

High School Reading Diagnostic

Directions:

Read the passage carefully and then answer the questions about it. For each question, decide on the basis of the passage which one of the choices best answers the question.

Q.1) The ring is on my hand,
And the wreath is on my brow;
Satin and jewels grand
Are all at my command,
And I am happy now.

And my lord he loves me well;
But, when first he breathed his vow,
I felt my bosom swell-
For the words rang as a knell,
And the voice seemed his who fell
In the battle down the dell,
And who is happy now.

But he spoke to re-assure me,
And he kissed my pallid brow,
While a reverie came o'er me,
And to the church-yard bore me,
And I sighed to him before me,
Thinking him dead D'Elormie,
"Oh, I am happy now!"

And thus the words were spoken,
And this the plighted vow,
And, though my faith be broken,
And, though my heart be broken,
Here is a ring, as token
That I am happy now!

Would God I could awaken!
For I dream I know not how!
And my soul is sorely shaken
Lest an evil step be taken,-
Lest the dead who is forsaken
May not be happy now.

The speaker of the poem is

- A. the poet
- B. the lover
- C. the bride
- D. the bridegroom
- E. a dead woman

Q.2) The ring is on my hand,
And the wreath is on my brow;
Satin and jewels grand
Are all at my command,
And I am happy now.

And my lord he loves me well;
But, when first he breathed his vow,
I felt my bosom swell-
For the words rang as a knell,
And the voice seemed his who fell
In the battle down the dell,
And who is happy now.

But he spoke to re-assure me,
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And thus the words were spoken,
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And, though my faith be broken,
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Here is a ring, as token
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Would God I could awaken!
For I dream I know not how!
And my soul is sorely shaken
Lest an evil step be taken,-
Lest the dead who is forsaken
May not be happy now.

The speaker talks about the voice of a person in the last three lines of the second stanza. Who is he?

- A. he is her husband
- B. he is the poet
- C. he is D'Elormie, who loved the speaker
- D. he is the lord and master
- E. none of the above

Q.3) The ring is on my hand,
And the wreath is on my brow;
Satin and jewels grand
Are all at my command,
And I am happy now.

And my lord he loves me well;
But, when first he breathed his vow,
I felt my bosom swell-
For the words rang as a knell,
And the voice seemed his who fell
In the battle down the dell,
And who is happy now.

But he spoke to re-assure me,
And he kissed my pallid brow,
While a reverie came o'er me,
And to the church-yard bore me,
And I sighed to him before me,
Thinking him dead D'Elormie,
"Oh, I am happy now!"

And thus the words were spoken,
And this the plighted vow,
And, though my faith be broken,
And, though my heart be broken,
Here is a ring, as token
That I am happy now!

Would God I could awaken!
For I dream I know not how!
And my soul is sorely shaken
Lest an evil step be taken,-
Lest the dead who is forsaken
May not be happy now.

The phrase, "the words rang as a knell" in line 4 of the second stanza means

- A. the words made a clear sound
- B. the words echoed
- C. the words sounded like a bell
- D. the words sounded like a bell rung to announce the death
- E. the sound of the words combined with the sound of the bell

Q.4) The ring is on my hand,
And the wreath is on my brow;
Satin and jewels grand
Are all at my command,
And I am happy now.

And my lord he loves me well;
But, when first he breathed his vow,
I felt my bosom swell-
For the words rang as a knell,
And the voice seemed his who fell
In the battle down the dell,
And who is happy now.

But he spoke to re-assure me,
And he kissed my pallid brow,
While a reverie came o'er me,
And to the church-yard bore me,
And I sighed to him before me,
Thinking him dead D'Elormie,
"Oh, I am happy now!"

And thus the words were spoken,
And this the plighted vow,
And, though my faith be broken,
And, though my heart be broken,
Here is a ring, as token
That I am happy now!

Would God I could awaken!
For I dream I know not how!
And my soul is sorely shaken
Lest an evil step be taken,-
Lest the dead who is forsaken
May not be happy now.

Why is the speaker heartbroken?

