

ARUNACHAL PRADESH PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSION

GENERAL ENGLISH

Time- 3 (Three) Hours ,

Full Marks- 100

Note:

- a. Answer the questions following the instructions strictly.
- b. Write legibly, concisely and in your own words as far as practicable.
- c. The figures in the right-hand margin indicate full marks for the questions.

Q. 1. Write an essay on any one of the following topics in about 400 words. **(35)**

- (i) Horticultural resources - management and prospect in Arunachal Pradesh.
- (ii) Organic farming in Arunachal Pradesh.

Q.2. Do as directed. **(1x5=5)**

- (i) The Scientist exclaimed, 'I have discovered it.' (Change into indirect speech)
- (ii) The girl drove away the car. (Change into Passive Voice)
- (iii) One of the fruit has gone sour. (Correct the error)
- (iv) They laughed at the beggar. (Change into Active voice)
- (v) I am angry at him. (Insert the correct preposition)

Q. 3. Make sentences using the following phrasal verbs (any five): **(1x5=5)**

- (i) Take over (ii) Make out (iii) Stoop to (iv) Put Out (v) Stick to (vi) Make up.

Q.4. Insert the correct form of the word in the bracket (any five): **(1x5=5)**

- (i) The driver has (go) away.
- (ii) I am..... (suppose) to finish it by tomorrow.
- (iii) The woman has..... (take over) the charge.
- (iv) People need to (maintain) peace.
- (v) Work ethics (be) essential for every citizen.
- (vi) The school authorities (come out) with a fresh order.

Q.5. Write a letter to the Secretary, Department of Horticulture putting yourself in the role of the Horticulture Development Officer of a district in Arunachal Pradesh apprising him of a few fresh projects and schemes your Department would like to initiate. **(15)**

Q.6. Read the following passage and answer the questions that follow in your own language.

(5x4= 20)

Unquestionably a literary life is for the most part an unhappy life; because, if you have genius, you must suffer the penalty of genius; and , if you have only talent, there are so many cares and worries incidental to the circumstances of men of letters, as to make life exceedingly miserable. Besides the pangs of composition, and the continuous disappointment which a true artist feels at his inability to reveal himself, there is the ever-recurring difficulty of gaining the public ear. Young writers are buoyed up by the hope and the belief that they have only to throw that poem at the world's feet to get back in return the laurel-crown; that they have only to push that novel into print to be acknowledged at once as a new light in literature. You can never convince a young author that the editors of magazines and the publishers of books are a practical body of men, who are by no means frantically anxious about placing the best literature before the public. Nay, that for the most part they are mere brokers, who conduct their business on the hardest lines of a Profit and Loss account. But supposing your book fairly launches, its perils are only beginning. You have to run the gauntlet of the critics. To a young author, again, this seems to be as terrible an ordeal as passing down the files of Sioux or Comanche Indians, each one of whom is thirsting for your scalp. When you are a little older, you will find that criticism is not much more serious than the bye-play of clowns in a circus, when they beat around the ring the victim with bladders slung at the end of long poles. A time comes in the life of every author when he regards critics as comical rather than formidable, and goes his way unheeding. But there are sensitive souls that yield under the chastisement and, perhaps after suffering much silent torture, abandon the profession of the pen for ever. Keats, perhaps, is the saddest example of a fine spirit hounded to death by savage criticism; because, whatever his biographers may aver, the furious attack of Gifford and Terry undoubtedly expedited his death. But no doubt there are hundreds who suffer keenly hostile and unscrupulous criticism, and who have to bear that suffering in silence, because it is a cardinal principle in literature that the most unwise thing in the world for an author is to take public notice of criticism in the way of defending himself. Silence is the only safeguard, as it is the only dignified protest against insult and offence.

- (i) Why is the Literary Life mostly an unhappy one?
- (ii) What are the ambitions of a young author?
- (iii) What are some of the ordeals awaiting the young authors from the critics?
- (iv) What attitude should an author adopt in the face of bitter critics?

Q.7. Summarise the following passage in about one-third of its original length and suggest a suitable title.

(10+5)

In every country people imagine that they are the best and the cleverest and the others are not so good as they are. The Englishman thinks that he and his country are the best; the Frenchman is very proud of French. The Germans and Italians think no less of their countries and many Indians imagine that India is in many ways the greatest country in the world. This is wrong. Everybody wants to think well of himself and his country. But really there is no person who has not got some good and some bad qualities. In the same way, there is no country which is not partly good and partly bad. We must take the good wherever we find it and try to remove the bad wherever it may be. We are, of course, most concerned with our own country, India. Unfortunately, it is in a bad way today. Many of our people are poor and unhappy. They have no joy in their lives. We have to find out how we can make them happier. We have to see what is good in our ways and customs and try to keep it, and whatever is bad we have to throw away. If we find anything good in other countries, we should certainly welcome it.

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