

Cha row mee ayns Mannin son yn Nollick as Blein noa ny bleeaney shoh er yn oyr dy hantee mee kegeesh haitnyssagh ayns çheer nagh nhione dou: Yn Injey. Ghow shin er çheer ayns Delhi moghrey Jedoonee roish yn Nollick as hie shin dy jeeragh dys nyn dhie-aaght ayns Delhi twoaie.

I wasn't in the Island for Christmas and New Year this year as I had a very enjoyable fortnight staying in a country that I know little about: India. Arriving in Delhi Sunday morning before Christmas we went directly to our hotel in North Delhi.

Myr ren shin faagail yn phurt-aer smooinee mee, rish grig ansherbee, dy row shin foast ayns Mannin tra honnick mee magher lane dy sthookyn as adsyn ooilley çhirmaghey fo'n ghrian lajer; agh, cha nee Creneash v'ayn er yn oyr nagh row loaghtan erbee ry-akin as cha row yn Ghaelg ry-chlashtyn! Grig ny lurg shoh va shin goll feer tappee lesh Delhi hene as gyn smooinghtyn er nyn sauçhys. Va turrys danjeyragh, liauyr as anaasagh eddyr yn phurt-aer as Delhi hene, as my va mee skee, va mee foast ayns un pheesh tra haink yn chield turrys ain 'syn Injey gy-kione.

Leaving the airport, and for a second, I thought that we were still in the Island when we saw a field full of stooks all drying under the strong sun; but, as there were neither Loaghtans to be seen nor Manx to be heard it clearly wasn't Cregneash! Anyway a second later we were on our way with great speed and without thinking about our safety towards Delhi. We had a dangerous, long and interesting journey between the airport and Delhi itself and although I was tired, by the end of our first journey in India, at least I was still in one piece.

Va shin tannaghtyn çheu-sthie jeh Delhi hene ayns boayl enmyssit yn 'Tibetan Colony'. Dy jarroo er yn chield laa ayns Delhi cha naik mee agh Injinagh ny ghaa: honnick shin sleih, son yn chooid smoo, coamrit ayns eaddeeyn tradishoonagh veih çheer ta foast fo smaght yn Çheen. Er-lhiam dy vel yn Dalai Lama as leeideilee chrauee yn Tibet ooilley cummal 'syn Injey nish erreish daue v'er scapail armee ny Sheen. Te jeeaghyn dy vel yn 'Colony' lane jeh'n cho-phobble echey hie er eebyrnt liorish yn reiltys ny Sheen ayns ny bleeantyn jeih as daeed.

We were staying outside Delhi itself in a place called 'the Tibetan Colony'. Indeed on the first day in Delhi we only saw one or two Indians: for the most part we saw people dressed in traditional clothes from a country that is still under the control of China. I believe that the Dalai Lama together with the religious leaders of Tibet all live in India now having escaped from the Chinese army. It looks as if the 'Colony' is full of the Dalai Lama's compatriots who were exiled by the Chinese Government in the 1950s.

Ren shin cadley car y chied 'astyr er yn oyr dy row shin skee agglagh lurg y turrys as, myr shoh, cha naik shin veg er yn laa shen agh ny bayryn beggery mygeayrt yn thie-aaght ain: boayl ta'n sleih veih Tibet cummal, gobbraghey, dellal, as foddee, loayrt mychione ny shenn laghyn ayns çheer nyn nooie.

As we were terribly tired after the journey we slept through the first afternoon and hence on the first day we didn't see anything but the small lanes around our hotel: a place where the people from Tibet live, work and do business and, perhaps, talk about the old days in their native home.

Va sleih ginsh dooin roish my jagh shin dys yn Injey gyn dy iu yn ushtey er aggle dy darragh shin dy ve çhing. Va mee jannoo shen: kionnaghey boteilyn dy ushtey (as bishaghey yn slieau-plastagh ry-gheddyn ayns shen) ayns ynnyd jeh giu ushtey veih'n fyseid. Agh ghow mee yindys tra honnick mee yn ennym jeh nane jeh ny co-lughtyn ta creck ushtey-boteilit: Kinley. Va mee maynrey fakin dy row slught ny Manninee jannoo feer vie as adsyn stiurey co-lught speeideilagh ayns çheer cho mooar as shoh; agh atreih, cha naik mee sambyl elley jeh speeideilys ny Manninee 'sy çheer noa oc.



People were telling us before we departed for India not to drink the water in case we would become ill. I was doing that: buying bottles of water (as increasing the plastic-mountain to be found there) in place of drinking water from a tap. But I was genuinely surprised when I saw the name of one of the companies, which sells bottled water: Kinley. I was very happy to see that the descendants of the Manx are doing very well running a successful company in a country as big as this; alas, I didn't see any other examples of Manx success in their new country.