

THE OLYMPIANT

No. 158

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

October 13th, 1994

Think About It

Life resembles a novel more often than a novel resembles life.

-- George Sand

EDITORIAL

Well, finally the staff has adequate representation on the candidate's list, which has been stretching considerably longer. One can easily spot a few plaster cast hands on the campus(they say the doctor's diversified; we'll soon have Long John Silver; limping all over the campus). But now the staff need not feel left out. With one of them already left single handed for three weeks, there is enough staff participation in the school activities, even if they aren't scholarly.

The highlight of this fortnight was a staff versus boys football match. With an absolutely revised edition of the international rules and regulations of football, the staff team was a unique combination of professionals and the principal, who led the team through it's one hour turmoil on the field. It was amusing to see a football at the principal's feet other than his dogs.

The principal must be applauded for he has mastered the art of management to near perfection. Late at night one can see his dog (the most black and sleek and a particular affinity to bite any pair of legs in sight) making the rounds with a watchman following closely in the shadows to restrain him from any carnivorous activities. On spotting him there are whispers and hushed warnings:

'Stop playing games on the computer, oye! The boss is around.' 'Shhhhh! Shut up you barbarian, can't you see that dog?'

'Heck! Did the princi really have to come in the middle of our meal?'

This is the kind of authority the principal's dog commands. Well, love the boss and love his dog.

The next epidemic in the pipeline is plague. Gradually, boys are realising that it is more serious than conjunctivitis and Ray Bans unfortunately are not a precautionary measure.

With the situation getting worse in town there is no guarantee about the future times. The curfew has provided the housemasters with a solid reason to disallow boys going out at the drop of a hat. No wonder why one sees some twelfthies lurking around the gate trying to get out somehow.

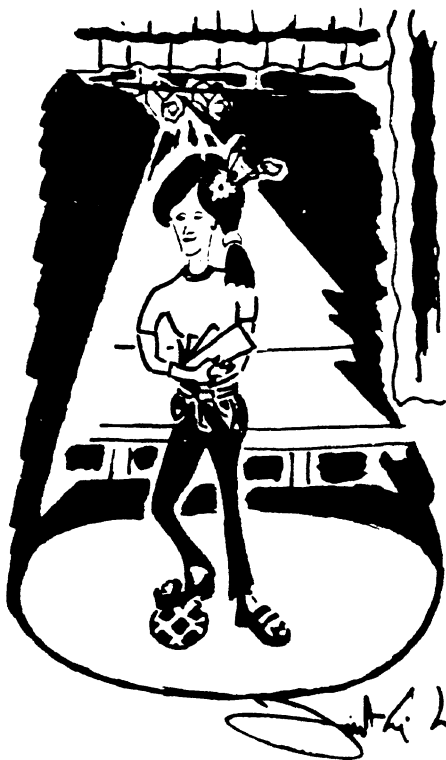
Except the normal sports and rumours around, accompanied by a few casualties, everything else seems to be quiet on the horizon for all Welhamites. The incidents of violence and notoriety in town are subjects in which the boys show a keen interest and enthusiasm.

But, what takes the cake are the two watchmen deployed at the gates: two old haggard men at the brink of senility and incapable of laying plates in the dining hall anymore are now two watchmen at the main gate who need a breather each time they walk till the gate. But one cannot doubt their honesty of purpose when compared to armed police guards.

I only wonder how the principal must be feeling when some parents only add to his miseries by demanding everyday attendance of their children. He is in quite a unique position; serving as the only insurance policy for approximately five hundred lives is certainly a role of a lifetime.

-Kirtiman Singh

(1)



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Ed,

After reading the previous issues, I pitied the caterer and thought that he did not deserve so much publicity. Well, now I feel convinced that he does. I'll be kind enough to give him some more! The dining hall has transformed into a modern eating joint. With the new steam cooking device(which makes quite a bit of noise) and the new interior decorations, the caterer has something to feel proud of. The food, as many of my mates believe, has gone from bad to worse. The old rubber mutton and plastic chicken ceases to amaze me. Tomatoes and onions don't look too nice swimming in water.

Lately, there has been a lot of food for the boys, no wonder, the lines at the counter become longer and longer; the bearers normally have a doped look and blame the caterer. The food-committee doesn't seem to exist.

I congratulate the menu-makers on removing noodles from the menu. Thank God, not as much as you had hoped, the swimming tomatoes and onions took over.

Yours faithfully,

An Eye in the Sky.

