

# **CEFR READING PRACTICE TESTS**



**Multiple Choice Questions 1-5**

**Collected by Mr Aslanov**

## TEST 1

### A Bit of Singing and Dancing

Esme was walking along the beach. The sea was grey and a sharp wind blowing from the north raised waves. It was a cold winter afternoon. There were no people on the beach because the season in the seaside town began in spring. She thought it was time to go home for tea and entertainment on television. For the last 11 years all the TV programmes Esme watched had been chosen by her mother. Her mother was extremely fond of television.

“It’s my only pleasure,” she always said. “You can learn so much if you watch the right programme.” She had watched variety shows, light comedies, and even pop concerts. “I like a bit of singing and dancing. It cheers you up,” she said. And every evening Esme had to watch these programmes on ITV instead of seeing something cultural or educational on BBC 2. Sometimes she thought that she hated them and dreamt of the time when she would choose programmes herself. No, she would never choose such trifles!

It was now two weeks since her mother died and though now Esme could choose any programme she liked, every evening she watched something light and entertaining. That night when she came back home to the small house where she lived, she felt very lonely. She switched on TV and again chose a variety show, not an educational programme, to cheer her up.

As days went by Esme felt more and more lonely. She wasn’t young, she didn’t have any friends, and there was no place to go for entertainment in the small seaside town where she lived. She decided to rent away a room. She was a good cook and life with her mother who watched TV from early morning till late at night taught her to keep the house neat and tidy. Maybe it won’t be so dull at home when you share it with a pleasant person, she thought. One day she heard the doorbell. She opened the door and saw an elderly man. He told her that he wanted to rent a room with breakfast. She expected him to explain who he was, but he was just standing and looking at her. She invited him to enter. In the house the man told her that he had just arrived in their town and wanted to stay here as the town suited for the work he would do during a summer season. He called himself Mr Curry. Esme did not hesitate. She was glad to have a person in her house to look at and speak to.

Mr Curry moved in that evening. He was a very nice, quiet, serious man and Esme enjoyed having him in the house. He got up at 8 and at 8.30 he came down to the kitchen for breakfast. He was a polite person and often said how tasty things Esme cooked. It was always pleasant for her. At 9 he took his suitcase and left the house. He came back at 6, went straight to his room and Esme did not see him again until the next morning. Sometimes she heard music coming from his room, probably from the radio, and she thought how nice it was that her house was a home for someone else. Then summer came and Mr Curry started coming home later. Esme wondered what work he was doing. One evening she decided to go and find it out.

A lot of people were walking along the beach, but Mr Curry wasn't seen anywhere. Esme was about to go back when she heard music. And then she saw Mr Curry standing at the corner. There was an old record-player near him and Mr Curry was singing and dancing to the music. A couple of passers-by watched his performance. At his feet there was a hat where people put money.

Suddenly Mr Curry saw Esme. He immediately stopped the record, collected his things and left. When Esme got to the house, Mr Curry had already come. He was sitting at the kitchen table and looked so miserable that Esme felt awfully sorry for him. She came up and said, "Mr Curry, my mother always liked a bit of singing and dancing. It cheers you up, she usually said." And Mr Curry smiled.

**Q1. According to the text, Esme**

- A) was fond of television.
- B) hated television.
- C) saw cultural or educational programmes.
- D) watched television every day.

**Q2. The text lacks mentioning that**

- A) Esme's mother liked to dance and sing.
- B) Esme lived with her mother for the last eleven years.
- C) Esme's mother chose TV programmes by herself.
- D) Esme lived in a town which was located on the seashore.

**Q3. After her mother's death Esme**

- A) felt cheerless.
- B) saw programmes on BBC 2.
- C) often went to the beach with her friends.
- D) did not watch TV.

**Q4. She decided to let Mr Curry live in her house because**

- A) she liked him at first sight.
- B) she lacked for money.
- C) she couldn't bear the feeling of loneliness any longer.
- D) she hoped to marry him not to feel lonely.

