



*Прочитайте текст и выполните задания 12–18. В каждом задании запишите в поле ответа цифру 1, 2, 3 или 4, соответствующую выбранному Вами варианту ответа.*

**1.**

### **Driverless cars**

Driverless cars are expected to be rolling into the streets within the next 20 years. In fact, they've legally been on the roads for the past years, approved for testing purposes. It is predicted that driverless vehicles will be commercially available at a high cost within 7 years, but it may take another 8 years for prices to drop enough to spur mass consumption.

Today, the discussions focus primarily on the shifting of accident liability to manufacturers and all the goodness that comes along with reducing accidents. A truly driverless road would not be accident-free as there would still be a number of accidents caused by mechanical or computer errors, weather conditions, pedestrians and sheer random chance. But it would make the now-routine loss of life on the roads far rarer.

The concept of a “driver” will be replaced with that of an “operator”, who simply programs the vehicle’s GPS to arrive at the desired destination and pushes the “Start” button to begin the trip. Since judgment will no longer be required of the operator, they won’t need a driver’s license. Theoretically, a 10-year-old child could independently take the car to school in the morning.

Computer-operated cars will eventually reshape the car design as things like windshields will become less necessary. Drivers will be able to sit wherever they’d like in their cars. There will be no need for gas and brake pedals as speed will be automatically controlled by the computer. The steering wheel and the turn signal arm can also be eliminated once the public gets used to reliability of these vehicles.

Each passenger will have a personal video display informing about a current location, the distance to your destination, speed and personal entertainment selections. The concept of ‘distracted driving’ will disappear as there will be no reason to pay attention to where you are going.

Vehicle owners will no longer buy collision insurance since manufacturers will be solely responsible for damage. Owners will only need theft insurance and coverage for hail, falling objects or floods. To take this one step further, personal vehicle ownership may dramatically diminish. Car dealers will have lots full of vehicles for hire on a daily or hourly basis instead of vehicles for sale. When you need a car, you’ll summon one using your mobile phone. The closest unmanned vehicle will be dispatched to your home to take you where you need to go. When done, you’ll simply push the button for the unmanned vehicle to drive itself back to the rental lot.

The social and cultural impact of driverless cars could cause far more upheaval than any of us could imagine. Perhaps, it would be even greater than the impact the Internet had on commerce and communication. Obviously, the picture being painted is the one that assumes total adoption, which is far from realistic.

You will always have transitional delays caused by the lack of free cars, the longevity of today's vehicles and cultural resistance.

This resembles the historical factors that affected the transition from horse to the automobile. At the moment, the driverless car seems like a novelty. However, it will open up new prospects. The prospect of flying cars may soon become a reality. With computer-controlled vehicles that strictly follow traffic rules, three dimensional roads become far less scary and more a matter of simply solving the technological challenge.

Where we're going, we may not need roads at all.

**12** According to the author driverless cars will become cheap enough for most people to buy within the following ...

- 1) 8 years.
- 2) 15 years.
- 3) 7 years.
- 4) 20 years.

OTBET: ☐

**13** Which of the following statements is TRUE, according to the text?

- 1) A driverless car operator won't be responsible for accidents.
- 2) The age required to operate a driverless car is likely to rise.
- 3) Driverless cars may increase the number of road accidents.
- 4) The driverless cars will be voice-activated.

OTBET: ☐

**14** To operate a driverless car, their owners will be required to ...

- 1) set the destination on the GPS.
- 2) have experience in programming.
- 3) obtain a collision insurance.
- 4) have a special license.

OTBET: ☐

**15** Which of the following, according to the author, will a driverless car have?

- 1) Gas and brake pedals.
- 2) A steering wheel.
- 3) Video displays.
- 4) A turn signal arm.

OTBET: ☐

**16** The author claims that with the introduction of driverless cars ...

- 
- 1) personal vehicle ownership will increase.
  - 2) the number of vehicles on the roads will diminish.
  - 3) people will rent vehicles instead of buying them.
  - 4) vehicle owners will spend more money on insurance.

ОТВЕТ: ☐

**17** According to the author, driverless cars will be ...

- 1) as important socially as the Internet.
- 2) enthusiastically accepted by the people.
- 3) operated without transitional delays.
- 4) used by people with caution at first.

ОТВЕТ: ☐

**18** The attitude of the author towards the driverless cars may be described as ...

- 1) optimistic.
- 2) negative.
- 3) indifferent.
- 4) unsure.

ОТВЕТ: ☐

2.

I had first become acquainted with my Italian friend by meeting him at certain great houses where he taught his own language and I taught drawing. All I then knew of the history of his life was that he had left Italy for political reasons; and that he had been for many years respectably established in London as a teacher.

Without being actually a dwarf – for he was perfectly well-proportioned from head to foot – Pesca was, I think, the smallest human being I ever saw. Remarkable anywhere, by his personal appearance, he was still further distinguished among the mankind by the eccentricity of his character. The ruling idea of Pesca's life now was to show his gratitude to the country that had given him a shelter by doing his utmost to turn himself into an Englishman. The Professor aspired to become an Englishman in his habits and amusements, as well as in his personal appearance. Finding us distinguished, as a nation, by our love of athletic exercises, the little man, devoted himself to all our English sports and pastimes, firmly persuaded that he could adopt our national amusements by an effort of will the same way as he had adopted our national gaiters and our national white hat.

I had seen him **risk his limbs blindly** unlike others at a fox-hunt and in a cricket field; and soon afterwards I saw him risk his life, just as blindly, in the sea at Brighton.

We had met there accidentally, and were bathing together. If we had been engaged in any exercise peculiar to my own nation I should, of course, have looked after Pesca carefully; but as foreigners are generally quite as well able to take care of themselves in the water as Englishmen, it never occurred to me that the art of swimming might merely add one more to the list of manly exercises which the Professor believed that he could learn on the spot. Soon after we had both struck out from shore, I stopped, finding my friend did not follow me, and turned round to look for him. To my horror and amazement, I saw nothing between me and the beach but two little white arms which struggled for an instant above the surface of the water, and then disappeared from view. When I dived for him, the poor little man was lying quietly at the bottom, looking smaller than I had ever seen him look before.

When he had thoroughly recovered himself, his warm Southern nature broke through all artificial English restraints in a moment. He overwhelmed me with the wildest expressions of affection and in his exaggerated Italian way declared that he should never be happy again until he rendered me some service which I might remember to the end of my days.

Little did I think then – little did I think afterwards – that the opportunity of serving me was soon to come; that he was eagerly to seize it on the instant; and that by so doing he was to turn the whole current of my existence into a new channel. Yet so it was. If I had not dived for Professor Pesca when he lay under water, I should never, perhaps, have heard even the name of the woman, who now directs the purpose of my life.

12. Pesca taught

- 1) drawing.
- 2) Italian.
- 3) English.
- 4) politics.

13. Pesca impressed people by being

- 1) well-built.
- 2) well-mannered.
- 3) strange.
- 4) ill-mannered.

14. Pesca tried to become a true Englishman because he

- 1) was thankful to the country that had adopted him.
- 2) enjoyed Englishman's pastimes and amusements.
- 3) loved the way the English did athletic exercises.
- 4) was fond of the eccentric fashions of the English.

15. '... risk his limbs blindly' means Pesca

- 1) didn't look where he went.
- 2) was unaware of danger from others.
- 3) caused a problem for others.
- 4) acted rather thoughtlessly.

16. The author didn't look after Pesca carefully because

- 1) they both had been engaged in the peculiar English exercise.
- 2) foreigners were generally bathing not far from the shore.
- 3) the author was sure that Peska would learn swimming on the spot.
- 4) the author was sure that Peska was a very good swimmer.

17. Peska wanted to do the author some favour as

- 1) it was in his warm nature.
- 2) the author had saved his life.
- 3) the author was his best friend.
- 4) he wanted to look English.

18. Peska managed to

- 1) change the author's life completely.
- 2) become English to the core.
- 3) meet a woman who later directed his life.
- 4) turn his existence into a new channel.

