

Royal University of Bhutan
Paro College of Education
Autumn Semester Examination – 2012

B.Ed(S) II – Secondary English Curriculum (VII-XII) (ENG204)

Full mark: 100

Pass mark: 50

Time: 3 hours

Instruction: *You must answer all the questions. There are three sections to this paper. Section A consist of 40 marks, Section B consist of 40 marks and Section C consist of 20 marks.*

Section A (40 marks)

Short answer question: answer all the questions in this section. Each question carries 10 marks.

Question 1

- a. Why are the four strands of language important? (10)
- b. What was the purpose philosophy behind the change in high school English curriculum? (10)
- c. Think back to the time when you were in class X. Write the changes you could bring in offering poetry differently. (10)
- d. Why should any curriculum have standards? (10)

Section B (40 marks)

Read the story below and answer the question that follows.

Question 2

Tiger in the Tunnel - Ruskin Bond

Tembu, the boy, opened his eyes in the dark and wondered if his father was ready to leave the hut on his nightly errand. There was no moon that night, and the **deathly stillness** of the surrounding jungle was broken only occasionally by the shrill cry of a cicada. Sometimes from far off came the hollow hammering of a woodpecker, carried along on the faint breeze. Or the grunt of a wild boar could be heard as he dug up a favourite root. But these sounds were rare, and the silence of the forest always returned to swallow them up.

Baldeo, the watchman, was awake. He stretched himself slowly unwinding the heavy shawl that covered him. It was close on midnight and the chill air made him shiver. The station, a small shack backed by heavy jungle, was a station in name only; for trains only stopped there, if at all, for a few seconds before entering the deep cutting that led to the tunnel. Most trains merely slowed down before taking the sharp curve before cutting.

Baldeo was responsible for signalling whether or not the tunnel was clear of obstruction, and his manual signal stood before the entrance. At night it was his duty to see that the lamp was

burning, and that the overland mail passed through safely. 'Shall I come too, Father?' asked Tembu sleepily, still lying in a huddle in a corner of the hut.

'No, it is cold tonight. Do not get up.' Tembu, who was twelve, did not always sleep with his father at the station, for he had also to help in the home, where his mother and small sister were usually alone. They lived in a small tribal village on the outskirts of the forest, about three miles from the station. Their small rice fields did not provide them with more than a bare living and Baldeo considered himself lucky to have got the job of Khalasi at this small wayside signal stop. Still drowsy, Baldeo, groped for his lamp in darkness then fumbled about in search of matches. When he had produced a light he left the hut, closed the door behind him and set off along the permanent way. Tembu had fallen asleep again.

Baldeo wondered whether the lamp on the signal- post was still alight. Gathering his shawl closer about him, he stumbled on, sometimes along the rails, sometimes along the ballast. He longed to get back to his warm corner in the hut. The eeriness of the place was increased by the neighbouring hills which overhung the main line threateningly. On entering the cutting with its sheer rock walls towering high above the rails, Baldeo could not help thinking about the wild animals he might encounter. He had heard many tales of the famous tunnel tiger, a man-eater, which was supposed to frequent this spot; he hardly believed these stories for since his arrival at this place a month ago, he had not seen or even heard a tiger.

There had, of course, been panthers, and only a few days ago the villagers had killed one with their spears and axes. Baldeo had occasionally heard the sawing of a panther calling to its mate, but they had not come near the tunnel or shed. Baldeo walked confidently for being a tribal himself, he was used to the jungle and its ways. Like his fore-fathers he carried a small axe; fragile to look at but deadly when in use.

He prided himself in his skill in wielding it against wild animals. He had killed a young boar with it once and the family had feasted on the flesh for three days. The axe head of pure steel, thin but **ringing true like a bell**, had been made by his father over a charcoal fire. This axe was part of himself. And wherever he went, be it to the local market seven miles away, or to a tribal dance, the axe was always in his hand. Occasionally an official who had come to the station had offered him good money for the weapon, but Baldeo had no intention of parting with it.

The cutting curved sharply, and in the darkness the black entrance to the tunnel looked up menacingly. The signal-light was out. Baldeo set to work to haul the lamp down by its chain. If the oil had finished, he would have to return to the hut for more. The mail train was due in five minutes.

Once more he fumbled for his matches. Then suddenly he stood still and listened. The frightened cry of a barking deer followed by a crashing sound in the undergrowth, made Baldeo hurry. There was still a little oil in the lamp, and after an instant's hesitation he lit the lamp again and hoisted it into position. Having done this, he walked quickly down the tunnel, swinging his own lamp; so that the shadows leapt up and down the soot-stained walls, and having made sure that the line was clear, he returned to the entrance and sat down to wait for the mail train. The train was late. Sitting huddled up, almost dozing; he soon forgot his surroundings and began to nod.

Back in the hut, the trembling of the ground told of the approach of the train, and a low, distant rumble woke the boy, who sat up rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

'Father, it's time to light the lamp,' he mumbled and then, realizing that his father had been gone some time, he lay down again, but he was wide awake now, waiting for the train to pass, waiting for his father's returning footsteps. A low grunt resounded from the top of the cutting. In a second Baldeo was awake, all his senses alert. Only a tiger could emit such a sound. There was

no shelter for Baldeo, but he grasped his axe firmly and tensed his body, trying to make out the direction from which the animal was approaching. For some time there was only silence. Even the usual jungle noises seemed to have ceased altogether. Then a thump and the rattle of small stones announced that the tiger had sprung into the cutting.

