

The Elephant

No. 278 and 279

WELHAMBOYS' SCHOOL

26th October, 2002

Think About It....

We see parts of things, we intuit whole things. We seem to know a great deal on the basis of very little.

- Iris Murdoch.

EDITORIAL

The Wagtails are here again, indicating the onset of the winters. The pullovers and the jackets have replaced the vests and the shorts. Days have gradually become shorter, and the chilly winter winds have managed to keep everyone indoors at night. Now to get out of bed in the mornings will soon become an ordeal. This time of the year is always associated with festivities and a subsequent change in attitude and looks. Now one can see over-

conscious boys looking at themselves on every shiny object that they can find around. The winter uniform has always been more popular with the boys. The traditional grey flannel

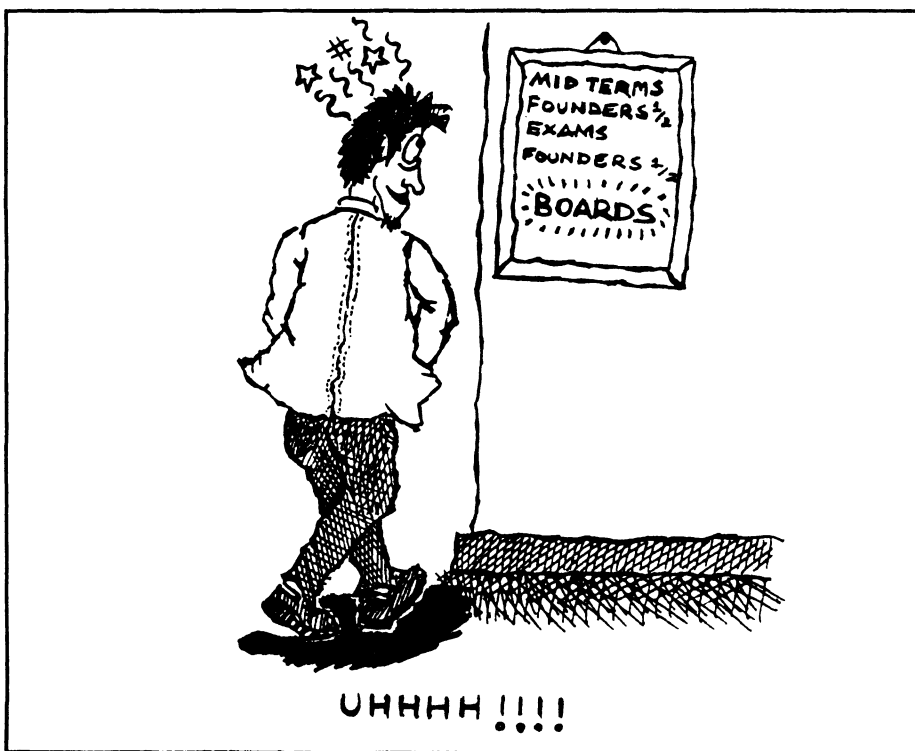
trousers, the tie and the school jacket have always been synonymous to the 'Welhamite'. The look changes the whole atmosphere around. It is no wonder then, that during this

time everyone wants to look the best.

By the time this issue is out, the speculation over the turnout of parents and other guests will be quite clear. The Sports Day is one occasion, which everyone has been really looking forward to. I just hope that parents and Exies would add to the spirit of the season by attending it. Due to the bifurcation of the Founders Day, the attendance for it seems to have been divided.

The so-called 'Founders Fever' too seems to have been at odds. Though the Fete promises to be nothing less entertaining than it has always been, rumors of the Jam Session getting abolished

did raise a lot of eyebrows. Now that it has been given the go-ahead, we look forward to an exciting Fete. The Exies seemed dissatisfied with the decision of their not



being allowed to stay in the school during Founders, like before. This decision has clearly encouraged many of them to keep away from the Sports Day. Without the involvement of the Exies, the celebrations will never be the same. This is one time when the old boys can reunite and look over the matter of the school requiring their concern. It is a time when they can come back over to their old school and rekindle old memories; time to evoke flares of nostalgia; a time to celebrate this foremost fraternity. The turnout of the Exies is going to determine the overall turnover of the celebration.

The preparations for the Founders Day are also in full swing. The usual Founders Day play will be accompanied by many new activities that will herald the 1st of December as the original Founders Day. There is going to be a musical program, along with the Investiture Ceremony and also the various interactive sessions between the parents and the staff members. We just hope that everything turns out as expected.

With Mr. Birader paving the path, the Sports arena seems to be poised to progress in leaps and bounds in the near future. Some of the juniors have shown some quality athletic abilities on the field. These athletes under such guidance, could well make it to the State level by the time they come of age. The idea of nurturing athletes from the grass root level and grooming them to perfection is slowly but steadily proving itself worthy. Also with the much talked about Golden Jubilee Basketball Tournament just round the corner, we look forward to non stop sporting action for another week to come. The tournament of course will do us all proud with its affiliation with the AIBF, and the competitiveness of its foreign participants. The tournament is all set to become the most recognized tournament all over the sub-continent with more foreign teams showing willingness to participate in the coming years. There are also distant plans of sending the Basketball team to Pakistan, and the Cricket team to Australia. It is always good to see progress. A pity, that my batch mates and I cannot be a part of this development.

The Twelfthies seem all set to get down to some serious studies after the two days' celebrations. The familiar scenes of studious looking Twelfthies roaming around with books are again going to resurface. The popular 'unshaven look' along with the shawls and sleepy eyes would make the month more picturesque. A slow realization of being an Exie soon creeps in. As the Boards approach, a boy automatically shows seriousness towards one's academics; one will have to. However, personally I think the Board giving batches will be wasting the days after the end of term examinations. They have got nothing to do, and would still have to stay back, whereas the same time could've been used more productively.