### 3.

Pitcher, a confidential clerk in the office of Harvey Maxwell, allowed a look of mild interest and surprise when his employer briskly entered at half-past nine in company with a young lady. Miss Leslie had been Maxwell's stenographer for a year. She was beautiful in a way that was decidedly unstenographic. On this morning she was softly and shyly radiant. Her eyes were dreamily bright, her expression a happy one, tinged with reminiscence. Pitcher, still mildly curious, noticed a difference in her ways this morning. Instead of going straight into the adjoining room, where her desk was, she stayed for a while, slightly irresolute, in the outer office. Once she moved over by Maxwell's desk near enough for him to be aware of her presence.

The man sitting at that desk was no longer a man; it was a machine, moved by buzzing wheels and uncoiling springs.

"Well – what is it? Anything?" asked Maxwell sharply.

"Nothing," answered the stenographer, moving away with a little smile.

This day was Harvey Maxwell's busy day. Messenger boys ran in and out with messages and telegrams. Maxwell himself jumped from desk to door sweating. **On the Exchange there were hurricanes and snowstorms and volcanoes**, and those powerful disturbances were reproduced in miniature in Maxwell's office. The rush and pace of business grew faster and fiercer. Share prices were falling and orders to sell them were coming and going and the man was working like some strong machine. Here was a world of finance, and there was no room in it for the human world or the world of nature.

When the luncheon hour came, Maxwell stood by his desk with a fountain pen over his right ear. His window was open. And through the window came a delicate, sweet smell of lilac that fixed the broker for a moment immovable. For this odour belonged to Miss Leslie; it was her own, and hers only. She was in the next room – twenty steps away.

"By George, I'll do it now," said Maxwell half aloud. "I'll ask her now. I wonder why I didn't do it long ago." He dashed into the inner office and charged upon the desk of the stenographer. She looked at him with a smile.

"Miss Leslie," he began hurriedly, "I have but a moment to spare. I want to say something in that moment. Will you be my wife? I haven't had time to approach you in the ordinary way, but I really do love you."

"Oh, what are you talking about?" exclaimed the young lady. She rose to her feet and gazed upon him, round-eyed.

"Don't you understand?" said Maxwell. "I want you to marry me. I love you, Miss Leslie. I wanted to tell you, and I snatched a minute. They are calling me for the phone now. Tell them to wait a minute, Pitcher. Won't you, Miss Leslie?"

The stenographer acted very strangely. She seemed overcome with amazement; then tears flowed from her wondering eyes; and then she smiled sunnily through them.

"I know now," she said softly. "It is this old business that has driven everything else out of your head for the time. I was frightened at first. Don't you remember, Harvey? We were married last evening at 8 o'clock in the little church around the corner."

12. Harvey Maxwell was

- 1) a stenographer.
- 2) a clerk.
- 3) Pitcher's boss.
- 4) Pitcher's partner.

13. Pitcher was mildly interested and surprised because

- 1) Miss Leslie moved decidedly to Maxwell's desk.
- 2) Miss Leslie arrived with Maxwell.
- 3) Maxwell came late at half past ten.
- 4) Maxwell looked irresolute that morning.

14. It was Harvey Maxwell's hard day because

- 1) he had no one to help him.
- 2) all messenger boys had gone.
- 3) the weather was hot.
- 4) the Exchange was a busy place.

15. 'On the Exchange there were hurricanes and snowstorms and volcanoes' means

- 1) the Exchange was about to be destroyed.
- 2) the financial situation was difficult.
- 3) natural disasters often happened in that area.
- 4) those were powerful disturbances of nature.

16. Maxwell dashed into the inner office at lunch time because

- 1) he liked the lilac smell.
- 2) the smell reminded him of Miss Leslie.
- 3) Pitcher called him for a phone call.
- 4) he needed to send a message.

17. Harvey Maxwell made a proposal between phone calls because he

- 1) was rather pressed for time.

- 2) used to make business proposals in such a way.
  - 3) always acted very strangely.
  - 4) was afraid Miss Leslie would leave him.
18. Miss Leslie was astonished by the proposal because
- 1) she had never heard anyone make it in such a way.
  - 2) she had never expected it from Harvey Maxwell.
  - 3) she had married the man the day before.
  - 4) it came too quickly and without warning.

#### 4.

The London Marathon celebrates its 23<sup>rd</sup> birthday. That is 23 years of stresses and strains, blisters and sore bits, and incredible tales. Somehow, yours truly has managed to run four of them. And I have medals to prove it. It seemed like a good idea at the time. I watched the inaugural London Marathon on March 29<sup>th</sup>, 1981. It seemed extraordinary that normal people would want to run 26 miles and 385 yards. And, it must be said, they looked strange and not quite steady at the end of it all. There are, indeed, terrible tales of people losing consciousness by the time they reach that glorious finishing line. But I was captivated. I knew I had to do it.

Three years later I was living in London, not far from Greenwich where the event begins, and it seemed the perfect opportunity to give it a go. I was only a short train ride from the starting line, but more than 26 miles from the finish. “Who cares?” I thought. **By the end I did.** The moment I crossed that finishing line, and had that medal placed around my neck, was one of the finest in my life. The sense of achievement was immense. It was a mad thing to do, and ultimately pointless. But knowing that I’d run a Marathon – that most historic of all distant races – felt incredible.

London provides one of the easiest of all the officially sanctioned marathons because most of it is flat. Yes, there are the cobblestones while running through the Tower of London, and there are the quiet patches where crowds are thin and you are crying out for some encouragement – those things matter to the alleged “fun” runners like myself, the serious runners don’t think of such things.

This year London will attract unprecedented number of athletes, a lot of title holders among them. It is set to witness what is probably **the greatest field ever for a marathon**. In the men’s race, for example, among numerous applicants there’s the holder of the world’s best time, Khalid Khannouchi of the USA; the defending champion El Mouriz of Morocco; Ethiopia’s Olympic bronze-medallist Tesfaye Tola. And, making his marathon debut, is one of the finest long distance runners of all time Haile Gebrselassie.

Since 1981, almost half a million people have completed the London Marathon, raising more than \$125 million for charity. For the majority of the runners, this is what it is all about. It is for charity, for fun, for self-development. It is a wonderful day. I have run it with poor training, with proper training. And I have always loved it.

It's crazy, and it's one of the greatest things I've ever done. If you want to feel as though you've achieved something, run a marathon.

12. Participation in the London Marathon resulted for the author in

- 1) stresses and strains.
- 2) blisters and sore bits.
- 3) memorable medals.
- 4) incredible tales.

13. When the author watched the end of the first marathon he saw people who were

- 1) extraordinary steady.
- 2) feeling weak and exhausted.
- 3) losing consciousness.
- 4) having a glorious time.

14. The reason for the author's participation in the marathon was the fact that he

- 1) was fascinated by it.
- 2) lived not far from its finishing line.
- 3) wanted to receive a medal.
- 4) wanted to do something incredible.

15. "By the end I did" means that the author

- 1) found the distance suitable.
- 2) found the distance challenging.
- 3) decided to take part in the marathon.
- 4) eventually took a train to the finish.

16. According to the author, the London Marathon is one of the easiest because

- 1) it goes through the Tower of London.
- 2) there are quiet patches without crowds.
- 3) many "fun" runners participate in it.
- 4) its course does not slope up or down.

17. "... the greatest field ever for a marathon" means that the marathon

- 1) will take place on a big field.
- 2) is to be run by the famous runners only.
- 3) will be witnessed by more people.
- 4) will welcome a huge number of sportsmen.

17. According to the author, one should run the London Marathon to

- 1) raise money for charity.
- 2) get some training.
- 3) feel self-fulfillment.
- 4) have fun in a crazy way.

## 5.

Harry had come to Canada from Poland at the age of eight. The family was sent to a Jewish farming village in Manitoba. His father had been a merchant in the



old country, but he was allowed into Canada on condition that he took up agriculture. In the village, they lived in a small wooden house.

When he was sixteen Harry moved to Winnipeg to work for his cousin Albert in the fur business. He was paid fifteen dollars a week for sixty or seventy hours of work. This arrangement continued for two years, and then Harry asked for a raise or a reduction in working time. His cousin said no; that was when Harry began his own family fur business. After his parents sold their farm and moved into the city, he operated out of their North Winnipeg basement.

I was introduced to Harry through a friend of mine, a local city planner. Harry now owned properties in the exchange district, so named because it was where the grain and fur exchanges started. My friend had been encouraging Harry to renovate these buildings. The city was trying to save its architectural past. Much remained that would have been torn down in other Canadian cities.

