

WELHAM BOYS SCHOOL

# The Oliphant

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ANNUAL 2007



# Editorial

It was in 1937 that an old lady laid the foundation and none seventy years later, we have an institution standing tall and aiming for the sky.

The most sought-after day in the calendar is finally here. And when I see cheerful faces doing the rounds of the campus, I find it difficult to digest that it is my last Founder's Day as a student. It is not easy to bid farewell to the institution which has moulded me into what I am today. Though one could go on and on about what this school has taught me, I realise I still have to learn to be strong enough to face this disappointment.

The Founder's Day issue of this magazine is flamboyant in its own manner. When suggestions were asked for the improvement of The Oliphant, pleas were made to make it more school-oriented. With this issue we have tried to please everyone and the variety of articles speak for themselves.

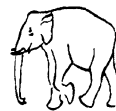
The year gone by has been both action-packed and special. Action-packed because of the numerous events we have organised and special because we have set a new benchmark for ourselves in everything that we have done. However, we should not let our achievements make us complacent; instead they should inspire us to do better.

While conducting the Welham poll for

this issue, we discovered that many disagreed with the topic, 'Are we really a Student-driven School?'. It comes as a great surprise to me as I have always thought this school to be student-driven. If I have to recall this year, I cannot remember any occasion when students have not been largely involved. Also, I notice that the only time we realise that this institution is supposed to be student-driven is while asking for privileges. However, when compared to the 'olden' times, Welham has changed a lot. Earlier, students were the ones who 'ran' the school. That was the time when the Prefects had a lot of power, when twelfthies lived like 'Gods' in school. I do not know whether it is for the good or bad but we have to realise it is a 'different' Welham now. Nonetheless, this is one area which we need to work on in the coming years.

Like all good things, this Editorial Board's association with the magazine has also come to an end. So as I write my last editorial, a number of thoughts come flowing to my mind. The journey has not been easy; however, the whole experience has been enlightening. One hopes that with the change of guard, The Oliphant continues to grow 'From Strength to Strength'.

Ashish Chowdhary



## Welham Now

- After an exhausting Mid Term Examinations, the entire school (except class X and XII) went for a well deserved Mid Term break, from 26th to 30th of September. Classes X and XII had regular classes during this period.
- A Vox Populi session was held on 2nd October. The discussion was on Gandhi and 'Was British Rule Beneficial for India'?
- The school celebrated Wildlife Week from 1st to 6th of October. Interesting presentations were shown and a Poster Painting Competition was held for the Middle School.
- On 9th October, class IX performed 'Street Theater' at various places in the city, to spread awareness about the curse of drug abuse.
- Mrs. Ritu Law Chauhan** has rejoined us and will take Life Skills classes in the Middle School. We wish her a long and happy stay at Welham.
- The second round of the Geo-map Quiz was held in the Survey of India premises on 14th October. We were represented by **Chirag Garg, Vinayak Rajshekar, Rachit Goel, Gaurav Gaggar, Asif Mustafa and Imtiaz Hussain**.
- The Round Square Conference was hosted by The Daly College, Indore, from 17th to 24th October. We were represented by **Krishnanand Singh, Yaadvendra Seth, Prakarsh Ravi, Ashish Panta and Prateek Tulsyan**. They were escorted by **Mr. Karna Puri**, the Round square representative. They had earlier attended a pre-conference trip in Auli from 9th to 15th October.
- The Aqua Regia Science Quiz for classes VIII through X, was held on 16th October.

## Colours of Happiness

Happiness is a feeling of extreme pleasure, contentment, satisfaction. In the course of our soul, there are many precious things that may not be taken from you. Human beings who

The quest for happiness has been with the human race since the beginning. It will continue until the end of time. Not all are alive on this planet. Some are dead. Some definitions of happiness are given. A person who has no house and has very few things is very happy, but you, who have everything, are still not happy. Lots of money is the root cause of evil in half the world, lack of money is the root cause of problems for the other half.

Call no man happy till he is dead. The present day world is not a happy place, and the majority of human beings are not happy beings. The unhappiness of a large majority of human beings is due to the straightforward reasons of poverty, hunger, malnutrition, disease and misfortune. A lesser number are unhappy because of ideological conflicts. It cannot therefore be suggested that the lot of the unhappy ones would be better if they were more human than they actually are. Apparently, unhappiness is inherent in their individual destinies and has no connection whatsoever with the degree of their human quality.

Therefore, happiness is not what you must have to make you happy, but how happy you can be with what you have. Money may not buy happiness, but it can buy the kind of misery we enjoy. It is a good servant but a bad master. More money means more worries, more diseases, more sins and evil deeds and more of things negative. Pursuing happiness is a paradox. We had never had it so good and yet we are as happy as our parents and grand parents. Perhaps we are pursuing happiness too hard. Pursuing happiness may well be a lot easier if everybody slowed down a bit.

According to Aristotle, happiness is not something which can be felt or experienced at a given moment. It is, in essence, the quality of a whole life. Much depends in the ultimate analysis of one's perception and attitude to life. Two persons in similar circumstances are not equally happy or unhappy.

Will you be happy if you are rich? Not necessarily, though happiness and wealth are not mutually exclusive. It is possible to have both or neither. Material riches can be stolen from a man. Real riches cannot. In the

- Surjeet Singh Khaira

# CINEMAGIC

'I have sold flowers, but I never sold myself. Now that I'm a lady, that's all I have to sell now.'

- Eliza Doolittle

'Oh, no. It wasn't the plane. It was the beauty that killed the beast.'

- Carl Denham

'Life, finds its way'

- Ian McKellen

'The thing about a shark, he's got lifeless eyes, black eyes, like a doll's eyes. When he comes after you, he doesn't seem to be living until he has you, and those black eyes roll over white.'

- Roy Scheider

'Why did you go to the police, why didn't you come to me?'

- Al Pacino

Classical art form lives in the minds of people forever. So does cinema. An art altogether, cinema has for many decades been the major source of entertainment for many generations. So, cinema has also created some unforgettable stories and characters. Characters, who signify and sometimes become the identity of actors. Who can ever forget Audrey Hepburn in the classic 'Roman Holiday'? Charlie Chaplin in 'The Great Dictator' or for that matter Sylvester Stallone in 'Rocky'? All these characters have left a mark on society, and sometimes changed it. The Godfather trilogy made Al Pacino a bigger star, and yet changed the whole public perception of the Mafia. 'I'll be back' became Arnold Schwarzenegger's signature in the Terminator trilogy. His muscles inspired more musclemen to work harder. 'Red Dragon', 'The Silence Of The Lambs' and other movies portraying similar actions make your own gut turn while other classical works like 'Psycho' and 'Vertigo' really test emotional strength. Alfred

Hitchcock's 'Psycho' won the award for Best Picture. He played with the audience's emotions. He was 'playing with people's minds'.

Then there was the classical era of science fiction. Moderate horrors like Jurassic Park, King Kong were filmed and were so immensely successful that they inspired remakes and sequels. Another movie in the genre was Arthur P. Jacobson's 'The Apes', which inspired the audience to think, and so the genre was born. As he puts it, 'Somebody has to do it, and there has to be something better than man'.

Yet the beauty and the class of the classical era still lives on. In Ben Hur, a movie worthy of being called an epic, with an unheard-of production scale and grandeur, we are told a compelling human story of bitterness, redemption and forgiveness. This performance by Charlton Heston truly made him a legend, and immortalized Judah Ben Hur. Another movie that can be classified within the 'epic' board is the

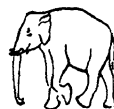
disturbing classic, Schindler's List. Wondrously evocative and powerful, Schindler's List has a number of movies can match its masterpiece of Spielberg. About the movie, if a movie is a masterpiece, it is a masterpiece. Actors like Al Pacino and Al Pacino really changed the role of a criminal and personified the role of a criminal. The movie can be classified as a masterpiece of the genre. The movie can be classified as a masterpiece of the genre. The movie can be classified as a masterpiece of the genre.

With all throughout the past century, Hollywood has given us The Good, The Bad and The Ugly of what it can produce. From seductive females to marvellous magicians, from Hannibal Lecter to Michael Corleone, it has all to offer.

So next time, ditch your siesta and enjoy an epic

- Jatan Singh Soni

IX B



# INTERNATIONAL college

The Universal College on planet Earth is really a beautiful place for parents to send their child for an education. Over all, it's a beautiful place to grow up. It offers many courses such as Asia, Europe, Africa, the Americas etc. Even mixed options are available to its students such as Russia and Turkey, who have opted for both Asia and Europe.

The 'Beautiful Bride' called India sitting exactly in the middle of the Indian Sub-Continent Section, can openly claim to be the boss of the region. Even a five-year old can look in the Atlas and say which one is India among the nations of the region. Compared to many other republics and countries, India is still a 'fresher' in the college. She joined the institution only recently on 15th August, 1947. Her date of birth was some couple of million years ago with the shift in the tectonic plates. Her nanny, Great Britain, after years of child abuse finally left her forever. Since then, she has been getting her own back on Aunt Britannica. Forgetting all the pains and caning on her hands, she seems to be getting along well with her old nanny.

India opted for Asian studies and joined the Indian Sub-Continent section. When she joined, there already were some students. They introduced themselves as Mr. Nepal, Prince Bhutan and Mohammad Afghanistan. Mr. Nepal was a thin fellow and not so tall. Afghanistan had a bulky body and looked fearsome. Prince Bhutan was quite a decent fellow. Another student was also in the class and this made her a bit uncomfortable. Pakistan had joined a day earlier. She was well acquainted with Master Pakistan. He hated her and despised her very existence. Afghanistan was a violent

fellow and a radical in his thoughts and so Miss India stayed away from him. Afghanistan also did not befriend Pakistan and at times got into violent fights with him. This brought them into the attention of the College Prefect, U.S.A. But she instantly became friends with Mr. Nepal. Nepal had been able to escape the clutches of Britannica and had actually even beaten her once. Soon she learnt about college and its different students. All were so different and had some interesting stories about other students to tell her. Each one had their own story of how they joined the college.

"Monsieur France is so arrogant and aristocratic. He looks down on others and has weird ideas in his head", wrote Miss India in her diary about France. His rival Germany did not at all believe in 'Ahimsa'. Two times before he had revolted against the college and all the other students had ganged up against him and beaten him. He was in the 'European' section, the most violent one. They had never got on well together since the beginning. They were like a 'pack of lions let loose on a single deer'. The Asians had also never got along well with the Europeans. But Comrade Russia was friendly with Miss India. Comrade Russia was one of the two College Prefects. He along with U.S.A helped the Dean of the College, Mrs. United Nations to run the institution.

