

Tribhuvan University

2082 (Regular)

Bachelor Level 4 Yrs. Prog. / Humanities / I Year

Reading and Writing in English

Comp. Engl. (401)

Full Marks: 70

Time: 3 hrs.

Candidates are required to give their answers in their own words as far as practicable.

The figures in the margin indicate full marks.

Group A: Long Answer Questions [2×15=30]

Attempt any TWO questions but question no. 2 is compulsory.

1. Should firms pay interns for the latter's service? Write an essay arguing for your position on this issue.

2. Apply four levels of reading to Kate Chopin's short story "Story of an Hour" given below.

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical

exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will--as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been. When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under her breath: "free, free, free!" The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to

dismiss the suggestion as trivial. She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him--sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

"Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. "Louise, open the door! I beg, open the door--you will make yourself ill. What are you doing Louise? For heaven's sake open the door." "Go away. I am not making myself ill." No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Someone was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly

carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been at the scene of accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease-- of joy that kills.

3. How do you write a body paragraph of an argumentative essay? Illustrate with an example.

Group B: Short Questions [04×10=40]

Answer any FOUR questions, but the question no. 5 is compulsory.

4. Make notes of the following passage by using headings and sub-headings:

It was rarely quiet around me, yet I barely noticed. Then in 2023, I went to a solo writing retreat to avoid distractions at home. I started writing fiction again for the first time in more than a decade, and it felt *incredible*. I felt like I'd accomplished something creative for the first time in a long time. But the penny still hadn't dropped.

When I got home, the nonstop noise started up again. I didn't realise how much "harmless background noise" was hurting me until one day I noticed the sound of silence. Standing in the shower without my phone playing something in the background, I suddenly realised I could *hear myself think*. Ideas flew to me -- phrases and lines I wanted to use in fiction short stories, inspiration for pitches to send to publications. I had been unwittingly drowning my creativity in a self-made sea of sound and I realised I had to stop.

The noise wasn't just killing my creativity; it was crushing my productivity. Every project I took on from a client or creative thoughts I wanted to get down "on paper" took twice as long. Ideas came slower or not at all. None of us are strangers to the

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negative effects of sound. Studies have shown that noise pollution plays a role in common health issues like heart disease and high blood pressure, along with surprising ones like low birth weight. One researcher has even gone so far as to describe our sound obsession as "aural litter": "If you could see what you hear, it would look like piles and piles of McDonald's wrappers, just thrown out the window as we go driving down the road."

I'm no scientist, but it seems clear to me that the more sound we allow to surround us as a society, the less connected we become to one another. We lose our desire to truly converse with our friends or partners, replacing our relationships with podcasts, talk shows, and never-ending social and news updates. We rely more and more on external input rather than looking within ourselves, cutting off our inner telephone wires and forgetting the sound of our intuitive voices – the ones that drive our decisions, creativity and how we view the world around us.

Realizing what my noise habit was doing to me was the wake-up call I needed. I've drastically cut down on YouTube. I no longer take my phone into the shower, don't listen to news clips while doing chores, and avoid having my earbuds in while I'm walking or commuting. I limit "writing background noise" to instrumental music, if anything at all. And when I'm tempted to turn something on that I know won't help me, I pack up my MacBook and head to a favourite coffee shop for a few hours to work instead. Sometimes, I simply sit in silence for a few minutes and let my mind wander – to really *feel* it and the impact it's made on my writing life.

On election night 2024, I happened to be home in the US. Walking through Times Square in New York City on the way back to my hotel, I watched screens scroll through early presidential results. I took out my phone and turned on a "no news" focus I'd made weeks before. I didn't want to be pulled in

by the horror I assumed was coming; I wanted to preserve the quiet space I'd finally found and keep it sacred.

These moments shouldn't have been such epiphanic discoveries, but they were: I need – no, *crave* – more silence in my life. My creativity suffocates without it. Sometimes, it's still difficult to choose silence over noise, but the outcome is well worth the sacrifice of sound

Read the following passage and answer the questions given below:

A group of authors has accused Microsoft of using nearly 200,000 pirated books to create an artificial intelligence model the latest allegation in the long legal fight over copyrighted works between creative professionals and technology companies.

Kai Bird, Jia Tolentino, Daniel Okrent and several others alleged that Microsoft used pirated digital versions of their books to teach its AI to respond to human prompts. Their lawsuit, filed in New York federal court on Tuesday, is one of several high-stakes cases brought by authors, news outlets and other copyright holders against tech companies including Meta Platforms, Anthropic and Microsoft-backed Open AI over alleged misuse of their material in AI training.

The authors requested a court order blocking Microsoft's infringement and statutory damages of up to \$ 150,000 for each work that Microsoft allegedly misused.

Generative artificial intelligence products like Megatron produce text, music, images and videos in response to users' prompts. To create these models, software engineers a mass enormous databases of media to program the AI to produce similar output.

The writers alleged in the complaint that Microsoft used a collection of nearly 200,000 pirated books to train Megatron, an

AI product that gives text responses to user prompts. The complaint said Microsoft used the pirated data set to create a "coputer model that is not only built on the work of thousands of creators and authors, but also built to generate a wide range of expectation that mimics the syntax, voice, and themes of the copy righted works on which it was trained."

Spokespeople for Microsoft did not immediately respond to a request for comment on the lawsuit. An attorney for the authors declined to comment.

The complaint against Microsoft came a day after a California federal judge ruled that Anthropic made fair use under US copyright law of authors' material to train its AI systems but may still be liable for pirating their books. It was the first US decision on the legality of using copyrighted materials without permission for generative AI training. The day the complaint against Microsoft was filed, a California judge ruled in favor of Meta in a similar dispute over the use of copyrighted books used to train its AI models, though he attributed his ruling more to the plaintiffs' poor arguments than the strength of the tech giant's defense.

The legal fight over copyright and AI began soon after the debut of ChatGPT and encompasses several different types of media. *The New York Times* has sued Open ai for copyright infringement on its archive of articles; Dow Jones, parent company of the Wall Street Journal and the New York Post, has filed a similar suit against Perplexity AI Major record labels have sued companies making AI-powered music generators Photography company Getty Images has filed suit against Stability AI over the startup's text-to-image product. Just last week, Disney and NBC Universal sued Midjourney, which offers a popular AI image generators, for alleged misuse of some of the world's most famous movie and TV characters.

Tech companies have argued that they make fair use of copyrighted material to create new, transformative content, and that being forced to pay copyright holders for their work could hamstring the burgeoning AI industry. Sam Altman, CEO of Open AI, said that the creation of ChatGPT would have been "impossible" without the use of copyrighted works.

Questions:

- a. What has a group of authors accuse AI of?
- b. How, according to these authors, does Microsoft use their books?
- c. What is Megatron?
- d. Why has *The New York Times* filed a suit against Open AI?
- e. What do tech companies say in defense of their use of copyrighted materials?

6. Answer the following questions briefly and to the point:

- a. How does the government define work in Smith-Yackel's "My Mother never Worked"? [2]
- b. With reference to Amy Chua's essay "Why Chinese Mothers are Superior," Compare and contrast the Chinese mothers to the American mothers in terms of raising their children. [4]
- c. According to Engber, What is the public's attitude toward taxing junk food and soda? How does he support this generalization? [4]

7. Daniel Goleman says, "True compassion means not only feeling another's pain but also being moved to help relieve it." Examine this statement with reference to Rafe Martin's "The Brave Little Parrot."

8. Give the meanings of any FIVE of the following words and then use each of them in sentences of your own (in the same sense of meaning you have given):
alleviate, repugnant, tenacity, scrutiny, fodder, intricate.