Changing lanes to some external affairs now. Salman Khan seems to be neck deep in trouble with his recurring antics and recklessness. A whole new debate has again sparked off in the media circle about them being unfair in the treatment of the Salman Khan case due to his celebrity status. While the Bollywood Industry is adamant on their support for the actor, many see the incident in a different light. Lets just hope that justice is meted out in a fashion that would suffice both. The Bollywood industry also saw the turning of a new chapter in one of its most inspiring veteran's life. The industry along with its fans, celebrated the 60th birthday of Amitabh Bachchan the living legend. On this occasion, his wife Jaya Bachchan also presented him with a biographical book on him titled – To Be Or Not To B. An acting phenomenon unadulterated by age and ages, Amitabh Bachchan is still very much a prominent figure in Indian Cinema. On the occasion, Bachchan in his typical modest style, declared that even after so many years he still cannot help but amuse at his stardom. Sixty, but many more to go, the legend continues to inspire.

Bal Thackeray, the Shiv Sena supremo again came in the news following his alleged remarks during his Dussera speech recently. This supporter of Hindu fundamentalism, suggested formation of Hindu suicide bomb squads, to assert its dominance over Islam.

These remarks would not only add to communal disharmony but would also encourage senseless violence. The VHP has also condemned these alleged remarks saying that there is no mention over the legitimacy of such destructive measures in any of the scriptures. However the government again seems to have been in a fix over the arrest of the omnipotent power broker. While Shiv Sena activists from all over the country threaten to cause violence if their leader is arrested, the government awaits judicial conclusions. They too are on a cautious footing, seeing that the Senas had the power to paralyze the whole of Maharashtra for a fortnight the last time such a thing happened.

Here is a classic case of the system being arm-twisted into comprising with the likes of a powerful man. This is where power means everything.

The eagerly awaited fete across the road failed to appease once again. Though I was not present, due to commitments elsewhere, from what I hear they managed to do it again. If playing 'Mujhse Dosti Karoge' was in any way an indication to something, then they seriously need to reconsider their social sense. With this I rest my case (the Lamponist has done the rest).

Out there in the parameters,
Prayaas.

WELHAM NOW

1. The Soccer Team has returned from the IPSC Soccer Tournament held in Indore.
2. Maroof Ahmed, Surya P. Singh and Asad Sultan have returned from the U-16 Basketball Nationals held in Jalandhar.
3. A Virasat Program was held on the 20th of October in the Activity Center based on Rajasthani folk dance and music. It was well attended.
4. The Junior Inter School Quiz was held on the 12th of October. Welham Boys stood first.
5. The Boys have returned from Germany after attending the Round Square Conference.
6. Ganga House emerged victorious in the Inter House Soccer Tournament with Cauvery as the Runners Up.
7. The hockey team has left for Shimla to play a tournament at the Bishop Cotton School.

<h1>W. O. B. S. NEWS.</h1>

Prashant Kochhar (Ganga batch of 1992) got married to Nidhi on October 21st 2002. The entire Welham community would like to congratulate the newly wed couple, and wish them all the best for their future. May they have many years of happy companionship.

LAMPOON LAMPOON

PALLY

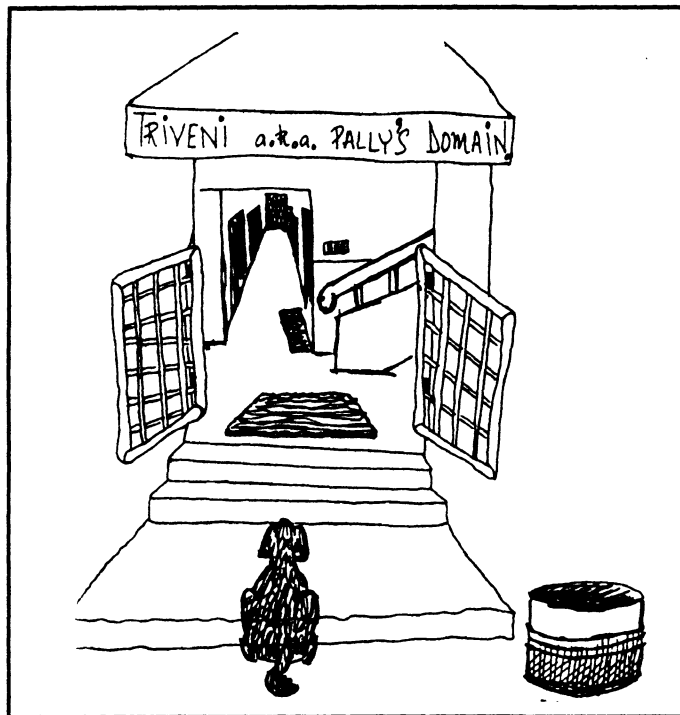
I am not sure when or why they started calling me that. I had never before heard any of my kinds being called by that name before. 'Pally' is not usually the type of name that one calls a dog by. But whatever the case maybe, I could not help it, and nor did I want to. Everyone liked to call me Pally; so be it. Later I found out what the word meant. All thanks to my exuberant friendliness and this uncontrollable wagging of my tail, I had earned a name for myself. So there I was, a small mongrel born, raised and surviving in an all boys public school with an ambiguous existence, and a more uncertain future.

I am not the only one of my kinds to find a home in this canine-loving school. There are many of us around. Never before in my life had I seen so many people so oblivious to our existence. We have left our mark in each and every corner of the school. Each of us has a certain specific territory to ourselves. I live near Triveni. Some of them live around the dinning hall, some near the Activity Center, and some in the subway. But personally I think that in this school Triveni is the best place to live in. The best part about living here is that, there is no shortage of food. How can there not be some waste or the other in a hostel of 150? I love to dig in their dustbins; it always has some grub inside. Usually on tuck shop days, these dustbins provide me a good enough reason to invite my other friends to help me finish the waste. The other advantage about living in Triveni is that it is quite near to the dining hall; so even if sometime I do not get enough to eat, I have my option open. But I have to avoid those big dining hall dogs. They

are not friendly at all; I don't even know their names. The black wolfish one is their boss. He is very territorial. Since the day I picked up a fight with him once, I have to think twice before going to the dining hall.

We do not have a very good relationship with the staff members' dogs here. In fact we hate them for their attitude. I totally disagree when they claim their right to this school. According to them this school belongs to them, and that we are just

street dogs who will be sooner or later driven out of here. Now here is one instance when all of us unite for a cause and fight back. I specially hate that little brown Pomeranian. His master treats him like his own son, and that's what rockets his ego sky high. That little twerp tried to fight it out with me once. I gave him such a licking that he used to hide under the car seat whenever his master drove past Triveni.