**Q5. Mr Curry wanted to live in her house because**

- A) he liked it.
- B) he liked sea towns.
- C) the town was not large.
- D) the town fitted in his plans.

**Q6. Esme was curious of**

- A) Mr Curry's marital status.
- B) his habits.
- C) his occupation.
- D) his hobbies.

**Q7. When Esme found out the truth about Mr Curry's job, she felt all except**

- A) anger.
- B) pity.
- C) sorrow.
- D) regret.

## TEST 2

### The Skylight Room

One day Miss Leeson came hunting for a room. She carried a typewriter made for a much larger lady. She was a very little girl, with eyes and hair that had kept on growing after she had stopped and that always looked as if they were saying: "Goodness me! Why didn't you keep up with us?" Mrs. Parker showed her the double parlors. "Eight dollars?" said Miss Leeson. "Dear me! I'm just a poor little working girl. Show me something higher and lower."

Mrs. Parker took her into a tiny room with a glimmer of light in its top and said "Two dollars!" "I'll take it!" sighed Miss Leeson, sinking down upon the squeaky iron bed. Every day Miss Leeson went out to work. At night she brought home papers with handwriting on them and made copies with her typewriter. Sometimes she had no work at night, and then she would sit on the steps of the high stoop with the other roomers. She was gay-hearted and full of tender.

As Mrs. Parker's roomers sat thus one summer's evening, Miss Leeson looked up into the firmament and cried with her little gay laugh: "Why, there's Billy Jackson! I can see him from down here, too." All looked up — some at the windows of skyscrapers, some casting about for an airship, Jackson-guided.

"It's that star," explained Miss Leeson, pointing with a tiny finger. "Not the big one that twinkles. I can see it every night through my skylight. I named it Billy Jackson." "Well, really!" said Miss Longnecker. "I didn't know you were an astronomer, Miss Leeson. But the star you refer to is Gamma, of the constellation Cassiopeia."

"Oh," said very young Mr. Evans, "I think Billy Jackson is a much better name for it." "Same here," said Mr. Hoover. "I think Miss Leeson has just as much right to name stars as any of those old astrologers had."

"He doesn't show up very well from down here," said Miss Leeson. "You ought to see him from my room. At night my room is like the shaft of a coal mine, and it makes Billy Jackson look like a big diamond."

There came a time when Miss Leeson brought no papers home to copy. And when she went out in the morning, instead of working, she went from office to office and got refusals transmitted through office boys. This went on.

There came an evening when she wearily climbed Mrs. Parker's stoop at the hour when she always returned from her dinner at the restaurant. But she had had no dinner. Step by step she went up, dragging herself by the railing. Up the carpeted ladder she crawled at last and opened the door of the skylight room. She was too weak to light the lamp or to undress. She fell upon the bed, slowly raised her heavy eyelids, and smiled.

For Billy Jackson was shining down on her, calm and bright and constant through the skylight. "Good-bye, Billy," she murmured faintly. "You're millions of miles away and you won't even twinkle once. But you kept where I could see you most of the time up there when there wasn't anything else but darkness to look at, didn't you?"

Clara, the coloured maid, found the door locked at 10 the next day, and they forced it open. They found Miss Leeson lying unconscious on her bed. Some one ran to phone for an ambulance. In due time it backed up to the door, and the capable young doctor, in his white linen coat, ready, active, confident, jumped up the steps.

“Ambulance call to 49,” he said briefly. “What’s the trouble?”

“Oh, yes, doctor,” said Mrs. Parker. “I can’t think what can be the matter with her. Nothing we could do would bring her to life. It’s a young woman, a Miss Elsie Leeson.”

“What room?” cried the doctor in a terrible voice, to which Mrs. Parker was a stranger.

“The skylight room. It...”

Evidently the ambulance doctor was familiar with the location of skylight rooms. He ran up the stairs, four at a time. Mrs. Parker followed slowly, as her dignity demanded.

On the first landing she met him coming back bearing the astronomer in his arms. The people noticed that he did not lay down the girl upon the bed prepared for it in the ambulance, and all that he said was: “Drive like hell, Wilson,” to the driver.

