

The Oliphant

No. 286 & 287

WELHAMBOYS' SCHOOL

21st April, 2003

Think About It...

Feelings are not supposed to be logical.

Dangerous is the man who has rationalized his emotions.

-David Borenstein

EDITORIAL

"You know what? You are demanding the impossible from me."

"No, not at all. All I am asking from you is just a 16 page issue, by this week."

"Hey, I am not a machine. And by the way my DTE too is not a machine."

"Now you are talking something very daft. By the way the DTE is the one who does all the typing. All you do is type your editorial and what else. Most of the times you are in the Oliphant Room, playing games and nothing else."

"What I do there is none of your business. And as for the games, you're the one who is always running behind me for the keys. May I know what do you do there?"

"Hey...now you're getting really personal."

"What do you mean? I might as

well tell the whole school what you have been doing in the Oliphant Room."

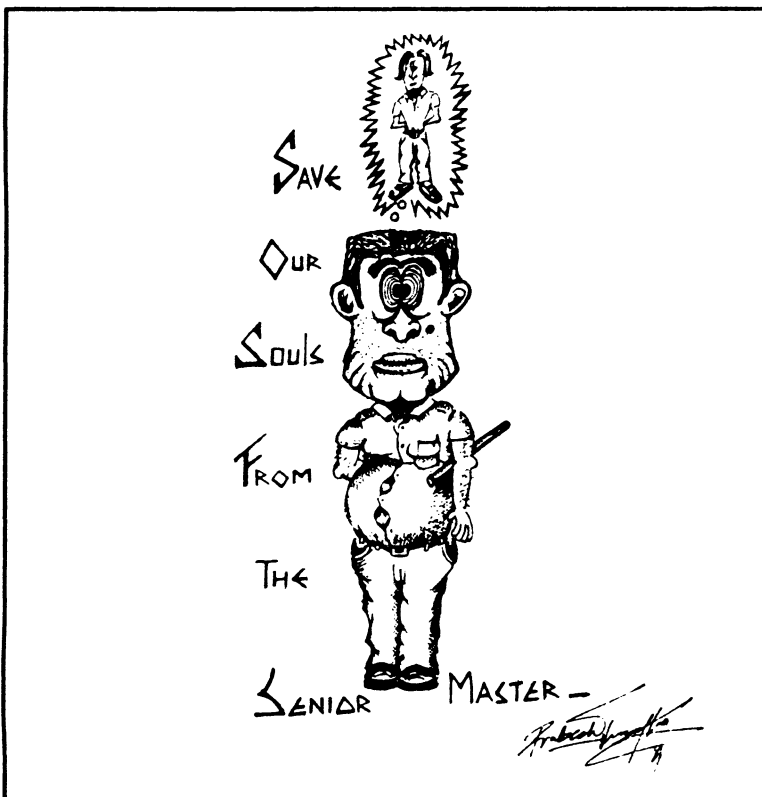
"Okay, you win. But, please try your best and come out with a double issue within a week's time."

"I'll try, but I cannot truly

guarantee you with a double issue in a week's time."

That was a short excerpt from the hot debate between the Literary Affairs correspondent and me. I can assure you that the correspondent gave me a large sum of bribe (of course in kind) to come out with this issue at such a short notice. Well, this only goes to

show that the pest of bureaucracy has struck The Oliphant. Such is the corruption that has crept into every part of our society that even a miniscule entity, like our magazine, of this large country has not been spared. I know that it is socially undesirable, but I have to get



paid for all the pains I go through. As for my DTE I can only say that he too shall have his day. Not only has the correspondent got on my back, but in the background the Staff Representative is also badgering me. He is trying hard to explain me the ills of corruption. He is also explaining me that how much he loathes a corrupt person. Phew! Do I have to go through all this? God please explain all the bickering people to hold their peace and teach them something about life. The Staff Representative is trying to convince me that I should not come out with this double issue. He says that it would be unwise on my part to come out with a double issue and that he would not encourage this act. Now I ask you all out there, should I take the temptation being offered to me or take out a normal double issue. Those who suggest I take the bribe, you all are truly open minded and street smart. Well now that I have come out with a double issue, my offering-- awaits me.

"What? You are coming out on this Monday."

"Yeah! Got any qualms."

"Isn't The Oliphant a fortnightly magazine?"

"Yup, I know that and you too, but I am just trying to be unconventional. What is the big deal in that?"

"May God help you in your tribulations, that lie in store for you."

In life one has got to take chances and I have taken one. As for the people around me, all of them have taken at least one in their life. Recently, a person also took the chance of his life and ended better off. The person is none other than our respected teacher Mr. Jagjit Singh. All of us here know about his late activities, but it is only the devil in me citing the Holy Scriptures. Much in the likeness of Shylock. Since he has left school there seems to have a deficit in his post. Lot of shuffling has been taking place and people eligible for his post have given in their curricula vitas. The decision has been made and the winner turned

out to be Mr. Arora. He is a man of equal reputation and standing. Thus, I would like to congratulate and wish him all the best. though, I do hope he would wish me the same. People have to move around, the only difference lies that some make it vertically while others saunter horizontally.

The temperatures are soaring and to aggravate the matter, the electricity has started to go out in regular intervals. In the night one can hear the buzzing of the mosquitoes near their ears. This condition only applies when the electricity goes out. The Welhamites can be seen scratching their limbs through out the day. Some of them in their night talk curse the mosquitoes. I am really not sure about their night talking habits because it is presumed to be the hallucinogenic effect of the mosquitoes. Even in the morning when they wake up for P. T., a stream of obscenities pour out, dedicated to the mosquitoes. During prep time, Welhamites are doing what they are not supposed to be doing, having a party. But, no sooner the electricity gets cuts than they start whining and cursing the electricity for being a hindrance in their prep time. In the classroom preps are not submitted and the teachers are the ones who approach the authorities. In the end it all comes down to punishment in the afternoon sun by the Prefects. Thus, I suggest all of you prep fleeing Welhamites, start doing your prep punctually and remain on the safer side of matters.

