

# MT EDUCARE LTD.

ICSE X

SUBJECT : **ENGLISH PAPER I**

BOARD PAPER - 2015

ANSWERSHEET

## Answers 1.

- (a) **An original story that begins with the words: "He was the funniest boy I had ever met. He would make everyone laugh"**

He was the funniest boy I had ever met. He would make everyone laugh till they rolled on the floor. He was equally smart and witty, and his one liners definitely packed a punch. There was no one in the school who did not know Manish Nair. He was just like me. He was my best friend at school.

But 'was' is a very strong term, that not only shows the tense, but also that the thing no longer exists. We played cricket, failed in the mathematics exams together, participated in extracurricular activities and acted in the annual plays. We were both all-rounders and best friends. However, there was one more side to us which no one knew about. We were not really as good as all thought us to be. We had a little secret. We loved to play pranks on others. We planned, we experimented and finally we implemented. We were so good at what we did that no one ever suspected us of the action. The entire school was left baffled every time we pulled off a prank as the prankster would never be caught. On one such occasion, all the teachers found their attendance registers missing. All the children cheered with joy when the news reached them. Some of them even ran off home as they knew that they could not be marked absent without the registers. The entire school was searched but to no avail. This trick worked well till our very own friend Jay told the teachers that he heard us speaking about the registers. We were caught and asked to confess. We finally accepted our mischief and apologised for the same. We were forgiven and let off with a final warning to not repeat that stuff again. Our mischief was pardoned taking into consideration our adorable nature, perhaps. That is when we realised that being smart did not give us the right to play pranks on others and that every action had a consequence. We improved on our mistakes, but never lost our charm to make people laugh and see people happy around us.

We are still remembered as the funniest pair in the school, and are always welcomed with a broad smile every time we visit school. But like I said, the word 'was' is a strong term and it has been almost eight years since we passed out from school. Times have changed and so has our equation with one another. We once made everyone laugh together, now the word together isn't there anymore. We had

a fallout a few days after we passed out from school but we are still amicable to one another and we still don't let people know that we aren't the best of friends anymore. Because what matters to us is to see happy faces around, and what is more satisfying is that when we know that, that happiness is because of us. But however sour our equation has become, for me, Manish Nair will always be the funniest person I have ever met.

[25]

**(b) A stressful journey and a lesson learnt the hard way.**

"Remember to set the alarm, Jay." I was aghast because my mother always treated me like a toddler. I found it impossible to deal with her patiently. I had moved to Mumbai from Pune after I got into the Mumbai University for a course in English Literature. I moved into a PG accommodation close to the college to reduce the time spent in commuting.

I had decided to go home once a month to meet my family. The first trip home soon arrived. The college was luckily going to be closed from Friday to Sunday, and I grabbed this chance to book my ticket to Pune by the Deccan Express. The train leaves from Mumbai Chhatrapati Shivaji Terminus at about 5:40 am, and so I set the alarm to 4:45 am so that I could get ready and leave with my luggage comfortably for a perfect weekend with my family. It was on the night before the trip back home, that my mom called and mocked me for being a careless child. She told me to set the alarm for the next morning. I lived in an old building which suffered from old age pangs. There were frequent power cuts and water issues, and I was already getting tired of moving away despite it being just a month away from home. So on that fateful night, as I was falling asleep, there was a short circuit in my bathroom and I had to call up the owner to tell him that I was going to be away for the weekend. He asked me to call up the secretary of the society and hand him over the keys of the flat so that the short circuit could be fixed. It was way past midnight by the time I returned to bed. When the alarm rang, I thought I had fallen asleep just an hour ago. I somehow dragged myself out of the bed and reached out for the clock. I tried switching off the alarm sleepily till I saw the time. I had set an alarm for 4:45 am, but the time was 5:45 am. I was late! I had no clue how it happened. I jumped out of my bed and got into any clothes I could put my leg into. I picked my bag and got out of the house and into the lane which would take me to the CST station in 5 minutes. I was running towards the station in a frenzy when I realised that the train must have already left the station. I started running towards a BEST bus and stood in front of it waving my hands at the driver. The bus was headed to Dadar and that was the next stop, where the train would stop. The driver looked at me, panting for breath and asked me to sit and get a ticket. As the bus halted at Dadar, I jumped out and started running towards the station. It was 6 o'clock and I wasn't sure if I could catch the train

from Dadar either. After all, the train does not have to face issues of traffic jams like buses have to, and that makes it one of the faster option for commuters all over India. And here I was in one of the slowest modes of transport, trying to catch up with one of the fastest. I was about to call up mom and tell her that I wouldn't be able to come as I stepped into the station, I heard the announcement about the Deccan Express' delay in reaching Dadar. I rushed to the platform and to my relief, the train was chugging in to the Dadar station. Phew! In the nick of time. I rushed into my coach and caught my breath, which I hadn't right from the time I saw the alarm ring at 5:45am. I should have listened to mom. I vowed to be more careful and listen to her. After all, mums are always right, I was still a toddler who couldn't even set the alarm right.

