1. Appreciate the following fiction passage with special reference to its theme, style and discourse pattern:

(a) I ate ham and eggs and drank the beer. The ham and eggs were in a round dish - the ham underneath and the eggs on top. It was very hot and at the first mouthful I had to take a drink of beer to cool my mouth. I was hungry and I asked the waiter for another order. I drank several glasses of beer. I was not thinking at all but read the paper of the man opposite me. It was about the breakthrough on the British front. When he realized I was reading the back of his paper he folded it over. I thought of asking the waiter for a paper, but I could not concentrate. It was hot in the cafe and the air was bad. Many of the people at the tables knew one another. There were several card games going on. The waiters
were busy bringing drinks from the bar to the tables. Two men came in and could find no place to sit. They stood opposite the table where I was. I ordered another beer. I was not ready to leave yet. It was too soon to go back to the hospital. I tried not to think and to be perfectly calm. The men stood around but no one was leaving, so they went out. I drank another beer. There was quite a pile of saucers now on the table in front of me. The man opposite me had taken off his spectacles, put them away in a case, folded his paper and put it in his pocket and now sat holding his liqueur glass and looking out at the room. Suddenly I knew I had to get back. I called the waiter, paid the reckoning, got into my coat, put on my hat and started out the door, I walked through the rain up to the hospital.

Upstairs I met the nurse coming down the hall.

'I just called you at the hotel,' she said. Something dropped inside me.

'What is wrong?'

'Mrs Henry has had a haemorrhage.'

'Can I go in?'

'No, not yet. The doctor is with her'

'Is it dangerous?'

'It is very dangerous.' The nurse went into the room and shut the door. I sat outside in the hall. Everything was gone inside of me. I did not think. I could not think. I knew she was going to die and I prayed that she would not. Don't let her die.
"No, it is not," agreed the waiter with a wife. He did not wish to be unjust. He was only in a hurry.

"And you? You have no fear of going home before your usual hour?"

"Are you trying to insult me?"

"No, hombre, only to make a joke."

"No," the waiter who was in a hurry said, rising from pulling down the metal shutters. "I have confidence. I am all confidence."

"You have youth, confidence, and a job," the older waiter said.

"You have everything"

"And what do you lack?"

"Everything but work."

"You have everything I have."

"No. I have never had confidence and I am not young."

"Come on. Stop talking nonsense and lock up."

"I am one of those who like to stay late at the cafe," the older waiter said. "With all those who do not want to go to bed. With all those who need a light for the night."

"I want to go home and into bed."

"We are of two different kinds," the older waiter said. He was now dressed to go home. "It is not only a question of youth and confidence although those things are very beautiful. Each night I am reluctant to close up because there may be some one who needs the cafe."

"Hombre, there are bodeges open all night long."

"You do not understand. This is a clean and pleasant cafe. It is well lighted. The light is very good and also, now, there are shadows of the leaves."

"Good night," said the younger waiter.
Appreciate the following drama passage with special reference to its theme, style and discourse pattern:

(a) HAM

O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting has not fix'd
His canon' gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead: nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month—
Let me not think on't—Frailty, thy name is woman!
A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears:—why she, even she—
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn's longer—married with my uncle,
My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules: within a month:
Era yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not nor it cannot come to good:
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.

OR

(b) ANGELO. Admit no other way to save his life,
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question—that you, his sister
Finding yourself desired of such a person
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer,
What would you do?

ISABELLA. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th'impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death as to a bed
That long I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame,
ANGEL. Then must your brother die.

ISABEL. And 'twere the cheaper way.

    Better it were a brother died at once
    Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
    Should die for ever.

ANGEL. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
    That you have slandered so?

ISABEL. Ignominy in ransom and free pardon
    Are of two houses: lawful mercy is
    Nothing kin to foul redemption.

ANGEL. You seemed of late to make the law a tyrant,
    And rather proved the sliding of your brother
    A merriment than a vice.

ISABEL. O pardon me, my lord; oft falls out
    To have what we would have, we speak not what we
    mean.
    I something do excuse the thing I hate
    For his advantage that I dearly love.

ANGEL. We are all frail.

ISABEL. Else let my brother die,
    If not a fedary, but only he
    Owe and succeed thy weakness.

ANGEL. Nay, women are frail too.
3 (a) Discuss translation as creature writing.

OR

(b) What are the special problems of literary translation?

4 (A) Define the following literary terms: (any two)

(i) Historical Novel
(ii) Irony
(iii) Flat character
(iv) Absurd

(B) Translate the following passage into English protecting the main idea of it.

(i) भोटा बालाने पाण्या आपली भरेपरे भोडू शेंग. आमची फुंफुं थांबवा जाणारी करुण जोरपाईसे विना अने सीधे बाथ्रुम बाजूला जाय. भांती पण समजनेच असेल. करुण पूर्ण करे नक्ष. अभ्यास बघोया परे पढ्या एक प्रकारने बाँध आवी गेल्या होणार. अभ्यास भोटात भाला वती कोप अभ्यास मध्ये वर्तायल. आर उपर जमवानी तेव्हा तर त्यांची खर्चा。

(ii) कमला का व्यास हो रहा था। कमला रामी से दो साल बाद जयमी थी। रामी के साथ कोई लड़की गाँव में कुवारी बैठी ही नहीं। होती कोई बड़ी-बूढ़ी तो टोकती बापा को! माँ होती तो....। रामी को विमला का व्यास घात आया। गाँव की सब बाहों बेंटियों आई थी। सबकी गोदों में गुलाबने नींदवालू। कौन थी खाली गोद? बस एक रामी, खाली गोद खाली हाथ। फटी थोंगी, फटी एडियाँ, उलझे बाल उलझे सवाल!