The three of us walked to a restaurant called Bottles. Looking at the menu, Harry said he didn't want anything rich. He had had problems with his stomach since he was eighteen. "Poor eating," he explained. There had not been enough money for decent food.

"I don't know what's happened to Winnipeg," Harry said. "Thirty years ago Portage Avenue was full of life. Now in the evening the whole downtown is dead."

Harry had bought his first raw pelts in 1952. There had been a thousand people employed in the fur trade when he began. Now he thought there might be a hundred. The fur manufacturers in Montreal and Toronto, many of them Greek immigrants, had taken over the business. "We used to work like dogs. One of my parents' neighbours reported us – we weren't supposed to work out of a house – so we had to rent space downtown. **People said we'd be broke very soon.** But slowly we expanded."

Harry was among the inter-war immigrants who had given Winnipeg's north end its special character. Then North Winnipeg had been a seat of political ferment and of Jewish immigrant culture. Its history had acquired a patina because so many talented people had escaped its poverty and gone into business or the arts professions. But **Harry was one of the last.** Many of the old Jewish families had moved across the river into more expensive neighbourhoods. There was a new underclass made up of Filipinos, Vietnamese, and Canadian Indians.

12. Harry's father was permitted to come to Canada if he

- 1) didn't work in agriculture.
- 2) became a farmer.
- 3) remained a merchant.
- 4) returned to Poland after some years.

13. Harry stopped working for his cousin Albert because

- 1) he returned to his father's farm.
- 2) he went to Poland to start his own business.
- 3) his cousin refused to pay him more money.
- 4) his cousin wanted to increase working hours.

14. A local city planner wanted Harry to

- 1) tear down the old buildings.
- 2) own the buildings.
- 3) exchange the buildings for fur.
- 4) restore the buildings.

15. Harry had some problems with his stomach because in his childhood he

- 1) had eaten too much.
- 2) had not been able to eat proper food.
- 3) used to starve.
- 4) had liked rich food.

16. One of Harry's parents' neighbours told the police about them because they

- 1) used to work like dogs.
- 2) rented a place downtown.
- 3) ran their business at home.
- 4) had expanded their business.

17. "People said we'd be broke very soon" means that people expected them to

- 1) go bankrupt soon.
- 2) destroy their house.
- 3) have a breakthrough in business.
- 4) break their back due to hard work.

18. "Last" in "Harry was one of the last" refers to

- 1) the political figures who gave Manitoba its special character.
- 2) those who had moved into more expensive neighbourhood.
- 3) successful immigrants who still lived in North Winnipeg.
- 4) those who had chosen the profession of the arts.

## 6.

I wanted to find my niche. I wanted to fit so badly with some group, any group in high school. Sports didn't really work for me. In fact, I dreaded those times in PE when the captains picked teams. Fights sometimes happened between captains about who would have the misfortune of ending up with me on their team. But one day, I saw a girl I liked go into the marching band office to sign up. Okay, sure, the uniforms looked stupid and being in the band didn't exactly give you the best reputation at school, but there was Jaclyn. I would later learn that many of the greatest musicians of our time were motivated to music by some girl whose name they most likely don't remember anymore.

The first thing to learn was how to hold the drum and play it. Holding the drum and playing it is not as easy as it might look. I did, after several private lessons, learn the rhythm. Next, as if that weren't difficult enough, I had to learn how to play it while not only walking, but marching. At the end of the summer, our uniforms arrived. **The band uniform is a sacred attire.** It is not only carefully sized to fit the individual, long-sleeved and hand sewn, acquired through a lot of fund raising activities, and cleaned after each use. It is worn with pride. It is also 100 percent wool.

I forgot to mention something. In addition to an inability to play sports, I was also not so good at marching. If you were not in step, the band director would yell in a loud and embarrassingly annoyed voice, “OUT OF STEP!” It was at that point that I began to question my decision to join the band. How do playing music and marching around in silly formations, all “in step”, go together?

The day of our first competition finally arrived. Although it didn’t start until 9 a.m., we had to meet at 6 a.m. to get our uniforms from the “band boosters” – those selfless, dedicated parents who provided comfort and assistance to the members of the band. I was not really in existence. I could walk and talk, but inside my brain was fast asleep. I was standing around waiting for my hat to be cleaned when I noticed a big container of coffee. I poured myself a cup – my first-ever cup of coffee. It tasted pretty bitter, but I had to wake up.

Finally, they lined us all up and off we went. I had had my coffee, so I marched and beat the rhythm out with all my heart. Then, suddenly all my energy drained away. I began to feel sleepy and I fell “OUT OF STEP.” No one noticed at first and I tried to skip back into step. But nothing worked. Then I saw one of the band boosters talking to another one and pointing at me. Then they motioned for me to leave the formation. I walked over to them as the band marched on. They told me what I already knew, I was “OUT OF STEP”, and would have to stay out of the formation until the band passed the judging stand.

I couldn’t believe it. Now I had to climb over the lawn chairs, popcorn and arms and legs of my fellow townspeople for the next mile to keep up with the band, carrying my drum and wearing my uniform. This was the most humiliating moment of my life.

12. When the narrator was in high school he

- 1) wanted badly to belong to some sports team.
- 2) looked forward to PE classes.
- 3) sometimes had fights with team captains picking teams.
- 4) longed to have something in common with other students.

13. The reason why the narrator decided to sign up for the band was his

- 1) dream to become a musician.
- 2) wish to get a better reputation.
- 3) attraction to a girl.
- 4) liking the band uniform.

14. “The band uniform is a sacred attire” means it is

- 1) carefully sized to fit the individual.
- 2) long-sleeved hand sewn pure wool.
- 3) cleaned after each use.
- 4) highly respected and symbolic.

15. The narrator began to question his decision to join the band because he

- 1) saw no connection between playing music and marching.
- 2) suddenly found out that he was not so good at marching.
- 3) had a bad ear for music.
- 4) got frightened by the yells of the band director.

16. The narrator had a cup of coffee before marching because he

- 1) sometimes liked to have some.
- 2) didn't want to feel sleepy.
- 3) had got tired of waiting.
- 4) liked its bitter taste.

17. When the narrator fell "OUT OF STEP" he

- 1) just kept on marching.
- 2) expected the band boosters to encourage him.
- 3) worked hard to improve the situation.
- 4) looked forward to leaving the formation.

18. When the narrator was told to leave the formation he felt

- 1) frightened that the band director would scold him.
- 2) miserable because he knew he would be a laughing stock.
- 3) relieved because he did not have to march any more.
- 4) happy that he could join his fellow townspeople.

## 7.

I like my house and my bed and my shower. I do not like camping. I guess that means I'm weird. Men are supposed to like camping. When I was eight, my father took me on our first and last camping trip together. It was the worst weekend of my life. It was freezing cold. It rained. We went for a hike, and I got lost. My dad had tried to teach me how to use a compass. We walked for a mile while he talked about north, south, east and west. I was cold and bored, so I didn't listen very well. He left me with the compass and told me to find my way back. My dad says I wasn't lost for very long. It felt like a whole day.

My company recently transferred me to Denver, Colorado. My new co-workers have invited me to go hiking or camping several times since I arrived. I keep making excuses, because I do not want to tell them the truth. My buddy from Texas thinks I should go over it, because I'm not eight anymore. I'm afraid that if I go, I will make a complete fool of myself. If I don't go, they will quit asking. If they quit asking, I won't have any buddies to hang out with. Back home my buddies and I played golf every other Saturday. I miss golf. But here wilderness stuff is what people do for fun.

I finally decided I would give it a try. They made plans to hike in the Rocky Mountain National Park this weekend. After work, I found the nearest wilderness shop. The salesperson thought I had lost my mind, but boy he had a big smile on his face. I bought one of almost everything, just in case. I even bought a wilderness guide. I think I could survive on Mount Everest wearing the coat he sold me. I went home and read all the manuals. I practiced setting up a tent in the backyard. I wore my new hiking boots around the house until I got a blister.

After packing my car Friday morning, I could not see out the back of my Jeep Cherokee. Everything I bought was crammed inside. We decided to caravan to Estes Park and then hike up Beaver Meadow Trail. I wondered if we would get lost. But I just wanted to play it cool and follow along.

