

# Passage 1: Escaping the Endless Adolescence

As fifteen-year-old Perry shuffled into my office, with his parents trailing tentatively behind, he glanced at me with a strained neutral expression that I'd found usually masked either great anger or great distress; in Perry's case it was both. Although anorexia is a disorder most often associated with girls, Perry was the third in a line of anorexic boys I had recently seen. When he came to see me, Perry's weight had dropped to within ten pounds of the threshold requiring forced hospitalization, yet he denied there was any problem.

"He just won't eat," his mother began. Then, turning to Perry as if to show me the routine they'd been enacting, she asked with tears in her eyes, "Perry, why can't you at least have a simple dinner with us?" Perry refused to eat with his family, always claiming he wasn't hungry at the time and that he preferred to eat later in his room. Except that that rarely happened. New menus, gentle encouragement, veiled threats, nagging, and outright bribes had all been tried, to no avail. Why would an otherwise healthy fifteen-year-old boy be starving himself? The question hung urgently in the air as we all talked.

Let's be clear from the outset: Perry was a smart, good kid: shy, unassuming, and generally unlikely to cause trouble. He was getting straight A's in a challenging and competitive public school honors curriculum that spring. And he later told me that he hadn't gotten a B on his report card since fourth grade. In some ways he was every parent's dream child.

But beneath his academic success, Perry faced a world of troubles, and while he took awhile to get to know, eventually the problems came pouring out. The problems weren't what I'd expected, though. Perry wasn't abused, he didn't do drugs, and his family wasn't driven by conflict. Rather, at first glance, his problems would seem more like typical adolescent complaints. And they were, in a way. But it was only as I got to understand him that I realized the adolescent problems Perry experienced weren't just occasional irritations, as they'd been for me and my cohort as teens, but rather, had grown to the point where they cast a large shadow over much of his day-to-day world. I'd later come to realize that Perry wasn't alone in that regard.

One big problem was that while Perry was a strong achiever, he was not at all a happy one. "I hate waking up in the morning because there's all this stuff I have to do," he said. "I just keep making lists of things to do and checking them off each day. Not just schoolwork, but extracurricular activities, so I can get into a good college."

Once he got started, Perry's discontent spilled out in a frustrated monologue.

"There's so much to do, and I have to really work to get myself motivated because I feel like none of it really matters... but it's really important I do it anyway. At the end of it all, I stay up late, I get all my homework done, and I study really hard for all my tests, and what do I get to show for it all? A single sheet of paper with five or six letters on it. It's just stupid!"

Perry was gifted enough to jump through the academic hoops that had been set for him, but it felt like little more than hoop-jumping, and this ate at him. But that wasn't his only problem.

Perry was well-loved by his parents, as are most of the young people we see. But in their efforts to nurture and support him, his parents inadvertently increased his mental strain. Over time, they had taken on all his household chores, in order to leave him more time for schoolwork and activities. "That's his top priority," they said almost in unison when I asked about this. Although removing the chores from Perry's plate gave him a bit more time, it ultimately left him feeling even more useless and tense. He never really did anything for anyone except suck up their time and money, and he knew it. And if he thought about backing off on his schoolwork...well, look how much his parents were pouring into making it go well. Sandwiched between fury and guilt, Perry had literally begun to wither

#### **Reading Comprehension Questions**



#### This passage is narrated from the point of view of

- (a) a college professor studying the effects of bulimia on young males
- (b) a young male named Perry, struggling with the effects of anorexia.
- © a concerned therapist who works with struggling young adults
- (d) a doctor who treats eating, compulsive and sleeping disorders



#### According to the passage, Perry's two biggest problems were

- (a) being an unhappy achiever and his parents' increase of his mental strain
- (b) his poor attitude toward school and his consumption of everyone's time and money
- c his fury and guilt
- (d) drug abuse and conflict within the family



#### The primary purpose of the passage is to

- (a) describe one young man's struggle with anorexia and in doing so, provide possible reasons a young person may resort to an eating disorder.
- (b) advocate for young males who are struggling with an eating disorder and the decisions they've made that have brought them to that struggle.
- © compare one young person's fight against his parents and the eating disorder that is ruining his life to the life of a typical teenager.
- d relate an emotional reaction to the shock of an eating disorder, such as that of Perry's, a typical young adult.



