

ශ්‍රී ලංකා විභාග දෙපාර්තමේන්තුව ශ්‍රී ලංකා විභාග දෙපාර්තමේන්තුව ශ්‍රී ලංකා විභාග දෙපාර්තමේන්තුව ශ්‍රී ලංකා විභාග දෙපාර්තමේන්තුව ශ්‍රී ලංකා විභාග දෙපාර්තමේන්තුව
 இலங்கைப் பரீட்சைத் திணைக்களம் இலங்கைப் பரීட்சைத் திணைக்களம் இலங்கைப் பரීட்சைத் திணைக்களம் இலங்கைப் பரීட்சைத் திணைக்களம் இலங்கைப் பரීட்சைத் திணைக்களம்
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අධ්‍යයන පොදු සහතික පත්‍ර (උසස් පෙළ) විභාගය, 2022(2023)
 கல்விப் பொதுத் தராதரப் பத்திர (உயர் தர)ப் பரீட்சை, 2022(2023)
 General Certificate of Education (Adv. Level) Examination, 2022(2023)

ඉංග්‍රීසි II
 அங்கிலம் II
 English II

73 E II

පැය තුනයි
 மூன்று மணித்தியாலம்
 Three hours

අමතර කියවීමේ කාලය - මිනිත්තු 10 යි
 மேலதிக வாசிப்பு நேரம் - 10 நிமிடங்கள்
 Additional Reading Time - 10 minutes

Use the **additional reading time** to go through the question paper, select the questions you will answer, and decide which of them you will prioritise.

Instructions:

* This question paper consists of **four** questions. All questions are compulsory.

1. Write a composition on **ONE** of the following topics, paying attention to relevant facts and supporting evidence, structure, organization, coherent argument, accurate language and expression. (30 marks)

- (1) "In politics there are no permanent friends or permanent enemies, only permanent interests."
How well does this statement describe today's global reality?
- (2) The belief in superstition, myth, and the occult can easily coexist with reason, science and progress in Sri Lanka. Do you agree?
- (3) Write a story that incorporates the idea "if not for the sheer absurdity of his request, I would have gone through with it, but I was proven wrong."
- (4) Write a review of a film that successfully challenges cultural norms and values in Sri Lanka.
- (5) Write a report on Sri Lanka's Tourist Industry since 2019.

2. Reading comprehension and précis.

(a) Read the following passage and answer the questions given below it. (10 marks)

① For many writers this question [of the writer's responsibility] does not arise. If there is one dogma which has gained the support of the majority of writers in this century and the last, it is the dogma of the absolute independence of the artist. It seems to be agreed, once and for all, that a work of art has no object outside itself. It only counts in so far as it is gratuitous or useless: anything written to prove a point or to be of use is disqualified from the realm of art. Gide says that 'the moral issue for the artist is not that he should present an idea that is useful but that he should present an idea well.'

② But we can be sure that this would not have to be said so persistently and so often by some writers if it were not vigorously contradicted by others. In fact, from the other end of the literary world comes a ceaseless protest against the pretensions to absolute independence on the part of the artist. [. . .] Then, between these two opposing camps, there is the huge crowd of novelists who fluctuate and hesitate. On the one hand, they admit that their work is valuable inasmuch as it apprehends living humans in their completeness, in their heights and in their depths – the human creature as s/he is. [. . .] They feel a **sincere revulsion against falsifying life**. On the other hand, they know that they are treading on dangerous

ground, and that their intense desire to depict human emotions and passions may have an incalculable and permanent effect on the lives of many people. [. . .]

- ③ Recently, a review posed the question: 'Why do you write?' to the literary world. The majority who answered merely tried to be witty; Paul Morand, for instance, said: 'To be rich and esteemed.' He was making fun of **the whole thing** by confusing immediate motives with deep motives.
- ④ The deep motive seems to lie in the instinct which urges us not to be alone. A writer is essentially a person who will not be resigned to solitude. Each of us is like a desert, and a literary work is like a cry from the desert, or like a pigeon let loose with a message in its claws, or like a bottle thrown into the sea. The point is to be heard – even if by a single person. And the point is that our thoughts and, if we are novelists, our characters should be understood and loved and welcomed by other intelligences and other hearts. Authors who assure you that they write for themselves alone and that they do not care whether they are heard or not are boasters and are deceiving either themselves or you. [...]
- ⑤ Artists, and particularly writers, are the most squeamish people in the world, and at the same time the most hungry for praise. Indeed, it is impossible for writers to be sated with compliments – and they must not be despised for this because, as often as not, their great need of praise is due to a lack of confidence in themselves, and their longing for reassurance is due to a feeling that their work is worthless.

Adapted from Mauriac, Francois. *God and Mammon* [540 words]

Write the **letter** of the correct answer in your answer script against the **number of the relevant question**.