After work, we went in the parking lot to discuss who would lead the caravan. As soon as they saw my Jeep, they started giving me a hard time. "Are ya movin' in, Tom?" "Movin' in where?" "To the woods". They all laughed. "Oh that. Just wanted to be prepared." They raised their eyebrows and gave me the OK sign. I felt like a complete idiot. "You should have told us. We would have left everything we own at home". "Very funny. Bunch of comedians."

On the way to Estes Park, I tried to relax. I tried to think macho thoughts. And then it started to rain. I panicked. All I could think about was being eight years old, alone in the woods, cold and hungry. The guys didn't seem bothered by the rain. In fact, they seemed to enjoy it. We all put on our backpacks. Once again, I stood out. My backpack looked bright and spotless. I forgot to rub it in the dirt and stomp on it. The price tag was still hanging from the zipper. My backpack was the only one dripping with gadgets. They all stared at me.

On the way up Beaver Meadow Trail, the rain started to pour. It was cold and harsh. I removed the Mount Everest coat from my waist and put it on. One of my gadgets was a small, sturdy umbrella. I pulled it off the hook, opened it, and held it in front of my face. The waterproof gloves I bought felt toasty warm. I looked around at my macho friends. They were checking out my backpack. I suddenly felt more confident. They looked miserable, and I almost felt sorry for them. When it started to hail, we moved off the trail.

I removed my backpack. A rolled up tent was attached to the bottom with straps of Velcro. They didn't laugh this time. It took us 30 minutes, but we finally put the tent together. It was not big enough for five people. Somehow, we squeezed inside anyway. After several awkward moments, someone said "So what else you got in that backpack, Tom?" We spent the next hour joking and laughing and eating beef jerky. I told them all about my first camping experience. I also told them that I miss playing golf. They said they would give it a try sometime. I decided camping might not be so bad after all.

12. Tom believes that he is weird because he

- 1) expects to sleep in a comfortable bed when camping.
- 2) didn't like camping when he was eight years old.
- 3) doesn't like the thing other people expect him to enjoy.
- 4) didn't like to spend weekends with his father in his childhood.

13. Tom got lost on a hike because

- 1) his father hadn't explained to him how to use a compass.
- 2) his father had left him alone to teach him a lesson.
- 3) he wanted to make his father feel sorry for him.
- 4) he had paid no attention to what his father was telling him.

14. Tom isn't quite happy in Denver because

- 1) he feels a complete fool in the company of his co-workers.
- 2) he dislikes the leisure time activities of his new colleagues.
- 3) his new colleagues have quit inviting him to go hiking or camping.
- 4) there are no men whom he would like to become his buddies.

15. The salesperson thought Tom had lost his mind because

- 1) Tom wanted to climb Mount Everest without any previous experience.

- 2) Tom had bought a lot of unnecessary things.
- 3) no one had ever bought so many manuals.
- 4) Tom had bought outrageously expensive hiking equipment.
16. Tom's colleagues started giving him a hard time because they
  - 1) thought he had too many things in his jeep.
  - 2) were envious of his Jeep Cherokee and hiking equipment.
  - 3) believed he was a complete idiot.
  - 4) thought he couldn't lead the caravan.
17. When everyone stared at his backpack Tom wished he
  - 1) had bought a cheaper one.
  - 2) had removed some of the gadgets.
  - 3) hadn't bought such a bright one.
  - 4) had made it look old and used.
18. Tom found his camping experience not so bad after all because
  - 1) it taught him to appreciate nature's beauty.
  - 2) he realized that camping might go well with playing sports.
  - 3) he enjoyed the company of his co-workers.
  - 4) he liked eating beef cooked over a campfire.

## 8.

Whilst travelling in 2001, I had my first but definitely not last go at snowboarding. Rhona and I went to the Cardona ski resort, a couple of hours from Queenstown in New Zealand. We had been staying in Queenstown for a couple of weeks and had tried a couple of the local ski resorts. They had been so popular, that there was almost no room to stay. The problem for me with this was that with so many people moving around me, my eyes were constantly re-focusing. This meant that I couldn't see a thing! As I had never snowboarded before, we decided that it was going to be a problem. A guy at one of the local ski rental shops recommended that we should try Cardona.

On arrival I went straight to the Ski Patrol and explained my situation. They suggested that I should wear a vest, that they supplied, with the words 'BLIND SKIER' on the front and back on top of my jacket. They told me that this was more for the benefit of the other skiers around me. I must admit, I wasn't very keen to do this, but thought I would give it a try.

Once onto the slopes, I put my vest on and began to practise my limited skills. Because I have done some other board sports, i. e. skateboarding, surfing, etc., it wasn't too hard to learn the basics. Once I was comfortable with this, I headed off for the ski lift and the big slopes. As I stood in the queue I could hear people talking about that 'poor blind guy'. This niggled me a bit, but I decided to try to ignore it. At the top of the lift I stepped off and strapped my feet onto the board.

As we headed off I could hear more people talking about the vest. I was starting to get paranoid. Then as I gathered speed and Rhona would shout directions, I realized that the people who saw the vest were getting out of my way.

Fantastic! **This was better than a white stick in a crowd.** We picked up speed turning left, then right, hitting a few bumps, but mainly going really well. I even managed to control the snowboard. Well, sort of control it. Before I knew it, we had zipped down a long straight slope and had come to the end of the run. The adrenaline was buzzing and I was 'high as a kite'. What a feeling. I got back on the ski lift and headed back up. This time I was going to do the run solo!

I had memorized the slope from my first run and felt very confident. As I came off the lift, I rushed to get started. Again, I could hear people talking about me, but now it didn't matter. The vest was a definite benefit for the novice snowboarder! I took the first stage at a steady pace, looking for my first left bend. No problems there. I found that easy enough. I was now looking for my fast approaching right bend. I missed this one completely and ended up in the safety netting at the edge of the run.

At this point, I decided I was not the world's best snowboarder and would have to take things a little slower. As the day progressed, so did my skills. I had a great time. Even taking 'air' on quite a few occasions. However this was not deliberate! I was now very wary about that bend I had missed, so I started to take it a bit earlier. Unfortunately, this meant that I would leap about 2 metres into the air. And what was more surprising than being airborne, was the fact that on half a dozen occasions, (out of about 30), I landed on my feet and carried on downhill. The rest of the time I fell on my bottom. I heard some people comment on how brave 'that blind guy' was. Little did they know it was lack of skill rather than bravery.

We boarded at Cardona for two days and had a fantastic time. Because it is a bit of a drive away from most of the tourist places, it is not as busy as the other ski resorts. It is mostly visited by the locals and I think that says something. If you get the chance, I would definitely recommend Cardona. I would also like to thank the Ski Patrol for that great suggestion. Without the vest, I am sure there could have been some crashes, caused by me. But with the vest, everyone just got out of the way. However, I think that if I was to get a vest for myself, it would probably read "BLIND & DAFT".

12. The narrator and his companion decided to choose the Cardona ski resort because

- 1) it was a short distance from Queenstown.
- 2) they couldn't find a room at other resorts.
- 3) somebody said that it was worth going to.
- 4) it was popular with snowboarders.

13. The Ski Patrol suggested that the narrator should wear a vest in order to

- 1) make it easier for them to locate the narrator in case of an accident.
- 2) make the narrator feel more confident during his first go at snowboarding.
- 3) keep an eye on him on the slope.
- 4) prevent other people from colliding with him on the slopes.

14. When the narrator was standing in the queue he

- 1) felt annoyed by people's comments.
- 2) felt comfortable in his vest.

- 3) tried to focus his eyes on the track.
- 4) tried to ignore his fear.
15. "This" in "This was better than a white stick in the crowd" refers to
  - 1) the fact that people were getting out of the narrator's way.
  - 2) the narrator's moving at a high speed down the slope.
  - 3) the fact that Rhona was giving the narrator directions.
  - 4) the narrator's hearing more people talking about the vest.
16. The narrator did the second run solo and he
  - 1) tried to memorize all the bends.
  - 2) failed to go round one of the bends.
  - 3) tried not to listen to Rhona's directions.
  - 4) fell down and was injured.
17. The narrator believes that his successful leaps into the air and landing on his feet were due to
  - 1) his personal courage.
  - 2) people's encouragement.
  - 3) his intensive practising.
  - 4) pure chance.
18. The narrator recommends the Cardona ski resort because
  - 1) of the Ski Patrol efficient service
  - 2) skiers are supplied with vests there.
  - 3) it is less crowded than other places.
  - 4) there are few crashes on the slopes.

