

"MARK TULLY'S INDIAN JOURNEY"

Mark Tully, a foreign journalist, was welcomed warmly by his [teachers / friends/ tour guides], colleagues from All India Radio, and new neighbours. Tully was especially drawn to India's [natural / modern / ancient] beauty. He once sat beside a [campfire / lake / temple] in the Great Himalayan National Park, watching snow-covered mountains during the [festival / sunrise / sunset].

A week later, he found himself in [Rajasthan/ Kerala / Delhi], sitting by the [Bay of Bengal/ Ganges River / Arabian Sea], watching the sun set like a great red [dome / coin / balloon]. The [sounds / scents/ tastes] of India also impressed him — the sweet smell of the [queen-of-the-night / jasmine / banyan], and the freshness of pine trees in the [foothills / beaches / cities] of the Himalayas.

Tully admired India's music and poetry, especially the [ragas / bhajans / mantras] that begin with austerity and end in [silence /ecstasy / rhythm]. Religious life fascinated him — from the dignity in mosques to the colourful rituals of [Sikhs / Hindus/ Buddhist] temples. Even the everyday experiences — like eating [parathas / samosas / biryani] at roadside dhabas — added to his love for the country. He believed that no other place or people could compare with [China / England / India].