



Saajin loved his name.  
He saw it in the clouds.  
He wrote it with his cereal.  
He even sang it in the tub.



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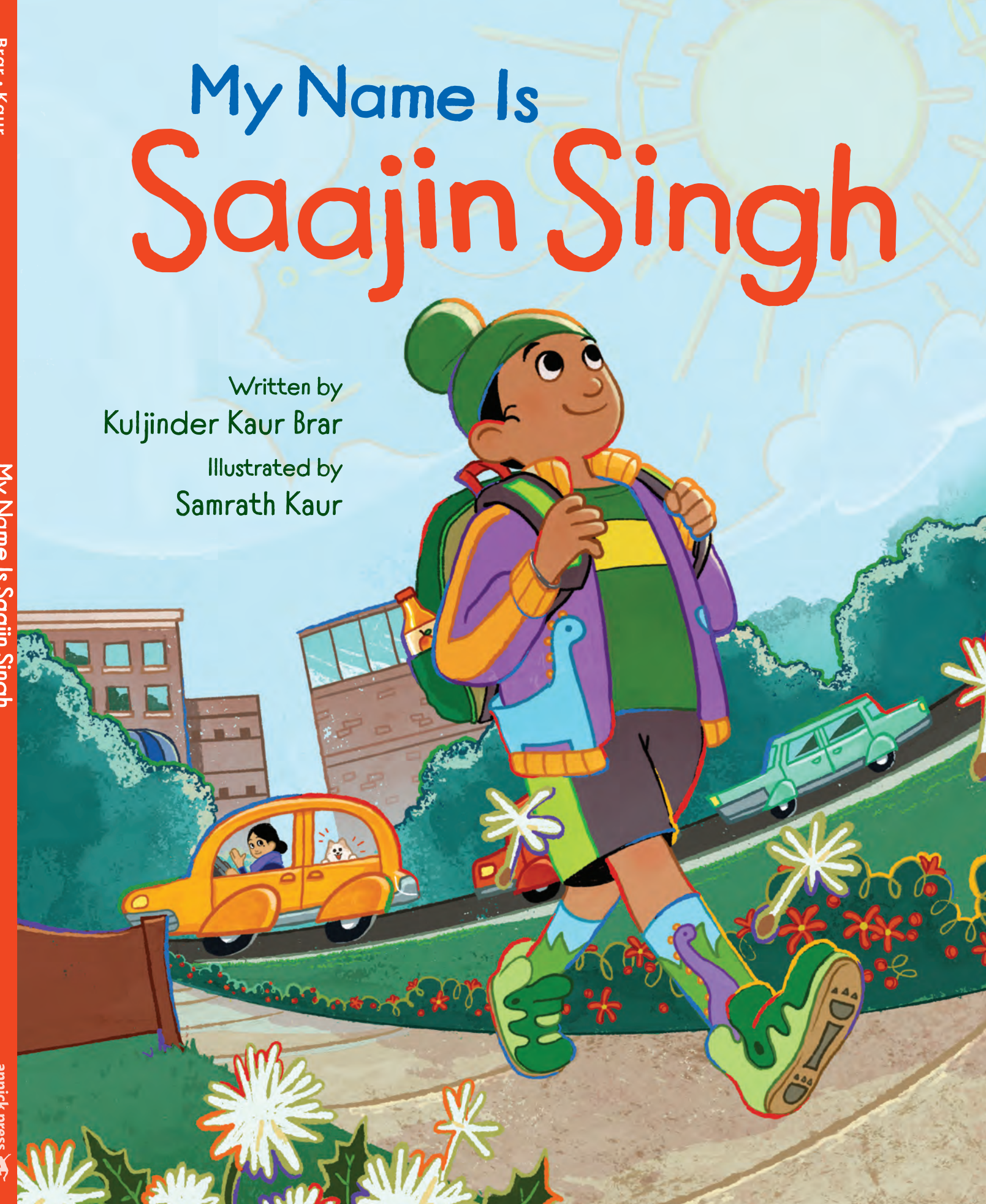
My Name Is Saajin Singh

