

Read the speech delivered by Sarojini Naidu on 15th August 1947 and answer questions 1 to 4.

Oh, world of free nations, on this day of our freedom, we greet you. Oh, world of nations not yet free, on the day of our freedom we pray for your freedom in the future.

Ours has been an epic struggle, covering many years and costing many lives. It has been a struggle, a dramatic struggle. It has been a struggle of heroes chiefly anonymous in their millions. It has been a struggle of women transformed into strength and power like the Kali, the goddess of strength they worship. It has been a struggle of youth suddenly transfigured into power itself, sacrifice and ideals. It has been a struggle of young men and old men, of rich and poor, the literate, the illiterate, the stricken, the outcast, the leper and the saint. It has been the only revolution in the whole history of the world that has been without bloodshed; and for this we thank one man, one tiny person, who on this day that he has brought to us, is somewhere remote in a little far-off comer of India, wiping the tears of those who feel themselves exiled from our midst. Mahatma Gandhi, our prophet of nonviolence, our general of victory, he taught us a new way of deliverance from evil. He had no device of his banner excepting non-violence. He had no weapons for his legions excepting self-sacrifice and suffering. We marched to the tune of faith and hope and charity that forgives all sins of trespassers that ruined our country through the ages. We have to thank him, our leader, whose life is immutable, immortal, in the love of his countrymen, whose days are imperishable, who has created a new civilization for the world to be based, in the years to come, on his gospel of love, truth and non-violence.

But we wish to offer today our thanks to the men and women of all races who have striven for India's freedom, the scholars of Europe, who restored to us our pride and ancient culture, to the antiquarian and the archaeologist who has discovered for us our own ruined cities, to the missionaries of the countries who chose the life of poverty in far-off villages and served the poor and the needy and the desolate. To all we owe thanks.

I remember those abroad who were the pioneers of our dream of freedom, men who are in exiles if they are alive, forgotten if they are dead, who never sought nor received recognition nor reward, only privation, persecution and death. But all these today are immortal in our minds. We thank the Englishmen who were our friends, though many Englishmen were our enemies, not personal enemies but the victims themselves of a system of iniquitous imperialism. But those Englishmen who served us, became part of our Indian history, part of our struggle for India's independence. And it seems somehow poetical, it seems somehow romantic, it seems somehow logical that the great grandson of Queen Victoria, Louis Mountbatten, should have, by grace and generosity, dissolved the empire that Disraeli built for her. All of them we thank.

The battle of freedom is over. The struggle for peace begins. And my country, my India, that has never excluded friend or foe from her hospitality, my India that has taken knowledge from all over the world, that has offered knowledge and wisdom to the world, once more will she stand in the Forefront of the world civilization, once more will she bring the message of peace, once more will she carry her lamp into the darkness of strife and struggle and hatred; and the nations of the world who are free, nations of the world who are not free, we pledge you our comradeship, our fellowship, our understanding, our love. Let us move together towards the great world fellowship of which we dream. Let us work together for the peace that will never be ended. Let us work for justice, for equity, for human rights but no privileges, for human duties but no prerogatives, let us follow the citizens of a great free world of which our ancestors dreamed and for which we have striven. Men and women together, men and women of a common humanity, let no religion, no community, no text, no tongues divide us, for ours is a common destiny. Ours is a common purpose. Ours is a common wish and ambition to rebuild this broken world into the image of our heart's desire. And which country but India can take the lead in restoring the world to its pristine glory! We who have been the dreamers of dreams, the seers of visions, the creators of wisdom, the followers of renunciation, we, who have given the heroes of the Independence struggle for India, we have run through the whole gamut of the world's adventures, of the world's emotions. We are the wise. We are reborn today of the crucible of our sufferings...