- (1) According to the passage, the question that is hardly ever asked by writers is
 - (a) the dogma that writers are independent.
 - (b) whether the majority of writers are dogmatic.
 - (c) the absolute independence of the artist.
 - (d) what responsibility they have to society.
- (2) What, according to the author, follows from the belief that the work of art is an end in itself?
 - (a) All art is inherently useful to society.
 - (b) All creative expression that serves a specific purpose cannot be called art.
 - (c) Art must be absolutely independent from the artist who creates it.
 - (d) Art that is not moral must be disqualified.
- (3) The camp that seeks to refute the claim for artistic independence holds that
 - (a) there is a responsibility to accurately represent the diverse ways humans live.
 - (b) fluctuation and hesitation are important artistic qualities.
 - (c) absolute independence leads to treading on dangerous ground.
 - (d) the intense desire to depict human emotions can result in serious consequences on people.

- (4) The phrase “a sincere revulsion against falsifying life” (paragraph 2) is closest in meaning to
- (a) dislike of artists misleading ordinary people about their lives.
 - (b) the honest hatred against telling lies for artistic benefit.
 - (c) the genuine aversion to distorting reality through artistic expression.
 - (d) anger against fabricating stories about people.
- (5) Which one of the following explanations best captures the reason why an author’s desire to depict human emotions and passions may have strong and unpredictable impacts on the lives of some people?
- (a) People reading this work may wish to imitate what the characters do in the story.
 - (b) Readers may form biases and prejudices against certain types of characters and situations.
 - (c) The unvarnished truth about human feelings and desires may be too much to handle for some people.
 - (d) All of the above.
- (6) Paul Morand who claims that he is a writer because he desires to be rich and esteemed is
- (a) expressing his long-term motive instead of his short-term motive.
 - (b) poking fun at the question by confusing his motives.
 - (c) a famous novelist who has achieved his immediate and deep desires in this respect.
 - (d) deliberately offering immediate motives instead of deeper ones in order to ridicule the question.
- (7) The phrase “the whole thing” as used in paragraph 3 refers to
- (a) the reasons writers have for writing.
 - (b) the literary world.
 - (c) the majority who wanted to be witty.
 - (d) the attempt to find a single answer to the question as to why writers write.
- (8) Why, according to the author, are writers who claim to be writing for themselves self-deceiving or misleading others?
- (a) They are all like voices in the desert.
 - (b) They all wish to be valued and accepted by at least one reader.
 - (c) They secretly want to be rich and esteemed.
 - (d) They welcome other intelligences and hearts to read their work.
- (9) Writers need unending accolades because
- (a) they are hungry for praise.
 - (b) they are low in self-esteem and undervalue their creativity.
 - (c) they cannot be sated with compliments.
 - (d) they are wrongly despised due to their lack of confidence.
- (10) The main objective of this passage is to
- (a) explore the motivations and psychology of writers.
 - (b) explain why writers want to be well-liked.
 - (c) compare writing to speaking with at least one other person.
 - (d) expose certain myths about writers and writing.

- (b) Write a **précis**, summarising the passage given in question No. 2 above, following the instructions given below. Use **your own words as far as possible**. (20 marks)
- (1) Begin the précis on a **new sheet**. Divide your page into **5 columns**, and number the lines.
 - (2) Write the précis within the following word range: **175—185 words**.
 - (3) State the **number of words** you have used in your précis.
3. Read the following passage and answer the questions given below it, using **your own words** as far as possible. Provide specific examples from the text to support your point of view. (20 marks)

The Track in the Middle of the Forest

When Grandpa learned I was leaving for America to study, he wrote me a goodbye note. "You rotten capitalist pig," the note read, "have a safe flight. Love, Grandpa." It was written on a creased red ballot from the 1991 elections, which was a cornerstone in Grandpa's Communist ballot collection, and it bore the signature of everybody in the village of Leningrad. I was touched to receive such an honor, so I sat down, took out a one-dollar bill, and wrote Grandpa the following reply: "You communist dupe, thanks for the letter. I'm leaving tomorrow, and when I get there, I'll try to marry an American woman ASAP. I'll be sure to have lots of American children. Love, your grandson."

There was no good reason for me to be in America. Back home I wasn't starving, at least not in the corporeal sense. No war had driven me away or stranded me on foreign shores. I left because I could, because I carried in my blood the rabies of the West. In high school [...] I studied English. I memorized words and grammar rules and practiced tongue twisters, specifically designed for Eastern Europeans. *Remember the money*, I repeated over and over again down the street, under the shower, even in my sleep. *Remember the money, remember the money, remember the money*. Phrases like this, I'd heard, helped you break your tongue.

