

Comprehension MCQ Worksheets P6 English Language CA1 2014

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P6 Comprehension MCQ - CA1 – MGS

Modern books range from tiny pocket dictionaries to storybooks and heavy reference books. They can be as cheap as fifty cents in a garage sale, or they might cost hundreds of dollars, but they are found almost everywhere. Books are such an important part of our lives that we often take them for granted.

Books, however, have a long and rather complicated history. They were not always easy to purchase, nor did they exist in great numbers. As such, only the well-to-do seemed to be able to afford them then. It was only in the fifteenth century that the printing press was invented, thus allowing the mass production of books. Since long ago, books have been used by humans to create lasting records.

In the past, inscriptions were made on clay tablets. The Assyrians and Babylonians developed a method of keeping communication records using the materials they had at hand: clay and water. While the clay tablets were soft, they used sticks to press symbols into them. **These** (Q2) were then fired to dry them out. However, these tablets were rather heavy and bulky.

Book-making was then further developed by the ancient Egyptians. They used the papyrus plant to make a kind of paper which could be rolled into scrolls. These papyrus scrolls were **portable** (Q3) as they were rather light.

Man continued to find new ways of making writing materials. They used parchment — a material made from skins of animals such as sheep, cattle and antelope. This material was easier to conserve over time and much stronger than papyrus. It allowed one to erase text. But parchment was a very expensive medium because of the rarity of material. Furthermore, it took months of hard work to produce each of these books. Like the clay tablets, these books were heavy and difficult to transport. By the fifteenth century, however, paper made from wood had replaced parchment in the making of books.

In the fifteenth century, a German, Johann Gutenberg, invented an improved printing technology. This created a revolution in the history of book-making. For the first time, books could be mass-printed for distribution to anyone who could read and afford to buy them. Wealthy families began to build up private libraries. Finally, with the introduction of widespread public education, books could be found in most people's homes, and public libraries came into being.

For each question, four, options are given. One of them is the correct answer. Make your choice (1, 2, 3 or 4).

1. Before the fifteenth century, books were expensive because
 - (1) they were rare
 - (2) they were easy to produce
 - (3) they existed in many forms
 - (4) there was little demand for them ()

2. The word 'these' in paragraph 3 refers to
 - (1) the sticks
 - (2) the symbols
 - (3) the clay tablets
 - (4) the inscriptions ()

3. What does the word 'portable' in paragraph 4 tell you about the papyrus scrolls?
 - (1) It was easy to store the scrolls.
 - (2) One could easily fashion the scrolls to different shapes.
 - (3) The scrolls could be easily transported from one place to another.
 - (4) The scrolls were durable and could withstand different types of conditions. ()

4. Books that were made from parchment were more lasting than those made from papyrus as
 - (1) parchment was rare and expensive
 - (2) the text on parchment could be erased
 - (3) skins of animals could be conserved over time
 - (4) it took-along time to produce books made from parchment ()

5. How did the invention of the printing press in the fifteenth century create a revolution in the history of book-making?
 - (1) Every home had a private library.
 - (2) Only the rich could afford to buy books.
 - (3) Everyone could read and afford to buy books.
 - (4) Multiple copies could be printed in a short time. ()

P6 Comprehension MCQ - CA1 – Nan Hua

I remember sitting at the kitchen table in our Kuala Lumpur home when I was eight, watching my mother prepare dinner. Before doing anything else, she would always take off her silver- wedding band and place it on the counter. I remember playing with it, running my fingers over the grooves of the simple design.

This particular day has stayed in my memory because it was a week or so after my father had given her a glitzy diamond ring to replace the simple band from their student days. "Why aren't you wearing the new ring?" I asked. "Don't you like it?"

"Of course I do," she replied. "It's beautiful but my hands are ugly and the new ring would only drag attention to **them**? (Q1)

"Ugly?" Seeing my look of disbelief, my mother wiped her hands on her apron and held them out before me.

"See," she said. "They're bony and my veins stick out. That's why I never wear nail polish or bangles."

I remain unconvinced. The bones and veins were what made those hands familiar, what made them hers. My mother's hands were among the most comforting things in my life. Always cool, never shaky, they could soothe a fever instantly when she laid them on my forehead.

From my eye level, her hands were the first things I noticed whether she was making sandwiches or assembling the perfect teddy bear birthday cake. I remembered watching her hands when she taught herself to sew *baju kuning*, the traditional female attire in my father's Malay culture. I also noticed that in fast traffic, she would **grip the steering wheel so tightly that her knuckles would protrude** (Q3), but she still managed to drive my brother, sister and me to piano lessons, school, birthday parties and all those other places that children have to go.

The years passed and then life started to go wrong. I fell into a depression. I was introduced to heroin! I know my lifestyle was hurting my mother.