Miss India fared well in the College. She took her time to settle in. Soon they were joined by some more students. Master Sri Lanka joined on February 4th 1948. Later came Pakistan's half-brother, Bangladesh. He had got into a fight with his brother and now did not even want to hear his name. Miss India knew of the fight as she

herself had been a part of it. All of them had been warned by the Dean against repeating the act. The classes now were even more interesting. It was never the same. The daily practical sessions of alliance and diplomacy were so exciting. Each one tried to outsmart the other. Miss India was good at this game but none the less, Pakistan proved to be a cunning and shrewd opponent. Their 'cat and mouse' games continued for a long time. There was a special rivalry between her and Pakistan. Their special game would continue for a long time. Their sessions sometimes became ugly. Their constant friction soon proved to be a headache for the Dean and the College prefects. Many a time they were on the verge of expulsion from the college.

Miss India had now spent sixty years in the college. She had learnt many things and become much wiser. She had earned the respect of many friends and foes. She was now no more the young fresher who was a scared girl unsure of her future in the world. She had grown and educated herself to many things. But yet her mind was not settled on many issues. She was in constant strife with her inner self. Outside she was settled with the world, but her soul still had no rest. It still wanted some questions answered to which she had no answers for herself. Ironic.

- Anesh Gurung  
XII Hum

The man-made tool – 'the time saving machine' has evolved from becoming a luxury to a necessity and now...a burden. This vicious cycle will continue to tie man in the chains of slavery by his own inventions. Technology has been invented by humans, for humans, in a quest for the betterment of human life. Legend says we evolved from the cave man that lived in 'non-air-conditioned' caves and hunted food, to the highly civilized and cultured beings that we are today.

As time elapsed we progressed towards a better and more 'comfortable' future through the 'excess' use of technology thereby making it the ultimate saviour of life.

Primitive man had no artificial lighting and heating and hence he called it a day quite early. But today, with the feverish rush in which many of us live today, we are lucky to get even six hours of rest a day.

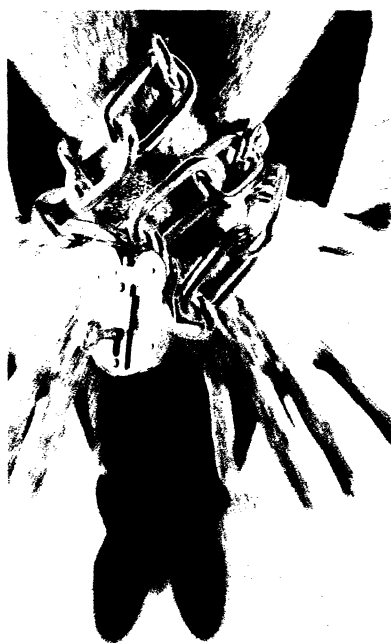
The resounding mantra of technology promoters is that technology "makes life better". Not only better, it brings enjoyment, cuts down on laborious tasks, enhances efficiency and thus has a direct beneficial effect on comfort, safety, health and happiness.

Certainly the benefits of the rush to embrace technology are indisputable. Yet the positive role of the advent of technology may have been overstated. Is it really true that technology has shaped our lives for the better? Is it true that we work less, play more and have ramped up our enjoyment? To an extent, yes, but there is a flip side.

From the horses of the ancient times, transport has taken a gigantic leap. It has undergone an evolutionary change from the steam engines (which were at least faster than the horse) to the automobiles and air-planes of today that have made travelling so easy and comfortable, that it takes a matter of days to circumnavigate the Globe.

But what has that done to the quality of life? A small fragment of the human population travels for pure pleasure. Most travellers are harried workers trying to get from one meeting to another, or maybe rushing to meet a relative or a friend in the shortest possible time span. Access to quick transport facilities has made us more nomadic. Families get routinely separated by large distances, and travel is the only way to stay in close contact— aeroplanes gave us the ability to travel. Lifestyle changes have made it mandatory to travel.

The computer brought us, among other things, the ability to communicate via e-mail, helping us save time and promoting faster gratification. Yet, the magic of e-mail has become somewhat a curse. I



fondly remember the days when a letter in the mail box outside my house brought me a sense of joy. Today e-mail has become almost a nuisance with too many people bothering you with questions and 'prudent' advice and expecting you to act on it right away. A recent British study concluded that an average corporate worker's day involves 191 messages, including 51 phone calls, 39 e-mails, 16 internal memos and 20 items of external post. This 'Information Overload' has resulted in stress, repetitive strain injury and eye damage. Yet, technology is so impressive, so addictive and so cool!

Today, even in the middle of the night – funny characters like 'Google' can find what I need to know within seconds and of course the time saved is enormous and priceless. Since we are all saving so much time, we should have more of it than we know what to do with. After all that was the promise of technology. Sadly this is not true and it looks like it never will be. Work expands to fill any available time, and as we are able to do more, in less time, we are expected to do more so much more, that there is much less time for leisure, family and friends than there used to be before.

The greatest impact of technology for human benefit is in the field of medical sciences. With the help of 'Nano-Technology' and 'Angioplasty', not only has the average life-span expanded radically, we supposedly suffer less. But it can be argued that we now live longer and suffer more. Instead of dying in a matter of days from fast acting terminal diseases we are now kept alive with the use of technology beyond what our bodies can bear; propped up by drugs, needles, and myriad life support systems.

In this age of machines, man has himself become a machine. In spite of possessing unique talents, immense potential and vast resources, he has become a mere cripple in the presence of so called 'time-saving machines'. To tell you the truth, this article has been plagiarized from the Internet..... (Look what technology has done to me...and now I am sure that some of you will cut down your leisure time to find this article on the net – don't do it, I am just joking!)

I admit the road to progress is paved with honorable intentions. Yet, it seems that with every step we take forward we take many steps backward, all at the same time.

- Kandarp Swarup  
XII Com

## Dear Welham,

I was sitting in my room at college, and remembering the good times I had under your care, and thought of writing to you. Do you know how proud I feel when I tell the world that I'm a Welhamite? I'm beginning to realize what you have moulded me into and what I am best fit for. I miss a little too much of you. Oli, making the sneak peek at Welham News, laughing to the full with my classmates, arguing with teachers on silly issues, sneaking extra shares in Bethany, hiding under my bed (to prevent getting any favours)

I want to thank all teachers (our second parents), for putting up with my 'naughtiness' when I was a child and teaching me little things which are, in fact, not so little. I specially want to thank the Welham Hospital for looking after my asthma since class II, Mrs. Lahiri for making me tread on the path which I am made for, and saving me from getting into the 'Science stigma'. Tell the teachers not to be so harsh, the students not to be too naughty, the prefects not to be too rude, the guards not to be too rough and Daya (Despatch Office official) not to stop sending 'love letters'.

I shall cherish these 12 memorable years,

I wish I could give it another try,

I hope everyone lives up to the motto,

And the school reaches the sky!

Your loving son,

- Ajitesh Kir  
(Batch of 2007)

## Writers and their Art

In my solitary hours, poets and writers often flashed through my mind. Among them is one Christopher Marlowe, who wrote plays before Shakespeare. Son of a well-to-do shoemaker, Marlowe wrote exotic plays of intrigue, bloodshed and betrayal. His characters are titanic and themes grand, and are draped in a language infused with truly poetic charm and beauty. Christopher Marlowe's "The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus" presents a young German scholar surrendering his soul to the devil for twenty-four years of voluptuous pleasure and finally getting doomed.

Next to haunt me is William Shakespeare. His great tragedies made him immortal. This genius is absolute. Not the disaster in tragedy, which rouses human interest, but the thrilling efforts of the struggle, which dominates the action and provides us tragic pleasure with an unmitigated joy. Shakespeare's art represents life. There is a presentation of varied emotion on the stage: passion, guilt, remorse, despair, affectation, reconciliation and devotion. His characters are individuals, and his songs richly strewn upon the dialogues of his scenes, are lyrics of the finest order. With a masterful poetic power Shakespeare also excels in perfect imagery of his verse with exquisite pictures of natural beauty.

My love for Boz will perhaps never diminish. I often discover him in the shanty towns, and dream about his days in the lonely London streets, the dismal days of his toil in the warehouses in London, the hunger, the depression, the misery and the want.

Boz came up to be a wonderful novelist. He shouted laughter, or burst into tears as his characters ran their predestined course over the sheets of manuscripts beneath his pen.

And the world of readers wept and laughed with him when the books were in their hands.

(Boz: pen-name used by Charles Dickens at the beginning of his career.)

- Bidyut Bose

**SEPARATED AT BIRTH**  
**Separated At Birth**

Abhirath Chakur	Mr. Hemant (owner of My Shop)
Siddharth Agarwal	Mr. Manwar (Physics lab Asst.)
Aftab Sandhu	Harbhajan Singh
Vanshaj Agarwal	Sean Kingston (Beautiful Girls)
Sushant Singh	Sukhpreet Singh
Abhinav Basu	Mr. Ram Prasad (Biology lab Asst.)





## Highway to Hemkund

When we set off on mid-term expeditions, it is generally hoped (by the school) that it will be a time of student-teacher bonding; a time when boys will learn to function in and cope with the rough outdoors and come out of the experience stronger and more capable human beings. It was to realize these fond hopes that 13 boys of class IX and two of us teachers set off for Hemkund Saheb and the Valley of Flowers, on 24th September.

As always happens, the best laid plans go awry and the first night found us hours away from our projected destination of Joshimath. Trapped in Rudraprayag for the night, we made the best of a bad situation by laying claim to the one roadside restaurant with a television. So what if there was no butter chicken to be had and the night was to be spent in bug-infested rooms at least we got to watch the final of the Twenty-20 world cup and see India finally emerge triumphant.

The serious business of trekking started on the second day when we reached Govindghat, a small town at the base of the mountain, by about noon. Not even stopping to eat, we started the steep 13 kilometer climb almost immediately. (The heavy backpacks were lightened as the boys disposed of their sleeping bags and

some clothes but the weighty tuck packets still had pride of place!) The Gods were definitely not smiling at us and the skies opened up, getting us to the tiny village of Ghangaria soaking wet and bedraggled, freezing in the icy temperatures.

For the next three days, everyone's priorities in life underwent a drastic change. A trip that started off with questions like "What, you actually mean there's no non-veg food available there?" and "Why don't they have Maggi in this shop?" ended up with simple issues of survival such as, "Does anybody have anything dry for me to wear even a pair of socks will do....". Once it became clear that the weather was never going to improve, the boys showed what they were made of by allowing themselves to be knocked awake at 4.30 am and marched off into the pre-dawn darkness towards Hemkund Saheb. Rain and bitter wind apart, the roaring river flowing along the whole 6 kilometers and the scores of waterfalls cascading down the hillside, made it a breath-taking walk. For those of us long used to being unfit, the breathlessness was caused as much by the altitude and steep slope as the views! For others, it was vastly entertaining to reach a whole hour

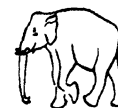
before the stragglers and watch them labouring up the winding track below.

