

THE OLYMPIAN

No. 157

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

September 24th, 1994

Think About It

Experience is a good teacher but she sends in terrific bells.

-- Minha Antrim

EDITORIAL

The day returns and brings us back to our round of miseries. Well if not for the students atleast for the teachers. The flimsy situation in town has given a queer turn to events in school. Some boys have used their free time well: Studying, doing creative work and making projects. The rest have put the time even to better use, covering up lost sleep: We have covered up all lost sleep.

The library is littered with all species of boys from class two kids playing hide and seek or touchwood among the numerous book racks and couches to class eleven students who doze, snore and grace their library with their prostrate forms on the first floor.

The activity centre is crowded with basketball enthusiasts willing to burn off their bodies in the heat. A few are pumping iron when they should be emptying refills and using their registers.

P.H. is a cacophony of blasting music systems and the screams of eleventhies falling prey to class XII pranks. Unfortunately for the class XI, class XII does not have to go for class, they seem to have substituted the position of the teacher who is originally the victim of all pranks.

However, Welham seems to have tackled Conjunctivitis. Ample proof lies in the fact that the sun glasses have come down, only to expose a pair of

sleepy eyes.

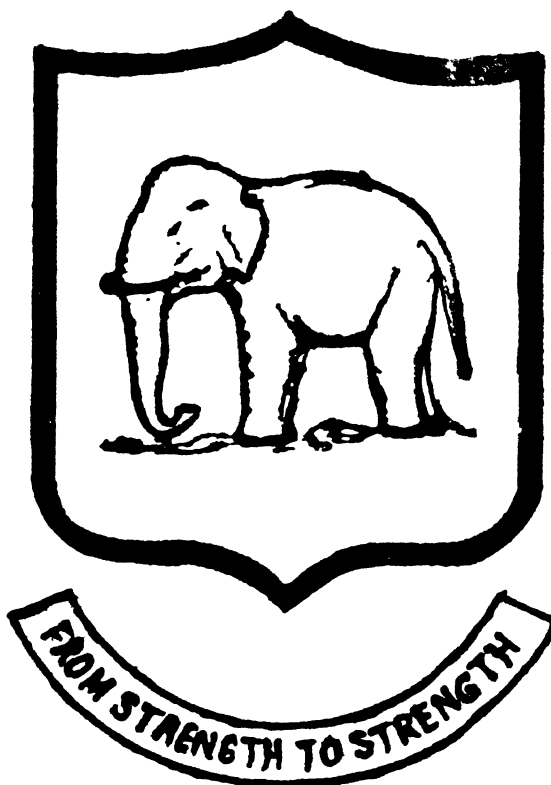
The most disappointed lot at the turn of events is the class XII. They just missed being written down in history for being the first batch to have socials (courtesy: M.I.S). They didn't seem to mind the disastrous step taken by a confused C.M. at the cost of the socials.

The harmonious note is, however, that many of them have realised what books are actually meant for. In fact some of them have got so engrossed in their numerical complications (while some are still stuck on the solved examples!) that the only time they have a break is during the meal hours. One can often spot a group in a daze, discussing nuclear Physics.

The C.M. and the rest of his painstaking collection of nincompoops are still spending sleepless nights and pondering over whether they should discuss the anti-reservation or not; Welham Boys' could be a supreme example in the art of making decisions with lightening speed: The average Welha-

mite has decided that since nothing can be done, so logically nothing should be done. Thus: Eat, Drink and be Merry.

-- Kirtiman Singh



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Ed,

It was a great pleasure to see school on STAR T.V.(Casting for Gold). Shots of the dining hall and the infamous P.H. were great. The interview with the Prefect Body(batch of 1989. School Captain Dhiraj Kakati.) was interesting except that Nikhil Kriplani's ideals(on T.V.) didn't exactly suit his character. It was very surprising not seeing our principal on the show as he usually loves being in the limelight. However, the success the school has achieved must be attributed to him. The many years of his existence here has helped turn the school into an excellent educational institution. I wish him many more successful years at Welham. And I thank him for the rep and pride he makes us feel in this here school.

