

# John Logie Baird

## Diary Entry - February 18th

It is my third week in Trinidad and Tobago. I have been speaking to Taya Tanski, a woman who works in one of Trinidad and Tobago's 'Future Is Technology' labs. I have become very interested in her studies, she possesses one of the most amazing imaginations! All of her plans seem impossible, although one of her plans does seem to be ever so slightly achievable. Taya's plan is to create a small box that shows moving images, she imaginatively calls it the 'mechanical television!'

## Wednesday

Taya told me that one of the esteemed professors is interested in her designs! Taya says that she overheard Dr Newman say he is willing to kidnap her, to retrieve the plans. All I felt was fear for her as I lay awake all night, thinking constantly about how I was going to save her from the almost inevitable kidnap. I knew it was possible because there were rocky caves in Trinidad where there are pockets of air, and if I made a simple wooden structure inside the cave it would allow a person to hide inside. It would have a simple structure as a bed, a food preparation area, a desk, chair and a storage cupboard. All I had to do was ensure it would work in saving Taya from the evil plans of Dr Newman.

## Thursday

To my horror, when I walked into the lab building Taya was not to be seen! I asked the receptionist if she had seen Taya and she said that she had not been there all morning. The receptionist looked worried and encouraged me to find her, by going to 'Abago 14 Street.' My stomach churned not knowing if Taya had disappeared to hide, because I still hadn't told her about my secret plan to hide in the rocky caves. Whilst walking to her house my mind was in turmoil, concerned if she would be there or if she was on the run. If that was the case there was no way I was going to find her! When I finally arrived at her house I saw Taya close her front door and start to walk tentatively towards the end of her road. I ran like never before whilst screaming at the top of my voice, "Stop!" I exclaimed, "What are you doing out in the open, we have to hide you and I have a plan." I whispered my heavily thought plan in her ear, Taya replying that she would go, but only if I visited the cave every day. Obviously I agreed!

## Diary Entry - August 28th

Tuesday

It has been 6 months since I last wrote of my dear friend Taya who has been in hiding for what now seems like a lifetime. Unfortunately Taya has become fearfully ill with a bite from a spider. Everyday becomes an increasing struggle, my hopes of her recovering slowly and surely drowned completely. I feel the sheer need to describe my feelings in this diary and have never needed too so much, to such an extent before. I have to accept the fact that Taya is dying. I have to admit that I need to follow her wish for me to finish her research into her 'mechanical television'. I want to finish her research, and follow in her legacy, but surely my intelligence is completely lacking compared to Taya?

Friday

Taya my best friend, and my admiration in life died this morning in my arms. I shouted for a doctor as I lifted her outside the caves in the last hope that I would save her. Many kind people came towards me and uttered, "Taya has died." The community had been greatly affected by the death, their words resonating so deeply, that I broke down into a pool of tears. I had lost my best friend and the most important person to me in the world.

In Taya's memory I took her incredible sketches of the 'mechanical television' with me back to my home, the United Kingdom. In Taya's honour and my admiration for her, I begin my journey in turning her idea into a reality, a reality that would be based on the memory of Taya, my friend and the extraordinary inventor.

By Tamara Bradley