Two kilometers short of the summit, we encountered freshly fallen snow and our wet socks and shoes promptly froze to our feet. But we could hear the 'shabad' from the gurudwara in the distance and encouraged by the sight of old people going up barefoot with only a cane for support, we finally reached the sacred 'kund' or lake. We thawed off in front of the roaring langar fires and finally made it to the gurudwara; some hardy souls even taking a dip in the kund.

By the end of the trip we had walked over 40 kilometers a lot of those with wet and heavy backpacks, missed seeing the Valley of Flowers (landslide took away the bridge), missed going to Badrinath (landslide again) and got stuck in 4 traffic jams stretching for kilometers (you guessed it landslides yet again!). But we were luckier than many others who got lost on the mountains in the weather and we had done what we had set out to do. As our odorous bus full of unwashed bodies and clothes drying on the handrails pulled into school, we could actually smile and say it was FUN.

- Aniha Brar





# THE CROSS WE BEAR

I have lied. I have stolen. I have cheated. I have sinned. No, I am not a devil. I am not Satan. I am, but a bird in this murky sky dotted by Eagles, Vultures and Hawks. I am You.

Morals. The pillars of a civilized society, the fundamental concepts taught even to a toddler. Barely mature enough to understand and comprehend basic things, we are fed with immensely large helpings of this 'sour pudding' of morals- the distinguishing baton between right and wrong. At the very onset of our journey into the world, we are taught some basic principles which we must swear by, come rain, storm or sunshine. I remember being told fables and stories with underlying message of victory of right over wrong, and the importance of telling the truth. I have grown up around people who have always told me to do the Right Thing. But as soon as I was thrust into the 'real world', all these principles came crashing down like a pack of cards. Today, I wonder, whether all that my parents taught me is actually of any use.

In today's dark world, everything around me is corrupt, from the local plumber to the mightiest leader. At every step, I come across people who make me question the applicability of the age old teachings that each one of us learned at his mother's lap. It is a dog-eat-dog world. In the race for money, power and name, there seems to be no time left for ethics and values. Guilty today, is not the one who does the wrong thing, but the one who does not do the popular thing. I remember reading the following lines in George Bernard Shaw's Pygmalion.

Prof. Higgins: "What they think, they ought to think is bad enough, Lord knows; but what they really think would break up the entire show. Do you suppose it would be really agreeable if I were to come out now with what I really think?"

Although this was written towards

the end of the nineteenth century, these words still teach us a lot. What Shaw was hinting at with these words was that if people actually speak their minds, it would be outrageous and the consequences, unfathomable. 'Popular morality' may teach us to speak the complete truth, yet practicing it today is like entering the lion's den.

Today, even though we enjoy the freedom of speech, criticizing popular yet immoral practices only leads us into trouble. Taslima Nasrin and her criticism of the prevalent condition of Muslim women attracted such widespread criticism that it almost claimed her life. Remember the Dehradun SHO. Yes, the same policeman who booked charges against an ABVP student leader who now has to fight people who are demanding his suspension for discharging his duties? This shows that in today's world, a voice against the mighty is crushed like a squeak.

It seems that the days of 'honesty is the best policy' are dead and gone. Today, an honest person may be praised, but he starves. Finding honest people is like trying to find a needle in a heap of straw. Shakespeare put it aptly in Hamlet, "To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one picked from ten thousand".

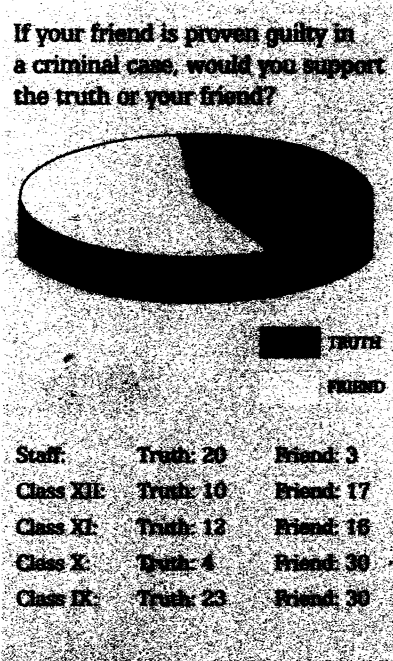
In this era of negotiations and lust for power, compromising on principles and values is the least a person is ready to do. All fields of the modern society have been infected by the pest of immorality and dishonesty and to survive, you have to "Do as the Romans do". The survival instinct is that if someone plays dirty, you play dirtier. Today, if you try to change the system, the system changes you. The 2006 Transparency International Report on the status of corruption in the world threw up some rather alarming figures. Countries like Haiti, Myanmar, Iraq, Congo, and Sudan are the world's least corrupt nations but sadly they are also amongst the

world's least developed nations. On the other hand, countries like Finland and New Zealand top the charts of this report but still are raking in money and are amongst the most developed nations. This is a very sad comment on the way the world is marching into newer horizons.

Let's be real with ourselves. How many of us would mind paying the traffic policeman a couple of hundred bucks to evade a 'chalan'? Or how many of us think it is unethical to buy the tickets of the latest block buster in 'black' for a full house show? Frankly speaking, would there be anyone of us who would mind saving some 'grands' on the latest phone by choosing to casually forget the bill? Have Morals ever deterred any one of us from downloading songs off the net?

I guess Gandhi's monkeys now mean: - Speak no evil, stay mum. See no evil, turn a blind eye to it, hear no evil, turn a deaf ear to it. Only then can you, the Little Red Riding Hood, survive in this world of the Big Bad Wolves.

Trying to be honest,  
- Vanshaj Agarwal  
XII Hum



# The Secret X factor

It was the 3rd of September and he stood near the school gate. His hair was dry, untidy and as black as the grumbling clouds shadowing him; his unpressed shirt was hanging out after escaping the clutches of his loosely tied belt; his trousers after having swept the dusty floor behind him were crying, "Buddy, pick us up, please!"; his leather shoes were dull, dusty and untied and his odour..... (well, let's not talk about it), and his entire attire attracted all the wrong attention.

He is Rohit Oberoi (this is not this Welhamite's real name) Rohit is the subject of our case study done by the Psychology Department.

But astonishingly one day changed his appearance from a shabby guy to a neat hunk. But how? Did anyone scold him? Or did the Almighty lecture him on the topic of dressing up? Our Psychology department tries to explain why Rohit changed from a man to a 'gentleman.'

It was only motivation which is responsible for his sudden make-over. The mysterious change in Rohit can be explained with the help of the theory given by a psychologist called Maslow; the 'Drive Motivation Theory,' which explains that behind every attraction in animal behavior there is some force or mental urge.

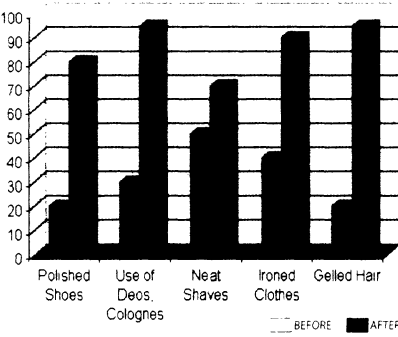
So next time you see yourself shout your lungs out to cheer your team during a nail biting Inter House Soccer final or study two hours extra at night, (even when it is midnight) to achieve better grades in the exams next day, simply thank the 'drive motivation' in you.

Similarly there was one peculiar motivation that drove Rohit to change his outlook near to perfect!! (To remind you this is not the real name.) Excuse me for my blunt

straight forwardness but the event that hit the chord in Rohit was hmm..... 'The Inter School Oliphant Memorial Debate' (nope, not the debate as such but the young lady visitors from the distant schools who came to be a part of it). Well I'm sure that Rohit will never forget our school's founder and, more than that, the debate after her!

It was Maslow's Drive Motivation Theory that came into play on the 4th of September [the day of the Inter School Oliphant Debate] when the mere appearance of the fairer sex proved to be a spark to activate the drive motivation to alter his appearance (the reason needs no explanation!)

It would be unfair to say that it was only Rohit, for there were many Welhamites (specially the senior



school Public Relations Squad) who were under scrutiny!!

The following are the statistics of the covert case study done on Welhamites and it compares their visage on two different dates (However, the stats are approximate):

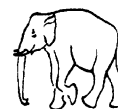
On 4th September, 80% of the boys scrutinized had polished shoes, as compared to 20% the day before. A staggering 95% wore deodorants and colognes but earlier this rate was just 30%. The school saw a 20% rise in

clean shaves and when it came to wearing ironed clothes the rate hopped to 90% from previous 40%. Lastly, the percentage of those with gelled hair flew to 95% from 20% twenty four hours earlier (Phew! 75% increase in the brand ambassadors of styling hair gels).

Oops! Welham Boys, you were really on a high! But whatever the case may be, that one occasion turned us into civilized, well mannered, "English speaking" hospitable homo-sapiens a thing the longest lecture at Assemblies could not. In extreme cases even punishments could not. To be honest, nothing could. The young ladies were few and for even fewer days on campus, but let's face it they did something no one could!!

Their three day presence made such a serious impact!! What would happen if the school was to turn Co-ed? The stats would cross the sensenx and crossing the seven heights of the heaven, would tell God, "Welham Co-ed School is always a better name!!"... So there's a lesson to be learnt and some advice for the school authorities that events like this Inter School Debate and Quiz and (if by any chance!) SOCIALS should be organized more frequently and that the old advice that Welham Boys should turn Co-ed should seriously be considered!!...

It was the 4th of September, Rohit stood at the school gate with his hands behind his back, his shirt ironed so that every crease on it smiled with pride; his trousers had finally been heard and swept the floor no more and reached elegantly polished shoes which mirrored the yellow sunlight into the hazel eyes of the young lady visitor; his jet black hair was combed and gelled a dozen of times for proper alignment; the air



within a twenty foot radius tickled the nostrils of every soul that passed by, for his 'Made in Paris' cologne was simply unmissable.

I was passing by Rohit. I stopped and questioned him in a serious interrogatory tone, "Hey! Rohit, you appear quite changed today, what happened?" I smiled and he smiled too and he then answered like a philosopher, "My friend, you will never understand!" My smile turned into a giggle and the giggle turned into a loud laughter and I replied with a tinge of sarcasm, "Yes, you're very right, I'll never understand!!"

Supporting Co- education

- Kushagra Prasher  
XI Hum

## Dude of the Month



If the Activity Centre is the heart of the school then this man is the soul that makes it function...the microphones and speakers are his children and he cleans them with his own handkerchief. It seems like he has done a course in punctuality and crisis management more than in Sound. Setting up the equipment within minutes and protecting it from us ruffians, has become a daily chore for him...