Baldeo, listening as he had never listened before, wondered if it was making for the tunnel or the opposite direction the direction of the hut, in which Tembu would be lying unprotected. He did not have to wonder for long. Before a minute had passed he made out the huge body of the tiger trotting steadily towards him. Its eyes shone a brilliant green in the light from the signal lamp. Flight was useless, for in the dark the tiger would be more sure-footed than Baldeo and would soon be upon him from behind. Baldeo stood with his back to the signal –post, motionless staring at the great brute moving rapidly towards him. The tiger, used to the ways of men, for it had been preying on them for years, came on fearlessly, and with a quick run and a snarl struck out with its right paw, expecting to bowl over this puny man who dared stand in the way.

Baldeo, however, was ready. With a marvelously agile leap he avoided the paw and brought his axe down on the animal's shoulder. The tiger gave a roar and attempted to close in. Again Baldeo drove his axe which caught the tiger on the shoulder, almost severing the leg. To make matters worse, the axe remained stuck in the bone, and Baldeo was left without a weapon. The tiger, roaring with pain, now sprang upon Baldeo, bringing him down and then tearing at his broken body. It was all over in a sharp few minutes. Baldeo was conscious only of a searing pain down his back and then there was blackness and the night closed in on him forever. The tiger drew off and sat down licking his wounded leg, roaring every now and then with agony. He did not notice the faint rumble that shook the earth, followed by the distant puffing of an engine steadily climbing. The overland mail was approaching. Through the trees beyond the cutting as the train advanced, the glow of the furnace could be seen, and showers of sparks fell like Divali lights over the forest. As the train entered the cutting, the engine whistled once, **loud and piercingly**. The tiger raised his head, then slowly got to his feet. He found himself trapped like the man. Flight along the cutting was impossible. He entered the tunnel, running as fast as his wounded leg would carry him. And then, with a roar and a shower of sparks, the train entered the yawning tunnel. The noise in the confined space was deafening but, when the train came out into the open, on the other side, silence returned once more to the forest and the tunnel.

At the next station the driver slowed down and stopped his train to water the engine. He got down to stretch his legs and decided to examine the head-lamps. He received the surprise of his life; for, just above the cow-catcher lay the major portion of the tiger, cut in half by the engine.

There was considerable excitement and conjecture at the station, but back at the cutting there was no sound except for the sobs of the boy as he sat beside the body of his father. He sat there a long time, unafraid of the darkness, guarding the body from jackals and hyenas, until the first faint light of dawn brought with it the arrival of the relief-watchman.

Tembu and his sister and mother were **plunged in grief** for two whole days; but **life had to go on, and a living had to be made**, and all the responsibility now fell on Tembu. Three nights later, he was at the cutting, lighting the signal-lamp for the overland mail. He sat down in the darkness to wait for the train, and sang softly to himself. There was nothing to be afraid of – his father had killed the tiger, the forest gods were pleased; and besides, he had the axe with him, his father's axe, and he now knew to use it.

- a. Short answer question
 - i. Why did the tiger enter the tunnel? (5)
 - ii. Why was there excitement at the station? (5)
 - iii. If you were Tembu how would you react thereafter? (5)
 - iv. Give three reasons why Tembu was not afraid of anything. (5)
 - v. Write two incidents to show the quality of responsibility in Baldeo and Tembu.(5)
- b. Make sentences using the phrases taken from the passage. (10)
 - i. plunged in grief.
 - ii. loud and piercingly.
 - iii. deathly stillness.
 - iv. ringing true like a bell.
 - v. Life had to go on, and a living had to be made.
- c. Give the most correct meaning of the words taken from the above article. Remember that the meaning should be in context to the article. (5).
 - i. Errand.
 - ii. Unwinding
 - iii. Eeriness
 - iv. Wielding
 - v. Menacingly.

Section C (20 marks)

Question 3

With the given poem, plan a lesson for 30 students of 1 hour for Class X. The lesson should bear all the lesson components. The lesson should bring out clearly two latest strategies on how language can be taught through literature.

Criteria:

1. Elements of lesson plan: 4
2. Strategies and Method application:5
3. Creativity:4
4. Language:4
5. Profoundness of the lesson:3

Standing Knee Deep in a River (Dying of Thirst)

Friends I could count on, I could count on one hand
 With a leftover finger or two
 I took them for granted, let them all slip away
 Now where they are I wish I knew

They roll by just like water
 And I guess we never learn

Go through life parched and empty
Standing knee deep in a river and dying of thirst

Sometimes I remember sweethearts I've known
Some I've forgotten I suppose
One or two still linger, oh, and I wonder now
Why I ever let them go?
They roll by just like water
And I guess we never learn
Go through life parched and empty
Standing knee deep in a river and dying of thirst

So the sidewalk is crowded, the city goes by
And I rush through another day
And a world full of strangers turn their eyes to me
But I just look the other way.