1. How does Sarojini Naidu describe the struggle for India's freedom?
(5 Marks)
2. What is the significance of Mahatma Gandhi in the speech. (5 Marks)
3. How does Naidu express gratitude towards people beyond India in her speech?
(5 Marks)
4. What vision does Sarojini Naidu present for India's role in the world after independence?
(5 Marks)
5. Read the passage carefully and attempt a precis of it.

The habit of reading is one of the greatest resources of mankind; and we enjoy reading books that belong to us much more than if they are borrowed. A borrowed book is like a guest in the house; it must be treated with punctiliousness, with a certain considerate formality. You must see that it sustains no damage; it must not suffer while under your roof. You cannot leave it carelessly, you cannot mark it, you cannot turn down the pages, you cannot use it familiarly. And then, some day, although this is seldom done, you really ought to return it.

But your own books belong to you; you treat them with that affectionate intimacy that annihilates formality. Books are for use, not for show; you should own no book that you are afraid to mark up, or afraid to place on the table, wide open and face down. A good reason for marking favourite passages in books is that this practice enables you to remember more easily the significant sayings, to refer to them quickly, and then in later years, it's like visiting a forest where you once blazed a trail. You have the pleasure of going over the old ground, and recalling both the intellectual scenery and your own earlier self.

Everyone should begin collecting a private library in youth; the instinct of private property, which is fundamental in human beings, can here be cultivated with every advantage and no evils. One should have one's own bookshelves, which should not have doors, glass windows, or keys; they should be free and accessible to the hand as well as to the eye. The best of mural decorations is books; they are more varied in colour and appearance than any wallpaper, they are more attractive in design, and they have the prime advantage of being separate personalities, so that if you sit alone in the room in the firelight, you are surrounded with intimate friends. The knowledge that they are there in plain view is both stimulating and refreshing. You do not have to read them all. Most of my indoor life is spent in a room containing six thousand books; and I have a stock answer to the invariable question that comes from strangers. "Have you read all of these books?"

"Some of them twice". This reply is both true and unexpected.

There are of course no friends like living, breathing, corporeal men and women; my devotion to reading has never made me a recluse. How could it? Books are of the people, by the people, for the people. Literature is the immortal part of history; it is the best and most enduring part of personality. But book-friends have this advantage over living friends; you can enjoy the most truly aristocratic society in the world whenever you want it. The great dead are beyond our physical reach, and the great living are usually almost as inaccessible; as for our personal friends and acquaintances, we cannot always see them. Perchance they are asleep, or away on a journey. But in a private library, you can at any moment converse with Socrates or Shakespeare or Carlyle or Dumas or Dickens or Shaw or Barrie or Galsworthy. And there is no doubt that in these books you see these men at their best. They wrote for *you*. They "laid themselves out, "they did their ultimate best to entertain you, to make a favourable impression. You are necessary to them as an audience is to an actor; only instead of seeing them masked, you look into their innermost heart of heart. (460 words) (20 Marks)

6. Police forces now use AI to predict crimes, track suspects, and analyse evidence. This makes law enforcement faster and more efficient, but it also raises concerns about privacy, fairness, and bias. What are the benefits and risks of using AI in policing? How can police officers use technology responsibly while protecting people's rights?" **Write an analytical essay** discussing how AI is changing modern policing. Explain its benefits and challenges, and suggest ways police can use AI responsibly while protecting human rights. (20 Marks)
7. As the world becomes more connected through technology and globalization, many traditional values and customs are disappearing. Some people think we should adapt to change, while others believe it's important to hold on to our cultural roots. How does modernization affect cultural traditions? Should societies preserve their heritage, or is change necessary?" **Write a discursive essay** examining how globalization and modernization impact cultural traditions. Discuss whether societies should preserve their heritage or adapt to change, providing examples to support your argument. (20 Marks)
8. **Write a reflective essay** about a place that had a significant impact on your life. It could be a school, a library, a market, a park, or any place where you learned something valuable. Describe how this place influenced your thoughts, emotions, or personal growth without revealing specific names or locations. (20 Marks)
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