



The Elephant

No. 288

WELHAMBOYS' SCHOOL

10th May, 2003

Think About It...

After your death you will be what you were before your birth.

-Schopenhauer

EDITORIAL

The examinations are just days away from today and I am still here in this room typing my editorial. The tree frogs have started their lamentation and their persistent din has got on my nerves. Alas I am but human, and do not possess the powers to control these nocturnal

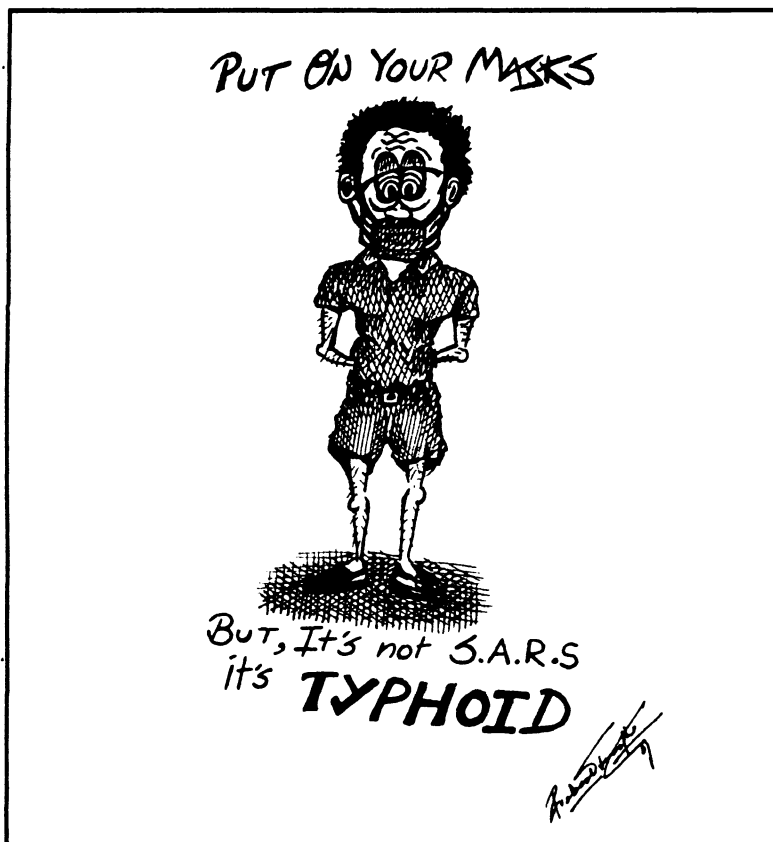
elements. My eyes are heavy and the eyelids feel the weight too. Actually, it is as if someone has attached cubes of lead to my eyelids. I just feel like shutting them, but simply cannot. The within feeling is that of a shopkeeper trying to shut the shutter of his shop after a day's hard work.

Suddenly a customer arrives and much against his will the shutters have to be opened. The music, an accompaniment keeps me awake. Every now and then it sends spasms through my limbs. The varying wavelengths send equally powerful ripples down my spine. My

fingers are totally lifeless, yet I continue punching keys. The ends of my fingers have gone sore and are flaming red. I hope that my fairy Godmother comes in all her pomp and glory, and gives me the much needed soothing. Alack, these are

but dreams and they shall always remain dreams. Unless you live your dreams and have no time to sleep at all. You know what I mean. Okay it is a simple equation. To live your dreams you must stay in your subconscious state of mind for a certain time period. Having completed phase one, you shall have to now translate

your subconscious mind waves into reality waves. I know this may sound absurd but this is the prescribed procedure. Now comes the final and the toughest stage, here you actually work towards living your dream. It is not that you sit down and start plotting graphs



and formulating equations. Here you plan about how you want to go about living your dream. For that reason you have got to stay focused and awake for the rest of your life. So to live your dreams, you shall never get to sleep. So how many of you out there want to live your dream rather than chasing it for the rest of your lives.

