

24/30

Q3:- Pair of Words

(i) **Moat**: They dug up the moat surrounding the fortress. ✓
Motes: I can clearly see the motes in the ray of sunlight. ✓

(ii) **Callous**: His callous comments made me feel heartbroken. ✓

10 **Callus**: I cut down the callus on my fingers from the nailcutter. ✓

(i) **Altogether**: I was altogether sentimental. ✓
All together: Let's dance all together. ✓

(ii) **allude**: He alluded to the idea of getting job without explicitly saying it. ✓
elude:

The thief eluded from the custody of police. ✓

(iii) **Braise**: I braised the meat until it was tender. ✓

Braze: The plumber braized the wires together. ✓

Q2:- Voices

(i) The result will be announced by the Committee next Monday. ✓

(ii) The professor's briefcase has been stolen from the Staff room. ✓

(iii) The new Syllabus was being prepared before the inspection. ✓

(iv) By whom will the Keynote address be delivered at the Symposium? ✓

(iv) It is said that these lines were composed by the poet on a train

(B) Narrations

3 John greeted Sara in the afternoon and noticed she was still buried in ~~the~~ her books. He suggested that she take a little rest and join them for a walk along the river. Sara replied that she wished she could, but the examination was looming on her head and every minute felt precious. John sympathized with her and made her realization of losing her joy of youth and remarked that he could not understand how she endured such constant pressure. Sara explained that it was not merely the examination she worked for but the discipline and knowledge that came with sincere study. John reminded her that life was not all books and seriousness as wasy mind could grow dull and unproductive. Sara conceded to the fact but added that temporary weariness was a small price to pay for the satisfaction of achieving what one had set his heart upon.

Q.1: Punctuation

1 It was almost midnight when the young scholar returned to his rooms. He had left them in a state of revolt: piles of books lay like islands in a turbulent sea, papers fluttered on the floor as if impatient to be read; and on the desk, a single lamp burned its halo, warming a photograph of his grandmother, which seemed to smile even in such disorder. Who would have thought she once peddled tales to children in the village, he wondered? Would she have laughed at his neat theories, written now in the margins of a book?