

MY JOURNAL

Sanjay Narayana
10

*Air India Flight 182 last June affected many families
in both Canada and India. OWL too lost someone very
special—11-year-old Deepak Turlapati.*

Deepak was always a welcome visitor to OWL.

*We will miss his sense of fun and his joy in sharing
new discoveries with others.*

Our sympathies go to Deepak's family and friends.

*If you are interested in watching
the OWL/TV "FOOLING AROUND WITH SCIENCE" shows
which Deepak participated in, tune into CBC
at 4:30 p.m. on December 10, 1985 & December 17, 1985.*

DEEPAK'S TREE

At Woburn we planted a tree today,

As a means of expressing what we wish to say

About a fine student and special friend

Who came to such an untimely end.

A tree is very attached on our Earth.

And so are we, whatever our worth.

A tree spreads its roots and branches to grow.

And we, too, our true potential should know.

Its trunk is so sturdy and solid and strong,

Like friendships we make and keep for so long.

Its branches reach out to the sky, sun and rain,

And a friend will reach out, though it may cause him pain.

A tree provides shelter, protection and shade;

So, too, does a friend when he comes to your aid.

From high in its branches new life is oft born,

Like new thoughts from a friend in the sunlight of morn.

While sitting beneath it, alone and content,

It's life long, pleasant hours with a friend being spent,

As you look through its branches up to the sky

And it looks back at you with a twinkling eye.

Soft breezes through leaves makes a quieting sound,

And in memories of friends does our mind's peace abound.

Each tree is different, and each friend is, too;

And so are the memories brought back to you.

Deepak's Diary

So, at Woburn we planted a tree today

To share our thoughts in a special way.

This tree is a symbol that we can see

To remind us of things that friends can be

As we look at the tree and watch it grow

We'll remember a friend that we used to know.

Who brought us so many happy days

And enriched our lives in so many ways.

And so that our memories never end.

We've our special tree for our special friend.

C. Brumwell, (one of Deepak's teachers)

June 26, 1985

The Mysterious Stranger

It was Sept. 26th 1999. I was lying on my bed thinking about the kidnapping of my best friend Brian. It seems the kidnapping was very close to my house. Suddenly I saw a light shining far away, near an old house. I quickly ran downstairs, put on my boots and went outside thinking it was a clue to the kidnapping. When I was there I saw a weird looking creature smelling the floor. I walked up and said hi. The creature jumped up and looked at me strangely. "Hi," he said in a polite voice.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I am Pollo. Who are you?" He asked.

"I am Deepak," I said.

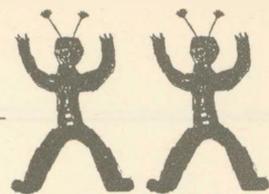
"Well I have superpowers to find anything," said Pollo.

"Anything?" I shouted. "Will you please help me find my friend Brian?"

"Sure," said Pollo. "I will go to my world and I will come back with my equipment."

"Bye," I said

"Bye," he replied.



A New Visitor

I was eating my breakfast. Two weeks had passed since my first experience with Pollo. I started giving up hope that he would ever return. Suddenly out in my backyard the same light I had seen near the old house was near my crimson rose. I ran outside dropping my breakfast on the floor. When I was outside Pollo was standing with another creature who resembled Pollo. The creature was wearing a black torn shirt with torn purple pants and had two pointy shoes.

I walked up and said, "Hi!"

The creature ran behind Pollo. A few minutes passed then finally Pollo said something in a polite voice "This is my wife. She volunteered to come and help find your friend."

"Thank you very much for coming", I said

Finally she said something in a quiet voice, "You are welcome."

"Let's go!" said Pollo in an excited voice.

"Okay," I said. Pollo started to walk and I followed him with his wife. We went on and on for hours, finally Pollo walked back to me and said in a happy voice, "Your friend is safe." I smiled and said, "How do you know?"

"You will know," replied Pollo.

Suddenly it struck my mind that it was nighttime. I turned to Pollo and said, "Are we going to sleep?"

Pollo looked at me and replied, "Yes! we are."

I quickly ran and found a spot and we all slept there for the night.

Wake Deepak!

I woke up with a sigh and looked at my watch and said, "7:30." I turned around and saw Pollo and his wife smelling flowers. I walked up and said, "Good morning."

Pollo looked up and said, "Good morning." Pollo suddenly looked to the ground and said, "Your friend is not safe if we don't get moving!" "Maybe we should tell the police," I said in a quiet tone.

"Don't feel afraid," said Pollo in a soothing voice.

Suddenly we heard a shot. The sound came from the west. Pollo looked up and said, "Let's go, that could have been your friend."

We went in the direction from which the sound of the shot came.

When we were running Pollo's wife spotted a gun.

Pollo suddenly came up to us and said, "If we walk a little more

we will find a hut."

We did find a hut, then we heard voices coming from the hut.

"What's happening!" I shouted.

Everything was goin

g blurry. It looked as if I couldn't use my eyes. Then finally I saw some-
thing, it was my mother. She was saying something in a loud voice,

"Wake up Deepak, Brian is waiting downstairs!"

"Yes! I'm going," I replied in a sleepy voice. Maybe one day I might
meet Pollo or other kinds of aliens again.

Diwali or Deepavali

Diwali or Deepavali is a festival that is celebrated by Indians. The festival signifies the triumph of good over evil. The festival is celebrated all over India. It is celebrated with lights, firecrackers, etc. There are two theories concerning the celebration of this festival. One is when Rama and his wife Sita and his brother, Laxmana return after 14 years from the forest. The festival is celebrated because Rama in his 14 years killed bad demons. The second theory is when Krishna killed a bad demon called Naraka.

APT Bee 26,

47 Beegoes Street

Beehive, Buzz

Bee Sunday, Feb 26/83

Dear Editor,

There's this girl called Kathy Dunham. She is stealing our honey. We are going to sting her as much as we can, so one tiny bit of honey and she will be stung. So tell her to stop or we will tell the Bee police. We work for honey not for giving away honey.

Yours truly,

Deepak Beepak

Dear D.B.;

Can't we share? (Editor)

ans: Well okay since you said so.

Archaeology

When I went to Scarborough college, I found the subject of archaeology very interesting; it is the study by which one learns of how peoples of the past (even up to millions of years ago) lived and died. One learns this by digging up and examining buildings, tools, pottery, weapons, skeletons etc. In a survey the archaeologist goes to the field and at a particular place puts a mark, and makes a map. He returns with the other archaeologists and they dig up the area. They examine and study, then take portable items to the museum and explain them to the public. Many cities in Greece, and the Middle East were discovered. In Ontario itself some pictures of huts, lanes that had been excavated were shown to us in the university.

From:

Deepak R.M.

12 Gr. 4 Woburn jr. Public School.

Another Day

A new day is born

I get up in the morn

I hate to shed my very cosy bed.

My farther is gargling

He brushes his teeth

He will soon be snarling

If I am not up on my feet.

To the bathroom I scramble

To beat time I must gamble

There's no water in the tap

Oh dear what a slap!

With a breakfast like mine

I rarely get to school before nine

I rush to the gate, hope I'm not late



Deepak's Diary

My teacher says there will be a test

That is something I heartily detest

I wish I could win the bet

To be always my teacher's pet

If my answers are wrong I'll get sicker

With all my heart I want a sticker

My recess has just begun

I hope I have lots of fun

I have to go to lunch

I hope to have a good munch

We've been called to play in the band

With my music now on the stand

My trumpet I like to play

This very day,

It's time to go

I think that's so

Bye-bye I say

To my friends this day

I come home with a smile

Yet I think of my file

The day is long and rough

I wish I could be tough

I have homework but I turn on the TV.

