

MAHESH TUTORIALS I.C.S.E.

ICSE X

Marks : 80

SUBJECT : **ENGLISH (PAPER 1)**

Exam No. : MT/ICSE/PRELIM-I-SET -A-004

Time : 2 hrs.

Model Answer Paper**SECTION - A**A.1
(a)**MEMORABLE VISIT TO A RESORT**

Man is a workaholic and rarely finds time to entertain himself. His day begins with work and ends with work. He sets himself into a routine and tends to follow this pattern through all the days of his life. But sometimes he finds this set pattern too monotonous and wants to break all shackles and get away from work for a few days to unwind and relax. I was a victim of similar circumstances and decided to visit Mussoorie to refresh myself.

I booked a room in a holiday resort by the name of "Sun and Snow" and the tariff being nominal, I expected the services to be just about bearable. Imagine my surprise when on my arrival I was greeted with flowers and courtesy. The person who met me at the front desk was all smiles and immediately put me at ease. I was immediately offered coffee which was indeed much needed considering my long journey from Lucknow. I was then taken to my room and the moment I stepped in, I was left spellbound. The room was indeed tastefully decorated but what took my breath away was the spectacular view the room had to offer. The room overlooked a valley which at night looked as if all the stars of heaven had descended on earth. Away in the distance could clearly be seen the snow covered mountains which filled one with awe and wonder.

The service at the resort was far beyond my expectations. The staff strived hard to cater to my every need and left no room for complaint. The cuisine was excellent and with a wide variety of food. The evenings were most enjoyable with the management arranging for music and other cultural programmes while we sat around a bonfire on the roof top. The management even arranged for guided tours to take us to the famous places in and around Mussoorie. We were taken to the Kempty Falls, a place called 'Haathipaon', the peak of which looked like the foot of an elephant. The evenings were spent in 'The Mall' where I went on a shopping spree and later would stand and drink in the breathtaking view of the valley below.

My experiences at the resort left me completely invigorated and with pleasant and fond memories to retain and cherish, memories which would refresh me whenever I would feel weary of the monotonous routine life I was going back to.

[25]

(b)

MY EMOTIONAL GOOD-BYE TO MY HOUSE

My grandfather was a landlord. He had a great taste for making a beautiful residential place. So he bought a piece of land, five square miles, near Delhi. Here he built his palatial house which took five years

to complete its construction. There was a farm-house, a dairy-farm, a poultry-farm, a pond for fish and a fold to keep goats and sheep, cows and buffaloes and two fruit gardens. The palatial building was built at the entrance of the land and every other thing was built with various sections' quite separate from each other. My grandfather had a lot of court-cases and he was paying heavy fees to the lawyers who were handling these cases. One day, while coming back from the court, he met with an accident and died on the spot.

After his death, my father tried to handle these cases. But he had no experience and he could not understand how clever lawyers were. The result was that he lost all the cases. He had to sell the palatial residence as rest of the land my grandfather had already sold to pay the fees of the lawyers. In fact, he had no source of income and no money, so he sold it to a businessman who would build flats there and one ground floor flat would be given to my father. Such was the bargain between that business man and my father. A lot of debt was still there to be paid by my father, so under these circumstances he had to sell. When the house was sold all the members of the house were very sad. My mother wept and I also cried. But what could be done ? I had a sentimental attachment to this house. My father and mother had too, but since they were mature they could control themselves but I could not. The man who bought the house told us to vacate it as soon as possible, as he had to demolish it and only then could the building be constructed. But before that the architect would make a plan and map of the entire construction because It had to be approved by the Municipal corporation and then the cost of, the building would have to be estimated and after that the project would have to be given to a contractor. Tenders would be invited for that.

This was a huge project and the businessman requested my father - to vacate it as soon as possible. My father contacted the property dealers to get a nice building for us for a year on rent. After a lot of consultations and physically looking into the various buildings we selected one. The day our household goods began to be shifted, I was disturbed a lot. Neither could I eat properly nor could I sleep. All the day my house and its memory kept on haunting my mind. My father made me understand that after some months we would get a large flat here in the same place where our ancestral house was made. Here we would live again. That calmed to some extent.

[25]

(c) It wasn't going to be easy she knew but somehow she had to confront him. She took a deep breath and walked into the room.

She was not prepared for the sight she met. Her father, who always appeared to her as a strong, stern, tall upright man, was sitting on his bed with a vacant, stunned look on his face. There were lines on his handsome face which she hadn't noticed before. Suddenly he seemed to have aged. The 'telegram', the cursed telegram, she thought, her anger rising above her grief. Why does life deal such blows to old harmless people? What had her father done to receive such a deadly blow in the twilight years of his life? Just three words had shattered his life. Three words - "Missing, believed Dead" sent by the army headquarters - and her father and her life lay in ashes around them!