My parents must have been proud to have such a studious son. But no matter how good my grades, Grandpa never brought himself to share their sentiments. He despised the West, its moral degradation and lack of values. As a child, I could only read those books he deemed appropriate. [...] The English language, Grandpa insisted, was a rabid dog, and sometimes a single bite was all it took for its poison to reach your brain. [...]

There was something exhilarating about teasing Grandpa. On the one hand, I was ashamed, but on the other . . . Sometimes of course, I went too far and he tried to smack me with his cane. "Why aren't you five again?" he'd say. "I'd make your ears like a donkey's."

It was not the teasing but the sight of me hunched over an abridged edition of the *Oxford English Dictionary* that finally drove Grandpa back to his native village. When my father asked for an explanation, he could not let himself admit the real reason. "I'm tired of looking at walls," he said instead. "I'm tired of watching the sparrows shit. I need my Balkan slopes, my river. I need to tidy your mother's grave." We said nothing on parting. He shook my hand.

Without Grandpa to distract me, I focused on my studies. It had become popular at that time for kids to take the SAT and try their luck abroad. Early in the spring of 1999 I got admitted to the University of Arkansas, and my scores were good enough to earn me a full scholarship, room and board, even a plane ticket. [...]

I made it a point of talking to Grandpa twice a month. At first we spoke of little things. He told me of re-arranging his collection of Communist artifacts, of reading *The Modern Woman* at Grandma's grave. For thirty years, he said, she had received this magazine once a month and he didn't want to break the cycle. "Although," he told me once, "I'm slightly tired of weight loss diets and relationship advice. Three rules for dating, three steps for getting slim. Nowadays, Grandson, there are three easy steps for everything under the sun." [...]

"I've failed you," he said. "Sometimes I think that you went away just to spite me."

I told him that, contrary to what he thought, he was not the center of the world. I got along with my American friends handsomely, I felt at home.

"Bullshit," he said. "You hate it there."

My loneliness rose up in me like steam over a barren field. I choked with rage. Surely, he had no way of knowing that these friends I spoke of did not exist? That I hadn't left my room in days?

"You are a stubborn mule, Grandpa," I declared. "Give up already. Burn your collection of artifacts, your books. The past is dead."

"Ideals never die," he said.

"But people do. Or what, you think you'll live forever?"

I knew it was wrong of me to say such things, but I wanted to hurt him. And when he laughed, I knew I had. [...]

"Grandpa," I said once, squeezing the receiver. "I have been thinking. How about you recommend a book?"

"A book?" he said. "I thought you hated my books."

I told him to forget it.

"Is the prodigal son doing an about-face?"

"I'm hanging up."

But I didn't. We were quiet for a while. I could tell he was choosing his words carefully. "I'll give you something better than a book," he said at last. "I'll give you three easy steps."

"First," Grandpa told me, "you need to learn who Lenin really was. Obtain volume thirty-seven of his collected works." [...]

"I'm getting old," he said. "I feel pinching in my arm and leg. Surely a new stroke waits for me around the corner. So I've been thinking. You are a good boy, my son, but I failed you. You have all the right to mock me."

I had relished mocking him once, I said, but not any longer. "tell me the third step. I need to know."

"Step three," he said after some thought. "Come home."

Adapted from Penkov, Miroslav. *East of the West: A Country of Stories*

- (1) What was the nature of the relationship between the grandfather and grandson in the period before the young man went to the US to study? (03 marks)
- (2) How and why did this relationship change by the end of the story? (04 marks)
- (3) What does the sentence "My loneliness rose up in me like steam over a barren field" convey to you? (04 marks)
- (4) What is the narrative function of the dialogues between the grandfather and grandson, and how effectively do these exchanges take the story forward? (04 marks)
- (5) What, in your view, are the main themes of this story? (05 marks)

4. Read the following poem and answer the questions given below it, using **your own words** as far as possible. Provide specific examples from the text to support your point of view. (20 marks)

A Story

Like pure milk is my love,
Like old rice of many years.
Scrubbed and washed the earthen pot of my heart.

The world is like wet firewood,
Everything dim with smoke.
The night is like a brass bowl,
The moon's silver coating worn,
Imagination's faded.

Dreams gone rancid,
And sleep turned bitter.

On the finger of life
Memories tighten like a troublesome ring.
As if from the goldsmith of time
Grains of sand have slipped between.

Love's body is shrinking
How do I sew a shirt of song?
The thread of my thoughts is all tangled,
The needle of my pen broken,
The whole story – lost

Amrita Pritam (translated from Hindi)

- (1) How does the poet contrast the feelings of the woman with the state of the world? (03 marks)
- (2) What do you understand by the following lines: "On the finger of life / Memories tighten like a troublesome ring"? (04 marks)
- (3) In this poem, how effective is the sustained use of metaphors related to domestic work? (04 marks)
- (4) Is this a story of one woman or many? (04 marks)
- (5) Why, in your view, does the poet say that the whole story is lost? (05 marks)

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