

Daag shin Pushkar chield red sy voghrey Oie'll Voirrey. Erreish dooin v'er vuirraghtyn rish tammylt ec y stashoon barroose hooar shin barroose va goll lesh y jiass. Va sleih ynnydagh gra 'barroose ny turrysee' rish ny barrooseyn shoh agh shegin dou goaill rish nagh ghow shin monney taitnys ass, as cha naik shin monney turrysee er y turrys liauyr dys Jodpur.

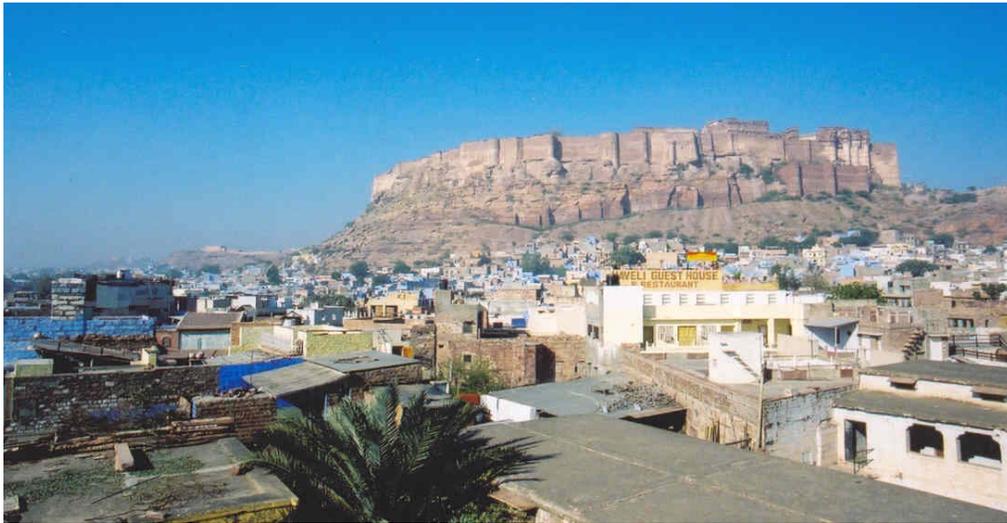
We left Pushkar first thing in the morning on Christmas Eve. After we had been waiting for a while at the bus station we found one that was going towards the south. Local people referred to these buses as tourist buses but I have to admit that we didn't find much joy in, or see many tourists on, the long journey to Jodpur.

Cheau shin shey ooryn neu gherjoilagh er y varroose as er raaidyn cho olk as adsyn bione dou as va mish cummal ayns Papooey Guinea Noa. Cha dod mee cadley agh ghow mee soylley jeh ny coloartyssyn rish paitçhyn haink er y varroose dy chreck bee. Cha row mee loayrt roo ayns çhengey dooghyssagh agh ayns çhengey eddyrashoonagh - ta shen dy ghra criggad! Tra hooar ad magh dy daink mee veih ny h-Ellanyn Goaldagh va fer ny ghaa gra 'Michael Vaughan' rhym.

We spent six uncomfortable hours on the bus on roads as bad as those which I knew whilst living in PNG. I didn't sleep but I really enjoyed the conversations with children who got on the bus in order to sell some food. I wasn't speaking to them in a local language but in an international one: cricket! When they found out that I came from the British Isles one or two of them said 'Michael Vaughan' to me.

S'mie lhiam y gamman shoh, smooinee mee rhym pene as dooyrt mee 'Sanchin Tendulka' myr freggyrt. Ansherbee, hie shin noon as noal; adsyn gra olteynyn skimme criggad Sostyn as mish gyllagh magh enmyn ny criggadee veih'n Injey shione dou. Ta mee maynrey dy ghra dy dooar mish y varriaght er yn oyr dy dod mee imraa yn skimme Injey ooilley. Foddee, dy row ny paitçhyn gindys cre voish hooar mish y tushtey shoh, as shegin dou goaill rish dy smooinee mee y red cheddin, agh s'cummey, eer nagh ren ad creck veg er y varroose, daag adsyn maynrey dy-liooar. Er-lhiam dy bee adysn ny s'maynrey dy voddagh Injey cosney y varriaght ayns ny prowallyn shoh, ta goll er ec y traa t'ayn, noi Sostyn.

I like this game, I thought to myself, saying 'Sanchin Tendulka' as a reply. Anyway, this went on, backwards and forwards, for a while; them saying members of the English cricket team and me calling out names of the Indian team, which I know. I am glad to say that I was victorious as I was able to mention the whole of the Indian team. Perhaps, the children were wondering where I had found such great wisdom, and I must admit that I thought the same thing myself; but anyway, even though they didn't sell anything on the bus they left happy enough. I reckon that they will be even happier if India will be victorious in the present tests against England.



She Jodpur va'n trass voayl er nyn durrys. Ta'n shenn valley soit fo'n chashtal ta ny hoie er cronk ec derrey heu y valley. Foddee oo fakin yn cronk chammah as yn cashtal rish meeillaghyn roish my vel oo roshtyn Jodpur. She balley-gorrym yn far-ennym t'er Jodpur. Ta ny thieyn ooilley 'sy shenn valley daahit ayns gorrym ry-hoi coadey ny boallaghyn oc veih jeeyl jeant ec ny snienganyn baney ry gheddyn er fud y shenn valley. Hannee shin ayns 'Haveli'. Shoh sorçh dy hie ry-gheddyn, son yn chooid smoo, ayns Rajasthan as hie er troggal cour fir-ghellal bleeantyn er dy henney. Ta ny giattyn feer vooarey shoh leeideil stiagh dys kerrin: foddee, dy bee garey, çhibbyr, biljyn as çhiamble beg çheu-sthie myrgeddyn. T'ou ayns seihll noa çheu-sthie ny boallaghyn, seihll nagh nhione da peiagh erbee ta shooyl ny raaidyn. Rere Dalrymple cha nel monney jeh ny troggalyn shoh faagit ayns Delhi nish: t'ad ooilley ayns drogh stayd; foddee dy bee ny giattyn nyn shassoo foast lesh moyrn agh çheu-sthie bee reddyng jeeaghyn trimshagh as treigit.

Jodpur was the third place on our journey. The old town is situated beneath a castle, which sits on a hill at one side of the town. You can see the hill, as well as the castle, for miles before you reach Jodpur. The nick-name for Jodpur is the Blue City. All the houses in the old town are coloured blue in order to protect their walls from the damage done by the termites, which are to be found through out the old city. We stayed in a 'Haveli'. This is a type of house which is mainly found in Rajasthan and which were built for businessmen many years ago. They have very large gates which lead through to a square: perhaps there will be a garden, well, trees and a small temple inside as well. Inside the walls you are in another world hidden to anyone that walks the streets outside. According to Dalrymple there are not many of these buildings left in Delhi now: they are all in a terrible state; perhaps the gates will be standing proudly but inside things will be sad and dilapidated.