For the man who made Chinese collared shirts a rage in school...Oli salutes Mr. Tikari for the services he has rendered to the Welhamites ears and their absolute lack of dress sense!

# Lampoon

## Twelfthies Unleashed

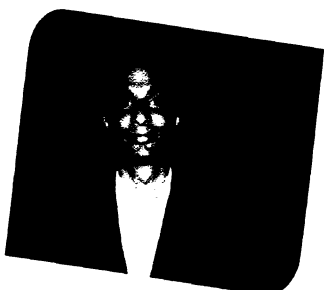


**Syed Faizan Rasool**

One of those rare species who joined WBS for IIT, he sure has made a mark in our lives in the two years he has spent here. Do not know about IIT but Welham has definitely prepared him for the world. Can be heard cribbing after each exam about how good he could have been if he had not joined Welham (where he considers everyone to be 'bekar'). A soccer freak, his unique accent can pass him off as a mysterious Arabian. His controversial arguments always add spice to gossip.

**Mohak Bajaj**

A.k.a. Bobby (Deol), Kkrish, Bhim and Mithun (read Mimoh) he has survived Welham (rather than vice-versa) for twelve years. He is a household name in the Bethany and is the main cause for the Catering Officer's "Budget problem". Some rather unfortunate incidents have made him dread rakhis. Known for running marathons after soccer games, he can be seen blushing nowadays after shifting to his new room in Shikhar.

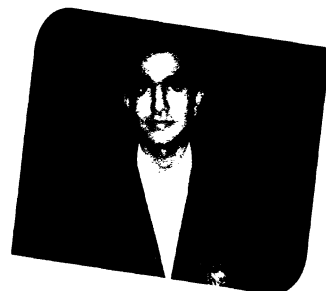


**Aniket Nag**

Mr. Gossip is a rare class I specie. Can make boring classes lively with his one liners. A die hard Manchester United fan, he is known for his goal scoring abilities (read own goals). A cool headed guy who takes life as it comes; he has been spending all his self-outs in front of Kumar Sweets for an unknown reason since class VIII. His 'pigsty' is dreaded more than the Principal Office.

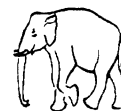
**Raja Ranjeet Singh**

His name is synonymous with the girls of WBS and lately those of Shigali Hills (where's that?). The junior DOA always manages to escape from the numerous 'pangas' he's involved in, but his hair has turned white in the process. Known for his DKNY hairstyle, his language can even put the 'bastiwallas' to shame. His jokes supplemented with his horse-like laugh never fails to amuse us. Lately, he has been heard cribbing, "ladkiyon ne dooba diya, yaar".



**Vibhu Trehan**

The typical Punjabi puttar who cannot live without "ghar ka khana" and is always anxious to attend family functions. Our 'Abhijeet Sawant' sends many a heart melting with his magical voice. Has never been on time for anything and that includes the Board exams. His warm handshakes and 'pally' spirit adds another dimension to friendship.



### Navandeep Matta

"Hi! Myself Navandeep Matta from Patiala. I study in Welham Boys School. I've been to Oosa and Kanada. I am a shooting champion." If you are a female and have met this guy, you are bound to have heard the above lines. The "international shooter" has seriously considered playing cricket after he took a fateful catch during an Inter-House match. Our "socials captain" has not yet hit the "target" with any girl, despite many attempts. A clean person by heart who knows how to laugh at himself; he sleeps with his sports blazer on. One of the unfortunate whose birthday is celebrated 35 times a year.



### Nikhil Bansal

A typical Bihari who has 'graced' Welham for 12 years. His shrewd mind has won the hearts of those who know him. He always gets special rates at the 'Buntikki wala' and from Mr. Bansal, our loyal school cobbler and keeps a track of everyone's birthdays to reveal his barbaric side. He is the Jack of all Sports, and has taken a sudden liking for Zidane after the head butt. Is extremely popular with the little ones in school after serving a 'sentence' in Rispana.



### Akshay Agarwal

The Chhota Don is known for his housekeeping abilities, which he follows every Sunday. His locker is a mini-store with every conceivable item. A religious F1 fan, he can miss all his self-outs just to watch a race! Has been struggling on the female front after his girlfriend grew taller than him! Has been avoiding DL, after he spelt Principal as Principle.



### Samyam

Often lost in his dreams of 'Rock stardom', this shy fellow from Nepal mesmerised everyone with his lightening guitar skills. When he isn't playing the guitar, he can be found dozing off. It is rumoured that he once fell asleep during his morning 'chores'. This Madrid fan has an enviable happy go lucky attitude.



### Abhishek Singh

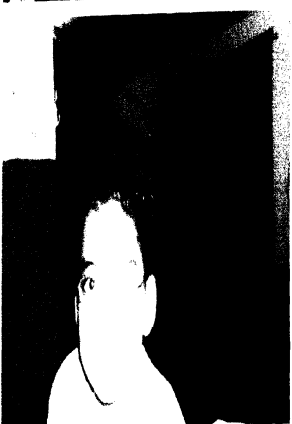
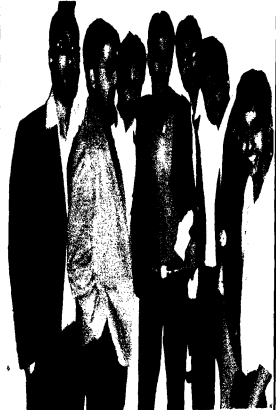
A man from Gorakhpur who can talk for endless hours on politics and the politicians of India, otherwise chooses to spend his time sleeping. The Gym Captain, his life's principle is that a man is not a man if he cannot have chillies (in Hindi). He joined Welham two years ago and has his own opinion on each and every situation and matter which always opposes everyone else's.



### Shahbaz Singh

He is from a family of national shooters of Lakhmipur Khedi (Atlas needed!). A 'topper' in Sherwood, relies on miracles to pass in Maths (he's lost all hope in History). The favourite student of his Housemaster, he fears the next Children's Day. He has taken a sudden interest in soccer, after the introduction of Fantasy League.





### Kavi Khemlani

Born in America, bred in Macau, speaks only Portuguese and an Indian by heart – this man is what you can call a Global person (or remixed breed as he likes calling himself). He appears to be multi talented, but looks can be deceptive (and in this case definitely are!). A hardcore net-a-holic, he has mastered 101 ways of beating the firewall to be up to date on Facebook. Has a rare talent for failing, even in Art.



### Uday Singh Sandhu

This class I dude is well-known for his carefree attitude and long locks of hair and is extremely proud of belonging to a dynasty of ex-Welhamites & Descos. The 'Jogging Captain', he is ready to go for 'jogs' (you know where) any time of the day. Though he is a shy fellow, he is seriously scoping in vain for 'an angel' for the past few years and has been criticising the Mandal Commission ever since. This 'hardcore' Punjabi can dazzle you with his Hockey skills.



### Awijit Paliwal

This Nawab of Bulandshehar is the 'langotia yaar' of the 'bun-om wala'. 'Panga' is his middle name. When he is not in his world of fantasy, he is a dedicated sportsman and is feared for his 'leg-breaking' defence. It is rumoured that he changed his name from Abhimanyu to Awijit to clear his record.



### Sushant Singh

A Class I stalwart, 'Toady' is an explosive guy. The 'King of jugad' is aggressively interested in anything he does. A new-bred Arsenal fan, he has become the 'King of common room' and ended up playing for school team!! He is a genius of a Basketball player and awes the crowd whenever he has the ball. His fan club has admirers in both the sexes! Is highly inspired by Indian Idol and traumatises us with his 'tansenic' voice. A jewel of a buddy, though.



### Kandarp Swarup

In his twelve years in school, this guy has never been caught in any (major) 'panga' in school and is thus the favourite of every teacher. Lately, he has been making a lot of 'new friends' in the neighbourhood (and sisters too!). When he is not mugging up, he can be found babysitting. He is a gem of a person and is always there to help no matter what.

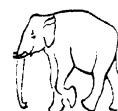


### Sudipt Juneja

A polished gentleman, debonair and well up with all possible social customs, this Bareilly-bred idealist also has a Mr. Hyde inside him. Is very careful about 'hitting' on any girl after he paid a heavy price the first time (Yes, VERY heavy!). He is known for waking up in the middle of the night and shouting "Mummmmmmyy, Mummmmyy!!" A sound sleeper, he can frustrate the whole House with his snoring and sneezing. He reads a newspaper with the most intense concentration; ads, matrimonials, classifieds and all. Is highly inspired by Hritik Roshan's act in the film Koi Mil Gaya. His sophisticated vocabulary and 'Shakesphere' accent is dreaded, even by the English Department.

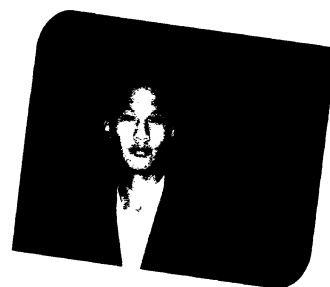






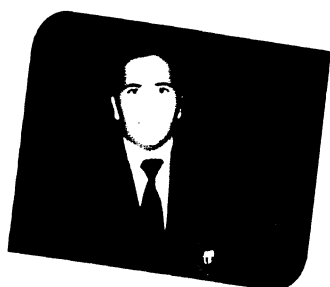
### Anesh Gurung

Our 'schoolie' is a hardcore tea drinker but lately complains of 'Cheeni Kum'. His knowledge about the army can overshadow anyone else's. When a ju junior does not sleep his friends tell him, "So jaa varna Anesh aa jayega". A hardcore sportsman, he is famous for his 'tandav' dances during matches. He knows World History like the back of his hand. A pure non-veg. – he has never tasted paneer in his life. Has become a big fan of Katrina Kaif ever since 'that' cream commercial, he still believes that the world is FLAT.



### Ankit Saraf

'Pinky', 'Monu' or 'Obelix', this guy has earned the maximum names in the twelve years that he has spent here. The 'dada' of the class, he is feared by all due to his vandalising abilities and his inability to distinguish between a human and an animal. A dedicated work-a-holic, he refers to the Welham News computer and the camera as his 'bachchas'. He is always in demand by all the departments who depend on him for all their presentations. Has taken the Welham News tag too far and has ended up becoming the official 'khabri' of the class; he is always ready to take 'pangas' with the faculty 'anywhere, everywhere'.



### Raghav Agarwal

He is known to keep his watch ten minutes ahead of time, yet barely manages to crawl in on time. 'Dabur', as he is fondly known, has got an exotic collection of watches, deodorants and hip-hop shirts. He has got the typical looks of the 'lala' (much like the 'taraju wala'). Nevertheless a very caring friend. If you are in dire need of anything then.... even though he joined in class XI, has absorbed the Welham spirit like any one else.