- A. the speaker's happiness made her lover broken
- B. the lover does not love anymore
- C. the speaker is having a ring
- D. the speaker is being kissed by the groom
- E. the speaker's act of making a promise to the groom

Q.5) The ring is on my hand,
And the wreath is on my brow;
Satin and jewels grand
Are all at my command,
And I am happy now.

And my lord he loves me well;
But, when first he breathed his vow,
I felt my bosom swell-
For the words rang as a knell,
And the voice seemed his who fell
In the battle down the dell,
And who is happy now.

But he spoke to re-assure me,
And he kissed my pallid brow,
While a reverie came o'er me,
And to the church-yard bore me,
And I sighed to him before me,
Thinking him dead D'Elormie,
"Oh, I am happy now!"

And thus the words were spoken,
And this the plighted vow,
And, though my faith be broken,
And, though my heart be broken,
Here is a ring, as token
That I am happy now!

Would God I could awaken!
For I dream I know not how!
And my soul is sorely shaken
Lest an evil step be taken,-
Lest the dead who is forsaken
May not be happy now.

Who was forsaken by whom?

- A. the poet by the speaker
- B. the speaker by the groom
- C. the bride by the groom
- D. the husband by the bride
- E. D'Elormine by the speaker

Directions:

Read the passage carefully and then answer the questions about it. For each question, decide on the basis of the passage which one of the choices best answers the question.

- Q.6) 1 *The following passage is an excerpt from a 1909 novel. Georgia, the main character, is a reporter in an otherwise all-male newsroom.*
- 3 Georgia was to be married. It was the week before Christmas, and on the last day of the year she would become Mrs. Joseph Tank. She had told Joe that if they were to be married at all they might as well get it over with this year, and still there was no need of being married any earlier in the year than was necessary. (Line 6)
- 7 She assured him that she married him simply because she was tired of having paper bags waved before her eyes everywhere she went and she thought if she were once officially associated with him people would not flaunt his **idiosyncrasies** at her that way. And then Ernestine, her best friend, approved of getting married, and Ernestine's ideas were usually good. To all of which Joe responded that she certainly had a splendid head to figure it out that way.(Line 12)
- 13 Joe said that to his mind reasons for doing things weren't very important anyhow; it was doing them that counted. Yesterday had been her last day on the paper. She had felt queer about that thing of taking her last assignment, though it was hard to reach just the proper state, for the last story related to pork-packers, and pork-packing is not a setting favorable to sentimental regrets. (Line 17)
- 18 It was just like the newspaper business not even to allow one a little sentimental harrowing over one's exodus from it. But the time for gentle melancholy came later on when she was sorting her things at her desk just before leaving, and was wondering what girl would have that old desk—if they cared to risk another girl, and whether the other poor girl would slave through the years she should have been frivolous, only to have some man step in at the end and induce her to surrender the things she had gained through sacrifice and toil.(Line 23)
- 24 As she wrote a final letter on her typewriter—she did hate letting the old machine go—Georgia did considerable philosophizing about the irony of working for things only to the end of giving them up.
- 27 She had waded through snow drifts and been drenched in pouring rains, she had been frozen with the cold and prostrated with the heat, she had been blown about by Chicago wind until it was strange there was any of her left in one piece, she had had front doors—yes, and back doors too—slammed in her face, she had been the butt of the alleged wit of menials and hirelings, she had been patronized by vapid women as the poor girl who must make her living some way, she had been roasted by—but never mind—she had had a beat* or two! And now she was to wind it all up by marrying Joseph Tank, who had made a great deal of money out of the manufacture of paper bags. This from her—who had always believed she would end her days in New York, or perhaps write a realistic novel exposing some mighty evil! (Line 36)

What was Georgia's last assignment?