## 9.

### **The introduction to a new biography of Gannibal by the author**

Alexander Pushkin was not only Russia's greatest poet, but he was also the great-grandson of an African slave. The slave, whose godfather was Peter the Great, claimed to have royal blood of his own. Certainly his Russian descendants believed that he was an African prince. His descendants have included members as well as close friends of the English royal family. So the legend goes on.

Pushkin told the story of his black ancestor in "The Negro of Peter the Great", but this biography tells a different version. The main difference is between fact and fiction. The Russian poet hoped to discover a biographical truth by sticking to the facts, only to discover that facts are slippery and not always true. His biography turned into a novel. Even then, it was left unfinished after six and a half chapters. The scrawled manuscript comes to an end with a line of dialogue – 'Sit down, you scoundrel, let's talk!' — and a line of dots. Pushkin could be speaking to himself. In any case, it's now time to stand up and carry on with the story. I have tried to join up the dots.

This is a book, then, about a missing link between the storyteller and his subject, an African prince; between the various branches of a family and its roots; between Pushkin and Africa; Africa and Europe; Europe and Russia; black and



white. It is the story of a remarkable life and it poses the question: how is such a life to be explained?

My own explanation began in 2001, while I was living in Russia and working there as a journalist. The first draft was written during the war in Afghanistan, on the road to Kabul, but it describes my journey to the frontline of a different kind of war in Africa between the armies of Ethiopia and Eritrea. According to legend, Pushkin's ancestor was born there, on the northern bank of the River Mareb, where I was arrested for taking photographs and compass readings, on suspicion of being a spy. Understandably my captors didn't believe that I was only a journalist researching the life of Russia's greatest writer. At the military camp, where I was held for a number of hours, the commandant looked me up and down when I asked, in my best posh English accent, 'I say, my good man, can you tell me, basically, what is going on here?' 'Basically,' he replied, with distaste, 'you are in prison!' The incident taught me something. Journalists, like biographers, are meant to respect facts, and by retracing Gannibal's footsteps, I hoped to find a true story.

Some of those journeys lie behind the book, and are used whenever it is helpful to show that the past often retains a physical presence for the biographer – in landscapes, buildings, portraits, and above all in the trace of handwriting on original letters or journals. But my own journeys are not the point of the book. It is Gannibal's story. I am only following him.

Descriptions of Africa and the slave trade result from my journeys, but this is not a book about a 'stolen legacy', nor certainly about the intellectual wars that have been part of black history in recent years. Biographers, like novelists, should tell stories. I have tried to do this. I should, however, point out from the outset that Gannibal was not the only black face to be seen in the centre of fashionable St Petersburg at that time. Negro slaves were a common sight in the grand salons of Millionaires' Street and they appeared in a variety of roles, such as pets, pages, footmen, mascots, mistresses, favourites and adopted children. At the Winter Palace, so-called court Arabs, usually Ethiopians dressed in turbans and baggy trousers stood guard like stage extras in the marble wings.

12. The slave's Russian descendants believe that the slave

- 1) had Russian royal blood in him.
- 2) was Peter the Great's godfather.
- 3) belonged to the royal family in his native land.
- 4) was a close friend of the English royal family.

13. According to the narrator, the biography of Pushkin's ancestor turned into a novel because Pushkin

- 1) didn't like the true biographical facts he had discovered.
- 2) found it impossible to stick to the facts that were doubtful.
- 3) could not do without describing fictional events.
- 4) found the true facts of the slave's biography uninspiring.

14. The narrator's objective in writing the book was to

- 1) write a new version of the novel "The Negro of Peter the Great".
- 2) continue the story from where it was left unfinished.

- 3) interpreter's attitude to his ancestor.
- 4) prove that Pushkin's ancestor was an African prince.
15. The narrator says that his research for the book
  - 1) brought him to Russia to work as a journalist.
  - 2) made him go to the war in Afghanistan.
  - 3) led him to take part in the war in Africa.
  - 4) brought him to a river bank in Africa.
16. The lesson that the narrator learnt from his arrest was
  - 1) not to use a camera and compass at the frontline.
  - 2) to avoid speaking to people in his best posh English accent.
  - 3) not to distort information about real events.
  - 4) never to tell people about his research.
17. The narrator thinks that his journeys
  - 1) helped him find some visible traces of the past.
  - 2) made him to feel sympathy to a "stolen legacy".
  - 3) deepened his understanding of the concept of intellectual wars.
  - 4) turned out to be the main contents of his book.
18. The narrator points out that at the time of Gannibal
  - 1) negro slaves played a variety of roles in the theatre.
  - 2) black slaves were like stage extras in royal processions.
  - 3) many Africans made a brilliant career at the court.
  - 4) Africans were not a novelty in the capital of Russia.

## 10.

### **A good night's sleep – an impossible dream?**

Tonight, do yourself a favor. Shut off the TV, log off the Internet and unplug the phone. Relax, take a bath, maybe sip some herbal tea. Then move into the bedroom. Set your alarm clock for a time no less than eight hours in the future, fluff up your pillows and lay your head down for a peaceful night of restorative shut-eye. That's what American doctors advise.

American sleep experts are sounding an alarm over America's sleep deficit. They say Americans are a somnambulant nation, stumbling groggily through their waking hours for lack of sufficient sleep. They are working longer days – and, increasingly, nights – and they are playing longer, too, as TV and the Internet expand the range of round-the-clock entertainment options. By some estimates, Americans are sleeping as much as an hour and a half less per night than they did at the turn of the century – and the problem is likely to get worse.

The health repercussions of sleep deprivation are not well understood, but sleep researchers point to ills ranging from heart problems to depression. In a famous experiment conducted at the University of Chicago in 1988, rats kept from sleeping died after two and a half weeks. People are not likely to drop dead in the same way, but sleep deprivation may cost them their lives indirectly, when an

exhausted doctor prescribes the wrong dosage or a sleepy driver weaves into someone's lane.

What irritates sleep experts most is the fact that much sleep deprivation is voluntary. "People have regarded sleep as a commodity that they could shortchange," says one of them. "It's been considered a mark of very hard work and upward mobility to get very little sleep. It's a macho attitude." Slumber scientists hope that attitude will change. They say people have learned to modify their behavior in terms of lowering their cholesterol and increasing exercise. Doctors also think people need to be educated that allowing enough time for sleep and taking strategic naps are the most reliable ways to promote alertness behind the wheel and on the job.

Well, naps would be nice, but at the moment, employers tend to frown on them. And what about the increasing numbers of people who work at night? Not only must they work while their bodies' light-activated circadian rhythms tell them to sleep, they also find it tough to get to sleep after work. Biologists say night workers have a hard time not paying attention to the 9-to-5 day because of noises or family obligations or that's the only time they can go to the dentist. There are not too many dentists open at midnight.

As one might imagine, companies are springing up to take advantage of sleeplessness. One of the companies makes specially designed shift-work lighting systems intended to keep workers alert around the clock. Shift-work's theory is that bright light, delivered in a controlled fashion, can help adjust people's biological clocks. The company president says they are using light like a medicine. So far, such special lighting has been the province of NASA astronauts and nuclear power plant workers. He thinks that in the future, such systems may pop up in places like hospitals and 24-hour credit-card processing centers. Other researchers are experimenting with everything from welder's goggles (which night workers wear during the day) to human growth hormones. And, of course, there is always what doctors refer to as "therapeutic caffeine use," but everyone is already familiar with that.

So, is a good night's sleep an impossible dream for Americans? Maybe so.

12. The advice of American doctors is all about

- 1) ways to reduce negative effect of modern technologies.
- 2) complex measures that ensure healthy sleep.
- 3) positive effect of herbal therapy.
- 4) the process of restoring from unexpected psychological stress.

13. Americans are referred to as a "somnambulant nation" because they

- 1) need special help to fall asleep.
- 2) are sleepwalkers.
- 3) regularly wake up at night.
- 4) don't get enough sleep to function effectively.

14. Experiments with sleep deprivation proved that

- 1) it inevitably leads to death.
- 2) its repercussions have finally become predictable.
- 3) it is likely to result in cardio or nervous problems.

