

Q 2. Write a precis of the following passage and also suggest a suitable "title"

(20)

2/3

How I Taught My Grandmother to Read is a short story written by Sudha Murthy who remembers one of her childhood experiences when her grandmother wanted to learn the Alphabet. The author was still young, and the story is about a time when there were no television serials or movies in India. The elders took interest in the stories and novels published in a popular Kannada magazine.

One of the novels was KaashiYatra, written by Triveni. It was the grandmother's favorite novel, as she identified herself with the old woman in the novel. Like the old woman in the novel, the author's grandmother also dreamt of being educated. After being married at a young age and bearing children, grandmother had to abandon studies. Therefore, unable to read or write, she would ask the author to read the novel to her.

Once, when the author had gone for a wedding, the magazine arrived but grandmother could not read it as the author was away. When the author returned home, her grandmother requested her to become her guru and teach her to read. Grandmother explained to her little granddaughter about her long-forgotten love to learn reading and writing. The author agreed to teach her grandmother. In a few days, the grandmother could read the Alphabet.

On the day of Durga Puja, she read the title of the book, KaashiYatra, on her own. The author gave her a copy of the book KaashiYatra and grandmother touched her feet in respect; as she was a student touching the feet of her teacher.

Q 3 Read the following passage carefully and answer the questions given at the end. (20)

The New Year is the time for resolution. Mentally, at least most of us could compile formidable lists of 'do's and 'don'ts'. The same old favorites recur year in and year out with the children, do a thousand and one job about the house, be nice to people we don't like, drive carefully, and take the dog for a walk every day. Past experience has taught us that certain accomplishments are beyond attainment. If we remain deep rooted liars, it is only because we have so often experienced the frustration that results from failure. Most of us fail in our efforts at self-improvement because our schemes are too ambitious and we never have time to carry them out. We also make the fundamental error of announcing our resolution to everybody so that we look even more foolish when we slip back into our bad old ways. Aware of these pitfalls, this year I attempted to keep my resolution to myself. I limited myself to two modest ambitions, to do physical exercise every morning and to read more in the evening. An overnight party on New Year's Eve provided me with a good excuse for not carrying out either of these new resolutions on the first day of the year, but on the second, I applied myself assiduously to the task. The daily exercise lasted only eleven minutes and I proposed to do them early in the morning before anyone had got up. The self-discipline required to drag myself out of bed eleven minutes earlier than usual was considerable. Nevertheless, I managed to creep down into the living room for two days before anyone found me out. After jumping about in the carpet and twisted the human frame into uncomfortable positions. I sat down at the breakfast table in an exhausted condition. It was this that betrayed me. The next morning the whole family trooped into watch the performance. That was really unsettling but I fended off the taunts and jibes of the family good humoredly and soon everybody got used to the idea. However, my enthusiasm waned, the time I spent at exercises gradually diminished. Little by little the eleven minutes fell to zero. By January 10th I was back to where I had started from. I argued that if I spent less time exhausting myself at exercises in the morning, I would keep my mind fresh for reading when I got home from work. Resisting the hypnotizing effect of television, I sat in my room for a few evenings with my eyes glued to a book. One night, however, feeling cold and lonely, I went downstairs and sat in front of the television pretending to read. That proved to be my undoing, for I soon got back to the old bad habit of dozing off in front of the screen. I still haven't given up my resolution to do more reading. In fact, I have just bought a book entitled 'How to Read a Thousand Words a Minute'. Perhaps it will solve my problem, but I just have not had time to read it.

### Questions

1. Why most of us fail in our efforts for self-improvement?



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# SUPPLEMENT

Name of Examination: SSC / HSC Part I - II 20  
Annual/Supplementary

Subject \_\_\_\_\_ Paper \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_ Signature of Examiner \_\_\_\_\_

Serial No. \_\_\_\_\_

Seat No. \_\_\_\_\_

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Space for affixing Centre Seal  
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## Honour of a teacher

The writer helped his grandmother to read Sudha Murthy's stories and reminded old-days of teaching. The past era without technology made people interested in Kannada magazine. Kashi Yatra's novel attracted grandmother quoted by educational focus. But early-marriage left it a dream. Grandmother became dependent on author. The writer taught his grandmother and she read the book name Kaashi Yatra. The writer presented Kaashi Yatra's book and grandmother respected by feet-touching as a student. Thereby grandmother respected her teacher.

(Total words in the passage = 260)  
(Words written in précis = 83)

there is no coherence or sense of any of the sentences  
read the passage again 0/20