

M.E.S. COLLEGE OF ARTS & COMMERCE, ZUARINAGAR-GOA
B.A. (CBCS) III Semester End Examination (Regular/ Repeat) January, 2022
CC - ADVANCED CORE COMMUNICATIVE ENGLISH 2.1(EGC 203)

Duration: 02 Hours

Total Marks: 80

Q.1 A) You need an increment in your salary. Write a dialogue, negotiating a salary hike with your HR Manager in about 300 words. **(08)**

1 B) You work for a cosmetic company. Write an Email responding to a dissatisfied customer. **(07)**

Q.II A) Write a letter to your friend inviting him/her to your house warming ceremony. **(08)**

II B) Analyze and interpret the advertisement: **(08)**



Q.III A) Write a Blog Post about an unforgettable day in your life in about 400 words. **(10)**

OR

III B) Write a Blog Post on the environmental issues in Goa in about 400 words. **(10)**

Q.IVA) You are a teacher in a Higher Secondary School. Write a letter to your colleague, appreciating him for receiving an award for his contribution to the field of Education. (12)

Or

IV B) Write an apology letter to a friend, for not being able to join her/his team, for a project which you had promised to be a part of. (12)

Q.VA) You are Reena Dias. You had submitted an application for a duplicate copy of your birth certificate. Write an RTI Application letter to the Registrar of the Municipal Corporation of Goa, seeking information on the progress of your application. (12)

Or

B) Write a Representation letter to the Public Works Department, on behalf of the members of your colony, seeking repair of the roads ahead of a festival. (12)

Q.VI) Analyze and interpret the following: (15)

A) Once upon a time, there was a little girl named Goldilocks. She went for a walk in the forest. Pretty soon, she came upon a house. She knocked and, when no one answered, she walked right in.

At the table in the kitchen, there were three bowls of porridge. Goldilocks was hungry. She tasted the porridge from the first bowl.

"This porridge is too hot!" she exclaimed.

So, she tasted the porridge from the second bowl.

"This porridge is too cold," she said.

So, she tasted the last bowl of porridge.

"Ahhh, this porridge is just right," she said happily and she ate it all up.

After she'd eaten the three bears' breakfasts, she decided she was feeling a little tired. So, she walked into the living room where she saw three chairs. Goldilocks sat in the first chair to rest.

"This chair is too big!" she exclaimed.

So she sat in the second chair.

"This chair is too big, too!" she whined.

So she tried the last and smallest chair.

"Ahhh, this chair is just right," she sighed. But just as she settled down into the chair to rest, it broke into pieces!

Goldilocks was very tired by this time, she went upstairs to the bedroom. She lay down in the first bed, but it was too hard. Then she lay in the second bed, but it was too soft. Then she lay down in the third bed and it was just right. Goldilocks fell asleep.

As she was sleeping, the three bears came home.

"Someone's been eating my porridge," growled the Papa bear.

"Someone's been eating my porridge," said the Mama bear.

"Someone's been eating my porridge and they ate it all up!" cried the Baby bear.

"Someone's been sitting in my chair," growled the Papa bear.

"Someone's been sitting in my chair," said the Mama bear.

"Someone's been sitting in my chair and they've broken it to pieces," cried the Baby bear.

They decided to look around some more and when they got upstairs to the bedroom, Papa bear growled,

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed."

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed, too" said the Mama bear.

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed and she's still there!" exclaimed the Baby bear.

Just then, Goldilocks woke up. She saw the three bears. She screamed, "Help!" And she jumped up and ran out of the room. Goldilocks ran down the stairs, opened the door, and ran away into the forest. She never returned to the home of the three bears.

Or

B) I was angry with my friend;
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe:
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I waterd it in fears,
Night & morning with my tears:
And I sunned it with smiles,
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night.
Till it bore an apple bright.
And my foe beheld it shine,
And he knew that it was mine.

And into my garden stole,

When the night had veild the pole;
In the morning glad I see;
My foe outstretched beneath the tree.
