Seven Star International School Bani

Monday Test Subject English Grade 9.

Session 2026-27. Time 1:15 hrs MM 30

Q.1 Read the passage given below. (10)

1. This is the largest Malay house on the peninsula. It is built of wood painted green and white, with bold floral designs on a white background around some of the circular windows, and a very large porch for followers to wait in, up a ladder of course.

2. Really the upper class of Malay houses show some very good work. The thatch of the steep roof is beautifully put on, and between the sides of finely woven checked matting interspersed with lattice work and bamboo work, the shady inner rooms with their carved doorways and portieres of red silk, the pillows and cushions of gold embroidery laid over the exquisitely fine matting on the floors, the light from the half-shaded windows glancing here and there as the breeze sways the screens, there is an indescribable appropriateness to the region.

3. I waited for the elephant in a rambling empty house, and Malays brought pierced coconuts, buffalo milk, and a great bouquet of lotus blossoms and seed-vessels, out of which they took

Present the seeds, and presented them on the grand lotus leaf itself. Each seed is in appearance and taste like a hazel-nut, but in the centre, in an oval slit, the future lotus plant is folded up, the one vivid green seed leaf being folded over a shoot, and this is intensely bitter.

4. The elephant at last came up and was brought below the porch of the house. They are truly ugly beasts, with their grey wrinkled, hairless hides, the huge ragged 'flappers' which cover their ears, and with which they fan themselves ceaselessly, the small mean eyes, the hideous trunk which coils itself snakishly round everything, the formless legs, the piggish back, with the steep slope down to the mean, bare tail, features so unlike any other familiar and friendly beast.

5. Before I came out from England, I dreamt of howdahs and cloth-of-gold trappings, but my elephant had neither. In fact there was nothing grand about him but his ugliness. I dropped into one of two baskets on either side of his back from the porch, a young Malay lad dropped into the other, and my bag was tied on behind with more ropes.

6. My ride was not comfortable. One sits facing forwards with the feet dangling over the edge of the basket. This edge soon produces a sharp ache or cramp, and, when one tries to get relief by leaning back on anything, the awkward rolling position is so painful that one reverts to the former position till it again becomes intolerable.

7. After we had travelled two hours, the baskets slipped down very dangerously and needed adjustment. We were forced to dismount while the pack was adjusted. Then, while the elephant was still sitting, the driver jumped on the elephant's back and giving me his hands hauled me up over the head, after which the creature rose gently from the ground and we went on our journey.

8. Soon the driver abandoned the elephant for a gossip and a smoke, leaving the animal to go its own way for a mile or more. The elephant turned into the jungle, where he began to rend and tear the trees, and, going to a mud-hole, he drew what water there was out of it, and squirted it with a loud noise over himself and his riders, soaking my clothes with it. When he turned back to the road again, he several times stopped and seemed to stand on his head by stiffening his trunk and leaning upon it, and when I hit him with my umbrella he uttered the loudest roar I ever heard. My Malay fellow-rider jumped off and ran back for the driver, at which the baskets both came down on my side of the elephant.

9. On the driver's return I had to dismount again, and this time the elephant was allowed to go and take a proper bath in a river. He threw large quantities of clear water over himself, and took up plenty more with which to cool his sides as went along. Thick as the wrinkled hide of an elephant is, a very small insect can still draw blood from it, and so, like the water buffalo, he wisely plastered himself with mud from the river's edge for protection. Mounting again, I rode for another two hours, but he crawled along about a mile an hour, and seemed determined to lie down. He roared whenever he was asked to go faster, sometimes with a roar of rage, sometimes in loud distress. In despair, the driver got off and walked behind him, but at that point the elephant stopped altogether. The driver tried to pull him along by putting a hooked stick in his huge 'flapper' but this produced no other effect than a series of howls.

10. So, he climbed back on to his head, after which the brute made a succession of exaggerated stumbles. The driver with a look of disgust got off again. I let myself down his unshapely shoulder by a rope till I could use the driver's shoulders as steps. I walked the remaining miles to KwalaKangsa, and the driver carried my suitcase! Such was the comical end of my first elephant ride.

Signature of Principal/ Administrator