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# My Name Is Saajin Singh

Written by  
Kuljinder Kaur Brar

Illustrated by  
Samrath Kaur



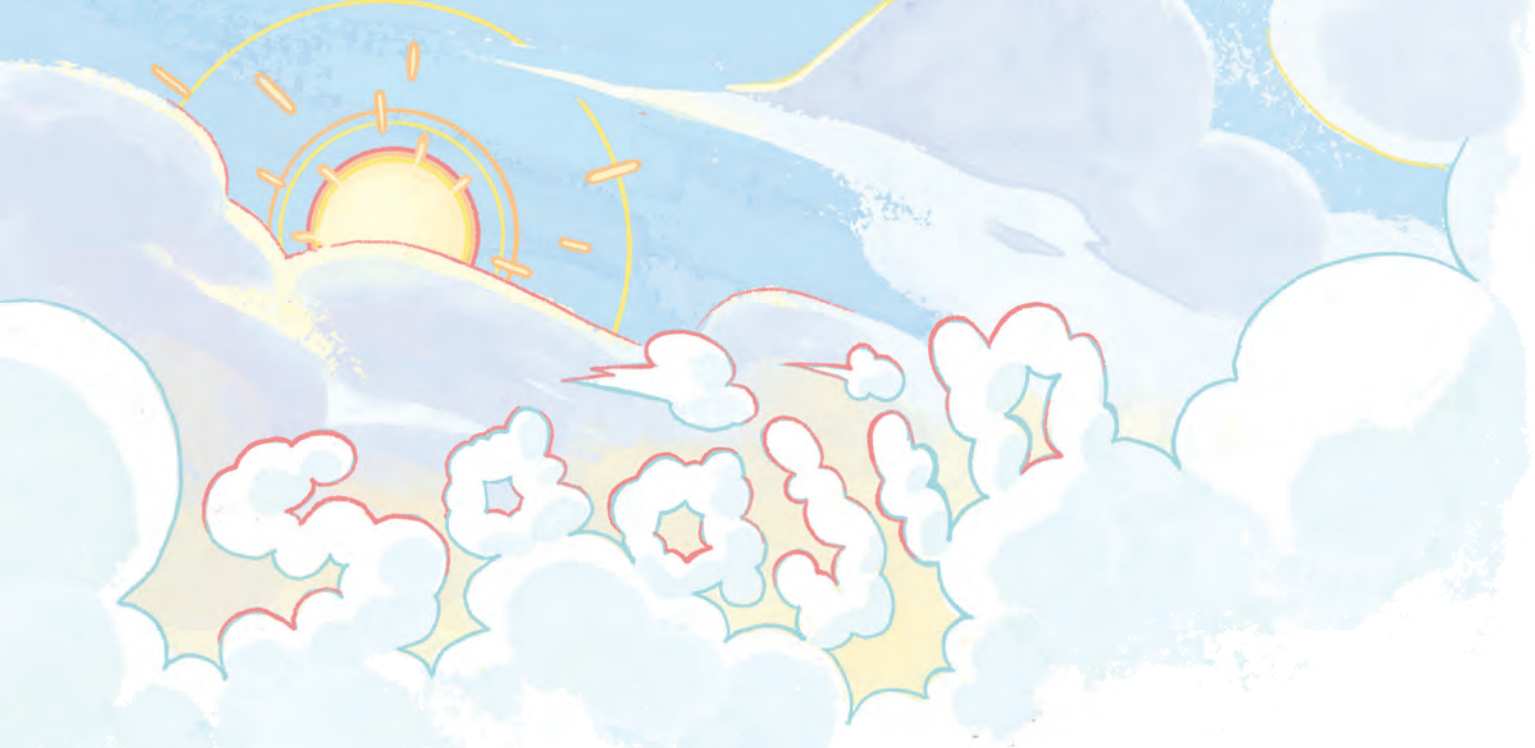


# My Name Is Saajin Singh



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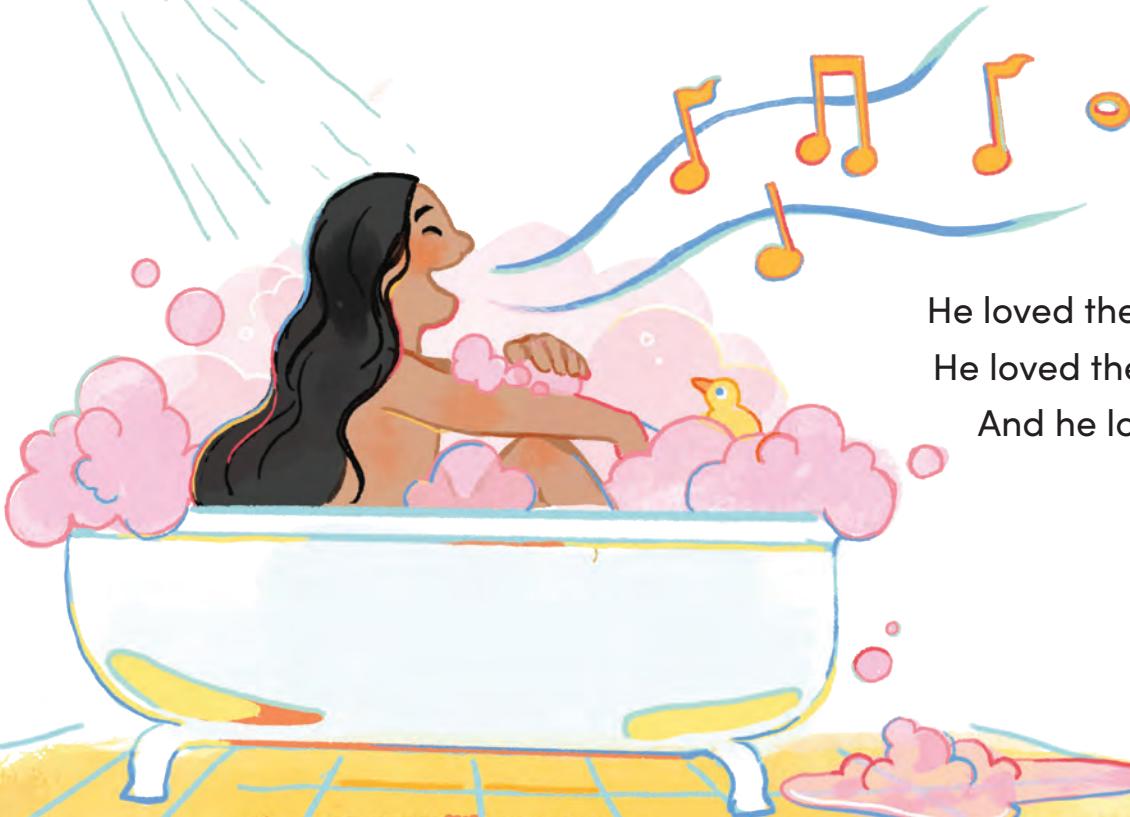
Saajin (Sah-jin) loved his name.  
He saw it in the clouds.