Oh no! In the last issue I forgot to add something very important. I had mentioned that the school seemed to be very crowded. Well with the new boys, bounties have arrived in the senior school. Finally after two years of purgatory, the Tenthies have something to rejoice over. The juniors were mobilized from day one. The Tenthies are out to live their lives king size now. As for the juniors may God save you from the wraths of seniority. May you juniors bask in their glory and in the mirth of your disposition.

With the new entrants to the senior school the choir seems to resemble an over inflated balloon. If one had to take a head count, it would sum up to seventy. This figure is just an estimate. Rumble in the jungle.

The world news is such a drab. Saddam, Saddam, Saddam... this very proper noun has started to hurt everyone's ears. So the international arena should be left aloof until another hot topic crops up. The latest Bollywood revelation seems to be between the beautiful Ash and the smart looking Oberoi. Somehow this

equation turns out to be a triangle with Salman in the thick of it. I suggest him, two is a company but three is a crowd. Wait, wait, wait! Everyone please put on your surgical masks on because a new disease is on the way to India. Known as S.A.R.S., it is highly contagious. It is said to be a type of coughing ailment. Phensidryl anyone. So till I get my mask on, I guess I shall see you later.

The Corruptor,
Pranab

Welham Now

Results of the Inter-House Hindi Elocution held on the 14th of April

Section A

1st Raunak Tibrewal

2nd Raghav Garg

Section B

1st Rasik Goyal

2nd Ajitesh Kir

House Positions

1st Krishna House

2nd Ganga House

3rd Jamuna House

4th Cauvery House

Sport Captains for the year 2003-2004.

Hockey	Kaustubh Divedi
Cricket	Vansh Vardhan
Aquatics	Prabesh Shrestha
Volley Ball	Varun Sharma
Basketball	Abhishek Shrestha
Soccer	Namgyal Wangchuk
Table Tennis	Vivek Baltharia
Athletics	Mehtab Singh Sandhu
Tennis	Varun Modi
Badminton	Puneet Oberoi
Gym	Lovesh Kalra

A friendly Hockey match was played against Doon School at their grounds on the 18th of this month. We put up a good fight but we lost to them by 3-2.

On the 19th of April, a friendly Cricket fixture was played against D.P.S., R.K.Puram Road. D.P.S. won the match. They will be playing another match on Sunday.

There was Board Meeting held on the 19th of April.

We stood 3rd in the Win Mumby Basket Ball Championship, held at Wood Stock School, Mussoorie from the 10th to the 11th of April.

The District Basketball Chamionship commenced on 15th of April. The first match was played between St. Thomas College and our school, we won. In the quarter finals we faced RIMC, we turned out victorious. The Semi-Final is to be played against GRD Academy.

The English Elocution Contest was held on the 19th of April.

LAMPOON

Melodrama Queens

Once the remote is in her hand it continues to be on from 7:30 pm to 12:30 am. Wild guesses? Anyone? Yup! The Welhamite sitting in the back row responded correctly. It's a series of melodramatic soap operas that follow one after another, until the boy sitting close to his mother finally says, "Mom is it ok if can watch some M.T.V. I've had enough of this shouting, black mailing and crying for one night!" Mom remains riveted to the TV and says, "Just hold on a second, there is only one last serial left!"

Though I personally never enjoyed watching these soap operas, at times I was compelled to do so. Frankly, I have interviewed students who watch these serials and enjoy them as well. Much to my surprise I landed up conversing with a couple of boys saying that all the greasy and heavy soap's were getting them engrossed as well. As for myself, I always tried to dissuade mom from watching soaps. Because its only contribution is making people over react to situations, become histroic, talk over the phone, discussing what had happened in the last episode of the Saas Bahu rivalry. Blah Blah Blah. After a complete analysis of Indian soap operas I presume that it is a weak story based, prolonging episodes of laughter, happiness, sadness and tension between family members. The justification behind people loving Indian soaps is mainly because many of the people who live in joint families relate their personal problems with the ones show cased in the small screen. A wicked Bahu trying to swindle her innocent husbands money, Saas Bahu conflicts, over dominating mothers who make the new Bahu's life doleful, an over possessive nasty wife not permitting her husband to socialize with his female colleagues,

women black mailing men into marrying them. . etc...

But there is no sizzle on screen without the Indian soap's MEAN QUEENS. They are another factor that keep the serials from getting monotonous. They cut throats with cut glass accents, they claw their enemies with sweet humble words but yet they manage to impress the audience. Koumolika twirls her hair and seduces her audiences with the devilish smile followed by a catchy tune in 'Kasauti'. When Sheetal Singhania of Zee TV's 'Lipstick' is bad she raises her right eyebrow. And when she wants to be really, really bad she just offers a bottle of poison to her rival! Her mantra: "Joh Sheetal Singhania ek bar chahtihai voh pa ke rehti hai (what Sheetal wants she gets) Anu in 'Des Mein Nikla Hoga Chand' replaces her sister in law's baby with a dead child (giggle!). Ambika in 'Kahani Ghar Ghar Ki' tries to seduce Om, the ideal son in the family. All these highly poisonous seductresses clad themselves in heavy makeup, buring lipsticks and foot long eyelashes that look as if they would take wings. Negative characters are always liked because they are the focus of the viewers hatred. (Mind you the information above is not due to personal experience! LOL!).

This is to all those soap opera freaks out there – I wouldn't discourage you from watching soaps, but I would encourage you to go through my article and if it makes any sense to you, you will do what is needed. Rest is yours to do chums! (I wouldn't want to be the cause of a dip in TV soap opera ratings!). Penning off without a thought of either saas or bahu.

