



**LCC (L1)-2 (SEMESTER 5, CODE – ENG-G-LCC-1-5-2-TH/TU) - 6
CREDITS
(5 CREDITS THEORY AND 1 CREDIT TUTORIAL)
LANGUAGE, IMAGINATION AND CREATIVITY**

Plain Language and Figurative Language (Use of Figures of Speech)

Language of Poetry with reference to select poems:

William Wordsworth: 'Three Years She Grew',

Lord Tennyson: 'Break Break Break',

Henry Louis Vivian Derozio: 'To India, My Native Land',

Rabindranath Tagore: 'Gitanjali 50',

Creative use of Language: Writing Story, Travelogues and Advertisement Matters

End Semester Question Pattern:

Identifying Figures of Speech – 10 marks

Two questions of 15 marks from poetry (out of three)

Writing Story – 10 marks

Writing Travelogue – 10 marks

Writing Advertisement Matters – 5 marks

Identifying Figures of Speech – 10 marks

Simile

- (1) Red as a rose is she
- (2) I wandered lonely as a cloud.
- (3) Her locks were yellow as gold.
- (4) Like strings of broken- lyres.
- (5) The burglar moves like a cat.

Metaphor

- (1) Variety is the spice of life.
- (2) He is the pillar of the state.
- (3) I will drink life to the lees.
- (4) Hope is the sauce of life.
- (5) The camel is the ship of the desert.

Personification

- (1) Lightning my pilot sits
- (2) Fortune is merry
- (3) Great pines groan aghast.
- (4) The lovely rose loves her beauty.
- (5) Death lays his icy hand on kings.

Hyperbole

- (1) To see her is to love her.
- (2) ...all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten the little hand.
- (3) Earth has not anything to show more fair.

(4) I saw thousand at a glance.

(5) Ten thousand people cried at Mandela's death.

Alliteration

(1) The furrow followed free

(2) With blade, with bloody blameful blade

(3) In a summer season, when soft was the Sun.

(4) The field of freedom, faction, fame and blood.

(5) Lying silent and sad in the afternoon of shadow and sunshine.

Two questions of 15 marks from poetry (out of three)

Three Years She Grew

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Three years she grew in sun and shower,

Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower

On earth was never sown;

This Child I to myself will take;

She shall be mine, and I will make

A Lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be

Both law and impulse: and with me

The Girl, in rock and plain,

In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,

Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the Storm
Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

Break, Break, Break
BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Break, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the fisherman's boy,

That he shouts with his sister at play!

O, well for the sailor lad,

That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on

To their haven under the hill;

But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,

And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break

At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!

But the tender grace of a day that is dead

Will never come back to me.

To India my Native Land

by Henry Louis Vivian Derozio

My country! In thy days of glory past

A beauteous halo circled round thy brow
and worshipped as a deity thou wast—

Where is thy glory, where the reverence now?

Thy eagle pinion is chained down at last,

And grovelling in the lowly dust art thou,

Thy minstrel hath no wreath to weave for thee

Save the sad story of thy misery!

Well—let me dive into the depths of time

And bring from out the ages, that have rolled
A few small fragments of these wrecks sublime
Which human eye may never more behold
And let the guerdon of my labour be,
My fallen country! One kind wish for thee!

Gitanjali Poem No. 50
by Rabindranath Tagore

"I had gone a-begging from door to door in the village path, when thy golden chariot appeared in the distance like a gorgeous dream and I wondered who was this King of all kings!

My hopes rose high and me thought my evil days were at an end, and I stood waiting for alms to be given unasked and for wealth scattered on all sides in the dust.

The chariot stopped where I stood. Thy glance fell on me and thou camest down with a smile. I felt that the luck of my life had come at last. Then of a sudden thou didst hold out thy right hand and say `What hast thou to give to me?'

Ah, what a kingly jest was it to open thy palm to a beggar to beg! I was confused and stood undecided, and then from my wallet I slowly took out the least little grain of corn and gave it to thee.

But how great my surprise when at the day's end I emptied my bag on the floor to find a least little gram of gold among the poor heap. I bitterly wept and wished that I had had the heart to give thee my all.

Writing Story – 10 marks

Sample Example of Writing Story

Write a short story in 200 – 250 words, with the help of the cues given below. Give a suitable title to the story.

Going to Mumbai by train to attend the marriage of a friend got stuck in a traffic jam reached the railway station late boarded a wrong train realized after two hours now you

A series of Unfortunate Events

I sat down with relief as I ticked off the last task in the checklist. I wanted everything to be perfect as it was my best friend's marriage in Mumbai. The alarm rang next morning, I woke up in excitement and booked a cab to the railway station. Everything was going perfectly until I got stuck in a traffic jam. I reached the railway station late but on the sight of the train still waiting on the platform, I hurried and somehow managed to get into the train. I breathed a sigh of relief and got comfortable. It was only when the Ticket Collector came, I realised that I had been in the wrong train for two hours. I panicked and deboarded the train at the next station. I tried booking a ticket for the next train to Mumbai but there was no availability. On coming back from the ticket counter, I realised that my luggage was missing. Even after hours of finding and reporting it, there was no trace of it. I got tired and lost hope, tried booking a cab with the minimal amount I was left with in my pocket. The cab couldn't reach on time as it was raining heavily. Disheartened, I finally walked my way to the nearest hotel, contacted my parents and recited them the series of unfortunate events that happened during the day. Alas, I couldn't even make it to my best friend's wedding.