That is all. Is it a story? In the next morning’s paper I saw a little news item, and the last sentence of it may help you (as it helped me) to understand the incident.

It informed the reception into Bellevue Hospital of a young woman suffering from starvation. It concluded with these words: “Dr. William Jackson, the ambulance physician who attended the case, says the patient will recover.”

**Q1. Miss Leeson came to Mrs. Parker’s house because she wanted**

- A) to hunt a room.
- B) to lend a room.
- C) to rent a room.
- D) to live in that house.

**Q2. Miss Leeson wanted**

- A) an inexpensive room.
- B) a large room.
- C) a skylight room.
- D) a costly room.

**Q3. Miss Leeson worked as**

- A) a shorthand typist.
- B) a secretary.
- C) an astronomer.
- D) a typist.

**Q4. By the name of Billy Jackson Miss Leeson called**

- A) a diamond.
- B) a constellation.
- C) a neighbour.

D) a star.

**Q5. It was difficult for Miss Leeson to climb the stairs because**

- A) she lived on the top floor.
- B) was dying of hunger.
- C) she was upset to lose her job.
- D) she felt distressed she could not find Billy Jackson.

**Q6. They called the ambulance because**

- A) the door was locked.
- B) nobody answered the door.
- C) Miss Leeson lost consciousness.
- D) Miss Leeson was lying in her bed.

**Q7. The story finishes**

- A) sadly.
- B) happily.
- C) in a silly end.
- D) in an odd end.

## TEST 3

### Little Brother™

Peter had wanted a Little Brother™ for three Christmases in a row. His favorite TV commercials were the ones that showed just how much fun he would have teaching Little Brother™ to do all the things that he could already do himself. But every year, Mommy had said that Peter wasn't ready for a Little Brother™. Until this year.

This year when Peter ran into the living room, there sat Little Brother™ among all the wrapped presents, babbling baby talk, smiling his happy smile, and patting one of the packages with his fat little hand. Peter was so excited that he ran up and embraced Little Brother™ around the neck. That was how he found out about the button. Peter's hand pushed against something cold on Little Brother™'s neck, and suddenly Little Brother™ wasn't babbling any more, or even sitting up. Suddenly, Little Brother™ was lying on the floor, as lifeless as any ordinary doll.

"Peter!" Mommy said.

"I didn't mean to!"

Mommy picked up Little Brother™, sat him in her lap, and pressed the black button at the back of his neck. Little Brother™'s face came alive, and it wrinkled up as if he were about to cry, but Mommy bounced him on her knee and told him what a good boy he was. He didn't cry after all.

"Little Brother™ isn't like your other toys, Peter," Mommy said. "You have to be extra careful with him, as if he were a real baby." She put Little Brother™ down on the floor, and he took a few baby steps toward Peter. "Why don't you let him help open your other presents?"

So that's what Peter did. He showed Little Brother™ how to tear the paper and open the boxes. The other toys were a fire engine, some talking books, a wagon, and lots and lots of wooden blocks. The fire engine was the second-best present. It had lights, a siren, and hoses that blew green gas just like the real thing. There weren't as many presents as last year, Mommy explained, because Little Brother™ was expensive. That was okay. Little Brother™ was the best present ever!

Well, that's what Peter thought at first. At first, everything that Little Brother™ did was funny and wonderful. Peter put all the torn wrapping paper in the wagon, and Little Brother™ took it out again and threw it on the floor. Peter started to read a talking book, and Little Brother™ came and turned the pages too fast for the book to keep up. But then, while Mommy went to the kitchen to cook breakfast, Peter tried to show Little Brother™ how to build a very tall tower out of blocks. Little Brother™ wasn't interested in seeing a really tall tower. Every time Peter had a few blocks stacked up, Little Brother™ pushed the tower with his hand and laughed. Peter laughed, too, for the first time, and the second. But then he said, "Now watch this time. I'm going to make it really big." But Little Brother™ didn't watch. The tower was only a few blocks tall when he knocked it down.

