

# ENGLISH

## REGENTS PRACTICE TESTS

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E-mail: [sales@topicalrbc.com](mailto:sales@topicalrbc.com) • Website: [www.topicalrbc.com](http://www.topicalrbc.com)



June 2024

Part 1

## Multiple-Choice Questions

**Directions (1–24):** Closely read each of the *three* passages below. After each passage, there are several multiple choice questions. Select the best suggested answer to each question and record your answer in the space provided. You may use the margins to take notes as you read.

## Reading Comprehension Passage A

## The Invisible Man

*In this excerpt from a novel, a scientist who discovered a way to make himself invisible has traveled to the town of Iping, where he plans to develop a method to reverse this result.*

- The stranger came early in February, one wintry day, through a biting wind and a driving snow, the last snowfall of the year, over the down,<sup>1</sup> walking as it seemed from Bramblehurst railway station, and carrying a little black portmanteau<sup>2</sup> in his thickly gloved hand. He was wrapped up from head to foot, and the brim of his soft felt hat hid every inch of his face but the shiny tip of his nose; the snow had piled itself against his shoulders and chest, and added a white crest to the burden he carried. He staggered into the Coach and Horses, more dead than alive as it seemed, and flung his portmanteau down. “A fire,” he cried, “in the name of human charity! A room and a fire!” He stamped and shook the snow from off himself in the bar, and followed Mrs. Hall into her guest parlour to strike his bargain. And with that much introduction, that and a ready acquiescence to terms and a couple of sovereigns<sup>3</sup> flung upon the table, he took up his quarters in the inn.
- Mrs. Hall lit the fire and left him there while she went to prepare him a meal with her own hands. A guest to stop at Iping in the wintertime was an unheard-of piece of luck, let alone a guest who was no “haggler,” and she was resolved to show herself worthy of her good fortune. As soon as the bacon was well under way, and Millie, her lymphatic<sup>4</sup> aid, had been brisked up a bit by a few deftly chosen expressions of contempt, she carried the cloth, plates, and glasses into the parlour and began to lay them with the utmost *éclat*.<sup>5</sup> Although the fire was burning up briskly, she was surprised to see that her visitor still wore his hat and coat, standing with his back to her and staring out of the window at the falling snow in the yard. His gloved hands were clasped behind him, and he seemed to be lost in thought. She noticed that the melted snow that still sprinkled his shoulders dropped upon her carpet. “Can I take your hat and coat, sir,” she said, “and give them a good dry in the kitchen?”
- “No,” he said without turning.

<sup>1</sup>down — field

<sup>2</sup>portmanteau — suitcase

<sup>3</sup>sovereigns — gold coins

<sup>4</sup>lymphatic — sluggish

<sup>5</sup>éclat — showy display

30 She was not sure she had heard him, and was about to repeat her question.

He turned his head and looked at her over his shoulder. “I prefer to keep them on,” he said with emphasis, and she noticed that he wore big blue spectacles with sidelights, and had a bushy side-whisker over his  
35 coat-collar that completely hid his cheeks and face.

“Very well, sir,” she said. “As you like. In a bit the room will be warmer.”

He made no answer, and had turned his face away from her again, and Mrs. Hall, feeling that her conversational advances were ill-timed,  
40 laid the rest of the table things in a quick staccato<sup>6</sup> and whisked out of the room. When she returned he was still standing there, like a man of stone, his back hunched, his collar turned up, his dripping hat-brim turned down, hiding his face and ears completely. She put down the eggs and bacon with considerable emphasis, and called rather than said to  
45 him, “Your lunch is served, sir.”

“Thank you,” he said at the same time, and did not stir until she was closing the door. Then he swung round and approached the table with a certain eager quickness. ...

She [Mrs. Hall, returning with more food] rapped and entered  
50 promptly. As she did so her visitor moved quickly, so that she got but a glimpse of a white object disappearing behind the table. It would seem he was picking something from the floor. She rapped down the mustard pot on the table, and then she noticed the overcoat and hat had been taken off and put over a chair in front of the fire, and a pair of wet boots threatened rust to her steel fender.<sup>7</sup> She went to these things resolutely.<sup>8</sup>  
55 “I suppose I may have them to dry now,” she said in a voice that brooked no denial. ...

He held a white cloth — it was a *serviette*<sup>9</sup> he had brought with him — over the lower part of his face, so that his mouth and jaws were  
60 completely hidden, and that was the reason of his muffled voice. But it was not that which startled Mrs. Hall. It was the fact that all his forehead above his blue glasses was covered by a white bandage, and that another covered his ears, leaving not a scrap of his face exposed excepting only his pink, peaked nose. It was bright, pink, and shiny just as it had been  
65 at first. He wore a dark-brown velvet jacket with a high, black, linen-lined collar turned up about his neck. The thick black hair, escaping as it could below and between the cross bandages, projected in curious tails and horns, giving him the strangest appearance conceivable. This muffled and bandaged head was so unlike what she had anticipated, that  
70 for a moment she was rigid.

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<sup>6</sup>staccato — abrupt movement

<sup>7</sup>fender — fire screen

<sup>8</sup>resolutely — with determination

<sup>9</sup>serviette — napkin

He did not remove the *serviette*, but remained holding it, as she saw now, with a brown gloved hand, and regarding her with his inscrutable<sup>10</sup> blue glasses. “Leave the hat,” he said, speaking very distinctly through the white cloth.

75 Her nerves began to recover from the shock they had received. She placed the hat on the chair again by the fire. “I didn’t know, sir,” she began, “that—” and she stopped embarrassed.

“Thank you,” he said drily, glancing from her to the door and then at her again. ...

80 When Mrs. Hall went to clear away the stranger’s lunch, her idea that his mouth must also have been cut or disfigured in the accident she supposed him to have suffered, was confirmed, for he was smoking a pipe, and all the time that she was in the room he never loosened the silk muffler he had wrapped round the lower part of his face to put the  
85 mouthpiece to his lips. Yet it was not forgetfulness, for she saw he glanced at it as it smouldered out. He sat in the corner with his back to the window-blind and spoke now, having eaten and drunk and being comfortably warmed through, with less aggressive brevity than before. The reflection of the fire lent a kind of red animation to his big spectacles they had lacked hitherto.

90 “I have some luggage,” he said, “at Bramblehurst station,” and he asked her how he could have it sent. He bowed his bandaged head quite politely in acknowledgement of her explanation. “To-morrow!” he said. “There is no speedier delivery?” and seemed quite disappointed when she  
95 answered, “No.” Was she quite sure? No man with a trap<sup>11</sup> who would go over?

Mrs. Hall, nothing loath,<sup>12</sup> answered his questions and developed a conversation. “It’s a steep road by the down, sir,” she said in answer to the question about a trap; and then, snatching at an opening, said, “It was  
100 there a carriage was upsettled, a year ago and more. A gentleman killed, besides his coachman. Accidents, sir, happen in a moment, don’t they?” But the visitor was not to be drawn so easily. “They do,” he said through his muffler, eyeing her quietly through his impenetrable<sup>13</sup> glasses. ...

—H.G. Wells

excerpted and adapted from *The Invisible Man: A Grotesque Romance*, 1897  
Harper & Brothers Publishers

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<sup>10</sup>inscrutable — difficult to see through

<sup>11</sup>trap — horse-drawn carriage

<sup>12</sup>nothing loath — quite willingly

<sup>13</sup>impenetrable — not clear