

Read the stories below then answer the questions that follow.

The Little Thief in the Pantry

"MOTHER dear," said a little mouse one day, "I think the people in our house must be very kind; don't you? They leave such nice things for us in the larder."

There was a twinkle in the mother's eye as she replied, "Well, my child, no doubt they are very well in their way, but I don't think they are quite as fond of us as you seem to think. Now remember Greywhiskers, I have absolutely forbidden you to put your nose above the ground unless I am with you, for kind as the people are, I shouldn't be at all surprised if they tried to catch you."

Greywhiskers twitched his tail with scorn; he was quite sure he knew how to take care of himself, and he didn't mean to trot meekly after his mother's tail all his life. So as soon as she had curled herself up for an afternoon nap he stole away, and scampered across the pantry shelves.

She took Greywhiskers up to the pantry then, and when she saw the hole in the cake she seemed a little annoyed. "Some mouse has evidently been here before us," she said, but of course, she never guessed that it was her own little son.

The next day the naughty little mouse again popped up to the pantry when his mother was asleep; but at first, he could find nothing at all to eat, though there was a most delicious smell of toasted cheese. Presently he found a dear little wooden house, and there hung the cheese, just inside it. In ran Greywhiskers, but, oh! "click" went to the little wooden house, and mousie was caught fast in a trap.

When the morning came, the cook, who had set the trap, lifted it from the shelf, and then called a pretty little girl to come and see the thief who had eaten her cake.

"What are you going to do with him?" asked Ethel. "Why, drown him, my dear, to be sure." The tears came into the little girl's pretty blue eyes. "You didn't know it was stealing, did you, mousie dear?" she said. "No," squeaked Greywhiskers sadly; "indeed I didn't."

Cook's back was turned for a moment, and at that moment tender-hearted little Ethel lifted the lid of the trap, and out popped mousie. Oh! how quickly he ran home to his mother, and how she comforted and petted him until he began to forget his fright; and then she made him promise never to disobey her again, and you may be sure he never did.

Answer the following questions by choosing the letter of the best answer.

1 What literary device is explicitly evident throughout the story?

- A. Anaphora
- B. Hyperbole

- C. Juxtaposition
- D. Personification

2 In the third paragraph, what does the word “meekly” mean?

- A. Not violent or strong.
- B. Speaking in a self-deprecating manner.
- C. A quiet, gentle, and submissive manner.
- D. Enduring injury with patience and without resentment.

3 Which of the following words is NOT a synonym of “larder”?

- I. Pantry
 - II. Vestibule
 - III. Bookcase
 - IV. Cupboard
- A. I and II
 - B. II and III
 - C. III and IV
 - D. None of the above

4 How would you describe Greywhiskers?

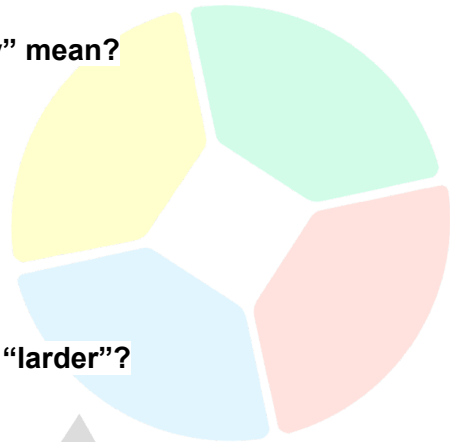
- A. Upbeat and mischievous
- B. Contemplative and scornful
- C. Friendly and humorous
- D. Compassionate and snooty

5 What instruction did Greywhiskers' mother give him?

- A. Not to entertain strangers.
- B. Not take their food for granted.
- C. Not to venture out alone to find food.
- D. Spend time with the people Greywhiskers love.

6 What was Greywhiskers' mother doing wherever he goes out to the pantry alone?

- A. Hunting
- B. Cooking
- C. Questing



D. Sleeping

7 Why did Ethel let Greywhiskers go?

- A. Because she was disgusted by how dirty Greywhiskers was.
- B. Because she felt sympathy towards Greywhiskers.
- C. Because she asked Greywhiskers if he stole the cake and he responded, "No".
- D. Because she didn't like her cake so it was okay that Greywhiskers took some.