Incidentally, his master did not know what or who has been terrorizing his dog since the past couple of days. I hate Rocky too. He is one of the oldest dogs in school, but still thinks he's got what we bitches want. That dog will never get tired, if you know what I mean. The adjoining 'basti' is littered with black and white street dogs, which owe their existence to this evergreen 'messiah of masculinity'. If ever a record is maintained on dog's fertility power, his name will be in the Hall of Fame. The old boy was trying his tricks on me too, but luckily for me I was warned before hand. He got the boot, but he never gives up. I have to avoid the old guy. However there is this English teacher of theirs who comes for a walk along with two of his dogs. The

big one is a German Shepherd, while the other one is a Cocker Spanial. I never go near the German Shepherd. It is hard to make out who is taking whom for a walk when we see him pulling the old man around the field. The terrier is the most graceful of its kind I have seen. I must confess that I had this major crush on that dog. The old man used to get embarrassed at his dog's 'over involvement' with me. We had a good time together.

There is this female dog in the campus, who is just as popular as I am. There is a long story about how she got her name. Something about a failed relationship of a senior boy with another girl in the school across. They gave her the name of that girl because she behaved like us. But that's another story. Lets just call her T. she has this bad habit of landing up at every important school function. She is one over pampered bitch! The seniors of this school treat her like their own pet. So she is the seniors' pet; the twelfthies' pet. As a result of which no one bothers her. She is the most sought after bitch in the campus, which of course freak me out. In fact, she is to a certain extent responsible for the sudden appearances of new dogs in the campus everyday. I hate those good-for-nothing 'indulgent' maniacs who follow her everywhere. Her suitors always surround her. If Rocky is the messiah of masculinity, then she is the goddess of fertility! I wonder what will happen if ever the two meet.

My maternal desires were also fulfilled in this school. I conceived twice. Now who impregnated me, I will not disclose. Very personal you know! The first time was a very bad experience. Both my pups died moments after their birth. However the second time I was extra careful. I chose a study in Cauvery House for my delivery. I gave birth to four beautiful pups there. I must say that everyone was very understanding and caring. Even the sweepers who were otherwise bad to me treated me like they would treat a mother who has

just delivered. No one minded my staying there. They even made it comfortable for me by laying bed covers and feeding me right there. However at times I had to leave my new borns and look for food. I did not mind the children playing with my pups. I trusted them, and I knew that they would keep them back. Two of my pups were very popular with them. As the pups got bigger I had to shift to the room besides the generator in Triveni. I was happily raising my pups there, when one day my pups started disappearing one by one. I don't know what happened to them. I searched everywhere, but in vain. Some tell me that one of the sweepers took them, but I don't know for sure. I was really sad for some days, and searched all over madly for them. But later I realized that I am a dog; I can always become a mother sometime later. So life goes on.

I hear they are having some fete in school sometime this week. That's good news for all of us. It is party time for us too. There is so much around to eat, and best of all it is a playground for social opportunities. I will get to meet so many new dogs from all over the town. Who knows I might end up in another study in Cauvery House in a month's time? However I have also overheard that the school is hiring people to get rid of us. Why do they need to? We have become so synonymous to the life here. Now can you imagine this school without any of us around? It would be so boring.

If you are reading this anywhere near Triveni, look up, I will be sitting around somewhere wagging my tail. Now look at me in awe, and admire the dog that has managed to find so much space in the school magazine. Toss me a biscuit now....

- Killa XTC.

Literary Affairs.

To you....

“Jesus take this back from me,
I can't use it anymore.
What can I do, when its not 'we'
Feels like... what am I living for?”

I didn't realize when life turned bitter,
But friends are surely better.
Dealings with them, life always glitters,
No chains no pinions no fetters.

Now that life means more than just her,
I feel free from being cursed like a—
Though I might not say it.
It feels just empty... without her.

Did she want more?
More than I could give?
More than I could handle...
But this life has got to live.

It wasn't that I was always right,
It wasn't that you were always wrong.
But from the beginning I knew...
Something somewhere was surely wrong.

I took it up... maybe as a task,
To sort out the differences,
Differences that existed could cause just confusions,
It could give false pictures, imaginary, illusions.

It was just that our outlook of life wasn't the same,
Though I tried to match yours.
Things differed in the game.

I gave all I could,
Although you always misunderstood me.
I tried standing at the point where nobody would,
So at least you could see me.

Everything I did, you were behind my mind,
To manipulate it...
Embedded deep... so down inside of me, that I
was left with no wit.

Never to hurt you I had pledged before,
But how much can I hurt you?
Tell me... how much more?

Though in my attempts I tried to be same,
Waited for ecstasy to rain
Forget the ecstasy... only boulders rolled down.
I was stranded like a stranger,
In the circus like a clown,

There had to be something wrong with me too,
Not to be accepted, accepted by you.

Though I loved you more than I could,

Hurting you was far beyond doubt.
I didn't imagine that you would leave me stranded,
Make me feel like a lout.

Anything I ever wanted was you.
Cause I knew people like you were a very few,
Yes very new people that I am sure people like you
are just a few,
I thank god for producing people that are new.

Now that I look back at what I had done before,
I call myself reaper of what I had sown before.

That's what we don't understand,
Mankind loses its brain,
When opportunities come we say that they are in
vain.

An angle had trodden once into my ways,
All that I required she gave it- making my days.
Being the usual me I refused to see,
What holy Jesus had bestowed upon me,

Hurting her deep... leaving a scar,
I did move on a bit too far,
Though she is now a distant start,
All I have is respect for that divine power.

I respect you too for showing me life,
Look up to you for saving me from strife's.
Living with you was dangerous,
But at least I learnt to live on a knife.

I know it hurts, hurts real bad, hurts like a bullet,
Kills you... turns you mad.
Only experience teaches you to live,
Love and being loved in return,
Learn how to give.

Now that I have lived in a bondmans haze,
Living and ruling as a king is at what I gaze,
Under nobody's oppression will I live,
Yet I will give her all I can give,
That's all I can do — learning to stand-alone will
take me sometime,
I am sure that friends will help in during this time.