- A. Getting married
- B. Writing about her intended marriage
- C. Write a realistic novel
- D. Write about pork packers
- E. Exposing evil

- Q.7) 1 *The following passage is an excerpt from a 1909 novel. Georgia, the main character, is a reporter in an otherwise all-male newsroom.*
- 3 Georgia was to be married. It was the week before Christmas, and on the last day of the year she would become Mrs. Joseph Tank. She had told Joe that if they were to be married at all they might as well get it over with this year, and still there was no need of being married any earlier in the year than was necessary. (Line 6)
- 7 She assured him that she married him simply because she was tired of having paper bags waved before her eyes everywhere she went and she thought if she were once officially associated with him people would not flaunt his **idiosyncrasies** at her that way. And then Ernestine, her best friend, approved of getting married, and Ernestine's ideas were usually good. To all of which Joe responded that she certainly had a splendid head to figure it out that way.(Line 12)
- 13 Joe said that to his mind reasons for doing things weren't very important anyhow; it was doing them that counted. Yesterday had been her last day on the paper. She had felt queer about that thing of taking her last assignment, though it was hard to reach just the proper state, for the last story related to pork-packers, and pork-packing is not a setting favorable to sentimental regrets. (Line 17)
- 18 It was just like the newspaper business not even to allow one a little sentimental harrowing over one's exodus from it. But the time for gentle melancholy came later on when she was sorting her things at her desk just before leaving, and was wondering what girl would have that old desk—if they cared to risk another girl, and whether the other poor girl would slave through the years she should have been frivolous, only to have some man step in at the end and induce her to surrender the things she had gained through sacrifice and toil.(Line 23)
- 24 As she wrote a final letter on her typewriter—she did hate letting the old machine go—Georgia did considerable philosophizing about the irony of working for things only to the end of giving them up.
- 27 She had waded through snow drifts and been drenched in pouring rains, she had been frozen with the cold and prostrated with the heat, she had been blown about by Chicago wind until it was strange there was any of her left in one piece, she had had front doors—yes, and back doors too—slammed in her face, she had been the butt of the alleged wit of menials and hirelings, she had been patronized by vapid women as the poor girl who must make her living some way, she had been roasted by—but never mind—she had had a beat* or two! And now she was to wind it all up by marrying Joseph Tank, who had made a great deal of money out of the manufacture of paper bags. This from her—who had always believed she would end her days in New York, or perhaps write a realistic novel exposing some mighty evil! (Line 36)

What was unique about the place that Georgia was working?

- A. It was a newspaper business
- B. She was the only female reporter
- C. Everyone teased her
- D. Her colleagues were all reporters
- E. All the others ill treated her

- Q.8) 1 *The following passage is an excerpt from a 1909 novel. Georgia, the main character, is a reporter in an otherwise all-male newsroom.*
- 3 Georgia was to be married. It was the week before Christmas, and on the last day of the year she would become Mrs. Joseph Tank. She had told Joe that if they were to be married at all they might as well get it over with this year, and still there was no need of being married any earlier in the year than was necessary. (Line 6)
- 7 She assured him that she married him simply because she was tired of having paper bags waved before her eyes everywhere she went and she thought if she were once officially associated with him people would not flaunt his **idiosyncrasies** at her that way. And then Ernestine, her best friend, approved of getting married, and Ernestine's ideas were usually good. To all of which Joe responded that she certainly had a splendid head to figure it out that way.(Line 12)
- 13 Joe said that to his mind reasons for doing things weren't very important anyhow; it was doing them that counted. Yesterday had been her last day on the paper. She had felt queer about that thing of taking her last assignment, though it was hard to reach just the proper state, for the last story related to pork-packers, and pork-packing is not a setting favorable to sentimental regrets. (Line 17)
- 18 It was just like the newspaper business not even to allow one a little sentimental harrowing over one's exodus from it. But the time for gentle melancholy came later on when she was sorting her things at her desk just before leaving, and was wondering what girl would have that old desk—if they cared to risk another girl, and whether the other poor girl would slave through the years she should have been frivolous, only to have some man step in at the end and induce her to surrender the things she had gained through sacrifice and toil.(Line 23)
- 24 As she wrote a final letter on her typewriter—she did hate letting the old machine go—Georgia did considerable philosophizing about the irony of working for things only to the end of giving them up.
- 27 She had waded through snow drifts and been drenched in pouring rains, she had been frozen with the cold and prostrated with the heat, she had been blown about by Chicago wind until it was strange there was any of her left in one piece, she had had front doors—yes, and back doors too—slammed in her face, she had been the butt of the alleged wit of menials and hirelings, she had been patronized by vapid women as the poor girl who must make her living some way, she had been roasted by—but never mind—she had had a beat* or two! And now she was to wind it all up by marrying Joseph Tank, who had made a great deal of money out of the manufacture of paper bags. This from her—who had always believed she would end her days in New York, or perhaps write a realistic novel exposing some mighty evil! (Line 36)

Who was Georgia's fiancé and what was his business?