Exhausted with the despair and self-destruction in my life (Q4), I eventually turned to my parents for help. We started the roller-coaster ride called The Recovery. I worked my way, painfully and slowly, through a maze of treatment centres and failed attempts to kick my addiction.

All the way, my parents stood by me, sometimes holding each other's hands, more often than not, holding mine. Once, in a dimly lit hospital room, I opened my eyes and there my mother was sleeping beside me, completely drained. That night, I cried tears of sadness for that little girl sitting at the kitchen table and tears of anger for what I had done to her.

Adapted from: Reader's Digest 2007

For each question, four, options are given. One of them is the correct answer. Make your choice (1, 2, 3 or 4).

1. In paragraph 3, "them" refers to the
 - 1) nail polish and bangles
 - 2) hands of the writer's mother
 - 3) grooves of the wedding band
 - 4) wedding band and diamond ring ()

2. The writer did not believe her mother when she said that her hands were ugly because they were
 - 1) always cool and unsteady
 - 2) the last thing that she noticed
 - 3) always hitting the writer's hands
 - 4) a source of assurance and comfort ()

3. What was the writer's mother's state of mind when she would "grip the steering wheel so tightly that her knuckles would protrude" in paragraph 7?
 - 1) She was disturbed by the traffic condition.
 - 2) She was anxious to get her children to their activities in time.
 - 3) She was persistent to drive the children to all the places they wanted.
 - 4) She was overwhelmed that she had to drive her children to various activities. ()

4. In second last paragraph, " Exhausted with the despair and self-destruction in my life" suggests that the writer was overwhelmed with
 - 1) weariness
 - 2) desperation
 - 3) hopelessness
 - 4) disappointment ()

5. Which one of the following is the main idea of the passage? The writer
 - 1) tried to kick her bad habits.
 - 2) had led a life of self-destruction.
 - 3) realised that she had disappointed her mother.
 - 4) missed holding her mother's rough and warm hands. ()

P6 Comprehension MCQ - CA1 – Nanyang

When I arrived at the house, I was met by the mother, a big startled-looking woman who was apologetic. She let me into the house and took me to the child. As it happened, we had been having a number of cases of diphtheria in the school to which this child went to. We were all, quite apparently, thinking of that, though no one had as yet spoken of the thing.

"Well, I suppose we take a look at the throat first," I said, smiling in my best professional manner. I asked for the child's name and said, "Come on, Matilda, open your mouth and let's take a look at your throat,"

Nothing doing.

"Such a nice man," put in the mother. "Look how kind he is to you. Come on, do what he tells you to do. He won't hurt you."

At that, I **ground my teeth in disgust** (Q2). If they didn't use the word 'hurt', I might be able to get somewhere. I did not allow myself to be hurried or disturbed but speaking quietly and slowly, I approached the child again. As I moved my chair a little nearer, she knocked my glasses flying and they fell, several feet away from me on the kitchen floor.

The battle began.

"If you don't do what the doctor says, you'll have to go to the hospital," the mother admonished her severely.

"Oh yeah?" I had to smile to myself. In the following struggle, the parents grew more and more dejected. They **were at the end of their rope** (Q3) while Matilda rose to magnificent heights of insane fury from her terror of me. By this time, I was starting to admire the strong-willed girl. Her parents, on the other hand, I held in contempt.

I tried again to get the wooden tongue depressor between her teeth. She fought desperately with clenched teeth. By now, I had also grown furious at her. Matilda came down hard on the wooden spatula and reduced it to splinters before I could get it out again.

"Get me a smooth-handled spoon of some sort. We're going through with this," I told the mother. Matilda's tongue was cut and she was screaming in hysterical shrieks. Perhaps I should have stopped and come back in another hour or more. But I had seen two children dead from diphtheria, and feeling that I must get a diagnosis now or never, I went at it again. Deep down, however; I knew that I too had got beyond reason.

That child must be protected from her own ignorance, one says to one's self at such times. It is a social necessity. All these are true but what drove me then was a blind fury, a feeling of adult shame at not being obeyed. One goes on to the end.

In a final assault, I overpowered the child's neck and jaws. I forced the heavy silver spoon to the back of her teeth and down her throat till she gagged. There it was her throat was covered with membrane. Our suspicions were confirmed. She had been hiding the sore throat for at least three days and lying to her parents in order to escape just such an outcome as this.

Adapted from The Use of Force

For each question, four, options are given. One of them is the correct answer. Make your choice (1, 2, 3 or 4).