Yours,
An Exie

P.S. - Long live Charlie and the school

Dear Ed,

There seems to be no cartoonist on the board. Where are the caricatures that we so love criticising? Either he should start drawing again or quit the board.

Yours,
A Toon in person.

Dear Toon,

Our illustrator has lost not only his specs(which were quite an unlucky pair) but also his love for the subject.

He now prefers to be the cartoon instead of the cartoonist. The loss of his blue tinted spectacles have left him floundering on as he would say very schmucky ground.

Yours,
The Ed in person.

Dear Ed,

The quality of the school food seems to be deteriorating steadily. There was disgusting stew served a week ago which the princi found pretty tasty. However, much to the caterer's displeasure there was a so-called ``Pile On'' on him by the class twelve and for once, the prefect body. The moves seem to have worked as we got chicken the next day.

Yours,
The Cate.

Dear Ed,

What's this about the new computer teacher being a Nazi. They say he gives the Nazi salute whenever someone wishes him.

Yours,
A Concerned Fascist

Dear Ed,

The school seems to be having quite a good time with the current schedule even though one has to get up early. They don't mind studying Shakespeare or Marshall's laws in Economics as far as they can enjoy a hot cup of tea in the midst of the class. Even the teachers seem to be enjoying their cups of tea in between lessons. Hoping not to return to the normal schedule of P.T. in the mornings.

Yours,
An Angry Monitor.

WELHAM NOW

We welcome Ms.Blaire Davies who has come from Wales, England, as an exchange teacher. She will mainly teach the middle school.

A team of dentists came from Delhi recently as part of a Mobile Dental Clinic. They examined the teeth of the entire school.

It was a great pleasure staying back in school the Sunday before last. The school was served mutton-pulao and ice-cream for lunch. We hope the catering officer will live up to the expectations of the guys.

Boys of all classes were allowed out on Sunday the 18th although in home clothes much to the excitement of all the guys.

The outbreak of Conjunctivitis has receded and the swimming pool is now open to the boys. However, the hospital is still filled with boys with swollen and blood-shot eyes. The doctor too is fit and prescribing record amounts of Amoxycilin 500.

LITERARY AFFAIRS

SHUT UP AND GET OUT

Well..... I dunno how to start honey, but...
Don't call me 'honey''; the reply was curt.
I'm sorry but I just wanna apologise,
I guess I was the one who didn't realize."

I'd thought I wouldn't meet you, but I couldn't
resist,
The feeling that you were mine still persists.
Can't we meet, can't we be together again,
Please, you just don't know my heart's in pain."

I know we quarrelled, I know we fought,
But is reunion asking for a lot?
You can't clap with one hand you know,
You too were wrong more often than not."

Remember those promises and those moments,

When our way was clear without a bend.
Then why separation, why this indifference,
It's not necessary to be so tense."

How can you forget we were once so close,
But I guess that's just the way the story goes.
I'm burning with desire, you're my one thing
darling,
My heart's on fire, you're the one I'm needin'."

She sat there listening, she just didn't speak,
As if I was some bloody woman-crazy freak.
I lost my cool and broke into a shout,
And then she said, "SHUT UP AND GET
OUT."

--Ankur Nigam

PSYCHO

Cold, frostbiting winds blew all over the area. The mist reduced the visibility to a few metres. It was bedtime for the people at Sidewinder, a small town located just below the peak of the Rockfelle. From Sidewinder could be seen the 'Valley View' hotel. A place which was deserted by tourists years ago. It was now owned by some California Investors who had bought it about two years ago. No one dared to go up there because the spookiness and eeriness of the place sent shivers down one's spine. Everyone's except one's, Jack, the caretaker of the place. He had been set up by the Californians to look after the place. He had come with his wife and son. No one had seen them for months. There was something strange about him, something nobody knew, something yet to be discovered.