- A. Another colleague in her office - a reporter
- B. Joseph Tank - manufacturing paper bags
- C. Ernestine - no job
- D. Name not given - pork packing
- E. Reporter - newspaper office

- Q.9) 1 *The following passage is an excerpt from a 1909 novel. Georgia, the main character, is a reporter in an otherwise all-male newsroom.*
- 3 Georgia was to be married. It was the week before Christmas, and on the last day of the year she would become Mrs. Joseph Tank. She had told Joe that if they were to be married at all they might as well get it over with this year, and still there was no need of being married any earlier in the year than was necessary. (Line 6)
- 7 She assured him that she married him simply because she was tired of having paper bags waved before her eyes everywhere she went and she thought if she were once officially associated with him people would not flaunt his **idiosyncrasies** at her that way. And then Ernestine, her best friend, approved of getting married, and Ernestine's ideas were usually good. To all of which Joe responded that she certainly had a splendid head to figure it out that way.(Line 12)
- 13 Joe said that to his mind reasons for doing things weren't very important anyhow; it was doing them that counted. Yesterday had been her last day on the paper. She had felt queer about that thing of taking her last assignment, though it was hard to reach just the proper state, for the last story related to pork-packers, and pork-packing is not a setting favorable to sentimental regrets. (Line 17)
- 18 It was just like the newspaper business not even to allow one a little sentimental harrowing over one's exodus from it. But the time for gentle melancholy came later on when she was sorting her things at her desk just before leaving, and was wondering what girl would have that old desk—if they cared to risk another girl, and whether the other poor girl would slave through the years she should have been frivolous, only to have some man step in at the end and induce her to surrender the things she had gained through sacrifice and toil.(Line 23)
- 24 As she wrote a final letter on her typewriter—she did hate letting the old machine go—Georgia did considerable philosophizing about the irony of working for things only to the end of giving them up.
- 27 She had waded through snow drifts and been drenched in pouring rains, she had been frozen with the cold and prostrated with the heat, she had been blown about by Chicago wind until it was strange there was any of her left in one piece, she had had front doors—yes, and back doors too—slammed in her face, she had been the butt of the alleged wit of menials and hirelings, she had been patronized by vapid women as the poor girl who must make her living some way, she had been roasted by—but never mind—she had had a beat* or two! And now she was to wind it all up by marrying Joseph Tank, who had made a great deal of money out of the manufacture of paper bags. This from her—who had always believed she would end her days in New York, or perhaps write a realistic novel exposing some mighty evil! (Line 36)

Georgia was philosophizing about

- A. How she has decided to leave her job
- B. How she has decided to marry
- C. How she had been working for the things that she has to give up
- D. How she has to move away from New York
- E. Why she had to leave her friends

