

## Selective Test Sample Question Paper – Reading

**Read the two extracts below and answer the following questions.**

**Questions 1 - 6**

**Extract A**

Dr Sadao Hoki's house was built on a spot of the Japanese coast whereas a little boy he had often played. The low, square stone house was set upon rocks well above a narrow beach that was outlined with bent pines. As a boy Sadao had climbed the pines, supporting himself on his bare feet, as he had seen men do in the South Seas when they climbed for coconuts. His father had taken him often to the islands of those seas, and never had he failed to say to the little brave boy at his side, "Those islands yonder, they are the stepping stones to the future for Japan." "Where shall we step from them?" Sadao had asked seriously. "Who knows?" his father had answered. "Who can limit our future? It depends on what we make it."

Sadao had taken this into his mind as he did everything his father said, his father who never joked or played with him but who spent infinite pains upon him who was his only son. Sadao knew that his education was his father's chief concern. For this reason he had been sent at twenty-two to America to learn all that could be learned of surgery and medicine. He had come back at thirty, and before his father died he had seen Sadao become famous not only as a surgeon but as a scientist. Because he was perfecting a discovery which would render wounds entirely clean, he had not been sent abroad with the troops. Also, he knew, there was some slight danger that the old General might need an operation for a condition for which he was now being treated medically, and for this possibility Sadao was being kept in Japan. Clouds were rising from the ocean now. The unexpected warmth of the past few days had at night drawn heavy fog from the cold waves. Sadao watched mists hide outlines of a little island near the shore and then come creeping up the beach below the house, wreathing around the pines. In a few minutes fog would be wrapped about the house too. Then he would go into the room where Hana, his wife, would be waiting for him with the two children.

After reaching home, both of them saw something black come out of the mists. It was a man. He was flung up out of the ocean — flung, it seemed, to his feet by a breaker. He staggered a few steps, his body outlined against the mist, his arms above his head. Then the curled mists hid him again. "Who is that?" Hana cried. She dropped Sadao's arm and they both leaned over the railing of the veranda. Now they saw him again. The man was on his hands and knees crawling. Then they saw him fall on his face and lie there. "A fisherman perhaps," Sadao said, "washed from his boat."

He ran quickly down the steps and behind him Hana came, her wide sleeves flying. A mile or two away on either side there were fishing villages, but here was only the bare and lonely coast, dangerous with rocks. The surf beyond the beach was spiked with rocks. Somehow the man had managed to come through them — he must be badly torn. They saw when they came toward him that indeed it was so. The sand on one side of him had already a stain of red soaking through. "He is wounded," Sadao exclaimed. He made haste to the man, who lay motionless, his face in the sand. An old cap stuck to his head soaked with sea

water. He was in wet rags of garments. Sadao stopped, Hana at his side, and turned the man's head.

They saw the face. "A white man!" Hana whispered. Yes, it was a white man. The wet cap fell away and there was his wet yellow hair, long, as though for many weeks it had not been cut, and upon his young and tortured face was a rough yellow beard. He was unconscious and knew nothing that they did for him.

Now Sadao remembered the wound, and with his expert fingers he began to search for it. Blood flowed freshly at his touch. On the right side of his lower back Sadao saw that a gun wound had been reopened. The flesh was blackened with powder. Sometime, not many days ago, the man had been shot and had not been tended. It was bad chance that the rock had struck the wound. "Oh, how he is bleeding!" Hana whispered again in a solemn voice.

**The mists screened them now completely**, and at this time of day no one came by. The fishermen had gone home and even the chance beachcombers would have considered the day at an end. "What shall we do with this man?" Sadao muttered. But his trained hands seemed of their own will to be doing what they could to stanch the fearful bleeding. He packed the wound with the sea moss that strewed the beach. The man moaned with pain in his stupor but he did not awaken.

"The best thing that we could do would be to put him back in the sea," Sadao said, answering himself. Now that the bleeding was stopped for the moment he stood up and dusted the sand from his hands. "Yes, undoubtedly that would be best," Hana said steadily. But she continued to stare down at the motionless man. "If we sheltered a white man in our house we should be arrested and if we turned him over as a prisoner, he would certainly die," Sadao said. "The kindest thing would be to put him back into the sea," Hana said. But neither of them moved. They were staring with a curious repulsion upon the inert figure. "What is he?" Hana whispered.

"There is something about him that looks American," Sadao said. He took up the battered cap. Yes, there, almost gone, was the faint lettering. "A sailor," he said, "from an American warship." He spelled it out: "U.S. Navy." The man was a prisoner of war! "He has escaped." Hana cried softly, "and that is why he is wounded." "In the back," Sadao agreed. They hesitated, looking at each other. Then Hana said with resolution: "Come, are we able to put him back into the sea?" "If I am able, are you?" Sadao asked. "No," Hana said, "But if you can do it alone..." Sadao hesitated again. "The strange thing is," he said, "that if the man were whole I could turn him over to the police without difficulty. I care nothing for him. He is my enemy. All Americans are my enemy. And he is only a common fellow. You see how foolish his face is. But since he is wounded..." "You also cannot throw him back to the sea," Hana said. "Then there is only one thing to do. We must carry him into the house."

