FOR





RISE AND SHRINE: The wonderful Taj Mahal. Inset left, with tuk-tuk driver Saddam. Below, on tiger watch



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■ BY LOUISE BERWICK

"DON'T worry, his last name isn't Hussein," we are told as we're introduced to our tuk-

We're introduced to our tuk-tuk driver, Saddam.

We smile, jump in the back, and suddenly we are hurtling down a steep hill in a stomach-churning ride-of-a-lifetime.

uddenly we are hurtling down a teep hill in a stomach-churning ide-of-a-lifetime.

"This is better than a roller coaster!" my pal yells as we swerve past cows, dodge motorbikes and overtake our fellow travellers.

By the time we reach the market at the bottom, my nerves are shot.

Thanks to Saddam, our ridedown from the Mehrangarh Fort in Jodhpur, India, is one I'll never forget.

I had arrived in the "blue city" over breakfast - rolling into the desert metropolis while polishing off a freshly made dosa curry, a morning speciality. It was my fourth day aboard the famous Maharajas' Express train and I was already felling at home lapping up the five-tar luxury. I had landed in Mumbai the Safurday before at Sam, when the city was already felling at home lapping up the five-tar luxury. I had landed in Mumbai the Safurday before at Sam, when the city was already felling at home lapping up the five-tar luxury. I had landed in Mumbai the Safurday before at Sam, when the city was already for the day were ready on street stills as women stopped traffic scurrying across roads, balancing buckets of fish on their heads for the market. The cows laying at the roadside were stirring and the first daylight ered through the slums.

My first taste of India and I was already no love.

My time in Mumbai was brief, long enough to walk around the city, haggle for a bag and watch the fisherman return to the shore for lunch.

But my real journey began on the country's rail-way tracks. As I boarded the Maharajas' Express, I learnt the opulence India has to offer.

We pulled out of Mumbai's train station as the suan began to set and rolled past the trackide shacks.

We trundled past packed trains where limbs dangled through grates and passengers hung off the side. Then travelled long into the night as the staff on board the train offered tipples of choice, followed by a lavish feast for dinner. My

onboard butler, Jeet, woke me up the following morning, bringing fresh tea.

Our first day off the train started at the Ajanta Caves, where legend has it that British tigsr hunter John Smith rediscovered them in 1819, about 1,000 years after their construction.

In true British fushion, he accidentally stumbled upon the carved-out temples and monasteries, which are now considered one of the world's greatest historical monuments by UNESCO.

Back on the train I chat to the chef, John Stone, His kitchen spans an entire carriage from which he serves up everything from spicy prawn massals to lobster and roast lamb.

The train, which at 750m long is all too easy to get lost in, has two restaurnis, as well as two bars. But those wanting a taste of disappointed either.

On day five, in the blazing heat of Bikaner, we find ourselves in the middle of a traditional Indian festival Junagarh Fort.

We battle though hundreds of icerceam trucks Jostling for position in the fort's courtyard before we are surrounded by hoards of beautifully dressed women carrying traditional puppets on their heads.

The colourful Gangaur festival, which offers women the chance to celebrate the

well-being and long-life of their hus-band, is just the start of our party night. A couple of hours later we are whiseled away from the fort and taken to the desert, where we sway the train for cam-el carts and ride into the sussest. This excursion is real movie-star stuff - we're handed champagne as we arrive to a candlellit dinner on carpets and cushions in the sand.

Incredible

If san ovening I never want to end, but this is a trip that never stops giving. The next two days are just as incredible as we roll across the Indian countryside to our next destinations. The following morning we search for tigers on safari in Ranthambore National Park before spending our final day visiting the incredible the Taj Mahal. As we board the train for last stop Delhi, I can't help thinking I'll miss the people and the buzz of India as much as all its famous monuments.