Rival of the saas and bahu,
Derek.

LITERARY AFFAIRS.

Twisted Metal

“But what do we have to steal, uncle?” said Kathleen.

“A meat truck”, replied her uncle Ryan.

Martin almost choked on his drink. “What’ll we do robbing meat”, he asked.

Ryan said, “Never judge a book by its cover, my friend. What we care about is what’s inside. There’s 50 billion dollars in gold which will be transported to Fort Know from Miami.”

“But what about anything, my dear. I have it all planned...”

‘A real genius’, Martin thought as he walked back to his ‘house’. ‘Tomorrow will he be a rich man leading a respectable life in the Bahamas.’

“Hey look, what’s that?”, said Joe as he saw an ‘injured’ lady from his passenger side window staggering and then falling to the road below. “C’mon, stop, we’ve got to help her.”

“But the gal...”, said the drivers but Joe wouldn’t let him continue. The driver stopped and they rushed out to help the lady leaving the truck open. Just then there were two gunshots and before they knew it they were breathing their last still fighting off excruciating pain the bullets caused in their chests.

“C’mon, Katy, hop on”, said Martin as he scrambled to his 125cc bike, “and do me a favour.... wipe that fake blood off your face.”

“You think I’d get an Oscar for that?”, asked Kathleen as she sat on the bike.

“Yeah. That was some nice acting you did back there,” agreed Martin as he headed towards the port where a ship was waiting to have them off to Nassau in the Bahamas.

“I’m worried about uncle,” Kathleen said, “He said it’ll take him half an hour to get the truck here but it’s almost an hour now.”

“Cheer up, girl”, Martin told Kathleen, “Ryan’s told us that everything will go and planned.”

Two minutes later the truck reached the abandoned pier where Captain Russel was ordering his crew about to make last minute adjustments.

Ryan drove the truck onto the ship. Martin asked, “You think the truck decoy we’ve set will throw the police off track”.

“Not for long. Maybe 5-6 hours. But by then we’ll be halfway Nassau.”

Then mist came in quick as night enveloped the sky. Visibility was low but they were an hour away from Nassau. Suddenly, the boats engines stopped and it floated on the waves. Out of the mist came Russel and four deckhands all with guns.

“There’s a lifeboat there which will take you to shore” said the captain, “and we take the gold. Go on now or I’ll blow your brains apart”.

Martin and Kate walked off but Ryan took out his gun and fired a round on everyone. Martin and Kate hit the deck. As the smoke cleared they saw Russel, the only man standing, clutching his left arm and Ryan lay in his own pool of blood...

“No!”, cried Kate but Martin shoved her into the lifeboat and headed to sea. Martin fumbled through his backpack and took out three grenades and hurled them at the ship. Moments later flames lit the dark sky and the ship sank to the bed below with the 50 billion dollars...

Ten years on, Martin could still remember that day when the 50 billion dollars slipped from his hand. But now he felt that he had to get it back. He felt as if it were waiting for him suddenly, the door behind him opened and Kathleen entered, white with fear. "Its Russel, he's alive," she said," and he's gone for the gold".

"Not if I can help it," Martin said.

Half an hour later they were cruising in full speed in Martin's yacht. As they neared the whereabouts of the gold, Martin put on his diving gear and jumped into the sea.

Having found the wreck, Martin emerged just to find Russel on his yacht and Kate bound and gagged.

"C'mon Martin, tell me where it is", Russel said.

"It's no use Russel. The truck's empty".

"I can't believe it. I've been trying to find it for ten years"

"Go and see your self".

Russel sent one man down and he came up with the same news. "Tell me what you've done with it Martin," Russel cried.

"Hey! I'm as surprised as you are".

With that Russel left the yacht for his own boat. Martin untied Kathleen and asked, "The place from where we hijacked the truck – how far is it from your home"

"Umm... ten minutes"

"And the port"

"About forty-five minutes. But why?"

"I think you'll be in for a surprise

Kate... a big surprise. But first we go back to Miami."

That evening Marin and Kathleen reached Miami and headed towards Ryan's house, which had been, untouched for ten years.

"I can't stand surprises. C'mon, tell me what's on your mind," inquired an anxious Kathleen.

"Well", Martin said as he turned into the driveway, "open the garage and see for yourself."

Kathleen opened the garage. "Oh MY GOD! O MY GOD", she cried, "But why didn't Uncle Ryan tell us? WHY? WHY?"

"Relax, Kate", Martin said, "We're rich now and nothing that anybody can do about it. I first suspected something when Ryan turned up late. My suspicions were confirmed today when I found the truck empty. Ryan did not bring the truck on board. It was the decoy.

"Wow! We're rich," cried Kathleen, "we're r..."

"Hold it right there", a voice ordered. Martin and Kate could see the silhouette of a figure out in the dark moving towards them.

"W-Who are you?" Martin cried, "come out. Show us your fa-, Captain Russel!"

"Not Captain Russel, Martin", Russel said," Detective Russel for the FBI. You're under arrest..."

-Shaunak Valame
(XI Sc.)

ICSE Blues

Boards were nearing, we were still
The same,
There was pressure but there was no
Change . . .
We had never been the same before...
It seemed so strange.

(6)

There were so many expectations.
Who was the ultimate brain,
We all tested ourselves... 'n turned
From sane to insane.

The nights began at midnight
The days began at noon.
Our madness went to such an
Extent,
That in the day we saw the
Moon.

As noon would strike, we would awake,
Or books would open...everything at
Stake,
We wouldn't study...we'd rather chat,
The world cup was on, in the common
Room we sat.

The nights lasted till the mornings
The weather was cold,
The bonfires gave us relaxation,
As the dawn would unfold.

