

Sample OGT Reading Multiple-Choice Question

Aligned to Informational, Technical and Persuasive Text Standard

Below is a sample passage and multiple-choice question from the March 2007 Ohio Graduation Test in reading. The question is based on the reading passage entitled *Furikake*.

Furikake

[NOTE: *Furikake* is a Japanese word, pronounced something like *feeyor-ree-ka-kay*. *Furikake* is a seasoning, somewhat like salt or pepper, that is sprinkled onto a bowl of white rice.]

- 1 Furikake to me is like the little bits of memories all put together to form a mix that tastes so good on plain rice. Without even thinking, I shower my wet rice with furikake, covering the opening halfway so that it doesn't all pour out in a river of harshness. It was a lesson my Grandpa had taught me long ago that has now become a habit. I don't even think about how he had cupped my pudgy hands in his, teaching me how to hold the container correctly, and how I had to use two hands to hold the bottle because it was too big and my hands were too small. All I think about is how this small habit of mine is such a significant memory.
- 2 I remember the days when I would run halfway up the pink stairs of my grandparents' house as quickly as I could and then run back down, remembering that Grandpa was always in the backyard. He'd always take off his gardening gloves and escort me back up to the house, saying, "Lei-ko, tell Grandma I'll be right up."
- 3 After I washed my hands for dinner, he would always be there, patting the seat next to him and inviting me to sit in the seat closest to the television. I'd plop myself on the chair and reach for the furikake bottle. Then he'd always pour it for me ("not too much, because you can always have more") and then I'd happily eat while watching TV. But this time was different. This time he let me grab the furikake bottle, and instead of taking it from me, he silently molded my hands to hold the bottle so that my thumb would be halfway over the opening. I could feel the warmth of his love flow from his crinkled
- 4 hands into the tips of my cool stubby fingers with ease and patience. My hands were so small and cumbersome, my thumb barely reaching the opening as I held the rest of the bottle. I remember asking, "Why do I have to cover the hole?"
- 5 "Lei-ko Chan, if you didn't, it would all spill out and your rice would be too salty."
- 6 Determined to make my Grandpa proud of me, I did as he told me. When it got to the part of actually putting the furikake on my rice, my little hand didn't have the strength. My hand slid off the container and I stared at it bewildered and confused. Grandpa smiled at me patiently, his compassionate eyes looking into mine with undying love and understanding. I tried a couple of more times until finally in frustration I grabbed the bottle with both my hands and lightly drizzled my rice, covering the hole just how he had told me. My heart glowed with a feeling of exalting satisfaction.
- 7 Since then my hands have grown. I no longer have to hold the bottle with two hands and, more important, I understand the significance of his lesson. It was something that I would take with me for the rest of my life, and something I will teach my own children. Putting my thumb halfway over the opening was always a habit, and I didn't really grasp the full meaning of furikake until he died. Ever since the first time he taught me that small lesson, I have held the bottle that way with one hand. Except for the one time right after he passed away, when the

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bottle slipped out of my shaking hands and I yearned for his hands to mold mine again.

- 7 At first I was angry at God (or whoever decided to take him away) because I didn't think it was fair for such a healthy, good man to die. I was also angry at myself. Why didn't I ask him to teach me more things, like winning strategies in Trumps or how to play golf? I thought that only the big lessons were worthwhile, without even realizing that he has taught me some of the little things I do every day. I realized that when I do those little things he taught me, he is with me. I might forget how to play Trumps or be too old to play golf, but those little habits will always be with me. Even though he is gone, I know his

hands are still molding mine, except they are in my heart.

- 8 Everyone has a lesson to share. Whether it's big or small, it is worthwhile in someone's life. The smallest memories can stay with you forever and affect you every day. Every once in a while, I smile, sprinkling furikake on my steamed rice. And I remember all that my Grandpa has taught me. I think to myself, furikake truly makes life taste good.

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When the author says (in paragraph 1) that she learned to pour out enough furikake "so that it doesn't all pour out in a river of harshness," what is implied about the use of furikake?

- A. Rice is no good without it.
- B. Too much will overpower the rice.
- C. It is important to put a large quantity on the rice.
- D. The amount doesn't matter.

(Correct Answer: "B")