I begin to look at some old movie

"What is this Deepak? Have some sense!"

I quietly listen, my mother is tense

My homework is rough

and ever so tough

Mom, please help me

No, she tells me

when will you become responsible?

and learn to be sensible

WHAT A DAY!

It is 6 O'clock: time to go to school. The same dumb school. My name is Pretto Gong. People make lots of fun of that name. I am Japanese. This is my life. I have a small brother. I am crazy over a girl who hates me and I am a babysitter. Now what else do you need in a good life? This story happened in Canada.

One day I had a lot of fun. This is how it started. I was waiting for the mailman, and he finally came. He started talking weirdly. He sounded like an alien! Suddenly Rob was across the street, I started shouting loudly, Rob here's an alien! All he did was ignore me, what a rat! I felt so excited I even told him to wait so that I could call the top scientists and get my name in the newspaper. Then my hopes disappeared. The man just vanished. I couldn't believe my eyes. All I had left from him was my letters and a bottle filled with liquid. So I thought may be if I drink this potion I can vanish just like he did. The bottle read,

Deepak's Diary

"Only works for 10 minutes". I thought that was better than nothing and then the last drop was gone. I ran to Beckers (I was already invisible) and there I saw Paul doing the same thing again "shoplifting". I thought I'd teach him a lesson so I went and took the item and put it back in its place. Paul was shocked, he started telling his friends I will never shoplift again. There was Mr. Hopkins our teacher coming into the store to buy some candy. He walked in with his big tummy sticking out. Of course Mr. Hopkins always hates me because I hate school. I quickly ran to the fire switch and pressed it and locked the door. Mr. Hopkins went crazy. He jumped up and down and kept shouting, "I need ventilation". He kept banging on the wall and by that time the door was opened and there went Mr. Hopkins running outside shouting "Fire! Help! a fire!" Unfortunately the potion ran out but I sure did have lots of fun with it. So if I were you I would watch and see what the mailman has brought for you - there could be a lot of fun in it.

Deepak Turlapati



LAXMINARAYANA AND Padmini Turlapati lost their sons Deepak and Sanjay in the explosion of Flight 182 over the Atlantic on Sunday. "There's no point in taking of reprisals," says Padmini.

PARENTS OF DEAD BROTHERS: 'No point in reprisals'

By LIZ WILLIAMS
Staff Writer.

Deepak Turlapati's cheque for appearing on Dr. Zed, a CBC science show for children, arrived in yesterday's mail but the bright 11-year-old will not be cashing it.

Deepak and his brother, Sanjay, 14, were among the 329 people killed on Air-India Flight 182.

Their parents, Laxminarayana and Padmini, have been getting calls at their apartment on Tuxedo Crt., Scarborough, from relatives, friends and even their sons' teachers, but are still waiting for Air-India to confirm their flight to Ireland, where they must identify the bodies.

"I think the manner of death is the hardest thing to accept," said Padmini, a pediatrician. "This is not a political issue. There's no point in talking of reprisals. All I know is that a bomb has



taken our kids' lives".

Laxminarayana, 45, a chartered accountant, said he thinks the Canadian government should be more supportive of the victims' families. His wife said they feel helpless and are unsure of the alternatives available to them.

The Turlapaties came to Canada from Delhi three years ago and both children were adjusting well to life here. The brothers were to have spend 2 1/2 months visiting their grandparents in India.

The brothers took with them most of their many academic and athletic awards to show their relatives. "I don't even have the awards to display," Padmini said. She said Sanjay took along a poem for which he had won an award. It was titled, *Death Be Not Proud*.



PRIME MINISTER · PREMIER MINISTRE

OTTAWA, K1A 0A2

July 5, 1985

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Turlapati,

I wish to extend to you my most heartfelt sympathies and those of the Canadian Government on your tragic loss.

All Canadians share your immense grief and a sense of shock at this terrible tragedy. I wish to assure you that the Government will do everything possible to determine the cause of the Air India disaster and bring any guilty parties to justice.

Mila joins me in extending our deepest condolences to you in this time of deep sorrow. Our prayers and thoughts are with you.

Yours sincerely,

Brian Mulroney

Mr. and Mrs. L.N. Turlapati
10 Tuxedo Court, Apt. 911
Scarborough, Ontario
M1G 3S4

Dear Dr. and Mr. Turlapati,

I was greatly saddened to learn of Deepak and Sanjay's deaths. I didn't know Sanjay, but Deepak was in my grade 6 social studies class this year. Deepak was friendly and outgoing, but I didn't get to know him too well, until October or November of 1984 when he was chosen Student of the Week by his classmates. He had brought a scrapbook to school containing his scholastic and athletic awards. He had so many! He had also brought books and papers to school from his relatives in India. Deepak always spoke respectfully of his grandparents, aunts and uncles, and both of you.

He told me quite a bit about the Hindu religion, and aroused my interest enough to do additional reading in the library. He was extremely proud of your accomplishments, as well as Sanjay's, and later in the school year, he brought in some of Sanjay's schoolwork to show to me.

Deepak was competitive. He strived to excel at everything. This was evident in his schoolwork, as well as in athletics. He wanted his parents to be as proud of him as he was of them.

I met you once when you were home from Newfoundland. We had an interview, and your love for Deepak was obvious, as was your pride in his accomplishments. He was a credit to both of you.

Deepak was a boy of much promise and ability. I will miss him very much. Your loss is also Canada's loss, for he would have contributed much to our society. You both have my deepest sympathy.

Sincerely,

Judy Meinrast

OWL/TV

October 17, 1985

Mr. & Mrs. Narayana Turlapati
10 Tuxedo Court
Apt. 911
Scarborough, Ontario
M1G 3S4

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Turlapati,

Thanks so much for your kind letter of the 14th of October. I have enclosed a copy of the September issue of OWL Magazine where you will find the "In Memory" tribute to Deepak's work with OWL/TV on the inside page of the back cover.

Below is a list of the programmes (times, dates and channel) in which Deepak contributed his all.

SHOW 2 - "Fooling Around With Science" segment entitled "Optical Illusions" - to air November 12th at 4:30 on C.B.C., channel 5.

SHOW 4 - "Fooling Around With Science" segment entitled "Cheese Making" - to air November 26th at the same time and station as above.

SHOW 6 - "Fooling Around With Science" segment entitled "Hot Air Balloons" - to air December 10th as above.

SHOW 7 - "Fooling Around With Science" segment entitled "Gyroscopes" - to air December 17th as above.

The series of shows will also air on the PBS network in the United States on November 3rd, however timing of these shows will vary as individual stations choose their own time slots.

Once again, on behalf of OWL/TV, may I offer our sincere regrets of the tragic loss of your two sons, Sanjay and Deepak.

Yours sincerely,

OWL/TV Inc.