The author uses which of the following in the sentence starting on line 18: "But beneath his academic success, Perry faced a world of troubles, and while he took awhile to get to know, eventually the problems came pouring out?"

- (a) Personification
- (b) Simile
- © Anecdote
- d Metaphor



In the first sentence of the last paragraph, the word "inadvertently" most nearly means

(a) steadily

(b) monumentally

© incrementally

d mistakenly

# Passage 2 "A Spring Rain"

The spring morning smelled of freshly turned earth. The leftover drops from last night's shower ran in rivulets down the drain where she could hear the water surging beneath her city.

She couldn't cry anymore.

Her throat burned like tears, but the water that fell so easily from the clouds could not fall from her hallow eyes. Her cheek still ached from his back-handed blow, and she lay the reddened swell against the coolness of the windowpane. At least her injury came from his open hand and not his fist or a belt like last Labor Day when Patty from down the road found her sprawled on the tile, beaten bloody. She'd explained it away, of course. A robbery gone awry.

A door creaking open and shutting softly raised the hair on the back of her neck. Heavy, wing-tipped footsteps echoed down the hall and he appeared in the doorway of the kitchen holding two dozen long-stemmed red roses. Symbols of true love.

Twelve more than last time.

Her stomach heaved and churned. She heard drainage water pour into the sewer upon his approach, and the ceiling lights began to move and dance and spin around her.

Go away, she said inwardly.

"Babe. Will you talk to me, please?"

His request resonated loudly in the room, like pots and pans on her eardrums.

No. But she would. She always did

His face made her dizzy –his hangdog look. He wasn't sorry. She pressed her fingers against her eyes and ached for gin. Anything.

"Are you okay?" He moved to steady her when she began to sway on her feet. The inaccuracy of his concern and unwanted touch snapped her back to reality. With a valiant effort, she yanked her arm from his grasp and turned away. She heard his sharp intake of breath. Felt the tension seething behind her.

Fear tingled up over her hairline and she apologized. She murmured something about being tired, glancing up the stairs toward her bedroom. She heard his ragged breath behind her - the barely controlled rage.

His apology was hoarse - forced. "Baby. I am sorry. You have to believe me. This will never happen again."

She stared at her feet.

"I know I get a little out of control. I need to change things. I know that. Will you look at me?" She stayed silent.

He slammed his fist into the wall near her head.

Flinching, she gave in. Turned to face him. He took her face in his hands. Her gaze stayed on the kitchen tile.

"Why do you bait me when you know..." he ended the sentence with compressed lips. "You know I'm leaving. I've got that work thing – if I could skip it I would - but when I get back, I'll fix it."



His face swam in front of her eyes. "Okay," she whispered and backed away from him. "I'm going to bed, okay?"

"All right."

She headed toward the stairs, and slipped up their curved staircase where peace awaited.

"Babe?"

She turned.

"Put the roses in some water or they'll die."

He flew out to Chicago that night, straight from work. He was glad this business trip would give him time to think about his marriage. He knew he made mistakes and needed to change. She did too, he thought, then silenced himself. Obviously her mistakes were smaller than his. The sun dipped low in the sky as he stared out his window over Michigan Avenue. The last ray of sun colored the horizon the softest pink. He vowed right then to make serious changes. Promised to never lay a hand on her again. He would join AA. Quit drinking for good. Love her like he did in the beginning.

Flight 242 from Chicago brought him back home to a rainy spring evening. Excited with his new mind-set, he slung his briefcase over his head and hurried through the downpour to his silver Mercedes – a gift he had bought himself to go with the new title. He slid wet onto the leather of the driver's seat and was revving the engine when his cell phone buzzed in his breast pocket.

It was Patty from down the road.

They'd found her facedown in a bathtub full of rose petals. The police weren't talking, but the housekeeper said she'd had an empty bottle of Valium in her hand. A terrible waste. An inexplicable tragedy, Patty had sobbed bleatingly into his ear.

She'd said it wasn't his fault over the phone. Patty. But what did she know?

His eyes held the truth as he stared numbly at the wiper blades slicking the water evenly away from the blur of his windshield. He gripped the steering wheel – wet from the rain –hung his head, and cried.

