

# The Elephant

No. 274

WELHAMBOYS' SCHOOL

25th May, 2002

## Think About It....

Children of the future, watching empires fall,  
Madness the cup they drink, self-destruction the toll.

- Ozzy Osbourne (Revelation)

## EDITORIAL

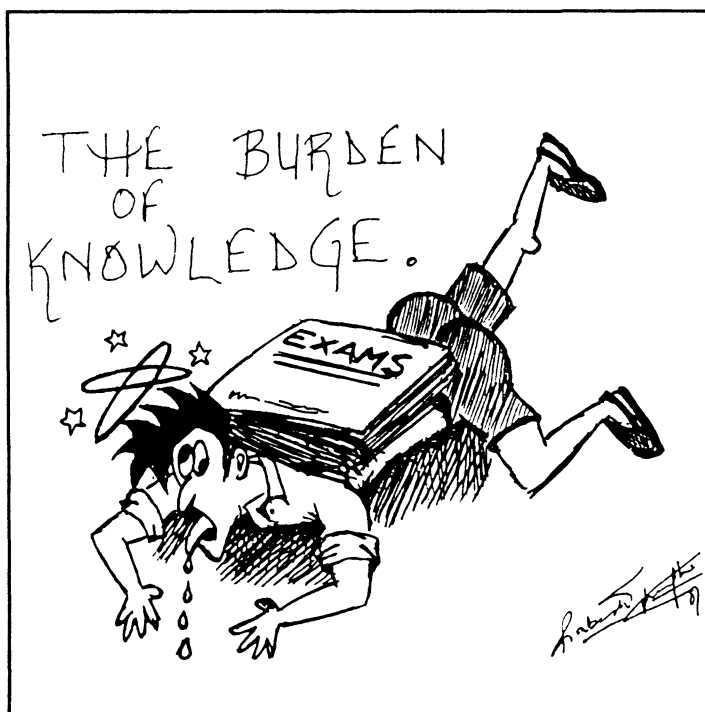
I am sure by now all of us Welhamites are familiar with the phenomenon of the never-ending-last-days. I am talking about those two or three days after the exams when you have literally nothing to do and the days never seem to end. You must have recently had this feeling and know exactly what I am talking about. But ironically these are the very days that one looks forward eagerly to, the whole term. Perhaps because these are the only days when the boys get to relax and the teachers have to slog. Correcting papers and filling marks overnight might just give the teachers the same midnight blues that we get. What you experienced in the last two days is a way of life that has become synonymous to Welham. These days have become an inseparable part of a Welhamite's school life, no matter which point of view we look at it from.

You think of these summer holidays, and immediately what comes to mind is the Soccer World Cup. The big daddy of all the soccer tournaments will be shortly donning

our television screens. The advantage this time would be that the matches would be telecasted during the day. However, the Soccer World Cup over the years has served as an excuse for social get-togethers; it has become more of a family affair when the whole family sits together glued to their T.V. sets, cheering their favourite team. It will undoubtedly be an event, which would be difficult to miss. I just hope that the World Cup will pep some of our aspiring players for the soccer season at school, as there is news of a home tournament being played next term.

21<sup>st</sup> May 2002, 11:00 p.m. marked a new chapter in each Board giving student's life. It saw a time gripped

with tension, fear, eagerness, and thoughts filled with expectations and dreams. Disappointment and jubilation walk hand in hand, sometimes you meet one, sometime the other. The I.T. lab became the hub of activities, as it seemed half the town had come there to check the results. From exies and teachers to girls from Welham Girls' visited it that night. The



scenario was sure enough to run a chill down the Board giving batches of next year, as they will be finding themselves in the same situation very soon. An American journalist once said something that perfectly voices the suggestions I would like to give to those who unfortunately did not make it – he said, “Everything that I have learnt during my entire life can be summarized in three simple words- It goes on.”

The summer seemed to be taking its toll on the boys as the mercury soared in the city. The regular power cuts just added to the dilemma, and the incessant buzzing of those killer mosquitoes succeeded in keeping everyone awake (that explains the sleepless faces in the morning)! The coolers that were promised to the twelfthies finally found their way out of the maze of official formalities. But the joy was short lived as the sight of the coolers gave the twelfthies a basic idea of just how effective and safe they will be. They seemed to just have been picked up and dusted out of some remote corner of the school where they must have been lying there since at least a decade! I personally feel scared to go anywhere near these so called “coolers”; they might just blow up in your face. As the idea to put new coolers in the rooms is being considered upon, I would not be surprised if we have to freeze during the winters (because that’s probably when the consideration is likely to bear some fruits)!

