

- **Read the following Passage (number 1) and answer questions I, II and III.**

On a cold spring afternoon, while walking home from school, I **detoured** through the **playground** at **the end of the alley**. I **saw a group of old men**, two seated across a folding table playing a game of chess, others smoking pipes, eating peanuts, and watching. I **ran home** and **grabbed Vincent's chess set**, which was **bound** in a cardboard box with rubber bands, I also carefully selected two prized rolls of **life savers**. I came back to the park and approached a man who was **observing** the game.

"Want to play?" I asked him. His face widened with surprise and he **grinned** as he looked at the box under my arm. "Little sister, been a long time since I play with dolls," he said, smiling benevolently. I quickly put the box down next to him on the bench and displayed my **retort**.

Lau Po, as he allowed me **to call him**, turned out to be a much better player than my brothers. I lost many games and many **life savers**. But over the weeks, with each **diminishing** role of candies, I added new secrets. Lau Po gave me the names. The humble servant who kills the king and more.

There were also the fine points of chess **etiquette**. **Keep captured men in neat rows, as well-tended prisoners**. Never announce "Check" with **vanity**, lest someone with an unseen sword **slit** your throat. **By the end of the summer**, Lau Po had taught me all he knew, and I had become a better chess player.

A small weekend crowd of Chinese people and tourists would gather as I played and **defeated** my **opponents** one by one. My mother would join crowds during these outdoors exhibition games. She sat proudly on that bench, telling my admirers with proper Chinese humility, "is luck".

A man who watched me play in the park suggested that my mother allow me to **play in local chess tournaments**. My mother smiled graciously, an answer that meant nothing. I desperately wanted to go, but I **bit back my tongue**. I know she would not let me play among strangers. So as we walked home I said in a small voice that I didn't want to play in the local tournament. **They would have American rules**. If I lost, I would bring shame on my family.

During my first tournament, my mother sat with me in the front row as I waited for my turn. I frequently bounced my legs to unstick them from the cold metal seat of the folding chair. When my name was called, I **leapt** up. My mother unwrapped something in her lap. **It was her chang**, a **small tablet of red jade** which held the sun's fire. **"is luck,"** she whispered, and tucked it into my dress pocket. I turned to my opponent, a fifteen-year-old boy from Oakland.

As I began to play, the boy disappeared, the color ran out of the room, and I saw only my white pieces and his black ones waiting on the other side. "Blow from the South," it **murmured**. "The wind leaves no trail." I saw a clear path, the traps to **avoid**. The wind blew stronger. "Throw sand from the East to **distract** him. "Check," I said.

