

## I. Dreams

By **Langston Hughes** (Source: <https://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poem/dreams-by-langston-hughes>)

Hold fast to dreams  
For if dreams die  
Life is a broken-winged bird  
That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams  
For when dreams go  
Life is a barren field  
Frozen with snow.

1. Why does the poet compare the death of dreams to “a broken-winged bird/That cannot fly?” 3
2. What happens to life when dreams go? 2
3. Comment on the poet’s use of the imagery of emptiness and imprisonment. Point out the words used to indicate the same. 5

## II. “Kallu” by Ismat Chughtai

(Source: [https://www.cusd80.com/cms/lib/AZ01001175/Centricity/Domain/1026/Short%20Stories\\_%20fin%202017%20ibAP.pdf](https://www.cusd80.com/cms/lib/AZ01001175/Centricity/Domain/1026/Short%20Stories_%20fin%202017%20ibAP.pdf))

Although not quite seven, Kallu did the work of grown man. He was shaken out of his sleep early in the morning and, dressed only in an old, tattered shirt in winter with Abba’s old woollen cap pulled down over his ears, looking like a midget, dripping at the nose, he promptly set to work. Scared off by the cold water, he was always reluctant to wash his face, and just once in a while he would carelessly rub the tips of his fingers over his teeth which remained permanently coated with a thin film of mildew.

The first thing he did in the morning was to get the stove going. Then he put water on for tea, set the table for breakfast and made a hundred rounds to the door and back carrying butter, bread, then milk and, finally, the eggs—flapping his slippers noisily, he travelled to the kitchen innumerable times. And after the cook had prepared breakfast, Kallu made more trips to the table lugging hot toast and parathas. To ensure their good health, the children (nearly all of whom were Kallu’s age), were forcibly fed porridge, milk, eggs, toast and jam while Kallu quietly looked on. When breakfast was over he sat alone in the kitchen and ate left-over burnt ends of toast and paratha, hurriedly downing them with some tea.

His next task involved taking care of small errands around the house: he polished Maliha bi’s pumps, scouted for Hamida bi’s ribbons, located Akhtar Bhai’s socks, recovered Salima bi’s

book-bag, fetched Mumani Jan's katha from the almirah, and retrieved Abu's cigarette case from beside his pillow. In short, he spun around like a top until everyone had left for either the office or school. Later, he washed Nanhi's dirty diapers, and then settled down to play with Safia bi; in between he made trips to the front door to receive mail from the mailman or to inquire the name of a visitor at the door. Around midday the cook handed him peas to shell or spinach to rinse. At lunch time he repeatedly dashed to the dining table with hot rotis, giving the baby's cradle a little push every now and then on the way. What more can I say? He came to this household at a very young age, did the work of a bearer and sweeper, and all this for two rupees a month along with some old, ragged cast-offs. His mother lived in the village and had entrusted him to our care; he would at least have enough to eat, she thought. She herself worked as a cook for the village zamindar.

She visited him sometimes usually at the Teej festival, and brought him molasses and parched wheat or fried corn. She too put him to work.

'Dear boy, come here and scratch my back.'

'Son, bring me some water.'

'Get some roti from the kitchen, son. And ask the cook for a little dal as well.' 'Rub down my back boy.'

'Rub my shoulders.' 'Massage my head.'

The truth was, his little hands executed a great foot massage, and once he started you didn't want him to stop; often he would have to continue massaging the entire afternoon. Sometimes he dozed off and fell on your legs. A kick was generally enough to awaken him.

Kallu had no time to play. If, for some reason, he had a little respite between errands, he would be found slumped with exhaustion, silently staring into space like an idiot. Seeing him sitting like this, looking so foolish, someone or the other would stick a straw in his ear surreptitiously, and startled, he would bashfully turn to a task that required his attention.

Preparations for Maliha bi's wedding were under way. There was talk of weddings all day long—who's going to marry whom, how did so-and-so marry so-and-so, and who should marry whom. 'Who're you going to marry, Nanhi?' Mumani would jokingly ask.

'Apa,' lisped Nanhi, sending everyone into fits of laughter. 'Who're you going to marry, Kallu?' Amma asked in jest one day.

Kallu revealed his yellow teeth in a shy grin. When he was pressed for an answer he lowered his eyes and whispered, 'Salima bi.'

'May you rot in hell! You stupid fool! A curse on your face!' Peeved by the laughter around her, Mumani proceeded to box Kallu's ears.

Then one day, while he and Salima were playing, Kallu asked her, 'Salima bi, will you marry me?'

'Yes ... es,' Salima nodded vigorously, her little head bobbing up and down.

Mumani, sitting in the sunny part of the courtyard, combing her hair, was privy to this exchange between Kallu and her daughter. Livid with anger, she removed her sandal from her foot and smacked him one with it. A blow landed in the wrong place, Kallu's nose began to bleed and soon blood was streaming down the side of his face. Kallu's mother, who was visiting at the time, saw the blood and screamed that her son had been murdered.

'Get out of my house, you hypocrite!' Mumani yelled and ordered both mother and son out. Kallu's mother wept and begged forgiveness, but her pleas went unheeded.

1. The narrator of the piece seems to have great sympathy for Kallu, unlike the rest of her family. As a journalist writing a piece on the exploitation of children, interview her to get her point of view on how Kallu should be treated. 10
2. Imagine a conversation between Kallu and his mother soon after they are sent out of the house. Write this in dialogue form. 10
3. Write a public speech on the prevalence of child labour and the widespread exploitation of children. What are the possible ways of resolving the situation? 10
4. Write a monologue from Kallu's point of view. What are his feelings on his circumstances? 10

### III. **What does a feminist believe in?** by Mehreen Faruqi, Greens NSW MP

(Source: <https://www.amnesty.org.au/7-googled-questions-feminism-answered-feminists/>)

Being a feminist is not a theoretical concept for me, but something that is relevant every single day of my life. In my workplace — the Upper House of NSW Parliament — women currently make up only 9\* out of 42 members and that's a gender imbalance we should all be very uncomfortable with.

I also find myself at the intricate crossroads of being Muslim, migrant and a woman of colour. Facing this 'triple whammy' has been liberating and empowering, in a personal and professional capacity. For me, it's been about embracing a broad, diverse and inclusive feminism based on the realisation that the crossover of gender, race, class and culture particularly affects marginalised groups of women.

The challenging and furiously frustrating truth is that our pace towards equality of opportunity and outcomes for all women has been slow and is getting slower. That is why we must see through the façade that all is well, and continue to be unapologetically feminist.

1. Write an "**expository**" essay that uses logical analysis to demonstrate that though many changes have occurred, women are still discriminated against both at home and at places of work. 10

2. Write a **letter** to the Head, Human Resources, at your company to enquire about the ratio of women to men in your workplace, as you have observed greater numbers of men being hired. Also ask about their policies of gender equality. 10
3. You have been asked by the CEO of your company to evaluate a software development firm that he is keen to acquire. You notice that a large proportion of their women employees tend to leave within six months. Write a **report** detailing your findings and your recommendation. 10