-STRANGER.

Cybernetic Medley.

Cyborg: A person whose physical abilities are extended beyond normal human limitations by machine technology (as yet undeveloped). A term coined out of two terms - Cyber and Organism.

Source: Concise Oxford Dictionary (1995)

October 1998, Marcello Truzzi, a fellow psychic researcher and entertainer, informs, that Kevin Warwick, Professor of Cybernetics at Reading University, has had a chip implanted in his arm that automatically switches on computers and lights in his laboratory. It is hoped that devices like this could eventually allow telepathic communications.

September 1999, Marcello updates us with the news that the British scientists are working on “telepathy chips” able to transmit emotions, pain and physical movement impulses between two people. If successful, they will allow humans to sense each other’s emotions and communicate by thought alone. Kevin Warwick volunteers to become the first human to test the telepathy chip. He plans to implant in his body the first chip to be wired to a human nervous system.

So far cyborgs existed only in Sci-fi literature like “The Terminal Man” (Michael Crichton) and films like “Star Wars” and “Matrix”. Even the Concise Oxford Dictionary calls it “as yet undeveloped”.

March 2002, Prof. Warwick makes history. He becomes the world’s first cyborg, when a miniature computer is implanted into the main nerve canal of his arm. The surgery takes two hours. Surgeons implant a silicon square into an incision in his left wrist and hammer its 100 electrodes into a median nerve. A wire from the implant is connected to a transmitting device built into a gauntlet, straight out of a sci-fi movie. With this setup, Kevin is able to perform ‘miracles’ of the Cyberage.

October 16, 2002, Prof. Kevin Warwick visits New Delhi, to deliver an illustrated talk to a group of invitees – students, teachers, computer scientists

and media persons. My family was lucky to be present at this event. The interesting talk was supplemented with video clippings, slides relating to different stages of the project, display of some of the actual gizmos used, and an entertaining demo with robots.

An expert in the field of Artificial Intelligence, the professor talked about and demonstrated robots that not only learnt from their experiences, but were also capable of ‘educating’ other robots, even through the Internet. These robots could take collective decisions. They were capable of meeting an unexpected situation encountered by them. In other words, they displayed ‘intelligence’.

Prof. Kevin showed a couple of robots, one of which was programmed to avoid crashing into an obstacle while the other could ‘learn’ the same skill by experiences. Obstacles were placed in an enclosure where the latter was ‘performing’. A boy was asked to stand anywhere to cause obstructions for the robot. After an initial bump with the wall, this robot was able to negotiate its way smoothly through all the obstacles. Recounting an earlier lab experiment, Prof. Kevin said that once when several children were sent to cause obstacles for a similar robot, the ‘thinking’ robot got so confused and disturbed that it literally committed ‘robotic suicide’.

In one of his initial experiments Professor Warwick sent nerve signals to a computer by raising his hand in mid-air, say, to switch a light on. Then he successfully tried to reverse the process by receiving signals from the computer that stimulated his arm into making movements. This opens possibility of providing a way for differently abled people to learn from normal persons the nerve impulses needed to improve control of limbs.

A robot hand imitated the movements that Kevin made with his hand. (This was also replicated over long distance, with him in the USA and the robot hand back home in England).

As he made virtual coffee in a virtual coffee maker, a real coffee maker in his lab responded by making real coffee for him.

Kevin's wife Irena had also participated in the project. Together they became the first married couple to experience nervous-system-to-nervous-system communication.

Experiments in surgical implants of chips in living beings, like this had earlier been carried out only on cats and monkeys. Signals from such implants can help encode feelings like pain, shock, embarrassment etc. Linking the nervous system to technology in this way, opens up possibilities of 'upgrading' the human body, giving a person abilities that

he or she does not have.

Where does all this lead to? Speculations include:

- § A car driven by thoughts alone. Think left, turn left. A boon for many.
- § Download in the brain, the knowledge that one never acquired. A dream come true for students.
- § Possible cures for diseases like Parkinson's and epilepsy using this technology.
- § Downloading an ultrasonic sense, like that of a bat, to enable the blind to 'see'.
- § Transmitting signals from one person's nervous system to another, an ability to communicate by thought signals alone.

What a wonder !

- Sameer Upadhyay

Uncomfortably Numb.

When the sequence of sophisticated lighting was displayed, the crowd erupted like a volcano, disgorging cheers and shouts.

Alan, was one of the many present. He was an English teenager—a typical one—insecure, rebellious and malleable. He was swayed and influenced by the hippies. Drugs, alcohol, tobacco and ecstasies were a part of his life. Being an orphan, abused by the fosters and deluded by friends, were the factors that took him astray. He had a younger sister, Elena, who he loved more than his life and Diana his girlfriend.

Elena, had recently become a victim of her foster parent's drunkenness. He had beaten her severely. The bruises served as a record of the incident. As they lived in a corrupt part of the country, it was futile to report the matter to the police. Enraged, Alan had smashed his bike. Alan and his sister had left the house and had been staying with Cameron since. The thought of that day only angered him and he sought comfort in drugs. Roger Waters came on the stage and gave a maudlin speech on the departure of Syd Barrett, Pink Floyd's former member. Almost everyone in the hall was laden with narcotics ready for the band to unleash the psychedelic tunes.

A moment later, absurd sounds came out of the speakers, the show had begun. Alan took a dose and slow music got him going. The drug took effect almost instantly. The music and lights created hallucinations in his mind. The vocals sounded crazy as if they were humming and echoing all at the same time. Distorted images of his parents' death appeared.

He was twelve then. That night his parent's car collided with another car when they were returning from a party. He was shocked when the hospital called him. It was unbelievable, and he didn't know how to react. He rushed to the hospital with his baby sister. His parents' condition was critical. They were suffering from multiple fractures and blood loss. Alan could do nothing but cry and try to console his sister that their parents were going to be all right, but they did not make it. Alan was devastated, he was very young to suffer such a loss and now to bear the responsibility of his sister too. They got a home but not the love of their parents they used to.

Back in the concert the crowd was going insane, swinging with the music he took dose after dose after which he went out of his mind. He started staggering and his eyelids became heavy. The

feeling of numbness swept through his body. The music became wilder and wilder, it hit him in his head.