8 What moral can be taken from the story?

- A. The importance of asking permission.
- B. The importance of not getting caught.
- C. The importance of obeying your parents.
- D. The importance of taking care of your health.

The Aged Mother by Matsuo Basho

Long, long ago there lived at the foot of the mountain a poor farmer and his aged, widowed mother. They owned a bit of land which supplied them with food, and they were humble, peaceful, and happy. Shining was governed by a dictatorial leader who though a warrior, had a great and cowardly shrinking from anything suggestive of failing health and strength. This caused him to send out a cruel proclamation. The entire province was given strict orders to immediately put to end all aged people. Those were barbarous days, and the custom of abandoning old people to die was not uncommon. The poor farmer loved his aged mother with tender reverence, and the order filled his heart with sorrow. But no one ever thought twice about obeying the mandate of the governor, so with many deep and hopeless sighs, the youth prepared for what at that time was considered the kindest mode of demise.

Just at sundown, when his day's work was ended, he took a quantity of unwhitened rice which was the principal food for the poor, and he cooked, dried it, and tied it in a square cloth, which he swung in a bundle around his neck along with a gourd filled with cool, sweet water. Then he lifted his helpless old mother to his back and started on his painful journey up the mountain. The road was long and steep; the narrow road was crossed and re-crossed by many paths made by the hunters and woodcutters. In some places, they were lost and confused, but he gave no heed. One path or another, it mattered not. On he went, climbing blindly upward -- ever upward towards the high bare summit of what is known as Obatsuyama, the mountain of the "abandoning of the aged."

The eyes of the old mother were not so dim but they noted the reckless hastening from one path to another, and her loving heart grew anxious. Her son did not know the mountain's many paths and his return might be one of danger, so she stretched forth her hand and snapping the twigs from brushes as they passed, she quietly dropped a handful every few steps of the way so that as they climbed, the narrow path behind them was dotted at frequent intervals with tiny piles of twigs. At last, the summit was reached. Weary and heartsick, the youth gently released his burden and silently prepared a place of comfort as his last duty to the loved one. Gathering fallen pine needles, he made a soft cushion and

tenderly lifted his old mother onto it. He wrapped her padded coat more closely about the stooping shoulders and with tearful eyes and an aching heart he said farewell.

The trembling mother's voice was full of unselfish love as she gave her last injunction. "Let not thine eyes be blinded, my son." She said, "The mountain road is full of dangers. LOOK carefully and follow the path which holds the piles of twigs. They will guide you to the familiar path farther down." The son's surprised eyes looked back over the path, then at the poor old, shrivelled hands all scratched and soiled by their work of love. His heart broke within and bowing to the ground, he cried aloud: "oh, honourable mother, your kindness breaks my heart! I will not leave you. We will follow the path of twigs, and together we will die!"

Once more he shouldered his burden (how light it seemed now) and hastened down the path, through the shadows and the moonlight, to the little hut in the valley. Beneath the kitchen floor was a walled closet for food, which was covered and hidden from view. There the son hid his mother, supplying her with everything she needed, continually watching and fearing she would be discovered. Time passed, and he was beginning to feel safe when again the governor sent forth heralds bearing an unreasonable order, seemingly as a boast of his power. His demand was that his subjects should present him with a rope of ashes.

The entire province trembled with dread. The order must be obeyed yet who in all Shining could make a rope of ashes? One night, in great distress, the son whispered the news to his hidden mother. "Wait!" she said. "I will think. I will think" On the second day she told him what to do. "Make rope out of twisted straw," she said. "Then stretch it upon a row of flat stones and burn it on a windless night." He called the people together and did as she said and when the blaze died down, there upon the stones, with every twist and fibre showing perfectly, lay a rope of ashes.