[25]

**(c) Co-education versus Same sex schools**

People these day, are drawn to schools offering co-education as it has become a sign of open mindedness. Co-education schools are schools which admit both girls and boys to be their students, and there is a lot more interaction between the genders in co-education schools. However, parents need to understand that selecting a school for their child is a very important responsibility which should not be overshadowed by their attempt of creating an image of themselves. Schools should be chosen for their extra-curricular activities, discipline values taught by the school, the quality of teachers and the values it instills in its students.

But for a lot of parents, once the above criteria is fulfilled, there is the big hurdle of whether to choose a same sex school, or a co-education for their ward. All-girl schools or all-boy schools are aplenty in the city, and deciding among one of those is certainly a personal choice since each type of education system has its pros and cons. Co-education systems are economical and generate a spirit of comradeship between boys and girls. Same-sex schools, on the other hand, are accused by many as increasing gender discrimination. Student diversity suffers at same-sex schools, since a child spends fifteen initial years of her/his life mingling with the same gender, and some even make it their comfort zone. This later poses a problem when it comes to interacting with the opposite sex. It may be easier for students to participate actively and do well academically at a single sex institution. However, the world outside is not single sex. The world, where we prepare our children to go and live, includes people of both sexes and interaction between them is of paramount importance. Therefore, when students step out of a same sex school, it may prove difficult for them to adjust to a co-ed work atmosphere after they graduate.

On the other hand, students from co-ed schools are comfortable talking to people of the opposite sex and are not intimidated by their presence, because they have been in the constancy of having people from both

sexes right from a tender age at school. Same-sex schools may promote gender bias in a country like India. In a coeducation system, there is no discrimination between boys and girls. Co-education can become a medium to promote equality between the two sexes. These schools stress at gender-specific teaching where boys and girls are sensitised towards each other. In a same-sex school, the absence of the opposite sex will make it difficult for either one to understand the other person of the opposite sex, making them sometimes stringent and biased in their views about them. This leads to problems later in life.

Co-education is a boon to a country where there is already a lot of biases that exist based on religion, region and caste. It will help build a better nation, a nation whose children aren't biased, at least on the basis of gender. It also brings them more in-tune with competition that can or may exist. Girls usually excel at academics, and boys have an upper hand usually when it comes to sport. This disparity can be reduced at co-education schools, where girls could look to compete with boys at sport, and boys could go toe to toe with girls as far as academics is concerned . All in all, co-education seems to be a more compelling package as it generates a spirit of comradeship among students and prepares them for the world, as the world exists.

[25]

**(d) The breath-taking view outside my window.**

I live in Mumbai, a city known for its bustling population, busy lifestyle and pollution. However, the surrounding that I live in, especially the view from my window, is like heaven on Earth. My bedroom window opens on the side of the rising Sun. Every morning, the rays of the Sun, like gold dust, wake me with the promise of a beginning filled with renewed hope. The light hits my face directly and it could be called as the best person to ever wake you up to live a day full of energy and enthusiasm. I hear the lovely sound of chirping birds before I see them bouncing on the branches of the Gulmohar tree, as soon as I wake up. The changing seasons are announced by the changes in the massive tree peeping through my window.

The chatter of children hurrying to schools travels through my window as the day progresses is another sight and sound to behold. Children, like birds are chirpy and engrossed within themselves and their uncanny ability to look beyond what the world thinks of them, makes them adorable. I see ladies who hang their clothes outside their respective windows to use solar energy for purposes India is renowned for. Men offer water to the Sun god and proceed to do their other chores. The husband comes out to enjoy the fragrance of a new day—sitting in the gallery, enjoying a hot cup of tea and catching up on the latest news by reading a newspaper. Then, there are the retired old people with a heart as young as a teenager, who set out on their morning walk and sipping on a glass of tea at the local tea

shop, chatting their heart out with each other, with no pressure whatsoever of having any responsibilities anymore. A well-deserved break I would say, for carrying the load of the entire family for sixty long years.

