



THE OLYMPIANT

No. 151

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

26th March 1994

THINK ABOUT IT

He who recognises the existence of suffering, its cause, its remedy and its cessation has followed the four noble truths, He will walk in the right path. —Buddha

God made Sundays for rest. 'Sabbath Day' as it is called. In Welham this day is subject to different interpretations as one advances to higher classes. One deviates from the original sense of the word. Gradually, the value and meaning of this day changes.

In junior school (class 1 to class 3) it is the day to anticipate. From Monday onwards, the days, departure is counted with relish, irrespective, of the fact that there are 6 more to go. Some go to the extent of counting the seconds and hours. For them it has a very significant meaning.

Another Sunday means one week less for holidays, or the boy's parents may be coming on the next Sunday. It is at this stage that one sleeps on a Saturday night and gets up and thinks: "Ah! Today is Sunday. Today my father will come, we'll watch a movie at night, we'll play games in the evening."

In Class 4 and 5 one waits but with less intensity and enthusiasm. The days are counted but by then one has become knowledgeable and one knows how many days there are in a week. One has only 5 classes in a day as compared to 7 in the previous classes. But Sundays are still enjoyable.

In classes 6 and 7 the value of Sundays again tremendously increases. It is at this stage that one is infected by laziness. The daily routine becomes too hectic and one finds no extra time. The morning P.T. is a problem. But the boys still have the vigour and earnestness of junior school. They are still enthusiastic about various activities. However, the pace slackens to some extent.

Sunday is a great relief. Sunday means no P.T., no standing in lines on end, less susceptible to punishment and hopefully, fewer prefects on campus.

In class 8 and 9 the overall atmosphere changes. The intellect is used for other, prohibited purposes and one has become clever due to the regular doses of collective punishment. Two, realization 'dawns' that things can be done in a wrong manner and in the short term honesty may not necessarily be the best policy.

The morning P.T. whistle shakes one to the core; on Sunday's it isn't heard. The prefects who are a thorn in the flesh, are rarely seen. One doesn't have to bunk any classes because there aren't any.

Class 10 and 11 have a totally different perspective. Sundays have become less exciting. Outings are now possible on week days. One attends morning, P.T. just about thrice a week so it isn't too great an effort and one has to face the prefects anyhow either in the morning at 4:00 or before dinner.

For class 12 a Sunday becomes a bore. Week days are preferred since there are no classes to attend. "Morning P.T.? What's that?" The world can change but a 12thie will not attend P.T. As for going to town, it's possible almost everyday with only the housemaster to stop you. Sundays mean, too much of free time.

It is perhaps what God intended. And it is here that one realizes finally that elders have been telling us all the time. Sundays are for rest.

□ Kirtiman Singh

Welham Now !

1. Prizes for English Projects—Feb. '94 :

VI-A	Ujjwal Kumar - 842	} 1st
	Navpreet Sahni - 798	
	Akshat Aggarwal - 802	
VI-B	Hamza Ahmed - 801	} 2nd
	Charanjit S. Mann - 816	
	Avneet S. Brar - 819	
VII-A	Vivaan Menezes	1st

2. Results of the Inter House English Debate for classes 7, 8 and 9.

1st Ruman Kidwai
2nd Zayed Khan
2nd Nikunj Gupta
3rd Sarthak Pani

Most Promising Speaker : Arcaprava Datta
Trophy awarded to : Krishna House.

3. CRICKET : Sub-Junior :

Winner : TH
Best Batsman : Mukti Bikram Shah - 872 (NU)
Best Bowler : Amit Prashar - 906 TH

4. English Projects—Feb. '94 :

IV-B	Arpit Tandon	1st
	Rahul Sharma - 957	2nd
V-B	Pourushaspa D. Mystry	1st

5. English Handwriting :

V-A	Karn Singh - 919	1st
	Vikram Khushwah - 873	2nd
IV-B	Ankur Gupta - 948	3rd

6. Middle School : E.V.S. Project Prizes :

1st Amish Mulmi
2nd Rana Raghubir
3rd Rishi Raman Jain

7. Middle School Art Prizes :

Gauri Sharan Singh — Best at Batik
Prateek Khurana — Best at Painting
Rahul Bhai Vaish — Best at Painting