Speaking of chasing or running after someone, the hospital is back in the limelight. The entire feigning, ailments stricken Welhamites are badgering the portals of the haven. This garden of Adam and Eve, however, seems to be overcrowded with patients varying in classes and sections. It is like a mini school within the campus. The doctor again is on the move incessantly. Though he is very busy, he fortunately has time to spare for everyone. With a mini school in the hospital, our diseased friends are having a nice time, frolicking. Two of them have already been permitted to go home. I guess, early holidays shall mar their path towards attaining academic excellence. Ah! All of us do wish the same for ourselves; unfortunately life has wished for us the opposite. But beware of the non-contagious disease, typhoid, which is in the air. A lot many students have made the hospital their second home. Smitten by this disease, they seem to have come to the conclusion that life in confinement is better than one in the wilderness.

Recently in school many bandaged wrapped students could be spotted. One of them was the "Red Riding Hood." On questioning the cause of this stylized bandage, he said that he was struck clean by the edge of the bed. Now there are the "Three Amigos," each one having a different story to relate about their broken arms. Their stories are as vibrant and detailed as the colours of the rainbow. Then comes, a very unfortunate case of "The Man in the Iron Mask." His story is related to the hockey match, in which he was the reason

behind the denial of the goal to the opponent. In the process he had his nose 'chopped' off!

Identities and addresses of these Welhamites have been withheld for security purposes. The school community yearns for their quick recovery.

The weather seems to have taken its toll. It has not even spared the nonliving, vehicles. The staff members, possessing the mean machines, were perplexed at the touch of their micro waved dashboards and seats. One can just wait for the weather to play havoc with the tyres, naturally. Well the staff members are competing over pieces of land to park their cars in the shade and ward off the evils of the rising mercury, lest, it have adverse effects on their mean machines.

The students are not only warding off the heat by hibernating every afternoon, but are also being pestered by the mosquitoes. Be it late in the night or at the break of dawn, they seem to always follow the Homo sapiens. This seems to have had an adverse effect on the studying hours of the Welhamites. As I type on the mosquitoes are relishing my blood, So long and so forth, the mosquitoes reign the dark side of life and ride the carriage abhorrence.

The world seems to have been caught in mask and handkerchiefs. The dreaded S.A.R.S. has already claimed 140 lives. It has compelled the W.H.O. to isolate countries. How much more do we have to suffer? Some say that this is all a part and parcel of nature's fury. Others believe that this virus was formed due to certain genetic mutations. With the entry of this virus in India, Bollywood stars have begun to hide under their masks. There has been a certain rumour floating around the subcontinent. The confusion is that out of the three world beauties: Aishwarya Rai, Priyanka Chopra and Lara Dutta, who have been chosen to woo the likes of James Bond. Finally, the mystery has been solved,

after a lot of speculation. The solution is that none of them are to don the role of the "Bond Girl."

Well! The birds have begun to

chirp and dawn has broken. Before I get late for the first class, I disconnect.

Counting the days left,

Pranab

Welham Now

Our basketball team was runners-up in U-18 district basketball tournament held in the Doon school. Asad Sultan was adjudged the most promising player. Asad, Maroof and Surya will attend the u-18 camp for the states championship.

The Oliphant debate was held on 21st of April, 2003. There were 13 teams participating. While Sri ram School, Delhi were the winners, Welham Girls' finished runners-up. Samridha S.J.B Rana and Karan Mehrotra represented our school.

The Albert Barrow All-India Essay Writing Competition for classes 11 and 12 (category 1) and 9 and 10 (category 2) took part on 22nd April, 2003 in the L.R.C.

The School Committee meeting was held on 26th April 2003.

At the end of the 1st round of the Inter House Science Quiz, held on 25th April 2003. The house standings are as follows:

- 1st – Ganga 77.5 points
- 2nd – Cauvery 65 points
- 3rd – Krishna 40 points
- 4th – Jamuna 30 points.

Kartik Mahajan, Karan Mehrotra and Samridha S.J.B Rana took part in the Miss. Saroj Srivastava inter school english debate held at Welham girls school on the 18th and 19th of April.

Career counseling for classes 9, 10 and 12 was held from 23rd to 25th of April 2003.

Kartik Mahajan and Karan Mehrotra stood 3rd in the Frank Anthony Inter School English Debate held at Raja Ram Mohan Roy Academy.

The Inter School Hindi Elocution was held on 29th April, 2003. The results were as follows:

School Position :	Marks secured:
1st Welham Girls' School	- 200 pts.
2nd Welham Boys' School	- 189 pts.
3rd The Doon School	- 185 pts.