N. D. Nickel

Nancy D. Nickel
Researcher

OWL/TV Inc., 56 The Esplanade, Suite 302, Toronto, Ontario M5E 1A7, (416) 863-1661

A co-production by The National Audubon Society and OWL magazine

The Death of Keats

In Memory

The tragedy of the loss of all abroad Air India Flight 182 last June affected many families in both Canada and India. OWL too lost someone very special — 11-year-old Deepak Turlapati, Deepak, seen here helping Dr. Zed with an experiment, was always a welcome visitor to OWL. We will miss his sense of fun and his joy in sharing new discoveries with others. Our sympathies go to Deepak's family and friends.

The death of a Keats

He could have been a Keats. He could have been a Byron. Or he could have been a Shelley. I mean the teenager Sanjay who with the hapless 329 went down the Atlantic in the killer 'Kanishka'. He carried in the breast pocket a sonnet entitled 'Death' he penned recently. He wanted to discuss it with his grandma anchored to Vijayawada. His poetry loving schoolmaster in a distant Canadian town appreciated the genius of the budding poet. He asked Sanjay, it would appear, to write one poem every month for a slim anthology he would love to print as the next birthday gift to the Keats in the making.

This true story, a most heart rending one, reminded me of Keats and his epitaph on the dew kissed black tombstone in protestant crematory in Rome: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." In my college days, I gave my days to Dame Science and nights to literature, prose and poetry. Keats and Wordsworth I like to remember and quote. And let me quote some of their lines you may like,

High is our calling friend creative Art

.....

I wandered lonely as a cloud.

.....

Art thou the statesman, in the van.

.....

Pleasures newly found are sweet.

.....

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

.....

The soul of Adonais like a star

Beacons from the abode where the immortals are.

.....

We have beheld these lights

But not possessed them.

.....

Beauty is truth, truth beauty.

Of the twenty five years given to Keats, he lived all the time in a world of his own. A lurking fear of early death always haunted him and turned him sometimes gloomy.

However, he overcame this with his poetic effusions. His first collection of verse appeared when he was eighteen. It had a good reception, despite a few critics soaked in the dirty politics of the day. His masterpieces are 'Endymion' and 'Eve of St. Agnes'. The enchanting theme of 'Endymion' centres on a most beautiful Greek mythology that Keats mastered during his school years.

Endymion, Prince of Caria reposing on Mount Latmos is discovered by the Goddess of Moon, Diana, She causes a deep sleep to fall upon him.

In his dream the Prince finds himself in a cavern. He is wafted by an eagle to a delightful garden where he meets the dream girl Diana. After awakening from the slumber into which he has fallen following departure of Diana, Endymion embarks on a long pilgrimage experiencing unforgettable moments of peril and pleasure. In the end when Diana assumes her own form and person, she and Endymion 'vanish far away'.

When England loved 'Endymion' a few literary critics neck-deep in story politics made a savage attack on the work in the prestigious 'Quarterly Review' and 'Blackwood's Journal' all obviously born of malice. Unfortunately, the young poet sensitive to criticism took it to heart. It is often said that this unkind cut hastened his premature end, although consumption owned him long before, a fell disease that wrote a finis to his mother and younger brother earlier. At one time he indicated to his constant companion and bosom friend, Joseph Severn that the epitaph he would like for his tomb stone was, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water".

During his long scintillating writing years, Wordsworth published a great deal of verse running to volumes. We know his theme song was Nature, the moon, the mountainous foliage of the woods, the azure sky, the rock, the desert, the sea. To mankind his message would appear to be Return to Nature. Words-

worth loved to walk long distances, pensive and silent, as poets generally do. In the 1790's the poet did much wandering over the continent. He travelled on foot across France, a year after the first Revolution responding to the movement of the spirit of a whole people.

In particular his two poems, 'The Solitary Reaper' and 'I wandered lonely as a cloud' were the soul stirring experiences of the poet during his long walks. One sunny afternoon in the highlands in Scotland, he came across a solitary reaper. In his journal, he records: "She sang as she bandied over her sickle; the sweetest human voice I ever heard; her strains were tenderly melancholy and felt delicious, long after they were heard no more... I listened till I had my fill:

And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

In the poem "I wandered lonely as a cloud" he records his exalted experience with the dancing daffodils along the shores of the lake familiar to him. He penned in his journal: "...they tossed and reeled and danced and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew upon them over the lake..."

For oft when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the Daffodils

T.D.J.

This article appeared in
the *Sun* on
4 August 1985.
as a tribute to Sanjay,



BYE-BYE BIRDIES

*Sanjay uvaca" starts Gita
Gita, the song celestial
Deepak Rag that Tansen sang
Turned the dull wicks to bright lights
Came to us as shining stars
Lit the lights in our hearts.*

*Starting-place is the point of race
We all run with different pace
Winners reach the goal much ahead
Losers the mortals, are left behind.*

*Birth and death are parts of life
A journey of equal distance
Some crawl like turtles for instance
Others soar like birds in triumph.*

*Tiny swallows are you who flew fast
Pity, leaving us, the old turtles past
Still dragging on, pulling on, with fear
Oscillating between hope and despair.*

*O! Sanjay, O! Deepak
So tender to our mortal sight
Outgrown quickly, you, evolved souls
Adorned astral garbs finishing earthly roles.*

*Bubble is born from the water
Travels the bubble on the same water
Bubble bursts and merges with water
Life is a bubble in divine game
Life is a bubble bursts any time
Air escapes into vast space
Life force, merges with universal soul.*

*Some come as the good on earth
Fulfil their job well in advance
Bad ones are sent to earth
To better their life in balance.*

We mortals, don't learn lessons well

*You brought message, yet we ignore it well
We assume that we are having a ball
Till the day we have a great fall.*

*Mundane desires and physical comforts
Things go right, Lord is praised
Things go wrong, Lord is cursed
By whom?*

*By us, the ignorant, the so-called "wise".
People come, run and go
Play their roles so and so
On the vast divine stage so to say
In God-composed cosmic play.*

*Prince's costume makes one proud
Pauper's rag fakes one poor
Neither a real prince, nor a real pauper
One feels real in utter delusion.*

*You little ones came as darlings
You little ones flew as bravelings
You left us, the ugly ducklings,
You flew to BABA with devotion
You merged in IIM with emotion.*

*No tears, we promise, but
No seers we are, you know that
We do cry, but not for your sake
We do cry, because we are at stake.*

*O! Sanjay, O! Deepak
Lo! bright and brisk
So long and good-bye, you smart winners
So long and bye-bye, we the bread winners.*

*" Uncle RAJ"
June 25, 1985*



THE BOARD OF EDUCATION FOR THE CITY OF SCARBOROUGH

9th JUN 28 1985

WOBURN COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

TURLAPATI, SANJAY NARAYAN
STUDENT

FINAL TERM REPORT
REPORT

PRINCIPAL MR. B. STURGIS

31469

SUBJECT	CREDIT VALUE OF SUBJECT	AREA OF STUDY	COMP. CREDIT CODE	TEACHER/SUBJECT CODE	TERM/SEMESTER				CLASSES PASSED THIS YEAR	
					FIRST	SECOND	THIRD	FINAL		
ENGLISH GR 7 ADVANCED	1.00		E	BLASKO ENG EG1A62	90	89		92	2	
MATHEMATICS GR 7 ADVANCED	1.00		M	HENN MAT MA1A61	85	77		88	2	
FRENCH GR 7 ADVANCED	1.00		F	WIGINGTON FSF FR1A62	96	96		96	3	
MUSIC GR 7 ADVANCED	1.00		A	GRAHAM AMI MU1A02	75	85		84		
PHYS EDUCATION BOYS GR 9 ADVANCED	1.00		P	HORTON PEM PB1A03	74	80		80		
TYPING GR 9 ADVANCED	1.00		B	PHILLIPS BKT TY1A04	88	89		86	2	
CANADIAN HISTORY GR 9 ADVANCED	1.00		H	BURZOTTA HCC HY1A03	91	90		93	2	
SCIENCE GR 9 ADVANCED	1.00		S	BELL SNC SC1A08	94	95		95	2	
MUSIC GR 7 ADVANCED	1.00		A	FOWLER AMI MU1A01		85		84		
					DAYS ABSENT		TIMES LATE		AS AT DATE	
9.00					13		3.0		11 JUN 85	