Thus agreed, together they lifted the man. He was very light, like a fowl that had been half-starved for a long time until it is only feathers and skeleton. So, his arms hanging, they carried him up the steps and into the side door of the house. This door opened into a passage, and down the passage they carried the man towards an empty bedroom. It had been the bedroom of Sadao's father, and since his death it had not been used. They laid the man on the deeply matted floor. Everything here had been Japanese to please the old man, who would never in his own home sit on a chair or sleep in a foreign bed. Hana went to the wall cupboards and slid back a door and took out a soft quilt. She hesitated.

The quilt was covered with flowered silk and the lining was pure white silk. "He is so dirty," she murmured in distress. "Yes, he had better be washed," Sadao agreed. "If you will fetch hot water I will wash him." "I cannot bear for you to touch him," she said. "We shall have to

tell the servants he is here. I will tell Yumi now. She can leave the children for a few minutes and she can wash him." Sadao considered a moment. "Let it be so," he agreed. "You tell Yumi and I will tell the others." But the utter pallor of the man's unconscious face moved him first to stoop and feel his pulse. It was faint but it was there. He put his hand against the man's cold breast. The heart too was yet alive. "He will die unless he is operated on. I need to arrange for operation. I need to treat my patient!" Sadao said, considering.

### Extract B

THOUGH it was nearly midnight when Andrew reached Bryngower, he found Joe Morgan waiting for him, walking up and down with short steps between the closed surgery and the entrance to the house. At the sight of him the burly driller's face expressed relief. "Eh, Doctor, I'm glad to see you. I been back and forward here this last hour. The missus wants ye —before time, too." Andrew, abruptly recalled from the contemplation of his own affairs, told Morgan to wait. He went into the house for his bag, then together they set out for Number 12 Blaina Terrace. The night air was cool and deep with quiet mystery. Usually so perceptive, Andrew now felt dull and listless. He had no premonition that this night call would prove unusual, still less that it would influence his whole future in Blaenelly. The two men walked in silence until they reached the door of Number 12, then Joe drew up short. "I'll not come in," he said, and his voice showed signs of strain. "But, man, I know ye'll do well for us."

Inside, a narrow stair led up to a small bedroom, clean but poorly furnished, and lit only by an oil lamp. Here Mrs Morgan's mother, a tall, grey-haired woman of nearly seventy, and the stout, elderly midwife waited beside the patient, watching Andrew's expression as he moved about the room. "Let me make you a cup of tea, Doctor, bach," said the former quickly, after a few moments. Andrew smiled faintly. He saw that the old woman, wise in experience, realised there must be a period of waiting that, she was afraid he would leave the case, saying he would return later. "Don't fret, mother, I'll not run away." Down in the kitchen he drank the tea which she gave him.

Overwrought as he was, he knew he could not snatch even an hour's sleep if he went home. He knew, too, that the case here would demand all his attention. A queer lethargy of spirit came upon him. He decided to remain until everything was over.

"Susan said not to give her the chloroform if it would harm the baby. She's awful set upon this child, Doctor, bach." Her old eyes warmed at a sudden thought. She added in a low tone: "Ay, we all are, I fancy." He collected himself with an effort. "It won't do any harm, the anaesthetic," he said kindly. "They'll be all right." Here the nurse's voice was heard calling from the top landing. Andrew glanced at the clock, which now showed half-past three. He rose and went up to the bedroom.

He perceived that he might now begin his work. An hour elapsed. It was a long, harsh struggle. Then, as the first streaks of dawn strayed past the broken edges of the blind, the child was born, lifeless. As he gazed at the still form a shiver of horror passed over Andrew. After all that he had promised! His face, heated with his own exertions, chilled suddenly. He hesitated, torn between his desire to attempt to resuscitate the child, and his obligation towards the mother, who was herself in a desperate state. The dilemma was so urgent he did not solve it consciously. Blindly, instinctively, he gave the child to the nurse and turned his attention to Susan Morgan who now lay collapsed, almost pulseless, and not yet out of the ether, upon her side. His haste was desperate, a frantic race against her ebbing strength. It took him only an instant to smash a glass ampule and inject the medicine. Then

he flung down the hypodermic syringe and worked unsparingly to restore the flaccid woman.

1. **In extract B Why did Andrew say “Don’t fret, mother, I’ll not run away.”?**
  - a. To reassure Mrs. Morgan’s mother
  - b. To fulfill his obligations
  - c. To break the silence
  - d. To handle a critical situation well
  
2. **In which extract do we find the doctor feeling lethargic?**
  - a. Extract A
  - b. Extract B
  - c. Both
  - d. Neither
  
3. **What characteristics does Mrs. Morgan’s mother possess?**
  - a. Wisdom
  - b. folly
  - c. prudence
  - d. Both a and c
  
4. **In Extract A, what dilemma did Dr. Sadao go through?**
  - a. Moral conflict
  - b. Inter-personal
  - c. Inter-organisational
  - d. Eternal
  
5. **What is the common string that binds both the stories?**
  - a. Mental trauma
  - b. Responsibility and keeping up promise above personal gains
  - c. Dilemma and confusion
  - d. None of the above
  
6. **Identify the word from extract B which means the same as- ‘to revive someone from unconsciousness or apparent death’.**
  - a. restore
  - b. wreath
  - c. Resuscitate
  - d. Desperate

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