8. Middle School—For Good Conduct :

865	Shobhit Agarwal	V-A
897	Parimal Piyush	
885	Prateek Khurana	V-B
973	Amish Mulmi	IV-A

9. For Helpfulness :

879	Alok Kapur	V-A
878	Gauri Sharan	V-B
975	Deepak Sanan	IV-A
949	Saumya Vardhan Khaitan	IV-B

10. For General Progress :

872	Mukti B. Shah	V-A
915	Bikrambir Pahuja	V-B
937	Anshuman Singh	IV-A
960	Arpit Tandon	IV-B

11. Inter-House Cricket : Junior Division 1994 :

Winner—Ganga
Best Batsman—Ashok Roy 743 (c) (Certificate)
Best Bowler—Bikash Gurung 711 (c) (Certificate)
Best All-rounder—Yesheb Zia Ansari 753 (G)
(Certificate & Medal)
Taekwondo—Promising Fighter :
Amrinder Sachdeva - 7118 (J) (Certificate)

12. English Handwriting Competition—Seniors :

Class VI & VII		
1st	Vikas Prashad	
2nd	Kumar Abhijeet	
3rd	Shiv Agarwal	
Class VIII & IX		
1st	Gaurav Dubey	
2nd	Ashish Patodia	
3rd	Nikunj Gupta	
Class X & XI		
1st	Vikas Kumar	
2nd	Nitin Bhanot	
3rd	Bharat Bhushan Garg	

13. List of Boys who had Good Assessment Term Aug. to Nov. 1993 :

Class IV-A		
No.	Name	
975	Deepak Sanon	
973	Amish Mulmi	
959	Pradipta Rana	
929	Rahul Bhai Vaish	
921	Manish Garg	
920	Arjun Sabharwal	

LITERARY AFFAIRS

'Rage'

The year was 1942. Millions of people lay dead. Millions of brave soldiers had sacrificed their lives for the cause of nations. The whole of Europe was one huge battlefield. Nations lay devastated. The cause of it all was the Second World War.

As day dawned in the military camp of the U.S. Marines. Sean eye opened. He was in the hastily made and crowded medical tent of camp, having spent the entire night in a state of pain and anger. Pain from the bullet he had taken in his chest and anger from the fact that he had been careless enough to lead his men into a Japanese ambush. Next to his small bed sat the best and only friend he had, Saul. The entire night Saul had been by his bedside, talking to him and comforting him. It had been Saul who had carried a wounded Sean back to camp. Looking at his face Sean felt grateful that Saul and he had met.

A month passed; Sean fully recovered and was itching to get back in action. He looked at himself, he had a built like that of professional bodybuilders but unlike them was agile and quick. His wound had all but completely disappeared, a small ring of dimpled flesh remained to show that he had ever received a wound.

Soon Sean was back in action, he and Saul had been enlisted in a small group of elite soldiers known as Fighting Scouts. Their job was to find and kill the small groups of Japanese soldiers who had been inflicted heavy casualties on the U.S. British Army. The job seemed easy, but it was not, their soldiers were as ruthless and merciless as any one could be, adapted to the jungles of Burma, they were a strong force to reckon with.

Deep into the jungles, the Fighting Scouts went. They hardly saw any sign of the Japanese. After days of tracking, the scouts began to get a little careless. Sean sensing this carelessness to be a premonition of disaster, tried to talk sense to his mates but they ignored him. Then it happened. It had been a small ravine which they were crossing, when they ran right into a

Japanese ambush. To Sean it was a repeat of his earlier encounter; calling Saul he quickly ducked behind a huge rock. He was soon joined by Saul and another soldier. Soon the round of guns ceased and Sean peeked over the top of the rock, where a dozen of the men lay dead, while a dozen more lay wounded, groaning in pain and agony.

A deathly silence prevailed. Unknown to Sean, a Japanese sniper had managed to climb onto a tree overhanging the rock behind which they lay. He had his aim on Sean and was about to fire, when suddenly Saul came forward to talk to Sean. The bullet went right through Saul's temple. Saul collapsed immediately, the soldier besides Sean, fired at the sniper and he quickly ran off. Sean was shocked, he was seeing his best friend lying dead on the ground, having been hit by a bullet which was intended for him. Slowly like clouds falling in the sky, anger, began filling his head. "He's dead," said the soldier next Sean, looking at Sean; the soldier was stunned into disbelief-nothing but pure fanatical rage. Roaring like a wounded lion in its final death throes, Sean leapt out of the rock, ran towards the Japanese soldiers and began hacking them to death with his army knife. Seeing Sean leap out from behind the rock, the other soldiers followed.

