

READING TEST TYPES (use @ 40 cm)

N5 (0.63 M J1-J4)

I can see by my watch, without taking my hand from the left grip of the cycle, that it is eight-thirty in the morning. The wind, even at sixty miles an hour, is warm and humid. When it's this hot and muggy at eight-thirty, I'm wondering what it's going to be like in the afternoon.

I'm happy to be riding back into this country. It is a kind of nowhere, famous for nothing at all and has an appeal because of just that. Tensions disappear along old roads like this. We bump along the beat-up concrete between the cattails and stretches of meadow and then more cattails and marsh grass. Here and there a stretch of open water and if you look closely you can see wild ducks at the edge of the cattails. There's a red-winged blackbird.

(From "Zen and the art of Motorcycle maintenance" by Robert M. Pirsig)

10 14 7 17 23 763

N6 (0.8 M J2-J5)

A story from the days of the Soviet Union. Yuri is queuing in a shop. When he reaches the counter an hour later he says: "A kilogram of mincemeat please."

"No, no," the shop assistant replies, "you are at the wrong shop. This is the shop which doesn't have flour. The one which doesn't have meat is across the street."

Why will Graeme Smith's team be issued with cigarette lighters in the future? Because they have lost their matches...

89 7 980 3 401

N8 (1 M J3-J6)

Or winters when the sloughs were frozen over and dead and I could walk across the ice and snow between the dead cattails and see nothing but grey skies and dead things and cold. The blackbirds were gone then. But now in July they're back and everything is at its alivest and every foot of these sloughs is humming and cricking and buzzing and chirping, a whole community of millions of living things living out their lives in a kind of benign continuum.

(From "Zen and the art of Motorcycle maintenance" by Robert M. Pirsig)

54 23 83 90 3 49 11

N10 (1.25 M J4-J8)

On a cycle the frame is gone. You're completely in contact with it all. You're in the scene, not just watching it anymore, and the sense of presence is overwhelming. That concrete whizzing by five inches below your foot is the real thing, the same stuff you walk on, it's right there, so blurred you can't focus on it.

(From "Zen and the art of Motorcycle maintenance" by Robert M. Pirsig)

N12 (1.6 M J5-J9)

Chris and I are traveling to Montana with some friends riding up ahead, and maybe headed farther than that. Plans are deliberately indefinite, more to travel than to arrive anywhere. We are just vacationing. Secondary roads are preferred. Paved country roads are the best, state highways are next. Freeways are the worst.

(From "Zen and the art of Motorcycle maintenance" by Robert M. Pirsig)

N16 (2 M J8-J12)

Roads with little traffic are more enjoyable, as well as safer. Roads free of drive-ins and billboards are better, roads where groves and meadows and orchards and lawns come almost to the shoulder.

(From "Zen and the art of Motorcycle maintenance" by Robert M. Pirsig)