The children of the building are very fond of playing in the building compound, and envision it as their own little cricket stadium. Every evening, they come to play outside in the compound, while their mothers and other people look at them while they talk to each other awaiting their husbands to be back home as the sun sets. The day thus comes to an end with the arrival of the man of the house bringing smiles to the faces of everyone, and thus everyone retires back to their own houses. A view that is usual from many a Indian windows, yet the view is quite spectacular and each window tells a different story, like mine.

[25]

**(e) Picture Composition**

I had been to a wildlife sanctuary recently. Among all the animals, I saw a tiger seated on a branch of a tree caught my attention. I asked the guide why he was the only one and why there were no other tigers around him. While I awaited his reply, I remembered the advertisement on TV which said that only 1400 tigers left in India. A specie so magnificent, so bright was on the verge of extinction. And that jolted me as the man started narrating about the tiger.

The man said that two days ago a group of poachers killed a tigress and injured her cubs. The forest officers had chased them down and nabbed them deep in the forest. The tigress and her cubs shared the enclosure with the tiger, Vijay. The two had been brought together under the Tiger Conservation Programme, last year, and Vijay had fathered the cubs. Vijay was quite fond of the cubs and would play with them often. The guide also said that the two cubs were showing poor signs of recovery and this was probably because of the trauma of seeing their mother being killed by the poachers. "Vijay sat up there all the time," the guide said, "He hasn't come down for food since the last two days."

Although this was strange in the beginning, the guide told me that the branch overlooked the enclosure where the cubs were. Vijay kept a close watch on the cubs. In fact, the caretakers had to bring the cubs outside and place them in his enclosure so that he climbed down and ate his meals. "Did it work?" I asked the guide. "Yes, but it was very risky. The cubs were with the caretakers who volunteered to sit with them. Vijay was both hungry and agonised to see his cubs injured and weak. He could have attacked the caretakers. But all that he did was come closer to the cubs and lick them affectionately. He nudged the two caretakers softly as if acknowledging their concern for the cubs." The cubs were reported to be much better after a short meeting with their father. Hopefully they will recover soon and bring Vijay out of his misery.

A tiger is the largest of all the Asian big cats. Unfortunately, over the last 100 years, they have lost 93% of their historic range and are today at an all-time low. The big cat has always been admired and feared at the same time, and is a great hunt for poachers and hunters. Their habitat is being destroyed by human activities. Every part of the tiger—from the whisker to the tail—is traded in illegal markets. I have grown up on stories of tigers being wild, dangerous animals, with ferocious teeth, and eyes as scary as it could ever get. The white tiger of the Sunderbans are a sight to behold for anybody, and seeing their population subside makes me cry from within. The Indian Government is doing all it can to make sure that tigers are safe and well protected. And although there is an improvement in their condition, these kind of pictures make us sad and snap us back to sad future where the tiger, like the dinosaur, might just be an extinct species of animal. Stop poaching tiger, stop hunting on them. Let the balance of ecology and nature be sustained. Let's not just have pictures of tigers to show our kids. Let's show them real tigers.[25]

**Answers 2.**

(a) 4/A, Neelkanth Society  
Malad (West)  
Mumbai- 400064.  
3<sup>rd</sup> March, 2014.



The Principal  
Paradigm School  
Malad (West)  
Mumbai-400064.

Subject: Extension in the break-time (recess)

Respected Sir,

I, Raj Patil, am a student of your school and study in standard tenth, division B. I write to you today with regards to the break time being too less for students.

The current break time (recess) is only fifteen minutes which is insufficient, as majority of the students are unable to complete their food in the allotted time. There are some students who have to go down to the canteen, located on the ground floor and it takes quite a lot of time, for which fifteen minutes do not suffice. Eating in a jiffy can also cause a lot of health concerns in the near future which could prove dangerous.

I have a suggestion wherein we could increase the duration of the recess from fifteen minutes to half an hour. This increase in time will ensure that the students get adequate time to finish their lunch, and also go down to the canteen and come back to the class

in time. Moreover, recess is a break time for many students and serves as a break and refreshes the mind of the students from the strenuous lectures that are continuous.

Hope you will consider my request for increase in the duration of the recess, which will become a boon to me and all the students alike.

Thanking you in anticipation.

Yours truly,  
Raj Patil.

[10]

- (b) 4/A, Neelkanth Society  
Malad (West)  
Mumbai- 400064.  
15<sup>th</sup> September, 2014.

Dearest Aunty,

Hope this letter finds you in the best of health and I hope uncle is doing fine too. I am actually stoked as I am writing this letter, as I am going to tell you regarding a special prize that is being given to me by my school at the Annual Day event.