The thought of this foster parent, made him mad. The way he mistreated and abused his sister was too much for him to handle. He couldn't not resist the temptation of the narcotic, and took another one. His friends Jack and Kane, were speechless. For someone as young as Alan the amount of narcotics he had consumed was too much. They tried to stop him but it was pointless. The music was very loud, and various colored laser lights swept the hall randomly and Alan was in a trance. All he concentrated was on the hallucinations and the thoughts of his sister and the scene at the hospital.

The music became mind bending and he had to take another dose. He started moving like a maniac. He felt giddy and went round and round.

People around him appeared to merge, the lights seemed to form extraordinary images, and the music sounded as if someone was scratching a metal board. His friends tried to get a hold of him, but they couldn't. The show was nearing its end. He collapsed but the people around him were in a hypnotic state and no one cared, he looked up and it seemed to him that he was in a pit.

He knew that his end was near. He saw images of his girlfriend and his sister. He wanted to embrace them for one last time and wished they were there. He was so high that he couldn't come down. Then he saw his life pass by across his eyes; how he grew up, fishing trips with his father, roaming around with his mother and playing with his friends. The concert of life was over.

**-Animesh Pant.
Class XI.**

An Ode to Love....

I could not have asked for anything more. Whatever I have wanted, I have got. Generally one cannot have both knowledge and love at the same time but I am one of the very few lucky ones to have got both.

It all started in class XI, when I went to Welham Girls to hear a debate. It was there I saw her, I forgot who I was and am a changed person since. I was never into girls but after seeing this beautiful celestial creature my heart started beating twice its pace. I knew I had fallen for her; I could not even speak to her, leave apart telling her what I felt.

Days passed on and I stared admiring her more than ever. My XII had begun and in my holidays I had got lot of lectures from my parents to study and not to fool around with my career. Whenever I opened my book I only saw her, she was omnipresent, I felt her presence in my room, in class, during the outings, in the walls, in the gardens and last but not the least in my heart.

The days passed and finally my last term in school had come, it was at the starting of term that

I made a resolution to win her heart and to study hard. The term started on a happy note with me doing very well in my studies. Within a week I was asked to participate in a joint production event with the Welham Girls School.

I took up the opportunity as if it was a heaven sent chance and I grabbed it with both hands. The practice sessions started, I could see her every now and then, I still had to find courage to speak to her. My work was made easy when my counterpart in the play became very friendly to me and started sharing all her feelings with me. On the final day of the event she asked me, whom I liked and I told her the name.

Two days later I went to Welham Girls School and noticed that she was staring at me, when suddenly two girls come up to me and told me, "you like her na. Shall we call her?" I didn't know what had happened. Still I knew it was now or never so I said yes!

That very day I talked to her for 2 hours and can term it as one of the best days of my life. Just when I had thought I got everything, I got my

dads letter also, which had stated that my teachers said that I was love sick, and that I was becoming irregular with my work. The last lines of the letter were “love is the best feeling, but it is in your hands to chose your father or your love.”

This was the hardest time of my life. The courtship period was for 4 months and I sacrificed my love for my father. I concentrated on my studies and worked really hard, and gave my board exams

with confidence.

Now for the end result, today is the 25th of May 2003 and I am enjoying myself in London as a student, and two things which I would like to mention are that on my desk lies a mark sheet that which says I secured 93% in my XII exams and the last thing is that I am sharing this room with my love. I really could not have asked for more!

-Depressed soul

The most important part of your body.

Peter had a very caring mom and a father who was his idol. His father, from a small time sales man was now the most successful businessman in the state of Illinois. His mother was a housewife. She was very compassionate and gave her son any and everything he asked for. Peter never felt that something was lacking in his life. His grandfather, well, you can say, was as wise as an owl or maybe even wiser. Peter would sit down with his grandfather who would tell him tales just like the ones Buddha would tell his disciples to enlighten them. His grandmother was just like any other grandma, who would besides telling him bedside stories, take him to parks, fairs etc. Peter, his parents and grandparents were a big happy family. The day Peter was 5 years old his mother asked him, “Peter do you know which is the most important part of your body?” Peter thought for a while and replied, “Your eyes.” To which his mother replied, “Why, have you not seen people living pretty normal lives even without eye sight?” Saying so she left.

The next year, on his birthday again his mother asked him the same question, “Which is the most important part of your body?” Peter again thought for a moment and replied, “Your ears,” to which his mother wisely said, “Why, have you not seen people live pretty normal lives even though they are deaf?” Saying this she left Peter thinking.

On Peters seventh birthday this mother asked him the same question again, and Peter now replied, “Your brain,” to which his mother replied, “You know Peter, your answers are getting mature by the year, but how can you forget Mr. Williams who was shot in the head and now is living with only

a part of his brain.”

Peter began to think that this was just a game but he was about to learn a very important lesson in life. Every year his mother asked him the same old question, and Peter year after year would become more and more curious when his mother would just leave him, without telling him the answer. Peter began to get more and more impatience to hear the answer but his mother would never tell him, she would say, “Peter, I'll tell you when the right time comes.”

Peter is now 15 years old, and a wiser person. Last year Peter's grandfather died, the whole house was in remorse. Peter sadly put this head on his mother's shoulders and started weeping. His mother wiped his tears and asked her son, “Peter, now do you know which is the most important part of your body?” Peter by now had become totally confused, he had always thought of the question to be a game between he and his mother. Wiping his tears, he asked his mother, “Mother, why are you asking me this question at such a time of grief? Was this not supposed to be a game between us?”

“Son,” replied his mother, “this is the perfect time I can find to tell you the answer to the question. Peter the most important part of your body is the shoulder. The shoulder acts as a friend to anyone in time of grief, the shoulder supports people when in need like this, even when you hug a person you rest your chin on the person's shoulders. The shoulder is the only part in the body, which is not selfish, so you see Peter the most important part of the body has to be such a part, which helps others in need, as well as helping you too. The eyes and

ears only help one person, which is you. Whilst the shoulders can fulfill the needs of all the people around you including yourself too.” Peter thought of this for a moment, and again put his head on his

mother’s shoulders for solace, and soon was fast asleep.