PROMOTED WITH HONOURS

1985 SCHOOL OPENING TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 3 1985
WE WISH EVERYONE A FINE SUMMER TO OUR GRADUATES CONTINUED SUCCESS
STUDENT COUNSELLORS WILL BE AVAILABLE BY APPOINTMENT ONLY AUG 26-30, 1985

MRS. P. N. TURLAPATI
10 TUXEDO COURT
SCARBOROUGH APT. 0911
M1G 3S4

TO DISCUSS ANY ASPECT OF THIS REPORT
PLEASE CONTACT

STUDENT SERVICES AT 439-1470

COMPULSORY CREDITS EARNED			TOTAL CREDITS EARNED TO DATE		
SUBJECT AREA	COD	CREDIT	AREA OF STUDY	COD	CREDIT
ENGLISH INT	E	1.00	COMMUNICATIONS	CO	N/A
ENGLISH SR	E		SOCIAL & ENV. STUDIES	SE	N/A
MATHEMATICS	M	1.00	PHYS & APPLIED SCIENCES	PA	N/A
SCIENCE	S	1.00	ARTS	AR	N/A
CANADIAN HISTORY	H	1.00	UNCLASSIFIED	UN	N/A
CANADIAN GEOGRAPHY	G		TOTAL S.S.G.D.		N/A
SO. SOCIAL SCIENCE	R		TOTAL GRADE 13		N/A
FRENCH	F	1.00			0.00
PHYSICAL EDUCATION	P	1.00	COMPULSORY CREDITS		9.00
ARTS	A	2.00	EFFECTIVE CREDITS		
BUSINESS	B	1.00	TOTAL CREDIT		9.00
TECHNICAL	T		(I.E. INCLUDE CAREW)		

JUNIOR DIVISION: Grades 4, 5, 6

STUDENT ACHIEVEMENT FORM

STUDENT TURLAPATI Deepak GRADE 6 DATE June, 1985
SURNAME GIVEN NAME(S)

SCHOOL Woburn Junior Public School

TEACHER Mrs. L. McKell

To understand this report thoroughly, read the explanations on reverse side.

Section A		COMMENTS
ATTITUDE	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	Deepak has completed a very successful year. He has participated in a variety of activities both inside and outside the classroom. He has a good general knowledge and contributes much to class discussions. Good luck next year and in the years to come.
DEPORTMENT	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	

Important: In Section B the student's achievement is measured by comparing it to that of other children at the same grade level

Section B	ACHIEVEMENT					EFFORT		
	50	60	70	80	100	Average	Effort	Participation
READING AND LITERATURE includes: Vocabulary Comprehension Fluency Oral Reading Interest and Appreciation Reading in Related Areas				<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>			<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	
	Deepak is a good reader and has achieved success with all areas of the reading programme. Oral reading is very effective because of excellent expression and fluency. He has produced acceptable responses to comprehension questions and has a well-developed vocabulary. He chooses appropriate books for independent reading activities.							
LANGUAGE includes: Listening Speaking Writing Grammar and Usage Spelling Drama				<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>				<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
	Deepak enjoys listening to class discussions, and takes an active role himself expressing his thoughts and opinions clearly. He uses correct grammar structures in both written and oral work. He grasps and applies new language and grammar skills to daily assignments. Deepak works co-operatively in group activities. He enjoys drama and is very confident in front of an audience.							
MATHEMATICS includes: Mechanics of Arithmetic Mental Arithmetic Measurement Problem Solving Geometry				<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>				<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
	Deepak thoroughly enjoys this subject area. He participates fully in lessons and is eager to learn new work. He has had no difficulty with any concepts introduced this year. Daily assignments are neat and well-organized. Mistakes are corrected conscientiously. Problem solving skills are good. He was an active member of the math club.							

Important: In Section C the student's achievement is evaluated, to a large extent, in relation to his/her talents and capabilities, and it also reflects the student's effort and participation

Section C	Effort	Participation	Comments
FRENCH		<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	An excellent effort with good results. (L.P.)
HANDWRITING		<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	Produces neat, legible work.
MUSIC		<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	Continues to make good progress playing the trumpet. Technique and reading skills are improving. Good work!
PHYSICAL AND HEALTH EDUCATION		<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	A keen participant in all games and activities. Deepak has worked hard to improve skills in all areas. (G.D.)
SCIENCE		<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	Enjoys all aspects of this subject and has developed a good general knowledge on a variety of topics.
SOCIAL STUDIES		<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	Oral participation is excellent but written work needs more care. (I.M.)
VISUAL ARTS		<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	Has been encouraged to follow instructions carefully to produce the best work possible.

ATTENDANCE: Total Absence this School Year is _____ day(s) as of June 26, 1985

(Teacher's Signature) L. McKell *(Principal's Signature)* [Signature]

PLACEMENT IN SEPTEMBER (3rd term only) Promoted with Honours to Henry Hudson Sr. P.S.

Sanjay's Diary

From morn to noon
day in and day out
I'm told to like it
so—I pretend to like it
that's what I hate
—perhaps more than maths!

Sanjay Turlapati

HATE

I hate to hate

for to hate is sin

in this glorious world

where I live in.

I've been asked what do I hate

and so I think of

one subject—Maths!

To add and subtract from

class one to seven (I was in grade seven at that time)

is very painful even in heaven.

My grandpa's a genius

My father's an accountant

I hate what this would imply

when I can't even multiply.

Sanjay's Diary

It's 8 O'clock don't you realize
is it, I say what a surprise

My homework is tough
everlastingly rough
mummy please help me
a request she denies me.

Sanjay don't be so irresponsible
you're becoming more incomprehensible
when will you learn to be sensible
define your priorities become more tangible
It's 11 O'clock — now go to sleep
get up early this promise you keep
of all the sermons the last did appeal
I rush to bed with a squeal
I close my eyes and soon I lay
to dream and live yet another day!

It's like a fishmarket now I can see.

I somehow love to stand and stare
and what I observe I wish I could share

I reach out to seek a friend
someone trips me and headlong I double bend!

The other four periods rumble along
at last it's time for the school gong
When! at last I've got a break
to the bustop I quickly make.

Though I have homework I switch on the T.V.
engrossed I soon get in some old movie

My mother comes in with her dirtiest look
she tries to get me off the hook

Sanjay's Diary

Since I have no money
to sit longer there would seem funny

So I run out and breathe the fresh air
I love the wind blowing off my hair
my mind devours the peace and tranquility
my eyes feast on all this white pristine purity
my heart longs to embrace this utter immobility
that engulfs me in its totality

I long to fly and to take wings

A nameless melody I wish to sing

Clitter Clatter, Pitter Patter I rudely awake!
from head to toe I suddenly shake
everyone's rushed out with a gushing glee

I write what comes to mind
for I don't care to find
the answers which are right
I certainly don't care for my plight...