#### Choose the correct answer:



As it is used in the passage the word bait most nearly means:

a coerce

(b) hassle

c intimidate

d provoke



Which of the following is NOT a likely inference based on the information in the passage?

- (a) Patty from down the road is the wife's best friend.
- (b) The husband seems to be truly sorry for what he's done at the end.
- © The wife sees no way out of the relationship but suicide.
- (d) The husband values his job more than his wife.



# The author most likely includes the information in lines 10 - 14 in order to:

- (a) compare what happened to the wife recently to the abuse that happened in her childhood.
- (b) explain that the husband had a pattern of abuse and probably wouldn't stop any time soon.
- (c) demonstrate the wife's weakness.
- d intensify the scene by describing the wife's injuries in full detail.



#### All of the events follow the wife's looking out the window EXCEPT:

- (a) Her husband takes a flight to Chicago.
- (b) Her husband walks into the house.
- (c) Her husband runs through the rain.
- (d) Her husband purchases roses.



# The passage provides information that answers which of the following questions?

- I. Does the husband hold a powerful position at work?
- II. What kind of personality traits does the wife display?
- III. Does the wife's relationships with others in the neighborhood affect her married life?
- (a) I only

(b) I and II only

© I and III only

d II and III only

#### Passage 3: The school

Well, we had all these children out planting trees, see, because we figured that ... that was part of their education, to see how, you know, the root systems ... and also the sense of responsibility, taking care of things, being individually responsible. You know what I mean. And the trees all died. They were orange trees. I don't know why they died, they just died. Something wrong with the soil possibly or maybe the stuff we got from the nursery wasn't the best. We complained about it. So we've got thirty kids there, each kid had his or her own little tree to plant and we've got these thirty dead trees. All these kids looking at these little brown sticks, it was depressing.

It wouldn't have been so bad except that just a couple of weeks before the thing with the trees, the snakes all died. But I think that the snakes – well, the reason that the snakes kicked off was that ... you remember, the boiler was shut off for four days because of the strike, and that was explicable. It was something you could explain to the kids because of the strike. I mean, none of their parents would let them cross the picket line and they knew there was a strike going on and what it meant. So when things got started up again and we found the snakes they weren't too disturbed.

With the herb gardens it was probably a case of overwatering, and at least now they know not to overwater. The children were very conscientious with the herb gardens and some of them probably ... you know, slipped them a little extra water when we weren't looking. Or maybe ... well, I don't like to think about sabotage, although it did occur to us. I mean, it was something that crossed our minds. We were thinking that way probably because before that the gerbils had died, and the white mice had died, and the salamanders ... well, now they know not to carry them around in plastic bags.

Of course we expected the tropical fish to die, that was no surprise. Those numbers, you look at them crooked and they're belly-up on the surface. But the lesson plan called for a tropical fish input at that point, there was nothing we could do, it happens every year, you just have to hurry past it.

We weren't even supposed to have a puppy.

We weren't even supposed to have one, it was just a puppy the Murdoch girl found under a Gristede's truck one day and she was afraid the truck would run over it when the driver had finished making his delivery, so she stuck it in her knapsack and brought it to the school with her. So we had this puppy. As soon as I saw the puppy I thought, Oh Lord, I bet it will live for about two weeks and then... And that's what it did. It wasn't supposed to be in the classroom at all, there's some kind of regulation about it, but you can't tell them they can't have a puppy when the puppy is already there, right in front of them, running around on the floor and yap yap yapping. They named it Edgar – that is, they named it after me. They had a lot of fun running after it and yelling, "Here, Edgar! Nice Edgar!" Then they'd laugh like crazy. They enjoyed the ambiguity. I enjoyed it myself. I don't mind being kidded. They made a little house for it in the supply closet and all that. I don't know what it died of. Distemper, I guess. It probably hadn't had any shots. I got it out of there before the kids got to school. I checked the supply closet each morning, routinely, because I knew what was going to happen. I gave it to the custodian.