The governor was pleased with the wit of the youth and praised him greatly, but he demanded to know where he had obtained his wisdom. "Alas! Alas!" cried the farmer, "the truth must be told!" and with deep bows, he related his story. The governor listened and then meditated in silence. Finally, he lifted his head. "Shining needs more than the strength of youth," he said gravely. "Ah, that I should have forgotten the well-known saying, "with the crown of snow, there cometh wisdom!" That very hour the cruel law was abolished, and custom drifted so far that only legends remain.

Answer the following questions by choosing the letter of the best answer.

9 What was the order of the dictatorial governor?

- A. He ordered the ending of the lives of all elders.
- B. He ordered his people that he shall marry the fairest in the land.
- C. He ordered his servants to throw a ball for him.
- D. He ordered his servants to visit all houses in search of his future wife.

10 Where did the farmer decide to hide his mother?

- A. In the mountains
- B. In his hut in the valley
- C. In a farm near the cliff
- D. In a cave in the woods

11 What did the mother drop along their way up the mountain?

- A. Dried leaves
- B. Manure
- C. Twigs
- D. Her sorrows

12 What was the second order issued by the governor?

- A. He ordered his people to find a rope made out of twigs.
- B. He ordered his people to locate the ashes of his beloved wife.
- C. He ordered his people to obtain a rope from the ashes of hell.
- D. He ordered his people to present him with a rope made of ashes.

13 How did the farmer accomplish the task ordered by the governor?

- A. His mother helped him through her wisdom.
- B. He stumbled across an old wise man.
- C. He received a dream from God telling him what to do.
- D. He encountered a spirit in the forest who helped him.

14 What was the governor's punishment towards the farmer when he found out how he was able to do the task?

- A. The governor banished him to the forest along with his mother.
- B. The governor sentenced him to jump off a cliff.
- C. The governor fed him to the lions in the forest.
- D. The governor gave no punishment for the farmer.

15 Why did the governor withdraw his first order about the elderly living in Shining?

- A. He fell in love with the farmer's mother.
- B. He realised the importance of mother-child relationships.
- C. He recognised the value of the elderly in a country.
- D. He was touched by the bond between the farmer and his mother.

16 What is the moral of the story?



- A. The service of the elderly is equal and comparable to the youth.
- B. The knowledge of the elderly is just as vital as the strength of the youth.
- C. The decisions of the elderly are far better than those in power.
- D. The value of good decisions will conquer all.

The Little Match Girl by Hans Christian Andersen

It was very cold, it snowed, it was almost completely dark, and it was evening—the last evening of the year. A poor little girl with bare feet and no hair walked down the street in the cold and darkness. She did leave the house with slippers on, but what did that accomplish? They were very big slippers that her mother used to wear. They were so big that the poor little girl lost them as she ran across the street because two carriages were going so fast.

One slipper couldn't be found, and the other had been taken by a child who ran away with it because he thought it would make a great cradle when he had kids of his own. So, the little maiden walked on with her tiny, bare feet, which were so cold that they were red and blue. She carried a lot of matches in an old apron, and she held a bunch of them in her hand. No one had bought anything from her all day, and no one had even given her a penny.

She moved slowly, trembling from cold and hunger. The poor little thing was a picture of misery. Snowflakes covered her long, blonde hair, which fell in pretty curls around her neck. But she never once thought about that. It was New Year's Eve, so she knew that all the windows were lit with candles and the house smelled deliciously of roast goose.

In a corner made by two houses, one of which was further away than the other, she sat down and hid. She drew her little feet close to her, but she was getting colder and colder. She didn't want to go home because she hadn't sold any matches and didn't have even a penny. Her father would hit her, and at home, it was cold, too, because all she had above her was the roof, through which the wind whistled even though the biggest holes were patched with straw and rags.

