

Ref: SSM/ENG./2026/E-9 UG
Date: 20 MAY 2026

NOTICE

2nd Semester SEC Project Resubmission

It is hereby informed that students (Major and Multidisciplinary DSC) who have not submitted their SEC Proofreading Project are directed to submit the same on 25 May between 11:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m.

***No further date for submission will be entertained.**

Use correct proofreading symbols and marks in the incorrect paragraph.

Incorrect Paragraph:

Famne came, ghastly stagering, horrible beyond words. In malabar, in Bijapur, in orissa, and, above all, rich the in and fertile provincee of of Bengal, man and women and little children died in their thousands daily for lack of food. They dropped down

dead before the palaces of calcutta; their corpses lay in the mud-huts of Bengals innumerable villages and covered the roads and fields of its rural areas. Men were dying all over the world and killing each other in Battle; usuall a quick death, often a brave death, death for a cuse, death with a purpose; death which seemed, in this mad world on of ours, an iexorable logical of events; a sudden end to the life we could not mouldd or control. Death was no common enough everywhere.

But here death had no purpose, no logic, no nessity; it was the result of man's incompentence and calousness, manmade, an slow, creeping thing of horror with nothing to redeem it: life merging and fading into the death, with death locking out of the Shrunken eyes and withered frame while life still lingered for a while And so itt was considered yes right or proper to mention it it was not good form to talk or write of unsavoury topics. do so was to dramatize" an disfortunate situation. false reports were issued by those in authority in India and in england. But corpses cannot easily be overloked they come in the way.



Correct Paragraph:

Famine came, ghastly, staggering, horrible beyond words. In Malabar, in Bijapur, in Orissa, and, above all, in the rich and fertile province of Bengal, men and women and little children died in their thousands daily for lack of food. They dropped down dead before the palaces of Calcutta; their corpses lay in the mud-huts of Bengal's innumerable villages and covered the roads and fields of its rural areas. Men were dying all over the world and killing each other in battle; usually a quick death, often a brave death, death for a cause, death with a purpose; death which seemed, in this mad world of ours, an inexorable logic of events; a sudden end to the life we could not mould or control. Death was common enough everywhere. But here death had no purpose, no logic, no necessity; it was the result of man's incompetence and callousness, man-made, a slow, creeping thing of horror with nothing to redeem it: life merging and fading into death, with death looking out of the shrunken eyes and withered frame while life still lingered for a while. And so it was not considered right or proper to mention it; it was not good form to talk or write of unsavoury topics. To do so was to "dramatize" an unfortunate situation. False reports were issued by those in authority in India and in England. But corpses cannot easily be overlooked; they come in the way.



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