

IV SEMESTER DIPLOMA EXAMINATION IN SECRETARIAL PRACTICE

WORD PROCESSING II

Part A – Speed Test

MODEL QUESTION PAPER

Duration : 10 Minutes

Marks : 25

The Jungle Air Crash

I have always enjoyed flying. My mother and I boarded Lansa Airlines flight 508 as I had just finished secondary school in Lima, and we wanted to spend Christmas with my father in our jungle hut. Daddy an ecologist and Mother an ornithologist, held professorships at San Marcos University in Lima, and we spent a lot of time in the jungle where they carried out research. I was sitting in the third row of seats from the rear, next to the window. Mother sat beside me, and a man we didn't know on the aisle. Everything seemed quite normal – the take off, the climb over the snow-covered Andes, breakfast, the smiling stewardesses then the green jungle stretching east to the horizon. People were reading or chatting everyone was in a holiday mood.

In clear weather, the flight from Lima to Pucallpa is one of the most beautiful in the world. But 30 minutes after take-off, when we were over the jungle, visibility diminished. And then all of a sudden we hit a storm front. And this time, it was completely different from anything I had experienced before. Broad daylight turned to night around us. Lightning was

flashing incessantly from all directions. At the same time, an invisible power began to shake our airplane as if it were a plaything. People cried out as objects fell on their heads. Bags, flowers, packages, toys, jackets and clothing rained down hard on us; sandwich trays and bags soared through the air. People were frightened they screamed and started to cry. Outside, I saw a sort of bright yellow flame shooting from the right wing. I was blinded by that blazing light; while at the same time, I heard my mother saying quite calmly: "Now it's all over." An instant later, there was a violent shaking and I found myself outside the plane, flying apart from it, still strapped into my seat. But I was alone, alone and I was falling. I can remember turning over and over in the air. I remember thinking that the jungle trees below looked like cauliflowers. Then I lost consciousness.