	<p>'Manoj' her dear brother, the apple of her father's eye, had been sent to fight at Kargil. He used to talk in the beginning then suddenly even letters became rare and for the last 15 days - only silence. They stuck to the TV., read every line in the newspaper about the war. News was always brief, 'fierce fighting', 'enemy thrown back', 'Indian Jawans fight bravely'.</p> <p>Then the coffins started coming down from the mountains. Pictures in the paper of young brave sons, families waiting, hope gone from many houses.</p> <p>She and her father dreaded every knock on the door and now, the final blow - the telegram which arrived only yesterday.</p> <p>But she must make her father show grief, weep and accept the inevitable. She kneeled before him and cried "Papa, there's still hope. Pray for his life, instead of sitting like a statue." She pulled him up and took him towards the small temple in the room. She shook him and said, "Prayer has wrought miracles, pray and pray with your heart. He will come back!"</p> <p>Her voice penetrated his numbed mind and tears started trickling down. His hands shook as he folded them in prayer.</p>	[25]
<p>(d)</p>	<p>Once a bee was playing on the bank of a river while a strong wind was blowing. It threw the poor creature into the water of the stream. The strong current of the water carried away the tiny helpless bee. She realized that her death was quite near.</p> <p>Now on the bank of the stream there was a tree. On that tree there lived a dove. The dove saw that the petty bee was in the grip of the current. She wanted to help her. She plucked a leaf from the tree. She dropped this leaf quite near the bee. The bee sat on it, dried her wings and flew away to safety. She thanked the dove for her act of kindness.</p> <p>Now many days passed. A hunter came to the same stream. He drank water. Then he lay to rest under the cool shade of the tree. His eyes were raised upwards. He saw the dove resting in the branches of the tree. He aimed at her. The bee who was playing nearby saw this. She at once flew towards the hunter. She stung the hunter very powerfully. The hunter thus lost his aim and missed the mark. The dove flew away to a far-off place. She was saved because of the urgent help of the tiny bee. It was the bee who intervened and saved his friend and one time well-wisher, the dove. It is indeed true that a good deed never goes unnoticed. It is never in vain.</p>	[25]
<p>(e)</p>	<p>It was the month of June. It was hot and sultry. The sun was shining very brightly. It was right over the head. It seemed as though it was raining fire. It was emitting flames and balls of fire, it was extremely hot. The day was totally unbearable. The creatures were gasping for breath. The house was burning with heat. The electricity had tripped. The fans had stopped. Now to remain in the house was quite intolerable. The hand fan was equally ineffective. The air was too fiery to give any relief. The situation compelled me and my brother to go outside in the open.</p> <p>We went to the nearby Roshanara Gardens in search of cool breeze. But</p>	

we were badly mistaken. There not even a leaf was moving. The earth itself was as hot as an oven. The grass and tender leaves of tiny plants were all parched. Birds and animals were breathless. The street dogs were rolling in the slushy (muddy) pond nearby. Many cattle were wandering aimlessly for a shady place. But it was the only thing which was not available anywhere. There was excessive heat on all sides. Even the shade of the trees was respiteless. We went to the nook and corner of the garden but there was no rest anywhere at all. We became restless and my brother got feverish. Then we decided to return home. I felt his pulse. His body was burning, suddenly he fell down. I got nervous on seeing that. I cried for help. Coincidentally, one of my uncle was passing through that way. He asked me about the matter. He was a doctor by profession. He immediately called for the ambulance and took him to the hospital. After giving the first aid, he felt a little better. He was discharged from the hospital in the evening.

The doctor assured my parents that it was nothing but a simple sun-stroke. He prescribed a few medicines and a bandage soaked in ice-cold water. This bandage was to be applied again on his forehead. It would soothe him. It would help to decrease the temperature considerable. I bought the medicines, from the nearby chemist shop. The bandage was applied again and again. He then felt better. My mother was greatly worried about him. She said again and again that her son., who was hale and hearty an hour ago, was now a patient, confined to the bed with high temperature. But when she helped me with a hand fan and ice-cold bandage, she felt reassured. His fever came down suddenly to the relief of my parents. They became happy. I was also relieved of the restlessness which I had been feeling greatly by now. Thank the Lord that he was well and on his feet again by the evening. Then the electric fans and cooler began to work. As by then the line to our house from the electric pole was rectified. The pressure of heat decreased. The cool breeze followed and everything was fine again.

[25]

A.2

(a) 403, Laxmi Niwas,
J. P Road,
Malad West,
Mumbai - 400 059.

10th January, 2017.

The Chairman
Rural District Council
Dist. Satara.

Subject : Complaint about the lack of transport facilities.

Dear Sir,
I am writing to you on behalf of the residents of Village Shivpura to draw your attention to the deplorable state of public services in this area.