- Q.10) 1 *The following passage is an excerpt from a 1909 novel. Georgia, the main character, is a reporter in an otherwise all-male newsroom.*
- 3 Georgia was to be married. It was the week before Christmas, and on the last day of the year she would become Mrs. Joseph Tank. She had told Joe that if they were to be married at all they might as well get it over with this year, and still there was no need of being married any earlier in the year than was necessary. (Line 6)
- 7 She assured him that she married him simply because she was tired of having paper bags waved before her eyes everywhere she went and she thought if she were once officially associated with him people would not flaunt his **idiosyncrasies** at her that way. And then Ernestine, her best friend, approved of getting married, and Ernestine's ideas were usually good. To all of which Joe responded that she certainly had a splendid head to figure it out that way.(Line 12)
- 13 Joe said that to his mind reasons for doing things weren't very important anyhow; it was doing them that counted. Yesterday had been her last day on the paper. She had felt queer about that thing of taking her last assignment, though it was hard to reach just the proper state, for the last story related to pork-packers, and pork-packing is not a setting favorable to sentimental regrets. (Line 17)
- 18 It was just like the newspaper business not even to allow one a little sentimental harrowing over one's exodus from it. But the time for gentle melancholy came later on when she was sorting her things at her desk just before leaving, and was wondering what girl would have that old desk—if they cared to risk another girl, and whether the other poor girl would slave through the years she should have been frivolous, only to have some man step in at the end and induce her to surrender the things she had gained through sacrifice and toil.(Line 23)
- 24 As she wrote a final letter on her typewriter—she did hate letting the old machine go—Georgia did considerable philosophizing about the irony of working for things only to the end of giving them up.
- 27 She had waded through snow drifts and been drenched in pouring rains, she had been frozen with the cold and prostrated with the heat, she had been blown about by Chicago wind until it was strange there was any of her left in one piece, she had had front doors—yes, and back doors too—slammed in her face, she had been the butt of the alleged wit of menials and hirelings, she had been patronized by vapid women as the poor girl who must make her living some way, she had been roasted by—but never mind—she had had a beat* or two! And now she was to wind it all up by marrying Joseph Tank, who had made a great deal of money out of the manufacture of paper bags. This from her—who had always believed she would end her days in New York, or perhaps write a realistic novel exposing some mighty evil! (Line 36)

The word 'idiosyncrasies' in line 9 is the same as

- A. commonness
- B. characteristics
- C. singularities
- D. traits
- E. aspects

Directions:

Read the passage carefully and then answer the questions about it. For each question, decide on the basis of the passage which one of the choices best answers the question.

Q.11) Once upon a time there was, there was a man
Who lived inside me wearing this cold armour,
The kind of knight of whom the ladies could be proud
And send with favours through unlikely forests
To fight infidels and other knights and ordinary dragons.
Once upon a time he galloped over deep green moats
On bridges princes had let down in friendship
And sat at board the honoured guest of kings
Talking like a man who knew the world by heart.
In every list he fought, the trumpets on the parapets,
The drums, declared his mastery, the art of arms;
His horse, the household word of every villager,
Was silver-shod and, some said, winged.
Once upon a time, expecting no adventure
In the forest everybody knows, at midnight,
He saw a mountain rise beneath the moon.
An incredible beast? With an eye of fire?
He silently dismounted, drew his famous sword
And hid behind the heavy tress and shrubs to see
If what he thought he saw was real. He fled
And the giant eye of the moon pursues him still.

The man who lived inside the speaker fought with knights, dragons and to please

- A. infidels – ladies
- B. himself – princes
- C. Kings – friends
- D. beast – prince
- E. horse – no one

Q.12) Once upon a time there was, there was a man
Who lived inside me wearing this cold armour,
The kind of knight of whom the ladies could be proud
And send with favours through unlikely forests
To fight infidels and other knights and ordinary dragons.
Once upon a time he galloped over deep green moats
On bridges princes had let down in friendship
And sat at board the honoured guest of kings
Talking like a man who knew the world by heart.
In every list he fought, the trumpets on the parapets,
The drums, declared his mastery, the art of arms;
His horse, the household word of every villager,
Was silver-shod and, some said, winged.
Once upon a time, expecting no adventure
In the forest everybody knows, at midnight,
He saw a mountain rise beneath the moon.
An incredible beast? With an eye of fire?
He silently dismounted, drew his famous sword
And hid behind the heavy tress and shrubs to see
If what he thought he saw was real. He fled
And the giant eye of the moon pursues him still.