- 4) animal and human reaction are almost alike.
15. There is a tendency to sleep less because
- 1) people want to look tough at any cost.
  - 2) people think they can reduce sleeping hours without any harm .
  - 3) people have learned to cope with less sleep just as they have learned to lower cholesterol.
  - 3) otherwise they lose career and social opportunities.
16. Having naps during the day would be nice, but
- 1) doctors do not find them effective.
  - 2) people won't take them voluntarily.
  - 3) bosses are against this.
  - 4) it is difficult to arrange.
17. People who work at night can hardly
- 1) fulfill traditional family obligations.
  - 2) consult doctors when needed.
  - 3) socialize to their liking.
  - 4) ever sleep without ear-plugs.
18. The main aim of specially designed shift-work lighting system is
- 1) to help people feel alert at night.
  - 2) to provide better lightning.
  - 3) to prevent heart diseases.
  - 4) to stimulate human growth hormones.

## **11.**

### **Abby's tidy drawer**

One Saturday morning, Abby's Mum came upstairs to see Abby in her bedroom. There was a big mess on the floor and Abby sat in the middle of it all reading a book.

"What a mess," Mum said. "You need to have a clear up in here. Because things get broken or lost when they're all willy-nilly like this. Come on, have a tidy up now."

"But I'm very busy," Abby argued, "and it's boring doing it on my own. Can't you help me?"

"No I can't, I'm busy too. But I'll give you extra pocket money if you do a good job."

When Mum came back later all the toys and clothes and books had disappeared.

"I'm impressed," said Mum. "But I'll inspect it properly later."

"It was easy," said Abby. "Can I have my extra pocket money now?"

"All right. Get it out of my change purse. It's in the kitchen tidy drawer."

In the kitchen, Abby went over to the dresser and pulled open the tidy drawer. She hunted for the purse.

"It must be somewhere at the bottom," Mum said. "Let's have a proper look."

She pulled the drawer out and carried it over to the table. Abby looked inside. There were lots of boring things like staplers and string, but there were lots of interesting things as well.

"What's this?" Abby asked, holding up a plastic bottle full of red liquid.

"Fake blood, from a Halloween party years ago. Your Dad and I took you to that, dressed up as a baby vampire. You were really scary."

Abby carried on looking through the drawer. She found some vampire teeth, white face paint, plastic witch nails and hair gel. Mum pulled out a glittery hair band. It had springs with wobbly balls on the top that flashed disco colours! Abby found some sparkly hair elastics to match the hair band. She made her Mum put lots of little bunches all over her head so she looked really silly.

"I remember this," Abby said as she pulled out a plastic bag. "This is from my pirate party." Inside there was a black, false moustache and some big gold earrings.

"Come here," Mum said and smeared white face paint all over Abby's face. She dribbled the fake blood so it looked as if it was coming out of Abby's eyes and mouth. She put gel all over Abby's hair and made it stand up into weird, pointy shapes. Abby put in the vampire teeth and slipped on the witch fingers. She made scary noises at Wow-Wow, the cat. He ignored her and carried on washing himself on the seat next to her.

Abby came to sit on her Mum's knee. "It's fun doing this together," she said.

"Maybe. But we still haven't found the change purse."

"Well, you know things will get lost, or broken, when they're all willy-nilly."

"You cheeky monkey!" Mum laughed. "But what shall I do with it all?"

"I know, it's easy," Abby said and began to remove everything off the table into her arms. She put it all back in the kitchen drawer.

Mum looked at her suspiciously. "Let's go and inspect your bedroom, shall we?"

Abby followed her upstairs and into her bedroom. Wow-Wow was sitting in front of her fish tank looking hungrily at the goldfish. He dashed under the bed when he saw Mum and Abby. Mum knelt down and lifted the bed cover to get him out. Underneath were heaps of Abby's toys, books, tapes, clothes and shoes, empty plastic cups, wrappers and a half-eaten sandwich on a plate.

"Abby! What's all this?"

"It's my tidy drawer," Abby said. She wrapped her arms around her Mum and gave her a kiss. "Let's sort this one out together now."

12. When Mum came to Abby's room she saw

- 1) her daughter reading at her table.
- 2) the cat looking at the fish.
- 3) a terrible mess all over the place.
- 4) Abby dressed up as a vampire.

13. Abby agreed to tidy up her room because Mother
- 1) promised to take her to the Halloween party.
  - 2) offered to give her extra pocket money.
  - 3) promised to help her.
  - 4) said that she would punish her.
14. Where did Abby find many interesting things?
- 1) In her Mother's change purse.
  - 2) Under her bed.
  - 3) On the kitchen table.
  - 4) In the tidy drawer in the kitchen.
15. Abby's parents used most of the interesting things
- 1) when they dressed themselves up for Halloween parties.
  - 2) as presents for Halloween parties.
  - 3) to dress her up for different parties.
  - 4) when they wanted to play tricks on Abby.
16. Abby put on the vampire teeth, witch nails and other things from the tidy drawer because
- 1) she wanted to scare the cat.
  - 2) she was going to a Halloween party that evening.
  - 3) she enjoyed dressing up with her Mother.
  - 4) she had to dress up for a pirate party.
17. Abby's Mother decided to inspect Abby's bedroom
- 1) after she had seen Abby tidy up the kitchen table.
  - 2) because she had promised she would do that.
  - 3) before Father came home from work.
  - 4) when they heard some strange noise from it.
18. When Abby's Mother looked under her daughter's bed she saw
- 1) the cat eating a sandwich.
  - 2) the tidy drawer from the kitchen.
  - 3) her change purse.
  - 4) all the Abby's things.

12.

### **Mr. Sticky**

No one knew how Mr. Sticky got in the fish tank.

"He's very small," Mum said as she peered at the tiny water snail. "Just a black dot."

In the morning Abby jumped out of bed and switched on the light in her fish tank.

Gerry, the fat orange goldfish, was dozing inside the stone archway. It took Abby a while to discover Mr. Sticky because he was clinging to the glass near the bottom, right next to the gravel.

At school that day she wrote about the mysterious Mr. Sticky who was so small you could mistake him for a piece of gravel. Some of the girls in her class said he seemed an ideal pet for her and kept giggling about it.

"I think he's grown a bit," Abby told her Mum at breakfast the next day.

"Just as well if he's going to be eaten up like that," her Mum said, trying to put on her coat and eat toast at the same time. "But I don't want him to get too huge or he won't be cute anymore. Small things are cute aren't they?"

"Yes they are. Now hurry up, I'm going to miss my train."

At the weekend they cleaned out the tank. "There's a lot of filth on the sides," Mum said. "I'm not sure Mr. Sticky's quite up to the job yet."

They took the fish out and put them in a bowl while they emptied some of the water. Mr. Sticky stayed out of the way, clinging to the glass while Mum used the special 'vacuum cleaner' to clean the gravel. Abby cleaned the archway and the filter tube. Mum poured new water into the tank.

"Where's Mr. Sticky?" Abby asked.

"On the side," Mum said. She was busy concentrating on the water. Abby looked on all sides of the tank. There was no sign of the water snail.

"He's probably in the gravel then," her mum said. She put the fish back in the clean water where they swam round and round, looking baffled.

That evening Abby went up to her bedroom to examine the tank. The water had settled and looked lovely and clear but there was no sign of Mr. Sticky. She went downstairs.

Her mum was in the study surrounded by papers. She looked impatient when she saw Abby in the doorway and even more impatient when she heard the bad news.

"He'll turn up." was all she said. "Now off to bed Abby. I've got masses of work to catch up on."

Abby felt her face go hot and red. It always happened when she was furious or offended.

"You've poured him out, haven't you," she said. "You were in such a rush."

"I have not. I was very cautious. But he is extremely small."

"What's wrong with being small?"

"Nothing at all. But it makes things hard to find."

"Or notice," Abby said and ran from the room.

The door to the bedroom opened and Mum's face appeared. Abby tried to ignore her but it was hard when she walked over to the bed and sat next to her. She was holding her glasses in her hand. "These are my new pair," she said. "Extra powerful, for snail hunting." She smiled at Abby. Abby tried not to smile back.

"And I've got a magnifying glass," Abby suddenly remembered and rushed off to find it.

