

The Elephant

No. 280

WELHAMBOYS' SCHOOL

22nd November, 2002

Think About It....

Free speech is like shouting 'fire' in a crowded theater.

- An old hippy saying.

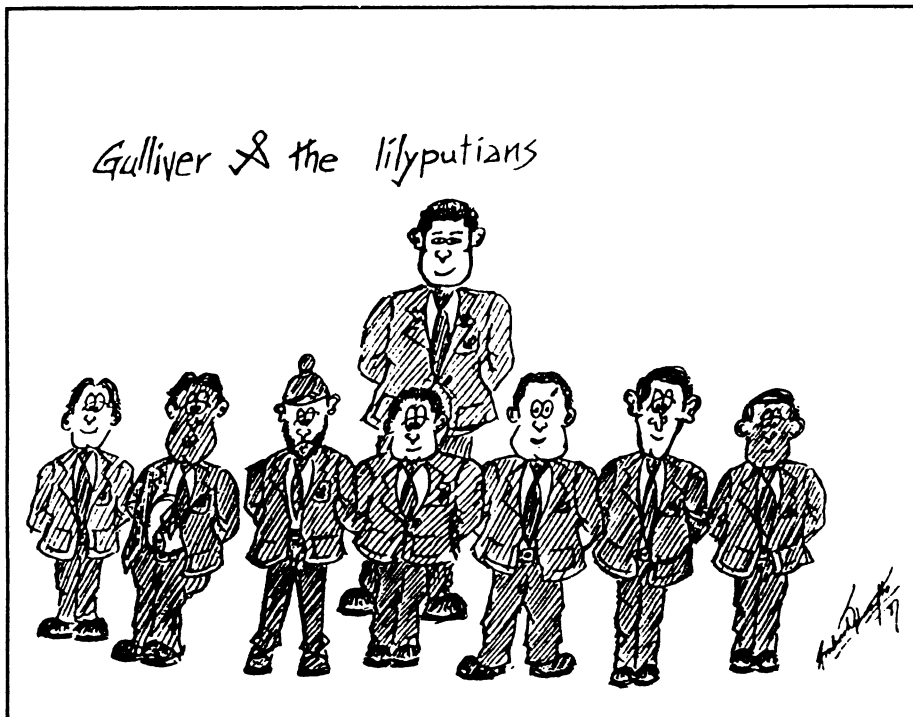
EDITORIAL

There comes a time every year in this institution, when no matter how hard we try to look around for familiarity, the apparent feel of transformation appears to cloud our perception. It takes some time before one can come to terms with his own developments and that of others. This is the time when a student

feels a year older, a year senior. This is the moment when the eleventhies of the school climb the last step in the Welham hierarchy, and the original occupants of

the pedestal step aside to make way for the new batch. Then the problems crop up. It feels strange now to just sit back and watch the eleventhies struggle for their identity as the new Twelfthies. Watching them go through exactly the same dilemmas that we went through is just enough to elate us with a sense of maturity. The same jubilation in the air and

the familiar face of disappointment that accompanies it – all seem like a flashback. As the torch of responsibilities is being passed on from one Abhishek to another, one can only hope that he and his prefect body would manage the school like true Welhamites. All the best to them.



Where have all the Twelfthies gone? If I were to judge from all the astonished looks I get every time I step out of the hostel, that is the question that everyone wants answered. This reclusive

action could've been caused by the appointment of the new prefects, but it is a clearly visible fact that the Twelfthies have gone into some kind of hibernation. A twelfthly was given special treatment and showered with praises for being present in the L.R.C. in the second period! Each twelfthly seems happy with their own personal

time and space for studies, and I just hope that the results of the November exams will justify their cause and strengthen them for the Crunch. And whoever said that we have taken a back seat? Even if we have, the back seat feels much comfortable, thank you!

If the above is the most popular question in school, then not far behind is – “What the heck are those colorful objects in the middle school field meant for?” Everyday a new piece of colorful metal is added to the collection. The much-hyped Welham science park has managed to capture the imagination of the school community with boys and even some teachers sneaking in to have a look. The park is scheduled to be inaugurated at the end of the term, and would be an interesting addition to the school infrastructure.