Her little hands were so cold that they were almost numb. Oh, a match could make her feel so much better if she were brave enough to take one out of the bundle, hold it against the wall, and warm her fingers with it. She picked one. "Rischt!" Oh, how it burned and blazed! As she held her hands over the flame, it was warm and bright, like a candle. It was a beautiful light. The little girl really thought she was sitting in front of a big iron stove with brass feet that had been polished and a brass ornament on top. The fire burned with such a good spirit; it warmed in such a nice way. The little girl had already put her feet out to warm them, but the small flame went out and the cooker disappeared, leaving her with nothing but a burned-out match.

She rubbed another candle against the wall. It burned brightly, and when the light hit the wall, the wall became see-through, like a veil, so she could see into the room. On the table was a snow-white tablecloth, a beautiful set of porcelain dishes, and a roast goose stuffed with apple and dried plums that was steaming up a storm. And what was even more amazing to see was that the goose hopped down from the dish and rolled around on the floor with a knife and fork in its chest until it got close to the poor little girl. Then the match went out, and all that was left was a thick, cold, damp wall. She lit a second

match. She was now sitting under the most beautiful Christmas tree she had ever seen. It was even bigger and more beautifully decorated than the one she had seen through the glass door of the wealthy merchant's house.

On the green branches, there were thousands of lights, and pictures with bright colours, like the ones she had seen in shop windows, looked down at her. When the match went out, the little girl reached out her hands to them. The Christmas tree's lights kept getting brighter and brighter until she could see them as stars in the sky. One of the lights fell and made a long trail of fire.

The little girl said, "Someone just died!" because her old grandmother, the only person who had ever loved her and who was now gone, had told her that when a star falls, a soul goes to God. She lit another match and threw it against the wall. The light came back on, and there in the light stood the old grandmother, so bright and shining, so gentle, and with such a look of love on her face.

"Grandmother!" the child cried. "Oh, please bring me along! You leave when the match goes out, just like the warm stove, the tasty roast goose, and the beautiful Christmas tree." She quickly rubbed the whole bundle of matches against the wall because she wanted to be sure that her grandmother would stay close. And the matches gave off so much light that it was brighter than noon. The grandmother had never been so tall and beautiful before. She put the little girl on her arm and flew so high, so very high, full of light and joy, until they were with God and there was neither cold nor hunger nor worry.

But in the corner, at the cold hour of dawn, the poor girl sat leaning against the wall with red cheeks and a smile on her face. She was frozen to death on the last night of the old year. The child sat there with her matches, one of which had already been burned. People said, "She wanted to get warm." No one had the slightest idea how many beautiful things she had seen, and no one could have imagined the splendour with which she had started the new year with her grandmother.

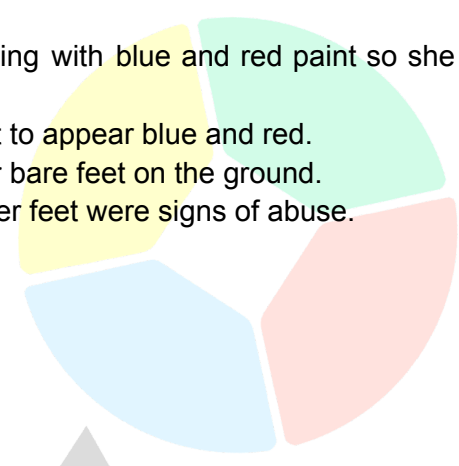
Answer the following questions by choosing the letter of the best answer.