After having killed three men, Sean was hit by a bullet, but he charged towards the Japanese, completely oblivious to the pain.

Soon all the Japanese soldiers had been captured. Sean lay on a stretcher. In his delirious state he was seeing Saul alive.

Upon recovering, Sean was promoted to a sargeant for showing bravery in the face of extreme danger, but he missed that feeling of pride and everything around him seemed to cloud over as the horrible remembrance of Saul's dying face struck him deep within . . .

□ Aditya Sud

IX-A

FOR AND AGAINST

Co-education is An Evil

When I was ten my parents decided to send me to a boarding school. However, it was very difficult for them to decide which boarding school to send me to. Thus they made a list. This included various boarding schools but not a co-educational Institution.

Why? was the question which immediately arose in my mind. To my query, I was told "because it was co-educational", Not being very mature, I did not understand; being now older I do understand and I thank my lucky stars that I was sent to Welham.

In a co-ed school, boys and girls are supposed to study together, but do they actually study? I do not think so, for if you happen to enter one such school, you will see a boy settling his hair or his tie and a girl putting on some powder or lipstick rather than studying. This happens because though they are studying in a co-ed school, they are children brought up in Indian society so they do not find it normal being together but instead, they try to get the attention of the opposite sex.

In the present age sportstars like Michael Jordan, Andre Agassi, Steffi Graf and Sabatini are more famous than scientists like Stephen Hawking and many others whose names very few people have heard. Today's boys and girls realize this fact, thus they pretend as if they are not interested in studies but just sports to show off or impress girls. The result-poor results in studies and few achievements in sports. But is this what institutions are for? They are for all round development of children but is it really all round development with poor marks in studies and few achievements in sports?

We want to create an all-rounder. We want to prepare children to face all challenges in life not just children who know how to attract the opposite sex. This is exactly what we want and this is something that a co-ed school cannot provide.

Tell me, would you prefer listening to the boring lecture of a teacher or chatting with a pretty girl sitting next to you? The answer is obvious. Nobody can blame you, however, for your choice because it is completely natural for you to prefer talking to the girl.

Even in the past, all the great philosophers have been against co-educational school. In India, from the time of the Arjuns, there have been no co-ed schools

until recently. In the past life had to be spent for 25 years studying without even looking at a girl. That was the reason why male students were sent to 'Gurukuls' where they could study away from all forms of distractions.

I would like to conclude by saying that we should take a lesson from history and as well as the prevailing conditions and close all co-educational schools for the benefit of the country. For such schools are not conducive to excellence in academics.

□ Nimish Agarwal
IX 'B'

Tragedy

The 'Santana' sailed calmly on the deep blue sea. It was heading for Spain with 180 passengers. Its huge sails glowed in the sun and the Union Jack fluttered on top of the mast. Sailors in Navy blue suits walked the deck some carrying trays and others broom sticks.

One of the men approached a lady and said, "Your drink madam". The lady took the glass thanking him. Her name was Lisa. She was going to Spain to marry her fiancée, Nick, Lisa sipped her drink slowly, her sparkling rings and dangling chains were glittering in the sun and her hair shone as she brushed it back, Her skin was snow-white and elegant figure was covered with a silk robe.

She looked forward to her marriage as she was madly in love with Nick, for her there was nothing half so sweet in life than their dream of happiness.

A few days passed and the 'Santana' was nearing Spain, Lisa was happy and excited. She sat on the deck basking in the sun thinking about Nick. Suddenly an electric charge transformed the sky. The ship was covered by a blanket of black clouds. Thunder roared and lightning flashed. There was pandemonium on the ship, people were running here and there. The ship was rocked from side to side by the strong storm that was blowing. The captain ordered the ladies to be taken to the life boats first. All the ladies were put into the life

(Contd. on page 5)

Ujali

"Ujali, eta aau", beckons her mother. Another household chore has to be completed. Ujali does all that she is told and more and Ujali is only seven. This is a practice for her future duties and responsibilities which will be hers once she gets married at an early age as is the custom in certain parts of my country, Nepal.

Religion plays an important role in Nepal. Nothing can substitute religion or one's faith in it. Even today it has not lost its immense significance. Humanity today is as inclined to religion as during the time of our fore fathers. It is a delicate flame which does lead man into darkness sometimes.