- Shaunak Valame.
Class – X.

No Man’s Land.

A stranger in a strange mans world,
And that’s the way I feel.
You don’t know how it feels
When you watch the day turn into night
And night into day.
Lay your back to the wall,
Lost in your dreams,
When suddenly realization strikes,
He pretend to be present among others
But actually trying hard,
Finding yet another remedy to escape reality.
While walking down the road,
With the head turned down,
Catch a glimpse at the man walking beside you,
Quickly turning your face away,
Thinking “he was staring at you”
But when actually turning your head up
It seems as if the whole world is staring.
Then the scare comes in, you look for a place,
A place where you can hide, avoid faces

And people and their staring at you.
But you have nowhere to go.
It’s a wonderful feeling to lie back,
Your eyes fixed – staring into time.
Minutes and hours go by,
And you are still lost in your dreams.
Dreams that will take you so far,
And show you so much,
That reality feels like an illusion.
The dreamland is your world
And you don’t want to come out of it now.
And in times of low
Things drift away even more.
You see things happen – as the dead would
Not knowingly what happened
Not even bothered to do so.
Things have come and gone
But the dreams continue.

-Abhishek Singh
Class - XII

PARALLEL THOUGHTS...

Figments of an Atheists Imagination.

Before you start slamming me for being pro-Christian and anti-Hindu or something of that sort, let me quickly clarify my stand. Yes, you are partially right. I am anti-Hindu to a certain extent. But I am also anti-Christian, anti-Muslim, anti-Sikh, anti-this-religion, anti-that-religion etc. That’s right, I am against all religions that exist today (the fact that I might not even be aware of the existence of a lot of religions out there shouldn’t be surprising).

Let me state it bluntly. I equate religion with faith in God...and when I don’t believe in God itself,

why should I believe in any religion?

I can hear you say “OK...All this is fine, but what’s the point you’re trying to make? Can you cut to the chase please?”

Well, the point of this article is really simple. After a few ups and a lot of downs, I kind of stumbled upon this path. When I reminisce about my faith or rather the lack of it, I thought I would take a status check...make a list of pro’s and con’s and see where it is that I stand.

I mean being atheist also implies that I am

rational about such things, right? So I thought I would go ahead and list the 'pluses and minuses' of being an atheist if you will. The things on the list might not necessarily be in the order of (in) significance though...

So here goes my list:

The Pros:

1. **Destiny/Faith:** Being an atheist, I no longer have the luxury of believing in some super-natural power and its control over my pre-determined life. I now truly believe that I have no destiny whatsoever and that I have the ultimate power over my existence. Try it, it's an amazing feeling.

2. **Superstition/Astrology:** I can't be superstitious any more. A superstitious atheist is oxymoron isn't he? So I guess that means good-bye lucky shoes. The same goes for astrology, numerology and all the numerous other 'predictive sciences'. The only thing I can now believe in is probability and it works.

3. **Rational thinking:** I can rationalize and think through otherwise complex situations. I am sure I could even solve burning everlasting national issues like the Babri-Masjid dispute in no time. Raze the whole area. Decimate the problem itself.

4. **Tick-tock-tick-tock:** I save (in) valuable time every day (from 15 minutes to 1/2 an hour). You see I don't have to pray. I don't have to pay my respects to the almighty one. Boy, does that give me an extra fifteen minutes in bed everyday. That might not seem like much to you, but hey fifteen minutes is fifteen minutes and I would rather have it than not have it!

5. **Rs/\$\$:** I save a lot of money since I don't have to donate out money at places of worship. OK, I am a cheapskate, but hey at least I am upfront about it. I save even more money since I don't have to buy any special offerings to God during religious festivals. Man, am I lowering the bar for 'kanjoosi' or what. We all know what happens to the money anyway don't we; we all know whose pocket it goes into

6. **Save the earth:** I score a few brownie points with

the environmentalists too... since I wouldn't be immersing toxic idols in lakes or for that matter blasting off religious songs on loudspeakers either. Don't forget lighting incense sticks (I hate the smell anyway) and fragrant candles which seems to be hot these days (Punn Intended!!)

The cons:

1. **In time of trouble. . . :** The biggest loss I have felt is not having some powerful-unknown-force to turn to in times of trouble. It used to be comforting to turn to God when I had problems and needed consolation. Now that I am an atheist... nah nah, you can't have it both ways boy. You are on your own now. In time of trouble, the Lord shall not be with me!

2. **(In) sanity:** Lack of faith/belief can be extremely un-nerving in today's bizarre times. I mean, read the newspapers, watch television and all the happenings in this world and tell me if any sane and rational person can remain so? It is tough to survive with a belief in some almighty, omnipresent force. Its even tougher without it, believe me. Anyway, the point I was trying to make was that at times you might think you are going insane. By the way, I am still not convinced I am not insane!!!!

3. **Religious festivals:** OK, I know I am being a hypocrite here, but I do love the food that gets prepared during the million odd religious festivals every year. I love all those delicacies that are prepared and offered to God (and then to the devotees!!!). You kind of get a guilty feeling when you partake in all the good food while not having any faith in the reason behind it. Oh don't forget the discounts at the market. I save money at the expense of the dude who I don't even believe in!

4. **Blasphemy:** Now this is one hell of an (Punn Intended!!!) area where I feel atheists are at a loss. Being an atheist, you are almost deprived of certain colorful expressions. Whatever happens to expressions like "Bloody hell" and "Goddamned" How can you blaspheme when you don't believe in God? No more cussing, no more swearing. Mind your language, Sir. I do try to restrain myself from religious cussing... I really do!!

'What if it is true, what if there isnt a god....'

-Woody Allen

TREES OF WELHAM

The trees of the Welham campus, are not mere trees. These trees are of great importance to us, Welhamites. These trees do affect our upbringing on the campus and tend to shape our future. Many have admired these trees and quite a few draw inspiration from them. The minstrels in many Welhamites have inclined their art to dedicating their poems to the various trees, which may have affected their lives.