17 What is the point of view established in the story?

- A. First-person
- B. Second-person
- C. Third-person
- D. Fourth-person

18 What is the tone used in the story?

- A. Mysterious
- B. Memorable
- C. Sorrowful
- D. Neutral

- 19 **At one point in the story, the little match girl was described as having blue and red feet. Why do you think so?**
- A. She saw other children in the streets who were playing with blue and red paint so she joined them and dipped her feet in the paint.
 - B. As a poor and malnourished child, this caused her feet to appear blue and red.
 - C. The street was very cold and she was walking with her bare feet on the ground.
 - D. Due to her abusive father, the blue and red colour of her feet were signs of abuse.
- 20 **What is the theme of the story?**
- A. Love
 - B. Art
 - C. Nostalgia
 - D. Suffering
- 21 **What is the major conflict of the story?**
- A. When the little match girl can't go home if she cannot sell any matches because her father would beat her so she wanders the streets until she freezes.
 - B. When the little match girl's long, blonde hair, which fell in pretty curls around her neck was covered in snowflakes.
 - C. When the little match girl's hands started feeling cold and she started lighting her first matchstick.
 - D. When the little match girl lit her second match and saw herself sitting under the most beautiful Christmas tree she had ever seen.
- 22 **Which of the following is the climax of the story?**
- A. When the little match girl sat down and hid on a corner made by two houses.
 - B. When the little match girl rubbed another candle against the wall where it burned and made the wall see-through so she could see into the room.
 - C. When the little match girl lit her second match and saw herself sitting under the most beautiful Christmas tree she had ever seen.
 - D. When the little match girl left the cruelty of the mortal world by ascending to heaven with her grandmother.
- 23 **What type of imagery is evident in the line, "A poor little girl with bare feet and no hair walked down the street in the cold and darkness"?**
- A. Auditory
 - B. Tactile
 - C. Visual
 - D. Olfactory
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24 What figurative language is used in the line, “The poor little thing was a picture of misery”?

- A. Simile
- B. Metaphor
- C. Personification
- D. Hyperbole



The Emperor's New Clothes by Hans Christian Andersen

There once was an Emperor who loved nothing better than wearing fancy new clothes. Three times a day he would change into a brand-new royal outfit. Many Emperors spend their days talking to advisers and fixing problems of the land. Not this one! He was too busy sending out his servants to find the next great outfit to wear.

One day two strangers came to town. They said they were weavers. They said the cloth they wove was the finest anyone would ever see. But in fact, they were not weavers – they were crooks. These fake weavers said their cloth was more beautiful than any other cloth BUT it could not be seen by just anyone. Only people who were smart and the most excellent could actually see the magic cloth. People who were not smart and not excellent – well, they would see nothing at all.

Soon, word reached the Emperor about these two weavers and their fine cloth. He thought, “I am the smartest and the most excellent Emperor! Anyone can tell by how grand I always look! I do not need to worry about that silly magic.” So the Emperor went to see the two weavers. These clever crooks ran about their shop, pointing at empty corners and tables. They said with pride, “Look at these piles of fine cloth! Surely you have never seen colours as bright as these, patterns as beautiful!” The Emperor could not understand – he did not see any cloth, anywhere! The Emperor thought, “I cannot let anyone know that I cannot see this magic cloth! Who knows what they may think of me!” So instead he said, “Indeed! This is the most beautiful cloth anyone has ever seen!” The Emperor could see no cloth, anywhere!

As it turns out, the Emperor’s grand annual Parade was coming up soon. This was a special day when everyone in the kingdom lined up to admire the Emperor and cheer him as he walked by. This year the Emperor wanted an outfit finer than ever before. It must be made from the weaver’s wonderful cloth! Yet there was very little time. Could they weave the cloth in time for the Parade? The two fake weavers frowned as if they could not be sure. Then they smiled and said yes, they could make him the finest royal outfit and robe ever. But it would cost many extra gold coins for the work to be ready in time.

The Emperor paid it all. The two crooks put the gold right into their chest. But they did not buy yarn. All they bought were a few candles to burn in the windows at night. That way everyone would say, “Look! Those new weavers are working all night long to get the Emperor’s new clothes ready in time for the Parade.” The two crooks put the gold right in their chest.

On the morning of the Parade, the Emperor came to the weaver's shop. He felt sure that this time he would be able to see the magic cloth. But still, the Emperor saw nothing! When it was time for the Emperor to get undressed, the clever crooks said, "These clothes are so light and airy it will feel as if you have nothing on at all." And indeed, that is how it seemed to the Emperor! For when he looked in the mirror, he saw in the reflection that he was wearing nothing. But he thought, really, he must be wearing a very grand outfit. One worth all the extra money he had spent.