The next three periods send me into amuse
how is one to tell if there is a nut somewhere loose
to stuff pyramids of work
into this miniscule brain to me seems crazy.
I fervently hope the teachers won't think I'm lazy.

To the cafeteria I hustle
to find a seat amidst all the bustle
I eagerly sit down to eat my lunch
despite my terrible lunch
that my mom's packed me a mere crunch
of cheese and ham for my brunch.

Sanjay's Diary

My proficiency in English I then sit to show
words don't flow Ideas come slow
tears come to my eyes
time just seems to fly.

I sit and stare
with a concentration so rare I search deep within,
but there is nothing.

Teacher announces we have a Maths test
just the thing I heartily detest.

There's no time to browse or muse
my feverish mind looks for an excuse
what difference does it make!
How much Joe pays for an apple
problems like that my mind refuses to grapple.

but I dare not show my might
I can't disturb my mother's peace and quiet.

As I await the bus to my school I
realize I am a fool
I forgot my I.D. card and lunch at home
so I scurry back this mini Sherlock Holmes.

Louder and louder my heart does chime
as I restart my vigil for another bus so late
I pray somehow to get to school in time
God above have mercy on my fate!
If I'm a trifle of a second too late.

I spontaneously earn a date
with my teacher at 3.08
and whose commands I dare not debate.



WHAT A FATE

I get up in the morn
to the screeching of the alarm
it's too soon to shed
my very cosy bed.

My father is gargling
which sounds to me like the fire alarm
but it's better than his snarling
which'll chance if I still stay in bed warm.

To the bathroom I then scramble
to outwit my brother I must gamble
a knock on my head with his gun
my day has only just — begun!
If you had a brother like mine
it's a surprise you're in school before nine
he catapults my toothpaste, unties my shoelace

with something about going to Canada. Immediately sensing a danger to my schooling and studies, since it meant so much to me, I replied that there would be no way they would get me to leave this school. But to no avail. My parents and grandparents forced me, till I had to agree. There was no alternative, my life, I felt, was going to be in their hands.

Again the same question haunted me-'why me?' We finally arrived in Canada, Whereupon I started another life at Tecunseh Senior Public School. I love this school and hope that in my future, I would stick to one school, one place.

"Why does it always happen to me?"

Sanjay, I think this topic suits you to a tee. But, I think changing schools is going to be inevitable.

There is an expression "The only thing permanent is change" Might be a good idea to keep in your back pocket.

ing. I was running out of hope for another good school that I could study well in.

Capital school was the name of my next school. At this time I was a boy 8½-9 years old and for me starting in a new school was like starting a new life, a new career. I often prayed I would not be moved out again for I was just building a strong foundation for myself—a strong foundation.

About five years later, unexpectedly I was to go to India and study there for in Nigeria the high schools weren't good at all. Thus began another disappointment, discovery and adjustment. I couldn't understand why it was my schooling that was to be disturbed, why not my parents? My parents as usual were to stay in Nigeria, with my grandparents looking after me.

Now it so happened, that the India school was the type of school I wanted. I decided that I would never-ever leave this school for anything.

"Wouldn't you know it!," Two years later my parents came up

encing my very first major upset or suffering in life.

However, it was not all that bad, I was glad I was going back to my parents, though I gave up hope of finding another school as good as the one in India.

As time went by my parents found admission to school for me in Zaria, a small town where my mother stayed. Though not much of a memory is left in me of this school, I do remember I was attached very closely to a teacher and some friends, I began to like it. I thought that since my parents were settled and I was with them, I could continue my schooling properly.

As unbelievable as it may seem, hardly one year later, because my father received a job offer in Kaduna, another slightly larger town about 150 Km from Zaria, we had to move to Kaduna. My eyes were filled with tears, as I looked up to my parents with the searching question, "why me?"

Just like I'm running out of words to start another paragraph for I've used them all in beginning paragraphs, the same with my school.

Tuesday May 8, 1984

"Why Does It Always Happen To Me?"

When I was but five years of age, I was admitted into a school in India. Here I stayed and studied happily till there came a time when my parents had to leave for Nigeria, leaving me behind with my grand-parents.

I could not understand them parting with me and I cried and howled. I felt lonely and filled with memories of my parents who so rashly departed to another country looking for a job. At this time they left with my little baby brother.

However, I managed to settle down with my grandparents and was beginning to adjust to school. I loved my teacher and had lots of friends. My school was my dreamboat. It was my life. I loved it.

But, there came a time, a sudden time, two years later when I was seven years old, that my parents were just about settled in Nigeria and had called for me. This meant that I would have to leave my beloved school! Parting from my friends wasn't easy for me, I was experi-

pride and dignity was lost. I felt my hands tremble, my eyes closed and tears dripped gradually down my cheeks. People were now staring at me as though I was a specimen from another planet. Although I knew, I was one of them. I hated publicity and these people made me feel conspicuous. Actually, I wished I was from another planet, another more hospitable world. I wished I was lost, and that someone from the other planet would come to take me away.

I woke up out of my embarrassment and just then saw my stop go by. I didn't shout because I knew the driver would never hear me over the crowds' chatter, so I slowly made my way to the front door, from which I would get off this mad bus.

I eventually got off and walked away from the crowds in the bus. Not knowing where I was, for I had missed my stop, desperately trying to forget the whole drama that had just take place, I saw a couple of stops ahead, my friend, another eleven year old waiting for the bus..

Sanjay's Diary

scramble closer to the bus that was already being jam packed, I felt a slight tap or should, I say push on my shoulder. Confused I turned around and an old woman said, "Don't you see me an' old woman' eh? move, me lady an' lady's first!"

Quickly, and so as to not cause further confrontation, I moved out of her way, despite what I heard her mumble "boy gosh! These lads of today." I felt dejected and wondered why all the old people always made fun of us, first because we were born now and not then. My heart thumped rapidly. I was frightened of the people, and what they may say to me.

I got on the bus and moved to a standing position in the back. The bus was extremely hot, crowded and full of noise. Though I was jostled around, I managed to stay on the bus. Sitting in front of me, were two teenage boys talking to themselves, giggling. Suddenly, one said, "Hey, you damn 'Paki', move! And you know that red thing you people wear on your heads, is it a landing strip for flies? ha, ha, ha!"

At that indignity, I became self-conscious and my entire respect,

Thursday, April 19, 1984

'LOST AND FOUND'

Here I was in the middle of the crowd, I wasn't sure where to turn next. The crowd had assembled for a bus and I was a part of the crowd.

It was a very hot and humid afternoon. The sun was blazing down on us and I felt as though I was in a burning oven. Everywhere I looked I saw people. Tall people as I was the only short kid of about eleven years old in the crowd. People were perspiring and chattering, or mumbling about the late bus. Others like me, were quiet but restless.

I felt confused when the bus finally came because all the people were pushing themselves and it was worse than those fishmarkets that my ma took me to and worst of all, this was my first time on a bus, alone.

I had moved to a school far from our apartment and today I felt like taking the bus home rather than walking three miles.

Thud! I was pushed and by the time I managed to get up and

spell began to execute itself. Richard had many violent and disturbing nights. He also began to sleep much more. The entire kingdom was shocked and worried as their king grew very ill. In time, one of the king's advisor's advised king Richard to go and see Somnia, the goddess of sleep.