1. What did Matilda do when the doctor greeted her and asked to check her throat?
 - (1) She greeted the doctor.
 - (2) She gave in to his request.
 - (3) She was rude to the doctor.
 - (4) She refused to open her mouth. ()

2. The writer ground his teeth in disgust (paragraph 5) because
 - (1) he did not like to speak quietly and slowly
 - (2) Matilda's mother had told Matilda what to do
 - (3) he was being told to hurry up by Matilda's mother
 - (4) Matilda's mother had suggested that the procedure might hurt ()

3. The phrase 'at the end of their rope' in fifth paragraph from the bottom tells us that Matilda's parents were
 - (1) nearly giving up
 - (2) angry with Matilda
 - (3) restraining Matilda with a rope
 - (4) ashamed of Matilda's behaviour ()

4. What was the real reason the writer insisted on checking Matilda's throat?
 - (1) He felt that it was his duty as a doctor to do so.
 - (2) He felt that Matilda did not know what was best for her
 - (3) He was angry with Matilda for refusing to have her throat checked.
 - (4) He was afraid that he would not have the time to check on Matilda again. ()

5. Which of the following is true?
 - (1) The writer sympathised with Matilda's parents.
 - (2) The writer confirmed that Matilda had diphtheria.
 - (3) The writer managed to check Matilda's throat twice.
 - (4) The writer felt bad about and regretted using force on Matilda. ()

P6 Comprehension MCQ - CA1 – Rosyth

The seven pups were left in a box beside a garbage bin. Thanks to Sherry Conisbee, the founder of an animal shelter working to improve the lives of stray dogs, these pups have since found welcoming homes.

With her dimply smile, Sherry is always seen playing gleefully with the canine **residents** (Q2) at the shelter which has a playground for animals and a veterinary clinic. Sherry and her helpers are the only friends these dogs have ever known at the shelter, temporary homes for the strays undergoing rehabilitation. "They are emotional beings, not vermin on the street," she says.

Street dogs can be a pitiful sight. Often hairless or disfigured due to disease and untreated injuries, they skulk listlessly or sprawl like discarded rag dolls. Sherry's volunteers locate their neediest cases with the help of a neighbourhood watch group known as 'dog aunties'. They sterilise, vaccinate and nurture the animals back to health. For instance, Yoyo, a sick and bald dog, underwent a transformation and became a poised Pomeranian look-alike with lush cream fur.

"For years, I have walked past stray dogs, feeling sorry for them but thinking it wasn't my business," says Sherry. "Then one day, I came across a pitiful dog — no hair, boils and blisters all over, limping badly with swollen feet," she recalls. She called him Benji and tried to befriend the wretched creature. He bit her. "As a stray, he deems everything about life as unfair and frightful," Sherry says. Returning with thick bite-proof gloves, she began tending to the hurting, scrawny animal. After months of dedicated care, Benji bounced back. He grew long, shaggy hair like an Afghan hound and had a definite wag in his walk. To save him from returning to the streets, Sherry searched for an adoptive owner.

Soon after, Sherry and some voluntary veterinarians started offering medical and vaccination services to stray dogs. They also helped to control the ballooning population of strays by providing sterilisation services. Their educational campaigns in schools and neighbourhoods introduce children to responsible pet ownership.

"Sherry has shown what one committed person can do and I salute her spirit," says a director of a leading animal charity.

Adapted from 'Saved from the Streets' by Tibor Kraus

For each question, four, options are given. One of them is the correct answer. Make your choice (1, 2, 3 or 4).

1. How do Sherry and her volunteers help the strays?
 - (1) They look after their neighbours' dogs and sterilise them.
 - (2) They nurse sick strays to health and put them up for adoption.
 - (3) They provide strays with medical care and a permanent home.
 - (4) They groom the dogs in their neighbourhood and provide medical care.()

2. What does the word 'residents' paragraph 2 refer to?
 - (1) The strays
 - (2) The volunteers
 - (3) The seven pups
 - (4) The 'dog aunties'()

3. Why are some strays a piteous sight?
 - (1) They skulk sluggishly.
 - (2) They sprawl like rag dolls.
 - (3) They are severely deformed.
 - (4) are emotionally scarred.()

4. Why did Benji bite Sherry when she first saw him?
 - (1) He felt wretched.
 - (2) He was frightened of her.
 - (3) He wanted to get her attention.
 - (4) He could not walk with his swollen feet.()

5. Which of the following statements is true?
 - (1) The shelter serves as a permanent home for strays.
 - (2) Strays need to be sterilised so that they will not be deformed.
 - (3) Yoyo transformed from a-wretched Pomeranian to an Afghan hound.
 - (4) Sherry and her volunteers encourage children to be responsible pet owners.()

P6 Comprehension MCQ - CA1 – CHIJ

It was a scorching summer day when my mother and I went to visit Grandmother Oleta. The drive along the long dirt road to our destination had been boring. I was hot, thirsty and tired of listening to the traditional Navajo music my mother had been listening to for the past several hours. I just wanted to arrive, finish the visit, and return home. I was missing the first week of summer break and being with my friends, not to mention lounging by the swimming pool.

