



# Farewell

## Pages from a traveler

by Suzyn S.

**December 27, 1997**  
**The Lincoln Tunnel**

I'm scared. It's not an especially defined fear. It's just a worried mix of emotions, bolstered by a healthy shot of adrenaline. Not the least of these emotions is the soft sadness that comes with the realization that I shall never be quite the same again. I've long been aware that change and wonderful new opportunities aren't al-

so I asked them to teach me. It was exactly duck-duck-goose. I played for hours, much to the amusement of the children's parents, who were watching.

After the game ended, one of the older children, a thirteen-year-old named Chanda, invited me to come meet her family. They were living in a large tent next to the park.

At first, I thought her fam-

wants me to call her "auntie." Everyone hugged me and asked me to take their picture.

To have left my nice enough, yet distant, family in JFK airport, only to meet with people who treat one who is for all practical purposes a stranger with such love is an incredible feeling.

I'm glad I'm in India.

**January 3, 1998**

**Bissau Palace Hotel, Jaipur**

One of the first things one learns when visiting India is to watch out for the rickshaw guys. These men drive motorized rickshaws, essentially high powered golf carts. They're nice to have around if you want to go someplace, but they usually try to take you to a shop. These shop owners give the drivers kickbacks, but they usually have higher prices.

Today, Chuck Marshall and I decided to turn the tables on these shop owners. We had a rickshaw driver take us to five shops. We bought nothing and split the commission with him. We didn't make THAT much money, but it was fun.

**January 4, 1998**

**Bissau Palace Hotel, Jaipur**

For the first time in my life, I truly feel like a sex object. It's a bad feeling. My style of dress and figure reflect a cross between the British notion of neglected womanhood and a belief in being more than one appears to be. As a result, I am totally unused to this

type of attention. However, in India, a plump figure is considered a plus and I've been hit on constantly. Several Indian men have proposed.

I don't like it a bit and I have an entirely new respect for what beautiful women put up with.

**January 5, 1998**

**Bissau Palace Hotel, Jaipur**

Was walking with Jon Cox today when we ran into some boys playing cricket in the street. They handed Jon a bat and asked him to play. They bounced the ball to him and he swung.

He missed.

They threw it three more times and he missed it each time. It wasn't his fault as he's not used to hitting a ball that is bounced to him.

Soon the children were laughing at the silly Americans who couldn't even hit a ball. I took the bat and asked Jon to pitch the ball like a softball. I swung.

THWOK!!!

The ball flew up over a tree and the kids stared at me, stunned.

By far the most satisfying athletic experience of my life.

**January 9, 1998**

**Siddhartha Lodge, Agra**

As I was walking up to the Taj Mahal today, I had a guy show me a bunch of souvenir photos that showed various tourists jumping with the Taj in the background, appearing to be leaping over the Taj.

I said "No, who would want a piece of junk like that?"

As I walked in, the first thing I saw was about five people jumping, with the Taj in the background. Gotta love the tourists.

The Taj is lovely. I mean, it's perfect to the point that it seems to repeatedly declare its beauty to the outside world. Call me an envious American, but I

think it's pretty to the point of being a little much.

We visited another tomb in Delhi called Humayan's Tomb that I liked a lot more. Chuck and I walked around pretending he'd just bought it and we were deciding how he should decorate it. We got some funny looks, but it was fun.

**January 9, 1998**

**Ashok Yatri Niwas, New Delhi**

Went back to visit Chanda's family. I met some of her father's friends, who are also journalists, and talked about politics. It was a lot of fun. Chanda's mother gave me an address book with their address in it and a bunch of pictures of them, including one of the father posing with the political secretary of India.

They made me write out my impressions of India.

**January 10, 1998**

**Ashok Yatri Niwas, New Delhi**

For dinner, Chuck, Neil Davis, Andi Giorgi and I went to dinner at Wimpy's, an Indian fast food restaurant.



ways the same thing, but I hope this is a good change.

**January 1, 1998**

**Ashok Yatri Niwas, New Delhi**

Today, I went to Jantar Mantar, a large observatory in the middle of New Delhi. It's like a park, except it has large stone structures, not the least of which is a two-story sundial.

I was sitting on top of one of these structures when a group of girls came up and started talking to me. They asked about America and what I thought of India. A few minutes later, they got tired of me and went to play.

I watched their game. It looked a lot like duck-duck-goose,

ily lived there because they were poor, but Chanda's father explained that they were actually living there temporarily. What I had taken for a community was actually an encampment of protesters, living next to the park as part of a large protest against government and judicial corruption.

Chanda's mother had been raped, but her attacker had gone free because of judicial corruption. Chanda's father is a journalist, so he and I even got to talk shop for a while.

I leave New Delhi tomorrow, but I shall be back on the 9th. Chandra's family has invited me to come back. Chanda's mother

