

34. In context, the word “vitiated” in line 14 most nearly means:

- (A) made ineffective
- (B) invalidated
- (C) corrupted
- (D) devalued
- (E) buoyed

35. The anecdote in paragraph two is mainly meant to illustrate:

- (A) the cruelty of the fathers
- (B) the violence of the sons
- (C) the contamination of the daughters
- (D) the wretchedness of the wives
- (E) the degradation of the slaves

36. The primary mode of composition of paragraph two is:

- (A) cause and effect
- (B) comparison and contrast
- (C) description
- (D) classification
- (E) definition

37. The thesis of the passage is most clearly stated in the following line:

- (A) “No pen can give an adequate description of the all-pervading corruption produced by slavery.”
- (B) “The slave girl is reared in an atmosphere of licentiousness and fear.”
- (C) “I can testify, from my own experience and observation, that slavery is a curse to the whites as well as to the blacks.”
- (D) “And as for the colored race, it needs an abler pen than mine to describe the extremity of their sufferings, the depth of their degradation.”
- (E) “Yet few slaveholders seem to be aware of the widespread moral ruin occasioned by this wicked system.”

38. All of the following words are used figuratively *except*:

- (A) blight (line 43)
- (B) cage (line 36)
- (C) storm (line 29)
- (D) pen (lines 1 and 40)
- (E) souls (line 44)

39. The tone of the final paragraph can best be described as:

- (A) inflammatory
- (B) condescending
- (C) apprehensive
- (D) ominous
- (E) cynical

40. The appeal to pathos in this passage is achieved by:

- I. provocative diction
 - II. figurative language
 - III. first-person accounts of experiences and observations
- (A) I
 - (B) II
 - (C) III
 - (D) I and III
 - (E) I, II, and III

Passage 1e: Helen Keller, *The Story of My Life*

Even in the days before my teacher came, I used to feel along the square stiff boxwood hedges, and, guided by the sense of smell would find the first violets and lilies. There, too, after a fit of temper, I went to find comfort and to hide my hot face in the cool leaves and grass. What joy it was to lose myself in that garden of flowers, to wander happily from spot to spot, until, coming suddenly upon a beautiful vine, I recognized it by its leaves and blossoms, and knew it was the vine which covered the tumble-down summer-house at the farther end of the garden! Here, also, were trailing clematis, drooping jessamine, and some rare sweet flowers called butterfly lilies, because their fragile petals resemble butterflies' wings. But the roses—they were loveliest of all. Never have I found in the greenhouses of the North such heart-satisfying roses as the climbing roses of my southern home. They used to hang in long festoons from our porch, filling the whole air with their fragrance, untainted by any earthy smell; and in the early morning, washed in the dew, they felt so soft, so pure, I could not help wondering if they did not resemble the asphodels of God's garden.

The beginning of my life was simple and much like every other little life. I came, I saw, I conquered, as the first baby in the family always does. There was the usual amount of discussion as to a name for me. The first baby in the family was not to be lightly named, every one was emphatic about that. My father suggested the name of Mildred Campbell, an ancestor whom he highly esteemed, and he declined to take any further part in the discussion. My mother solved the problem by giving it as her wish that I should be called after her mother, whose maiden name was Helen Everett. But in the excitement of carrying me to church my father

lost the name on the way, very naturally, since it was one in which he had declined to have a part. When the minister asked him for it, he just remembered that it had been decided to call me after my grandmother, and he gave her name as Helen Adams.

I am told that while I was still in long dresses I showed many signs of an eager, self-asserting disposition. Everything that I saw other people do I insisted upon imitating. At six months I could pipe out "How d'ye," and one day I attracted every one's attention by saying "Tea, tea, tea" quite plainly. Even after my illness I remembered one of the words I had learned in these early months. It was the word "water," and I continued to make some sound for that word after all other speech was lost. I ceased making the sound "wah-wah" only when I learned to spell the word.

They tell me I walked the day I was a year old. My mother had just taken me out of the bath-tub and was holding me in her lap, when I was suddenly attracted by the flickering shadows of leaves that danced in the sunlight on the smooth floor. I slipped from my mother's lap and almost ran toward them. The impulse gone, I fell down and cried for her to take me up in her arms.

These happy days did not last long. One brief spring, musical with the song of robin and mocking-bird, one summer rich in fruit and roses, one autumn of gold and crimson sped by and left their gifts at the feet of an eager, delighted child. Then, in the dreary month of February, came the illness which closed my eyes and ears and plunged me into the unconsciousness of a new-born baby. They called it acute congestion of the stomach and brain. The doctor thought I could not live. Early one morning, however, the fever left me as suddenly and mysteriously as it had come. There was great rejoicing in the family that morning, but no one, not even the doctor, knew that I should never see or hear again.