Hearing this sensible advice, Richard visited Somnia, the goddess of sleep, and said, "O great goddess!, an evil magician had cast a spell on me, so that I would dream and dream of only evil; I have therefore come to seek your godly advice and help".

"Dear Richard", replied the exquisitely beautiful goddess, "I cannot completely remove the spell, for it is too powerful, but, I can alter or change it a bit. Instead of only dreaming of evil things or in other words nightmares everytime you dream, you shall and everybody who falls under this spell shall, dream of good things too. Therefore, you will dream, but sometimes of evil and sometimes of good."

Thus, king Richard became known as king Richard the sleepy and this is how we all dream—sometimes of good and sometimes of evil.

bowmanship and great talent, killed Minosta and became the fair and forgiving king Richard of Bernia. Richard gave the old man a very high position in his castle.

BUT, Richard didn't know that the pathetic looking old man was actually a deceptive evil magician, who wanted the powerful king Minosta to be defeated so that he could slowly and unjustly take the king's place.

Day by day, the evil magician persuaded Richard into giving up more of the kingdom until finally, one day, Richard took notice of this constant pleading and refused the old evil man any more of his throne.

Enraged, at this, the old evil magician spontaneously cast a spell on Richard, "when you sleep, you will NOT JUST SLEEP BUT DREAM—YOU SHALL DREAM OF EVIL, AND will have nightmares. And This Country For Everyone In Your Kingdom, And On Earth. On Earth Because of The Inhospitable Treatment I Received While I was There". With this the evil magician stepped out of Richard's kingdom.

At this stage, Richard hardly took the spell seriously but soon the

Tuesday, April 17, 1984

Why We Dream—It's Origin

Richard, a poor 18 year orphan boy, was already known in the land of the gods and goddesses, as having super strength and talent in athletic events. Richard was good in Archery, discus throwing and in many other sports. As well as being very strong and handsome, people thought Richard also had a flair for royalty.

Now, one hot sunny afternoon, while Richard was walking down a hill, he met an old man carrying a very expensive vase of gold, ten times heavier than the old man himself. Richard good naturedly, and politely asked the man if he could carry the vase to the old man's home. To this the old man heartily agreed...

As they were walking, the old man told Richard of how he suffered every day because of his cruel king, Minosta, and how he prayed that some day, a saviour would come and kill Minosta. Richard hearing this pathetic story, took a vow that he would kill Minosta and become king of this old man's country.

Eventually, Richard, with the help of the old man with his excellent

as drinking, smoking, lying, bad manners etc and this promise should never be broken. For if this promise is broken, you will hurt both yourself and your parents and this would seriously reflect your character in the modern society.

HOWEVER, there are certain circumstances where promises are better not kept. For an example, let's say you promise some one help financially, but due to your own financial problems you cannot help them, it is better to break the promise by telling them in advance rather than having false pride.

When Man values himself, he is valued by others. So, in olden days a word spoken was a deed done and therefore others revered and worshipped such a strong human.

And what about to-day Sanjay? Are words as scared to-day?

WORDS ARE THE BEST WAYS OF COMMUNICATION AND THUS ARE PROJECTIONS OF ONE'S INNERMOST SELF.

A very profound thing—your philosophy?

You can throw out your rough copies.

Monday, April 9, 1984

"Promises—Should They always Be Kept?"

Promises are sworn words of honour and must therefore not be broken. In some cases, promises can reflect your character to the society. By this I mean that sometimes when promises are made and kept, the person or persons the promise was made with could deduce that the promise was made with trust, honesty and respect. And thus in this modern society where gossip travels very fast, you might gain a valuable reputation that you could be proud of. The person who kept the promise would also feel glad and happy that the time spent was worthwhile.

Before making a promise, one must think of the circumstances they are committing themselves to, so that circumstances where it's better not to keep a promise do not confront you.

An example when promises should never be broken no matter what circumstances might arise is probably as a child, you may promise your parents that you wouldn't indulge yourself in bad habits, such

where all you have to do is bury yourself in sand all the way up to your neck.

Then if you don't eat anything at all and wait for a full hour, you will get a gold bar of this size dropped from the sky by a heavenly bird."

Styly took the greedy lion, ensured he was buried to his neck in the sand of the nearby desert. Then telling the lion to comply with the rules Styly left. The lion remained in the scorching desert starving, yet, still collecting all the fake gold bars the fake heavenly bird dropped. And eventually the lion died.

As this story ends remember, "Too much of anything can be dangerous."

The Greedy And Foolish King of Beasts

In the old Everwood forest, there lived a large and mean lion, who was feared by all the other animals. As the king of the forest, the lion enjoyed royalty—he loved money, lots of money. And because of this, the lion would rob all the animals of their belongings saying that it was the government form of tax.

Soon Hooty, the wise owl, decided to hold a meeting. As all the animals gathered in a secret place unknown to the lion, Hooty shouted, "Dear Animals, our king has been secretly robbing all of our money by saying it is a form of tax paying. We should teach him a lesson!"

The rabbits, squirrels, mice, hare, foxes and bears all agreed to this. Now the animals selected Styly the sly fox to work out their plan.

One day, Styly went up to the lion and showed him a bar of gold. The lion looking at the gold bar exclaimed, "How did you ever manage to get it, dear fox?"

"Well", replied Styly, "I know of this great place in the desert

Sometimes, when I had nothing to do I'd think about the camp that seemed as though it would never come. After all, this was my first camp in Canada.

My mother enrolled me in different summer activities such as swimming, tennis and computer basics to keep me busy. They helped me somewhat! I had a lot to do and only after all these courses would finish I would have the time to either pack or dream about the camp. The day was finally coming closer and for the first time I panicked. I felt unusually frightened at the thought of leaving for the camp not because I'm leaving home, for I have left home lots of times but...I had no special accomplishment. What if I am not accepted? As the date was only two days away, my fear had reached its highest level. I even questioned myself as to why I decided to go. I couldn't sleep, eat or drink. I couldn't stand or sit. I was neither happy nor sad through the period. I was in suspended animation. Yet I tried to look and be bold. I managed but I would never understand how time had made me feel in just 1½ months.

'Time Stands Still'

It was the third period at school and the daily routine was going rather smoothly. Suddenly, Mr. Storey beckoned me by the intercom to his office, where he gave me a pamphlet for a summer camp. The pamphlet told me information about a camp and it indeed sounded exciting. I had the option of going.

For the rest of the day, it seemed as though the rhythm had changed. I felt dazed and afloat. It seemed to me as though time stood still. I couldn't wait to get home to ask my parents' permission. Anxiety seemed to grow in me, even seconds stretched...However permission was no problem. I didn't have to beg or plead. My parents agreed to my going instantly. The proposed date was for August, and it was only the middle of June. I would therefore have to wait a whole month and more. My heart was throbbing from that day on. That night, and in fact every night till the day, I would dream about the camp for I really longed to go there. Time seemed to stand still.

ue the race or give up since I had already fallen behind twelve places? The solution lay ahead. I couldn't stop here, I must finish. As I continued to run, a pain that I never experienced started in my good right side. It grew larger and larger and the more I tried to forget it the more it got back at me.

I suddenly could see the finish line in front of me and as I tried to use up the little energy left in me I realized I was dropping way back, back, back! I estimated myself at about 35th out of the forty runners and as the pain and tears grew larger I tried my hardest to finish. I felt as though I failed, and just a foot before the finish line I fell! I tried getting up but to no avail, and as I spread out my arms and fingers to touch the finish line, three others finished.