Economics was too lengthy,
Maths was a pain...
But I guess we had to study,
We had to study in vain.

3rd march was here,
It seemed like doomsday,
The pressure was so much upon us,
That even our hair turned grey.

The preparation was over. Boards
Had begun
Now there was no time...nowhere to
Run,
It was an experience, it was

Great fun.

Last minute study...it didn't make
Sense,
No matter how hard we tried,
It just made us tense,
How much could we study...how much
Could we bear,
We went through so much that
Nobody cared.

The papers were out...like every time
they Do,
But all were fakes, none were
True.

The boards passed by, almost all
Papers were through,
Relief was on the faces...but
Sadness too.

Boards were a party...
There were memories to cherish,
If even though the ICSE'S are over...
These memories will never perish.

Oh how can I forget those sleepless
Nights,
The memories are too dear,
I walk by with just one wish,
I hope I could relive last year.

- Karan Narain
(XI C)

Parallel Thoughts

Sex, Alcohol and Sin

I always wonder why drinking is not a sin whereas premarital sex is. It is okay for anyone above the age of 21 or 18 (only because of the law, I am sure) to go out drinking, but to have sex is wrong. Why did this come about? Is it because having premarital sex, or to

“know a woman” is dirty? Are women dirty things, and to sleep with one before marriage is bad for a man? Are women devils in disguise until they get married, then somehow the love of God kicks the demons out and makes it okay to have sex with them? Is it because in the olden day?

We were prohibited to have? Is it because in the olden days women were treated as objects and sold to other families? Does it all come back down to our religious books being incredibly sexist doctrines? It probably does.

Religious books have taken something completely natural like sex and turned it against us. Our sexual thoughts are impure and sinful. Our sexual actions are certainly sinful, and we can go to Hell for it if we don't repent in time.

I have been told that drinking is not a sin, but that drinking to get drunk is a sin. Where is the logic in this? It is okay to drink, but just don't PLAN on getting drunk. If you don't plan on getting drunk, but you just 'end up' drunk, then you haven't sinned. I think we have found a loophole. Houston, we have a problem.

"When you take the devil into your mouth you are doomed. And he is waiting for you, there, inside that bottle of Whisky"- Theodore Lawrence.

Is drinking a man made substance, alcohol, (evil-that is why you get "drunk"), alright? Isn't it more probable that if there is a devil he resides in the bottle? Consuming alcohol can make your vision blurry; the lines of right and wrong are not as sharp. People do plenty of things when they are drunk that they feel ashamed of the next morning. Alcohol temporarily lies to rest your inhibitions. Alcohol should then be considered sinful, wouldn't you think?

God knows that if we enjoy sex on earth too much we won't want to leave. We might find that having sex with a loved one (married or not) is more enjoyable than anything He can offer up in Heaven. Maybe God has nothing to do with it (cause He doesn't exist people... wake up). Could it be that it is solely a religious law? Were religious leaders weary that they would not have control over the people and public opinion if everyone were out enjoying themselves? Temptations are offered to us all the time — and we have to strive to

avoid them at all costs. They use our own NATURAL INSTINCTS against us. We obey. We believe that our feelings, instincts and desires are all sinful and wrong... so we go to their churches and temples and we apologize and beg for forgiveness. Forgiveness is granted as long as we continue to come to the place of worship and donate to the plate. So, as long as we delegate our powers to these religious leaders and their sexist, oppressive dogmas, we really are not doing anything wrong.

It all comes down to control. Everyone is fighting for control over one another. Power is everything. Having the power of money goes a long way, but power of the invisible chains that bind people's minds and bodies is much more potent. Fill people with fear and be their only road to salvation and you've got them, hook, line and sinker.

Religion is just another tool of control and by following its guidelines you are giving away your life. You are sacrificing everything natural for its benefit. Celibacy is a personal choice or if you choose celibacy after being sexually active, I bear you no ill will. But, when you choose a lifestyle because of a religious-imposed sanction, then you are allowing yourself to be oppressed. You will never be truly free and never truly happy.

"Give a man a fish, and you'll feed him for a day. Give him a religion, and he'll starve to death while praying for a fish."
—Timothy Jones

When accepting an award for a wonderful acting performance, or possibly writing a hit song, like "Thong Song," artists are often heard to say, "I want thank God for..." When something goes great for the believer it is God that allowed it to be. When Sisqo (the rapper who won the award for the hit Thong Song), thanked Him for giving him the award for the song, I wondered if He would really want someone to rap about thongs and have

skimpily dressed women dancing a jig around Sisqo.

People pray for great things to happen to them. They pray that they will win the lottery. They pray that their team will be victorious over another team on the football field. They pray that maybe this month things will be different and they will then be able to feed their family. They pray that maybe today their spouse or significant other won't beat them. They pray that their terminal disease will go away, that God will cure their cancer. They pray that maybe today they will meet that special someone who will make their life so much better.

When things go in their favour, they attribute it to God and His good will. He knew I had that payment to make and helped me win the Lottery. He brought that perfect person into their life. God was the one that helped them beat their boxing opponent into a coma. He made their cancer go away, because he has a Mission for them on Earth.

When things go wrong, whose fault is it then? What about the opposing team, did they not pray hard enough? Did the winning team put in just a few extra moments of prayer and therefore God enabled them to win? Do you not feel stepped on by God? Maybe you prayed that God would bring that special person to you over the weekend. When you lay down to rest Sunday night, alone and lonely, do you blame God for not coming through on your prayers? Typically, the answer is 'No.'

God comes through for you it's convenient for you, and doesn't when things go wrong. Never do you put the blame on God for stepping over you one more time, while others prosper. The neighbours down the road have it all so well and here you are struggling to make ends meet. Where is God then?

