

Exam.Code:0335  
Sub. Code: 2268

1127  
Master of Arts (English) Third Semester  
Paper – IV [Opt. (ii)] : Applied Linguistics – I

Time allowed: 3 Hours

Max. Marks: 80

**NOTE:** Attempt all questions.

x-x-x

- I. Write short notes on any four of the following in about 200 words each:-
- Cognitivism
  - FLA and SLA
  - Motivation
  - Pidgin
  - Parallelism
  - Register (20)
- II. What is Behaviorism? How does it differ from Mentalism?
- OR
- Give a critical account of the Monitor Model. (15)
- III. Write a critical essay on Inter language.
- OR
- What is Universal grammar? (15)
- IV. Define Communicative Competence.
- OR
- Write an essay on Dialect. (15)
- V. Define Stylistics and describe its branches.
- OR
- VI. Attempt a Stylistic Analysis of one passage:
- I had been about ten days at the front when it happened. The whole experience of being hit by a bullet is very interesting and I think it is worth describing in detail. It was at the corner of the parapet, at five o'clock in the morning. This was always a dangerous time, because we had the dawn at our backs, and if you stuck your head above the parapet it was clearly outlined against the sky. I was talking to the sentries preparatory to changing the guard. Suddenly, in the very middle of saying something, I felt - it was very hard to describe what I felt, though I remember it with the utmost vividness.

P.T.O.

(2)

Roughly speaking it • was the sensation of being at the centre of an explosion. There seemed to be a loud bang and a blinding flash of light all round me, and I felt a tremendous shock - no pain, only a violent shock, such as you get from an electric terminal; with it a sense of utter weakness, a feeling of being stricken and shrivelled up to nothing. The sandbags in front of me receded into immense distance. I fancy you would feel much the same if you were struck by lightning. I knew immediately that I was hit, but because of the seeming bang and flash I thought it was a rifle nearby that had gone off accidentally and shot me. All this happened in a space of time much less than a second. The next moment my knees crumpled up and I was falling, my head hitting the ground with a violent bang, which to my relief, did not hurt. I had a numb, dazed feeling, a consciousness of being very badly hurt, but no pain in the ordinary sense.

OR

April Rain Song

Let the rain kiss you.

Let the rain beat upon your head with silver liquid drops.

Let the rain sing you a lullaby.

The rain makes still pools on the sidewalk. The rain makes running pools in the gutter.

The rain plays a little sleep-song on our roof at night

And I love the rain.

x-x-x