to spare;**

**That it might start a forest fire**

**He did not even care.**

- (a) What do you think would be a suitable title  
for the poem ? Give reasons for your choice.**

[ 5 ]

DCE-01

- (b) What does the last line convey ? Show how it conveys the poet's attitude vis-a-vis the general outlook by referring to the whole poem. 10

7. (a) Read the passage which follows and write the outline of a story that begins as given in the passage. 10

- (b) Write a suitable ending to the story that you have outlined : 10

She was dressed in rich materials,—satins, and lace, and silks,—all of white. Her shoes were white. And she had a long white veil dependent from her hair, and she had bridal flowers in her hair, but her hair was white. Some bright jewels sparkled on her neck and on her hands, and some other jewels lay sparkling on the

P. T. O.

table. Dresses, less splendid than the dress she wore, and half-packed trunks, were scattered about. She had not quite finished dressing, for she had but one shoe on, — the other was on the table near her hand, — her veil was but half arranged, her watch and chain were not put on, and some lace for her bosom lay with those trinkets, and with her handkerchief, and gloves, and some flowers, and a Prayer-Book all confusedly heaped about the looking-glass.

8. Rewrite the following in the third person, adding details you think may be appropriate : 20

One evening I was walking down Bond Street about five o'clock. There was a terrific crush of carriages, and the traffic was almost stopped. Close to the pavement was standing a little yellow brougham, which, for some reason or

other, attracted my attention. As I passed by, there looked out from it a face which fascinated me immediately. All that night I kept thinking of it, and all the next day. About a week afterwards I was dining with Madame de Rastail. The servant threw open the door, and announced Lady Alroy. It was the woman I had been looking for. She came in very slowly, looking like a moon-beam in grey lace, and, to my intense delight, I was asked to take her in to dinner. After we had sat down I remarked quite innocently, "I think I caught sight of you in Bond Street some time ago, Lady Alroy." She grew very pale, and said to me in a low voice, "Pray do not talk so loud; you may be overheard." I felt miserable at having made such a bad beginning, and plunged recklessly into the subject of French plays. She spoke very little, always in the same low musical voice, and seemed as if she was afraid of someone listening.

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**DCE-01**

**DIPLOMA IN CREATIVE WRITING IN  
ENGLISH (D. C. E.)**

**Term-End Examination**

**December, 2020**

**DCE-01 : GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF WRITING**

*Time : 3 Hours*

*Maximum Marks : 100*

*(Weightage : 70%)*

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**Note :** Answer *five* questions in all. Attempt at least *two* questions from each Section. All questions carry equal marks.

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**Section—A**

1. (a) Discuss modes of address with suitable examples. 10
- (b) What are the points that writers should keep in mind to make their writing effective ? 10
2. (a) What role does authenticity play in good writing ? 10

[ 2 ]

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- (b) What is an 'appropriate' ending ?  
Illustrate. 10
3. (a) What are the elements that produce a  
dramatic effect ? Elucidate. 10
- (b) What is the role of imagery and symbols in  
poetry ? 10
4. (a) How is a character presented through  
dialogue ? 10
- (b) What do you understand by the term  
'monologue' ? Exemplify. 10
5. (a) Discuss the importance of proof reading. 10
- (b) Discuss the work of an editor. 10

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### Section—B

6. Read the following poem and answer the  
questions :

#### INDIAN WEAVERS

Weavers, weaving at break of day,

Why do you weave a garment so gay ?

Blue as the wing of a bluebird wild,

We weave the robes of a new-born child.

Weavers, weaving at fall of night,  
Why do you weave a garment so bright ?  
Like the plumes of a peacock, purple and green,  
We weave the marriage-veils of a queen.  
Weavers, weaving solemn and still,  
What do you weave in the moonlight chill ?  
White as a feather and white as a cloud,  
We weave a dead man's funeral shroud.

- (a) What are the three stages of life mentioned in the poem ? How do the colours reflect these stages ? 10
- (b) Comment on the form of the poem. Is it effective in conveying the ideas of the poet ? 10

7. (a) Write the outline of a story that ends as given below : 10

You have spent weeks constructing the doll, and now you are down to only one thing. One thing it needs to be ready, and you know where to find it. And here you

[ 4 ]

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are, at your friend's house. You have tried for weeks, and nothing was right. But today, you realized. The answer has been in front of you every time you came over to play. So, you slip in her open window and snuggle down under the covers. Her doll collection stares down at you with glass eyes. So flat, such a lifeless stare. The doll you made will be so much prettier; it looks like your friend. You can't wait to share the first piece in your collection at the family reunion. Because you are nine and old enough to participate now. Your friend opens her eyes and smiles to find you here, and you grin back as you pull the melon scooper from your pocket. You always thought she had the most beautiful blue eyes.

- (b) Write a suitable beginning to the story you have outlined.



[ 5 ]

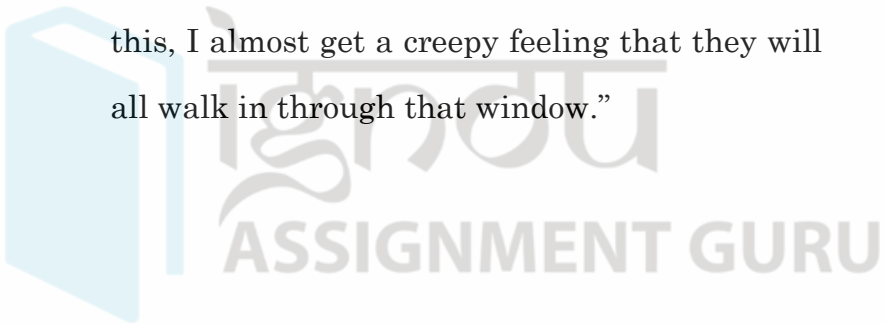
DCE-01

8. Rewrite the following from the aunt's point of view, adding details you may think appropriate : 20

Out through that window, three years ago to a day, her husband and her two young brothers went off for their day's shooting. They never came back. In crossing the moor to their favorite snipe-shooting ground they were all three engulfed in a treacherous piece of bog. It had been that dreadful wet summer, you know, and places that were safe in other years gave way suddenly without warning. Their bodies were never recovered. That was the dreadful part of it." Here the child's voice lost its self-possessed note and became falteringly human. "Poor aunt always thinks that they will come back someday, they and the little brown spaniel that was lost with them and walk in at that window just as they used to do. That is why the window is kept open every evening till it is

P. T. O.

quite dusk. Poor dear aunt, she has often told me how they went out, her husband with his white waterproof coat over his arm and Ronnie, her youngest brother, singing ‘Bertie, why do you bound ?’ As he always did to tease her, because she said it got on her nerves. Do you know, sometimes on still, quiet evenings like this, I almost get a creepy feeling that they will all walk in through that window.”



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