They sat beside each other on the floor with the tank between them and peered into the water.

"Ah ha!" Mum suddenly cried.

There, perfectly hidden against the dark stone, sat Mr. Sticky. And right next to him was another water snail, even smaller than him.

"Mrs. Sticky!" Abby breathed.

They both laughed. Then Abby put her head on her mum's chest and smiled.

- 1) a goldfish.
  - 2) a piece of gravel.
  - 3) a snail.
  - 4) a turtle.
13. Abby didn't want Mr. Sticky to grow too big because
- 1) there wouldn't be enough space in the fish tank.
  - 2) he would eat too much.
  - 3) he would leave a lot of dirt on the walls of the fish tank.
  - 4) she found small things to be very pretty.
14. When helping her mother to clean out the tank Abby
- 1) polished the walls of the tank.
  - 2) used a vacuum cleaner.
  - 3) poured fresh water into the tank.
  - 4) cleaned the filter tube of the fish tank.
15. Abby came to her mother's study
- 1) to tell her that Mr. Sticky hadn't turned up.
  - 2) when she had found Mr. and Mrs. Sticky.
  - 3) because she didn't want to go to bed.
  - 4) to say goodnight.
16. Abby was angry with her Mum because
- 1) mother ignored her.
  - 2) mother didn't like Mr. Sticky.
  - 3) she thought that her mother had poured out Mr. Sticky.
  - 4) mother was very strict.
17. Mother came to Abby's room to look for Mr. Sticky with
- 1) her new glasses.
  - 2) a filter tube.
  - 3) a magnifying glass.
  - 4) a vacuum cleaner.
18. Abby felt happy and laughed because
- 1) mother came to help her look for Mr. Sticky.
  - 2) they found Mr. Sticky in the fish tank.
  - 3) the water in the fish tank was very clear and clean.
  - 4) her mother was trying to make her laugh.

### 13.

#### A Gifted Cook

If there is a gene for cuisine, Gabe, my 11-year-old son, could splice it to perfection. Somewhere between Greenwich Village, where he was born, and the San Francisco Bay area, where he has grown up, the little kid with the stubborn disposition and freckles on his nose has forsaken Boy Scouts and baseball in favor of wielding a kitchen knife.

I suppose he is a member of the Emeril generation. Gabe has spent his formative years shopping at the Berkeley Bowl, where over half a dozen varieties of Thanksgiving yams, in lesser mortals, can instill emotional paralysis. He is



blessed with a critical eye. “I think Emeril is really cheesy,” he observed the other night while watching a puff pastry segment. “He makes the stupidest jokes. But he cooks really well.”

With its manifold indigenous cultures, Oaxaca seemed the perfect place to push boundaries. Like the mole sauces for which it is justly famous, the region itself is a subtle blend of ingredients – from dusty Zapotec villages where Spanish is a second language to the zocalo in colonial Oaxaca, a sophisticated town square brimming with street life and vendors selling twisty, one-story-tall balloons.

Appealing to Gabe’s inner Iron Chef seemed like an indirect way to introduce him to a place where the artful approach to life presides. There was also a selfish motive: Gabe is my soul mate, a fellow food wanderer who is not above embracing insanity to follow his appetite wherever it leads.

Months ahead of time, we enrolled via the Internet in the daylong Wednesday cooking class at Seasons of My Heart, the chef and cookbook author Susana Trilling’s cooking school in the Elta Valley, about a 45-minute drive north to town. In her cookbook and PBS series of the same name, Ms. Trilling, an American whose maternal grandparents were Mexican, calls Oaxaca “the land of no waste” where cooking techniques in some ancient villages have endured for a thousand years.

I suspected that the very notion of what constitutes food in Oaxaca would test Gabe’s mettle. At the suggestion of Jacob, his older brother, we spent our second night in Mexico at a Oaxaca Guerrero baseball game, where instead of peanuts and Cracker Jack, vendors hawked huge trays piled high with chapulines, fried grasshoppers cooked in chili and lime, a local delicacy. Gabe was bug-eyed as he watched the man next to him snack on exoskeletal munchies in a paper bowl. “It’s probably less gross than a hot dog,” he admitted. “But on the rim of the bowl I saw a bunch of legs and served body parts. That’s revolting!”

Our cooking day began at the Wednesday market in Etlá, shopping for ingredients and sampling as we went. On the way in the van, Gabe had made friends with Cindy and Fred Beams, fellow classmates from Boston, sharing opinions about Caesar salad and bemoaning his brother’s preference for plain pizza instead of Hawaiian. Cindy told Gabe about a delicious sauce she’d just had on her omelet at her B & B. “It was the best sauce – to die for,” she said. “Then I found out the provenance. Roasted worms.”

The Oaxacan taste for insects, we’d learn – including the worm salt spied at the supermarket and the “basket of fried locusts” at a nearby restaurant – was a source of protein dating back to pre-Hispanic times.

When our cooking class was over I saw a flicker of regret in his face, as though he sensed the world’s infinite variety and possibilities in all the dishes he didn’t learn to cook. “Mom”, he said plaintively, surveying the sensual offerings of the table. “Can we make everything when we get home?”

12. Gabe’s mother thinks that he is

- 1) lazy.
- 2) determined.

- 3) selfish.
- 4) thoughtful.
- 13. Gabe is supposed to represent the Emeril generation because he
  - 1) is fond of criticizing others.
  - 2) feels happy being alone.
  - 3) is interested in cooking.
  - 4) is good at making jokes.
- 14. The narrator wanted to take Gabe to Oaxaca because
  - 1) he could speak Spanish.
  - 2) there are a lot of entertainments for children there.
  - 3) he knew a lot about local cultures.
  - 4) he was the best to keep her company.
- 15. Gabe was struck when he
  - 1) was told that local cooking techniques were a thousand years old.
  - 2) saw the man next to him eat insects.
  - 3) did not find any dish to satisfy his appetite.
  - 4) understood that a hot dog was less gross than a local delicacy.
- 16. The Oaxacan people eat insects because this kind of food
  - 1) tastes pleasant.
  - 2) is easy to cook.
  - 3) contains an essential nutritional element.
  - 4) helps to cure many diseases.
- 17. At the end of the class Gabe felt regret because
  - 1) there were a lot of dishes he could not make on his own.
  - 2) the dishes he made were not tasty.
  - 3) he did not want to go back home.
  - 4) he had not managed to master all the dishes he liked.
- 18. In paragraph 3 "brimming with" means
  - 1) lacking.
  - 2) being filled with.
  - 3) astonishing with.
  - 4) beckoning with.

## 14.

### A School Story

It happened at my private school thirty odd years ago, and I still can't explain it. I came to that school in September and among the boys who arrived on the same day was one whom I took to. I will call him McLeod. The school was a large one: there must have been from 120 to 130 boys there as a rule, and so a considerable staff of masters was required. One term a new master made his appearance. His name was Sampson. He was a tall, well-built, pale, black-bearded man. I think we liked him. He had travelled a good deal, and had stories which amused us on our school walks, so that there was some competition among us to get a chance to listen to him.

Well, the first odd thing that happened was this. Sampson was doing Latin

grammar with us. One of his favourite methods was to make us construct sentences out of our own heads to illustrate the rules he was trying to teach us. Now, on this occasion he ordered us each to make a sentence bringing in the verb *memini*, 'I remember.' Well, most of us made up some ordinary sentence such as 'I remember my father,' but the boy I mentioned - McLeod - was evidently thinking of something more interesting than that.

Finally, very quickly he wrote a couple of lines on his paper, and showed it up with the rest. The phrase was "Remember the lake among the four oaks." Later McLeod told me that it had just come into his head. When Sampson read it he got up and went to the mantel-piece and stopped quite a long time without saying anything looking really embarrassed. Then he wanted to know why McLeod had put it down, and where his family lived, and if there was such a lake there, and things like that.

There was one other incident of the same kind. We were told to make a conditional sentence, expressing a future consequence. We did it and showed up our bits of paper, and Sampson began looking through them. All at once he got up, made some odd sort of noise in his throat, and rushed out. I noticed that he hadn't taken any of the papers with him, so we went to look at them on his desk. The top paper on the desk was written in red ink - which no one used - and it wasn't in anyone's handwriting who was in the class. I questioned everyone myself! Then I thought of counting the bits of paper: there were seventeen of them on the desk, and sixteen boys in the form. I put the extra paper in my bag and kept it. The phrase on it was simple and harmless enough: 'If you don't come to me, I'll come to you.' That same afternoon I took it out of my bag - I know for certain it was the same bit of paper, for I made a finger-mark on it - and there was no single piece of writing on it!

