

READING COMPREHENSION (30 marks)

TASK 1

Read the short texts below 0 – 6 and match them to the headings A – J. There are **THREE** headings you do NOT need to use. 0 is the example. (6 marks)

THE TOP SEVEN DO NOTS AT JOB INTERVIEWS

H - Example

0. There's a time and a place to discuss salary, bonuses, and perks of the job. And it's not at the initial interview unless it's something the interviewer raises. Your compensation package is obviously a matter for major discussion—when you know you're going to get offered something. Then you can always negotiate from a position of strength.

1. First of all, don't make the mistake of going into an interview without researching the industry, the company, the boss, and as much as you can about the specific position. If someone tells me they're at the interview to learn about my company, that's a total turn-off. There are so many online resources today; it's not something that's hard to do. It shows that the candidate is serious about wanting the position. Part of being prepared is also making sure you don't arrive late for the interview. That's inexcusable. Shoot to get to the appointment way ahead of time just in case there are unexpected delays.

2. You must create a good first impression. And that starts with the first moment your interviewer sets eyes on you. Even when you are not applying for a position at a suit and tie company, it's disrespectful for a potential employee to stroll in wearing a torn T-shirt, jeans and sneakers. It's better to be overdressed than underdressed. You're attending a job interview—not a ball game.

3. You may well be unhappy where you work. Your interviewers don't need to hear it. If you speak ill of your current boss what's to say you won't speak ill of them? Saying you didn't always see eye to eye is one thing; it may well show that you can think for yourself, especially if you can quote a positive element. One way or another it was a learning experience! But don't harp on petty disputes or air any dirty laundry. You don't want to gain a reputation for negativity.

4. There's always the temptation to “play to the gallery” when you're being interviewed. You're inclined to tell the interviewer exactly what you think he wants to hear rather than exactly how you feel. OK. So it's stressful and you want the job real bad. And maybe you even exaggerate your experience a little bit. My advice is to be real. Lies and hyped credentials are not going to serve you in the long haul. Truth has a way of finding its way out.

5. Never forget that this is an interview for a job. Be professional. Be business-like. This is not the forum to share intimate details of your personal life, the ups and downs of your marriage, or your recent break-up. It is the forum to discuss why you want the job and will be an asset to the company.

6. At the end of the interview don't simply say “thanks for your consideration” and depart—and that's the end of it. If you want the position make it clear that you're interested before you leave and try to find out the company's level of interest in you. Say something like, “This sounds like an ideal position for me. Is there a fit here?” The same day a brief, polite email thanking the interviewer for his consideration and reiterating your desire for the job is not only proper etiquette but also shows that you really want it.

Adapted from LinkedIn

- A. Don't be fake.
- B. Don't chit chat.
- C. Don't turn up unprepared.
- D. Don't get there too early for the interview.
- E. Don't go casual.
- F. Don't just walk away.
- G. Don't speak your mind.
- H. Don't talk money. (Example)**
- I. Don't trash your former employer.
- J. Don't use rude language.

0	H	1		2		3		4		5		6	
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TASK 2

Read the following text. For questions 7 – 14, choose the correct answer **a), b) or c)**. Circle the correct answer on the answer sheet provided. **0** is the example. **(8 marks)**

ORIGINS

A few months after my twenty-first birthday, a stranger called to give me the news. I was living in New York at the time in an uninviting block, treeless and barren, lined with soot-colored walk-ups that cast heavy shadows for most of the day. The apartment was small, with slanting floors and irregular heat and a buzzer downstairs that didn't work, so that visitors had to call ahead from a pay phone at the corner gas station, where a black Doberman the size of a wolf paced through the night in vigilant patrol, its jaws clamped around an empty beer bottle.

None of this concerned me much, for I didn't get many visitors. I was impatient in those days, busy with work and unrealized-plans, and prone to see other people as unnecessary distractions. It wasn't that I didn't appreciate company exactly. I enjoyed exchanging Spanish pleasantries with my mostly Puerto Rican neighbors, and on my back from classes I'd usually stop to talk to the boys who hung out on the stoop all summer long about the Knicks or the gunshots they'd heard the night before. When the weather was good, my roommate and I might sit out on the fire escape to smoke cigarettes and study the dusk washing blue over the city, or watch white people from the better neighborhoods nearby walk their dogs down our block. I enjoyed such moments - but only in brief. If the talk began to wander, or cross the border into familiarity, I would soon find reason to excuse myself. I had grown too comfortable in my solitude, the safest place I knew.

