

Read **Text C**, and then answer **Questions 2(a)–2(d)** and **Question 3** on the question paper.

Text C: A Nubian Village

Jenny and her father joined a tour group, led by a local guide named Hesham, in Egypt. In this passage, they were visiting a Nubian house located beside the Nile River.

The first thing in my sight was colours. We were still on a white boat decorated with hand-made mattresses and pillows. I jumped to my feet when the line of houses in bright shades appeared along the river, ranking on the rocks and sand like a mysterious village hidden in the world of fantasy.

Dozens of locals, males and females were apparently standing on the concrete bank, staring and waving at our boat as if they had been waiting there since early morning. When I was hauled to the ground by a Nubian teenager, I stumbled forward by the sudden push from the Nile's current. Dad was a bit furious with how I almost dropped myself into the water.

Hesham led us through a narrow sandy path that portrayed a bazaar-like street where local shops displayed their handmade commodities. Their alluring attraction was powerful enough to trap a few members of our group--Hesham had to spend time searching for them from shop to shop to ensure the correct number under his responsibility.

When we reached our targeted house, I had taken a hundred shots on my mobile phone. It was annoying how we had not been informed that the village would be this exotic; every inch of it was a work of art! I kept repenting to myself of not being energetic enough to bring a better camera. I also realised later that the image Hesham showed us of this Nubian region was in black and white!

This specific house was, like other Nubian dwellings, painted in shocking colour--this one was bright blue. The front door portrayed a painted image of a river, sand dunes and mountains. To dad's annoyance, I stopped and posed as if I were a diva in front of the crowd. I never let him go unless I got the satisfying shot; he had been appointed a notable job of being my cameraman.

The inside was stunningly eccentric. The house's floor was yellow sand, while blue walls were decorated with mummified crocs! We were seated on two lines of stools to greet the owners of the house. The man and his wife spoke their native language for quite a while, in which the meaning was still mysterious to us until now. Then we were served with sweet local tea and oily chapati. The food was tempting to try except that we had to use our already stained hands instead of a fork.

My attention was on how to eat more of that succulent chapati without being too rude to take the others' portions when the house's owner reappeared with a Nile crocodile in his arm! I was super excited. And as I guessed, Hesham announced that the croc was tame so we could take turns holding the stunning creature and take pictures. To my dad's disapproval, I ran to claim my place for the first one. The croc felt so slippery on my arms and literally slipped onto the floor. The animal's speed was phenomenal! It ran like a maniac through the sandy floor among the riot of tourists that split everywhere!