Isn't it ironic that writers from the land that was under the Crown for hundreds of years can write the Queen's language better than most of her own countrymen? I am talking of the gradual but very prominent upsurge of Indian literates in the West. Now it has become stylish and more of an area for the elite to display their exquisite reading habits and liking for unconventional Indian authors. The latest in line being Hari Kunzru, whose *The Impressionist* has been receiving rave reviews around the world. Veterans like Vikram Seth, V.S. Naipaul and Salman Rushdie all have roots back in India. A great achievement for a land where (as a recent movie satires) toilet paper is still a myth! In American and British Universities too, the word 'Asian' has managed to make itself heard amidst all the racism. From what I read, it has become cool to be an Asian abroad! “I am from India”, says Ramdin, “Cool man!” say the Yanks and “Wicked!” exclaims John Bull – that's how things are looking up for the Asians. This upsurge on the whole is great news for students planning to study abroad.

A small but very annoying problem had been bothering a hotel in Phuket – people knowingly or unknowingly just loved to piss in their swimming pool. Lab tests showed that the urine content in the hotel's pool had

reached an unbelievable high. Something had to be done about it pretty soon, and that too without hurting the sentiments of the guests. The management refurbished the toilets and put up large boards pointing towards them to encourage swimmers from using the toilets. The problem persisted. It was then that a young bellboy from the same hotel came up with an idea that was Okayed by the manager. The next day a big board with the words – ‘Swimming ool’ was put up right outside the pool. Just below it in small letters were written the following words – “Notice that there is no ‘P’ in our pool. Please keep it that way!” That message had a very positive effect. What the bellboy had done was apply a very simple yet important aspect of life that is being studied in all good business universities of the world - Humour. It is being considered as a necessary characteristic of a good businessman - the ability to smile, and make others smile. When all fails, a brief lighter moment can make all the difference in life.

Bollywood has always been a topic of hot discussion for us Welhamites, and would be for any one of our age in India. No matter how much we try to act like Nick from New York, heart of hearts we know that one thing that connects us to our roots are the Bollywood movies. And no matter how much one puts up that I-don't-watch-hindi-movies attitude, it would be difficult to find one not shaking a leg to a popular hindi track. What makes the affair more interesting is seeing a familiar face up there. Sajed Khan, son of Sanjay Khan is all set to set the Tinsel town on fire with his new movie. I have a vague memory of seeing him in school when he was in class tenth. Things have surely changed. It is always a pleasure to see some Welhamite make it big somewhere. Another ex-Welhamtie who is making a mark in Bollywood is Shad Ali. When he appeared on screen in a cameo role in *Dil Se*, co directed by him, the Welhamites present in the hall shouted chants of Welham in acknowledgement. He has done the school proud by directing his latest venture *Sathiya*. Where will you be on its release?

You will have to bear with me for yet another issue of the Oliphant. Yours truly

will remain the Editor of the Oliphant till the end of this term. Fine?

Unplugging,
Prayaas.

LITERARY AFFAIRS

The Confession.

The chapel door opened and Provis walked in. His hair was disheveled, his eyes were half open and his face was full of guilt and remorse. He walked like a dead man and made his way to the confession box.

He knelt down and took a deep breath. His heart was beating fast and he didn't know how to begin. He stammered as he spoke.

"Fa- father," he said,

"Yes, my son."

"F-f-forgive me...I...I have...sinned."

Tears filled his eyes, when he said that and he started sobbing.

"What is it my son?" asked the priest.

"I...I.(sob)..."

Although the priest absolved him of all his sins, he didn't pacify. He couldn't live without Centaine. He went home and took out his father's shotgun.

"I have killed the reason I wanted to live" he thought, he put the muzzle in his mouth and pulled the trigger.