It is sad that people do not take credit for their own accomplishments. How sure are you about yourself if you can not

accept the fact that God didn't help you write that hit song, or hit that six out of the ground? Do you really believe that God cared enough about you to 'inspire' you to create that musical melody, or that he gave you some 'talent'? Did God make that perfect person walk into the coffee shop just at the same time you were there on purpose? Was it God's will—His Divine Plan?

Who takes responsibility for all the failures? What about all the prayers that go unheard and unheeded? Is it healthy to sit in despair and pray to nothingness that things somehow mysteriously get better? You end up in a low point in life and you turn to God, the magical, unseen, all-caring being in the sky that is going to suddenly help you out of your slump. I don't think so. It is time to wake-up and start being accountable for our actions.

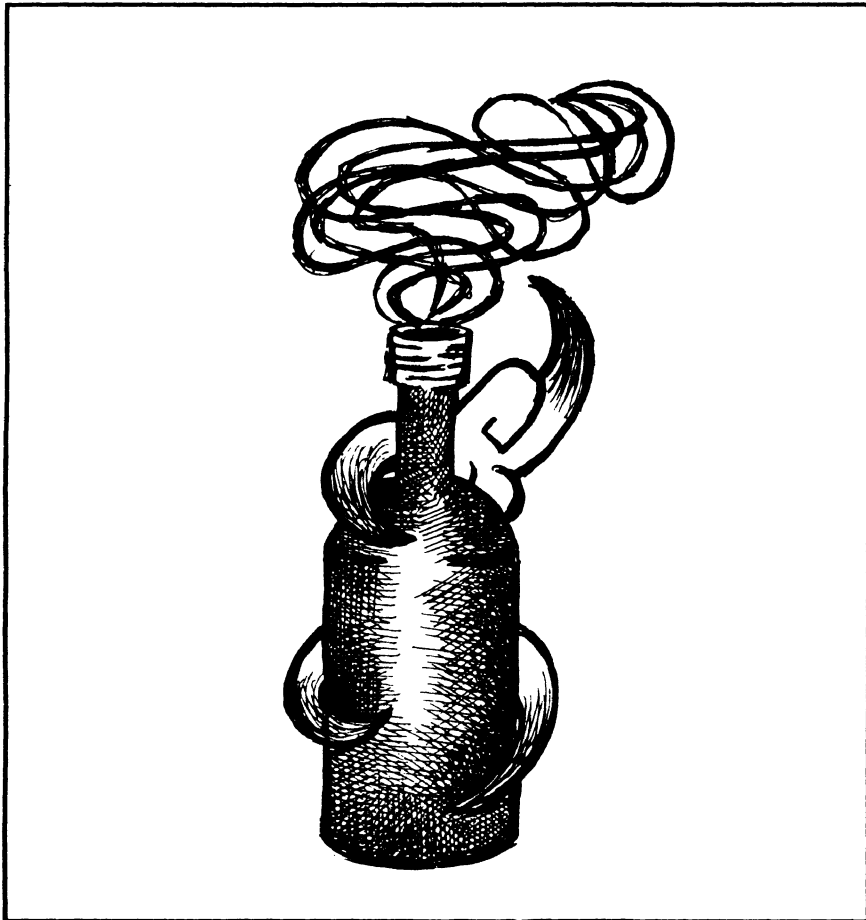
And the annoying people have to believe that God would care about some of this garb! Do you really think He cares if your team wins the World Cup or if you win the lottery? There are WAY too many people on the earth for God to look after to be concerned about such trivial issues. Really, if there were a God, wouldn't you really feel better knowing He was helping people living in total poverty—as opposed to millionaire cricket players?

What if, as a whole, the population of earth only gets a certain amount of "granted" prayers? Are those that pray the loudest going to get them? What if our prayers are being 'wasted' on the world cup matches instead of going towards solving problems like HIV?

Do prayers even matter to God? He has his Divine Plan for us, right? He already has it all worked out who will prosper and who will live their lives in misery. He has already determined the martyrs, the saints and booked the limited tickets to heaven. Does praying really make a difference?

"Trillions and trillions of prayers every

day asking and begging and pleading for favors. 'Do this', 'Gimme that', 'I want a new car', 'I want a better job'. And most of this praying takes place on Sunday. And I say fine, pray for anything you want. Pray for anything. But...what about the Divine Plan? Remember that? The Divine Plan. Long time ago god made a Divine Plan... gave it a lot of thought. Decided it was a good plan. Put it into practice. And for billions and billions of years the Divine Plan has been doing just fine. Now you come along and pray for something. Well, suppose the thing you want isn't in God's Divine Plan. What do you want Him to do? Change His plan? Just for you? Doesn't it



seem a little arrogant? It's a Divine Plan. What's the use of being God if every run-down schmuck with a two-dollar prayer book can come along and ruin your plan? And here's something else, another problem you might have: suppose your prayers aren't answered. What do you say? 'Well its God's Will. God's Will shall be done.' Fine, but if it is God's Will and he's going to do whatever He wants to anyway; why bother praying in the first place? Seems like a big waste of time to me. Couldn't you just skip the praying part and get right to his Will?" — [George Carlin]

I understand the human desire to pray. I do my own sort of praying. I never say 'prayer' and I never say, "I pray that..." or "I pray for...", but I do a similar act. I say, "I wish that..." and so on. Does it happen? Rarely. Who do I have to blame for when my wish doesn't come true? No one but myself, because I didn't make it happen. When a "wish" does come true, who gets the credit? Me, because I did

something about it and went after that wish (or dream). Let me ask, when you wish upon a star do you really believe it is going to come true? It is a hope, a fleeting chance that maybe, somehow by making that wish it will come true. Most people call acts like these

'superstitions.' Why is it when someone prays it is not considered superstition? Only because there is a scripture saying that it is not superstition, but truth.

