

12871

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9. Write an essay on the changing dynamics between parents and children, taking cues from Passage 3.
10. Write a diary entry reflecting on the notion of success, materialism, happiness and the need for individual identity. Take cues from passage 3.

[This question paper contains 24 printed pages.]

Your Roll No.....

Sr. No. of Question Paper : 12871 K

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Name of the Paper : English Language Through Literature

Name of the Course : Common Programme Group (GE Language I)

Semester : I

Duration: 3 Hours. Maximum Marks : 90

Instructions for Candidates

1. Write your Roll No. on the top immediately on receipt of this question paper.
2. The question paper contains 3 unseen passages and questions based on them.
3. The questions are in two parts, A and B, both which are compulsory. Students will attempt any THREE questions from each part.
4. Answers for Part A are to be written in 250-300 words and Part B in 450-500 words.

Passage 1

Believe it or not, the Internet did not give rise to procrastination. People have struggled with habitual hesitation going back to ancient civilizations. The Greek poet Hesiod, writing around 800 B.C., cautioned not to "put your work off till tomorrow and the day after." The Roman consul Cicero called procrastination "hateful" in the conduct of affairs. (He was looking at you, Marcus Antonius.) And those are just examples from recorded history. For all we know, the dinosaurs saw the meteorite coming and went back to their game of Angry Pterodactyls.

What's become quite clear since the days of Cicero is that procrastination isn't just hateful, it's downright harmful. In research settings, people who procrastinate have higher levels of stress and lower well-being. In the real world, undesired delay is often associated with inadequate retirement savings and missed medical visits. Considering the season, it would be remiss not to mention past surveys by H&R Block, which found that people cost themselves hundreds of dollars by rushing to prepare income taxes near the April 15 deadline.

PART B

Answer any **three** of the following **450-500** words :

(20×3=60)

Question 6 is based on **Passage 1**.

Question 7 and 8 are based on **Passage 2**.

Question 9 and 10 are based on **Passage 3**.

6. Write a letter to a young member of your family emphasizing upon the importance of punctuality and planning in life.
7. Write a letter to the editor expressing your concerns about the changing landscape of the city due to heavy urbanization, loss of green spaces, accumulation of garbage and the lack of civic sense in people.
8. Write a dialogue between two elderly citizens discussing the relative importance of privacy and cooperation among neighbours. (10 turns each)

PART A

Answer any three of the following in 250-300 words :

(10×3=30)

Question 1 is based on Passage 1.

Questions 2 & 3 are based on Passage 2.

Questions 4 & 5 are based on Passage 3.

1. What, according to passage 1, are the consequences of procrastination?
2. In Passage 2, Why does the wall keep falling apart?
3. In Passage 2, what is the central message of the poem?
4. In Passage 3, what does the phrase 'boxed in' imply?
5. In Passage 3, why is Willy annoyed at Biff?

In the past 20 years, the peculiar behavior of procrastination has received a burst of empirical interest. With apologies to Hesiod, psychological researchers now recognize that there's far more to it than simply putting something off until tomorrow. True procrastination is a complicated failure of self-regulation: experts define it as the voluntary delay of some important task that we intend to do, despite knowing that we'll suffer as a result. A poor concept of time may exacerbate the problem, but an inability to manage emotions seems to be its very foundation.

"What I've found is that while everybody may procrastinate, not everyone is a procrastinator," says APS Fellow Joseph Ferrari, a professor of psychology at DePaul University. He is a pioneer of modern research on the subject, and his work has found that as many as 20 percent of people may be chronic procrastinators.

"It really has nothing to do with time-management," he says. "As I tell people, to tell the chronic procrastinator to just do it would be like saying to a clinically depressed person, 'cheer up.'"

A major misperception about procrastination is that it's an innocuous habit at worst, and maybe even a helpful one at best. Sympathizers of procrastination often say it doesn't matter when a task gets done, so long as it's eventually finished. Some even believe they work best under pressure. Stanford philosopher John Perry, author of the book *The Art of Procrastination*, has argued that people can dawdle to their advantage by restructuring their to-do lists so that they're always accomplishing something of value. Psychological scientists have a serious problem with this view. They argue that it conflates beneficial, proactive behaviors like pondering (which attempts to solve a problem) or prioritizing (which organizes a series of problems) with the detrimental, self-defeating habit of genuine procrastination. If progress on a task can take many forms, procrastination is the absence of progress.