Provis had met Centaine on the first socials of year twelve. The music was one and everyone's was in the groove. Not exactly..... Provis and Centaine were sitting on the opposite corners of the room, neither of them aware of the other's existence. Both of them, wanted someone to dance with and the satisfied couples around them, increased their jealousy. It was only, when they got up for refreshments that they bumped into each other. Their eyes met and it was love at first sight. Of course, they danced throughout the night. They met each other quite often. They used to go to an isolated lake nearby and talk to each other. Provis used to take Centaine to the movies, a concert or a game every weekend.. Provis was in the basketball

team, and Centaine, was in the cheerleading squad. Centaine would go wild with excitement, when Provis would perform some amazing feats. She often messed up the routines. The two spent time together after school. Provis sometimes sneaked into her bedroom late at night when he didn't feel sleepy. They were madly in love and inseparable. Not for long...

To Provis, love turned into an obsession. He became belligerent, and over reactive. He couldn't bear to see any other guy, sit with or even talk to Centaine. He also warned Centaine not to do so. A few unfortunate guys ended up in the hospital. Centaine tried to make Provis understand that it was no big deal, but he wouldn't listen. Instead, he questioned Centaine's love.

Day by day, Provis became, more and more uncontrollable. Centaine started to fear and avoid him, but Provis came drunk to her house, at nights, and kept screaming throughout the night. To Centaine, it became a never-ending nightmare. From the next day, Centaine, surreptitiously started to stay with her friend.

Then came Brad. He was a fresher and played football. Centaine liked him very much and they started to go out. At the same time, Provis was looking frantically for Centaine. No one answered the phone at her house. Brad and Centaine had fun together. Brad was rich, and there was nothing that he couldn't give Centaine. They went to the beach and parties all the time. Provis came to know about it and he became red with rage.

"That vixen doesn't love me at all." He thought, "all this time, she was just fooling around with me. Our love was meaning less. How could you do this Centaine?" then a wicked smile crossed her face, that seemed to say, "I will show you"

That night when Centaine entered the room and turned on the lights she was petrified to see

Provis there.

“Hello Centaine” he said.

“W-wh-what a surprise” she managed.

Provis walked slowly towards her, until they were inches apart.

“Let me tell you something Centaine. Never break someone’s heart, who is mad about you and loves you more than his life.”

She shook, and Provis caught her throat like a steel clamp. She tried to break free and screamed, but she couldn’t. She looked into Provis’s eyes – full of hate and scorn. Provis tightened his

grip on her throat and her eyes started to droop.

“See you in hell!!” he said, and Centaine collapsed. She was motionless – dead. Only after she died, did he realize what he had done. He stood there for sometime, staring at her body and remembering the past. Repentance filled his heart and he cried.

Animesh Pant
XI-Sc

Life is Such.

It cannot be forgotten,
As it was always mine,
It cannot be put off,
The fire, which is no more,
Life is such,
So difficult to understand.

It cannot heal,
A wound so deep,
It cannot be sorted,
The thread so entangled,
Life is such,
So difficult to change.

It cannot be read,
A book of dreams,
It cannot be climbed,
A path too steep,
Life is such,
So difficult to beat,

It cannot be controlled,
The fire that spreads from within,
It cannot be questioned,
A flower so dry,
Life is such,
So difficult to stop.

- Pranay Patodia.
Class - XII.

Forsaken.

7th November 2002. A bright, sunny and a cheerful Thursday was the perfect day for everything to come crashing. Apocalypse. Hah! All the dreams and aspirations came shattering down on someone. At the assembly, prefects were appointed and asked to take an oath. The school’s votes had shown their results. While the prefects stood on the stage, a pedestal of great pride and strength, making them the heroes of the schools, the forsaken classmates continued on clapping and smiling at the prefects. The forsaken ones were happy for them. But, what went, wrong on the way. Why, wasn’t the someone on the stage, standing with an inflated chest and flaunting that pearly denture? Why wasn’t

the someone there, to sign in the book? What were the factors that deterred the path of the someone? Was it the infamous facade that the someone had put on in his yester years, in the senior school? Was it the illustrious report card that the someone lacked? Was it because that someone lacked the expertise of flattery? Was this someone a rebel of the system? Was the someone a revolting and detestable boy to the teachers? Was the someone, just outspoken and outgoing. Was the someone just another student who had broken the barriers & laws of the school? Was it the personal factor, which created a deficit in his flight of steps to glory

and power? If these factors did affect his path, inflicting him pain and suffering, then the someone has the power to lead a life with the blemishes that had tarnished his image and still it continues. The one has the zeal, enough, to lead a low-profile life and bear the consequences thrown at him. Perseverance shall be the someone's cup of tea. For the someone shall lead an ascetic's life with nothing to contribute as long as the someone does

not have to bite the dust. Later on, leave behind nothing memorable, for the one shall always have the stamp of a forsaken.