In Nepal, religious customs have been passed on from one generation to another. One custom is that a Brahmin's daughter has to be married at an early age. Though my country is fast developing there are a few places where this custom still prevails. In ancient times women were treated as slaves, they could be sold, purchased and inherited as any other commodity but she was also acknowledged as the undisputed head of the family,

Ujali, a young girl works more than her mother, though young, she is a potential woman: Early in the morning, she is the first to get up at five and goes down the hill to the river to fetch water. The weight of the tumbler and the water in it is what she weighs and it is indeed a feat for her to walk back up the slope with her burden. Mind you, no water should be spilled, it is a precious commodity! Ujali has to learn all this otherwise she won't get married and this would be an unbearable insult to the family. She continues working throughout the day.

In Spring, Ujali's house is being decorated. She is getting married. There is great excitement. Ujali is taken away to her husband's house in an adjoining village.

She finds herself in another world and is lonely. She remembers her mother, she remembers the nights in her parents' home where she was secure in the embrace of her mother.

She learns the daily routine of her new home from Shanti, her elder sister-in-law. She fetches water, cleans the house, cooks the food, assists in cultivation. She has been steeled in work as a child and work is one matter she does not mind. She enjoys herself and sings and adapts herself to her new life.

Shanti is pregnant and the midwife comes. Everyone stands outside the house. After an hour the midwife comes with drooping eyes and with a low voice says "Shanti is dead but she has given birth to a baby boy. he is well and is healthy." Ujali misses Shanti as fearfully as she once missed her mother. But the onus of looking after the baby is on her. She does not disappoint anybody - she takes her responsibility seriously. She sings and talks to the baby and is his "mother."

Ujali takes care of the baby but continues to think of Shanti, she does not know how long nature will let her live before she dies the same way.

□ Virendra Basnett
VIII-A

(Contd. from page 4)

boats and they had hardly moved a few meters away from the ship that it burst into flames. No one was heard of or seen again. The people of the boat were the only survivors and amongst them was Lisa. They were lucky for they were very close to Spain. They managed for 2 days without water and food. Soon they reached the Spanish coast. The people of La Coruna greeted them heartily, albeit taken aback on hearing their ghastly story.

Lisa ran to the cab-stand. She took a cab to Kiscus street, where Nick lived. She took out her brush and brushed her hair. Nick would surely be happy to see her she thought. She reached Nick's house. Happy and excited she jumped out of the car and ran to the front door. She rang the door bell and waited. After a few minutes an old lady clothed in black opened the door. She asked for Nick. The lady turned around and walked into a room nearby. She followed her and a horrible sight met her eyes. About 15 people dressed in black surrounded a coffin. A Priest sat beside it and read out prayers. She read the name on the coffin- 'NICK DOVIEDO'. She couldn't believe her eyes. She ran to the people like a mad person and began shouting that this wasn't Nick. Every one bowed their head in grief. Nobody had the heart to tell her that it was Nick. Then an old lady who was weeping near the coffin went to the girl. It was Nick's mother. She told Lisa that this was her son.

On hearing this her heart skipped a beat. She stood still and breathed her last. The poor girl had escaped death just to meet it.

□ Varun Puri
VIII 'B'

An Act of Love ?

I could'nt believe that it was true,
She told me that she loved me too,
I ran screaming and laughing into the night
No care had I for wrong or right.

Running and jumping I shouted out aloud
Passing and surprising many a crowd
My heart was there, with the stars
Oh ! Why did'nt I know that it was a farce.

Prancing around,
I sang out aloud
"Oh thank you lord"
For knotthing love's cord.

My happiness knew no bounds
I felt my head reeling round and round
How gullible could I be
That I could not foresee.

The pain and suffering
I would endure
Of course, then I was'nt sure
Had'nt the faintest of what was in store.

For many a day
Love had its way
But as they say, all good things come to an end
Even this, our love could'nt mend.

Then one day, we met the usual way,
Her expression scared me as to what she might say
Not a word did she utter just handed me a letter
Did'nt know whether it was for worse or for better.

I gave it a minute's thought
And when enough time had been bought
I slowly raised it to meet my eyes.
.....It's amazing people did'nt hear my cries.

I stood transfixed for a second
Then to all the Gods beckoned
Surging emotion took control of me
And tears flowed for free.

She had left me for another
I considered him to be like a brother
Reality had nipped me in the bud

I wept and wept
And not a wink had slept
I wondered why it had to be this way
And cried out 'Say Dammit Say'

To control myself, I, my lips, did bite
But was greeted only with the silence of the night,
I realized, in time to come
To love is easy to some

But to others like me
It's a sad tale of heartbreak and misery
I wish everyone the very best
And to the lord, I leave the rest.