"No!" Peter said. He grabbed hold of Little Brother™'s arm. "Don't!"

Little Brother™'s face wrinkled. He was getting ready to cry. Peter looked toward the kitchen and let go. "Don't cry," he said. "Look, I'm building another one! Watch me build it!"

Little Brother™ watched. Then he knocked the tower down.

Peter had an idea. When Mommy came into the living room again, Peter had built a tower that was taller than he was, the best tower he had ever made. "Look!" he said.

But Mommy didn't even look at the tower. "Peter!" She picked up Little Brother™, put him on her lap, and pressed the button to turn him back on. As soon as he was on, Little Brother™ started to scream. His face turned red.

"I didn't mean to!"

"Peter, I told you! He's not like your other toys. When you turn him off, he can't move but he can still see and hear. He can still feel. And it scares him."

"He was knocking down my blocks."

"Babies do things like that," Mommy said. "That's what it's like to have a baby brother." "He's mine," Peter said too quietly for Mommy to hear. But when Little Brother™ had calmed down, Mommy put him back on the floor and Peter let him toddle over and knock down the tower.

**Q1. Peter wanted to have Little Brother™ because**

- A) he wanted to study Little Brother™.
- B) he wanted another toy.
- C) he was sick and tired of all his toys.
- D) he wanted to teach Little Brother™ many things.

**Q2. Little Brother™ was a toy because**

- A) he was little.
- B) he could be taught to do many things.
- C) he could be turned on and off.
- D) he was funny.

**Q3. Little Brother™ could do all except**

- A) talking.
- B) walking.
- C) smiling.
- D) reading.

**Q4. Peter got fewer presents for Christmas because**

- A) Little Brother™ was a costly present.
- B) he had a lot of toys.
- C) he wasn't interested in toys.
- D) he didn't like presents.

**Q5. Little Brother™**

- A) put all the torn wrapping paper in the wagon.
- B) started to read.
- C) turned the pages too quickly.
- D) built a very tall tower.

**Q6. When Mother came into the room,**

- A) Little Brother™ was knocking down the blocks.
- B) Peter was putting all the torn wrapping paper in the wagon.
- C) Peter was reading a talking book.
- D) Little Brother™ was turned off.

**Q7. Peter did not like his new toy because**

- A) Little Brother™ prevented him from playing.
- B) Little Brother™ was stupid.
- C) Little Brother™ was not like his other toys.
- D) Mother loved Little Brother™ more than Peter.

## TEST 4

### Blackberry Jam

“...and the weekend promises sunshine and southerly breezes. Make the most of it!” The weatherman’s cheery voice came from the TV that stood high on a pile of books, the only way she’d yet found for its cable to reach the socket. Piles of books, papers, magazines had always been a feature of Maggie’s lived-in kitchen and they had grown in the dark days since January as she had no desire to touch anything. But recent weeks had found her more able to cope with her situation and a measure of organisation had returned to her life. To the outside world, she seemed cool and collected; inside she felt deeply upset. She tried to avoid places that would arouse painful memories such as the moor which looked down on her every time she opened her front door. Over the years, she and Mike had spent many hours walking on it in each other’s company. Late summer had always been a busy time as they gathered the harvest for jam and wine.

The forecast helped Maggie to make up her mind. Maggie turned off the TV and left the house. She started the engine and drove up to the hill. Taking a deep breath of the clear air, Maggie took a bag from her pocket and started to pick up berries. After a while, a figure appeared on the path behind her.

“Do you want to add these, then?” The voice startled her, quieter than before but unmistakable.

“What on earth are you doing here?”

“I thought I’d find you here, first weekend in September. Do you want these?” He held out a handful of berries, then tipped them into her bag. “Perfect day — are there any bilberries?”

How could he be so calm, so casual, when anger was going up inside her? She wanted to rage at him for spoiling her perfect day, but the words in her head wouldn’t come out.

“I - I haven’t looked.”

“Let me have a bag, I’ll go see.” Mike made his way across the heather to the dense, low-lying bushes and started to move the leaves aside to seek out berries. After a while, he came back to the path. She answered his questions — the children, her job, her parents.

