

ਐਮ.ਪੀ. ਦੀ ਭੂਤਾਂ ਦੀ ਪਾਰਟੀ ?

ਲਾਲਚੀ ਐਮ.ਪੀ. ਨੇ ਏਨੇ ਝੂਠ ਬੋਲੇ ਕਿ ਝੂਠ ਜੀ ਵੀ ਝੂਠੇ ਹੋ ਗਏ

CORRUPT HINDU MP VIRENDRA SHARMA GHOST PARTY?



GLASGOW TO GOA- the journey continues

Simi Arora

Pardes Weekly has been following Inderpal Shergill on his journey. Here are some excerpts from his adventures so far. You can also follow Inder's journey on facebook by joining the group 'Glasgow to Goa by Road'.

12 October 2012

I drove into Iran feeling very tired having been on the road for over 11 hours. I asked someone to translate for me as I wanted to buy a sandwich. I went to a petrol station to fill my car. The owners son asked the attendant to fill the car(150 litres) and would not accept any money from me. I would not move and finally made the payment of £10 which in UK would have been £220. The quality of diesel is really good here. Earlier I was supposed to only go to Tehran but now I will be going to Isfahan and Shiraz as well. People are really good in Iran and a shop keeper has just allowed me to use internet.

13 October 2012

I was caught on camera in Iran (huge flash) and I am sure I was half asleep. That night I drove 1300 kms non-stop from Armenia to Tehran. In Tehran I could not find parking or internet connection. There is no Facebook or you tube in Iran. I can't believe that I was mistaken for a spy. The police surrounded my car and I was shivering like a wet mouse on the top of a cold mountain. I cannot imagine any place on earth where I felt more vulnerable. I was helped by a lot of people, stories and exact details will be in my book (with pictures) but it was a nightmare.

There was a time in Iran on the way to Turkmenistan when I cried out aloud. I missed my wife and kids and desperately wanted to be with them.

14 October 2012

I made some good friends in Bukhara and the owner of the hotel laid out a special breakfast for me. This is one of the most lavish breakfasts of my life. Bukhara is like Jaipur of India and I am glad I stopped here. Until now this is the place where I have seen maximum number of tourists. The French seem to rule the place whilst British are busy on the beaches of Spain and Portugal. I hope my documentary can inspire more people to visit the country. The road network in Uzbekistan hasn't been too bad. Bukhara was an experience in itself and I loved every moment of it. For the first time I enjoyed my shower and subsequently took my car for a shower as well. Precisely at 11 am my new friend Bob was waiting for me at reception. We went around the city where Babar was born and saw all the historic buildings. Bob took me to some exclusive places and helped me take photos and video footage. More detail about the history will be in my book. Late in the afternoon we went to a restaurant to have our lunch. Another thing worth mentioning.....I met a couple from Hong Kong who took a lot of pictures with me and a lovely family from Pakistan. A few words were exchanged in Urdu in Bukhara and I felt at home.

15 and 16 October 2012

Got to Tashkent moments ago (at 3 am). Anyways got to Grand Mir Hotel where there was no room available. I was speaking to the hotel staff and the manag-

er Dilshad. They got me internet connection, organised my sightseeing and drive into Kyrgyzstan. After 2 cups of coffee my eyes are still drooping but I will have to pay the price for staying at Bukhara by skipping sleep today.

The biggest problem for now is, I have to be in China on the 19th afternoon and there has been a route change. With nearest border road as good as closed, I will be taking a longer route and another 600 kms have been added to the journey. I have almost touched 13,000 kms so far.

17 and 18 October 2012

Whist on the way to Samarkand, I had the first major snag (which I feared the most). As the sunshine faded away, I switched on my lights. I noticed it did not make any difference, of 8 of my front lights only 2 fog lights were working which was not at all enough for me to continue. Panic set in and I tried to calm myself thinking, it would be some fuse or bulbs and I will be able to do it. If it was a bulb or fuse how can all the lights go at the same time. In panic I started checking wipers, horn, window electrics etc. To my luck I saw two garages as I drove....I quickly reversed on the highway and was trying to establish communication with 20 people (8 from the garage and rest were curious bypassers looking for end of the day fun). No one knew English. I was forced me to imitate my ancestors and use sign language. Within minutes the bonnet was up and two young boys started checking while others started passing expert advice. After two hours they said "don't know....go Tashkent...Toyota and change things dashboard". The big question was how do I do the 450 kms long jour-



ney in this darkness as I could not afford to lose another day. I said can you wire the lights from fog lights to main lights and put in a relay. They said yes and got back to work. Finally a call was made to the boss who had left minutes before I got in, leaving the lads to clean up and close. He came after 30 mins and got back to work. All along he kept talking about dollars, price of the car...etc etc. After 4 hours he found the fault but had also learned about my the purpose of my journey. The whole mood changed.....someone was sent to a shop to get new fuses (I am not sure why my spare ones did not have the ones required) and after a few minutes all was ready. They would not allow me to pay them, rather forced me to come to their house and we had a meal together with his parents, wife, sister and little son. I learnt that his mother was not well and she was not getting proper treatment. I took her papers (written in Uzbek) to be translated in English and will show them to a good doctor in India. If required they are ready to come to India for treatment and hope I am able to arrange that for them. Finally goodbyes were said and I got on my way.

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