A PERFECT NIGHT TO HUNT

# Directions: Read the passage thoroughly before answering the questions. For some questions you must read several sentences beyond the question to determine the correct answer.

# Passage 1

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| **A Perfect Night to Hunt**[1]My father was a farmer by trade. He worked hard in the fields all day. Since our farm was small, he still plowed with a horse or a mule pulling a plow share. I remember watching him hitch up old George the plow horse and head out to plow row after row where he planted cotton and corn. [2]In the evenings after supper and on Saturdays, he worked in a small blacksmith shop behind the house where he repaired his and other farmer’s damaged plow shares and fixed other farm equipment. He worked six days a week; and he took off Sundays when we all went to church together. [3]But the day of the week that my father REALLY looked forward to was Monday. Because on Monday nights, he and five or six of his cronies gathered up my father’s pack of hound dogs, loaded them in the back of his pick-up truck, and drove off several miles into the woods.  When he got to where he wanted to go, he opened up the tailgate on the pen that he had welded to the back of his truck, and he cast his hounds. He was a man of few words, but on Monday nights, he and his pals unfolded their lawn chairs, built a fire and sat and were talking about which way the dogs were running. They sat by the fire, each with his own thermos of coffee and listened. 5[4]There were usually 12-15 dogs in my father’s pack. There was a mixture of male and female dogs. All were the same breed. Although it was hard to tell one big white dog with large brown and black spots from another big white dog with large brown and black spots. My dad always knew each of the dogs by name. When he worked with his dogs in the pen, you could hear him say “Come on, Pete. Shake a leg.” Or “Move over here, Georgie.” Or “Sit, Blue. Stay.” And whichever dog was being directed to do something did what they were being told. [5]Managing a pack of dogs this size took time, patience, and money. Since the dogs spent most of their lives in the 1 ½ acre fenced pen, he had built some good-sized doghouses. To shelter them from the rain, the cold, and the Texas summer heat. Part of our chores was to clean up the pen once a week. It was not a pleasant task, but my brother, sister, and I worked together to make sure the dog’s yard was clean.8[6]My dad spent Saturdays cooking up the dog’s food for the following week. He cooked in a big, black washpot over a fire and with a big stick, he stirred in twenty or thirty pounds of corn meal and lots of fat and trimmings and bones that my Uncle Glenn, who was the local butcher, saved for him throughout the week. Every Saturday morning, my dad drive the six or seven miles to town and pick up the meat and bones that Uncle Glenn had tossed in a big plastic bucket that sat just inside of the freezer. Sometimes there were chicken feet making their way into the bucket, and my dad tossed them into the pot as well. This added a little crunch to the mixture. By the end of each week, the dogs had eaten all that had been cooked the week before, and my dad started the cooking process over. 11[7]His dogs had been trained to hunt foxes. My father’s pack was unique in that he did not allow the dogs to kill the fox once they cornered him. Most fox hunters kill the fox once it’s cornered. My dad ran his dogs just to hear the “music of the hounds.” Each dog’s bark was different from the other, so as each dog was cast out of the back of the truck, they touched their noses to the ground, walking around sniffing in order to get a scent of a fox. There wasn’t much barking until they picked up a scent. Then the barking increasing in volume and intensity until the fox was spotted by every dog in the pack. Then a barking frenzy commenced. Once it is clear that the hounds had spotted a fox, my father would blow his horn and signal the dogs that the hunt was over. When the hounds were back in the truck, my dad and his friends doused the fire, put their chairs back in their pick-up trucks, and headed home to prepare for the next Monday night. 1312[8]The horn he used as his signaling horn had been a horn from a bull that my dad had especially liked. When the bull died, my father retrieved the horns, making an opening about a half-inch in diameter in the part of the horn that attached to the head of the bull and hollowed them out. When he blew into the horn, a high-pitched sound was created. When he blew three or four times to signal to the dogs to stop barking, they obediently returned to the truck.  | 1. A) NO CHANGE

B) Since our farm was small he still plowed with a horse or a mule pulling a plow share.C) Since our farm was small, he still plowed with a horse, or a mule, pulling a plow share.D) Since our farm was small he still plowed with a horse or a mule, pulling a plow share. 1. F) NO CHANGE

G) I remember watching him hitch up old George, the plow horse, and head out to plow row after row where he planted cotton and corn.H) I remember watching him hitch up old George, the plow horse, and head out to plow, row after row, where he planted cotton and corn.J) I remember watching him hitch up old George, the plow horse, and head out to plow row after row, where he planted cotton and corn.1. A) NO CHANGE

B) week, andC) week: andD) week. And1. The writer is considering combining the two previous sentences. Should these sentences be combined or kept as is?

F) Kept, because that would make a run-on sentenceG) Kept, because they focus on two different thoughtsH) Combined, because the second sentence expands upon the first sentenceJ) Combined, because the first sentence starts with a conjunction1. A) NO CHANGE

B) talkC) talkedD) had been talking1. F) NO CHANGE

G) It was hard to tell one big white dog with large brown and black spots from another big white dog with large brown and black spots.H) Although, it was hard to tell one big white dog with large brown and black spots from another big white dog with large brown and black spots.J) Although it was hard to tell one big white dog with large brown and black spots from another big white dog with large brown and black spots, my dad always knew each of the dogs by name.1. A) NO CHANGE

B) Whichever dog did whatever he was told to do.C) Whichever dog was directed to do.D) The dogs seemed to know what to do.1. F) NO CHANGE

G) House sheltering them from the rain, the cold, and the Texas summer heat.H) The houses were meant to shelter them from the rain, the cold, and the Texas summer heat.J) It can be rainy and hot in Texas.1. A) NO CHANGE

B) Saturday’sC) Saturday;sD) Saturday1. F) NO CHANGEG) my dad drove the six or seven milesH) my dad would drive the six or seven milesJ) my dad driving the six or seven miles
2. A) NO CHANGE

B) Sometimes there were chicken feets that made their way into the bucketC) Sometimes chicken feet would made their way into the bucketD) Sometimes chicken feet made their way into the bucket,1. F) NO CHANGE

G) ThemH) TheyJ) It1. How would you revise the underlined section for clarity?

A) NO CHANGEB) Then the barking increasing in volume and intensity,C) Then the barking increased, in volume and intensity,D) Then the barking increased in volume and intensity1. Where should the underlined section be moved to?

F) NO CHANGEG) after “retrieved the horns”H) after “the part of the horn”J) after “When the bull died”15. For the sake of the logic and coherence of the essay, paragraph 8 should be placed:A) Where it is now.B) before Paragraph 1.C) before Paragraph 3.D) it should be removed. |