## **The Journey**

The village that sat on the steepest slope of the mountain in the distance always amused and worried me. The mountain was known as the highest in our entire region and deadly during the season of winter. Snow would not only dominate the peaks of the mountains, but would also surprise the villagers now and again in the form of an avalanche. The houses were built with stacks of whatever material one could find, and were then glued together with the more notorious form of cement, known for causing more damage with the slightest blow from the wind. The roofs consisted of wood lined up in a row with slight gaps, allowing water and ice to intrude when it rained or snowed. The houses blocked the view of the mountain behind it, and of the clear blue skies that stretched for miles when wanting to see where it ceased. It was never easy to acknowledge why one would live on a snow capped, steep and harsh mountain, out of all the decent locations in the village.

Eventually, I plucked up the courage to walk up to the village one day, by myself, without any one's company or support. I did not want to think about the hazards which existed on the path to the village, because my curiosity to know the life of those who lived there was greater than acknowledging the risks. Getting out of the village was easy; our blocks of houses were all located in more or less the same area, or on the other side of the river. I walked through the narrow and confusing lanes of the village to reach the main road. Reaching the main road was easy, but tiring, our village was popular for its size, and we had all the amenities needed for a luxurious life. All schools and hospitals were located close to our homes, life was generally convenient. I had never walked to the main road, we always hired a car to drive us out to the main city, I knew the directions, but it seemed a lot longer than usual. Reaching the main road was a relief however; it was difficult to disregard the feeling of fear when I looked at the long journey ahead of me. It had taken an hour to get to the main road, and then I had to cross the river, walk past the village on the other side, and then begin climbing up the mountain to the village I had dreamt of seeing. Knowing that in a few hours I would reach the village was the fuel that gave me the power to complete the journey. I kept walking, and decided not to give up. Crossing the river was easy; the water was very calm and not too cold either. I rolled the ends of my dark blue denim trousers up to my knees, revealing the scabs on my legs from all the incidents in the previous week. The water swept past slightly faster, and felt fun to cross after so many years. After reaching the other side, I hoped no one would notice me. People here were a lot more inquisitive and did not tend to let go until our full intentions of being there were expressed. I walked past the stalls and smelt the aroma of barbequed meat. There were shops selling traditional clothes, and restaurants packed with people. I was thankful for reaching this far and now only hoped to reach my destination.

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<b>C</b>	the following words in the spaces provided
	the following words in the spaces provides
a. inquisitive	
a. inquisitive  b. convenient	
a. inquisitive  c. convenient  c. amenity	
a. inquisitive b. convenient c. amenity d. intrude	

Q. Answer the following questions based on the text 'The Journey'.		
a. What journey does the writer speak about?		
b. How does the writer describe the village on the mountain?		
c. What does the writer mean by 'notorious cement'?		
d. How do we know the writer is eager to visit the village on the mountain?		
e. How does the writer describe his own village?		
f. What motivates the writer to continue the tiring journey?		
g. What comparison does the writer make with his village and the place he is in?		