### Varun Shamsher

This rebel from Woodstock with the deceptive appearance of a 'gora' has the manners of a 'true' Welhamite. Ironically he is from an army background. Nevertheless he is the perfect example of 'cool'. And this time he has even proved himself in athletics (Marion Jones?). Boasts of an enviable music collection but the 'kanjoos' never shares even a second of it. He is the only guy who has an everlasting supply of grub in his locker and never parts with it. Has the highest 'panga' per day ratio in school.



### Kshitij Goyal

This lala from class I is now a diehard 'sciencie'. He somehow always manages to create immense excitement in a dull class by his obnoxious comments. The Editor-In-Chief of the 'Sankalp', he has pumped fresh life into it. Has got a not-so-secret love interest in Delhi who has inspired him to slim down. Mr. Loud-mouth always manages to get a word in edgeways. The catalyst in most fights, he then sits back to enjoy those sparked off by him.



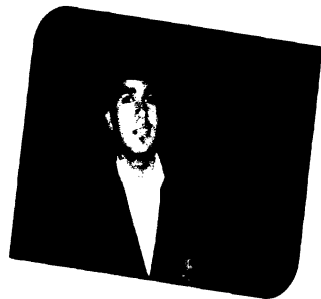
### Aftab Singh (without the thing)

Do not know about his ancestry but he walks the walk and talks the talk (even though he sometimes doesn't know the meaning). Known for using words like cacufounicious hullabaloo (Hain ji?!). Lives by the 'Moto' (no pun intended) that where there is a horse there is a way. He has been banned from the barber shop after some rather beastly incidents.



### Mehtab Singh

He is the complete opposite of his twin, Aftab. Peaceful and 'Kanjoo', he is an aspiring horse-whisperer having mastered riding them. Literally calls Welham a home away from home due to his 'cottage connections'. It is rumoured that when he learnt of a friend's car accident, the first and only thing he asked was – "Kaunsi Gadi thi?" Knows the life history of every make of car, particularly the horsepower.

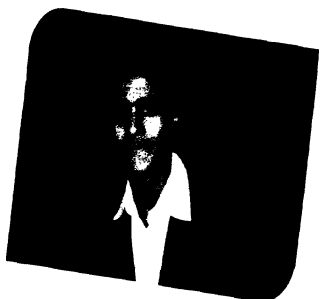
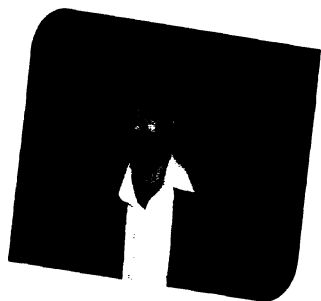


### Aditya

Lives by the motto – slow and steady wins the race. Another 'science' who has already gone into hibernation to prepare for Boards and beyond. Can go on and on about Delhi and its 'kudiyans' (one of whom he has some understanding with). Is highly inspired by the DOS and has become one of his favourites – especially after the Teachers' Day performance. Knows every shopkeeper of Palika Bazaar by name and is the unfathomable king of grey market. He has the comforting shoulder every friend needs.

### Aftab Singh Sandhu

Known for his lavish birthday parties in town, this 'surd' has been relying on 'automatic' promotion since class I. All those who know him still cannot digest the fact that he got through his ICSE and has befriended Bansal ever since. His table manners can put the most polite Englishman to shame. Has an immense passion for Hockey and has sacrificed a part of his future for that. Lately, his connections in the neighbourhood have been drawing a lot of suspicion (zzz...!). A great friend, he is known for solving everyone's problem except his own. The Picasso of our batch, he firmly believes that 'Nude art is not lewd art'.



### Trishang Choudhary

Billa, Don, John, Beckham – with the numerous names he has given himself, he seems to have forgotten his own name. The self proclaimed style icon, this dude has watched every episode of all Ekta Kapoor's serials. The patriotic 'Meerutite' can be heard boasting about the biggest mall in Europe opening in his 'mohalla'. Mr. Daredevil, he is the only person to have 'accidentally' missed IL's class numerous times. Holds the record for having maximum number of DCs, his sense of humour lightens any dull moments. Can be spotted pleading, "Sir, socials karwa do".

### Jassimran Chawla

This notorious sardar from Saharanpur has 'nautanki' for a middle name. His sweet tongue helps him make acquaintances in every "helpful" department. Mr. Gossip keeps track of every "affair" and has developed a certain fetish for "American Lays" ever since he returned from Jim Corbett. Nevertheless his happy-go-lucky attitude is coupled with a loud cackle which has scared many a junior.



### Faizan Hanief

This "little anrez" from Srinagar has created quite a tremor since his arrival in school. He sports his confused logic with such confidence that people have stopped debating with him. This "Dubai bred" even managed to prove a computer wrong! His 'shayari' has made him a prime target for all those who are love-struck (meri kabar me aana..?). A sheep in a wolf-skin, this dude is a pal to bank on.



### Tushar Agarwal

This Meerutite is very popular in most girls' schools and 'the' guy school. The 'Sportsie' sports a 'b'elly even though he complains of the food in Bethany. This 'love-guru' can be spotted giving advice to all broken hearts in school. He has lately become very interested in classical dance and will soon be giving his debut public performance (better known as 'Arangteram'). Loves eating in 'Kwality' and has vowed never to go elsewhere for lunch. Can be seen flashing his accent after his trip to Scotland. Another soccer freak who complained of being closely marked in "some" matches.



### Vanshaj Agarwal

The most controversial person in school: this 'demon' is feared by everyone, be it the teachers, the support staff or even his classmates. Praise for his debating skills has spread (terror) far and wide. The only thing Mr. Know-it-all doesn't know is how to jog. Has been into dieting from the last four years and has doubled his size so far. His attitude (with a capital A) is the reason for his landing up in useless pangas. The unofficial Principal of the school, he is every junior's nightmare. This super-nerd has been topping almost every subject and comes out of the exam hall weeping (crocodile tears!!). Joined only in class IX, instead of catching 'Welham ki hawa', Welham has caught his air.



### Abhimanyu Hannah

This day-boarder is the most sought after person in school for obvious reasons. He is extremely popular with the girls in the school. One of the very few who has already gone into hibernation with his books and is already topping most of the subjects (not to mention the ridiculously small number of guys who have opted for them). A die-hard cricket fan, he is indirectly involved in every illegal activity in school.



### Pratik Agarwala

This class I dude claims to have been born in Russia bred in Hong Kong but is a 'baniya' at heart. The 'Vijay Mallya' of the class, he believes in having a flamboyant lifestyle. His philosophy of life is – if you have got it, flaunt it! It is believed he has applied to numerous model agencies due to his photogenic features. He has tried his hand at every sport in school and finally found his calling in the gym. A generous pal, who can cater to the needs of everyone (especially in matters of food!).



### Ashish Chowdhary

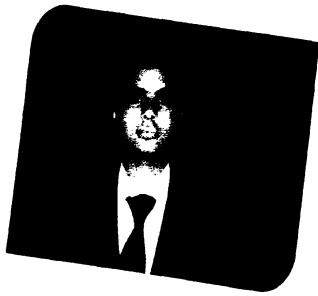
Mr. Ed is still recovering from the shock of becoming the Editor-In-Chief. When he is not in the Oli Room, he can be spotted in the phone booth having long chats with his 'joint' family. Has been enjoying AT's classes lately as he has been calling Samyam with a silent 'm' (love-struck?). He is supposed to have been born in the grey market of Bombay due to his deep insight of the 'cheap stuff' available there. Resembles Supandi (the Tinkle character), but definitely has more brains (as far as studies are concerned). People are still wondering how he managed to become a Prefect (perhaps buttering up the teachers...?). Oh, by the way, the 'dhobhis' of Welham dread him...



### Shivesh Tyagi

Claims to have been born and bred in Thailand, but forgets his roots lie in Bhardwajanj. His roommate left him due to his 'extra clean' habits. Is ready to get up at five in the morning if 'Tiger Biscuits' are being served but will not open his pack of Oreos throughout the term...Is the slyest character you could ever come across. A diehard Real Madrid fan, he has lately been listening to a lot of Michael Jackson and George Michael (hhhhhhmmmm!!!). The Soccer Captain, likes to show off his fake Soccer jugglery. If you follow Soccer, you can kill hours with this absolute Soccer freak.





### Prateek Modi

This self proclaimed "King of Hapur (read harpawh) " has stuck around for 12 years. His unpredictable nature and sword-like tongue keeps everyone on their toes (even some members of the fairer sex). Has been taking keen interest in someone across the LOC ever since he took part in 'Inquizitive'. He is rumoured to be the only person to know the password of the Physics lab computer and is also writing a thesis on the science of telexomania (nose-picking). This chilled out topper also managed to create some sensation in the States Tennis Championship (not only with his game!!). Took up the guitar a year ago and has already managed to get in the School Band!

## And Now You Are Gone

There beside the coffee shop, I had first set eyes on you,  
It was love at first sight and that my heart strongly knew,  
Things seemed to stop when we where together,  
I thought, at that time it would last forever.

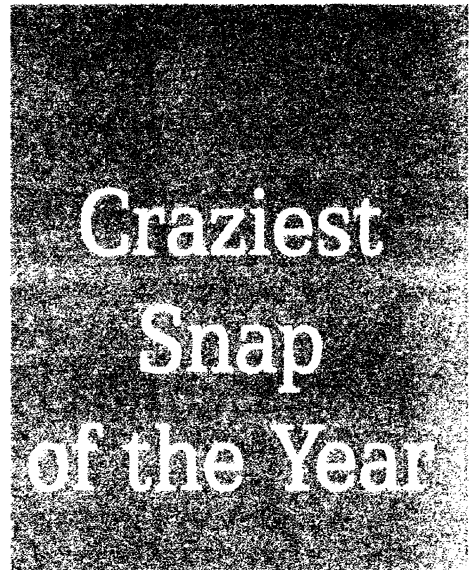
Days and nights would go in your thought,  
Life was very complicated, bound with many knots,  
And all of a sudden, out of the blue,  
You left my heart, and I had no clue.

Blood never seemed to reach my heart,  
My body and soul were drifting apart,  
Every morning as I used to see the sun,  
It showed a gloomy face as the day began.

Please don't leave, I beg, I pray,  
I'd rather give my life away,  
But since you're leaving, I had something to say,  
I've loved you all my life, it still holds, even today.