"If I have a dozen things to do, obviously #10, #11, and #12, have to wait," says Ferrarini. "The real procrastinator has those 12 things, maybe does one or two of them, then rewrites the list, then shuffles it around, then makes an extra copy of it. That's procrastinating. That's different."

Linda: Yeah, like being a million miles from the city.

Willy: They should've arrested the builder for cutting those down. They massacred the neighborhood. [Lost] and more I think of those days, Linda. This time of year it was lilac and wisteria. And then the peonies would come out, and the daffodils. What fragrance in this room!

Linda: Well, after all, people had to move somewhere.

Willy: No, there's more people now.

Linda: I don't think there's more people. I think—

Willy: There's more people! That's what's ruining this country! Population is getting out of control. The competition is maddening! Smell the stink from that apartment house! And another one on the other side . . . How can they whip cheese? [On Willy's last line, Biff and Happy raise themselves up in their beds, listening.]

Willy: I don't want a change! I want Swiss cheese. Why am I always being contradicted?

Linda [with a covering laugh]: I thought it would be a surprise.

Willy: Why don't you open a window in here, for God's sake?

Linda [with infinite patience]: They're all open, dear.

Willy: The way they boxed us in here. Bricks and windows, windows and bricks.

Linda: We should've bought the land next door.

Willy: The street is lined with cars. There's not a breath of fresh air in the neighborhood.

The grass don't grow any more, you can't raise a carrot in the back yard. They should've had a law against apartment houses. Remember those two beautiful elm trees out there? When I and Biff hung the swing between them?

One of the first studies to document the pernicious nature of procrastination was published in Psychological Science back in 1997. APS Fellow Dianne Tice and APS William James Fellow Roy Baumeister, then at Case Western Reserve University, rated college students on an established scale of procrastination, then tracked their academic performance, stress, and general health throughout the semester. Initially there seemed to be a benefit to procrastination, as these students had lower levels of stress compared to others, presumably as a result of putting off their work to pursue more pleasurable activities. In the end, however, the costs of procrastination far outweighed the temporary benefits. Procrastinators earned lower grades than other students and reported higher cumulative amounts of stress and illness. True procrastinators didn't just finish their work later — the quality of it suffered, as did their own well-being.

“Thus, despite its apologists and its short-term benefits, procrastination cannot be regarded as either adaptive or innocuous,” concluded Tice and Baumeister (now both at Florida State University). “Procrastinators end up suffering more and performing worse than other people.”

A little later, Tice and Ferrari teamed up to do a study that put the ill effects of procrastination into context. They brought students into a lab and told them at the end of the session they'd be engaging in a math puzzle. Some were told the task was a meaningful test of their cognitive abilities, while others were told that it was designed to be meaningless and fun. Before doing the puzzle, the students had an interim period during which they could prepare for the task or mess around with games like Tetris. As it happened, chronic procrastinators only delayed practice on the puzzle when it was described as a cognitive evaluation. When it was described as fun, they behaved no differently from non-procrastinators. In an issue of the *Journal of Research in Personality* from 2000, Tice and Ferrari concluded that procrastination is really a self-defeating behavior — with procrastinators trying to undermine their own best efforts.

“The chronic procrastinator, the person who does this as a lifestyle, would rather have other people think that they lack effort than lacking ability,” says Ferrari. “It’s a maladaptive lifestyle.”

Linda: I don't know. I think he's still lost, Willy. I think he's very lost.

Willy: “Biff Loman is lost. In the greatest country in the world a young man with such—personal attractiveness, gets lost. And such a hard worker. There's one thing about Biff—he's not lazy.”

Linda: Never.

Willy [with pity and resolve]: I'll see him in the morning; I'll have a nice talk with him. I'll get him a job selling. He could be big in no time. My God! Remember how they used to follow him around in high school? When he smiled at one of them their faces lit up. When he walked down the street... [He loses himself in reminiscences.]

Linda [trying to bring him out of it]: Willy, dear, I got a new kind of American-type cheese today. It's whipped.

Willy: Why do you get American when I like Swiss?

Linda: I just thought you'd like a change—

Willy: How can he find himself on a farm? Is that a life? A farmhand? In the beginning, when he was young, I thought, well, a young man, it's good for him to tramp around, take a lot of different jobs. But it's more than ten years now and he has yet to make thirty-five dollars a week!