"Triiling, Triiling!" Oh! I jumped out of.....what, what my bed?

It was the morning alarm.

Very good Sanjay. This is an old plot but nevertheless you wrote it well. A definite climax.

Monday, October 24, 1983

'The Race'

It was a clear morning. I was waiting for the race. I felt stiff and not very bright that morning.

My coach signalled to me as if he were telling me to take it easy and also to get ready for the start.

All my opponents were taller, much heftier looking guys and as we all knelt, the huge and noisy crowd grew quiet. The whole stadium was dark to my eyes and since this was my first time I couldn't really understand it. I was tense, I couldn't move a muscle. Suddenly, I heard it, yes, the shot! The race had begun!

I felt as though I was the only one running. My heart was beating fast as adrenalin surged through my blood. The only thing I could hear were footsteps. The footsteps grew closer and closer and finally-thud! I was pushed! I looked up only to find the guy in green shorts making his getaway. How could that happen? I could not really tell anyone for this was the halfway mark. I get up and hesitated. Should I contin

March 18, 1983

All a woman has to do is get married. After that she doesn't have to worry about anything. Discuss!

I don't really agree with this. It is foolish for a person to just think of growing up, getting married and sitting idle. After all, it has built up this way that men do all the work but it doesn't mean that the women just sit back! Actually, a lot of just getting married is done even today. But, nowadays people (even women) have to work if a family is to live peacefully. More and more women have started to work and seem to enjoy it. Also, even after the women get married they would still have to worry about many things such as cooking, family husbands etc. It's also true that some women don't want to face the work for they are either frightened or for many other such reasons.

Sanjay's Diary

you're going downhill" or "People are beating me in work" or "Please write poems for Ms. Demandt". It's not that I'm not doing any of these things in fact I'm being beaten in class, I'm writing poems etc. It's the time that I need and I'm not getting sufficient time. However, I will keep trying.

I would also like to mention that why I chose education as an important aspect in my life is because being educated widens your choices. In fact you have a better future in front of you. I would want to grow up as a scientist or someone that grade.

Thursday, March 17, 1983

Who or what is the most important person (or thing) in your life?

Apart or beside my parents (family) I give a lot of attention to my education. Luckily, I have had excellent teachers in all my classes so far. Therefore, I enjoy studying, working and most of all school. My parents came to Canada primarily for the education of both my brother and myself. They told me the purpose and requested me to do the best of what I could do. The other day I took home the report card, all my mother said was "you are fine. But you are not doing your best". I very much agree to what she said and I am ashamed at myself. Truly I have the ability to pass this grade with excellence. I was not pleased with my report card.

I am under pressure right now, for the amount of pressure I cannot behold. It's not only the work part that bothers me (in act I am fine with school work) but the thoughts that haunt me such as "Sanjay,

March 9, 1983

Who is your favourite movie star? what do you admire about him or her? what movies has he/she made?

Even though I watch very few movies, I have a number of favourite movie stars. Back in India, (I love movies there) I have about 2 movie stars.

My favourite type of movie is comedy and therefore the two sets of comedians that I love are (1) Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis (2) Laurel and Hardy

Jerry Lewis has been my favourite star for only about 3 months for I saw his first movie recently. My mother always told me that Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis made an excellent pair of comedians (even though I have watched both of them in only one movie). Jerry Lewis has excellent expressions on his face and some movies are hilarious. Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy have been my favourite stars for the past 6 years.

There has never been such a pair of comedians in history and will never be.

March 8, 1983

TERM THREE

Tell what happened to your IALAC.

After making small sized IALAC signs I pinned them all over my sweater hoping that it would soon be destroyed! Why I had that feeling that the sign must be destroyed I do not know myself. However, only 3 put downs were given to me. Those who tried to do it on purpose I ignored. I never or tried my best not to return those ignorant or nasty put downs. However, on the other hand I received a few stars which were pleasing to me. The number of stars I received yesterday were three. I enjoyed doing it and would want to really keep track on those put downs that I receive.

Sanjay's Diary

January 25, 1983

When you leave this world how would you like to be remembered?

What would you like to have accomplished?

I have not thought about it yet but just pretending, one aspect I would want to be remembered for is my honesty. I am honest and if not will plan to be honest for the rest of my life. I also plan to be famous and after I am gone will probably leave a good mark on humans or on this earth. I would like to be (good) understanding, mature and many other good aspects of life. I would like to be respected by people rather than stereotyped and apart from all this would try to enjoy life too. Too mature may sometimes also spoil you.

January 24, 1983

For a wet Monday morning write something funny!

The two greatest comedians

The two greatest comedians of all times were Laurel and Hardy. Laurel was a thin man whereas Hardy was just the opposite—fat! Over these years they have filmed so many films and each one of their acts or films will just make you go roaring with laughter. Nobody has ever been able to replace such a pair. Laurel with his long face looks just like a dud. Hardy as usual with his small beady eyes was my favourite character. They both always keep fighting trying to solve things etc. One incident was when they both were trying to get a bead or a necklace away from somebody at night and they both kept making such silly noises and finally ended up waking up the house owners etc. Once again, nobody has ever been able to come up with such a pair as Laurel and Hardy.

Sanjay's Diary

January 20, 1983

Q. If you had one week to live, how would you spend it? What last things would you do?

At first I would naturally be sad that I had only one week left to live. If I was to die by a disease I would obviously be in bed and would lie there till my heart stops pumping. (sob). If I had children they would be next to me and crying for their beloved father and I would just sit there and order for this and that, eat all I could and won't it be a jolly good time. I obviously wouldn't be able to go skiing, or at the beach for I already know I will be gone from this planet earth and would probably come after another hundred years. Lastly I would probably pack up my clothes in a suitcase and wait for the plane from to heaven to come.

How tragic can a paragraph get?

Answer—Why? or How? at bottom of page

Q. 1 What makes more noise than a cat stuck in a tree?

A. 1 Two cats stuck in a tree.

Q. 2 What is the first thing you do when you jump in a pond?

A. 2 Get wet.

Q. 3 What time would it be if an elephant sat on your fence?

A. Time to get a new one.

Answer how? to WORLD FAMOUS RIDDLE

When a baby is born it crawls on fours, and then stands on two and later adds a one.

I enjoy reading your entries.

Sanjay's Diary

January 17, 1983

Take a clean page to write :

1) words of wisdom 2) messages 3) graffiti; art work

One of the most famous riddles in the world is from the Greek sphinx. It is said that she killed anyone who could not answer her riddle and I do not remember what it is but I think it goes like this :-what goes on four feet, and two, and three, and the more it has the weaker it be ?

I again only SUPPOSE it is like this, but I do know the question and the question is just like this except probably the first 3 words might be different.

I was fascinated by the answer to this famous and great riddle and the answer is.....Man.....Try to figure it out!

January 14, 1983

Write something private—for no one else—in your journal e.g. secret, something bothering you etc.

I was very lazy in the Christmas holidays and didn't do a single thing about my speech arts. Yesterday, the 13th of 1983, finally got the message that I should do my speech for there is only one day left. I began writing after going home sulkily for I had my first detention and I finally managed to write the speech by 6.00 o'clock in the evening. I then started to by heart the speech, saying it at least 35 times then revising, oh! this was horrible. I did not watch the T.V., did not get up from my chair and it was surely not fun. I studied till 11.40 in the night and at that time I thought of stopping and getting up at 6.00 O'clock the next morning. I got up the next morning and revised my whole speech. I felt really ashamed, for it was all because of my laziness and not doing my speech before. I repent for what I had done and hope you will enjoy my speech.

