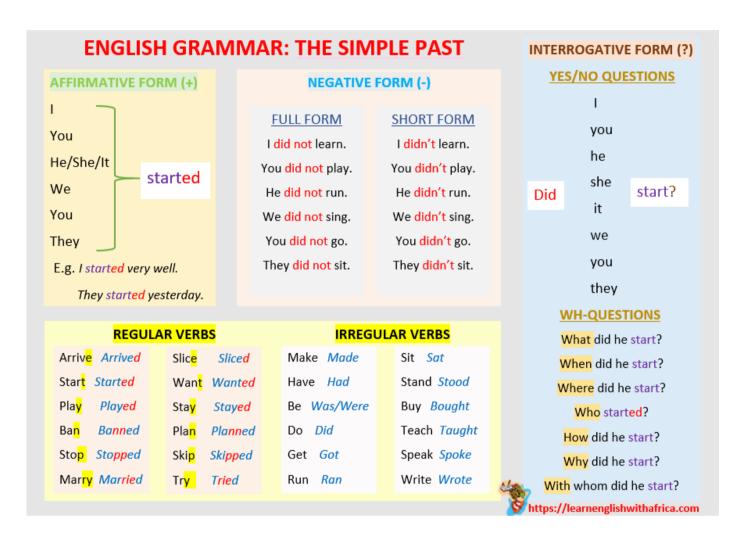
Short Story: Welcome to Migodi, the City of Hope

Level: B1-B2

ENGLISH SHORT STORY WITH VOCABULARY FOR TALKING ABOUT THE PAST AND THE PRESENT



Twenty years ago, Migodi City was a sorry sight. It wasn't even called Migodi, because Migodi means 'mines' and therefore 'wealth', doesn't it?

Twenty years ago, I'd have called this city 'Misozi'—'tears'. It would have been such a befitting name for a city that bred fear among its inhabitants and took away their joy.

It was a city where despair reigned and people lived hand to mouth, not giving a single care about the future because it had no meaning for them.

It was a city where teary children roamed the streets in quest of food which they rarely found, leaving their weary mothers worried sick at home because they didn't know the whereabouts of their children.

Jobs, Where are You?

Migodi was a city where very few people had access to jobs, whether they had the right qualifications or not. In fact, getting employed in the field where you trained was like winning the jackpot. It wasn't a rare sight to see frustrated and unemployed University graduates sitting on the roadside and eating bananas because they had nothing better to do than complain about their misfortune. They really believed that they couldn't change their circumstances.

For women, living in Migodi was an uphill and daily struggle as you can imagine. They were homemakers, child-bearers, burden-carriers, quite the quiet sufferers and so on and so forth —life goes on. Nevertheless, they carried out their wifely and motherly duties with abnegation. They remained silent and resilient and courageous in the face of hardship. They tried their best to prepare their children for the future, especially their daughters who had to learn the hard art of appearement. The same daughters also had to perfect the art of burying their heads in the sand because, oftentimes, it is life-saving to turn your eyes away from the thing that's constantly hurting you.

Survival of the Filthiest

Migodi was also a city where powerful people preyed on the weak and easily got away with it because they simply could. It was a cut-throat world defined by persecutors and victims who didn't want to switch roles. It was a tough environment in which only the canniest, the fittest, and the most ruthless survived. The filthiest carried the day and the prizes of course. That was Migodi for you!

To cut a long story short, no one in their right mind would have freely chosen to live in Migodi twenty years ago. It was a death trap. Curable diseases could cut your life short and you would be just another statistic to be quickly replaced by another.

Frankly speaking, who would have chosen to live in a city where food was scarce and healthcare was a luxury? Who would have packed their bags to go to a place where good education was in the realm of unattainable dreams? Who would have settled in a city where finding proper housing was a miracle? No one, I bet!

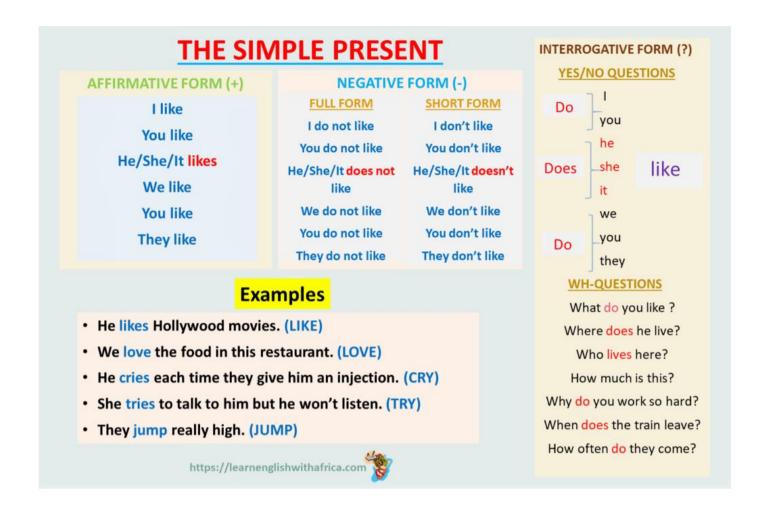
Miraculous Transformation

Today, Migodi is a much, much different city from what it used to be. To tell you the truth, Migodi has become a city of hope and a beacon of peace thanks to its inhabitants.

Things started to change when the people realised that it was only, and only up to them to transform their fate and rewrite their histories.

Migodians (as I like to call them now) have become aware that collective efforts are key to development and that there is no gain in blaming politicians for a problem that they can easily solve themselves.

Migodians have also realised that love (and not hate, let alone anger) is a powerful transformational force that can move mountains.



What about their Children?

Migodians love their children with all their hearts and they simply cannot stand seeing them suffering. They make sure to feed their children well with nourishing and balanced food. The parents also ensure that their offspring go to good and well-equipped schools where they can learn in a nurturing environment that fosters creativity.

Migodians love their neighbours as much as they love themselves so they have stopped harassing each other for no reason at all. They now have more time to spend on developmental projects or programmes that work for the common good.

Most of all, Migodians love their loved ones and do not want to see them six-feet under. Hence, they fight tooth and nail to build state-of-the-art hospitals with modern equipment that can treat formidable diseases.

Migodi, the City of Hope

Therefore, I welcome you to Migodi, the city that I have fiercely grown to love over the years —Migodi, the city of hope.

Migodi is a city that encourages personal initiative and personal responsibility. It is a city with tarmac roads, free of potholes and avoidable accidents. It is also a clean city with clean water and a constant supply of electricity.

To cut a long story short, Migodi is a city of abundance and filthy wealth—filthy in a good way of course.

Migodi lacks nothing thanks to the hard work of its inhabitants.

Hospitals have a large supply of medicine and schools are real schools where children can really learn.

Migodi is an inspirational place with inspirational leaders. No wonder a lot of cities around the world are emulating us!

As you might have guessed, Migodi is an imaginary place of course, yet its pulse beats louder in my heart by the minute. Its foundations are rooted in the very depths of my soul and I cannot turn my eyes away from this awe-inspiring place. I see Migodi when I wake up and I go to bed with its sparkling visions. Migodians have also taken real shape. Each day that passes, I marvel at their transformation. I see them grow and turn into beautiful and loving people who walk on this earth with full purpose. I want to be one of them. They inspire me.

That is the nature of hope \heartsuit \heartsuit .

