

She boayl anchasley Delhi: mooar (feer vooar), feie, boght (feer voght) as fud y cheilley. Fastyr yn nah laa, ghow shin turrys mygeayrt y valley marish co-lught ynnydagh as dynsee shin wheesh dy 'ysseree , veih'n ard-dooiney yn turrys, mychione y valley chammah as clashtyn dy nee yn Injey yn çheer share 'sy theihll: dy jarroo ren shin clashtyn shoh bunnys dagh queig minnid er y turrys!

Delhi is a different sort of place: big (very big), wild, poor (very poor) and confusing. On the afternoon of the second day we took a journey around the city with a local company. We learned a great deal from the tour guide about the city as well as hearing that India is the greatest country in the world: indeed, we heard this nearly every five minutes on the trip.

S'licklee eh dy nee 'Peeley Yiarg' yn troggal ny smoo ardghooagh ayns shenn Delhi. Hie ee er troggal eddyr ny bleeantyn 1639 as 1648 liorish Shah Jehan yn Ree hrog yn Taj ayns Agra. Hie yn Taj er troggal ayns bwooise da ben Shah Jehan, Mumtaz Mahal, lurg jee v'er gheddyn baase 'sy vlein 1631: t'ee foast oanluckit ayns shen y laa t'ayn jiu. Lurg baase e ven-rein ghleash Shah Jehan ard-valley e reeriaght ersooyl veih Agra dys Delhi as ghow eh toshiaght er troggal yn 'Pheeley Yiarg'. Tra v'ee jeant, as rere troailtee v'ayns Yn Injey ec y traa, v'ee mastey ny troggalyn share bione da sleih er fud ny cruinney. Foddee, dy row ee, kiart dy row; Agh, eer dy vod oo goaill taitnys jeeaghyn er ny boallaghyn jiarney as yindyssagh ta goll mygeayrt y Pheeley' ta reddyn jeeaghyn beggan trimshagh çheu-sthie nish.

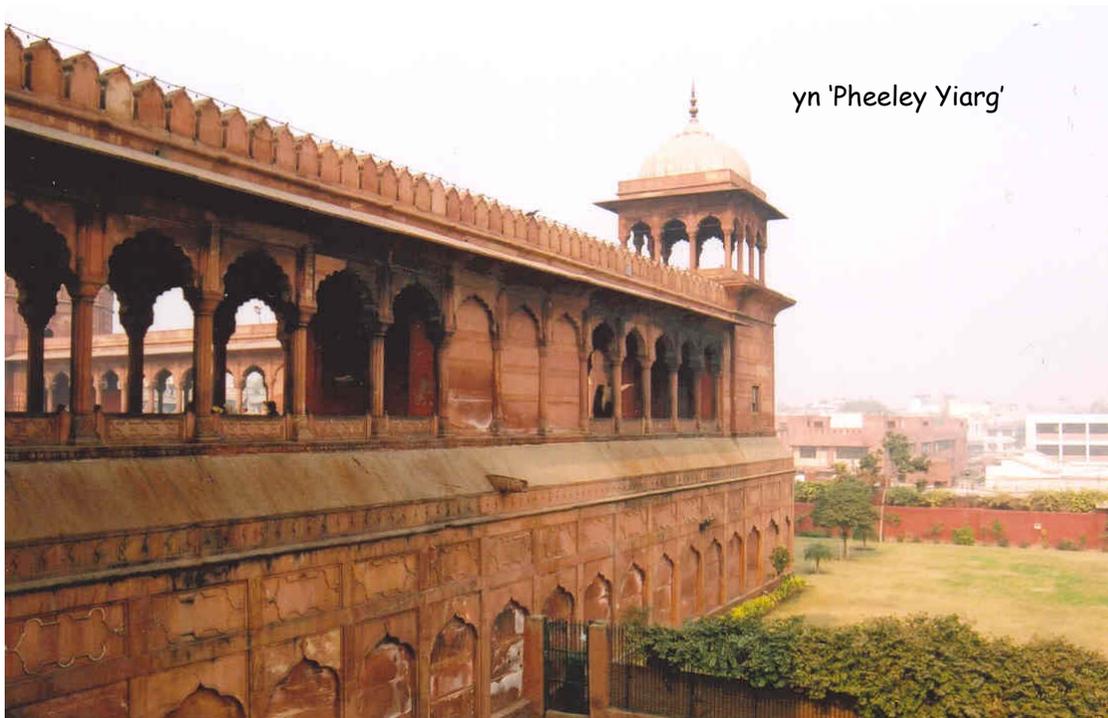
The Red Fort is probably the most famous building in Old Delhi. It was built between 1639 and 1648 by Shah Jehan, the King who built the Taj in Agra. The Taj was built to honour and thank his wife, Mumtaz Mahal, after she had died in the year 1631: she is still buried there today. After the death of his wife Shah Jehan moved the capital of his kingdom away from Agra to Delhi where he then started to build the Red Fort. When it was completed, and according to visitors to India at the time, it was amongst the best buildings in the world. Perhaps, once it was; but even if you could enjoy looking at the wonderful red walls which surround the Fort it is looking a little sorry for itself inside now.

