Part 3

Questions 19 to 26 *are based on the following passage.*

Read the passage carefully and choose the **best** *answer* **A, B, C** *or* **D.**
For each question, mark your answer on the answer sheet.

It has been 34 years since my husband, Keng Ben Sen left his Ah Ma's (grandmother's) house in Ayer Tawar Perak, Malaysia, and settled down in Kuching, Sarawak, on the island of Borneo. Ah Ma passed away late last year but, during her life, my husband always took every opportunity to visit her little hut. I call it a hut because it is reminiscent of the wooden shacks we drew as kids in art class. When we were instructed to draw a scene of a kampung (village), we commonly drew a timber house surrounded by tall coconut trees situated in the middle of a wide expanse of meadow. The sky above would be dotted with V-shaped birds and fluffy clouds. That was a kampung to a lot of us.

Ah-Ma lived in Ayer Tawar in the middle of a 1.2-hectare palm oil estate all her life and, in 1972 when her husband passed away, she continued to live there, managing it single-handedly and reaping a comfortable income from it every year. In recent years, when harvesting work became too strenuous, she hired workers to reap the palm oil fruits. As a city child, the first wooden village hut I saw was in 2005 when, as a newlywed, I visited Keng Ben Sen's Ah-Ma. It had been his home for the first four years of his life, where he had played freely, where mornings were greeted with cool mist and nights were illuminated by the moon. Even after his family moved out, he would regularly return for sleepovers. To him, Ah-Ma's humble hut was a haven.

But to me, the first annual visit we took to Ah-Ma's hut was a shock, chiefly because it was ... toilet-less. After the four-hour drive from Kuala Lumpur, my only thought was: "Nature is calling and I need to answer!" So, I prodded Keng Ben Sen, "Where's the toilet?" He pointed outside the kitchen. I saw a makeshift cubicle with zinc sheets and a rickety door. Inside it, there was no toilet. **My face fell, as did my heart.** "Th-that's the toilet?" I could see he was trying not to laugh. "This is it," he *line 24*

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grinned in reply. "Just wash up when you're done" My insides and toes curled so I decided to hold on a little longer.

Ah-Ma's living room was simple. The floor was bare: simple grey concrete that would penetrate your bones on a chilly day. She would rest in her recliner chair with a small antiquated television set as her companion. To the side of the living room was a bedroom where Keng Ben Sen had slept as a young boy. He and his two brothers would fight over the one single mattress that was a luxury back then. The victor slept cosily, while the others would curl up on wooden planks. Despite this, Ah-Ma's house was the only place where my husband has ever slept deeply for 12 hours straight. An indulgence that he misses to this day.

The kitchen was a place of love. As a boy, Keng Ben Sen would collect eggs from the chicken coop; sometimes by reaching underneath the hen. He says nothing beats the taste of fresh half-boiled organic eggs. I was shocked to see that Ah-Ma cooked using firewood that she collected herself — **a feat** for a woman in her 80s. *line 39* When others tried to help her, she teased them for not doing it properly. She relished cooking for her grandchildren and did not see collecting firewood, drawing water, gathering vegetables or catching chickens as a burden.

Like many elderly people, Ah-Ma didn't like to bother us with her troubles. Even with her closest neighbour just 300 metres away, she preferred to be independent and seldom asked for help. People would ask, "Why is Ah-Ma on her own?" or, "Why don't you upgrade her house so that she's more comfortable?" Yet Ah-Ma was a feisty, independent lady who baulked at the idea of living under someone else's roof.

I hope that some day our two daughters will regard their home the same way: as a place that always remains in their hearts. I once asked Keng Ben Sen whether he would feel embarrassed if his business associates knew about his humble origins. "Embarrassed? I'm proud of it!" he replied without hesitation.

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19 Where does the writer and her husband live?

A Island of Borneo.

B Kuching, Sarawak.

C Ayer Tawar, Perak.

D Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia.

20 Why was Ah Ma's hut considered a haven by Keng Ben Seng?

A He spent his childhood there.

B He stayed there with his family.

C It was the first wooden village hut for him.

D He was greeted by cool mist every morning there.

21 In paragraph 3, which of the following statements is correct?

A The writer laughed at the situation.

B The writer found no toilet in the hut.

C The writer's husband was a funny guy.

D The writer's husband answered the nature's call.

22 The sentence '**My face fell, as did my heart.**' in line 24-25 shows the writer was

A alarmed.

B surprised.

C astonished.

D disappointed.

23 The phrase '**a feat**' in line 39 can best be replaced with a / an

A struggle.

B strength.

C hindrance.

D achievement.

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24 The neighbours kept asking questions about Ah Ma because they were

A distressed with her life.

B troubled by her attitude.

C concerned about her well being.

D worried about her health condition.

25 In Paragraph 6, all the statements are correct about Ah Ma except

A she was a courageous person.

B she wanted to live comfortably.

C she was an independent person.

D she did not want to disturb her neighbours.

26 At the end of the text, we learn that we should be

A grateful in our life.

B independent in life.

C proud of our origins.

D thankful to our family.

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