

Name: _____

Test Your Reading

Read the following texts. Mark all the words and sentences that you don't understand with a coloured marker. When you have read all FIVE texts, hand this page to your teacher.

Marcel is a French mouse. He lives on a beautiful old boat in Paris. (His home is under the kitchen floor). He likes books, restaurants and old films. He likes the opera too.

One evening in June, Marcel finishes a detective story. Then he goes to have dinner with some friends. They live in the metro station at the Louvre.

After dinner, Marcel waits at the station. He sees two men standing next to him. The tall one is reading a magazine, "Look", he says, "here she is": 'Opera star Miss Zaza Dupont with her beautiful one million pound diamond ring - the White Star.'

The big street with its cafes and shops and people was behind them now. They walked slowly.

It was quiet. Away from the cars and the noise, Kim was excited. She held on to Dave's hand.

They were in a narrow street of tall houses and small shops. They heard a radio through an open window. A woman singing. Kim stopped and listened, but she did not understand the words. Her Spanish was good, but not very good!

This very old story begins with Uther, a great king. He was a good man and he was king in the south of Britain. Other places were very dangerous at that time, but people did not fight in Uther's country. Uther loved a beautiful woman, Igraine, and he wanted to marry her. But she did not love him and he was very sad about that.

Merlin was a very clever man and he knew a lot of magic. He could change into an animal or bird. Sometimes, when he used magic, nobody could see him. He also helped people with his magic, and one day he came to King Uther.

"You can marry Igraine," he said. "I will help you. But when you have a child, you will have to give the boy to me."

The hands of the factory clock moved slowly. I watched them all day. It seemed a long time until six o'clock.

I was working in an electronics factory, it was my first job, and it was boring. Every day was exactly the same, but it didn't matter to me. The work was easy and I just dreamed all day. I dreamed about being a pop star. I always wanted to be a star, even when I was little. I wanted to play in concerts all over the world. I wanted to be rich and famous!

Perhaps it was a silly dream, but it wasn't impossible. I was in a band. Three of my friends and I were in it. We were still at school when we started. I played the electric piano and I wrote some of our songs too. Our band was called Steel City. It's a great name for a band, isn't it?

There were nineteen thousand boxing supporters around the center ring in Madison Square Garden, and most were waiting for just one thing - for one fighter to murder another. Tonight they were waiting for Gerald "Tuffy" Griffiths, the "Terror from out West" to destroy New Jersey's Jim Braddock.

At the sound of the bell, Braddock stood under the hot lights and watched Griffiths rush out into the ring. Tuffy Griffiths had come to New York after winning fifty fights. He had won his last fight with a knockout in the first round. Everybody knew that he would do the same to Braddock - everybody that is except Braddock and his manager, Joe Gould. Gould believed in Braddock.

The stranger came early one winter's day in February, through a biting wind and the last snowfall of the year. He walked over the hill from Bramblehurst Station, and carried a little black bag in his thickly gloved hand. He was wrapped up from head to foot, and the edge of his soft grey hat hid every part of his face except the shiny point of his nose; the snow had piled itself against his shoulders and chest. He almost fell in the Coach and Horses, more dead than alive, and threw his bag down. "A fire," he cried, "in the name of human kindness! A room and a fire!" He stamped his feet, shook the snow from his coat and followed Mrs Hall, the innkeeper's wife, into her parlour. There he arranged to take a room in the inn and gave her two pounds.