India and Pakistan, as we all know are again busy locking horns with each other. After the Lone assassination things have become worse and some predict the two countries sitting on a ticking time bomb of war. We have reached such a juncture, where even a small military action from either side of the

border might erupt into a full-fledged war. The situation will sure put Mr. Vajpayee’s statesmanship to the test, as he has to not only keep a watch on his neighbor but also settle communal disputes at home. Let us just hope that things turn out positive and there is no war, because in a war there are no winners, only losers.

Once again the examinations did manage to wipe the smiles off the Welhamites’ faces. Fortunately the grapevine proved wrong this time and we did not have to get baked in the Activity Centre. All sorts of homegrown tricks were experimented upon the boys to abstain them from using unfair means. However, a rule that found its place in the ever growing list of – Unanimously Hated New Rules, was the one which does not allow one to leave the classroom before the entire duration of the paper isn’t over (not even for the toilet!). Imagine the state of the twelfthies, who had to sit through three long hours without being allowed to attend to the basic physical necessities of a human being! It was probably imposed to give the Board giving batches an idea of the actual board atmosphere. Please don’t tell me that the invigilator out there is specially instructed to stop suspicious looking boys from going to the toilet and control the pressure building up inside. Now who can stop the call of nature? If that is the case, then the Board Exams stink (literally!).

This term was very eventful and educating, in every sense of the word. Lets just hope we come back afresh after the holidays for yet another exciting term ahead. But till then lets go home with this mantra in mind- Live hard. Party harder!

Blazed up to the blues,

Prayaas.

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## LETTERS TO THE ED....

Dear ED,

*It has always been a pleasure all the issues of the Oliphant. Infact even a better feeling reading them after passing out. Though being to oceans and a continent apart, it is not easy to receive the Oliphant on time, but my folks back at home are doing a good job by forwarding it at the earliest.*

(2)

*A couple of months back, while I was in Houston, I read in the 'Houston Chronicle' an article about the possibility of being immortal written by an Indian scientist. I found it very interesting after reading more about it in various books and in science magazines. I plan to share my views on it with the Welham community. I am attaching a small article on it with the mail. Though I am not really sure if this sort of a thing is usually done but kindly see if you can find some space in one of the issues to publish it.*

*Also came to know about the coming of the new principal (though not exactly new any more). Kindly convey my best wishes and regards to him and the rest of the school.*

*Going from strength to strength,  
Anant Goel,  
Ex- 837/J, Batch of 2000.*

# IMMORALITY.

I was talking to my girlfriend the other day and I asked her what if I lost an arm or a leg, or have a fake heart, would she love me any less. Though a little shocked, she said, "of course not". I went on its way with different parts of the body and I got the same answer. This was almost getting on her nerves till I mentioned the eyes, "what if I had fake eyes?" There was silence. And when it broke, all she said was 'I don't want you dying in installments'. This left me thinking ..... When is a human not a human anymore?

As I truly believe anyone who survives approximately the next half of a century might survive forever, or perhaps the word 'Death' may acquire a new meaning. We might not exist as an amalgam of flesh and blood. Probably being the first generation of immortals we might be transformed into nothing complicated but merely a hardware device, something like a hard disk or a normal floppy. And maybe just we get a bio-metallic suit you know for the aesthetic value. This might be giving you all a picture of a robot that we see in the sci-fi movies, or read about it in science fiction novels. But this is not just about that.

What is it that we see in a human? Does the personal appearance of anyone's father reflect on that person's personality or thinking? When the father grows old and doesn't look the same as he was in his thirties or forties does the son stop liking him?

I don't think so. It is just the thoughts of the person and his attitude towards you, which really matters but not the physical appearance. Imagine talking to your dad even after he is gone, through computer hardware. Some of the most brilliant minds of this time are convinced that this is what the future holds for us.

