

Comprehension 4: CSS 2019

Read the following passage carefully and answer the questions that follow: (20)

When I returned to the common, the sun was setting. The crowd about the pit had increased, and stood out black against the lemon yellow of the sky—a couple of hundred people, perhaps. There were raised voices, and some sort of struggle appeared to be going on about the pit. Strange imaginings passed through my mind. As I drew nearer I heard Stent's voice: "Keep back! Keep back!" A boy came running towards me. "It's a-movin'," he said to me as he passed; "it's screwin' and screwin' out. I don't like it. I'm a-goin' home, I am." I went on to the crowd. There were really, I should think, two or three hundred people elbowing and jostling one another, the one or two ladies there being by no means the least active. "He's fallen in the pit!" cried someone. "Keep back!" said several. The crowd swayed a little, and I elbowed my way through. Everyone seemed greatly excited. I heard a peculiar humming sound from the pit. "I say!" said Ogilvy; "Help keep these idiots back. We don't know what's in the confounded thing, you know!" I saw a young man, a shop assistant in working I believe he was, standing on the cylinder and trying to scramble out of the hole again. The crowd had pushed him in. The end of the cylinder was being screwed out from within. Nearly two feet of shining screw projected. Somebody blundered against me, and I narrowly missed being pitched onto the top of the screw. I turned, and as I did so the screw must have come out, for the lid of the cylinder fell upon the gravel with a ringing concussion. I stuck my elbow into the person behind me, and turned my head towards the Thing again. For a moment that circular cavity seemed perfectly black. I had the sunset in my eyes. I think everyone expected to see a man emerge—possibly something stirring with the shadow: greyish billowy movements, one above another, and then two luminous disks—like eyes. Then something resembling a little grey snake, about the thickness of a walking stick, coiled up out of the writhing middle, and wriggled in the air towards me—and then another. A sudden chill came over me. There

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was a loud shriek from a woman behind. I half turned, keeping my eyes fixed upon the cylinder still, from which other tentacles were now projecting, and began pushing my way back from the edge of the pit. I saw astonishment giving place to horror on the faces of the people about me. I heard inarticulate exclamations on all sides. There was a general movement backwards. I saw the shopman struggling still on the edge of the pit. I found myself alone, and saw the people on the other side of the pit running off, Stent among them. I looked again at the cylinder, and ungovernable terror gripped me. I stood petrified and staring. A big greyish rounded bulk, the size, perhaps, of a bear, was rising slowly and painfully out of the cylinder. As it bulged up and caught the light, it glistened like wet leather. Two large dark-coloured eyes were regarding me steadfastly. The mass that framed them, the head of the thing, was rounded, and had, one might say, a face. There was a mouth under the eyes, the lipless brim of which quivered and panted, and dropped saliva. The whole creature heaved and pulsated convulsively. A lank tentacular appendage gripped the edge of the cylinder, another swayed in the air. Those who have never seen a living Martian can scarcely imagine the strange horror of its appearance. The peculiar V-shaped mouth with its pointed upper lip, the absence of brow ridges, the absence of a chin beneath the wedge like lower lip, the incessant quivering of this mouth, the Gorgon groups of tentacles, the tumultuous breathing of the lungs in a strange atmosphere, the evident heaviness and painfulness of movement due to the greater gravitational energy of the earth—above all, the extraordinary intensity of the immense eyes—were at once vital, intense, inhuman, crippled and monstrous. There was something fungoid in the oily brown skin, something in the clumsy deliberation of the tedious movements unspeakably nasty. Even at this first encounter, this first glimpse, I was overcome with disgust and dread.

Questions:

1. What leads us to believe that his passage is from a science fiction story?
2. How was the crowd behaving?
3. Why did the mood of the crowd alter?
4. What was the narrator's initial reaction to the "Thing"?
5. Why did the writer feel disgusted?

(4 marks each)

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and "thing"

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Answer no 1: This passage is taken from a science fiction story because the creature depicted in this story is not of earthly origin. As said in the passage, the creature is a ~~M~~ Martian. It is typical of short fiction stories that it depicts creatures from another planets invading the Earth.

Answer no 2: The behaviour of crowd was filled with excitement and horror when they saw that creature coming out of the cylinder. They had never seen such an ugly and dead full creature which is obvious from the depiction of its body parts in the passage. The crowd was consistently and with full energy running away from the cylinder.

Answer no 3: Initially, the mood of the crowd was overwhelmed with excitement and ~~curiosity~~ ^{astonishment} because they were in suspense that what kind of thing will come out of that cylinder but their mood suddenly changed and they were overwhelmed by great fear when they saw the hideous face of that creature.

single sentence ans is not correct format

Answer no 4: At first glance of the narrator ~~to~~ on the creature, his reaction was filled with disgust and fear because of the ugliness and unusual facial features of that creature, which did not belong to the planet Earth.

ans is correct but the format is incorrect

Answer no 5: The writer felt disgusted on the sight of that creature because of the ugliness and unusualness of its facial features. It was an alien from mass who features and body structure did not resemble to any creature of the planet Earth, so the writer's disgust for that creature is justified.

ans are correct but never ans in a single sentence
be careful about spellings