Mr. K. Dhasmana has joined the Welham Staff as a Geography and History teacher. He has come from Dagshai Public School (H.P.). We welcome you sir and hope you have a long term here.

The Inter-School English Elocution was held on 3rd of May, 2003.

The result were as follows:-

- 1st Bright Lands
- 2nd The Doon School

The Swimming Pool has been opened and pronounced functional from 5th May, 2003.

The school Basketball team reached the semifinal of the Afzal Khan Basketball Tournament. They could not make it to final by a 20 pts loss.

The school Hockey team participated in the Swings Memorial Hockey Tournament held at Oak Grove School, Mussoorie.

LITERARY AFFAIRS.

The Hermit

As I looked down the hallway, groggy eyed and dead tired, making my way to the bathroom, I nearly tripped over myself. I was aghast at the things happening in front of me. I had seen very weird things in the night such as the hairy neighbours naked in bed and the dog sleeping belly up on the dining table, but never anything as horrifying and scary as this. I looked again closely refusing to believe what I saw. This definitely wasn't any ordinary dream or for that matter hallucination. What I saw in front of me was a man covered in blood, with writing cut into his bare chest, asking rather signaling to me for help. He was hanging by a huge hook that went straight through his neck and a small piece of high caliber fishing line attached to a loop from which used to hang a brilliant chandelier. This man was the hermit who I met everyday on my way back from school and would spare some change for whenever I had any. He never did seem like a very straight sort of person but I never thought that he looked the type who was involved with presumably the devil. He spoke normally whenever I talked to him and the only opinion that I had ever formed of him was that of him being very, very lonely. He was senile to some extent and extremely eccentric but definitely not the 'dark' type of person. Always dressed in the same green rags which were made of from what I could tell, an old pair of '505' double stitched Levi's 'clean green' jeans and a torn dark green t-shirt. Every winter he would from somewhere fish out the same multicoloured shawl and a large hookah. I had asked him once why he wasted his money on tobacco rather than on food and clothes. He just stared at me as if I had attempted to break his fundamental law of strict secrecy.

I looked at the cuckoo-clock on the wall. It was only twelve thirty. I tried to stand up only to be startled once again and fall back down. The cuckoo suddenly popped out of the face of the clock, shattering the mother of pearl face, covered in blood with its seemingly real intestines pouring out of its mouth. It wasn't saying 'cuckoo', it was

screeching something obscene which did incidentally rhyme with 'cuckoo'. It just floated there without the help of wings which a bird usually uses, staring at me with eyes that were actually moving. The bird seemed to be trying to scare me away from what was happening there as if it was some sort of 'guardian' for the hermit. I wanted to help the man, and I tried to get up, but every time I tried I would barley be able to lift myself a few inches of the ground before the bird would start laughing and I would be back to square one. It seemed to have some sort of ghostly control over me and it didn't want me to help the man. It mocked every attempt of mine to move myself as I found it increasingly difficult to do and at the same time I was looking at the man who doubtless was in increasing pain. I started to shout at the top of my lungs for help, but in vain. The bird flew down from close to the ceiling to right between my eyes only a few millimeters away from my face. It twisted its head sideways and examined my facial features taking particular interest in my slowly growing French beard. Then it brought its head back to normal position and in a changed, deep and heavy voice softly said, "no one can help you now". It continued to hover in front of my face as if it were waiting for me to say something more. I just stared at it. Then out of the blue, a crow came flying through the wall and hit the cuckoo bird, knocking it to the ground and flew out through the other wall. I paused for a moment and looked at the motionless bird on the floor. I was stumped at everything that just happened.

I heard the hermit again which reminded me that I needed to do something to help him. I got up, finally, with ease and slowly walked towards the hanging hermit. His face, covered in blood was sickening and I nearly gagged. I spread out my arms attempting to lift the man from his sides in order to ease the pressure off his neck which had a huge hook going through it. To say that what happened next was shocking would be a severe understatement. As I brought my arms around his waist, they went straight through. It wasn't in a

ghostly sense where I could feel nothing. I could actually feel everything. My hands were inside him. I could feel his warm blood flowing through his veins. It was sticky and disgusting. Like a fool, I went in deeper. I could now feel my left hand in a hollow place which I assumed was his stomach. My hands were now squashing through the food he had eaten which I was surprised was actually there. My hands started burning. His stomach juices seemed to think that I was food and were trying to break my hands down to distribute in the body. Going further I went through all of his organs recognizing only the major ones. His lungs felt hard which seemed like an effect of the hookah that smoked. This was no human body for sure, only a poor imitation.