At last, they reached the point where all the moorland paths crossed. Maggie was glad of an opportunity to rest.

“Are you on your own?” Stupid question. No sooner was it said than Maggie wished she had phrased it differently. But it was the question that she had wanted to ask.

“Yes. In every way.” He kept his eyes on the fields. Maggie didn’t speak, waiting for him to go on. “It didn’t last long. She moved on.”

For the first time that day, Maggie turned and really looked at her husband. His eyes were deeper, his hair greyer, his face more lined, and his expression more worn. Somewhere deep inside she wanted to tell him that everything was fine, to make those eyes smile again. But the pain that he’d caused could not be erased so easily, even in this place, and she looked away.

After a while, she stood up. “How did you get here?” she asked as she fumbled in her pocket for her keys. “Train to Tonechester, then bus to here. There’s a bus back to Tonechester this evening.” She resisted the sudden desire to offer a lift to the station. Instead she said, “Do you time for a cup of tea before you go?” She hoped it sounded more like a question than an order. “And would there be biscuits and blackberry jam?” Maggie laughed, relaxing for the first time since hearing his voice. “Is that all you’ve come back for? No biscuits, but I’ve fresh bread which is just as good.” And after tea, she drove him



to the bus stop. Getting out of the car, he turned, “Will you be out next week?” “Possibly, if the weather holds.” A brief nod, and he joined the others waiting for the evening bus. She didn’t wait. Making her way home, she chose the longer route that twisted along the foot of the moor. They had a long way to go, but, like the weather, **maybe the outlook was promising.**

**Q1. Mary listened to**

- A) the radio.
- B) a TV play.
- C) a weather forecast.
- D) the latest news.

**Q2. Piles of books, papers, magazines had grown because**

- A) Mary wanted to read them.
- B) Mary liked to read them.
- C) Mary bought a lot of them.
- D) Mary did not want to do anything.

**Q3. To her neighbours Mary seemed**

- A) worried.
- B) quiet.
- C) angry.
- D) anxious.

**Q4. Mary went to the moor because**

- A) she wanted to meet Mike.
- B) Mike often went there.
- C) she usually went there at this time of the year.
- D) Mike wanted her to do so.

**Q5. She startled because**

- A) she did not expect to meet her former husband.
- B) she did not want to see Mike.
- C) she did not expect to see a stranger here.
- D) she saw a stranger.

**Q6. Mike told her that**

- A) he had acquainted with another woman.
- B) he had left the woman he loved.
- C) the woman he loved had left him.
- D) he would like to see his children.

**Q7. The phrase “maybe the outlook was promising” means that**

- A) Mike promised Mary to return to her and their children.
- B) Mary promised to forgive him.
- C) they will divorce.
- D) they will start their family life again.

## TEST 5

### Film Star

As long as she could remember Pauline had always wanted to be a film star. Straight from school she went to a London studio where she hoped to get a job immediately. But the agent there told her: "There is nothing we can do for you at the moment. We are booked up for the whole season." That did not discourage Pauline. She continued trying one studio after another. Finally she did get into films — not as a star though — she became one of the unimportant characters in the background behind the stars.

Every evening she would go round to the agency to see if she was needed in a film the next day. Quite often she was, but as always in the background — in a crowd. Still she was looking forward to becoming a star. Many ambitious young people want to do this. Like many other careers the middle steps are always crowded but there is room at the top. Pauline did not mind waiting for her chance.

However, nobody asked her to be a star, the telephone never rang to offer her a big part; no producer ever came to her, cigar in one hand and a film contract in the other.

One evening the man at the agency rang and said: "There's a film for you tomorrow', Pauline. Hampton Studios. You are due there by eight o'clock. You're a telephonist. Wear your own clothes."

Pauline got to Hampton Studios by a quarter to eight, and gave her name at the gate. Two hours later, one of the assistant directors told her to go and get made up and she had to wait another hour before they came to the scene she was in. The second assistant director showed her where to sit — there were two other girls with her, and the three had to sit at a switchboard.