I remember there was an old man living next door who seemed to share my disposition. He lived alone, a gaunt, stooped figure who wore a heavy black overcoat and a misshapen fedora on those rare occasions when he left his apartment. Once in a while I'd run into him on his way back from the store, and I would offer to carry his groceries up the long flight of stairs. He would look at me and shrug, and we would begin our ascent, stopping at each landing so that he could catch his breath. When we finally arrived at his apartment, I'd carefully set the bags down on the floor and he would offer a courtly nod of acknowledgement before shuffling inside and closing the latch. Not a single word would pass between us, and not once did he ever thank me for my efforts.

The old man's silence impressed me; I thought him a kindred spirit. Later, my roommate would find him crumpled up on the third-floor landing, his eyes wide open, his limbs stiff and curled up like a baby's. A crowd gathered; a few of the women crossed themselves, and the smaller children whispered with excitement. Eventually the paramedics arrived to take away the body and the police let themselves into the old man's apartment. It was neat, almost empty- a chair, a desk, the faded portrait of a woman with heavy eyebrows and a gentle smile set atop the mantelpiece. Somebody opened the refrigerator and found close to a thousand dollars in small bills rolled up inside wads of old newspaper and carefully arranged behind mayonnaise and pickle jars. The loneliness of the scene affected me, and for the briefest moment I wished that I had learned the old man's name. Then, almost immediately, I regretted my desire, along with its companion grief. I felt as if an understanding had been broken between us- as if, in that barren room, the old man was whispering an untold history, telling me things I preferred not to hear.

It must have been a month or so later, on a cold, dreary November morning, the sun faint behind a gauze of clouds, that the other call came. I was in the middle of making myself breakfast when my roommate handed me the phone. The line was thick with static.

"Barry? Barry, is this you?"

"Yes Who's this?"

"Aunt Jane. Listen, Barry, your father is dead. He is killed in a car accident. Hello? Can you hear me? I say, your father is dead. Barry, please call your uncle in Boston and tell him. I can't talk now, okay, Barry. I will try to call you again ..."

That was all. The line cut off, and I sat down on the couch, smelling eggs burn in the kitchen, staring at cracks in the plaster, trying to measure my loss.

At the time of his death, my father remained a myth to me, both more and less than a man. He had left Hawaii back in 1963, when I was only two years old, so that as a child I knew him only through the the stories that my mother and grandparents told. He was an African, I would learn, a Kenyan of the Luo tribe, born on the shores of Lake Victoria in a place called Alego. The village was poor, but his father had been a prominent farmer, an elder of the tribe, a medicine man with healing powers. My father grew up herding his father's goats and attending the local school, set up by the British colonial administration, where he had shown great promise. He eventually won a scholarship to study in Nairobi; and then, on the eve of Kenyan independence, he had been selected by Kenyan leaders and American sponsors to attend a university in the United States, joining the first large wave of Africans to be sent forth to master Western technology and bring it back to forge a new, modern Africa.

Adapted from "Dreams from my Father"

0. The part of New York the narrator describes...
 - a) was dangerous because of the animals around it.
 - b) was full of people with no jobs.
 - ~~c) was not very attractive. (Example)~~
7. The narrator was mostly interested in...
 - a) boys with exciting conversations.
 - b) concentrating on his work.
 - c) people that helped him to learn Spanish.
8. The narrator enjoyed being alone rather than ...
 - a) being given excuses.
 - b) having an intimate conversation.
 - c) sitting in an unsafe neighbourhood.
9. The narrator speaks about the old man...
 - a) because they both liked to be on their own.
 - b) in order to explain why they were friends.
 - c) in order to show the reader how kind he (the narrator) could be.
10. The old man never spoke to the narrator because...
 - a) he could hardly breathe.
 - b) he did not recognize the narrator's help.
 - c) he seemed to be used to being in silence.
11. When Barry heard about his father's death...
 - a) he could only think about the food in the kitchen.
 - b) he remained on the couch till Aunt Jane phoned again.
 - c) he stopped doing everything.
12. Why was the narrator's father "a myth"?
 - a) Barry hardly knew him personally.
 - b) He could cure many people.
 - c) There were a lot of tribal legends about him.

13. When the narrator's father was at school...
- a) he promised he would not become a farmer.
 - b) he was expected to become successful.
 - c) the British colonial administration deceived him.
14. Barry's father was selected by Kenyan leaders...
- a) to become a good African music technician.
 - b) to contribute to improve his mother land.
 - c) to make the West think that Africa had changed.