At the Parade, the Emperor walked tall and proud. Each person who saw him go by thought, "I cannot believe what I am seeing! The Emperor is wearing no clothes!" But each person said nothing. They knew that only people who were smart and excellent could see the magic clothes. So instead they cheered, "There goes the Emperor! Doesn't he look fine!"

All of a sudden, one little boy called out, "Look! The Emperor has no clothes!" Everyone gasped. Then another child called out, "Look at him! He has nothing on at all!" Then someone laughed. And someone else. Then more and more people started to laugh. Someone said aloud, "Would you look at that? Our Emperor has no clothes!" Soon, everyone was calling out and laughing.

"Oh dear!" thought the Emperor. "Now everyone knows I could not see the cloth! They will know I didn't speak up because I was afraid of what people would think of me. What will they think of me now?" But the Parade must go on. And so the Emperor continued to walk. And the servants behind him continued to hold high the train that wasn't there.

Answer the following questions by choosing the letter of the best answer.

25 Which of the following is NOT a theme explored in the story?

- A. Vanity
- B. Incompetence
- C. Naivety
- D. Courage

26 What are the tones used in the poem?

- A. Foolish and comical
- B. Serious and nostalgic
- C. Mad and deceptive
- D. Unwise and preposterous

27 What is the point of view of the story?

- A. First-person
- B. Second-person
- C. Third-person

D. Fourth-person

28 Which of the following is NOT true about the emperor?

- A. He would change into a brand-new royal outfit three times a day.
- B. He spends his days speaking with advisers and fixing problems of the land.
- C. He is busy sending out servants to find the next great outfit to wear.
- D. He wanted an outfit finer than before for this year's parade.

29 In the fourth paragraph, what does the word "finer" mean?

- A. Thin
- B. Feeling well
- C. High-quality
- D. Bright and clear

30 What type of imagery is evident in the line, "Surely you have never seen colours as bright as these, patterns as beautiful!"?

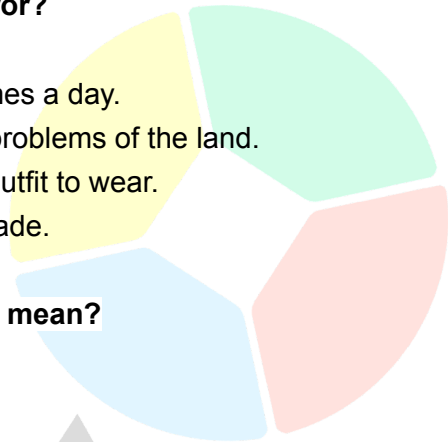
- A. Tactile
- B. Auditory
- C. Olfactory
- D. Visual

31 What is the climax of the story?

- A. When the emperor purchased his invisible robe.
- B. When the emperor proudly showed his robe at the parade and everyone cheered as they pretended that they could see it.
- C. When the child yelled that the emperor was not wearing any clothing.
- D. When the emperor continued to proudly walk at the parade even after the child pointed out that he was naked.

32 What is the child's role in the story?

- A. The child is the voice of consciousness in the story.
- B. The child is the voice of innocence in the story.
- C. The child is the voice of the foolish people in the story.
- D. The child is the voice of ignorance in the story.



A Little Tiny Thing

OUT in the garden Mary sat hemming a pocket handkerchief, and there came a little insect running—oh, in such a hurry!—across the small stone table by her side. The sewing was not done, for Mary liked doing nothing best, and she thought it would be fun to drop her thimble over the little ant. “Now he is in the dark,” she said. “Can he mind? He is only such a little tiny thing.” Mary ran away, for her mother called her, and she forgot all about the ant under the thimble. Mary went to bed, and in the night the rain poured. As soon as the sun shone, she remembered the ant under the thimble. “I wonder what he is doing,” said Mary. But when she lifted up the thimble the little tiny thing lay stiff and still. “Oh, did he die from being under the thimble?” she said aloud. “I am afraid he did mind. Why did you do that, Mary?” said her father, who was close by, and who had guessed the truth. “I didn’t mean to,” said Mary.