Going by the rate by which technology is progressing it should take us about 25 years to make computers having a storage capacity and functioning rate of human brain. Once this is achieved, it will greatly enhance our understanding for the human brain and conservative estimates say 25 years from then we shall be able to transfer the entire data of the human brain on to a hard disk. Yet there is so much in our thoughts, which is not directly acquired from written text, and perhaps it is this part of brain that really needs to be worked upon. Then there is of course the question of morality, as most people would find transforming oneself or once loved ones into a 'thing', as it would be, absolutely horrid.

50 years is a pretty long time and we cannot flout the need of self-preservation yet. It is not time to start a habitual course of heroin shots or, for that matter, to start imitating superman. Now that I think of it, superman did die, but we might not. Still though it isn't the time yet to start packing for this ultimate journey because all you would be really taking with you, is your brain.

I know this over simplified version sounds extremely speculative, but then this article is not about it all. It's about acknowledging the possibility and more importantly discussing how does one prepare himself for immortality. The debate of our lifetimes would not be nuclear weapons or global warming, but 'When is a person really dead?', 'Should man be allowed to play God?', 'Is primate to human to humanoid the natural order of evolution?', 'Can three generations of man – kind do what took nature 10,000,000 years to do?' Anyway, it is going to be an exhilarating experience to be alive to be see all this. But all that remains to it is, when!

**- Think about it.**

*Dear Anant ,*

*Thank you very much for the letter. The article you sent from the Houston Chronicle is very interesting. I welcome all exies to make any such contributions to the Oliphant without any hesitation. Looking forward to hearing from you again.*

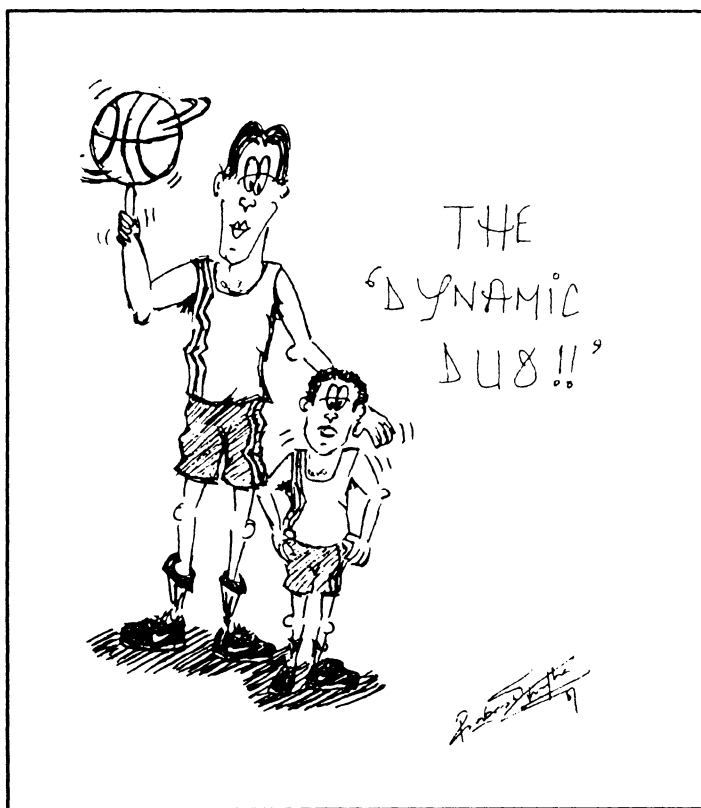
*The ED.*

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## DUDE (S) OF THE FORTNIGHT. ( Abhishek and Aatir )

These two have been responsible for single handedly rocketing the popularity of basketball in the school. To say that they have had quite a successful term this time would be an understatement. Abhishek and Aatir helped the team win the coveted District Basketball Tournament after making the Doscos eat dust in a nail-biting finale. After being deprived of our own Golden Jubilee Cup for over five years, the team lead by these two ended the draught. They recently came back from a tour of Goa, where Aatir got the opportunity to captain the Uttaranchal Team in the States Championship. Out there they amazed everyone with their indefatigable style and agility on the court. Furthermore, Abhishek will be participating in an India (East Zone) Basketball Camp. This 'dynamic duo' have undoubtedly done the school proud!



# THE UNLIKELY WITNESS.

I was lost in my own world. Looking at all the kids playing ball on the streets. It was a warm summer evening. Lee and I were walking on the sidewalk towards my house after a long day at school; especially for Lee. Just because he was Chinese the guys would harass him and push him around. Well, I guess he needed a friend like me.

