

Blein ny ghaa er-dy-henney lhaih mee lioar enmyssit 'City of Djinns' hie er screeu liorish yn ughtar William Dalrymple. Hannee eshyn kuse dy vleeantyn ayns Delhi choud's v'eh screeu yn lioar (er lhiam dy vel eh foast cummal ayns shen); ghow mee taitnys ass y lioar shoh as smooinee mee dy row ee ny sambyl yindyssagh jeh lettyraght mychione cheeraghtyn elley. Myr shen, yn Nollick shoh chaie va mee abyl dy chur shilley er ny buill va Dalrymple loayrt mychione.

A year or two ago I read a book called 'City of Djinns' which was written by the author William Dalrymple. He stayed several years in Delhi whilst writing the book (I think he still lives there) and it was a book I really enjoyed; an excellent example of literature about other countries. This last Christmas I was able to visit some of the places mentioned by Dalrymple.



Sidoor ec Giat Injey

Ta 'India Gate' nane jeu. Hie yn Giat er troggal ayns ny bleeantyn jeh as feed liorish yn seyrnagh Edwin Lutyens. T'eh foast ny hassoo ec y derrey heu jeh'n raad liauyr enmyssit Rajpath as she Thie yn Chiannoort ta ny hassoo ec y çheu elley.

India gate is one of them. Built in the 1930s by the architect Edwin Lutyens it is still standing at one end of the long road called the Rajpath, the Governor's House, stands at the other end.

Hie yn Rajpath, ny Kingsway ayns Baarle, (as nagh vel yn fockle Raj beggan gollrish nyn vockle Ree?) er troggal dy hoilshaghey magh pooar ny Goaldee da ny h-Injinee. V'eh troggit ayns cooinaghtyn jeh ny sidooryn ooilley veih'n Injey hooar baase 'sy chied chaggey mooar: ta ny h-enmyn orroo ooilley screeuit ec bun yn yiat.

The Rajpath or Kingsway in English (and isn't the word Raj a bit like our word for King?) was built in order to illustrate the power of the British to Indians. It was constructed in memory of all the soldiers from India who died in the First World War: their names are all inscribed on the base of the gate.

Yn laa hug shin shilley er 'Raad y Ree' cha dod shin fakin kione yn raad. Ta Delhi baiht ayns sollaghey yn laa t'ayn jiu, as eer my va'n ghrian soilshean cha dod oo fakin ee: va'n soilshey faase va çheet trooid yn chay jannoo yn clane

voayl beggan gollrish jalloo jeant ec yn Ellyneyr Turner. Va dagh red neuhickyr as kayeeaght 'sy chay: va soilshey ny greiney, hoal as wass, jus jannoo e cooid share dy vrishey stiagh ny bodjallyn.

On the day we visited the Kingsway we could not see the end of the road. Delhi is drowned in pollution at present and even though the sun was shining we couldn't actually see it: the faint light, which was coming through the haze was turning the whole place into a picture similar to those by the artist Turner. Everything seemed unclear and hazy in the mist: the intermittent sunlight simply doing its best to break through the clouds.



Te grait nagh row Lutyens coontey monney jeh seyrnaghtyn ny h-Injinee as dy vel ny troggalyn jeant echey beggan gollrish ny troggalyn mooarey hie er troggal ec Albert Speer ayns Y Ghermaan! Fastyr yn chied laa hooar shin bit beg dy ee ec yn thie-goaldee oasle hie er kiaddey ec Lutyens: The Imperial. S'aalin y boayl shoh as fastee veih'n valley here.

It is said that Lutyens didn't think a great deal of the architecture of India and that his buildings are a little like those built by the German architect Albert Speer! The afternoon of the first day we found a bite to eat at the grand, aristocratic hotel that was designed by Lutyens: The Imperial. It is a beautiful place and a shelter from the city itself.

Va'n troggal troggit 'sy vlein 1933 as t'ou currit er-ash dys ny laghyn roish yn nah

chaggey mooar: soit ayns mean y valley lesh faaiaghyn mooarey as biljyn-palm goll mygeayrt. 'Shoh yn vea' smooinee mee rhym pene! Va ny tendeilee ooilley coamrit ayns eaddeeyn veih ling y Raj as myr ayns shenn laghyn va'n boayl lane dy pholitickeyryn, delleyderyn as turrysee verchagh (gollrym pene!). Hannee shin oor ny ghaa as eisht hie shin roin as va shin gearree cur shilley reesht er y theihll çheu-mooie.

Built in the year 1933 you are taken back to the days before the Second World War: situated in the middle of the town with large gardens and encircled by Palm trees. 'This is the life', I thought. All the waiters were dressed in clothes from the days of the Raj and also reminiscent of the old days the place was full of politicians, businessmen and rich tourists like myself! We stayed an hour or two and then left keen to visit the outside world again.