She touched the honey in the spoon with a blade of grass, and tenderly put a drop of it before the little ant. He tried to run. “Where is he in such a hurry to go, do you think?” said father. “I don’t know,” said Mary softly. She felt ashamed. “He wants to run home,” said father. “I know where he lives. In a little round world of ants, under the apple tree. There are father ants and mother ants, and lots of other ants who are nurses to the little ones. This is a little nurse ant. See how she hurries off!” “O father!” cried Mary; “now that is a fairy story.” “Not a bit of it,” said father. “On sunny days they carry their babies out and let them lie in the sun. On cold days they take them downstairs, away from the cold wind and the rain.”

While they were talking, the little ant crept to the edge of the table, and down the side, and was soon lost among the blades of grass. “He will never find his way,” said Mary. “Let him alone for that,” said father. “The ants have paths leading from their hill. They never lose their way. What do you think I saw the other day? One of these small chaps—it may have been this very one—was carrying home a scrap of something in his jaws for the youngsters at home. As he ran along, a bird dropped an ivy berry on him. Poor mite of a thing! This was worse than if a cannonball were to fall from the sky on one of us. He lay under it, not able to move. By and by one of his brother ants, who was taking a stroll, caught sight of him under the berry. “What did he do?” said Mary. “First he tried to push the berry off of his friend’s body, but it was too heavy. Next, he caught hold of one of his friend’s legs with his jaws and tugged till I thought it would come off. Then he rushed about in a frantic state as if he were saying to himself, ‘What shall I do? what shall I do?’ And then he ran off up the path. In another minute he came hurrying back with three other ants.” “Is it quite true, father?”

“Quite. The four ants talked together with gentle touches of their horns. They looked as if they were telling one another what a dreadful accident it was, and how nobody knew whose turn would come next. After this, they set to work with a will. Two of them pushed the berry as hard as they could, while the other two pulled their friend out by the hind legs. When at last he was free, they crowded around as if petting him. You see these little ant folks have found out that ‘Tis love that makes the world go round.’ I shouldn’t wonder if that ant you teased so thoughtlessly is gone off to tell the news at home that there is a drop of honey to be had here.” “Oh, he couldn’t, father!” “Wait and see,” said father. A little while back came the ant with a troop of friends. “He has been home and told them the good news about the honey,” said father. “Do you think that all children are as kind as that?” Mary said, “No, they’re not. I don’t run to call all the others when I find a good place for blackberries.” “Then,” said father, “don’t be unkind to the ant, who is kinder than you, though he is only a little tiny thing.”

Answer the following questions by choosing the letter of the best answer.

33 What is the point of view established in the story?

- A. First-person
- B. Second-person
- C. Third-person
- D. Fourth-person

34 Which of the following is NOT a theme of the story?

- A. Kindness
- B. Compassion
- C. Sympathy
- D. Philanthropy

35 What is the lesson of the story?

- A. Children need to learn the value of respect.
- B. We should treat ants and other small things with kindness.
- C. We are less kinder than ants are.
- D. Ants work together as a team at all times.

36 In the third paragraph, what does the word “frantic” mean?

- A. Distraught with fear
- B. Moved impatiently
- C. Acting neutrally
- D. Keeping calm

37 How would you describe Mary?

- A. Innocent and curious
- B. Friendly and humorous
- C. Compassionate and snooty
- D. Contemplative and proud

38 Which is NOT true about the place where the ant lives, according to Mary’s father?

- I. His house is located under the apple tree.
- II. There are father and mother ants.
- III. There are nurse ants.



IV. There are doctor ants.

- A. I and IV
- B. III only
- C. II and IV
- D. IV only

39 What type of imagery is evident in the line, “Mary went to bed, and in the night the rain poured”?

- A. Auditory
- B. Tactile
- C. Olfactory
- D. Visual

40 What figurative language is used in the line “He [the ant] wants to run home”?

- A. Simile
- B. Metaphor
- C. Personification
- D. Hyperbole



Scholarly