Someday you'll realize that someone's waiting for you,  
That same old lad, whom you knew,  
Someday you'll know that you were wrong on your part,  
The mistake you've made is of breaking my heart.  
The broken hearts,

- Pradipta De and Aditya Mahara  
X A



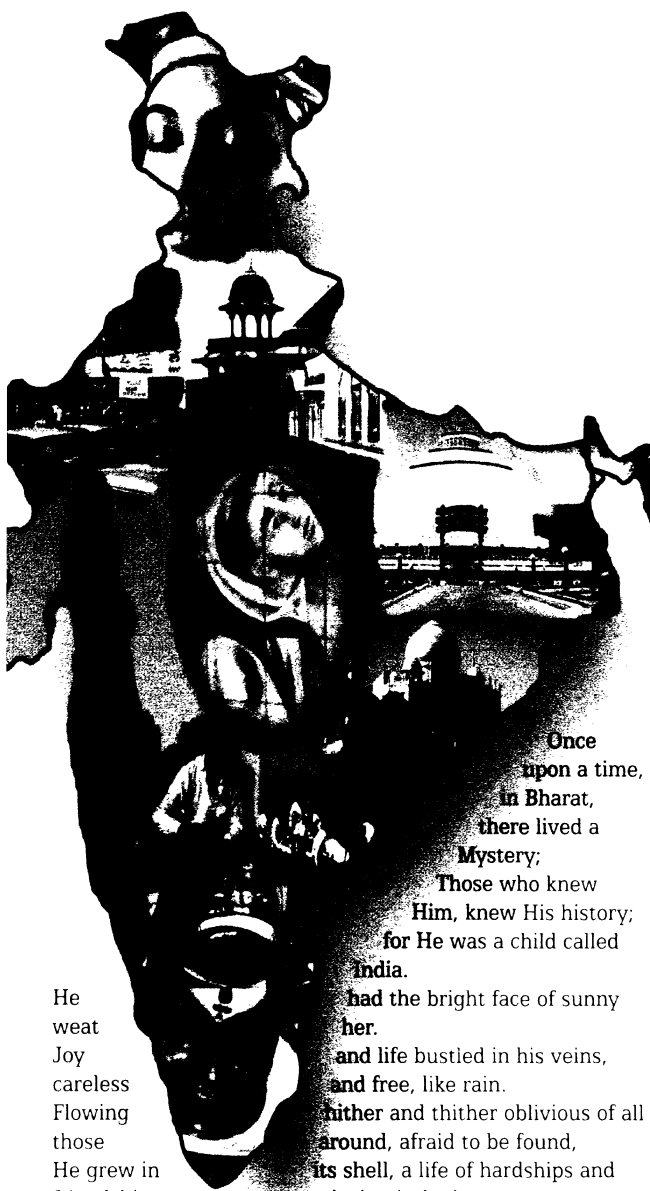
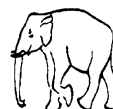
## Through the Keyhole

Vikas Arya to his classmates: Guys, let's build a swimming pool underwater.

Gurvijay (boasting to his classmates) Guys, when I was in class IV, I hit a recycle kick!

Visitors to Vikas Arya: "Where is the loo?"  
Vikas Arya: "Which House? Which class?"

Mohak Bajaj to Pratik Modi: *Tu yeh bata*, the cows give milk and the buffaloes give milk...but which one does the calf drink??



# Young Indian...?

He weat  
Joy  
careless  
Flowing  
those  
He grew in  
friendships,  
possible thing.  
But that was a different time and season which had its own  
rhyme and reason.  
Before the white men, who came as traders became invaders,  
Proud raiders of an ancient culture, fit to be bound, like the  
Vedas.

Like vultures they picked, hither and thither, to change His  
history,  
Whitening and wiping that Mystery, and His future  
altogether, forever.  
He had collected in its shell, all the knowledge required for  
human goodwill and progress.  
Science, religion and logic, precious qualities which few  
knew.  
Little did He realize, how little He knew,  
About these traders turned invaders turned raiders and what  
they would make of him.

Steadily, like cancer, His magical world collapsed.  
Every drop of thirst for hunger and knowledge, He had  
quenched but not anymore.  
"You naked fakirs need a dash of western culture," they said,  
"Your ancient practices are inhuman."  
Clouds of mystery they cleared like the rain clouds, black  
against the sky lifting every veil and fizzing the pyre,  
The smoke rose like the anger inside His once strong, native  
body;

Once  
upon a time,  
in Bharat,  
there lived a  
Mystery;  
Those who knew  
Him, knew His history;  
for He was a child called  
India.  
had the bright face of sunny  
her.  
and life bustled in his veins,  
and free, like rain.  
hither and thither oblivious of all  
around, afraid to be found,  
its shell, a life of hardships and  
enjoying it, he learnt every

Hate and frustration boiled in a deadly potion, to stir into  
motion, the rebellious notions.  
But alas! He had resigned himself to his fate pursuing the  
long wait patiently accepting every new change.  
Horried, mortified, petrified, stupefied, terrified, a mask he  
wore, to hide his tears,  
Gutless, spineless, tongueless, He was now rendered  
virtually, virtue less.

He knew His language, the mother [of all],  
But He was made to learn, another.  
He wore his loin cloth, then with pride.  
But the fashionable western outfits, he could but chide.  
As time flew, the burden of change grew and  
He didn't know when friends left were few,  
Inside His confused mind, He had nothing left to chew.  
Fit like any trained animal, to chew.  
He tried to adapt to a world so different,  
Slowly forgetting his own, and praising the new, which had  
been established in lieu.

Some saw from afar, some sitting in a bar,  
A shining place, like a shining jar.  
Some wondered, if the story was true and whether  
something was amiss, in the haven of bliss.  
They wondered, there is life, stale and pale, not fresh,  
But sleepy and tired, as if weighed down.  
They are rich and blind, without a mind, however kind.  
No creative spark of passion or desire.  
With no spring in their step, more so ever,  
Would they remain like this forever?

Who He asks, is responsible? Surely not that ancient White  
dying Raj.  
Who Has weakened their bones and sagged their faces?  
And taken away knowledge and riches, leaving no traces.  
Has he been embittered with reality; or is it general  
mentality?  
He, (now an old man of sixty), had started in a land of honest  
intentions,  
Will He end behind facades and pretensions?

Who, He asks in desperation, has the answers to my  
questions?  
Yours,

- Prateek Modi  
XII Sc.

# Word War

## Are We Student-driven School?

### For

A friend and I were in the midst of a heated argument. The argument was on a common topic-the school is this, and the school is that...the students don't have any power in their hands...democracy toh sirf naam hai...they didn't even consult us about the new uniform...etc. etc.

Most of the students are under the illusion that a student-driven school means a school which is "run" by students, where students make the rules (and break them at will!), where students can do whatever they want and get whatever they ask for. But this, to the dismay of most of my 'colleagues', is not the case. A student-driven school does not mean that authorities should not intervene at all in the functioning of the school. A student-driven school is one in which the students and the authorities, work hand in hand to develop the school, a school where students take the initiative, where students have and show a sense of responsibility.

Having a School Committee with a student as the Chairperson itself says a great deal. Most decisions are still taken with inputs from the Prefect Body. Though agreed that over the years the powers given to the Prefect Body has decreased, it still signifies democracy in school. Most or rather all events in school are managed entirely by students. The Oliphant, Welham News and all other publications, etc. are by the students; the staff is just there to guide us.

In recent times, Welham has become synonymous with Community Service. Are we, the students being forced to render our service or is it our own instinct? Agreed that we have to be coaxed at times, but mostly it is the students who initiate the process. The students do most of the work in the government school. The street theatre on drug abuse, our interaction with mentally and physically challenged children and of course, the productive work we are doing in Jaidwar, are all but instances of what students are doing.

I am not saying that Welham is a perfect example of a student-driven school. We have flaws and we do falter. But I think it is time that we all start looking at the positive aspects of the school and learn to ignore the other side. Most of us still believe that all decisions are taken against the students. Whenever we do not get what we want, we crib about how undemocratic the school is. Let us not just point to flaws in the school system but work on improving it.

- Ashish Chowdhary  
XII C

### Against

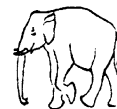
Welham, in its 70 years of existence has evolved along with the rest of India. It has constantly and rapidly progressed to churn out brilliant individuals, the leaders of modern India. Ironically and sadly though, we have reached a phase where the most fundamental qualities of a Welhamite have to be questioned and we must stop all our progress to ask are we really a student driven school?

First and foremost, it must be clarified what a student driven school is, as most of us seem to be under a misconception. Ideally, it is a school whose spirit is guided by the spirit of its students; a place where young students are brought up by their seniors, where they interact with their teachers, resonating in the most positive way. The competence of students cannot be challenged in matters like leadership. And all this banks on one timeless quality trust. It is a place where one does not have to think twice before entrusting a job to a student. That is a student-driven school.

Where does one go when the students of a supposedly student-driven school cannot be trusted? By continuous misbehaviour and the misuse of privileges, we students have reduced all discipline to rubble. How long can someone trust someone who is a persistent trouble-maker? Agreed that now we do not have authority powerful enough to check discipline, but...

The only option now left with the authorities to check such issues are guards, attendance registers and teachers as disciplinarians. What does one construe when every action of his is scrutinised and he requires chits, permission slips, etc to visit the hospital or even use the I.T Lab? Whether we like it or not, our school is evolving in this way and drifting from that ideal state. We have broken the trust, and like crystal, it cannot be repaired. The cracks will always remain. However, this has led the average student with no notion of the school functioning and has thus led him to develop a cynical attitude. Surely one does not expect him to believe in his elders when he is not believed by anyone. The consequences of such a sceptical attitude in the students of our "student-driven school" have, to some extent, shaped Welham's evolution.

The problem lies deeper. One of them is our Indian education system. This system has limited all learning to marks, greatly increasing the academic pressure with every passing day. Students are burdened with vast quantities of syllabus and moreover, they have to score unbelievably high marks. Getting into a decent college



when the competition is cutthroat, is difficult. Therefore everyone thinks twice before accepting any responsibility or taking an initiative. They already have more on their platter than they can deal with. After all one's career is more important, is it not? No one realises that they owe some time to themselves, to grow. To exemplify this point further, I participated in a Model UN conference at Woodstock School, earlier this year. I had found the whole conference boring and non-stimulating but still, I came back a changed person. I was amazed to see that the entire event had been organised solely by students. I still remember our hesitant attitude when we were asked to arrange an Inter-School debate.

The ever-increasing pressures of the world around us has stifled all creativity and taken away our smile. We have, as a result, inculcated a sleepy indifferent sort of lackadaisical attitude toward issues concerning leadership, discipline and related activities. This transition has taken place from one extreme to another.

There was a time when a Welhamite had coached the school Hockey team to win the Council tournament; when we had stood third in the ESPN sports quiz. Mediocrity was as intolerable as defeat and initiating new ideas was not all stress and worry but pure fun and everyone did their job with unlimited vigour. Development was much more important than a 98% on the report card. But that was a different time, now a distant dream. That was a student driven school.