I pulled my hands out of his body and looked at them. Surprisingly there was no blood on them and they were completely dry. I looked at the hermit's expressionless face which was drooping downwards as if he was looking at his bare feet. I stared at his face while I extended my hand towards his face. As I was about to touch his cheeks he looked up and smiled. I moved back stupefied. I was too young for this. He looked at me and opened his mouth to speak when I was blinded by a flash of brilliant green light.

I woke up on the floor in my bedroom next morning lying on a slightly elevated platform surrounded with warm, sticky blood.

-The Witch Doctor

Letter to my wife

As I stopped my car near the mountain side, I was a bit jittery. The truck had been missing for over two weeks now. It must have fallen over the cliff long ago when the blizzard had hit the town. Had it not been for the helicopter, finding it would have been extremely difficult. I saw them take out the body from the wreckage, no serious wounds. The poor guy must have frozen to death! There was a note in his pocket which all the other truckers were reading. Those who read it, left, tears in their eyes. I took the note and read it, and on it was written.

Dear Honey,

I guess this is it! I am writing this letter to tell you I won't return home any more. I'm sorry. I miss you terribly and cannot bear to feel so lonely. I know you sacrificed all of these six years of marriage helping me, while I didn't even care to ask you about things. I can remember the day we got married, you couldn't even put a bulb and now you're an expert and help me fix the truck! The same truck which I gave more importance than you. It's so ironic that the thing I cared for more and looked after is taking me in my grave! I'm sorry for all of those family dinners I missed because I was out trucking. Those nights when you had to sleep all alone cause I wasn't around.

You are beautiful! I don't know if I have ever told you that. I guess that was the first thing that

attracted me towards you. I am very sorry for not telling you this before. Guess I was too caught up in things, I guess I took you for granted. I am sorry. I will say it again. You are the most beautiful creature I have ever seen!

Since this is most definitely the last time I will ever speak to you, I want to thank you for all of those prayers you said for me while I was trucking. For all of those Christmas dinners I missed. For supporting me even though I hardly spend anytime with you or the kids. Thanks Honey!

But this time your prayers didn't work, I am hurt and it's cold here. I know my hour has come and rode my last ride. I am not scared of dying, but I am feeling lonely. I wish you were here to hold me hand and let my soul lie in peace. I guess this is it Honey. Please don't let the kids drive trucks for a living. Take care of your self and tell the kids I love them.

I love you honey. Good Bye.

Sam.

I folded the paper and put it in my pocket. As I got in the car to give the letter to bereaved wife, a tear rolled down my cheek.

-Lucifer's Saint
Samridha Rana
XI 'C'

The Watcher

The invention of this teenage world is foremost the MP3 but web cams are the new thing in. An oval piece of plastic is doing wonders these days. The ground of application for them is big and vast and for some it is an essential part.

Ever imagined of live video and voice conferencing. This is no more an expensive task. You don't need to hook up with a V-sat Satellite. Just plug in your web cam and log on the net by using the Simple ISDN/PSTN phone lines, and you have done it.

Besides stopping crime by recording the crime footage, this device has been misused to commit crimes also. This device has broken the law of Personal Privacy which once violated could land you in the 'Big House' for six years. According to

this you are not allowed to record any part of any one's body without his/her permission. Lately a case cracked by the Mumbai Cyber Crime Police had an owner of a paying Guest arrested because he had installed a wireless web cam in the tenants bathroom and recording.

Sure enough with its misuse, it has also been a great help to the now generation, from broadcasting your own live rock show to simple talking to you dear ones with your face haunting their eyes. The device is a marvel itself.

An average web cam would cost 5K and a simple one could go around 2K. Although the price will shudder more till then do a survey on the web cams you have in mind.

-@nvesh

Nature's Diary.

"Hey! I want an article from you for the nature's diary."

"Okay! When's the deadline?"

"Tonight. Right after dinner. I'll be in the hostel so you come and give it to me there."

"But ..."

"Shut up!"

A brief conversation between the editor and me. It's just after lunch and I've got some 6 hours or so to finish an article!