Our campus is home to many trees. Well, we can say that we are proud to have an orchard in a 32 acre school and that we have leased it out. We are proud to say that we have always been nature freaks and have always worked towards the maintenance of certain environmental standards. We can boast on having a variety of trees too. On the campus, one can see trees such as, Casuarinas, Jarul, Jacaranda, Eucalyptus, Camphor, Neem, Ashoka, Silver Oak, Silver Oak, Silver Oak, and uummmmm.... Silver Oak etc.

Here at Welham value education is administered in each and every student from the junior school, the long journey of value education begins. It is brought in practice in the senior school, where one has to frequently do the chore of litter picking. This chore was introduced a few years ago and at that time, we bickered a lot. Well! Now we just happily groan it away, though ones back does hurt. One is taught the economical and environmental values of trees. Here at Welham we experience the process of soil degradation. Our geography teacher told us in class one day, jokingly, that he was going to give a tea and coffee party in the main field, when it rains. The thing remains that here at Welham the true utility of trees is brought forward.

Trees are good source of competition. Before, the marching takes place and after the whistle is blown, many students gather around this Jarul tree whose branch is protruding. Here the pull-ups contest takes place. In our juves we would jump up to catch hold of that branch. But none would be successful. The tree is situated in the silver oak walk. The walk gets its name from the numerous tall, thick trunked Silver Oaks, Greviella Robustas. Our favorite time pass was “wood

touch” in middle school. Inquisition, led to us squashing, few gooey yellow blooded bugs on the silver oak in junior school. In senior we use the same trees, for shelter when running to join the dinner lines after the bell had rang.

During punishments if one hand – leg verticals weren’t enough to wear one out then, he would be asked to interlock his hand on the trees branch and hang. This tree is the Kapur tree, which flanks the two and entries to the peacock stage. That tree is a legend on its own. The tree is a prospective place to hide cash. The pine tree, next to the open-air stage with the bent trunk, was used as an instrument of sadism. Boys would run up the trunk as swiftly and agilely as possible and tried to put their foot furthest up the trunk. Few were successful the rest kept on watching and the half way up dudes were in the hospital.

The litchi orchard. Now you won’t find an average Welhamite running around a litchi tree. But, you surely would view a Welhamite climbing up a branch and like a connoisseur pick the not so juicy yet sour, green and prickly litchis. Then, courteous as ever offer it to classmates who would shout at him after contracting amoebic dysentery on having the sour litchis. The same is with the mangoes (ambia). Please, do try the ambias, which are close to the carpentry, they are a delicacy. Once in a while, the boy gets a bunch of good ones but instead of getting a pat on the back for the job, he is sent back to get more.

The school has surely developed a lot. No matter what all mishaps or inventions may have happened around it, it shall remain in the pages of Welham history and shall go down the memory lane for having sacrificed their lives for the development of the school. The Ashoka tree in front of Triveni and Narmada, Rispana, from time have been saving the lives of Welhamites. As being the hindrance to the windborne natural disasters. Few of the big ones were shot down. 1 millisecond of silence in their honor, please. They have always been on the path of development and have foresighted a great vision for the school. They forecasted just as the motto says, so, the trees of

the old sand pit were chopped off for erecting the palatial pavilion, they were felled again when the subway was being constructed. The two tree stumps, one near the entrance of the subway from the classes block. The other one is the one on the entrance from the hostels, for them TRIP (trees rest in peace)

Hah! What ever we do or shall do or had done,

around the tree it shall always stick around in our minds. The tree is your soul mate, if you don't have a wife; trees are a part of the Welhamites life.

- Take care of your shrubkins

Pranab Shrestha

Class- XI

I don't know what to call this

Well I am back from across the "LOC" and I have survived.... believe it. The situation was pretty much as it was last year, except that the jam session didn't have a corny name. This time instead of main "nikhala gaddi leke" it was "aajke ladke I tell you, itne laloo what to do....!!!" I don't know how to put this in any other way, but I was bored, the DJ didn't have a clue about mixing music and his CD player couldn't play half the CDs. The girls however seemed to be lost in a deep trance of undanceable songs. Oblivious, half the Welham boys crowd sitting on the side, waiting for a good track to dance to. However when we were up dancing it was all eyes on us. Freedom of expression was the motto that day and everyone exercised it like never before. But that was just that one odd dancing song. There were incidents where all of us would throw up our

hands in the air and "hit the air." Only to realize that it didn't quite suit the music. Whose intro sounded completely techno.

I believe that, we guys are stuck between the devil and the deep blue sea. The girls were nearly going crazy with their item songs playing. I am not saying that is uncool.... I am saying that it's really uncool. If we had gone crazy dancing with them it would have been in their musically oriented voice, "man these guys are so badly behaved." When we didn't dance to their "aajke ladke...." then we were told by them that we were boring! What should a guy do?

Not too long after you read this, "Temple of Sound" will be open and I guarantee, that it will not be quite as bad. Be there or be nowhere!

-Witch Doctor.

Nature's Diary.

First it was the turn of the dinosaurs. Then came the turn of the dodo followed by the innumerable other species of animals. Now the questions remain, whose next?

Who is next in the line of extinction? Is it going to be the giant panda that number less than a thousand? Is it the rhinoceros that has been mercilessly slaughtered for its horns or is it the mighty tiger that gets killed everyday for its priceless skin?

Now let's forget all these animals for a few

minutes. Have a good look at us! How close are we to extinction?

It may sound a bit weird at first, but let's get a bit practical. We are very much on the verge of extinction, it might be slow, but it will take place. It might not be the typical shoot and kill method we used on the other helpless animals, but slowly and steadily it's taking place.

Many reasons can be placed for this. Due to the current social and economic and political reality of the world, mounting religious

fundamentalism in some countries, in some countries, thwarted nationalistic goals in others, economic deprivation in many, and, in the industrialized west. The increased desperation of violent far right groups whose agenda has stalled in an error of increased globalization, this all can undoubtedly lead to our downfall, the down fall of the human race.

All of this combined with aids, famine and terrorism makes the situation so critical. Many of us also believe in events like meteors smashing the earth or when the gods shall dash down their wrath, annihilating the entire world. This all may sound

ridiculous but the fact remains that such can happen.

Another factor can be the threat of nuclear war. Many may question if such will take place due to the invention of UN or peace treaties being signed, sorry! It is not a question of whether or not it will take place, but when it will take place.