Example:

0	a)	b)	c)
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7	a)	b)	c)	9	a)	b)	c)	11	a)	b)	c)	13	a)	b)	c)
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8	a)	b)	c)	10	a)	b)	c)	12	a)	b)	c)	14	a)	b)	c)
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TASK 3a

Read the text, then choose the option **a), b), c) or d)** that best fits each gap. Circle the correct answer on the answer sheet provided. **0** is the example. (8 marks)

DANCING WITH DARCEY

If Lesley Collier is one of the most beloved of British ballerinas, then surely Darcey Andrea Bussell was the first British ballerina to become a **0 – a (Example)** name. 22 years younger than Collier, Bussell was plucked from the corps de ballet by the late Sir Kenneth MacMillan who gave the tall, wonderfully supple, 17-year-old teenager from Notting Hill the **15** in Britten's fantastic three-act fairy tale ballet *The Prince of the Pagodas*.

16 girls who first attend the Royal Ballet School at the age of eight, Bussell did not enroll at White Lodge until she was 13. By dint of sheer hard work she managed to **17** the others, graduated to the Upper School three years later and in 1986 won the much-coveted *Prix de Lausanne*.

Curiously, Miss Bussell was **18** by Sir Kenneth in 1988 while dancing for the Sadler's Wells Ballet. In December 1989, at the age of twenty, the long, brown-haired Darcey Bussell transferred to The Royal Ballet and became the youngest ballerina ever in the 58-year history of The Royal Ballet to be promoted to Principal Dancer. From then on everything was **19** sailing as the ever-so-elegant, London-born ballerina gave one sparkling performance after another, earning rave reviews in the process. In 1990 Bussell with her cool scrupulous line and shining high extensions was **20** Dancer of the Year and won the Evening Standard Ballet Award.

Like Collier, her forte has always been classical dance and her greatest roles have been arguably those of *Nikiya*, *Aurora*, *the Sugar Plum Fairy* and *Giselle*. A 20-year **21** with the Royal Ballet began to take its toll and, after the birth of her second daughter, Darcey Bussell decided in 2007 to become a stay-at-home mum. Like Collier before her, Bussell felt it was high time to **22** her dancing shoes and hand the ballet baton over to a new generation of British dancers.

Adapted from Think in English

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|---|------------------|----------------|---------------------|
| 0. a) household
neighbourhood | b) family | c) home-made | d) (Example) |
| 15. a) power | b) command | c) lead | d) principal |
| 16. a) Likewise | b) As well as | c) In spite of | d) Unlike |
| 17. a) put up with | b) catch up with | c) get on with | d) get up to |
| 18. a) spotted | b) witnessed | c) peeped | d) glimpsed |
| 19. a) easy | b) smooth | c) dotted | d) plain |
| 20. a) collected | b) voted | c) nominated | d) selected |
| 21. a) job | b) career | c) work | d) employment |

22. a) put down

b) put back

c) put away

d) put up

Example:

0	a)	b)	c)	d)
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15	a) b) c) d)	17	a) b) c) d)	19	a) b) c) d)	21	a) b) c) d)
16	a) b) c) d)	18	a) b) c) d)	20	a) b) c) d)	22	a) b) c) d)

TASK 3b

Fill in the gaps (23 – 30) in the following text with **ONE** suitable word. Write down the correct word on the answer sheet provided. 0 is the example. (8 marks)

WAKING UP TO YOUNG KIDS' SLEEP TROUBLES

According to the National Sleep Foundation, two-thirds of kids in the years through middle school aren't getting adequate sleep, 0 **which** **(Example)**, for these ages, is 10 to 12 hours.

These kids aren't merely a pain for teachers, but also can develop serious health and developmental issues. Their sleep-deprived bodies release "counter-regulatory" hormones, particularly adrenaline and cortisol, that not only 23 them hyperactive and incapable of focusing but also causes short-circuit development, as the brain's repair-and-restore cycle doesn't have enough time to complete 24 dance.

Educators speak of kids who come to school exhausted 25 they were out with their own parents, or at a family event, the night before. Working parents talk about how guilty they feel about their schedules, or how badly they want to spend more time with their kids, 26 makes them prone to allowing their kids to stay up late. Pediatricians talk about parents who don't know how to set limits—to say, as so many parents once 27, "It's bedtime, lights out, sleep tight."

But sleeping tight is hard when 42% of children have televisions in their bedrooms, according to the National Sleep Foundation. Then there are after-school sports, music lessons, tutoring, hours of homework. Add a bedtime Internet habit, and you've got one fine recipe 28 a wound-up kid.

Everyone talks about lack of down time for today's kids, so far removed from those endless hours 29 long-ago childhoods. Now, nearly everyone knows a prepubescent 30 days are so packed that they start earlier and get home later than most working adults.

Adapted from the Wall Street Journal

Example:

0	which
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23		25		27		29	
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24		26		28		30	
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