

The Journey To Find The Professor

Stepping out of the plane, the first thing I noticed was the incredible heat and humidity. The next thing that struck me was the overload on my sense of all the different sights, sounds and smells this wonderful city provided me. All the time my heart was racing, as I knew this was the real start of my quest to find the mysterious professor and eventually the stolen artefact.

Once I'd made it through customs at the airport I set off anxiously in search of the professor. New Delhi seemed to be made up of a never-ending labyrinth of chaotic streets. Fortunately, I'd done my research on the plane I knew exactly where to go. Looking around me, I was surrounded by an assortment of colourful, but worn out buildings linked by a tangle of overhead wires and a host of new experiences.

The street I was walking quickly down was full of busy people walking in all directions. Some were smartly dressed and looked like they were rushing off to work; others looked like they were shopping for food with their tired hands full of shopping bags; and some were families just walking and chatting happily.

Around me I could hear the constant buzz of wasp like scooter engines, angry car horns, crowds chatting in a musical foreign language and stallholders selling their wares. It was deafening and slightly overwhelming.

I had to be incredibly careful because the traffic didn't seem to follow any rules. Everywhere, there were impatient cars, vans, scooters, people, lorries, tuk tuks and ox drawn carts fighting for their own space on the road. This made each step dangerous. At one point, a battered old van lurched out into the street straight in front a man on scooter, who swiftly avoided a collision and carried on with his journey as if nothing had happened. I, on the other hand, had to take a moment to compose myself.

Eventually, I made it through the warren of streets to the location where I'd meet the professor and the first clue; I sat and waited in anticipation.