Linda: He's finding himself, Willy.

Willy: Not finding yourself at the age of thirty-four is a disgrace!

Linda: Shh!

Willy: The trouble is he's lazy, goddammit!

Linda: Willy, please!

Willy: Biff is a lazy bum!

Linda: They're sleeping. Get something to eat. Go on down.

Willy: Why did he come home? I would like to know what brought him home.

There's no single type of procrastinator, but several general impressions have emerged over years of research. Chronic procrastinators have perpetual problems finishing tasks, while situational ones delay based on the task itself. A perfect storm of procrastination occurs when an unpleasant task meets a person who's high in impulsivity and low in self-discipline. (The behavior is strongly linked with the Big Five personality trait of conscientiousness.) Most delayers betray a tendency for self-defeat, but they can arrive at this point from either a negative state (fear of failure, for instance, or perfectionism) or a positive one (the joy of temptation). All told, these qualities have led researchers to call procrastination the "quintessential" breakdown of self-control.

"I think the basic notion of procrastination as self-regulation failure is pretty clear," says Timothy Pychyl of Carleton University, in Canada. "You know what you ought to do and you're not able to bring yourself to do it. It's that gap between intention and action."

Social scientists debate whether the existence of this gap can be better explained by the inability to manage time or, the inability to regulate moods and emotions.

Generally speaking, economists tend to favor the former theory. Many espouse a formula for procrastination put forth in a paper published by the business scholar Piers Steel, a professor at the University of Calgary, in a 2007 issue of Psychological Bulletin. The idea is that procrastinators calculate the fluctuating utility of certain activities: pleasurable ones have more value early on, and tough tasks become more important as a deadline approaches.

Passage 2

Something there is that doesn't love a wall,

That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it,

And spills the upper boulders in the sun;

And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.

The work of hunters is another thing:

I have come after them and made repair

Where they have left not one stone on a stone,

But they would have the rabbit out of hiding,

To please the yelping dogs. The gaps I mean,

Linda: Well, dear, life is a casting off. It's always that way.

Willy: No, no, some people—some people accomplish something. Did Biff say anything after I went this morning?

Linda: You shouldn't have criticized him, Willy, especially after he just got off the train. You mustn't lose your temper with him.

Willy: When the hell did I lose my temper? I simply asked him if he was making any money. Is that a criticism?

Linda: But, dear, how could he make any money?

Willy [worried and angered]: There's such an undercurrent in him. He became a moody man. Did he apologize when I left this morning?

Linda: He was crestfallen, Willy. You know how he admires you. I think if he finds himself, then you'll both be happier and not fight any more.

a prince, he was a masterful man. But that boy of his, that Howard, he don't appreciate. When I went north the first time, the Wagner Company didn't know where New England was!

Linda: Why don't you tell those things to Howard, dear? Willy [encouraged]: I will, I definitely will. Is there any cheese?

Linda: I'll make you a sandwich.

Willy: No, go to sleep. I'll take some milk. I'll be up right away. The boys in?

Linda: They're sleeping. Happy took Biff on a date tonight.

Willy [interested]: That so?

Linda: It was so nice to see them shaving together, one behind the other, in the bathroom. And going out together. You notice? The whole house smells of shaving lotion.

Willy: Figure it out. Work a lifetime to pay off a house. You finally own it, and there's nobody to live in it.

No one has seen them made or heard them made,
But at spring mending-time we find them there.

I let my neighbor know beyond the hill;

And on a day we meet to walk the line

And set the wall between us once again.

We keep the wall between us as we go.

To each the boulders that have fallen to each.

And some are loaves and some so nearly balls

We have to use a spell to make them balance:

'Stay where you are until our backs are turned!'

We wear our fingers rough with handling them.

Oh, just another kind of outdoor game.

One on a side. It comes to little more:

There where it is we do not need the wall:

He is all pine and I am apple orchard.

My apple trees will never get across.

And eat the cones under his pines, I tell him.

He only says, 'Good fences make good neighbors.'