The reason I am being given this award is because I have stood first at the International Chess Festival, which was held at Chennai, in August. Our school has always motivated us to pursue our ambitions and has been very supportive of it. They also acknowledge our achievements that are not academic in nature.

I am going to be given this special prize at the annual day to be held in the month of October. The special guest at this event is going to be Mr Aamir Khan, who himself is an enthusiastic chess player, and it is going to be an honour to be receive my special prize from him. The competition was tough and I had to play people from all around the globe at the competition, and standing first among them is an achievement in itself, and I feel proud.

Every year, the school bestows this award on only one student, so the competition for it is always tough. There was a national level quiz contest winner and also a cricketer who represented India in the under-19 world cup. To be selected amongst these people, gives me immense joy and satisfaction.

I would request you to come down to Mumbai to see me receiving this award and hence I inform you about this in advance, so that you can make prior arrangements. Yours and uncle's presence at the event will make it even more special for me.

Regards.

Yours lovingly,

Rohan.

[10]

**Answers 3.**

- (a) (i) Moved around with force [1]  
(ii) Adamant [1]  
(iii) Use, useful. [1]
- (b) (i) Swami hoped that an earthquake would bring down the school and reduce it to dust. But the old building, Albert Mission School, had withstood such prayers for over a hundred years now. So Swami's prayers on a Monday morning seemed less likely to be answered. [2]
- (ii) "Nonsense! Dress up and go", was what Swami's father told him when Swami complained of headache. He also asked him to roam around less on Sundays and that would not give him headache. These lines tell us that Swami's father was completely unsympathetic to his son's headache. [2]
- (iii) Swami's mother was more sympathetic towards Swami and his supposed headache. She suggested solutions by which Swami could comfortably reach school, and eventually even gave up and let Swami stay at home. On the contrary, Swami's father had absolute disregard for Swami's headache and forced him to go to school anyway. [2]
- (iv) Swami was aware of his father's adamant nature and knew well that his father would not budge under any circumstance, and would send him to school. He was late and even that excuse seemed to fail in front of his adamant father. The only way to avoid school, then for Swami was to give a colourful account of Mr Samuel. [2]
- (v) When Swami narrated a very colourful tale of Mr Samuel and showed him in bad light in front of his father, he hoped that his father would let him stay at home. But Swami's father took it upon as a challenge and decided instead, that he would now definitely send Swami to school to stop the devilish behaviour of Swami's teacher at school. He also wanted to rusticate Swami's teacher for beating children, which was something Swami never expected his father to do. [2]
- (vi) Swami' father now ordered Swami to go to school late. He saw this as a sort of a challenge against the teacher and the headmaster, who were supposedly inhumane towards children at school. Swami had been ordered to go to school by his father, and was also asked to give a letter to the headmaster. [2]
- (c) (i) Swami said that Mr Samuel is violent especially with late-comers. He once made a boy to stay on his knees for a whole period because he came late. He gave the boy six cuts and twisted his ears. He would cane till he saw blood on the boy's hand which he made the boy apply like a vermilion marking. [8]



- (ii) “Mr Samuel: The supposed devil” would be an apt title for the summary since it is Swami’s false description of Mr Samuel, which he gives just to avoid school. Mr Samuel is a very kind and gentle man portrayed as a devil by Swami. [2]

**Answer :**

- (a) (0) saw [½]  
(1) gazing [½]  
(2) had to go [½]  
(3) returned [½]  
(4) had moved [½]  
(5) crawling [½]  
(6) found [½]  
(7) admiring [½]  
(8) regretted [½]
- (b) (i) outside [½]  
(ii) for [½]  
(iii) from [½]  
(iv) to [½]  
(v) against/on [½]  
(vi) through [½]  
(vii) on [½]  
(viii) down/up [½]
- (c) (i) Although he has learnt to cycle, he has to learn to swim. [1]  
(ii) The child helped her mother to make breakfast by washing the tomatoes. [1]  
(iii) Since they brought a new car, they can travel long distances. [1]  
(iv) Sunita opened her purse to find the money missing. [1]
- (d) (i) Ramesh was given some excellent advice by Arun. [1]  
(ii) No sooner had Sania sat down to study than the lights went off. [1]  
(iii) Have you been written to by Alia? [1]  
(iv) Hardly had the function gotten over that the crowd disappeared. [1]  
(v) No other season in our country is as good as the monsoon. [1]  
(vi) Harish was too tired to keep his eyes open. [1]  
(vii) Father told Sunil that he could help him with his homework. [1]  
(viii) There are over a thousand students in the school that Naresh goes to. [1]