Today, our society, and with it the school system as a whole has evolved. For good or for bad, that is for you to decide.

- Prateek Modi  
XII Sc.

# The Mocking Indian

August 15, 1947: a new era had begun. After about 200 years of struggle, agitation, perseverance, sacrifice and turmoil, India was finally free. The whole nation rejoiced. Though the break up of the nation and the massacre of thousands of lives marred the victory, this glorious incident was drowned in the flood of this historical event. People embraced change and a new dawn of existence and prosperity had set in... Had it, really?

Sixty years down the line, even though we are free, we have lost our identity. This identity crisis is not because of the invasion of foreigners but because of us, trying to pretend to be someone we are not. Though the foreigners left our country long back, their products and ideologies have invaded our markets and society. In our attempt to imitate the West, we have forgotten that the 'Sun rises in the East.'

'Saare Jahaan se accha.....Hindi hai hamaara.....'  
Referring to Hindi as our mother tongue is a farce.

The contempt for our 'official' language, and the increasing importance of English in the country has wiped out many dialects of our nation. The usual proceedings of parliament are in English; even by those who are not well versed in it. This just goes to show how eager we are to 'Westernize' ourselves. All legal and official documents are prepared and circulated in English. China, a nation which was classified under the 'third world countries', along with India, has now left India behind in terms of progress and development. Helping the world adopt Chinese, instead of it adopting English, is one of the reasons for their success.

One often reads about bankers' agents beating up people who have taken loans. The volume of consumer loans has increased considerably over the last few years. In order to satisfy their 'Western' and expensive demands, people often take loans, without evaluating their ability to pay them back. Hence, one in every fifty becomes a bad debt for the bank. The dominance of FMCG's (Fast-moving Consumer Goods) in our market is changing our consumption pattern and is resulting in the purchase of unnecessary items. Thus, funds which could be used for development purposes are now blocked in buying by consumer items. To avoid taking loans (and paying interest) many Indians work abroad, to get a high pay package. Little do they realize that in the process they are making the host country richer, while their own country, suffers from a lack of manpower.

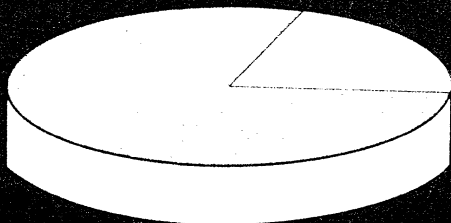
The growing number of old age homes in India show how the nuclear family system is getting the upper hand over the joint family system a common practice in the West.

Without denying that the West is more developed than the East, one must realize the uniqueness and sovereignty of one's own nation, and strive to make it as developed as other 'Western' countries.

One must change with the world and not try to transform it!

- Pratik Agarwal  
XII Com

## Are we a student driven school?



☒ YES  
☐ NO

Staff:	Yes: 11	No: 8
Class XII:	Yes: 3	No: 20
Class XI:	Yes: 2	No: 22
Class X:	Yes: 2	No: 35
Class IX:	Yes: 8	No: 45



# We Remember...

Growing up is invariably associated with one's surrounding, our personality is similar to a pot which has been moulded with the hands of not one, not two, but numerous potters. While growing up we do notice the people who are helping us evolve, but by and large do not notice the effect non living elements have on us - the buildings, the statues, the pavements, the landscape and the space does influence the way we think. In our case it is firstly the charm and serenity of Dehra Dun which has largely made us capable of being able to think, meditate, observe, remain calm and achieve excellence and secondly the campus we live in has made us fall in love with it! This article is a tribute to all the buildings of school, which may not be 'living' but have surely instilled life into us.

Here is how the souls of school would recount their experiences of the class of 2008...

## Bethany

Though I accept that food was not great when these '30 pounders' joined school way back in 1996 and the kitchen too was much more of a dungeon - with soot laden walls, algae growing on the floor and rats organizing fanatical races, these guys have been carrying on munching regardless of who or what is cooking! A funny incident that comes to mind is when the Head Boy (Anesh) and his



trusted aide - Sudipt used to have competitions as to who could have more chapatis in a single meal. Way back in class II when students don't even want to have anymore than one, these 'little' chaps would not stop before they had consumed at least ten!

Other notable performers include the likes of Sushant, who has been eating ten toasts and five cubes of butter at every breakfast since he started sitting at Mr. Kuqsal's (who has quietly led the way for his tutorial group.) table. Shivesh has developed a special fondness for paneer,

having at least two bucketfuls of paneer everyday since class IX, he has the distinction of being the only person who vehemently criticizes and 'hogs' as much as he can at the same time. Mohak has been the superachiever and has traumatised my bearers and Mr. Bakshi at will. It seems that he has a misconception that I produce ten omlettes and four full chickens only for him (his eating partner Mr. Hanief too has the same opinion but he prefers to terrorize juniors rather than me)...Would someone please clarify the budget to them!

## Triveni

I have been bearing the torments of boys of three senior hostels since 1980. It was

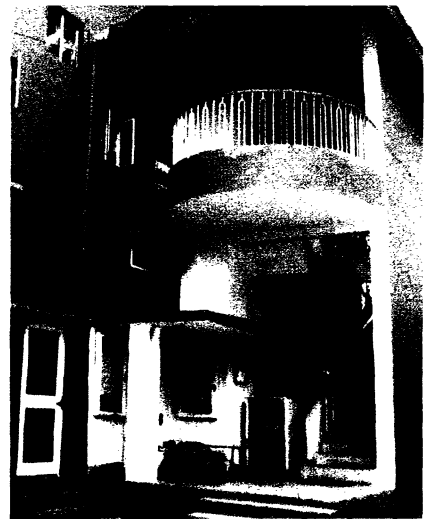


only recently that Shikar stole from me the thunderous bellows of Ankit and the stinking pile of socks owned by Aniket. It is indeed a pity that guys from Jamuna and Ganga could not stay on as seniors after years of supposed suffering at the hands of seniors and using it as an excuse of not brushing, or changing their clothes...ones such as Abhishek and Faizan Rasool used to complain a lot about the unavailability of hot water and now when they have shifted, it's the excess water used by other people that they are citing as the reason for not taking a bath!

Two rather special people who have stayed by my side no matter what may come have been Shabaz and Abshishek(aka Baba). They have slept through classes, they have slept through meals, they have slept through Assemblies and they have slept through every notable moment of school life. Kavi, in contrast, has not slept at all and has surprisingly been doing nothing at all despite all the free time he has.

## Krishna

Nerds are the fodder that my engine runs upon. The likes of DP, Giri and Mohit have set strong precedence for



future generations. Aditya has shown great improvement since he took up science in class 11. He wakes up early (to hog Tiger biscuits), spends a lot of time in the Toyes (writing letters to his girlfriend) and has started reading a lot (do I need to specify what?). In short he is utilising his time in doing more than he ever has in a single year. I have been blessed with the company of two Aftabs - one who (along with his brother, Mehtab) thinks that Gurgaon is one of the '5' metropolitan cities in India and the other who believes that having a cup of black tea (1 bag of lemon tea + 1 bag of Darjeeling tea + 1.70 teaspoons of sugar + a pinch of mint + a ceramic cup with Welham's motto) every morning will gain him Nirvana (i.e. God will bless him with the company of Mr. Vinod Rana).

The person totalling up this weird summation is master Vanshaj (read Witty); he has the strange quality of voicing his views without any form of inhibition. Ever since he walked into my premises I have only heard him arguing at the top of his voice and always saying, "You guys have been here for a long time, I need to do more than you to become a Prefect!"

## Activity Centre

I have been proclaimed as the heart and soul of this school due to the number of activities that I host apart from the madness of Basketball, Badminton, shooting and Table Tennis. The only person who has been able to drive me mad is Navandeep. 'Man' what has he got to do with my entrance facing south-east and not north and my shutter being painted in silver and not orange...? After much debate and discussion we were able



Ever since Mr. Dabral took over control of the gymnasium there have been two people who have frequented it more than the gym captain himself Akshay and Raghav. This pair has been affectionately renamed Laurel and Hardy and despite heaving, pulling and pushing all kinds of machines, have not been successful in changing their physical attributes (courtesy Bethany all this chap makes people think about is food.). A positive outcome of this link up has been that they have been able to conjure up plans for a protein supplement brand named 'AGA' (Aggarwal Anaris) to empty people's pockets and have promised to provide me with a Teflon court out of the profits.

The most discreet corner i.e. my belly, the tuck shop, has been managed by Pratik for quite sometime now. Though he used to weigh more than me when he started out but my diet sandwiches that he has for dinner everyday have surely made an impact (hey, the fat's only converted into muscle and he is still heavier than me!)

For those of you who can still recognize who I am, I stand immensely obliged. Renamed Oliphant House (after an unsuccessful stint as Alaknanda) I am no longer the arrival terminal 1A of Welham and have been converted into the Welham lounge. In spite of my graying hair I can still remember these 'Wacky Woodseaters' running around like headless chickens and driving Mrs. Mukherjee nuts.

Kshitij has grown up into a fine young man now, the reason for his 'health' is that he used to spend his whole pocket money on 'bun-tikkis' (which he used to consume over the course of the week regardless of their staleness). Kandarp, it seemed, was more of his and everybody else's tormentor than a student. His head has been nostalgically stuck in his books and he has advised everyone else to do the same without fail ever since class I.

end with the see-saw game that these two seem to be playing.

P.S.: Please don't tell anyone come hail, storm or sunshine that these people used to watch 'CAPTAIN VYOM' on 'DD1' without fail every Sunday morning. (Yes, even the ones who pretend not to know that anything except 'FRIENDS' even exists!).

A child has to learn to think for himself and be able to innovate and that is exactly what my responsibility in school is. My winding pathways, fireplaces (although defunct), towering chimneys, airy classrooms and colourful flowerbeds have inculcated a sense of freedom and creativity in these children.

The naughtiest little pint was Nikhil, who developed a rather precocious combination of creativity and destructiveness. He discovered nooks and corners that even the janitor did not know about and it was he who was contacted when anybody needed an excuse to bunk classes. I wonder how he has survived for twelve years with only one visit to the 'office'!

Though “As the River Flows” was made about life in school way back in 1997, master Ashish has still not understood that it was only an informative film. He believes that he could give Rajpal Yadav a run for his money and my anxious warnings have fallen on deaf ears. Oh dear, imagine how shattered he would feel to know that the producers of the movie on school included his two second smiling face as they were experiencing problems in meeting the time requirements.