Would you have a child just for the sole reason of making that child worship you for its entire existence? Would you take everything that is natural for that child to feel and turn it against itself? Would you tell that child that every sexual thought it had was impure and a sin? Would you tell that child that in this life it needs to suffer so that it will appreciate an uncertain afterlife? Would you make that child fear you from the day of its birth until it's death-

that at any minute it could die without warning? Would you scare that child, saying, 'Worship everyday, child, because at any time you can die, and if you do not worship me you will end up suffering for all eternity'?

If any parent did that to their children today we would all scream Child-Abuse. When it is a "father" in the sky, we accept it. When God imposes these oppressive demands on our lives, we embrace them. What kind of parent is He? What kind of role model are we making here?

Why would a god impose such roles on us? Is God that insecure? Does He really need to have the entire population on earth (creatures He apparently created, in his image no less) worship him? Apparently He needs that validation; He needs to feel good about himself. He has an ego to maintain, you know. What a self-serving chap he must be; He creates humans just to have them worship Him.

This concept of forced worship is beyond me. Is it possible that maybe the creator doesn't really care if we worship Him or not? Maybe He has just started this ant-farm up and is just watching us procreate. Maybe all our prayers and concerns about him are just useless. He probably laughs at all us, the religious and the atheist. We spend so much time, energy and care on thoughts about Him (for and against). Could it be that if there is a higher power creator that He has forgotten about us? This earth dates back some couple billion years... maybe God is busy with creating other much more interesting creatures and worlds.

The idea that we are here on earth only to worship this unseen Father Figure in the sky is preposterous. If God really wastes His time on us, checking to see who prays and who doesn't, then he must have his bolts loose. Is this the guy we want to worship and pray to? Is this the role model for which we should all imitate?

This appeared in a e-zine called The

Onion on the 18 October 2000
God Wondering Whatever Happened To That Planet Where He Made All Those Monkeys
HEAVEN— Reminiscing Monday, God wondered aloud what happened to "that one planet I made, like, four and a half billion years ago, the one with all the monkeys." "Man, I haven't thought about that planet in forever," God said. "I have no idea why it suddenly popped into my head. I remember it was really crude, one of my weaker early efforts, back when I was experimenting with the oxygen atmospheres and those ridiculous carbon-based life forms. And I was on that whole upper-primate kick. Huh." God said He couldn't remember the planet's name but was pretty sure it was "something like Ursh or Orth or maybe Ert."

A 747 Jet goes down, a couple of hundred people die, and only a few survive the terrible crash.

The survivors and their families are quick to say that it is a miracle that they survived the crash. They now feel that God must 'not be done' with them yet and that they must have some other mission to fulfill. They thank God for saving them. How nice, and how believable too! I mean, God must really love them to save them! And yet, when a person dies young they also say that God took them because they were dear to him. I don't think you can have it both ways.

What about those who perished in the crash? What about their lives and their families? Were those who died no longer of use to God? Was the plane crash really God's bidding? Was he trying to do a little "Spring-Cleaning"? Take out a few hundred worthless lives all at once-100 humans with one stone?

If we can give God credit for the great (miraculous) things happening (like surviving a plane crash or for that matter

saving a sick baby surviving against the odds but letting a perfectly healthy one die) then we very well can blame God for everything that goes wrong. If God has the power to come in and save a few people from the plane crash, then He could have saved everyone on the plane. In fact, He could have kept the plane from crashing.

God obviously can do these things but He chooses not to. If God is the one to

credit, then God is also the one to blame.

So, on behalf of every family who has ever endured any amount of loss, I say "Dear God, if you do exist, Its Your Fault!"

-The Witch Doctor

Tech at Your Desk

I know that the article of this sort has to be a part of The Wavelength. Owing to the fact that The Wavelength comes out only once a term, this article has a short shelf life. The Oliphant gave me a chance and I could not miss it. So, here comes straight at you from the world of technology, this article.

The penguin has it! Oh yes! It has escaped from the window of unproblematic Graphical User Interface. This year we witnessed a major show down of an Operating System, which dominated more than 75% of the world computers. As far as security is concerned Microsoft launched its Windows NT, which was overtaken by Mandrake Linux. Hard luck for Mr. Gates, he better try to improve his technology.

On the net the most in thing is Instant Messengers. Out of all Microsoft Networks and Yahoo messengers are the most familiar IM's in India as for the world ICQ and MIRC still dominate this category. Web cam conversation provided by Yahoo is the most successful and the most advanced technology, which makes Yahoo unique. Although MSN also supports it, but the function never seems to work it always shows connecting and the sign blinks for an hour.

With Multimedia Messaging Service, mobile phones have innovated largely. Although the message service is on

limited networks, it shows a reflection of the future mobile industry. Services like India times (8888); Rediff (7333) and Yahoo (8424) have given the industry a new souk, where big advertisement companies form their arena. Mobile industry had also given a blow to the Palm tops due to easy availability and simple use. Recent release of 'Jornada' form Hewlett Packard has revived some hope in the mobile computing market by joining a PDA, Mobile phone and a MP3 player into one single machine. However the price is sky high and hope it falls down to earth.

A glance at music, there has been a shower of players from various formats to various sizes but the much-dominated MP3 player still rules the kingdom. However Mini Disc players have shown impervious performance, to the Portable CD player it had just come and is vulnerably fading down just as it had come. The duel between the Mini Disc player and the MP3 still goes on, guess who will prevail the kingdom of future music and to the people who are planning to buy such players please wait for the end of this season, Sony Corporations are releasing some cool gadgets in various formats.

For those who have recently bought CD writers, I mourn for them. The DVD had eveloped the art of Compact Disc writing. A single DVD equals to eight CD's

and for those to whom currency is available in abundance might go for the 'Blue Laser DVD' writers which are scheduled to release recently and store 48 GB in a single membrane of a Disc.

