

Baby Shahrukh with dad

On 2nd November 1965 a normal occurrence happened at the Talwar Nursing Home in New Delhi. Just like many newborns, I was born with the umbilical cord entangled around my neck. A nurse said that it was by the blessings of Hanuman and that I would be a very lucky child. I don't know if I believe in it but it is the one thing I was told by my parents about my birth that I remember.

that point my father had a transportation business, I had seen him dealing with tempos, trucks, etc. I believed anyone having anything to do with vehicles was a driver.

We lived in Rajinder Nagar, I even remember the house number it was F-442. I have vague memories of my playschool, I think it was called Tiny Tots and was right next to our house.

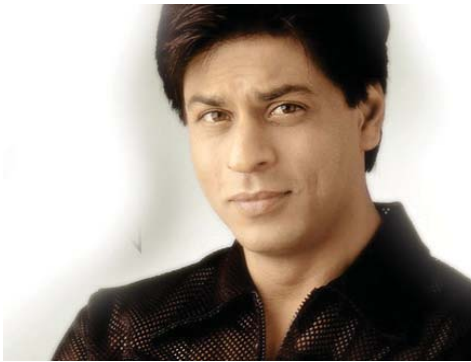
A legend is born

Shahrukh Khan

After playschool I began my formal education at St. Columba's High School, New Delhi. It was near Gole market, run by Irish brothers who believed in discipline and a very high standard of education. I can recall my first day and the teacher who interviewed me, Mrs. Bala, asked me to tell her what my father's profession was. And at

So I replied that my dad was a tempo driver. Mrs. Bala told me that I had very cute dimples and then asked me to kiss her. That was my first kiss. Oh yes, and I was admitted to the school.

We were given black and golden stars for



our behaviour and test results. Five black stars meant lying across Mrs. Bala's lap and get-

ting spanked three times, I think. Being quite naughty I was spanked a lot. I wish

the same treatment was meted out to me even now. Looking back one realizes that what one thought punishment was actually quite pleasurable.

Overall my early years of schooling were quite wonderful. I had my share of spanking, and was often made to stand in the corner with my finger on the lips. I was forced by my teacher to learn how to swim by being thrown into the water and expected to survive with gallons of water in my stomach, eyes and ears. Till date I hate swimming...and my teacher for subjecting me to this torture.

see a Hindi film in the theatre. I had never been to a movie hall before. So I stayed up all night and studied my butt off and managed to get full marks and my mother took me to see my first Hindi film, in a theatre. Two things happened because of this incident. One, I became quite the Hindi pundit



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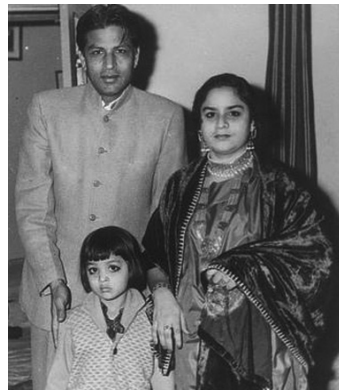
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Mom, dad and sister

But all said and done I love all my teachers. They were very kind and sweet. I guess the essence of one's life is developed during these formative years. And I feel I had the best formative years because of the nice teachers I had.

Here's to all of them...good morning ma'am and thank you ma'am.

Incidents & Accidents

One important turning point in my life occurred because I was very bad in Hindi. I used to get 2 or 3 on 10 and always failed in this subject. Once, my mother told me that if I got full marks in Hindi she would take me to

and later always did very well in Hindi. And secondly, I got the feel for Hindi films. My command over the language helps me immensely to essay my roles in films today. The moral of the story is, if your mom tells you to study hard, do it. You may just become a film star and your education will help you one helluva lot. But if your mother is insisting on anthropology or biochemistry or perhaps aromatic therapy, then ignore her.

I remember sitting on the wall and blowing flying kisses to the schoolgirls passing by. Once a girl came complaining to my dad but my father was sure that it could not be me as I was too young. He made the girl wait so that she could see me and realise that it was the neighbour's son who was teasing her and not me. But to my father's embarrassment I walked in without my pants on and on seeing the girl blew her a flying kiss and told my dad that this was my sweetheart. This was the first and last girl I ever made a pass to.

To be continued

Courtesy www.bollywoodboards.com