I did!

Sanjay's Diary

I shaked it for about 10 minutes then took out the half burned toast, the crusty shelled omelette and went out to the table to eat this great breakfast. I put the omelette on the toast and took a bite and oh! I couldn't tell you how it tasted. I immediately asked my mother to make her own breakfast! The milk shake was not bad since it was only some milk.

January 13, 1983

Tell about a cooking experience you had once!

One of my craziest cooking experiences was when I was cooking an omelette for breakfast. I was supposed to make a toast, an omelette and some milk shake.

I thought it would be simple to make the toast first so I took some bread, put it in an oven and waited. I was very small and I had actually forced my mother to let me make my own breakfast. So, my mother stood beside me watching. I then went to make the omelette. I took 2 eggs and put them with the shells in the frying pan. I then stirred the omelette and took it off the fire and started to blow on it so that it would cool down.

I then thought I would make some milk shake. I took some milk put it in a jug and began shaking it! I thought I was very intelligent for taking some MILK and SHAKING it.

Sanjay's Diary

once upon a time a friend and this friend had died. And since then all my grandmother's children died even before they were born and one night my grandmother had a dream of this same lady wearing a white sari and then her next child (my mother) was born. My grandmother decided to name my mother Padma after her mysterious friend. My grandmother then had five children. Before my mother had given birth to me she also had this peculiar dream and she also decided to name me Padma. So, this name actually started from a dream of a lady in white!

That is interesting.

January 12, 1983

Tell me about a dream you had seen recently.

(My six names)

My name has a lot to do with dreams. In the olden days some people in India and even now name their children 2 or more names. This is not surprising for lots of religious people in this world do that. In fact, it is not a custom but just a suggestion: for example—my grandmother told my mother to name me Kumar, whereas my mother's mother told her (my mother) to name me Padma. I therefore have in all six names and they go like this Sanjay, Narayana, Turlapati, Padma, Kumar, Venkata.

Now, out of all these six names only one has to do with a dream and that is Padma. Now Padma is my mother's short name and it is quite awkward for me for it is a ladies name. However it is an important name. It started like this—my grandmother (mother's mother) had

Sanjay's Diary

January 11, 1983

What activity have you done that has given you much excitement.

The activity that I think will give me a thrill is skating. I (had) have never skated before but since I have my own skates I have been practising but keep falling down about 30 times an hour. I had got that idea when I saw an ice hockey tournament between the Soviets and the Canadians + Americans. The games were exciting and fun and they were skating and playing so well that I immediately had ice hockey and skating down on my future list. I have watched them skate and have wanted to skate. And I will soon be playing Ice Hockey, the game I consider exciting. Even though I watched it only once I love the skating part of it.

January 10, 1983

Tell some ways in which you would be a good parent.

The first thing that I would teach my children (if I have any) is probably manners and discipline for I personally think that if you don't have manners and discipline you wouldn't get anywhere in this world. And if they do (learn to) have manners I will probably buy them toys, books, games and be fair with both children (if I have 2 children). However after all this it is up to my children to rate me such as a good parent or a mean parent etc. I do not really again mean to discipline them to the point where they will have to eat food without talking, opening the mouth etc.

January 7, 1983

On dating

Usually, I think it depends on how mature the person is, and also on how old. How mature the person is, is because it depends on whether you are a 20 year old girl and behave like a 2 year old etc. and why how old the person is, is because if a 56 year old lady goes dating with a 15 year old boy it is quite awkward. I have never dated before and probably will never.

Cute idea!

Keep up the splendid work!

January 6, 1983

Q. Should men share or do the household duties and work ?

Men often think they are unbeatable in almost everything e.g. sports, strength etc. against the ladies. But I don't really think that way for I know that the women are probably more powerful in their own ways e.g. washing dishes, skipping etc. It is really not right to compare. I therefore think that men and women should both share and do the household work.

Sanjay's Diary

January 5, 1983

The most difficult task or feeling I had to put up with was not as a woodcutter, fisherman or even riding bicycles for the first time but was to undertake the sudden and astounding death of my dog, Snoopy. I was very attached to the dog and once I heard about the dog I was alarmed. It took me about two and a half months to forget about it. But, however there have been (more) harder tasks in my life but I prefer to keep them secret since they are not as hard or difficult as this one.

January 4, 1983

The morning was a sulky, cold and miserable one. It was the second day of school. I did not feel like getting up for I was a bit lazy and it was cold too, but since I had to go to school I had to be forced out of bed, which was not really pleasant. However after getting up I finished brushing my teeth and got ready. I then went down for breakfast and for breakfast I was supposed to eat corn flakes with bananas. I certainly don't like such combinations! Then, however, after finishing breakfast I quickly ran to catch the bus to come to school and unfortunately I had to wait for about 15 minutes — that made me late but still I was in school in time fortunately.

In all eyes dumb and mute
see and feel I the pain acute.
In all things tiny and helpless
Death's work seems to senseless.
Death comes to all it is only a part,
like when the plays end the actors must depart.
When my time comes
I too will go like royalty to meet
Snoopy with dignity
but Death you are condemned—
by one and all, to feel ever so small.

Sanjay Narayan

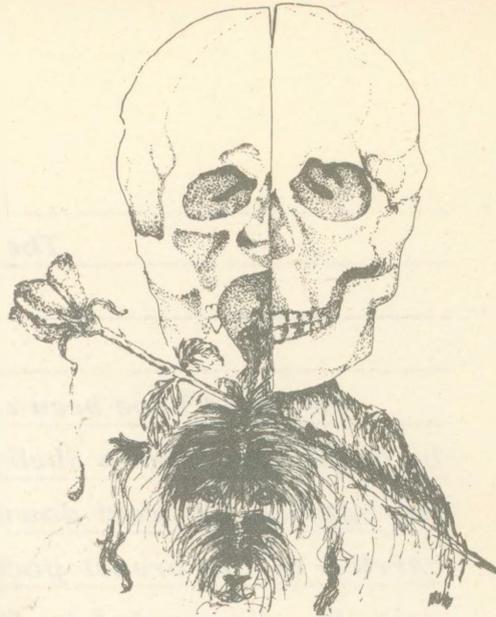
Death Be not proud

Snoopy my best friend:
Snatched away were you
before I could be there
to defend.

Death be not proud
there's nothing for you to applaud
your seeking him seems
purposeless;

when no one was home

Snoopy was tiny and defenseless. Your victory is empty
for though Snoopy is no more.
He lives in my heart for-ever more.



The Death of a Keats

He could have been a Keats. He could have been a Byron. Or he could have been a Shelley. I mean the teenager Sanjay who with the hapless 329 went down the Atlantic in the killer 'Kanishka'. He carried in the breast pocket a sonnet entitled 'Death' he penned recently. He wanted to discuss it with his grandma anchored to Vijayawada. His poetry loving schoolmaster in a distant Canadian town appreciated the genius of the budding poet. He asked Sanjay, it would appear, to write one poem every month for a slim anthology he would love to print as the next birthday gift to the Keats in the making.

WHAT? ALIENS!