Lee was saying something. I was not paying much attention to him. I did not even realize that he was speaking! I heard him speak something like 'sewer' or something like that. "What", I said, "you're planning to live in a sewer?" "Never mind", Lee said, "you'd never understand".

We continued to walk home, where after having snacks we went to play soccer. That evening we ordered some pizza. Despite the fact Lee was Chinese he loved Italian food. After watching a movie he went back to his house.

The next day was the same 'usual' day for Lee. It was the same old story. He was again pushed around by some guys which, I feel, that Lee had got used to. But to add to his misery, Lee was dropped from the soccer team, which he had worked so hard for, just to be replaced by the coach's son who wasn't even better than him! He was really down in the dumps when he came home from school. He went directly to his house without even stopping by at my place. I could imagine how he was felling so I just let him be.

As I lay down on my bed, I just felt that Lee was at times so stupid. How could he put up with such nonsense without even telling his parents? Well, I thought, I should go and talk to Lee's parents myself.

I took a nap for a couple of hours. When I woke up I saw blue and red lights flashing in front of my window. There were a couple of police cars standing in front of Lee's house. They made their 'perimeter' with their yellow barriers. I couldn't understand what was happening. I could hear the commissioner talking to Lee's parents.

I went outside. My parents were also talking to the cops. Lee's two year-old sister Dora was also outside. But Lee was nowhere in sight. Something was wrong... something was terribly wrong...

It was midnight. My parents were still trying to console Lee's parents. I too was in tears.

After all, Lee was my best friend. How it could happen I never understood. Things had changed so drastically since Lee was alone at home. Our lives had changed. Who would accompany me home after school? Who'd play video games and soccer with me? Would I ever find another person whom I'd enjoy watching movies with? Life was never going to be the same without Lee.

I saw the doctor examine his limp body. The knife was embedded deep into his chest. But even though he was said to be murdered the expression on his face was peaceful.

Dora was in my lap. She too was weeping. With her thumb in her mouth she stared at her dear brother's body and told me the events of that evening in her broken English, "Lee baby-sit me. Ma and Pa gone for dinner outside. We watch TV and play. When the big and small were on 8 he sent me up to bed. I told him I not sleepy but he put me in bed and read story and then go down. I jumped out of bed and quietly come down and hide under the dinner table. I hear Lee talk on the phone and order pizza. When pizza came Lee come to kitchen to keep pizza." She led me to the kitchen. "Lee pick up that very shiny thing," Dora said pointing out to the knife. "He put it in his pocket and give money to the pizza man. Then Lee take out the shiny thing and hit himself with it and fall down."

Now I was confused, totally confused. Should I believe the words of a two-year kid or an expert medical examiner? Dora's words point to suicide but there were no fingerprints on the knife that were Lee's. The only fingerprints that were, were of his mothers'. Since she was out only the pizza man could have murdered Lee. But what were his motives? I could see the pizza delivery guy being interrogated by the cops. Sweat poured down his face.

"You said you saw Lee take that shiny thing right?" I asked Dora. If there weren't any fingerprints he must have been wearing gloves or holding a cloth. I searched frantically beside Lee's body which lay at the doorstep. Where could he have discarded the glove or cloth. Then I found it. It lay under the carpet with a part sticking out.

Then it struck me. Yesterday, Lee wasn't talking about sewers, but about suicide.

- Shaunak Valame.

# LITERARY AFFAIRS.

## F'RUSTRATED

-Dedicated to all who tried but in vain.

21<sup>st</sup> May 2002, 11:00 PM life came to a stand still for the icse batch of this year. Eagerness, tension and panic flooded the atmosphere to an extent that it was hard for us to breathe. As the computers slowly outputted the results expectations came crashing down, hope went rising up, mixed emotions were expressed and lives were about to change. What was common among nearly all was the frustration that burns one up from the inside if it does not find a vent. The frustration that develops when you do not get what you have expected, what you worked so hard for. The frustration that develops when you don't know what went wrong when everything seemed so right. The frustration that develops when you have that helpless feeling inside as there is nothing you can do about it. The