And so castles made of sand
Slip into the sea
Eventually!!

Searching for a warp in the cipher.

Parallel Thought.

Lets kill religion.

I wish to be reborn in a world where there is no God.

Christians - Jesus would never have said, "Do not worship anyone other than me."

I am amused when I see Jesus, the epitome of simplicity, is being made to live in multi-million-dollar churches, each trying to outdo its neighbour. Do you think Jesus lives there? If He lives anywhere, it would be in the poorest of slums, among the poorest of the poor.

People remember everything other than the three most important words in the Bible — God is love.

Muslims - Allah would never have advocated jihad (violence). It is sad to see Muslims trying to find the formless Allah within the confines of a mosque. His very form — or lack of it — suggests that He is to be found everywhere, not just in the confines of a Babri Masjid.

Who is to understand or listen?

Hindus - the Upanishads say God lies within you and You are God.

Idol worship was introduced in the Vedic age to make it easier for the common man to grasp the concept of God. Lord Ram's life shows how an ideal man should live. Rather than following the ideals expressed, people seem to think that building temples to Him is the best thing to do.

When will they ever learn?

Man always wants better things for himself. And he

thinks that by worshipping — or, should I say, bribing? - God, he can achieve what he wants. Pathetic!

Man only understands the principle of give and take. In his weak-minded interpretation of God, he reduces God to his level. All that God wants you to do is live a good life. Instead of doing that, people sing hymns and bhajans at the top of their voices... They think God will hear them, and reciprocate their efforts with what they want in life. Pitiable!

I want to live in a world where there is no God. Let there be no worship or places of worship. Indeed, let there be no religion. Let there be no believers. For, every believer can turn into a fanatic with the right amount of provocation.

Until man has the sense to understand God, let there be no God. Indeed, a Krishna, Jesus or Allah would be willing to die a thousand deaths if that would bring peace to this world.

Let us kill religion so that humans can live. Yes, I want to live in a world where there is no God. In peace.

If you look at it, religion is the root cause of all evil on this planet. After all who created Satan? It was definitely the Bible, with other religions having their own name for him. Where is proof that either of them exists? God doesn't seem to be doing very much these days, with the world on the verge of destroying itself with nuclear weapons. Satan hasn't managed to destroy one of man's greatest virtues called love. In their own sweet ways, Satan and

God have both failed- if of course they exist and are really trying to do anything. Afganistan's Taliban regime declared war on the 'evil' countries on the basis of religion. Hitler used race as an excuse, Charles Manson believed that he was following Satan's orders. Everyone who has stopped these people so far seems to be doing the right thing but that depends on what angle you look at it from. Ultimately however, after any conflict has reached a point peaceful negotiations fail; there is one

bloody battle into which endless amounts of money is poured. What for? Religion, madness or money?

If you are a believer, then I think it is time that you believe that the power is with you. Even you aren't a believer then its time to realize that goodness comes from within and not from any supernatural force. Peace to all.