We picked our clothing and some gifts earlier in the week. Mother dragged me to the grocery store, and we loaded carton after carton with canned goods, bags of flour, sacks of sugar and coffee. Despite my frequent pleas to remain home, my mother insisted that I needed to spend time with my grandmother. "Grandmother Oleta is almost eighty-nine years old, Doli," she said as I continued to gripe about missing the fun activities my friends had planned for our first couple of weeks off from school. "We'll be there for only two weeks, and your friends will be here when we return." I quickly realised that complaining would not change her mind and, soon, I was sitting on the front seat of our truck watching the city disappear.

Our truck rounded a sharp curve. Suddenly, I saw Grandmother Oleta sitting in an old wooden chair. Her bright silver hair glowed in the late afternoon sun and was knotted at the nape of her neck. She was motionless as the truck pulled up in front of her diminutive stone house. I wondered if she even knew we had arrived. As she sat quietly, she held a long walking stick and patted a huge scruffy coffee-coloured dog sitting beside her.

"Mum, how tiny do you think the **hogan** is?" I whispered before she jumped out of the truck. I could not believe we were going to stay in that house with no air-conditioning, television or running water, not to mention the possibility of being bothered by sheep that were wandering around the house. My mother was running towards her mother before I even opened my car door. The old woman slowly rose from her chair and opened her arms to embrace my mother.

Then she turned to me. "Doli, my dear," she said in a hoarse, raspy voice, "finally I get to see my granddaughter." She reached toward me with large, strong hands gnarled by arthritis. Her deep brownish-black eyes were rimmed with tears as she smiled widely and pulled me to her in a strong hug. "You must call me Nali Oleta," she told me. That is Navajo for grandmother."

Mother and I unloaded our suitcases and followed Nali Oleta into the house. Soon, we were enjoying a wonderful meal and Nali Oleta entertained us with stories of her life. I learned that Nali Oleta was keeping as many of the Navajo traditions as possible. That was why she continued to live so far from the city. It was not an easy life, but she believed in the Navajo way of life. "I must watch over my sheep and cultivate my garden," Nali Oleta said, then showed me her loom on which she wove wool rugs and blankets. Every year, she sold her hand-woven goods at the local tribal fair.

Before we went to sleep, Nali Oleta and I stood in the front yard of her little house to look up at the stars. When I asked her why she did not retire and live with us in the city, she replied, "Doli, to move away means to disappear and never be seen again." Nali Oleta had been a protestor in the 1970s. She had marched against the eviction of Navajo people from their ancestral lands by the United States government. I suddenly realised that Nali Oleta was a very brave woman. Looking into the sky, I saw more stars than I had ever seen in my entire life.

Adapted from 'Meeting Nali Oleta' by Dina Merrick

1. Why did the writer not want to visit Grandmother Oleta?
 - (1) The drive was too long.
 - (2) The weather was too hot to travel.
 - (3) She did not want to miss spending time with her friends.
 - (4) She did not like the music that was being played during the drive.()

2. The writer's mother took the writer on this trip to visit Grandmother Oleta because she
 - (1) needed company for the long ride
 - (2) wanted to limit the time the writer spent with her friends
 - (3) wanted the writer to spend time with Grandmother Oleta
 - (4) needed help unloading, the supplies for Grandmother Oleta()

3. In paragraph 4, 'hogan' refers to Grandmother Oleta's
 - (1) dog
 - (2) house
 - (3) walking stick
 - (4) wooden chair()

4. Nali Oleta lived far from the city because she wanted to
 - (1) lead a simple and easy life
 - (2) keep Navajo traditions and care for the land
 - (3) weave blankets and rugs without distractions
 - (4) earn a living by selling her hand-woven goods at the local tribal fair()

5. Nali Oleta protested against the government as she thought that
 - (1) she was being brave
 - (2) her ancestors would never be seen again
 - (3) the Navajos should stay on their own land
 - (4) the authorities might evict her from the city()

Answer Key

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Subject: Primary 6 English – Comprehension MCQ

Paper: CA1 2014

School: MGS

Q1	Q2	Q3	Q4	Q5
1	3	3	3	4

School: Nan Hua Primary

Q1	Q2	Q3	Q4	Q5
2	4	1	3	3

School: Nanyang Primary

Q1	Q2	Q3	Q4	Q5
4	4	1	4	2

School: Rosyth

Q1	Q2	Q3	Q4	Q5
2	1	2	2	4

School: St Nicholas

Q1	Q2	Q3	Q4	Q5
3	3	2	2	3