"O.K.." said a very loud voice. "You ready to go?"

"Yes, Mr Kline." said the first assistant.

"Right," said the voice. "Let's begin shooting the scene."

The red light went on, the bells rang and they ran the scene through. It was very short: the star, a famous American actor, had to come through a door, cross the set and stop just in front of where Pauline and the other girls were sitting, hesitate for a moment and then walk towards the camera.

Mr Kline didn't like it. "That's bad." he said turning to his assistant for help. "Put some dialogue in there. Somebody must say something." The two men talked for a moment and then Mr Kline shouted out: "Hey, you at the end of the row there."

Pauline jumped — "Me?" she said.

"Yes, you. I want a line from you here. I want you to look at Harry when he comes in and say, 'Mr Marlower. there's a call just come in for you.' Can you say that?"

Pauline said she could, and they ran the scene through again. This time Mr Kline was very pleased, and the star smiled at her. Now Mr Kline was satisfied with the scene.

"That's great," he said, coming over to Pauline. "What's your name?"

"Pauline Grant."

"You do fit the part perfectly, Pauline," Mr Kline said. "Thanks." Pauline went home that evening, feeling very happy, even triumphant. There was no reason to be so thrilled, she told herself, but she couldn't help it. A line at last, two in fact, and the director, the great Kline, had thanked her. For weeks after that she expected a phone call, but there was none.

Anyway, she thought, wait, until the opening night.

She went to the opening night, not invited, but she managed to get two tickets, one for herself and one for her boyfriend. Before the film started she saw the director of the film. “Mr Kline,” she shouted, but he didn’t hear her. It was a good film — or at least the press said so the next morning. The star was given wide publicity. The review said that, as always, he portrayed his role with great talent. The critic expected a successful run for the film.

But there was no mention in the papers on Pauline, Her scene, in fact, together with lots of other unimportant scenes, had been cut and the name of Pauline Grant meant nothing to anyone, not even to **Samuel Kline, who had a very short memory.**

**Q1. Since childhood Pauline had dreamt of**

- A) shooting a film.
- B) producing a film.
- C) starring in the film.
- D) showing a film.

**Q2. According to the text,**

- A) Pauline was looking forward to finding a job in London.
- B) the agent did not discourage Pauline.
- C) Pauline got acquainted with many ambitious people.
- D) Pauline wanted to play the leading part in the film.

**Q3. Pauline can be characterized as**

- A) an intelligent person.
- B) an intellectual person.
- C) a persistent person.
- D) a proud person.

**Q4. The statement that contradicts the text is**

- A) Pauline starred in the film.
- B) Pauline participated in the film.
- C) Pauline did not give up.
- D) Pauline hoped to be a star.

**Q5. When Pauline received a role of a telephonist, she was full of all except**

- A) high ambitions.
- B) enthusiasm.
- C) high hopes.
- D) high salary.

**Q6. While shooting the scene Mr Kline**

- A) wasn’t satisfied with the star’s performance.
- B) decided to make Pauline’s part bigger.
- C) offered Pauline to speak on the phone with the main character.
- D) did not approve of Pauline’s performance.

**Q7. The phrase “... Samuel Kline who had a very short memory” means that Samuel Kline**

- A) did not remember anything.
- B) lost his memory.
- C) did not resemble Pauline.
- D) did not consider his conversation with Pauline important.

## ANSWERS

### TEST 1

Q1	Q2	Q3	Q4	Q5	Q6	Q7
D	A	A	C	D	C	A

### TEST 2

Q1	Q2	Q3	Q4	Q5	Q6	Q7
C	A	D	D	B	C	B

### TEST 3

Q1	Q2	Q3	Q4	Q5	Q6	Q7
D	C	D	A	C	D	A

### TEST 4

Q1	Q2	Q3	Q4	Q5	Q6	Q7
C	D	B	C	A	C	D

### TEST 5

Q1	Q2	Q3	Q4	Q5	Q6	Q7
C	D	C	A	D	B	D