

BACHELOR OF ARTS EXAMINATION 2017
Third Year Fifth Semester
ENGLISH
Writing in Practice

Time: 2 hours

Full marks: 30

Answer *any one* question.

1. Complete this story:

Varto wiped the sweat from his brow and tried to stand up straight in spite of his wounds. 'Madam Inquisitor, the Red Princess and the White Princess are gone.'

Keln looked up sharply from her book. 'What do you mean? I told you to watch their every move.'

'I did, Madam, but we did not know they had friends among the people...'

'And what am I now to say to His Royal Highness Varsin, Swain of the Sky and Tamer of All Peoples? That the royal wedding is off? That he has nothing to cement his claim to the Dark Lands? That those urchins Lila and Ila have given him the slip?' Keln shut her book with a snap. 'It is more than our heads are worth, Varto. Now,' and she rose slowly till they were almost touching noses, 'do you have a plan?'

Varto licked his lips. 'There's always...the Last Princess.'

Keln turned pale and spun away from him. 'No. Anything but Shila. It's been nearly a month since her tree was cut down, and King Hansal can barely stop the bleeding. We can't risk any more of her tricks.' She went to the window and threw it open. 'Send the marags abroad. Let them fly. Torture the location out of anyone you find. Spill souls in rivers, but get those girls back here by sundown, or all is lost.' She turned to him, the sun against her shoulder making him squint. 'And get those wounds seen to, man, you're bleeding all over my Carelian carpets.'

2. Complete this story:

'You don't understand,' cried the woman in the red salwar kameez. 'My husband and son are in there.'

Perizaad frowned. 'Inspector Hallaj, what is this woman talking about?'

Inspector Samir Hallaj coughed. 'This is Hamida Begum. She says some men came to their slum and dragged her husband Rahim Shah and son Zaid into a car. Her younger son Lallu followed them in his auto to this location. They weren't allowed into the hotel, of course, and they were standing on the road outside trying to get help when the bomb went off inside.'

'I see.' Perizaad turned to Hamida. 'Can you describe your husband, Hamida Begum?'

'He's very tall, with spectacles and a stoop, no beard, only a mustache, and his left ear is a little deformed. Please help us. We are innocent people, we know nothing...'

Perizaad looked at the picture in her hand. 'Is your husband a clerk?'

'Yes, he works for the post office.'

Perizaad and Samir exchanged glances. 'Please have a seat, Hamida Begum. You too, Lallu.' Perizaad sat down opposite them. 'It will take a while for my men to secure the hotel. Would you like tea while we wait?'

Hamida Begum was no fool. She could sense the change in the air, the subtle pressure of big peoples' attention. She shook her head, reached across and took Lallu's hand. He was only sixteen, too young to be thrown into this meat grinder. 'We'll wait,' she said softly.

3. Write a story using *any three* of the following elements:

a holiday resort, a lost phone, a plate of sweets, a mountain, a twitter post, a pearl necklace, a gutter, a lie, a picture, an aeroplane, a lost child, a stolen key.