-The Witch Doctor

The living failure

This term has been a season of dreams and seeing your dreams come true. The appointment of the new prefects is round the corner. It is a great feeling to be a prefect. As a part of the aspiring batch, I too had been hoping for a position but I seem to be loosing the race. In this term you are expected to change your behavior towards everyone and as a matter of fact people do change it (I am not accusing anyone). To save my neck I must not mention the role of the old prefect batch in appointing the new one. The guys who scope can be put into three different categories. . . . There are the ones who seem to be running to the 'big boss' for everything. Trying to impress him and make their presence felt. They are his favorites. In the month of September the 'scoping' batch went to Dakpathar for a Leadership Training Camp (L.T.C). Some felt that the sessions in the camp were worse than torture whereas some found it to be a good opportunity to create an impression. Some took a keen interest in the discussions that were conducted there by the 'pony tailed' person. Taking part in the discussions was all right but if you were the one who deliberately spoke up every time a question was put up then you fall into this category. It was a common belief that the prefects would be chosen in the camp. Not fully but to some extent it is true. Back in school, some took their novels to the Senior Master's class. Found out a difficult word and asked him the meaning. I suggest that if you do not know the meaning of the word then ruddy hell why don't you look up the dictionary. These guys

might end up as winners.

The second category consists of guys who have made an extra effort to excel in studies and sports; these guys are much better than the ones who fall into the former category. At least they are making an effort to create an impression. They are the best for this slot and will always lead by example. The batch has been taking keen interest in the play practices too. I lay a bet; people in this category are going to win the race.

The last category is of people who have not changed at all in this season. I pity these guys. If you are in this category than prepare to congratulate others. When the prefects are being appointed, the juniors will come up to you and say "never mind yaar. Hard luck". Some go to the extent of saying, "better luck next year".

But what about me? By the time this article is in print the list of prefects will be out. Try to recollect, after the prefects have been appointed and celebrations had taken place. The ties were thrown up in the air and the stage packed with people congratulating them. Some were highly disappointed. Eyes moistened with tears and put on a formal smile, and as student passed by and moved forward to congratulate the prefects. At that moment if you were looking for such a person then you didn't find me. Where was I? Did you find me there?

**Hard work bears fruits.
Croccifixio**

Letters to the ED.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

This is Nilay Kumar (ex-861/K). I am presently doing my MBBS from the All India Institute of Medical Sciences. I appeared for various entrance examinations this year in which my performance was excellent.

I thank Welham for my success. Welham instilled in me the confidence that takes to be a part of the country's foremost medical institute. I also thank my housemasters Mr. Jagjit Singh and Mr. Khaira for their never-ending pep talks. At the end I feel happy that I studied at Welham.

*Yours sincerely,
Nilay Kumar.*

Dear Nilay,

Thank you for writing in. The entire Welham community will be acknowledging your achievements with immense pride and pleasure. However, your achievements were expected of you, considering the bright student you were. Wishing you all the best for the future, and may you do the school proud wherever you go.

The Ed.

Ringside View.

Sometimes I really wonder if sports actually make a significant contribution to our lives. Apart from keeping us fit and making us 'go getters' does it really entertain us or has it taken a backseat.

Watching the world of sports turn into a lucrative business churning out black money has surely changed much in the soul of games... however the fact remains, Welham has always had its share of sports in the same spirit as ever.

With the recent withering of the athletic fever we also wished our 65th Annual Sports. Day goodbye. This year we did witness a difference in the events of the Sports Day with the introduction, of the karate display by the "karate kids" of junior school under the guidance of Mr. Vinay Chauhan, the passing of the motor cycle over three junior boys, the Maruti car being driven over Mr. Chauhan and the smashing of the burning bamboo sticks on his back just took the cake. It was a jaw-dropping spectacle with parents spellbound watching in utter amazement if nothing more.

The tug of war between the parents and the teachers was also a treat to watch. You actually couldn't decide whom to cheer for. Should you cheer for those who plagued you in school or for those who vexed you out of school! With the participation of Mr. Anwer Sultan on the parents'

side, (a leading trap shooter of India who also happened to be our chief guest,) the tug of war hogged the limelight. However the power of Mr. Painuli as the anchor on the teachers' side it made pretty obvious that they would win.

The events didn't leave our graceful lady teachers behind, with their running around chairs. A special applause for a teacher who during the participation in the event ran not just for chairs but also taught us something very vital. In no better way could she have taught us that there was nothing wrong with falling provided you rise again.

The rest of the events were conducted with the same pride too with 'Speed Surya' and 'Jogger Maroof' stealing the show. Cauvery 'smashed the Krishna house's spell of winning the marching cup for six consecutive years by winning it this time. They also managed to lift the Athletics trophy, after winning the marching cup. Since the la finally came to an end.