frustration that develops when you can't find anyone to blame for what has happened. The frustration that develops when you see the person you helped has done better than you yourself, the frustration that develops when you start to think how much you deserved and how little you got. The frustration that develops when you look at another person who has got higher grades than you, but whom you feel was not deserving enough. The frustration that develops when you start to regret for not having studied more, the frustration that develops when you think why did you study at all. The frustration that develops when you know a mistake has been made but can do nothing about it, the frustration that develops when one says 'never mind, it'll be fine' when even he knows it won't. The frustration that develops when family members don't understand how hard you tried

but still did not succeed. The frustration that develops when you haven't been able to stand in front of other, the frustration that develops when you cannot stand in front of the mirror satisfied with yourself. The frustration that develops when you stop believing in everything that you had faith upon, the frustration that develops when you lose faith in yourself, when you stop believing in yourself. The frustration that develops when you know you have let down people who believed in you, the frustration that develops when people don't understand what happened. The frustration that has built up in me cannot be pacified, the frustration that has been stirred in me cannot be controlled. It will find vent in some form, in some form of pain and when that escapes from inside me nothing will remain the same in me ever again....

- **Self anxiously suicidal.**

## REMEMBER....?

Remember that the happiest of people do not necessarily have the best of everything, they just make the best of everything that comes their way. You should always remember that you play a lot of importance in not only your life but in the lives of many other people.

One day a man who by profession was a counselor came back to his house, his wife was no

more but he had a young lad, who walked up to him and asked him, "Dad how much do you take for an hour of your time?" The father proudly said, "20 dollars." The boy then asked his father for a mere 10 dollars, but got scolded in return. The night came in and the father was now feeling guilty about what he had done so he went down to his son's room kept a 10 dollar bill under his pillow and went

back. In the morning the boy got the money and also took out all the money in his piggy bank and went to his dad and said, "Dad here is 20 dollars, can I now buy an hour of your time?" in life always remember to live for others and not only for yourself.

Always remember to never say good bye if you still want to try – never give up if you can still feel you can go on – never say you don't have a person anymore of whom you can let go. Love comes to those who still hope although they have been disappointed, to those who still believe, although they have been hurt before, and to those who have the courage and the faith to build the trust again. It takes only a minute to get a crush on someone, an hour to like someone, and a day to love someone, but it takes a lifetime to forget someone. Don't go for looks they can deceive. Remember don't go for wealth even that fades away. Go for someone who makes you smile, as it

takes only a smile to make a dark day seem bright. There are moments in life when you miss someone so much that you just want to pick them up from your dreams and hug them. Remember, dream what you want to dream, go where you want to go, be what you want to be, because you have only one life and one chance to do all the things you want to do. Always put yourself in others shoes, if you feel that it hurts you, it probably hurts the other person too. A careless word may kindle strife, a cruel word may wreck a life, a timely word may level stress, a loving word may heal.

Remember giving someone all your love is never assured that they will love you back. Lastly remember happiness lies for those who cry, those who are hurt, those who have searched, and those who have tried, for only they can appreciate the importance of those who have touched their lives.

- Nakul Sachdeva.  
Class - XII.

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## 'Z' Philosophy (Zapped factor)

I'm zapped! I haven't the slightest idea of what to write for the Oliphant this time. I'm sitting in the hostel pondering over what to write while all my friends are busy discussing what tactics India should adopt during the fourth test against West Indies or how Luis Figo should set his team for the final against Bayer Leverkusen.

Can't take it anymore go down to catch a breath of fresh air. The dogs are howling all long and it seems it won't cease. I walk down to the classes to clear my mind (Of what??). I see a group of kids sitting on the L.R.C. steps. They are telling

each other ghost stories! Can you believe it stories about the headless chowkidar, the ghost that bugged Mr. Jagjit, and the one that (supposedly) slapped Mr. Basu! I know they are unbelievable, but they've been told from generation to generation and will continue..till the new tales are made up!

Reach the Multimedia Lab where the budding Shumachers are busy trying out their skills on the computers. Some are playing something else while some are surfing the net. It really sounds boring but that's what everyone wants to do.

As I move along I can

see the 'Bheja Fries' studying all out for the exams. Wow! I don't even know when they are starting leave alone start studying!

I can't believe it. I'm still zapped. I don't know what to write on. The Ed. has given me a warning and even a deadline and I'm still God damn zapped! Oh I guess you win some and you lose some. Let's go back to the hostel to sleep. Its past ten and I'm really sleepy (but I'm still zapped...)

-Da Zapped Soul.

