DIRECTIONS FOR TEACHERS

LISTENING SECTION

COMPREHENSIVE EXAMINATION IN ENGLISH

Wednesday, January 27, 2016 — 1:15 to 4:15 p.m., only

BE SURE THAT THE LISTENING SECTION IS ADMINISTERED TO EVERY STUDENT.

1 Before the start of the examination period, say:

Do not open the examination booklet until you are instructed to do so.

2 Distribute an answer sheet to each student. Then distribute one examination booklet, one essay booklet, and scrap paper to each student.

3 After each student has received an examination booklet, an essay booklet, scrap paper, and his or her answer sheet, say:

A separate answer sheet has been provided for you. Follow the instructions for completing the student information on your answer sheet. You must also fill in the heading on each page of your essay booklet that has a space for it, and write your name at the top of each sheet of scrap paper.

4 After the students have filled in all headings on their essay booklets, say:

You will listen to a passage and answer some multiple-choice questions. You will hear the passage twice.

I will read the passage aloud to you once. Listen carefully. You may take notes on page 3 of your examination booklet. Then I will tell you to open your examination booklet to page 4. You will be given a chance to read the questions before the second reading. Then I will read the passage a second time. You may also take notes during the second reading or answer the questions.

Now I will read the passage aloud to you for the first time. Open your examination booklet to page 3.

5 Note the time you start reading the listening passage. The three-hour examination starts now. Read both the introduction and the passage aloud, including the attribution at the end. Read with appropriate expression, but without added comment.
In the thick woods of New Hampshire, a hiker known as Old School awoke at daybreak and lay still, listening to squirrels and songbirds chirp and trill. The leaves of maples and hemlocks stirred above; the sound grew louder and faded like a wave. Slowly, the man pulled the pants he’d been using as a pillow from under his head, coaxed them to the depths of his sleeping bag and eased his legs into them. Then he emerged from his tent into the chilly morning air, testing his body’s willingness to take yet another long walk in the woods.

The body consented, despite a kink in the right calf.

It was late August in the White Mountains, where peaks of jagged stone have foiled fitter men. Old School — also known as Billy Mason, a 48-year-old short-order cook from Virginia Beach, Va. — had been trudging north nearly every day since March 3. On his back, he carried a 30-pound pack, which included a sleeping bag, a sleeping pad, a tent, food, a water filter, but no camp stove. He’d deemed that unnecessary weight and unloaded it somewhere in Connecticut.

His 18-year-old stepson kept pace at his side. His wife had been there at the beginning, but she had returned home to tend to their younger teens. Other hikers were close at hand, too.

More than 1,000 people every year are drawn to the particular challenge that Old School had set for himself: to hike the entire Appalachian Trail, a 2,175-mile dirt path that runs up mountain peaks, across meadows and alongside streams from Springer Mountain in Georgia to Mount Katahdin in Maine.

Some of these through-hikers wear boots scruffy from years of wear. Others come with gleaming new equipment they barely know how to use. They are accountants, mail carriers, schoolteachers, retirees, recent college grads. But in the woods, where most take on trail names, they leave those old labels behind.

They come to strip life to the basics: up at sunrise, down at dusk, eat food, drink water. They come for the contemplative act of putting one foot in front of the other — again and again and again and again — following the white blazes painted onto trees and rocks that mark the Appalachian Trail. They come for the joy of exerting their muscles, meeting other hikers, merging with nature. Primarily, they come to see if they’re up to the task. …

That Americans romanticize life in the woods and revere the tenacity of those who try it comes as no surprise since pioneers and naturalists populate our collective psyche. Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, Daniel Boone, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Laura Ingalls Wilder: They all speak to the power of the American landscape and its ability to transform lives.

Devotees of the Appalachian Trail would add to their ranks another great thinker, Benton MacKaye.

MacKaye was an undistinguished public servant working for the Labor Department in 1921 when he published an article in the Journal of the American Institute of Architects proposing an ambitious undertaking: the building of a footpath that would scale Appalachian peaks from New England to the South.

At the time, mountain clubs already maintained hiking trails in New England, but none had thought to tame the tangled wilderness that covered much of the mountainous South. Still, the idea slowly gained traction.

In 1925, MacKaye brought together Forest Service and hiking club leaders in Washington, D.C., and formed the Appalachian Trail Conference. The group mapped a 1,200-mile course from North Carolina to New Hampshire.
By the time the trail was completed in 1937, with the help of volunteers and the Depression-era Civilian Conservation Corps, the route had changed and grown significantly. No one believed the pathway could be covered in one push; the trail founders considered that beside the point, anyway. Then in 1948, Earl Shaffer, who had recently served in the Army, achieved it, hiking from April through August. Out among the trees, following a sometimes poorly marked trail, Shaffer had been utterly alone.

Every year now as winter wanes, more than 1,000 people head to Springer Mountain to attempt the same feat. While those who end their hike at Katahdin number in the low hundreds, solitude often eludes through-hikers. …

Most take on a trail name. They’ll tell you that something like “Dinosaur” is easier to remember than Kathryn Herndon. But it’s more than that. A trail name — which hikers can bestow on themselves or wait until other hikers do so — marks a change: An old life has been temporarily set aside for a new one on the trail.

Through-hikers have their own lore, too, in the form of “trail magic,” acts of unexpected goodwill. A cooler filled with drinks and candy tucked alongside the trail is typical. Lucky through-hikers get grander gifts. …

Weeks later, on Sept. 28, Old School made one of the physically toughest climbs of his months on the trail: He scaled the craggy backbone of Katahdin. His stepson and wife, who’d rejoined them for the occasion, made the ascent with him.

At the top, mist set in. When Old School looked outward, he saw a gray void instead of a mountaintop view. It didn’t matter. He looked deep inside instead. He had achieved a monumental goal, and that fact was as solid as the earth beneath his feet. …

—excerpted from “Appalachian Trail Magic”
Star Tribune, November 19, 2006