□ Rumaan Kidwai
IX 'A'

The Bull and I

It was a nice sunny morning with a gentle breeze blowing in the town. My friends and I were in the market shopping.

The topic which we were discussing was : "Bulls really do get mad after red colour". But I did not agree, I had never encountered a bull. One of my friends had tried to play with one and he was injured badly by the bull. But I wouldn't do such a thing. I decided to walk past a bull, wearing a red shirt and trousers. I knew that bulls were colour blind. When I told my friends about it, they challenged me. The bet was : If I escaped without getting hurt, my friends would pay me Rs. 500, but If I was injured, I would pay them Rs. 500: I was supposed to meet a bull, the next day. We quickly shopped and returned to our respective homes. I took out a red coloured shirt and blue jeans from the cupboard.

The next day was gloomy. Clouds had gathered and it looked as if it was going to rain heavily. This could also mean that the day was unlucky for me and something unfortunate could happen. However, I dressed quickly and in a few minutes I left the house.

I met my friends near the Park Centre and we walked off to find a bull.

(Contd. from page 2)

Class IV-B

938	Rohan Sachdeva
944	Yoginder S. Negi
957	Rahul Sharma
948	Ankur Gupta
927	Paritosh Kumar
922	Mohnish Charan
925	Archit Baweja
946	Rajat Arora

Class V-A

860	Siddharth Agarwal
865	Shobhit Agarwal
873	Vikram Kushwah
879	Alok Kapoor
906	Amit Prashar
908	Vishal Garg
917	Saurabh Gupta

Class V-B

871	Divya Agarwal
876	Rohit Agarwal
878	Gauri Sharan
885	Prateek Khurana
890	Rishi Bagaria
894	Nitin Bansal
909	Saurabh Gupta
877	Hridesh Gupta
910	Aditya Vashisht
900	Himanshu Gupta

14. Hindi Writing Contest :

Class IV

1st	—	Manish Garg
2nd	—	Rahul Bhaivaish
3rd	—	Arpit Tandon

Class V

1st	—	Alok Kapur
2nd	—	Saurabh Gupta
3rd	—	Rishi Bagaria

15. Hindi Recitation Contest :

Class IV

1st	—	Archit Baweja
2nd	—	Virbhadra

Class V

1st	Prateek Khurana
2nd	Vishal Garg

Consolation Prize — Vikrant Tomar

16. Awards : March 1994 :

Best Student :

Physics	Gagan Dewan
Chemistry	Gagan Dewan
Maths	Gagan Dewan
Accounts	Pratya Chopra
Commerce	Atin Sharma
Computer Studies	Gagan Dewan
Biology	Aneesh Kapoor

Dramatics :

Best Actor — Shaad Ali

Choreography &
Dance

Rana Randip Singh Grewal

Art :

Best Artist	Saurabh Narang
Commended	Jigme Lachungpa Jairaj Singh

Service to the community : Simran Nurpuri
Gagan Dewan
Shaad Ali
Sameer Gambhir

Best Sportsman	Mohit Mehta
Scholars Scarf	Gagan Dewan
Best Allrounder	Mohit Mehta

17. Awarded in March, 1994

List of Art and Music Prizes :

Art Prizes	Indian Music Prizes
Class I	Class I
1 Dhruv Malhotra	1 Sagar Kukreja
2 Vaibhav Thakur	2 Karan Mehrotra
Class II-A	Class II-A
1 Vivek Kumar	1 Namgyal Wangchuk
2 Gurjeet Singh	2 Lovesh Kalra
Class II-B	Class II-B
1 Prabesh K. Shreshtha	1 Pranab Shreshtha
2 Premnath Chakravarty	2 Ritu Ranjan Sharma
Class III-A	Class III-A
1 Sukant Goel	1 Sukant Goel
2 Tarun Saraf	2 Anubhav Mehta
Class III-B	Class III-B
1 Tanmay Jain	1 Neha Joshi
2 Gautam Mahajan	2 Atir Ansari

18. Awarded in March, 1994

Class Prizes (Junior School)