Writing Travelogue – 10 marks

Sample Example of Writing Travelogue

Travelogue writing on Taj Mahal

There are many beautiful and worth seeing historical places in India. But the Taj Mahal of Agra is the most beautiful of all. It is a dream in marble. My friend and I visited that in the last summer vacations. The vision cast a spell over me. It stood in unique majesty. The green tufts of grass and the green shoots of hot Cyprus trees adorned its majestic beauty. Nature's beauty made the ground of the building look all the more beautiful.

India is steeped in history and diversity and there is no dearth of historical monuments and sites in the country but the Taj Mahal is unarguably the magnet that attracts tourists from far and wide. Shah Jahan, one of the emperors of the dynasty, ordered the construction of the Taj Mahal. The Mughal architecture was at its pinnacle during Shah Jahan's reign and therefore this period during his rule is also called the 'Golden Age of Mughal Architecture.' Under him many prominent monuments were built but the masterpiece is undoubtedly the Taj Mahal.

The main gate for entering the Taj Mahal is built in red sandstone. It has 22 pillars adorning the top (for the number of years it took to build), eleven at the front and eleven at the back. The Taj Mahal looks totally mesmerizing from the moment you set eyes on it through the arch of the main gate and it's easy to see why this has been added as one of the new 7 wonders of the world. The Taj Mahal indeed looks like a palace (*mahal*). There are clear, big pools and fountains leading to the main domed structure surrounded by lavish and sprawling gardens. The pools were built in such a way that the Taj Mahal would reflect in them. The edifice has embedded in it 28 types of precious stones which were sourced from as far as Tibet, Sri Lanka and Persia while the marble came from Rajasthan, India.

We went down the staircase. We found the graves of the king and the queen under the dome in a dark chamber. Multicolored pieces of glass and couplets from the Quran decorated the side walls. The four minarets stood as watch men at each of

the main building. A full moonlight followed the next day. We visited the Taj again that night. Its beauty smiled in the silvery light of the moon. It was a memorable scene. My joy knew no bounds when I saw its reflections in the river Jamuna. Clear picture of marble could be seen.

As God is there to bestow nature's beauty, man's hand is there to create wonderful pieces of art and architecture. How could man be so perfect in working out the minute details of art? I am full of wonder even now. I can still see the beauty of the Taj with my mind's eye. It was an unforgettable trip to Taj Mahal, and watching the Seventh Wonder of the World in reality from our naked eyes was truly amazing.

Writing Advertisement Matters – 5 marks

Sample Example of Writing Advertisement Matters

You plan to sell your bike. Draft a suitable advertisement in not more than 50 words to be inserted in the classified columns of a local daily, giving all necessary details of the bike. You are Shaan/Shamita, 55, Malviya Nagar, Pune – 40.

FOR SALE

For immediate sale, Bajaj Pulsar, 2014 model. Excellent running condition. All necessary accessories intact. Average mileage around 60 kms per litre. Used for less than a year. Registration valid up to December 2015. Documents complete in all respects. Price negotiable. Interested persons may contact, Mr. Shaan, 55, Malviya Nagar, Pune –40

Mobile – 09999445456.

Substance of Three Years She Grew in Sun and Shower

The poem written in 1799 illustrates Wordsworth's favourite theory - Nature is our teacher. The poem is on the growing up of Lucy. Lucy grew up in the midst of Nature for three years. Nature calls her the loveliest flower on earth and proposes to take up the education of Lucy in order to rear her up. Nature will be both law and impulse to Lucy. As law, she will check Lucy from evil and as impulse, she will inspire Lucy to noble actions under the care of Nature. Lucy will move freely in rock, plain, earth, valley and garden. She will learn sportiveness from fawn, wild happiness from springs, grace from storm and modesty from willow tree. The stars of midnight will be dear to Lucy. She will absorb the beauty of the murmuring river into her face. Lucy will be charming in body and mind. Unfortunately though Nature taught Lucy everything, she died very young. Only the memory of Lucy is left to the poet.

Substance of To India - My Native Land

H. L. Vivian Derozio in the poem To India My Native Land addresses India to remind her about her glorious past. He recalls with respect the days when she (India) was worshipped grandly as a goddess. But those days are now gone. India now lies chained like an eagle in the hands of the British. The minstrels have no song of glory to sing about her. Yet the poet is not ready to lose hope. He wants to remind the Indians about some moments of their glorious past and only wishes for kindness in return.

Substance of Gitanjali No 50

Gitanjali No. 50 is a poem from Gitanjali of Rabindra Nath Tagore, published in 1913. The original poem is "Kripau" taken from Kheya.

A poor beggar was begging from door to door in a village. Suddenly in a golden chariot a king arrives before him and his heart gets filled with hope. He is sure to get a fortune as alms that day. But the king comes down to the beggar with a smile and stretches his hand for alms. The beggar becomes puzzled at this kingly jest and gives a small gain of corn to the king. He returns home after his begging and discovers a single gain of gold in the middle of his collections. He bitterly regrets his miserly act and thinks that he should have given his all to the kingly beggar.

The kingly beggar is God. Human beings should learn to offer things to God, before asking for alms. Man has to sacrifice his ego and also his attachment to all worldly wealth for the attainment of His grace.

Substance of Break, Break, Break

Break, Break, Break by Lord Alfred Tennyson is a short poem on his personal loss of his friend Arthur Hallam. The poet addresses the waves of the sea, telling them to crash against the rocky shore again and again. Watching this happen, the speaker yearns for the ability to express troubling thoughts that won't go away. The poet watches a fisherman's son playing with his sister and also a young sailor singing through the cove. He watches impressive boats sailing through the bay. But watching all these doesn't distract the poet from the memory of touching the hand of his friend, who is dead, and whose voice has become silent, forever.

The poet realises nature is fleeting. His pain of losing his dear one is personal. But in life, he realises, everything in life eventually comes to an end.