And then there was this Korean orphan that the class adopted through the Help the Children program, all the kids brought in a quarter a month, that was the idea. It was an unfortunate thing, the kid's name was Kim and maybe we adopted him too late or something. The cause of death was not stated in the letter we got, they suggested we adopt another child instead and sent us some interesting case histories, but we didn't have the heart. The class took it pretty hard, they began (I think, nobody ever said anything to me directly) to feel that maybe there was something wrong with the school. But I don't think there's anything wrong with the school, particularly, I've seen better and I've seen worse. It was just a run of bad luck. We had an extraordinary number of parents passing away, for instance. There were I think two heart attacks and two suicides, one drowning, and four killed together in a car accident. One stroke. And we had the usual heavy mortality rate among the grandparents, or maybe it was heavier this year, it seemed so. And finally the tragedy.

The tragedy occurred when Matthew Wein and Tony Mavrogordo were playing over where they're excavating for the new federal office building. There were all these big wooden beams stacked, you know, at the edge of the excavation. There's a court case coming out of that, the parents are claiming that the beams were poorly stacked. I don't know what's true and what's not.

It's been a strange year.

#### **Reading Comprehension Questions**



#### The passage gives the clearest explanation for which of the following questions?

- (a) Why have there been so many deaths at the school?
- (b) Why did the plants in the herb gardens die?
- (c) Why did Edgar believe the orange trees had died?
- (d) How did Matthew Wein and Tony Mavrogordo die?



#### According to the passage, the salamanders died because of:

- (a) distemper
- (b) lack of food
- (c) suffocation
- (d) being eaten by snakes



# The author uses the last half of paragraph seven, starting with "The class took it pretty hard..." primarily in order to:

- (a) illustrate that bad luck, as Edgar suspected, was the cause of all the deaths.
- (b) intensify the absurdity of a story filled with so many deaths.
- © explain the number of deaths of the parents.
- d compare the rate of parental deaths to that of the grandparents' deaths.



#### It can be reasonably inferred from the passage that Edgar is:

- (a) a kind teacher, perplexed about the deaths.
- (b) the person most at fault for the deaths.
- © a concerned teacher hunting for the cause of the deaths.
- (d) a person the kids respect in every way.



#### Which of the following most accurately expresses the overall tone of the passage?

(a) tragic

(b) hilarious

(c) satirical

d bitter

# Passage 4: Overeating

Years of research had educated me about how sugar, fat, and salt change the brain. I understood some of the parallels between hyperpalatable foods and drugs of abuse, and about the links among sensory stimulation, cues, and memory. I'd met enough people like Claudia and Maria to understand how even the thought of food could cause them to lose control.

But I wasn't fully prepared for the discoveries I made about irresistibility and whoosh, the Monster Thickburger and Baked! Cheetos Flamin' Hot, about indulgence and purple cows. Without necessarily understanding the underlying science, the food industry has discovered what sells.

I was sitting at Chili's Grill & Bar in Chicago's O'Hare Airport waiting for a late-night flight. At a nearby table a couple in their early forties was deep into a meal. The woman was overweight, with about 180 pounds on her five-foot-four-inch frame. The Southwestern Eggrolls she had ordered were listed as a starter course, but the enormous platter in front of her had been heaped with food. The dish was described on the menu as "smoked chicken, black beans, corn, jalapeño Jack cheese, red peppers, and spinach wrapped inside a crispy flour tortilla," and

it was served with a creamy avocado-ranch dipping sauce. Despite its name, the dish looked more like a burrito than an egg roll, an only-in-America fusion approach.

I watched as the woman attacked her food with vigor and speed. She held the egg roll in one hand, dunked it into the sauce, and brought it to her mouth while using the fork in her other hand to scoop up more sauce. Occasionally she reached over and speared some of her companion's french fries. The woman ate steadily, working her way around the plate with scant pause for conversation or rest. When she finally paused, only a little lettuce was left.

Had she known someone was watching her, I'm sure she would have eaten differently. Had she been asked to describe what she had just eaten, she probably would have substantially underestimated her consumption. And she would probably have been surprised to learn what the ingredients in her meal really were.

The woman might have been interested in how my industry source, who had called sugar, fat, and salt the three points of the compass, described her entree. Deep-frying the tortilla drives down its water content from 40 percent to about 5 percent and replaces the rest with fat. "The tortilla is really going to absorb a lot of fat," he said. "It looks like an egg roll is supposed to look, which is crispy and brown on the outside."

