



Question 5. You are a member of 'Explorer', an adventure club. Write a paragraph about one of your experiences of adventure activity.

Here are some words and phrases you can use

Curious thrilled terrified relieved
felt euphoric agonizing moments insecurity grateful
uncertainty overwhelming experience extraordinary courage

Answer: It was the summer of 2011. My team mates from 'The Explorer' planned a sudden trip to Kinnaur, one of the 12 districts of Himachal Pradesh. I had heard little of the place and was curious about it. I did all the possible research on the internet about the place and the places to visit. It was decided that we would go ahead till Chitkul pass at Indo-Tibetan border. The idea of touching the border seemed very thrilling to me. We started from Delhi, around 5 o'clock in the evening. We made a stop at highway during night around 10 to have dinner. We crossed Shimla around midnight and got the fuel refilled at Narkanda, late night around 3. We crossed the Jindal hydro project in Karcham. We were relieved to reach our first station, Sangla, 10 o'clock in the morning. We pulled in a guest house and relaxed for the day. The scenic beauty was stupendous. The flora and fauna, the serene environment and Baspa flowing at a distance looked amazing. The glacier streams with trout; royal red apple and cherry trees was the beauty wide spread. We cooked ourselves for the night and spent the time merry-making. The next morning we started for Chitkul. Chitkul is 24 kms from Sangla Valley. The stretch towards Chitkul, post Raksham is incredible. We did have insecurities, for it had started drizzling and the road was not that wide. We stopped at streams, plucked apples and enjoyed our drive thoroughly. We reached Chitkul village, the last Indian village at Tibetan border. It was an overwhelming experience to watch the beauty the village embraced. We drove a little to reach the end of the road; there a man told us that we had had to walk beyond that point. We were just two to three kilometers away from the border. There was a base camp of ITBP at a little height and we had to track the mountain to reach it, so we started to walk. It was an unconstructed muddy path covered with horse's and donkey's shit. However, the whole experience was great. We went as high to reach rice fields. Flowing beside, Baspa looked beautiful in its monsoon's terrific mood. We felt euphoric to be at such a place, just a kilometer away from the Tibetan border at 15th of August. The return journey however was a little difficult one. It rained continuously. All the streams had turned muddy; the roads were very slippery. We almost escaped a land slide. That was an agonizing moment. The driver needed an extraordinary courage to drive in such conditions. However, we all returned safely by the grace of God.

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