As for the industry of Printers Hewlett Packard has showered various prototypes of their marvellous chunk of machines.

Epson has also not stayed back, it is also applying the Photo RET technology. With the pace these machines are upgrading we will soon be opening our very own little Photo Studio.

Till then see ya folks!!!

Packeting thru the network
Anvesh
(X-A)

Through the Keyhole

Ramendra: Oh!! What a shot, just like Shaq and Kobe.

Mehtab (slightly confused): Do you even know who they are?

Ramendra (scratching his head): Ummm... No.

Mehtab: Then check it up in the dictionary tonight.

(After Dinner)

Ramendra (excitedly to Mehtab): Shaq and Kobe are two footballers.

Kunal (to the Jamuna Cricket team): Guys "Work is our Warship."

Ramendra (back after the night out): Oye! Guys, there was a snowfall in Dhanaulti, but there was no snow around me.

A Junior enquiring a Senior: "Bhaiya!! Why are you called a Bhaiya?"

(As over heard in the Staff Room)

Mr. Khaira: "Mr. Nagalia I have lost my BIOS password"

Mr. Nagalia: "Have no fear, I am here."

Mr. Khaira: "Why do you state so?"

Mr. Nagalia: "Because out of all the CD's lying at my home, I possess a hacking CD, through which we shall retrieve your lost password"

Whatz In

Summer Uniform
Floaters
Casual look
Art on Surface
Summers
Daily Bath
Loo
Ami's (Dinning Hall)
Mr. Pant's Cut

Whats Out

Winter Uniform
Brown Shoes
Formal look
Art on Paper
Winters
Alternate Day Bath
Chills
Garry's
Mr. Shelat's Cut

Nature's Diary.

Man competing with Nature

This is one issue that has been debated over for the past God-knows-how-many years. With modernization and far reaching capabilities of man, hardly is there any sphere left unconquered. From scaling the highest pinnacles on earth to diving into the deepest depths, and from exploring mysterious places far flung, from discovering new things to improving on old ones, all are feathers in man's cap.

Not very long ago man was at the mercy of nature. Old Mother Nature had the upper hand and kept it that way for quite some time. Why is there night and day? Why is the earth hot at some times and freezing cold at other times? Why do some heavenly bodies appear to move and not others? What causes rain, thunder and lightning? In short, we can say it was the what, who, why age!!

Not being able to understand these occult things, man began worshipping them. Again matters were fixed. No one could go against fixed judgments and believe me, some of them were pretty weird! Some were not happy with this. They began exploring and discovering new things and also inventing some. This led to the realization of the truth. The one and only truth that man is almighty. He, and he alone can control every thing on earth. I think this was the time when Mother Nature didn't feel all joyous and was quite sad.

Well, then what did man do to celebrate his victory over nature? Simple, he tore down jungles to make more land to accommodate his ever-growing population and for his cattle. He shot down tigers, elephants, and rhinoceros to clutter up his trophy room. He made cars to travel faster and turn the atmosphere into one real big sauna house. He dumped his garbage all over and created more mountain ranges than mother nature herself. He filled almost

all the rivers and lakes with sewage waste. Then he took out almost all the oil from the ground only to dump more than half of it into the oceans.

Wait a minute, pause... What the hell is going on? Is this called the victory celebration? Is this what we do after a victory? No! This is totally unaccepted. Do we deserve this? Leading animals to the verge of extinction, drying up lakes and rivers or contaminating them with sewage waste. What is this all about? From the looks of it, I definitely think otherwise.

Have you realized that by stripping the earth of its jungle covers, we have rendered animals homeless? We have deprived them of their natural habitat. Due to this, they come to the cities to find shelter and at times are shot dead, or captured and sold off to a zoo or circus. By polluting the earth we are harming both the environment and us! Global warming, ultraviolet rays, marine life death etc. doesn't take place because of songs and dandies do they?

We have yet to conquer the very elements of nature. We may have harnessed them, but we have a long way to go to control their furious characteristics. Do you think that we have civilized the sorrow laden El Nino. We may have made earthquake resistant buildings, but they strike back with an even more reinforced force now and again. These are only a few destructive examples of nature. There are more in store for us. So open up those sleepy eyes and deaf ears and free the world not from terrorism. Free it from pollution, from complete deforestation and save the animals. Most of all SAVE THE HOMO SAPIEN FROM EXTINCTION.

The Nature Lover,
-Samridha Rana

RINGSIDE VIEW

What do we do when we play ball?

... We ruin happiness. That's what the basketball team is at the moment. After the defeat in the semi-finals at Woodstock the team has just realized their flaws, and waterloo's. It had come to them as a jolt more than a surprise and to make up for it they are busy rocking the district championship. The last match that they played against St. Thomas College was an evidence of pure skill that our team possesses. Even with the second five on the ball, the team beat STC by a huge margin of 40 points dashing into the quarter final of the tournament. We all need to appreciate the effort being pooled in by the team members carrying forward their supremacy at basketball in Doon.

The Cricket season which was on the verge of dying down has taken the field once again with Captain Joshi making his fielders sweat it out in the afternoon sun.

The team is gearing up to play DPS RK Puram on the home grounds. The 2-day event from 18 to 20 will be accommodating 2 matches of 40 and 20 overs respectively. The team seems to be in form, all set, to set the field on fire. We wish them luck.