Walk down the road and I am covered with the silhouettes of the Silver Oak trees. Summer is in I realize as I see almost each and every tree in the campus with new, green leaves. As the rays of the sun fall upon the leaves of the Silver Oak, a glittery, shiny emission is given out, silvery in colour, thus giving the massive tree its name. One can see the Jacaranda tree, in full bloom with its leaves, purple flowers and 'oyster like' seeds. The Gul Mohar tree too is filled with its fire-coloured flower giving out a stunning effect. Walking down Krishna one can see a row of Mexican silk cotton trees, all sprouting fresh leaves. Soon its pinkish-white flowers will bloom giving that area a fresh look. The only tree, which has shed its leaves, is the Amaltas with only its long pods visible. I remember the time when we were kids, we used to

fence with these pods and when they broke, and it gave out a most odious odor. Still can't think what to write on.

My thoughts are interrupted by the sound of some birds. Here let me explain I don't mean the ones found across the LOC, but the ones with wings and which fly about!! I can see the Indian Myna hopping around and screeching away. On the treetops I can see Parakeets, Babblers and the mighty kites. I can hear the melodious tunes of the Koel, but its nowhere in sight. It is immediately replaced by the caw of the crow. All black, it hops about, it lands looks at me suspiciously and flies away. News is afloat that the Golden Oriole is around, but couldn't sight it.

Suddenly I realize I'm sweating bullets. I go to the LRC and see the thermometer. 35 degree Celsius! My God! And its not even May. I check my watch 6:30 pm. I go back to the hostel, take a bath, change and go for dinner.

It's amazing how at 7:30 pm there is still visibility. A star at two is twinkling and I walk in and eat dinner. Walk out and its pitch dark. There's always the mosquito population to greet you as they

bombard you. The odd beetle or two are scurrying around and the wise old Owl flying about. All nocturnal creatures come alive and move on to a night's work

I look up and see the stars. Orion's belt has shifted towards the south and the great bear is visible.

Saw a star moving and realized it's a satellite. Still haven't written anything and don't have a clue on what to write. I hope that god is with me and saves me from the wrath of the editor.

Help!

-Samridha Rana

RINGSIDE VIEW

Though the May exams are round the corner, the sports scene in Welham seems to be lively as ever. Burning on the fields in the blazy afternoons and burning the midnight oil. These are two things the Welhamite is doing at the moment.

The district basketball championship proved to be a good tournament for the team as they easily paved their way into the finals beating GRD by a huge margin, however the finals against the Doscoc was a sad affair for the team as a star amongst the stars 'Maroof' sat out due to an injury. It was a nail biting match and definitely taught us to do without stars at times. Asad for his never say die spirit bagged the most promising player of the tournament.

With the unfortunate loss at the district championship our team had started practicing ever harder for the Afzal Khan tournament, which started on the 30th of April, however with another player breaking his hand pressure on the team has risen for the rest of the tournament

The amazing skills possessed by Asad Sultan, Maroof Ahmed and Surya PS Bhaduria at the game of ball has led them into the state basketball team. We wish them luck.

If it's not 'Baski' then it's 'Baddie' under the dangerous little surd, Puneet. With the badminton open on the roll the excitement in the sports scene is high. We all know it for a fact that ultimately the best will dominate and the battle to prove the worth is on.

The game of hockey too is being played with vigor under coach Mandeep. The Inter House hockey tournament for the juniors and seniors both started off on the 29th of April. The first game played between Krishna and Jamuna was a spectacular sight of pure dominancy by K

house. Cauvery beat Ganga in their battle and the credit for the victory definitely went to the Cauvery keeper, Abhishek Shrestha who practically had eyeballs on the floor for his amazing saves. Ganga beat Jamuna in the next game 3 goals to 1. Without losing hope Jamuna fought back ruining Cauvery's hopes to reach the finals by drawing the game against them by a goal each. Finally it was the clash of the titans with Krishna and Ganga playing each other. Though the K house dudes tried their best to put in all they had, Ganga still managed to pierce their way into the K house 'D' scoring a goal. The match ended with victory eluding Krishna. The final game was played under heavy skepticism, thoroughly negating Krishna's chances of victory. The players were both nervous and confident at the same time. The field was laid out for the victor and the game took on its pace. Under ten minutes Ganga came up with a goal off a shot corner. For the next thirty minutes the game was in a deadlock. Out of the blue, Krishna came up with a scintillating goal, Maroof being the agent. Everyone was taken back in the Ganga cheering squad. With sweat on their brow Krishna's team thought of settling the game right then. They had all made up their mind wrap the game in a stunning manner. Ankit, who smashed the ball right into the goal's net, drove the last nail in the coffin. The goalkeeper was left inert and was seen dropping his jaw. The ecstatic Krishnaites were troubled for a short stint by the attacking Gangaites, only to hear the whistle blow. Krishna tasted victory, once again; others were left to feel the acerbic taste of loss.