# WELHAM NOW

1. The Hockey Inter - House was won by Krishna House beating Ganga at the penalty pushes.
2. The ISC and ICSE results were as follows :-

## ISC RESULT 2002

NAME	ENG	COM	ACTS	ECO	BMATHS	GEO	IMH/Comp	%
Amish Mulmi	92	95	78	88	80			89
Rishi Lashkery	83	74	78	86	64		74hin	80
Rohan Sachdeva	83	69	76	76	86			80
Saumya V Khaitan	86	78	69	86	69		64hin	80
Owais Burza	86	78	76	72	69			78
Ratik Aurora	86	78	66	74	49			76
Rohan Varshnei	90	76	64		74		48comp	76
Manan Verma	78	69	60		78		64c	72
Mayank Agarwal	83	74	60	69			54comp	71
Anshuman Singh	86	52	59	62		66		68
Arjun Sabharwal	83	76	60	57	51			68
Sarbansdeep Sandh	76	52	59	54		69	69art	68
Gagandeep Oberoi	69	66	54		80		47c	67
Neeraj Pareek	76	57	57	54		76		66
Aditya Malhotra	76	44	64	54		62	49i	64
Ankush Vinaik	59	66	62	60	62			62
Pradipta SJB Rana	69	60	52	51	44		69art	62
Rudra Pratap Shah	78	54	62	54	33			62
Rana Raghubir	66	54	51	46		72		61
Yoginder Negi	76	54	48	54	46			58
Rishi Raj Singh	66	44	64	48	28			55
Ankit Sekhri	54	46	59			51	44i	52



Utsav Chawla	60	44	49	36	53			51
<b>NAME</b>	<b>ENG</b>	<b>ECO</b>	<b>PHY</b>	<b>CHEM</b>	<b>MATHS</b>	<b>CTS</b>	<b>BIO</b>	<b>%</b>
Rahul B Vaish	86		78	78	78	62		80
Kaushik Chaudhary	88		66	60	86	69		77
Parag Agarwal	80		80	69	74	74		77
Deepak Sanan	90		60	59	72		83hin	76
Vikrant Bisht	90		64	74	66	72		75
Arpit Tandon	74		78	57	74	69		74
Shubham Khanna	80		72	64	78	57		73
Vinayak Pant	78		64	69	69	53		70
Rajeev Goswami	78		55	59	60	64		65
Abhinav Kir	83	60	54	60	49			64
Dev Agarwal	69		52	64	55	69		64
Shrid Dhungel	78		43	52		54	49	58
Atish Darshan	69		52	55	49		51	57
Vir Bhadra	72		44	54	48	46		55