Spring is the mischief in me, and I wonder
 If I could put a notion in his head;
 'Why do they make, good neighbors? Isn't it
 Where there are cows? But here there are no cows.
 Before I built a wall I'd ask to know
 What I was walling in or walling out,
 And to whom I was like, to give offense,
 Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
 That wants it down.' I could say 'Elves' to him,
 But it's not elves exactly, and I'd rather
 He said it for himself. I see him there
 Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the top
 In each hand, like an old-stone savage armed.
 He moves in darkness as it seems to me,
 Not of woods only and the shade of trees.
 He will not go behind his father's saying,
 And he likes having thought of it so well
 He says again, 'Good fences make good neighbors.'
 (Robert Frost)

minutes later I'm dreamin' again, and I
 nearly—pressed two fingers against his
 eyes.] I have such thoughts, I have such
 strange thoughts.

Linda: Willy, dear. Talk to them again. There's
 no reason why you can't work in New
 York.

Willy: They don't need me in New York. I'm the
 New England man. I'm vital in New
 England.

Linda: But you're sixty years old. They can't
 expect you to keep traveling every week.

Willy: I'll have to send a wire to Portland. I'm
 supposed to see Brown and Morrison
 tomorrow morning at ten o'clock to show
 the line. Goddammit, I could sell them! [He
 starts putting on his jacket.]

Linda [taking the jacket from him]: Why don't you go
 down to the place tomorrow and tell
 Howard you've simply got to work in New
 York? You're too accommodating, dear.

Willy: If old man Wagner was alive I'd a been in
 charge of New York now! That man was

LINDA: But you didn't rest your mind. Your mind is overactive, and the mind is what counts, dear.

WILLY: I'll start out in the morning. Maybe I'll feel better in the morning. [She is taking off his shoes.] These goddam arch supports are killing me.

LINDA: Take an aspirin. Should I get you an aspirin? It'll soothe you.

Willy [with wonder]: I was driving along, you understand? And I was fine. I was even observing the scenery. You can imagine, me looking at scenery, on the road every week of my life. But it's so beautiful up there, Linda, the trees are so thick, and the sun is warm. I opened the windshield and just let the warm air bathe over me. And then all of a sudden I'm goin' off the road! I'm tellin' ya, I absolutely forgot I was driving. If I'd've gone the other way over the white line I might've killed somebody. So I went on again—and five

Passage 3

From the right, WILLY LOMAN, the Salesman, enters, carrying two large sample cases. The flute plays on. He hears but is not aware of it. He is past sixty years of age, dressed quietly. Even as he crosses the stage to the doorway of the house, his exhaustion is apparent. He unlocks the door, comes into the kitchen, and thankfully lets his burden down, feeling the soreness of his palms. A word-sigh escapes his lips—it might be "Oh, boy, oh, boy." He closes the door, then carries his cases out into the living-room, through the draped kitchen doorway. LINDA, his wife, has stirred in her bed at the right. She gets out and puts on a robe, listening. Most often jovial, she has developed an iron repression of her exceptions to WILLY's behavior—she more than loves him, she admires him, as though his mercurial nature, his temper, his massive dreams and little-cruelties, served her only as sharp reminders of the turbulent longings within him, longings which she shares but lacks the temperament to utter and follow to their end.

LINDA : [Hearing WILLY outside the bedroom, calls with some trepidation.] Willy!

WILLY : It's all right. I came back.

LINDA : Why? What happened? [Slight pause.] Did something happen, Willy?"

WILLY : No, nothing happened.

LINDA : You didn't smash the car, did you?

WILLY : [With casual irritation.] I said nothing happened. Didn't you hear me?

LINDA : Don't you feel well?

WILLY : I'm tired to the death. [The flute has faded away.] He sits on the bed beside her, a little numb.] I couldn't make it. I just couldn't make it, Linda.

LINDA : [Very carefully, delicately.] Where were you all day? You look terrible.

WILLY : I got as far as a little above Yonkers. I stopped for a cup of coffee. Maybe it was the coffee.

LINDA : What?

WILLY : [After a pause.] I suddenly couldn't drive any more. The car kept going off onto the shoulder, y' know?

LINDA : [Helpfully.] Oh. Maybe it was the steering again. I don't think Angelo knows the Studebaker.

WILLY : No, it's me, it's me. Suddenly I realize I'm goin' sixty miles an hour and I don't remember the last five minutes. I'm—I can't seem to—keep my mind to it.

LINDA : Maybe it's your glasses. You never went for your new glasses.

WILLY : No, I see everything. I came back ten miles an hour. It took me nearly four hours from Yonkers.

LINDA [resigned]: Well, you'll just have to take a rest, Willy, you can't continue this way.

WILLY : I just got back from Florida.