Jack stood on the top most floors' terrace. His hair was long and uncombed. He had not shaved for days. His teeth were yellow probably unbrushed. Beads of sweat poured down from his brow. He was thinking, thinking of something that was scaring him. He shook a little and rubbed his eyes. He thought of his wife. Only he knew she was dead and so was his infant son. He did not want to remember them, not now, never. But he couldn't kill their memories. He remembered how his wife had gone out of the room with his son saying she was taking him for a stroll. Time passed. He lay in bed

watching the fan move round and round. Then suddenly he heard a loud scream. He ran out to the main doorway. He stepped out and saw his son's head lying on the doorstep. He was dumbfounded, he looked blank. He did not show any emotions as he looked up to find his wife coming towards him. Her cheek was torn and it hung from her face. He could see her teeth through her cheek bones and her face which was bathed in blood. Her clothes were shredded to pieces. She opened her mouth and collapsed and was no more. He felt sick. He caught hold of his throat. He was becoming mad. He began to shout hysterically as if he was aglow with psychic voltage. Suddenly, he felt better. He no more felt sick at the sight of the corpses. He picked up his wife's body and threw it down the hillside. He kicked the head of his son around as if it were a ball. He was becoming a psychic.

He came back into the present from his past memories and rubbed his forehead. He was all alone in this hotel, Jack was free to do anything. He ran down into his apartment. He stood and looked at the gigantic clock next to the mantelpiece. Its pendulum swung to and fro with a dull and heavy clang. Jack hated it. He gave the clock a hard kick. It let out a sound from its brazen lungs and stopped working. Jack opened the huge door which led to the winders of this grandfather

clock and a gallon of blood poured out on his face. He was stunned. He smiled as blood trickled down his lips and smacked them. The blood was sweet. He ran from his apartment out into the open. He saw the place where he had found his son's head. He grinned and looked around. He saw the animal shaped hedges. They seemed so alive. He knew that somewhere, somehow there is an evil force in the hotel that is going to get him too. He froze, a small cry escaped his lips, wrinkles appeared on his forehead. The dark circles under his eyes showed that sleep had eluded him. He caught hold of his aching head. It was paining very badly. The pain was killing him. He was jerking his head, ramming it back down against the floorboards again and

again. Whamming, whacking, smashing, crashing, jitter and jive baby, shake, rattle, roll and then he stopped. He was bleeding his little heart out. He stood still, raised his hands towards the sky and laughed loudly. His laugh echoed around the area. Jack picked up a mallet which was lying nearby and struck the ground with it. Then he began to strike himself with it. The mallet struck his body with hideous sounds. Blood splattered across the lawn, shards of bone leapt into the air like broken piano keys, it went on and at last his body came to the ground with a thud, a thud, ending his life for him.

— Varun Puri
Class IX

RUNNING AGAINST TIME

The eyes of the boys were filled with joy and excitement. There were happy faces all around. After all it was the last day of the term and the next day the vacations would begin. Packed bags and packages were seen in the corridors of the hostels. Some boys left the same day because they had to go a long way. The farewell dinner was organised by the school catering committee. Till late at night the party continued and it was all over by eleven o'clock. Rest of my friends went for a stroll while I walked back to the hostel. As I stepped in the hostel, I heard a boy screaming. I couldn't identify the voice but I ran to see who it was. I entered one of the rooms and saw a boy crying and screaming at the top of his voice. As I drew closer I saw that it was my friend Raj. He was suffering from a severe appendix problem. He had just had an attack. I decided to take him to the school hospital but unfortunately it was locked. There was no one else in the hostel and I obviously could not leave Raj in such a serious condition. There was no sign of help, no doctor, no aid.

Suddenly I heard the noise of thunder and lightning. The rain started pouring with full force. It was very difficult to see anybody within a span of ten metres. I knew a doctor in town who lived not far off from our school. I thought of calling on him. But we weren't allowed to leave the school campus at night. A boy could be expelled from school if he dared to venture out of the premises. Raj was crying in agony and that could not be tolerated by me. My friend was on the verge of death. I decided to break the school rules. I did not care about the rain and set off for the doctor.

There was not a sign of a living being on the isolated streets of Dalanwala. Being one of the most isolated region of Dehra Dun, I obviously could not expect any living being on the road. Thunder and lightning continued and I had a long way to go keeping in view the circumstances. I was running with full force, and could feel a certain pain in my lungs. I was not completely in my senses.

