I am Ibn Battuta, and I am now 22 years old by the Hijra calendar. I am a judge, like my father and grandfather were before me. I have decided it is time I make the Pilgrimage to the Holy Mecca. It will be a long and difficult journey of more than 4,000 kilometers. I will keep a diary of my journey, so my future children will know about my experience: I am now dressed in my finest clothes and ready to bid farewell to my beloved parents. I will shortly mount my horse and commence my journey. Miliana, Algeria, June 22 After eight days of riding on my own, I reached Tilimsan. The second day of my stay, I met two other pilgrims, and they advised me to join them. After I purchased needed supplies, we set off. After nine days of riding, we arrived at Miliana. It has been very hot, and my companions fell ill because of the heat. So, I have decided to continue my journey with a company of some merchants from Tunis, Bijaya, July 1 After leaving Miliana, we reached Algiers and rested for a few days. We then continued Through the Mitija plain and the Oak Mountains to Bijaya. Unfortunately, I have caught fever, and my companions are advising me to stay in Bijaya until I recover. But I am determined to continue with my face set toward Mecca. Constantine (Qusantinah), July 7 We are now in Constantine, and I am feverish and not feeling well. We set camp outside the town, but at night a very heavy rain surprised us. We had to leave our tents and seek shelter in nearby houses. The governor of Constantine heard of our plight and came to meet us. When he saw how soiled my robes were, he ordered them to be washed at his house. When they were returned to me this morning. I had a big surprise. The governor had sent me a new, fine head cloth to replace my worn one. In one of the ends I found tied two gold dinars as part of his zakat, the religious tax Tunis, August 5 After some days in Constantine, we reached the town of Bona and stayed there for several days. On the way to Tunis, I fell ill again with high fever. I was very weak and afraid I might fall off my horse, so I tied myself to the saddle with my head cloth. I did not dismount my horse until we arrived in Tunis some days later, When we arrived in Tunis

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