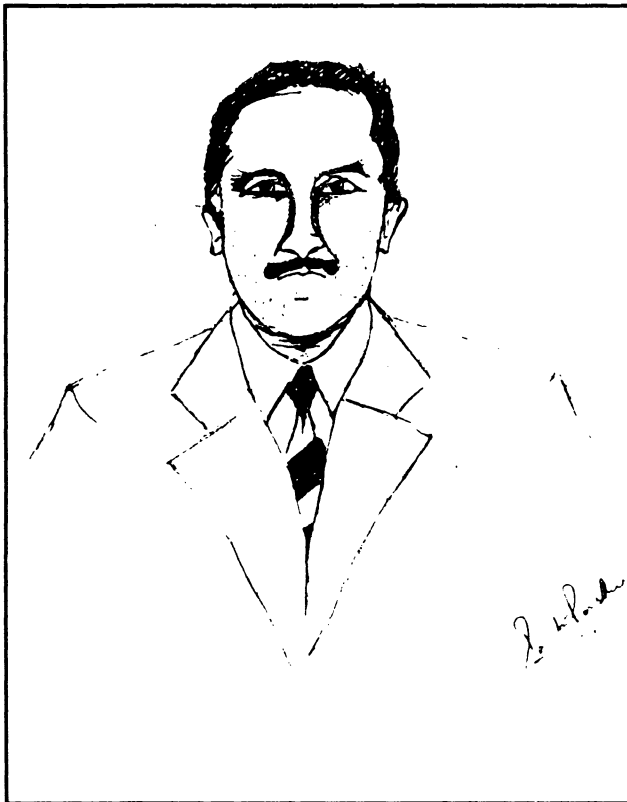
### ICSE RESULT : 2002

NAME	ENG	HINDI	HCG	MATH	SCIENCE	ECO	CTS	ART/IMH	%
Raunak Agarwal	86	83	90	97	94-aaa		94		92
Avinash Agarwal	90	92	80	92	94-aaa		88		91
Ayush Agarwal	86	92	90	90	88-bbb		90		90
Raj K Maheshwari	76	88	76	94	88-bab		92		88
Anupam Biswas	86	88	86	76	88-bba		78		85
K Abhishek Narayan	78	92	83	74	88-baa		69		83
Raunak Jain	78	92	83	64	76-cbb		83		82
Kumar Rakesh	72	90	66	78	83-bbb			83i	81
Kumar Prashant	80	90	76	72	80-cba			80i	81

Harpreet Rana	72	86	78	22		76	90a	80
Animesh Pant	78	78n	69	78	80-bbb	76		78
Abhishek Shrestha	78	80n	76	64	80-bba	78		78
Utkarsh Gadodia	66	86	80	46	78-cbb	76		77
Prabesh K Shrestha	72	78	76	60		62	96a	77
Pranav B Shrestha	72	88	78	66	64-ccc	76		76
Arun Dahiya	74	86	74	74	69-cbb	52		75
Adhaar Ohrie	69	76	78	72		78	72	75
Vivek K Arya	64	86	69	72	64-ccb	69		72
Amit K Gupta	72	88	74	38	64-bcb	62		72
Vansh V Joshi	62	72	76	28		66	78i	71
Varun K Modi	66	80	72	46		69	64	70
Sunny Makhni	62	78	83	40		78	50	70
Nikunj Agarwal	62	80	69	60	50-bdc	78		70
Kartik Mahajan	72	76	69	64		69	58	70
Aman P Negi	74	83	66	30		72	52	69
Lovesh Kalra	60	80	69	38		58	72	68
Paresh Cahudhary	64	78	64	46	60-ccc	69		67
Gurjeet Khaira	54	86	74	52		66	54	67
Varun Sharma	60	76	60	46		66		66
Kaustubh Dwivedi	62	90	69	30	54-cdc	40		63
Aseem Sethi	58	78	66	48		52	60	63
Puneet R S Oberoi	60	78	60	50	60-dcc	40		62
K Narngyal Wangchuk	54	80	54	42	42-ddd		80a	62
Kabir T Taneja	60	74	58	46	62-ccc	48		60
Anirudh Agarwal	62	64	74	38		58	28	59
Kunal Walia	58	64	58	52		50	60	58
K Mehtab Sandhu	52	78	54	48		60	38	58
Tridip Bhattacharya	52	80	60	46	48-ddc	30		57

Utsav Agarwal	62	76	54	22	38-edd	38i	54
Tarun Butta	48	86	44	54	4-eecc	30	54
Akshat Bapna	60	69	54	40	42-ddd	25	53
Ramendra Goel	48	62	48	44	38-edd	30	48
Shabeer Grewal	58	69	58	28	30-eed	69a	PCNA
Pavitra Arora	44	66	52	30		50 28	PCNA

## Farewell SIR.



Mr. Alfred Singh has been through ups and downs of the sports roller – coaster since the days of Miss Oliphant to the days of Mr. Shelat. He is almost single – handedly responsible for bringing the level of sports to what it is today. After retirement Mr. Singh can look back with both pride and satisfaction at the sporting legacy which he has left behind for others to carry it forward.

Sir, your presence has been truly inspirational and generations of sportsmen at Welham would fondly remember you for all that you have done for them. Thank you once again sir, wishing you all the very best for the future.