The much talked about volleyball open is in progress with teams named Fidayeen, Shatabdi, and Subedar etc. The staff too has put up a team and is playing as vigorously as the enthusiastic students. With the creation of new techniques of serving by the scientists of the court, one can see the up coming sport in Welham. The Captain has thought of having the finals held this coming Sunday. I am feeling so sorry that I shall not be able to have the winning team's name, as the Editor has already started badgering me. The final is going to be the latest attraction since it is going to be played under the night-light. Remembering the old glorious

days when Volleyball was at the zenith of the sporting arena. The staff team seems to be too strong and have annihilating all their opponents like ninepins. They have surely bowled us over. Well we do hope that they make it to the final. May the spirits be with you.

The victory over Wood Stock has only boosted the confidence of the hockey team. They are waiting patiently for the 21st, for the commencement of the hockey councils to repeat their performance. The Oak Grove tournament is on the way we have excelled in this battlefield and shall prove it all you haters out there that you better dribble like a kid when we stride into the field. The coach can be seen every morning, even before P.T. time, making the team run rounds of the field, incessantly. I wish the team victories showering their path towards their ultimate goal.

With the sun showing us its wrath, the swimming pool is being desperately waited for. Generally the pool is ready by the 3rd of April every year however due to a technical snag the pool is still thirsty with frogs. Welhamites are all waiting for the pool to fill and we hope, it soon is up to the brim.

Guess that's all on the Welham front. Moving onto the international scene.

Cricket is on in full swing in Dhaka and the Caribbean. The 'men in blue' are playing a tri-series versus Bangladesh and South Africa. Till now they have won all their 3 of matches convincingly. Meanwhile, the Aussies have defeated the Windies by a 9-wicket margin, taking a 1-0 lead in the four match test series, they look set to regain 'The Golden Mace' and regain their top spot in test teams which they lost to South Africa earlier this year.

Controversies in the F1-2003 season continue. The abandoned Brazilian GP which was first awarded to Kimi

Raikkonen (Mc Laren - Mercedes) has now been given to Giancarlo Fisichella (Jordan) who was leading in the lap before the race was called off the Ferrari team who are having their worst season are yet to declare their F2003 car to be 'unreliable' and will be using the F2002 car from this season. Looks like the introduction of the new rules in Formula One have made an over expected impact. Hey! Schumi where are you?

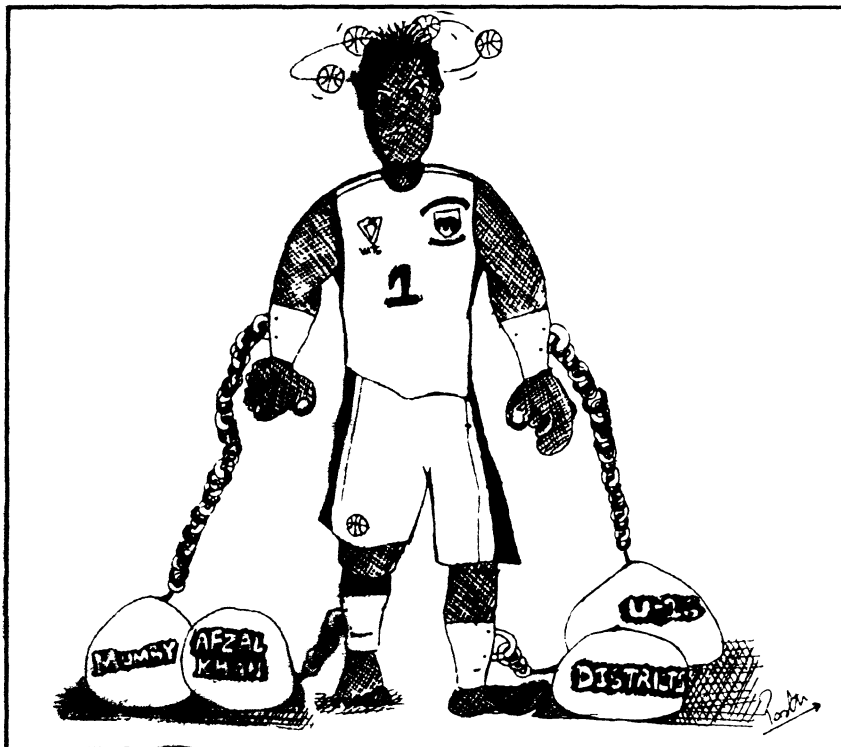
As the soccer leagues draw to a close next month, the race gets more aggressive. Manchester United and Arsenal are neck to neck in points and drew with each other on Wednesday's midnight match with the 'Highbury factor' coming into play.

The match was viewed with great passion and fervor. Welhamites had sore throats the next morning, owing to the animated cheering and high frequency sighs. In the la liga, Real Madrid's 6 points lead over Real Soccedend was cut to 3 when the latter defeated the

former 4-2. However the French, Italian and German leagues seem to be going through a dejavou with the defending champions having a comfortable lead over their rivals

The NBA, too, heats up with top teams looking for a playoff spot. Michael Jordan has announced his retirement yet again and it seems to be turning into a recurring joke. His quality of playing however has faltered and will always be hailed as the greatest ever. Well, that's it

form the international scenario when politics look to play an important roll in sports and controversies look down upon the scene like a colossus. Till then from the sporting arena. I am going now. This enough, my Editor



giving me the jitters.

-Stumping to defeat,
Karan

EDITORIAL BOARD

Chief Editor : Pranshu B. Shrestha
 Literary Affairs : Kartik Mahajan
 Welham Now : Nishant Joshi
 Cartoonist: Prabesh Shrestha & Parth Parasher
 Staff Representative: Mr. Aseem Tripathi
 Published By : Welham Boys' School
 Registration No. :- 20208/86

Desktop Editors: Prateek Baranwal & Aamir
 Ringside View: Karan Mehrotra
 Nature Diary : Samridha S.J.B.Rana
 W.O.B.N : Mr. J. Gosain
 E-Mail: oliphant@vsnl.com
 Web-page: www.welhamboys.org
 Printed at : EBD Webseva, Dehra Dun.