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Summer vacation worksheet #5

Reading Comprehension Assessment

 **Directions: Read the passage. Then answer the questions below.**

 **Summer Rain**

The worst days of any summer are the rainy ones. We spend all year looking forward to nice weather and long, hot days. All of winter, with its dreary gray days and bitter cold, we dream of those endless days at the beach, laying on the sand and soaking in the bright and burning sun. And then, summer comes, and it rains. As a child, I would wake up to rainy summer days and come close to crying. It wasn’t fair. We suffered through months of school and miserable weather for those scant ten weeks of freedom and balmy weather. Any day that I could not spend at the beach or playing ball with my friends seemed like a punishment for something I didn’t even do. On those rainy summer days, I had nothing fun to do and could only sit inside, staring out at the rain like a Dickensian orphan. I was an only child, so there was no one else to play with. My father worked from home, so I was not truly alone, but he could not actively play with me since he was technically at work. It was those days that I would resign myself to whatever was on television or any books that I could find lying around. I’d crawl through the day and pray each night that the rain would not be there the next day. As an adult, though, my opinion of summer rain has changed. When you have to work every day, summer is not as eagerly anticipated. Mostly, the days run together, bleeding into each other so that they no longer seem like separate entities and instead feel like continuations of the same long day. Everything seems monotonous and dull, and an ennui or listlessness kicks in. Such a mindset makes you cheer for anything new or different. I spend the winter dreaming of summer and the summer dreaming of winter. When summer comes, I complain about how hot it is. And then I look forward to the rain, because the rain brings with it a cold front, which offers a reprieve—admittedly one that is all too short—from the torture of 100° and humid days. Rainy days are still the worst days of the summer, but summer rain today means positively beautiful—and considerably cooler—weather tomorrow.

1. The author of this passage describes his or her feelings about rainy summer days. In general, how do you feel about such days? Do you agree with the author’s opinions, or do you not mind this type of weather? Briefly explain your views.
2. In paragraph 4, the author describes why he or she no longer looks forward to summertime the way he or she used to do as a child. What do you think of this change? Do you believe that you will come to feel this way one day? Why or why not?
3. The author writes in paragraph 4 that he or she “spend[s] the winter dreaming of summer and the summer dreaming of winter.” On the other hand, many people would say that they have specific favorite seasons or times of year. How do you feel? Do you have a favorite season, or do you always look forward to whatever is to come? Why?