Suddenly I felt a tremor. It seemed as if the Earth under my feet had shaken. The trees began to shake. There were certain on the street walls. All the wires were broken due to heavy rain and the slight tremor. The street lights also fused and at that moment I did not know what to do. I could feel the sweat in my fist, due to nervousness. I was frightened when I saw a tree falling in front of me. The scene was really frightful. I could not go back because I had already come half the way. I continued running at full speed and finally reached the doctor's house. I told the doctor what the situation was and both of us set off for the school in his car. Almost all the roads were blocked and most of them were flooded. There was water accumulated in deep depth. I was still sweating and nervous too. The thought of breaking school rules was in my mind after every minute. On the way I could see many small houses which had collapsed due to the tremor. The scene which I saw that night, I would never forget.

The storm and the rain calmed down a little. A certain crowd of boys was noticed in school all gathered at one place outside the hostel door. I took the doctor to the hostel room and I was shocked at what I saw there. Raj lay dead on the

floor with his eyes open. For a few minutes I did not believe this. But when I came into my senses and I was normal I felt that pain which pinched my heart.

Raj died an innocent and unexpected death. I thought for while that before dying Raj would have cursed someone and that would have been me. He might have thought according to his

point of view, but I tried to save his life.

This thought often strikes my mind and it's Raj, my three year old son who takes me out of this dilemma.

— Arjun Bhatia
Class X

MISSING

I have lost my children. I cannot find them, I have looked allover, I cannot find them, my children. I have lost them. I am tired, confused. I cannot understand how this has happened or why. I only know that I cannot find my twin babies.

I have looked all over. My seeing eyes, my hearing ears. Oh! My aching heart. It is a mother's heart. Melancholic because the dawning that I may not find them, may not again be able to cuddle them to my vacant breasts. I am lonely and in despair I am.

There are wells. Wells of thought. Wells of being. Wells of fare, wells of loneliness. Wells of despair. There are wells somewhere beneath your eyes where the tears flow. Who has seen this steady stream that has fallen from my eyes and even now they come a dropping. Tears abate sadness; do not remove it. The whites of my eyes are red, who is to see my tears? My heart is heavy and longs for my children.

How could it happen to me? I was always so careful. There were with me till yesterday morning. I fed them with milk and I went out because I had to. I kissed them all over and whispered in their ears "Not to stir from here, my darlings, mummy has to go out to get some food. I'll be back soon. Not to stir from here, my darlings."

They were not there when I returned. Who could have taken them? Who? Oh my darlings:

My breasts ache and my heart is heavy. I am alone and I know I am black. Your father did not come when you were born. I did not miss him. I do not miss him now. But you, my twins. My joy, my reason. My very own. There is sadness in me and I am tired and my gait is ungainly. I have searched all the alleys and the nooks and the bushes. I cannot find my children.

The house mynahs shriek and their Brahminy counterparts are physically violent. The sparrows quarrel, the crows have hungry eyes and a hawk hovers overhead. It is summer, there is stillness all around me. I cannot stop searching.

I go up to the house where the old couple

live. He seems a kind man- I've seen him often. I call and call for my children. I cannot stop. The lady looks through the window and sharply closes the shutters. This is summer; is bereavement contagious? The old man comes out- he senses my desperation. He knows something is wrong. He is fearful of his wife and hesitatingly throws a slice of bread towards my direction. He is seen. There is fighting and quarrelling. "Now she will appear daily. Did you have to feed her?" There is a fightful scene. Just like the mynahs fighting.

I have not come for bread. There is no emptiness that I feel in my stomach. Only where it hurts. In my heart and in my teats which want to be suckled by my two kittens. "Oh my kittens. Please come back to your mama. My kittens..... Oh my kittens."



STONEY END

He walked for a considerable amount of time. He was tired, yet he walked. Walked because he had to. His feet hurt. They were cut and callused. His soles had hardened to a thick impregnable layer of skin. The muscles in his mouth stood taut as he ground his teeth furiously. He had gone off into one of his disgusting sulks. He liked sulking, it had hardened him and it probably got him the necessary attention. Yes, it did. It had worked a number of times. What else it did for him nobody knew.

He had a slow easy gait. He looked inhuman, emotionless, hard as a tortoise shell. His face was ordinary but it got one frustrated. His pallid features saddened most who saw him.

People thought it better not to consider him anything but an alien to emotions. He was referred to as a thing by most. They thought him to be inanimate. Just an ordinary obstinate thing.