With that we drew to a close of the first split Founder's Sports day.

With Sports Day just losing its viral came in the attack of the ball handlers. The Golden Jubilee Basketball Tournament, which over the years had produced fans of basketball, came to a raving start. With the participation of two international

schools. While the 'Welham Whites' though played a die-hard game did not qualify for a higher level, the Blues marched their way to victory beating Blue Bells, SJA, and Galaxy International & St. Xaviers by 18 points respectively! The Blue Bells team did start off well taking a slight lead but it really didn't take us much time to teach them what the game of ball was all about. We couldn't play the much awaited Dosco's in the tournament as they couldn't make it to the level we expected them too. So we played Galaxy International in the finals who were a good team too but naturally couldn't stand much of a chance against the tornado's i.e.: Welham. After all, the captain Abhishek Singh along with Udaiveer Klair & Suhail Kakpori was playing the last tournament of his school career and couldn't afford to let us down. We did miss Aatir who due to a ligament injury

couldn't play for us. A bow to the four for all that they have given Welham. Abhishek did manage to get the Most Valuable Player of the tournament. It's not the end but the beginning of their basketball life. You never know what lies ahead With this, mellowed down the cries of Welham Welham OOH Welham Welham AAH Welham Welham OOHAH!!

This took us to the end of the sports

scenario in Welham as the boss put his foot down and said "no more tournaments". Last but not the least, the Inter House Squash Tournament was held recently too with Cauvery again winning after beating Ganga in the finals. That's that for the Welham Sports scene.

On the international front the F-1 season has come to an end witnessing total dominance by Ferrari with Schumacher lifting the drivers championship for the 5th time. The NBA season commenced

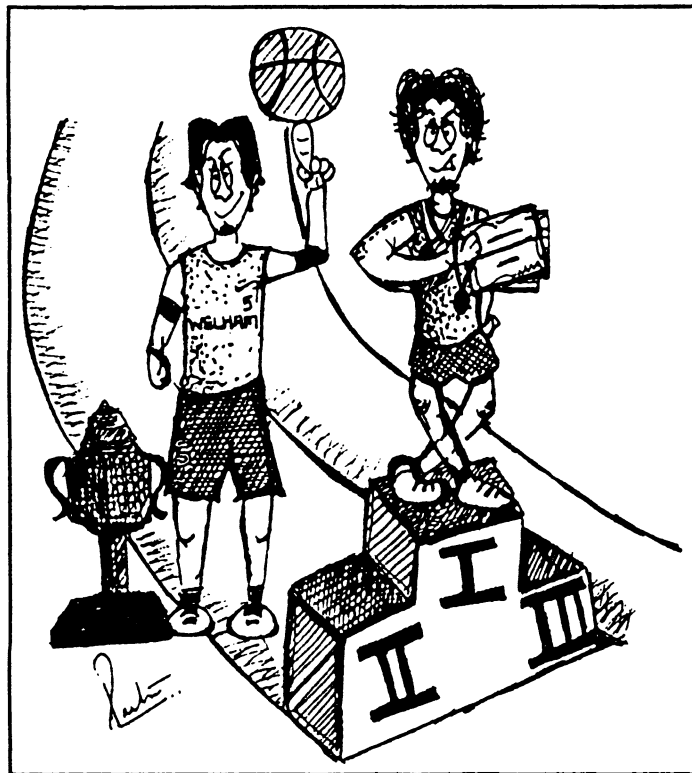
on the 9th with the Lakers looking eager to add another title to their collection.

The busiest week of international cricket saw the first Ashes Match, the Zimbabwe – Pakistan test match and India playing the one-day series against West Indies. The Australians dominated the first test and won by a large margin. South Africa beat Srilanka by an innings and 70 odd runs. India on the other hand is

having a tough time playing without the little master against the West Indies and is 2 matches down in the one-day series. Here comes the end for the fortnight.

From the Paradise of the OOH AAH institution,

Karan Mehrotra.



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