## Ringside View.

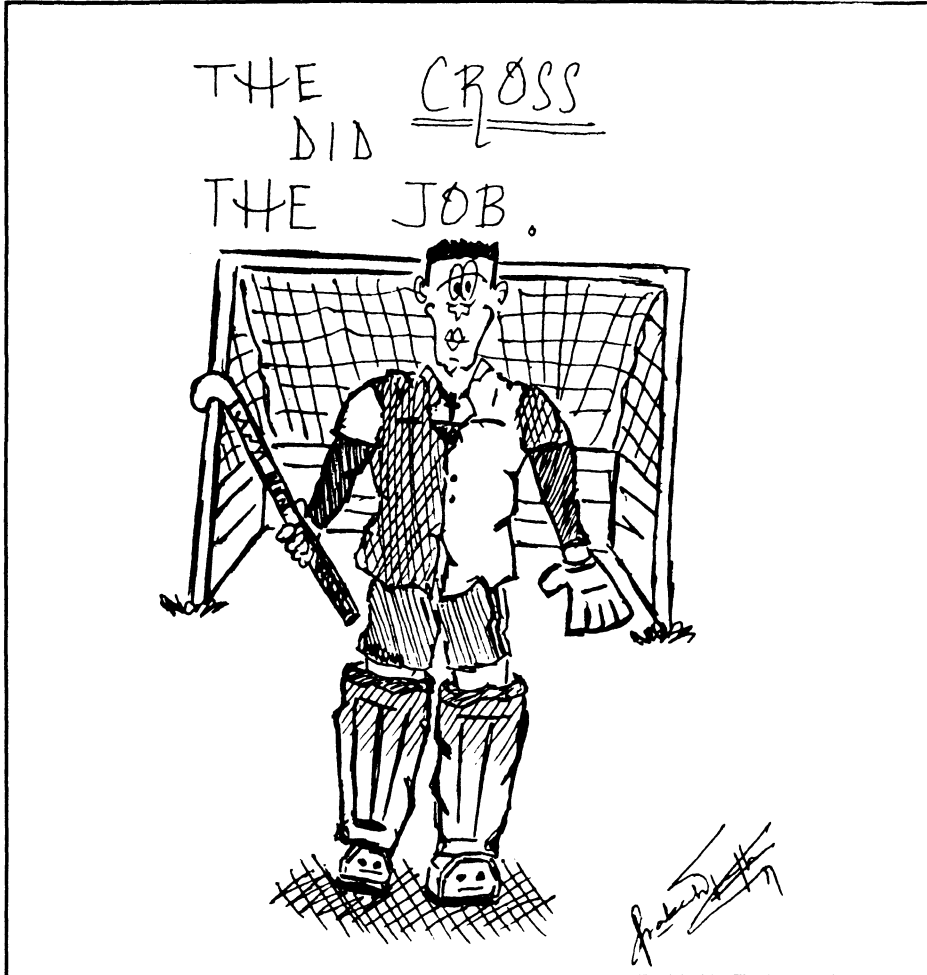
I'm struggling hard to write this, because, I'm still recovering from the shock I got on the 21<sup>st</sup>.

Our hockey team left for the Swing Memorial Hockey Tournament. Our victories took us directly into the semis. Unfortunately, we lost to the Oak Grove School. That brought an end to hockey for this term. Although the school team took off with full throttle, they experienced an

engine failure and came crashing down.

The first match of the hockey inter house was between Krishna and Jamuna. Krishna went past Jamuna's defense effortlessly and delivered some amazing packages to the goalpost. Krishna won the match 7-0. Ganga played the next match against Cauvery. Cauvery tried to put up a good offence, but the lack of good defense resulted in

their defeat. The match between Ganga and Jamuna was a predictable one. Ganga crushed Jamuna by scoring 6 goals, out of which Namgyal scored a sensational milestone of 5 goals. Cauvery tried hard to avoid a loss in the match against Krishna, but in vain. Krishna went hard with Udaiveer doing an excellent job at the defence. Krishna managed to score 2 goals, the second being a controversial one. This led to great chaos and mayhem in the field. Only the players know what actually happened.



of the hill.” a hair raising save by Uday psyched Krishna, but the 2 paralyzing saves by Sagar led Krishna to victory.

Aatir and Abhishek left for Goa on the 7<sup>th</sup> to play the state championship. Aatir was captaining the team. They went up to play the pre-quarters against Tamil Nadu, and lost by a margin of just 2 points. The Punjab team took the trophy. Our “MJ” in the making will be going to Delhi for the all India camp. Like we heard during assembly, - abhishek and aatir were one of the rare species that played all the matches.

The final between Ganga and Krishna was worth watching. Both teams played as if they had injected stimulants. Krishna took the lead thanks to a surprising goal by Ruchir. Ganga scored a quick equalizer. Krishna took the lead again, only for Ganga to equalize again. The match was tied and it was up to the penalty shootout to decide the ‘king

Rare species what??!!?

Well, the world cup fever is on now. If anyone gets a hangover after the world cup, they should turn for the soccer tryouts next term. Until then....

- Animesh.

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