The transport is practically nonexistent. The old road which was constructed many years back has been washed away in places by the rains and there are now large potholes in it. Even the bridge across the Ghagra river has now been rendered unsafe for the use of heavy vehicles. We find ourselves virtually cut off from the outside world. In emergencies, life can be endangered. Trucks cannot reach the village due to the poor condition of the bridge, so all the produce from our fields have to be carried on bullock carts and dumped in the next village to be carried from there to the grain market for sale. This is a great waste of time and labour.

The elders of the village would very much like to meet you as well as any other councillors who could spare their valuable time to visit us. They would be pleased if you could give us a date in the near future when you could visit them to discuss these pressing problems.

Yours faithfully,

Anaya Shah

[10]

(b) Sherwood College
G. S. Marg,
M. G. Road,
Nainital.

23rd May, 2016

My Dear Suresh,

How glad I was to receive your letter last evening ! Well, your school is going to break up for the summer vacation next week. Should I hope your visit during these holidays ? You have asked me to tell you something about my school. Well, it is one of the best schools in the state.

It shows illustrious results every year. The staff is trained, experienced and hard-working. We take part in all sort of co-curricular activities. We have won many prizes and shields in drama and music competition, public speaking, debates and sports. Our school arranges educational tours every year. This year we are planning to visit historical places of Rajasthan and hope to have great fun.

As far as the field story is concerned, our hockey and football teams are very strong. N. C. C. and Scouts and Guides arrange their own camps and tours. In short, our school aims at the all round development of the students who study here.

A great American thinker once said "There are obviously two educations. One teaches us how to make a living and the other how to live". In this school we are taught how to live before we know how to make a living. We receive liberal education which broadens our outlook and refines our desires and sensibilities.

Our school operates on the philosophy of the writer Mrs. Sigourney who states "The true order of learning should be first, what is necessary; second what is useful; and third what is ornamental. To reverse this

	<p>arrangement, is like beginning to build at the top of the edifice.” With regards to uncle and aunt.</p> <p>Your loving friend, Abha</p> <p>A.3</p> <p>(a) (i) daring (ii) superior society (iii) opportunity to do something.</p> <p>(b)</p> <p>(i) The children are better off because not many of their parents could go to school as their lives were spent in working in the fields or delivering milk in the hill stations.</p> <p>(ii) Ranbir's ambition was to buy a plane and go around the world one day.</p> <p>(iii) Previously very few girls went to school. They were made to help at home till they were old enough to get married but now their fate has changed. The number of girls going to school is equal to that of the boys.</p> <p>(iv) Bindra was hard working and responsible towards her household duties but her brother put pleasure before work. He would rather play a cricket match than to cut grass.</p> <p>(v) The narrator was amazed at the quality of talent with which they batted or bowled and he felt that some of the local teams were as good as the teams of the private schools with better facilities.</p> <p>(vi) He calls them fortunate because they got the required exposure that brought them to the attention of the state level and national team selectors. This is something which these boys from the poor or middle class families never got.</p> <p>(c) No school bus plied for these children. They walked long distances to attend government aided schools. Girls walked in the house and then got married early. The boys had talent but did not get opportunities enough to be selected in the state or national teams. The narrator feels they are slightly better off than their parents were in their age. (60 words)</p> <p>(d) An appropriate title would be “Life in the hills”. This is because the entire passage is about the kind of life the people living in the hills lead and the various problems they face.</p>	<p>[10]</p> <p>[1]</p> <p>[1]</p> <p>[1]</p> <p>[2]</p> <p>[2]</p> <p>[2]</p> <p>[2]</p> <p>[2]</p> <p>[2]</p> <p>[2]</p> <p>[8]</p> <p>[2]</p>
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A.4		
(a)	(0) spoke	[½]
	(1) rose	[½]
	(2) went	[½]
	(3) found	[½]
	(4) wrote	[½]
	(5) put	[½]
	(6) sit	[½]
	(7) hold	[½]
	(8) begun	[½]
(b)	(i) upon	[½]
	(ii) for	[½]
	(iii) on	[½]
	(iv) by	[½]
	(v) to	[½]
	(vi) about	[½]
	(vii) between	[½]
	(viii) over	[½]
(c)	(i) Swarna asked me a question which I was unable to answer.	[1]
	(ii) You helped Tania for which she will always be grateful.	[1]
	(iii) I am extremely delighted to hear that you won a prize.	[1]
	(iv) In spite of heavy traffic, we reached the stadium on time.	[1]
(d)	(i) Unless you study hard you will regret it.	[1]
	(ii) The boy asked why he was lying in the road in that manner.	[1]
	(iii) Megha is so tall that she cannot crawl under the table.	[1]
	(iv) In spite of stopping for a bite on the way, he arrived in school on time.	[1]
	(v) She opened the kitchen door and out ran a cockroach.	[1]
	(vi) His brother was not as good a speaker as Arjun.	[1]
	(vii) Her illness was the cause for Asha missing her examination.	[1]
	(viii) No sooner did the curtain come down than the applause rang out.	[1]
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