

# Reading **Elimination**

## Learning Targets

1. Explain why the process of elimination is more effective than searching for one correct answer.
2. Use strategies specific to a subject test to improve elimination skills.

## Instructions

Use Elimination strategies to answer the following question.

### Elimination

It's often a less challenging task to weed out the bad answers than it is to pinpoint the perfect one. Use these strategies to help make eliminations on the Reading test:

1. If a choice isn't supported by the passage, it's wrong.
2. If a choice doesn't match the scope described in the question, it's wrong.

& Evans).

5 When at last a son was born to Mr. Dombey, it wakened something at the bottom of his cold and heavy heart that he had never known before. He named the boy Paul and began at once to long for the time when he should become old enough to be a real member of the firm in which all his own interest centered—Dombey and Son. So selfishly was the father's soul wrapped up in this that he scarcely ever noticed his poor, lonely little daughter, Florence, whose warm heart was starving for affection.

10 Little Paul's nurse was very fond of him and Florence.

1. Lines 1–6 most nearly mean that Mr. Dombey:
  - A. had been awakened to a deep paternal love when his son was born.
  - B. was mainly focused on having his son follow in his footsteps.
  - C. prevented his children from suffering ill health.
  - D. devoted himself to being a companion for his two children.

**Instructions**

Use Elimination strategies to answer the following question.

**Passage I**

This passage is from Dustin Tolliver, *Random Orders*. ©2018 by MasteryPrep. The narrator, a mathematician, recalls his childhood in mid-twentieth-century Chicago.

At that age all my friends were composed of numbers and symbols. In school I had mastered multiplication and division well ahead of my fellow classmates. When the other children saw straight and jagged lines in indistinguishable combinations, I saw cause, effect, and order. Numbers and the secrets of their universal language enthralled me, and I found in them a vehicle with which I could rise into the stratosphere, a new realm away from that cramped house, that town, and those insufferable days that even I could see would produce only a gray and dreary aspect. My aunt hated to have the clutter of my studies in the house. It was something about the activity—besides leaving loose papers and broken pencils scattered about—that bristled her. She would always remind me that by the time they were fifteen, all my cousins had started working and that I'd better look for something more practical if I was going to help out the family, especially my sisters. I used to hide in the backyard shed and make up ever-lengthening math equations in a notebook balanced on my knees. My aunt stumbled over me once while looking for a rake, and her wrath boiled over. She snatched the notebook away and threw it in the pile of leaves she was burning.

“You better not ever let me find you wasting your time instead of doing your chores again.”

My aunt was not entirely calloused, so even though there was always work to be done, when the weather was clear she would let me leave the house to roam like the other neighborhood kids. She was sure that I caught the bus downtown for the movies, the park, or the fountains, but I would go a little farther to the University, and once I learned where the Math building was, I'd wander the hallways there in quiet awe.

My favorite hall in that enormous building was the one where the logic professors and graduate students worked. The dim fluorescent lights hummed, and it was full of quiet, full of thinking. One professor, McKernan, invited me to sit in a chair in his office and shared issues from his collection of old journal publications. He never asked me to contribute to his research, but sometimes I'd slip a small pencil out of my pocket and practice the equations in the margins. They weren't complex—if I'd been a program fellow, I likely would not have been able to teach beyond a freshman course. When the sun began to glare in my eyes, I would stack the journals reluctantly, grief aching in my fingers. If I could have my way, I would have read until the moon was the only light.

One spring afternoon, the professor gave me the most wonderful token I had ever received. It was a small paper, crisp and minimally typed on.

“An Analysis of Mathematica Principia, Montgomery Hall,” I read in the center of the ticket.

I knew that Professor McKernan lectured at several universities and, based on the repressed smile with which he handed me the ticket, I thought perhaps this lecture was in a very prestigious place.

“An important trip?”

“A lifechanging trip. And, I expect, it will be for you too.”

The next weekend I joined Professor McKernan on his trip, an old jacket thrown over my nicest clothes so that my aunt wouldn't notice. It was actually at the University, in a small and dim lecture hall, where *Mathematica Principia* was unfolded and unraveled before me, some of it not making any sense, some of it so perfect and logical that I felt like Professor McKernan had outlined his speech only for me. Within the hour I knew that for the rest of my life all I wanted to do was master the same mathematical logic that Professor McKernan so clearly had.

2. Over the course of the passage, the main focus shifts from
  - F. a symbolic description of a talent the narrator has to an example of its use in context.
  - G. an overview of the narrator's passion for math to a description of an influential encounter.
  - H. a portrayal of the narrator's aunt to an analysis of a professor with whom the narrator becomes enthralled.
  - J. a story about the difficulty the narrator faced at home to an observation of the consequences of that difficulty.