Lila had come to the end of the jungle. Climbing all the time, she moved on and on, as the trees thinned out and the path became a mere track and then vanished altogether. All the jungle sounds, the clicking, the buzzing of the insects, the cries of the birds and monkeys, the drip of water off the leaves, the croaking of the little frogs were behind her now. When she had heard them, she had enjoyed their company, but now there was nothing except the sound of her foot on the path.

Vocabulary