The food consultant read through other ingredients on the label, keeping up a running commentary as he did. "Cooked white meat chicken, binder added, smoke flavor. People like smoky flavor — it's the caveman in them."

"There's green stuff in there," he said, noting the spinach. "That makes me feel like I'm eating something healthy."

"Shredded Monterey Jack cheese.... The increase in per-capita consumption of cheese is off the chart."

The hot peppers, he said, "add a little spice, but not too much to kill everything else off." He believed the chicken had been chopped and formed much like a meat loaf, with binders added, which makes those calories easy to swallow. Ingredients that hold moisture, including autolyzed yeast extract, sodium phosphate, and soy protein concentrate, further soften the food. I noticed that salt appeared eight times on the label and that sweeteners were there five times, in the form of corn-syrup solids, molasses, honey, brown sugar, and sugar.

"This is highly processed?" I asked.

"Absolutely, yes. All of this has been processed such that you can wolf it down fast... chopped up and made ultrapalatable.... Very appealing looking, very high pleasure in the food, very high caloric density. Rules out all that stuff you have to chew."

By eliminating the need to chew, modern food processing techniques allow us to eat faster. "When you're eating these things, you've had 500, 600, 800, 900 calories before you know it," said the consultant. "Literally before you know it." Refined food simply melts in the mouth.

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#### **Reading Comprehension Questions**



# It can be inferred from the author's description of the woman eating in paragraph

- four that
- (a) The woman prefers to eat at Chili's vs. other restaurants.
- (b) The woman truly enjoys the foods that she chooses to eat.
- © The woman's efficiency at cleaning her plate adds to her dining experience.
- (d) The author is disgusted by the woman's consumption.



#### According to the passage, the main reason people overeat is

- (a) because salt and sweeteners, like corn-syrup solids and brown sugar, are added to the food.
- (b) because we don't have to chew our food very much
- (c) because people like smoky flavor
- (d) because sugar, fat and salt change the brain



#### The following are all ingredients in the egg rolls, EXCEPT

- (a) salt
- (b) binders
- (c) honey
- (d) dark meat chicken

# 4

# Which of the following statements best describes the main idea of the passage?

- (a) If you eat too much food too quickly, you'll gain weight and become unhealthy.
- (b) Because refined food is irresistible and easy to eat, it masks how unhealthy it is, leaving people unaware of the poor food choices they're making.
- © Chili's is one of the restaurants in the U.S. serving unhealthy food to consumers today.
- d Food consultants and authors are making Americans aware of their unhealthy eating habits, thus, creating healthier generations for years to come..

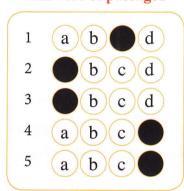
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# In the first sentence of paragraph four, the word "vigor" most nearly means

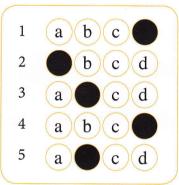
- (a) pleasure
- (b) flamboyance
- (c) lethargy
- (d) energy

# Key answers

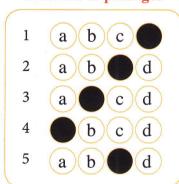
### Answers of passage1



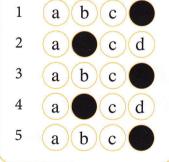
## Answers of passage2



### Answers of passage3



# Answers of passage4







# 🔷 أهم إصداراتي:



























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# ♦ تمتاز هذه السلسلة بالآتى:

- 1- ليست كغيرها من المؤلفات تكتفي بعرض عدد من الاختبارات التجريبية، بل قدمت شرح شامل للمادة العلمية وأسئلة وافيه مصحوبة بحلول نموذ جية، وانتهت باختبارات تجريبية متعددة
- منها مايعتمد على التحليل والتركيب وومنها مايعتمد على المسموع والمقروء .
- ٢- تعرض أهم المهارات بأسلوب علمي مبسط وشامل؛ ليفي باحتياجات جميع المعنيين
  باختبارات اللغة.
- ٣- تقدم مجموعة من الاختبارات مطابقة لاختبارات (كفايات اللغة الانجليزية)
  ومصحوبة بحلول نموذ جية لتدريب المعنيين باختبارات اللغة على الاختبار بكل موصفاته.



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