

Mini Sardar

Autobiographical Writing

Deserted in Delhi

I remember, a few years ago, it was a long, tiresome summer day. It was the final day of our holiday in India and we had travelled to Delhi airport to catch the plane back home. The sun was shining and the air was sweet with the taste of reminiscence, as we looked back on the fun-filled, adventurous and relaxing time we had and we longed to stay for a few more days. The mixture of ruby red, outspoken orange and bright yellow in the sky mirrored the fiery spirit of the country and the smell of smoke, curries and fresh air was enticing, beckoning you further into the heart of Delhi.

As we were standing in the queue many things ran through my head. The thoughts of home were not appealing, I could imagine the dull grey clouds casting gloomy shadows over my house, and when we thought it couldn't get any worse it would begin...to rain. However, there was one thing which I was looking forward to; I was going to start my first year in a new school. Just not at the same time as everyone else.

Finally, it was our turn. My mum was speaking to the man at the counter, giving him our tickets, details and everything he needed. Almost everything. I vaguely recall his deep, ominous voice saying "Passports?" Tired and disorientated, we fumbled through our bags, expecting them to arrive at our fingertips immediately.

The next few minutes passed by in a blur, how could this happen? All of our passports had been stolen. We were, literally, stranded in Delhi, with no home or place to go. Suddenly we were awake and alert, but still unable to comprehend the situation we had somehow fallen into. As my sister, my brother and I were standing in shock, my mum started to phone my dad, who was in England, to find out what we had to do. Well, we had been granted our wish; it looked as if we were going to stay in Delhi, permanently.

After a few hours, and a lot of phone calls, we found a place to stay; my mum's best friend would stay in small house when he had conferences in Delhi, near to the airport. After nine days we were able to fly back home, our passports-and their thieves- had been located.