He wrote it with his cereal.



He even sang it in the tub.



He loved the way it looked.  
He loved the way it tasted.  
And he loved the way it  
sounded.








On the first day of school, Saajin wore his favorite t-shirt.  
He wore his favorite shoes. He even wore his favorite food.  
“Yay, school!” exclaimed Saajin. “I’m going to make so many  
new friends!”  
“I’m sure you will.” Dad smiled and gave him a big hug.





Everything felt right, until Mrs. Wilson took attendance.  
“When I call your name, your job is to say ‘here’ and raise your hand, so I know who came to school today.”

“Sarah?”

“Here!”

“Matthew?”

“Here!”

“Kelly?”

“Here!”

“Eric?”

“Here!”





Mrs. Wilson took a long pause  
and raised her eyebrow.

“Say-jin?”

There was no response.

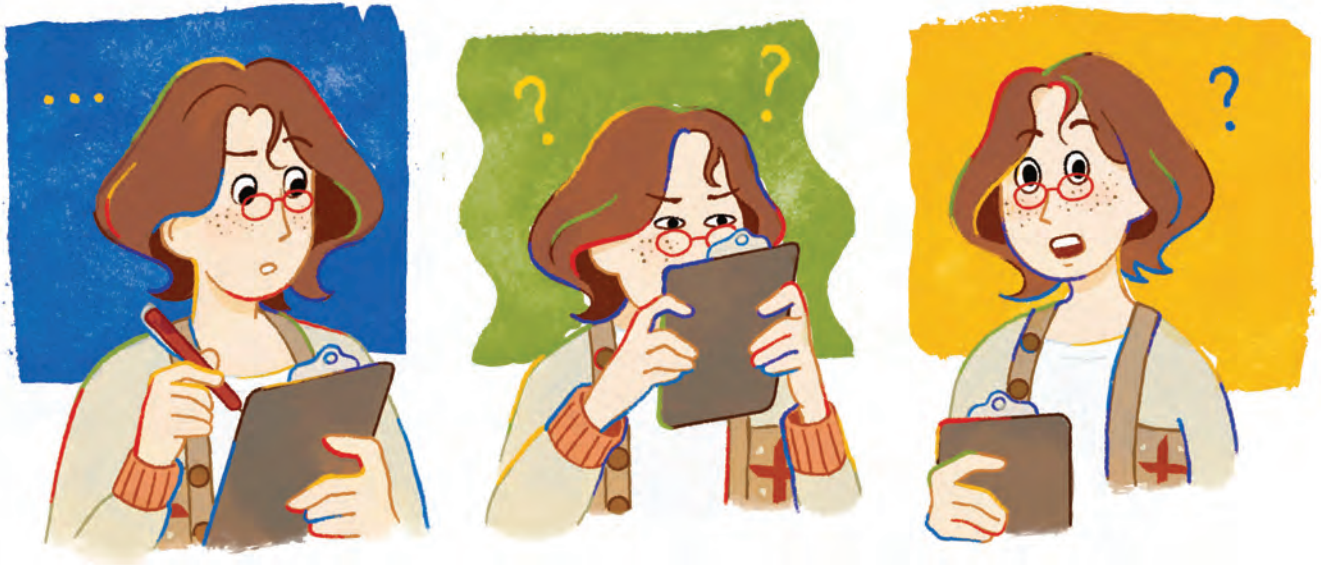
SAY-JIN?



“Um . . . Say-jin?” repeated Mrs. Wilson.

Saajin looked around. His name hadn’t been called yet.

“Say-jin Singh,” said Mrs. Wilson, as she continued to look around the room.



Saajin knew that was his last name. But the first name didn’t sound right. He didn’t like the sound of that name.

“Everyone please listen carefully. Is there a Say-jin Singh who is here today?”



Saajin went red in his cheeks, shrugged his shoulders, and raised his hand, "Here."

Mrs. Wilson finished off the rest of the attendance and Saajin didn't hear any other name that sounded familiar, so he knew he made the right choice by raising his hand.

