

## Mountain Madness

*Language level: lower-intermediate*

Ascolta l'audio di questa storia

{enclose mountain-madness.mp3}

I always asked myself why the people of Milan go to the mountains. For me, mountains are just [big boring rocks](#), but many Italians love going up them, so there must be a reason. So when my friend Marco invited me to a weekend in the mountains, I went. The day went like this: Marco woke me up very early. I looked at my watch and saw that it was FIVE o'clock in the morning!

"It's five o'clock!" I shouted, "I have never woken up at five o'clock in the morning in my life!" "Come on!" he said, "we have to go."

### That hat!

I looked at Marco and saw, with total horror, that he was wearing a green "Alpino" hat with a [feather](#)

in it. I put my big bag on my back and when we opened the door I could immediately feel a terrible, cold wind on my face.

It was also raining heavily. "Aren't you happy?" Marco smiled, "it's raining, just like in England!"

Now I knew that I was with a complete psychopath.

"OK," I said, "I need my umbrella, just wait a moment." Marco was shocked: "Umbrella? You can't take an umbrella up in the mountain! Listen, put this on." Now this is very difficult to believe, but Marco was offering me another green "Alpino" hat, with a feather in it!

"You don't seriously think I'm going to put that on my head, do you?" I said. "Somebody might see me!" "There's nobody outside at five in the morning," he said. "Of course, there isn't!" I said, "nobody else is so stupid!"

### Torture

When we were outside we started walking. It was horrible. My shoes were [useless](#) and my feet were cold and

[wet](#)

after five minutes.□

“Can we stop and rest?” I asked. □ Marco started shouting: “We’ve only been walking for 10 minutes! We have another five hours to walk!

”□ Five hours? This was very bad news, of course, but I really wanted to see [why people endured this nightmare](#)

, so I was patient and I walked.□ Up and up we went and all I could see was rock. I continued to ask myself why, oh why people did this!... I was wet, cold and tired.□

After two hours I said: “Please, Marco, can we go back?”□ “We’re almost there,” he said, “I want to show you something. Do you want to know why we’re here? Well, soon you will see.”□

After another three hours of incredible fatigue, we stopped. □ We were there, we had arrived at the place where I could finally see the reason for being there. □ Marco was looking down with a big smile on his face. Slowly I looked down too and I saw the magical reason for this torture.□ “

[Mushrooms](#)

!” I shouted. There were three mushrooms on the ground, that’s all there was: □ “We risked our lives in the rain, the cold and the wind for five hours, for mushrooms!”

### Emergency

Marco took one of the three mushrooms and ate it. I ate one, too.□ “NO!” Marco shouted, “that one was [poisonous](#) !”

And he immediately started calling someone on his mobile phone.□ Oh, my God, was I going to die? I looked down the mountain and thought: “Well, at least I won’t have to walk another five hours down the mountain in the rain!” The helicopter arrived about 30 minutes later and took me to hospital. □ [They pumped my stomach](#) and I was fine, but guess what time the nurse woke me for my injections? That’s right: five o’clock in the morning!

### Glossary

**big boring rocks** - grosse pietre noiose

**feather** - piuma

**useless** - inutili

**wet** - bagnati

**why people endured this nightmare** - perchè la gente sopporta questo incubo

**mushrooms** - funghi

**poisonous** - velenoso

**they pumped my stomach** - mi fecero una lavanda gastrica

[&lt;&lt; Prec](#) - [Succ &gt;&gt;](#)