He was one in a million. Those strange freaks of nature, a thing in which there was life but nothing else to it. Just a monotonous thing. He loved gloom, the dark. He liked everything to be black, to be grey. No colour. He hated vibrants. Rainbows bugged him, the sight of one gnawed at his system.

He walked. Walked on and on. Now, loving the monotony of it, only to be buried in the grey greyness of the stones he loved. Covered in the blackness of gloom.

LAMPOON

For many in class eleven, doing well in the Autumn term means more than just a bright future. Not only bright, it's extremely powerful as well. And doing well doesn't apply to studies. It's laying it on thick with the class twelfth. It's very aptly described as the scoping season.

One particular boy in class eleven is sure to become school captain (which is quite obvious because it is so obvious), he not only has the brains but also the most impeccable dress code. However, he's in a constant slumber but don't be fooled because when you think he's half asleep he's always wide awake. Behind the facade is a confident lady's man and an exceptional sportsman.

Then there's this small guy who's the future sport's captain but is pretty thick in the head. As Mr.Nagalia would say,"A stone would look like Aristotle in front of him." It's pretty easy to recognise him as you would always find his hand in his hair.

Not to forget the Macho alarm clock of P.H. He's already chucking out guys from the hostel for P.T. In the evening he's often seen pumping weights in the gym. He's even into acting and stuff. Check him out in the Founder's Day play.

And beware the old man of Welham. Don't let his height deceive you for appearances are deceptive. Beneath his shirt lies the body which even Sunil Shetty would envy. He'll order with the accent of Puneet Trehan(if you remember him) and rip anyone who dares to cross his path without prior permission.

There's the Graf besotted thin and lanky guy who defies the law of tall dark and handsome with his handsome acned face. He shares insatiable appetite for tea like the old man. His sense of humour is excellent but it keeps him bubbling knee-deep in trouble with most guys. There are many guys who want to avenge the pranks played by him.

What about the tall Bihari who loves teaching guys how to play Soccer. Mr.Kandhari better refrain from making crude remarks about Biharis with him (or he too might learn what Soccer is all about). His figure fools a great many but beneath his thin frame lies the agility of a leopard and the strength of a tiger.

And the man, the singer, the guitarist, the player. His ability to mimic anyone amazes everyone who is anyone. He eats like there's no tomorrow and to satiate his appetite, he's now in the tuck shop.

The Oliphant shall continue to be a fortnightly magazine if you vote their way or else.....

NATURE'S DIARY

Nature study is a very interesting science. It is one of the fields of science in which massive scale study can be done because there is a lot to explore and discover. But it is saddening to say that a vast majority of the marvellous secrets of nature still remain hidden from mankind. All the species of wildlife in the Amazon rainforest of South America have not been discovered. Even today naturalists discover new species of wildlife which have never been seen before.

We may be knowing a large number of species of birds but still there is a lot to be done in the field of Ornithology. Especially in the third world countries which are not well advanced to carry on such research and do not house many nature enthusiasts who would devote their time in studying the flora and fauna of the subcontinent and also the behaviour of animals and birds of which we know very little.

Birdwatching has been a very popular hobby. It is an irony that during the past decades India did not see many scientists come up in this field. Despite this fact we have had a world famous ornithologist, Dr. Salim Ali. There is a lot to be learnt about these beautiful winged creatures, specially in the Indian subcontinent which is the haven of around twelve hundred species of birds. The amount of species in India alone is more than the number of all the species put together in Europe.

Most of us have come across the fact that a typical bird lays at least two to four eggs a season. At this one would also expect their population growth rate to be high. It has been my personal experience that more than three quarters of these eggs go as waste. Last autumn I had come across the nest of a Bulbul, a pair of Spotted Munias (both at school) and an Indian Robin's nest at home.

The Redvented Bulbul's nest was built in a low shrub at a height of around four feet from the ground. I had been keeping it's record when one day I found neither the egg shells nor the chicks. Some predator had eaten the eggs. You would probably say the eggs hatched and the chicks flew away. The number of days a chick takes to learn to fly and leave the nest varies but to the best of my knowledge there isn't any specie of birds in our school whose eggs hatch and the chicks leave the nest within one or two days. The Indian Robin's nest met with the same fate. Both these nests had three eggs each, but none of them were hatched and the chicks born.