The theme of the poem is

- A. the speaker is adventurous
- B. the speaker is courageous
- C. the speaker is living a stately life
- D. the speaker is living a lie running away from challenges
- E. the speaker wants to please the ladies

Q.13) Once upon a time there was, there was a man
Who lived inside me wearing this cold armour,
The kind of knight of whom the ladies could be proud
And send with favours through unlikely forests
To fight infidels and other knights and ordinary dragons.
Once upon a time he galloped over deep green moats
On bridges princes had let down in friendship
And sat at board the honoured guest of kings
Talking like a man who knew the world by heart.
In every list he fought, the trumpets on the parapets,
The drums, declared his mastery, the art of arms;
His horse, the household word of every villager,
Was silver-shod and, some said, winged.
Once upon a time, expecting no adventure
In the forest everybody knows, at midnight,
He saw a mountain rise beneath the moon.
An incredible beast? With an eye of fire?
He silently dismounted, drew his famous sword
And hid behind the heavy tress and shrubs to see
If what he thought he saw was real. He fled
And the giant eye of the moon pursues him still.

What was referred to as the incredible beast with an eye of fire?

- A. The speaker's fears and nightmares
- B. A beast that is an enemy of the speaker
- C. Wild animal with red eyes
- D. The giant eye of the moon
- E. Dragons with fiery tongues

Q.14) Once upon a time there was, there was a man
Who lived inside me wearing this cold armour,
The kind of knight of whom the ladies could be proud
And send with favours through unlikely forests
To fight infidels and other knights and ordinary dragons.
Once upon a time he galloped over deep green moats
On bridges princes had let down in friendship
And sat at board the honoured guest of kings
Talking like a man who knew the world by heart.
In every list he fought, the trumpets on the parapets,
The drums, declared his mastery, the art of arms;
His horse, the household word of every villager,
Was silver-shod and, some said, winged.
Once upon a time, expecting no adventure
In the forest everybody knows, at midnight,
He saw a mountain rise beneath the moon.
An incredible beast? With an eye of fire?
He silently dismounted, drew his famous sword
And hid behind the heavy tress and shrubs to see
If what he thought he saw was real. He fled
And the giant eye of the moon pursues him still.

What does the phrase 'hid behind the heavy tress' mean?

- A. hiding behind a clump of trees
- B. standing in the shadows
- C. hiding behind the thick locks of hair that hid the face
- D. covering himself with the thick leaves of the trees and shrubs
- E. shrouded in the darkness

Q.15) Once upon a time there was, there was a man
Who lived inside me wearing this cold armour,
The kind of knight of whom the ladies could be proud
And send with favours through unlikely forests
To fight infidels and other knights and ordinary dragons.
Once upon a time he galloped over deep green moats
On bridges princes had let down in friendship
And sat at board the honoured guest of kings
Talking like a man who knew the world by heart.
In every list he fought, the trumpets on the parapets,
The drums, declared his mastery, the art of arms;
His horse, the household word of every villager,
Was silver-shod and, some said, winged.
Once upon a time, expecting no adventure
In the forest everybody knows, at midnight,
He saw a mountain rise beneath the moon.
An incredible beast? With an eye of fire?
He silently dismounted, drew his famous sword
And hid behind the heavy tress and shrubs to see
If what he thought he saw was real. He fled
And the giant eye of the moon pursues him still.

The people thought that the speaker knew but he was

- A. kings and princes not a fighter
- B. the world by heart afraid of the shadow of the moon at midnight
- C. how to fight for the kings only a man who wanted to please ladies
- D. the forests and palaces living only in imagination
- E. nothing about battles..... an honored guest of kings

| Answer Key |
|---|
| Q.1) the bride |
| Q.2) he is D'Elormie, who loved the speaker |
| Q.3) the words sounded like a bell rung to announce the death |
| Q.4) the speaker's act of making a promise to the groom |
| Q.5) D'Elormine by the speaker |
| Q.6) Write about pork packers |
| Q.7) She was the only female reporter |
| Q.8) Joseph Tank - manufacturing paper bags |
| Q.9) How she had been working for the things that she has to give up |
| Q.10) singularities |
| Q.11) infidels – ladies |
| Q.12) the speaker is living a lie running away from challenges |
| Q.13) The speaker's fears and nightmares |
| Q.14) hiding behind the thick locks of hair that hid the face |
| Q.15) the world by heart afraid of the shadow of the moon at midnight |