A cab took us to the Lucknow train station for our ride home to the United States. There is a lot of immigration, which is a great work of architecture on the outside but nothing at all to write home about, so shortly before our late-night train so we could sleep all the way. When I had to use the toilet, I didn’t do anything. I was worried about what I might say or do and that would’ve been so embarrassing. The train was packed, and the bunks were so close that you couldn’t even slip between them. I was so glad to see my bunk. I thought I would never sleep. I’m a nervous traveler. I used to be a nervous traveler. I thought there might be a robber from the next bunk, but everything was fine.

At my grandparents’ house, we had to take our shoes off or cover the bottom of the cabs. My dad finally found a guy with good rates. The cabs were really cheap. The biggest problem was the traffic. I thought the Taj Mahal was a palace, but it’s a mausoleum. It’s a big, tall building with a lot of holes, tunnels, arches and domes. The garden in front of my grandparents’ house was beautiful. I thought it was a palace, too. I was there when I was six but couldn’t remember it. I almost puked. I ran back to our compartment. The boy who sold pens. When my dad finally bought a pen, he raced ahead of us to the next stop. The Taj Mahal was a palace, but it turned out it’s a building with the tomb of the Mughal emperor Shah Jahan and his favorite wife. It’s a building with the tomb of the Mughal emperor Shah Jahan and his favorite wife. It was finished in 1648. Except for some ugly wooden products. If we even just glanced at vendors, we were clearly tourists and people continued to harass us to buy things. They bombarded us with barrage of pressure to buy, overcharge us and charge us for things we didn’t want. We were so tired that we just gave in and bought things. We had no ink in it.

A reflecting pool led from the entrance gates, and it was full of huge crocodiles. In the middle of the building is Akbar’s burial tomb. When we left the Taj Mahal riding in a camel cart, I thought it was going to be a big tour of all the cities in India. It was a big, long, boring ride. Rickshaws, autos and cabs, oh my! We had some excitement at my grandparents’ house. I almost puked. I ran back to our compartment. The boy who sold pens. When my dad finally bought a pen, he raced ahead of us to the next stop. The Taj Mahal was a palace, but it turned out it’s a building with the tomb of the Mughal emperor Shah Jahan and his favorite wife. It’s a building with the tomb of the Mughal emperor Shah Jahan and his favorite wife. It was finished in 1648. Except for some ugly wooden products. If we even just glanced at vendors, we were clearly tourists and people continued to harass us to buy things. They bombarded us with barrage of pressure to buy, overcharge us and charge us for things we didn’t want. We were so tired that we just gave in and bought things. We had no ink in it.

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