Class I	
1 Maroof Ahmed	— Consistent hard work
2 Dhruv Malhotra	— Good Conduct
3 Vaibhav Singh Thakur	— Helpfulness
Class II-A	
1 Saranbir Singh	— Consistent hard work
2 Ayush Agarwal	— Good Conduct
3 Vivek Kumar	— Helpfulness
Class II-B	
1 Aman P.S. Negi	— Consistent hard work
2 Avinash Agarwal	— Good Conduct
3 Anirudh Agarwal	— Helpfulness
Class III-A	
1 Sukant Goel	— Consistent hard work
2 Tarun Saraf	— Good Conduct
3 Ashwini Todi	— Helpfulness
3 Siddharth Mahendra	— Helpfulness
Class III-B	
1 Ashutosh Pandey	— Consistent hard work
2 Rahul Lohia	— Good Conduct
3 Amit Kumar	— Helpfulness



Ringside View

After continuous practice for two months, it was time for the students of classes six, seven and eight to show their potential in cricket. The inter house matches are our most prestigious.

The first match was Ganga V/S Cauvery. Competitive zeal between the boys of these houses could be felt from the first hour of the day. The weather was sunny and the spectators were mainly from the houses playing the match. They were there to cheer and jeer.

Ganga won the toss and asked Cauvery to bat. It was a match of 20 overs. The Cauvery team scored a total of 130 runs with Sumant Pai's score at 41 runs. A good performance.

Ganga lost its first wicket on the 1st run, sending shock waves. Yashab Zia from Ganga performed splendidly in batting. With eleven four's, one six and singles he scored 68 runs and took the team's score to 95 runs when he was bowled off Amit. Ganga house won the match by 4 wickets.

The second match was Jamuna v/s Krishna. Krishna won the toss and asked Jamuna to bat. The Jamuna team scored 106 runs. Krishna had some good batsmen like Suman Saurabh who scored 41 not out. He was the last of those who led his team to victory. Amit Sharma of Jamuna took 3 wickets.

Jamuna v/s Cauvery was also an interesting match. The Cauvery-ites got the Jamuna team out for 107 runs. Cauvery-ites had an easy target. This match was of great importance for Ashok Roy who scored 49 runs not out and got the best batsman award. Cauvery-ites won by 3 wickets.

The fourth match was Ganga v/s Krishna. Ganga-ites batted first. Kumar Abhijit scored 50 runs. Unfortunately, he was run out. The total score of Ganga was 120 runs.

Krishna house collapsed in front of the bowlers of Ganga. Yashab and Basudev took 3 wickets each.

The bowlers of Ganga got the Krishna team out for 39 runs. It was a cruising victory for Ganga-ites.

In the match between Cauvery and Krishna Cauvery batted first and scored 119 runs. Ashok Roy

scored 52. Krishna had an easy target and won the match. Suman Saurabh played a good inning of 42 runs not out.

The last match was the most interesting of the competition. It was Ganga v/s Jamuna. Ganga house batted first and Yashab Zia being the main batsman played a mature inning of 93 runs not out. Then total score of Ganga house was 169 runs.

Jamuna took the challenge and managed to score 169 runs. The match was a draw! This match kept the spectators stuck to their seats till the last ball.

Ganga won the cricket cup. The award for the best batsman went to Ashok Roy; the best bowler award to Bikash Gurung. Yashab Zia from Ganga received the medal for the best all-rounder.

The school cricket team had gone to Sanawar to play a cricket match but they returned unsuccessful.

The sports scarf for extra-ordinary performance was presented to Mohit Mehta. Congratulations!

(Contd from page 6)

We searched for sometime near the Palace Avenue. There was a dangerous turn just ahead. Many accidents had taken place there. We reached the turn; as I turned a fierce bull stood just 15 feet ahead of me.

For a moment I was panicky. But there was no response from the bull. Suddenly a breeze blew and as my shirt was not tucked in my trousers, some movement was caused. I saw the bull's nostrils flaring. And then it suddenly sprang and charged towards me. I ran for my life. As I neared the bend, the car coming from the opposite end nearly hit me, but I managed to escape. The car banged against a tree nearby, blocking the road. I had run out of luck. The Bull's red eyes and its threatening looks made me very frightened and in a moment, there was a collision.

I awoke only to find myself in a hospital being treated for a black eyes and bruises, wounds all over my body. I had lost the bet.

But then I had learnt that bulls charge at someone due to some movement caused and not because of seeing red colours. After sometime my friends came to the hospital to meet me. They tried to cheer me by telling jokes. My face looked a lot different with a swollen black eye. I laughed when I saw my own face in the mirror. Suddenly one of my friends said.

Hey! Please pay your debt. My face looked gloomier.

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