Then there was a Spotted Munia's nest near the L.R.C. which was being monitored by the school Nature Club, but thanks to one of our skilled school boy that the nest was removed right after being noticed and sent to the Biology lab as a collection specimen. In a way some chicks were killed even before they could actually draw a breath.

Ornithological studies also proved that if the eggs hatch at different days then the chances of survival of the last hatched chick will be very less if there isn't enough food or otherwise. This proves that you cannot determine the population growth in birds by the number of eggs laid but by the rate of survival of the offsprings.

Isn't it all interesting? All that one requires to take up this hobby is patience, aptitude and curiosity to discover the unknown.

—Digvijay Lamba
Class IX



JAGGS- JACK OF ALL SCHOOLS
MASTER OF WELHAM

RINGSIDE VIEW

After a long gap of dormancy due to the anti-reservation trouble, there was considerable excitement in school. The school saw the beginning of the inter-house Soccer in sections 'A' and 'B'. However, most of the matches in section 'A' were drawn and therefore were not the sources of much excitement. The excitement instead was provided in the most unsporting way. The players seemed to have got the rules all mixed up. They were seen kicking each other instead of kicking the ball. There was much verbal combat with the flabbergasted referees. Anyway, the results were as follows.

The first match was played between the undefeated Cauveryites and the underdogs Ganga. Cauvery beat Ganga two goals to one. Amit Parasher and Vikrant Tomar scored for Cauvery. Gauri Sharan scored the solitary goal for Ganga.

The next match was between Jamuna and Krishna. The match didn't provide much excitement as it was a draw. Shashwat Prasad scored for Jamuna and Suman equalised for Krishna. The third match of the inter house, played between Jamuna and Cauvery, also resulted in a draw, the score being tied at love all.

Krishna upholstered Ganga in the next match by a solitary goal scored by Akhil Mediratta. Next in line were the finals played between Krishna and Cauvery. The result was an astonishing 4-1 victory in favour of Cauvery. Amit Parasher, Vikrant Tomar, Parivesh Kumar and Sachin Kumar were instrumental in fetching the trophy for their common room. Mukti lived up to everyone's expectations by scoring the lone goal for Krishna, the others could not support him in narrowing the margin.

The last match fought for the second and third position was played between Jamuna and Ganga. This too, was a draw. Puneet Bansal scored for Jamuna and Parimal Piyush for Ganga.
Winners - Cauvery.

Section 'B' provided even more physical entertainment with more bodily contact between the teams. Had it been a game of Rugby, the winners undoubtedly would be the Gangaitees. The first encounter was between Krishna and Jamuna. Ajay Kumar was the sole scorer winning the match for Jamuna.

Cauvery played Ganga in a slightly dignified manner. Ashok Roy struck twice and Varun Puri scored once to help clinch the victory for Cauvery. Cauvery beat Ganga decisively by a 3-0 margin. Ganga took on Krishna next. This was the only match Ganga won. Yashab Zia found his long lost form and scored for Ganga. Ajay Singh contributed the second goal to Ganga's tally. Gaurav Chaudhuri managed to score for Krishna.

Runners up Cauvery played Jamuna and lost by a goal. The goal was a self goal by Amit Kumar. He better watch his step before he's on his way to meet Andres Escobar. Next was the most controversial match between Jamuna and Ganga. Ganga was down to seven players towards the end of the match. It was played in the most unsporting spirit. However, Jamuna managed to overcome the physical bashing to trounce Ganga 6-1. Amit Sharma, Arjun Trivedi and Rohit Jain scored one goal each while Ajay Kumar struck twice. One was a self goal in favour of Jamuna and Vivek Sharma scored the only goal for Ganga.

Another exciting match was played between Cauvery and Krishna. In style of the winners, Cauvery beat Krishna 5-2. Varun Puri, Ashok Roy and Ankur Chakore each netted the ball once and Bikash Gurung scored twice. Abhishek Malla made a valiant effort to save the match and scored two goals. Winners of this section were the Jamunaites.

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