Finally the 'Welham Pond' is brimmed however swimming only starts from the 5th of

May. People who would be more than happy to get just their toes into the pool are often sighted staring longingly at it.

I guess that's all I got from the Welham sports scene at the moment. As far as the international scene is concerned....

Well, there's lots' happening on the international scenario these days. Cricket to soccer to F-1 to Basketball, everything's on.

The Aussies seem to be having a party in the Caribbean. The world champions have won the second test by over a 100 runs to retain the Frank World Trophy. Steve Waugh seems to be the first captain ever to make a clean sweep of a series in the Caribbean as the Australian seeks to regain the golden mace.

However, world test champion's south Africa have won their test against Bangladesh by an innings with Jacques Rudolph making a double century and Paul Adams taking a 10-wicket haul. The Kiwis on the other hand are fighting it out with the Lankans with captain Fleming making a huge 274. The Lankans, however, are fighting back with good performance from Jayawardene and Tillekaratne.

Things are looking bright for Ferrari too. It looks like Michael Schumacher has regained his winning touch by winning the Italian GP whilst Barrichello came in 3rd. Being 12 points

behind in the championship, Schumacher looks to overcome the loss of his mother by winning the driver's championship for a record 6th time.

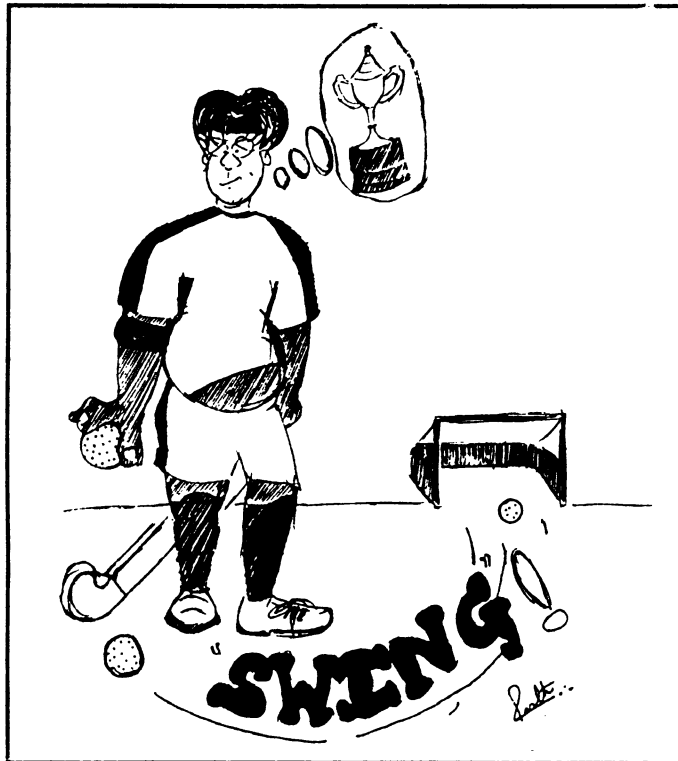
To soccer now. The champions' league is down to form teams and the finals at old Trafford may be an all-Italian final. Juventus face 9 time winners Real Madrid in the first semifinal and the two Milan teams are fighting to reach the final in the second semifinal match up. Bayern Munich has won the German cup.

The race in the premier league gets hotter now with 3 matches left to play for each team. Defending champions Arsenal were held to 2-2 draw to Bolton, which gave Man UTD. yet another chance to win the title. By beating Tottenham 2-0 have put them at the top with Arsenal 5 points behind.

Real Madrid is at the top of the la liga table with a narrow lead of 1 point with real Sociedad in winning form. Juventus, the defending champions, are at the top of the Series A with Inter and AC Milan fighting for the second spot.

I guess that's all I got for you this fortnight.

Begging leave,
-Karan



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