

# An experience of a life time

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BUSTER**

" Get to bed, Dharam," my mother shouted. The excitement, the adrenaline pumping in me, kept me awake all night. I was trying to imagine myself in India, wondering what it was going to be like: the people, the country, the weather, I couldn't keep the energy inside of me; I just wanted to get there and see it for myself. The following morning, I gave my love and best wishes to my family and departed from Manchester International Airport. I then found myself on air India Flight heading to my destination Delhi.

It was 5: 00 am when we arrived in India. The smell hit me straight in the face, the heat firing at 36'Celsius came gushing at me; the people were rushing around like ants on a summer's day! I was in the fourth dimension it was nothing like I had imagined. The hooters and revving engine of the cars that cluttered the busy streets merged in a great cacophony of sound. There were people begging for money, there were people making food on stoves on streets having lived in England it was a sight I was not familiar with.

Music came from all directions not just of songs it was the engines of cars and there hooters. I was amazed how different it was compared to England; it was hot, sticky, and noisy and overpopulated. Although I was extremely tired, I was also excited because this was a different atmosphere from what I had seen before, it wasn't just another holiday; it was my first time out of the country. At that time I didn't really think about England, I was too concerned about what my dad's family were going to think about me because this was the first time I had seen them in my life.

Then questions started to come into my mind like will they like me? Will I like them? What do they look like? Would I fit in with them? As I got out of the

airport I heard someone shout my dad's name I didn't have a clue who it was but I realized it was someone from my dad's family I didn't ask who it was because I was too concerned about what was going on, but one thing I noticed straight away was that the people and animals were walking on the roads without a care in the world. My first reaction was, " God, where have you bought me"?

That was the first time I missed home but as my journey progressed I was then fascinated with the way the country was. As the week ended I had settled in and got used to the environment. In one hot week I visited most of New Delhi and all the temples in New Delhi, but as the week ended my heart started to pound just as it was when I arrived at the airport. I knew the time had come to visit my other relatives. As I sat on the train staring out of the window, the sun was hitting me straight in my face.

I started to think what I going to say to them. As the train stopped at Kurukshetra, we caught a taxi to my aunt's house. I took a deep breath and went in. There were my cousins sitting down watching cricket; they got up and greeted me. I felt like I had met them before, I got a warm feeling from them. My cousins introduced me to all their friends and showed me one of the biggest zoos in India where you could a touch baby lion. At first I didn't touch it because I thought to myself that it was a lion. But my cousin finally persuaded me too.

My two days in Kurukahetra went so fast but I knew that I would return. My next stop was at Patiala in the northwest in the state of Punjab, to see my dad's grandmother. This time I wasn't as nervous as I was before. As I came

off the bus I felt different. I was used to the road and cars everywhere. Patiala was different from Delhi and Kurukshetra, it was cleaner and there were no animals running around there was also no pollution. I stayed in Patiala for a week because I found it clean compared to the other cities.

I visited my Dad old school and saw where he had worked. As he was showing me I could see that he felt very emotional leaving his home country. After a week in Patiala, I headed back for Delhi to visit my mum's parents who were visiting from England I couldn't wait to see them because I knew they could speak the same language as me. Two days later we went to Agra to see the TajMahal; I was so amazed to see how magnificent the marble brickwork was and by the stunning architecture. There were people visiting from all over the world.

As we went inside the TajMahal, it was dark the guide with a torch came over and told the story behind the TajMahal. He told us that Shah Jahan made this for his beautiful wife as a memorial; Shah Jahan chopped the hands off his workers after the building was completed so that they couldn't make another building like the TajMahal. I was beginning to realize why Shah was so obsessed with the TajMahal and why he didn't want it duplicated. As I went to my hotel I then thought to myself, " Now I can understand why so many people visit the TajMahal" Before, I'd thought it was just another building.

I was now my third week in India time had passed by very quickly. As I was looking out of the window I was thinking about England, thinking, " What are they doing back at home? " I was missing my bed and fish and chips also the toilets, the Indian toilets were just like a hole in the ground. In that week I

didn't want to stay in India, I was home sick, I was fed up looking at people with no legs or no arms and families with children who were only five or four years old asking for money, the poverty was too great, I just wanted to go home.

As the week ended my dad and I decided to go back to Kurukshetra where my cousins lived. I stayed there for two weeks and went to the golden temples in Amritsar. As we got to Amritsar it was dusty and had animals all over. As we walked inside the golden temples it was amazing and peaceful, you could not hear any of the noises from outside. I felt like I was in heaven I was amazed with the beauty I hadn't seen anything better before in my life this also made me proud to be a Sikh. My dad woke me up at five o'clock in the morning to have a Shannon (which is a bath).

It is said to purify you of your sins. We stayed there for two days and went to Patiala. As we got to Patiala it was holy this was a festival of colours happens once a year on March 3. As I was new, the town people decided to get me, to show how they play hoily. One man came from behind and threw a bucket full of colours. After 12 o'clock hoily was finished so I decided to have a bath. As I went in no water came I then started too appreciate that I was from a richer country, they told me the water comes on at five o'clock.

As time went on the colours started to dry and crumble, it made me feel itchy and irritable. As the week ended there were two weeks left for me to go home. I knew time was coming up to go back. One part inside of my wanted to stay and the other didn't. 48 hours! The clock was ticking. I looked at the calendar and my emotions ran I had the feeling that someone was taking

pieces of my heart away. Will I ever come back? Will I ever see these people again? I felt depressed. I didn't want to go home, well not yet. I enjoyed myself so much that I didn't want to leave.

I sat in the room where I slept and looked at all four walls of the room and said, " Dharam you're going home to your family. " I checked again to see if I was missing anything. I then went out and spent the rest of the day with my friends also enjoyed the Indian food. I bought some gifts for my family and got ready for my journey to Delhi airport. I said my final farewells and realized the adventure was over and I was returning back to reality, back to England. When I got into the aeroplane, my tears ran down my face as I looked out of the window all I could manage was a wave.