With all these thoughts to mess up your mind, I leave you with a few lines from William Wordsworth, "have I not reason to lament, what man has made of man."

- Samridha Rana
Class -X.

RINGSIDE VIEW.

It's been almost a year since I took up the reins as the ringside view correspondent and time has flown by quickly. It just looks as if I had just taken this job since a few days back, and as this stint nears the end, a brief recap of the whole sporting year would be the best idea.

Basketball this year has been highly successful. The team won the District Council Trophy last year in December, and kept up the good form this year by reaching the semi finals of the Afzal Khan tournament at the Doon School and the Win Mumby Memorial tournament held at the Woodstock School, Mussoorie. We won our very own Golden Jubilee tournament after a gap of 5 years. Being the member of the winning team it really did feel great in bringing the trophy back home. Also we were runners up at the All India Inter Public School basketball tournament, held at Mayo College, Ajmer. We had the final match against DPS RKP, in our hands, but some silly mistakes lost us the coveted trophy. Individually Abhishek Singh and your humble correspondent were chosen to represent the Uttaranchal under 18 team at the National Championship, at Goa in May. Not to be left behind the juniors replicated the feat with Maroof Ahmed, Asad Sultan and Surya Badhuria representing the under 16 Uttaranchal basketball team. They have just returned back from Punjab.

The basketball team deserves a pat on the back for working hard and keeping the school's

flag flying high. Cricket season had a slow start with the rain gods washing out the first few days of the season, and with an uneven and a dusty field to practice on the team's problems just got worse. In the last half we did manage to play some matches and the team did quite well. The Inter House cricket cup was won by Krishna, after beating Ganga by 10 runs.

Cricket was followed by hockey. The school played with an under strength squad, and incredibly enough reached the semi finals of both the tournaments i.e. the Councils and the Oak Grove. Krishna house won again beating Ganga in the finals in a penalty shoot out.

Soccer season has just ended. The team did considerably well and recently returned from the Daly College, Indore, as the IPSC soccer tournament was being held there. The team missing 5 regular starting line up players due to other commitments, did better than expected. We lost 2-1 to Tashi Namgyal Academy, Gangtok (Baichung Bhutia's former school). It was a fabulous performance seeing the opponent's reputation. They have been winners of the cup whenever they had participated. We were the only team to score against them in the whole tournament. They eventually went up to win the cup. In the other matches we drew with Scindia and lost to Daly 1-0. We also participated in the RIMC cup and the Council's soccer tournament, bowing out in the preliminary rounds both the times. Back in the

school Ganga eventually did manage to win a final, breaking the jinx. It won the soccer Inter House beating Cauvery in a penalty shoot out after the score was tied at 1-1. Also 4 of our boys were chosen to represent Uttaranchal in the regional athletic meet. Tenzin led the team to Meerut under the guidance of Mr. Biradar. Though they did not win any event, it is a great accomplishment for our budding athletes.

This year table tennis and badminton gained momentum with new coaches getting appointed. These sports were mostly ignored and to see people excelling in these fields will surely inspire others to pick it up.

Moving to the international level. The Indian cricket team is on the roll. They have been in a good form through out the year.

They beating Zimbabwe comfortably in March and then had a fabulous England tour. In the ICC Champions Trophy they looked solid and were joint winners and now they are whipping West Indies and have taken an impassible 2-0 lead in the test series. Ganguly needs just another test win to become the most successful test captain and Shewag, Yuvraj, and Khaif are proving to be exciting young players, as Siddhu says, "young shoulders, mature heads." They certainly have matured in no time and look well set at the

international level. Lets just hope this form keeps rolling till next year's World Cup in South Africa.

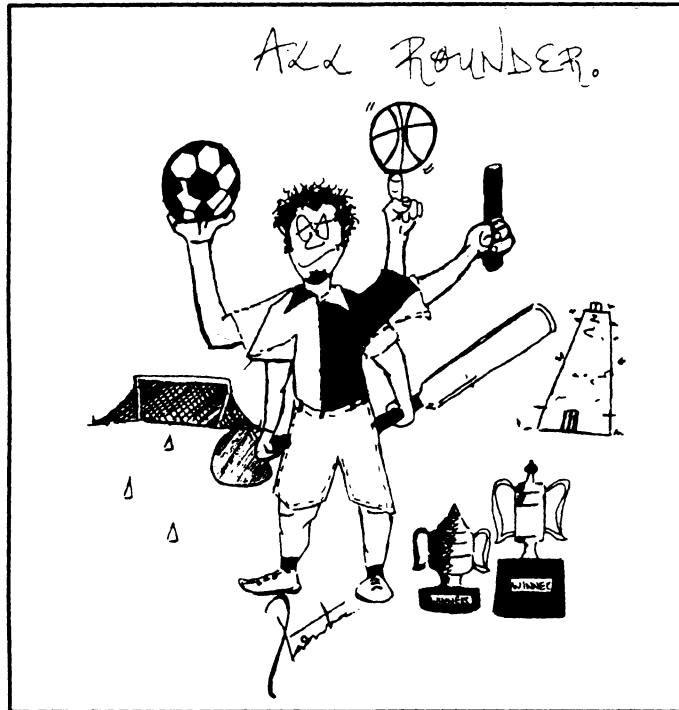
In Formula 1, Michael Schumacher stamped his authority yet again. He won the driver's championship mid way through the season and dominated nearly all the races, other drivers were just not good enough. No other sportsman has dominated a sport this year as he has.

I couldn't possibly forget the soccer World Cup, could I? The greatest show in earth kicked off in June. With Brazil emerging winners for the 5th time. Ronaldo won the golden boot by scoring 8 goals in the tournament and has since joined the Spanish giants Real Madrid. Countries like Senegal, Turkey, South Korea and Japan were a revelation.

India had their best Commonwealth Games performance at Manchester. We came in third, beating power houses like Canada, South Africa with a tally of 74 medals, but the Asian Games were a bit of a disappointment with India finishing 8th.

Whew! I am finally relieved after an hour of extensive brain cracking. Hope I didn't forget anything, enjoy the weekend all of you.

- Underneath now,
Aa.



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