The next day Sampson was in school again, much as usual. That night the third and last incident in my story happened. We - McLeod and I - slept in a bedroom the windows of which looked out at the main building of the school. Sampson slept in the main building on the first floor. At an hour which I can't remember exactly, but some time between one and two, I was woken up by somebody shaking me. I saw McLeod in the light of the moon which was looking right into our windows. 'Come,' he said, - 'come, there's someone getting in through Sampson's window. About five minutes before I woke you, I found myself looking out of this window here, and there was a man sitting on Sampson's window-sill, and looking in.' 'What sort of man? Is anyone from the senior class going to play a trick on him? Or was it a burglar?!' McLeod seemed unwilling to answer. 'I don't know 'he said,' but I can tell you one thing - he was as thin as a rail: and water was running down his hair and clothing and,' he said, looking round and whispering as if he hardly liked to hear himself, 'I'm not at all sure that he was alive.' Naturally I came and looked, and naturally there was no one there.

And next day Mr. Sampson was gone: not to be found, and I believe no trace of him has ever come to light since. Neither McLeod nor I ever mentioned what we had seen to anyone. We seemed unable to speak about it. We both felt strange horror which neither could explain.

12. Why did schoolchildren like the new teacher, Mr. Sampson?
- 1) They liked his appearance.
  - 2) He often went for a walk with them.
  - 3) He organized competitions for them.
  - 4) They enjoyed listening to his stories.
13. How did Mr. Sampson teach Latin grammar?
- 1) He told the pupils to learn the rules by heart.
  - 2) He asked the pupils to make up example sentences.
  - 3) He illustrated the rules with pictures.
  - 4) He made up interesting sentences to illustrate the rules.
14. Why did McLeod write the phrase "Remember the lake among the four oaks?"
- 1) There was a place like that in his native town.
  - 2) He wanted to show his knowledge of Latin grammar.
  - 3) The phrase suddenly came to his mind.
  - 4) He wanted to embarrass the teacher.
15. What did Mr. Sampson do after reading the examples of conditional sentences?
- 1) He left the classroom immediately.
  - 2) He put the papers with the examples into his bag.
  - 3) He asked who had written the example in red ink.
  - 4) He gave marks to the pupils.
16. What was wrong with the paper written in red ink?
- 1) It didn't illustrate the rule that was studied.
  - 2) It had finger-marks on it.
  - 3) It didn't belong to anyone in the class.
  - 4) It had many grammar mistakes.
17. Who did McLeod see on Mr. Sampson's window-sill?
- 1) Nobody.
  - 2) A stranger.
  - 3) One of his schoolmates.
  - 4) Mr. Sampson.
18. Why did the boys never tell anyone about the incident at night?
- 1) They were not asked about it.
  - 2) Mr. Sampson asked them not to tell anyone.
  - 3) They agreed to keep it secret.
  - 4) They were afraid to speak about it.

## **15.**

### **First Train Trip**

I must have been about eight when I made my first train trip. I think I was in second grade at that time. It was midsummer, hot and wet in central Kansas, and time for my aunt Winnie's annual vacation from the store, where she worked as a clerk six days a week. She invited me to join her on a trip to Pittsburgh, fifty miles away, to see her sister, my aunt Alice. "Sally, would you like to go there by train or by car?" aunt Winnie asked. "Oh, please, by train, aunt Winnie, dear! We've been there by car three times already!"

Alice was one of my favourite relatives and I was delighted to be invited to her house. As I was the youngest niece in Mother's big family, the aunties all tended to spoil me and Alice was no exception. She kept a boarding house for college students, a two-storey, brown brick building with comfortable, nicely decorated rooms at the corner of 1200 Kearney Avenue. She was also a world-class cook, which kept her boarding house full of young people. It seemed to me that their life was so exciting and joyful.

Since I'd never ridden a train before, I became more and more excited as the magic day drew near. I kept questioning Mother about train travel, but she just said, "Wait. You'll see." For an eight-year-old, waiting was really difficult, but finally the big day arrived. Mother had helped me pack the night before, and my little suitcase was full with summer sundresses, shorts and blouses, underwear and pyjamas. I was reading Billy Whiskers, a fantastic story about a goat that once made a train trip to New York, and I had put that in as well. It was almost midnight when I could go to bed at last.

We arrived at the station early, purchased our tickets and found our car. I was fascinated by the face-to-face seats so some passengers could ride backwards. Why would anyone, I thought, want to see where they'd been? I only wanted to see what lay ahead for me.

Finally, the conductor shouted, "All aboard!" to the people on the platform. They climbed into the cars, the engineer blew the whistle and clanged the bell, and we pulled out of the station.

This train stopped at every town between my home in Solomon and Pittsburgh. It was known as the "milk train" because at one time it had delivered goods as well as passengers to these villages. I looked eagerly at the signs at each station. I'd been through all these towns by car, but this was different. The shaky ride of the coaches, the soft brown plush seats, the smells of the engine drifting back down the track and in through the open windows made this trip far more exotic.

The conductor, with his black uniform and shiny hat, the twinkling signals that told the engineer when to stop and go, thrilled me. To an adult, the trip must have seemed painfully slow, but I enjoyed every minute.

Aunt Winnie had packed a lunch for us to eat along the way as there was no dining car in the train. I was dying to know just what was in that big shopping bag she carried, but she, too, said, "Wait. You'll see." Midway, Aunt Winnie pulled down her shopping bag from the luggage rack above our seats. My eyes widened as she opened it and began to take out its contents. I had expected lunchmeat sandwiches, but instead there was a container of fried chicken, two hardboiled eggs, bread and butter wrapped in waxed paper, crisp radishes and slim green onions from Winnie's garden, as well as rosy sliced tomatoes. She had brought paper plates, paper cups and some of the "everyday" silverware. A large bottle of cold tea was well wrapped in a dishtowel; the ice had melted, but it was still chilly. I cautiously balanced my plate on my knees and ate, wiping my lips and fingers with a large paper napkin. This was living!

When we had cleaned our plates, Aunt Winnie looked into the bag one more time. The best treat of all appeared – homemade chocolate cakes! Another cup of cold

tea washed these down and then we carefully returned the remains of the food and silverware to the bag, which Aunt Winnie put into the corner by her feet.

"Almost there," said my aunt, looking out of the window at the scenery passing by. And sure enough, as we pulled into the Pittsburgh station we immediately caught sight of aunt Alice, waiting for us, a smile like the sun lighting up her face, arms wide open. We got off the train and she led us past the taxi rank and the bus stop to her car that was parked near the station. And all the way to her home she was asking about my impressions of my first train trip and I could hardly find the words to express all the thrill and excitement that filled me.

12. The first time Sally travelled by train was when she

- A) had to move to her aunt Alice.
- B) had a summer vacation at school.
- C) went to Pittsburgh for the first time in her life.
- D) visited her aunt Alice together with aunt Winnie.

13. Aunt Alice made her living by

- A) working as a cook.
- B) keeping a boarding house.
- C) decorating houses.
- D) working as a teacher at college.

14. Sally was waiting for her first train trip so impatiently that she

- A) packed her things long before the trip.
- B) lost her appetite a week before the trip.
- C) asked her Mother many questions about train trips.
- D) couldn't sleep the night before the trip

15. Sally didn't like the idea of riding backwards because

- A) it could make her sick.
- B) she could miss her station.
- C) she could miss the conductor.
- D) she wanted to see where she was going.

16. The trip to Pittsburgh by train seemed so exotic to Sally because

- A) she had never travelled so far from her native town.
- B) travelling by train was very different from a car ride.
- C) she had never travelled in comfort.
- D) she had never travelled without her parents.

17. Sally thought that at lunchtime they would have

- A) meat sandwiches.
- B) bread and butter with coffee.
- C) fried chicken, eggs and vegetables.
- D) tea with chocolate cakes.

18. Aunt Alice was waiting for Sally and aunt Winnie

- A) at home.
- B) in her car.
- C) on the platform.
- D) at the bus stop.