'Sy vlein 1658 hooar Shah Jehan baase. Lurg e vaase (dy jarroo roish my dooar eh baase) vrish caggey-theayagh magh eddyr e vec as adsyn caggey mychione quoi yinnagh cheet dy ve yn Ree noa. Va'n caggey goll er dy raghtal as er coontey jeh shoh haink gloyr Delhi gy-kione as hie ee sheese myr boayl jeh scansh, aalid as berçhys.

In the year 1658 Shah Jehan died. After his death (indeed before he died) a civil war had broken out between his sons over who would become the next King. The war was a violent one and as a consequence of it the power, beauty and glory of Delhi came to an end.

Tra hug ny Goaldee Delhi fo nyn smaght lurg yn irree magh ayns 1857 va tooilley jeeyl jeant er y Pheeley as nish s'doillee eh dy smooïnaght dy row Yn Pheeley ec mean y theihll kiart dy row.

When the British put Delhi under their control after the uprising of 1857 there was more damage done to the Fort and now it is difficult to think that, once, the Fort was at the centre of the world.



Ta Jama Masjid tessyn y raad veih'n Pheeley. V'eh troggit ass clagh gheinnee, kiart gollrish yn Pheeley hene, as troggit ec y traas cheddin. She Jama Masjid yn Mosk smoo ayns yn Injey ooilley. Ta'n Mosk jeeaghyn stoamey ec jerrey y chassan liauyr t'eh soit ayn, agh cha ghow shin taitnys ass nyn draa çheu-sthie yn Vosk. Cha row mee corree er coontey jeh red ennagh honnick shin cheu-sthie yn Vosk agh er coontey jeh red ennagh haghirt as va shin goll stiagh.

Across the road from the Fort is the Jama Masjid. Built out of sand stone, similar to the Fort itself, and built at the same time it is the biggest Mosque in all of India. The Mosque is a glorious site situated at the end of the long road, which leads to it. However, we didn't enjoy our time inside the Mosque. Nothing that which we saw inside made us angry but that which happened to us as we were going into the Mosque.

Myr hie shin stiagh hug shin ny braagyn ain er sole y dorrys agh dy chelleeragh ghow daa ghooiney toshiaght er shirrey argid voym as adsyn gra dy nee daa cheead Ruppee va failley yn entreilys . Lurg dooin v'er jeet magh ass y Vosk hooar mee magh dy row yn entreilys nastee! Goit ec myn-chimnee; agh s'cummey, raah dy row orroo! Ansherbee, va shin beggan skee nish as dy 'eddyn shee hie shin roin lesh çhiamble Jain va soit mygeayrt y chorneil veih'n Vosk.

As we put our shoes down by the main entrance two men started to ask us for some money saying that the entrance fee was 200 Ruppees. After we had come out of the Mosque we found out that it was free to get into. Conned by some petty criminals! But it doesn't really matter: good luck to them! Anyway, now a little tired, and in order to find some peace we headed towards A Jain temple situated around the corner from the Mosque.