The people who come to visit me can be classified into two categories - the bad loungers and the not so bad loungers. No one has been able to understand why people here feel drowsy as soon as they see the sofas. The way they come and fall asleep on the sofas seem like I am a fish these cats have been dying to gulp down for a long time. The people whom I'm going to miss most are Prateek and



Awijit. The first one is known for wearing the weirdest spectacles available (so that he is able to look like Johnny Depp) and I am the one greatly criticized for making him mad by providing him books by Nietzsche, Freud, Russell and the likes. Go ask Woodseats for clarification on the number of hours he used to spend digging his nose and simply laughing 90% of the time he was inside the hostel.

As for the latter I was indeed surprised to see him walk up to the reference section as soon as he entered class XI (Humanities...). He had never so much as dared to lift himself from the comfort of my sofas earlier.

P.S :- There is also this irritating fan of Santana who believes that the soul of Bob Marley resides in every string of his guitar. Samyam keeps playing rusty tunes right next to my ears, in the music room, believing that one of them will someday be adopted as the 'National Rock Anthem' of Nepal ...best of luck to him. What to say. so much for optimism!

Now who told you that my walls have developed cracks! What do you think the 'insulators' were installed for? I have been thinking about doing something to recognize the people who have showed immense love and reverence for me and have thus come up with a new award. The 'Frequent Fliers' award goes jointly to Mr.Trishang and Mr.Varun. They have walked up my steps without fail at least once a month. Don't know how they manage to do it but I sure admire the art of being able to get on the Principal's nerve time and again. Their courage too is commendable; I have had to get my insulation changed twice already and their ears have not as much as flinched!

The first gentleman has gone to the extent that he simply gets into trouble to bunk History classes of 'She, who must not be named'!

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planning to cash in on his skills sometime in the future. The favourite's list in my tenant's iPod includes 'Aap Ka Suroor' and 'Black Magic Woman'! Ssshhh!!

### 'Oli' Room

Boohoo, my little cuddly vudly pieces of dark chocolate dipped in tomato syrup (Yuck!) are going to retire, who's going to get in all those silly articles, who's going to laugh on Witty's jokes, who's going to post a 'Hitler vs. Oli' message on my board, who is going to laugh his head off

writing articles....boohoo, boohoo...! (Console yaar, console!!)

P.S.:- Mr.Abhimanyu is not remembered by any building in particular as he was seen venturing near 'Apna Stores' for the better part of his school life by the 'office'.

We live a series of short lives in the course of our lifetime. At the end of every 'short life' old age is reached where we wonder about the bygones and about what have we done with our lives. On reaching the first such stage of my life, it

would be wrong to say that I do not have any regrets but the amount that I have learnt (if it could be measured) would outnumber the regrets with ease!

- Sudipt Juneja

XII Com

## I Promise to Lead by Example...

"Let me apologise to begin with,

Let me apologise for what I'm about to say,

Because trying to be genuine is harder than it seems."

Well to speak about the truth, I would surely say that the 'craze' to scream "spread out and get down" and "report at 4 in the morning", has subsided over the years due to various reasons, but there are many different reasons why people still want to 'take that flight to the High Table'.

I went around surveying my class and the question I asked them was if they wanted to become 'Prefects' or not. I was loaded with answers like "Arre I am not worthy of becoming one" or "Are you mad!?", so I decided to change the question a bit. I then asked them what would they do if they 'happened' to become Prefects. Let us see what their answers were:

- Party for the first term and then.....let us see!!
- I would change the myth that physical punishment is the only solution for behaviour.. What are 'books' and 'Maths' for?
- Hog on the High Table!! But I guess that I would have to take tuitions for table manners before that!!!
- Flaunt my badge around on the outings and the special occasions to..... (you know who.)
- At least get the guys to be allowed to wear 'branded' clothes!!!
- Work on the student teacher relationship. (I am sure to get votes for this one!!)
- Guys, I will surely work on making

this school co-ed.

- Never gave it a thought!!
- I would sit beside the Principal and tell him everyday, "Sir, socials karwa do!!"
- Play on with the '1 up'.(Seek help from 'Mario' in this one)

Hazard: None of the above lines are to be taken seriously

Not all the eleventhies had such straight-forward (wicked!!) plans, I guess there are still some not interested at all in sitting at the 'top of the school'. One companion of mine, (and readers of the last issue would remember him) wanted all the classmates in his House to scale the steps to the High Table so that he could enjoy his peaceful 'candlelight dinner'.

Although there is no competition for the post of the Schoolie, the only contender fears that he might have a companion since the designation for the 'School Captain' has been changed to 'Head Boy' while on the other hand one of the two competitors for the designation of the 'Sports Captain' are busy with their 'choti si prem kahani' but still manage to takeout some time to improve his 'tuti futi angrezi.' The other is deeply engrossed in getting his hair set in the 'Founder's Edition' style.

So guys, keep setting the highest standards of integrity, commitment and unselfishness, and don't forget to execute your duties with fairness and kindness, without fear or favour.

- Akhilesh Jung

XI Sc.

## Ten Commandments for a 'model WELHAMITE

1. Thou shall always come for classes on time...you shall pay for it till "kingdom comes"...
2. Thou shall not imitate teachers...or else thou shall be imitated later.
3. Thou shall sing during Assembly...or face the music later.
4. Thou shall not think of socials...only unless they are 'meaningful'.
5. Thou shall never look beyond the walls...if thou disobey, thou shall stay beyond them.
6. Thou shall pay an annual pilgrimage to the holy shrine of Jaidwar....(there is no 'or else' for this, YOU HAVE TO)
7. Thou shall never take "that" route for jogs...there are greener pastures near Prem Nagar.
8. Thou shall pursue Humanities... (don't you want to survive in school??).
9. Thou shall develop pleasant relationships with the species in blue and white...but don't cross 'The Line'.
10. Thou shall not obey the above Nine Commandments...  
THOU SHALL OPPOSE THEM ALL!!  
With due apologies to 'Hannibal'

- Aniket Nag

XII Sc.

# Ringside View

As eventful it could be, Welhamites managed to fill their schedule with a lot of sporting activities. Sports are like 'Air' and 'Water' for us Welhamites. All the way through the long year, the boys never lay down tired or bored. They went on like the 'Elephant' of the school - 'From Strength to Strength'.

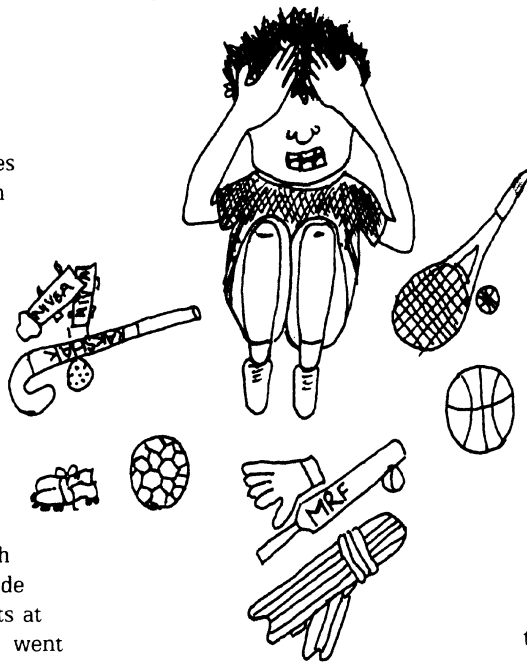
On the usual note, the sports calendar was the same except for some changes in the Autumn Term. As before, we began with Cricket. As there was no outside tournament available in this sports at that moment, so all energies went towards the Inter-House Cricket Tournament. Krishna House emerged as the Champion. Jamuna House followed second with Ganga House in the third slot and the defending champions, Cauvery House at the bottom.

The race for the Best Sporting House Trophy was now on. All the Houses had their eyes on the coveted trophy. With the added incentive, along with age-old traditional rivalries between the Houses, the tournaments were never a boring sight. The Cricket season did not last long because of a single tournament on the list. It gave way for Hockey to take over. The Kandhari Memorial Hockey Tournament involved six teams including St. Georges College, the winners. The other teams were The Doon School, RIMC, Oak Groves School and YPS (Patiala). Welham had to settle for third place. The Hockey team also participated in the Councils. Welham crossed the group stages easily by defeating Col. Brown School 3-1 and Indian Public School (IPS) 5-1. We played the Moravian School in the semi-finals and lost once more. Another title escaped our clutches.

Then the Hockey mode took over the school with the Hockey Inter-House. After a long series of matches, Cauvery House defeated Jamuna House to lift the trophy. The match ended in 1-1 draw and Cauvery won in the penalties. Krishna House settled for third and surprisingly Ganga House came in last.

All the while, Basketball, an all-year sport was also continuing. The school team went for the Win Mumby Basketball Tournament at the Woodstock School, Mussoorie. We were the defending champions, but could not hold on to our title and lost to the hosts in the semi-finals. The team returned home and prepared itself for the 21st Golden Jubilee Basketball Tournament. The school was represented in the Welham (Blues) and Welham (Whites). Once again we were the defending champions. But once again the Woodstock School undid our run for the trophy by defeating us in the semi-finals. The tournament was won by BKSP from Bangladesh.

The term also saw a number of other sports which carried on



alongside the others. The boys juggled with their time to play many sports at once. One instance saw a boy in the Basketball court in the morning, the squash courts after lunch and finally the football field in the evening. The Badminton Inter-House Tournament which saw a sudden rise in popularity this season, was won by Cauvery House. The School team also went out to participate in the Districts Badminton Tournament. The Table-Tennis Cup was won by Jamuna House with Cauvery House as the runner-up. That much was enough for the boys for one term. Now what they needed was a break.

After the break, the action continued but this time with the soccer season. The school team played in many local tournaments but sadly could not bring back any silverware. In the 6th Om Prakash Soccer Tournament, we were the runner-up. In the RIMC Cup and the Councils too we could not get far. Though our performance in the Councils' was commendable, it sadly was not up to the standard. Our Sub junior team participated in the Carbery Soccer Tournament, hosted by the Carman School bringing the sole trophy of the season by defeating St. Georges College 3-1. The Inter House Football Tournament was another major event in the calendar. After two rounds of matches, Cauvery and Jamuna reached the finals. After a goalless draw, Cauvery House triumphed in the penalties defending their title successfully.

In shooting, our team won many laurels in the IPSC Shooting Championships. In the tournament, among many schools, Welham stood sixth. As for Badminton, it has seen a rising popularity in school. We also took part in the District Badminton Tournament but only managed to reach the quarter-finals. At the Inter House level, Cauvery House won the Badminton Trophy. The Athletics Inter House started with the Cross Country and Cauvery House taking away the trophy once again for the second consecutive year. The other track and field events were won by some young faces which was a shocking surprise for the old guns.

With this, the news of all sports for the year comes to an end. It has been another year of learning experience and sportsmanship for the students, and certainly another round of flaring tempers and competitive environment. The road to success is never an easy one and will never be. However, Welhamites will continue to strive 'From Strength To Strength'.

- Anesh Gurung  
XII Hum



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