Dear Ed,

The school seems to be suffering from some kind of a fracture mania if I may call it. And our school is not the only one which is affected. Rumour has it that as many as 36 Doscors have dislocated some organ in their bodies during their Soccer inter house. Some figure that. In our campus too, every third junior is seen walking with a plastered hand. And to top it all, there is absolutely no pain or regret of any kind amongst the victims. They seem to be having one helluva time with their P.O.P's. The plasters are considered more of an art board than a plaster. Some over-enthu guys are seen practicing their artistic talents much to the dismay of the art teachers who are complaining that the guys do not show this kind of enthusiasm during the classes.

Yours Achingly,

Handy Plast.

Dear Ed,

The library council was formed with much pomp and splendour a year ago. The head of the library squad being the convener and the princi as it's chairman(or whatever word he chooses to call it from the Indian constitution). Everyone was so serious about it's formation, a budget for cold drinks and snacks was drawn and passed. However, one or two members never took the whole thing seriously. One of the literary elite of Welham suggested to put barbed wire around the windows to prevent stealing. He layed it on so thick, he even offered to beat up the boys he caught doing the same. The esteemed head of the English department and the then media advisor were pretty riled with two particular members(I hope they're reading) and threatened to throw them off the council. However, this rebuke seems to have backfired and the wishes of those two gents have come true. The L.R.C. council is doomed, it doesn't exist anymore. Hopefully the 'honourable' chairman would sit up and take notice and wake up the wilfully sleeping members with the exclusion of those two gents.

Yours Sleepily,

An Ex-member.

Dear Ed,

The commerce section of the class eleven seems to be enjoying itself not by studying but by holding their stomachs and rolling all over the floor. Last time they had a stomach ache was when a industrious student asked for the black board to be raised and was told to bring his own jack from the next time. Not too long back was a student who came late to class with the excuse of not having a school shirt. The teacher was very sorry that he couldn't provide him a shirt from his personal wardrobe. Another industriously mad student showed that he was way ahead of the class by doing a few extra sums only to be told that either he had done the work in the vacations or he had snatched the medal from Ben Johnson.

Yours Jokingly,

Carl Lewis.

Dear Carl,

Try to impose a curfew on your pen.

-Ed

WELHAM NOW

A writing competition both in English and Hindi was held on the 2nd and the 3rd of September respectively. The results were as follows.

English:

Class 1

- 1st Vibhor Gupta
- 2nd Nishant Joshi
- 3rd Sameer Suri

Class 2A

- 1st Galdan Wangchuk Kahlon
- 2nd Gaurav Chatterjee
- 3rd Maroof Ahmed

Class 2B

- 1st Rajeev Ranjan
- 2nd Mohit Bansal
- 3rd Rishab Tyagi

Class 3A

- 1st Varun Chaudhary
- 2nd Prabesh Shreshtha
- 3rd Ankit Kumar Tibrewal

Class 3B

- 1st Aditya Goel
- 2nd Vivek Kumar
- 3rd Aseem Sethi

Hindi:

Class 1

- 1st Raunak Tibrewal
- 2nd Karun Agarwal
- 3rd Deepak Agarwal

Class 2A

- 1st Nishant Kumar
- 2nd Maroof Ahmed

3rd Bharat Mahajan

Class 2B

- 1st Vaibhav S. Thakur
- 2nd Saurabh Chaudhary
- 3rd Dhruva J. Deka

Class 3A

- 1st Prabesh Shreshtha
- 2nd Ankit Kumar
- 3rd Kumar Rakesh

Class 3B

- 1st Aditya Goel
- 2nd Ayush Agarwal
- 3rd Kaustubh Dwivedi

Results of the Middle School Inter House English Elocution Contest held on the 15th of September:

Individual Positions

Class IV

- 1st Neha Joshi (WH)
- 2nd Ashwini Todi (NU)
- 3rd Sukant Goel (TH)

Class V

- 1st Sahil Vohra (NU)
- 2nd Archit Baweja (TH)
- 3rd Paritosh Kumar (NU)

House Positions:

- 1st NU - 385.5 pts.
- 2nd WH - 366.5 pts.
- 3rd TH - 363.5 pts.

MINUTES OF THE MEETING OF THE SPORTS COMMITTEE HELD ON FRIDAY, 19TH AUGUST, '94

The following members were present:

1. Mr.S. Kandhari (Chairman)
2. Mr.V. Painuli
3. Mr.R. Nagalia
4. Mr.O. Das
5. Mr.S. Sharma
6. Capt. M. Ram
7. Mr.A. Singh (Vice Chairman)
8. Captains of different games.

The meeting was chaired by Mr.S. Kandhari.

AGENDA :

P.T. and Games - The chairman said that P.T. was compulsory for all except those being coached in different games. He also reconfirmed that on Saturdays the entire school should assemble for P.T. However, owing to the football season being short, he suggested exempting the school soccer

team from P.T. on Saturdays also. The suggestion was unanimously accepted. Mr. Nagalia suggested that a couple of boys from class X should be trained to become P.T. squad commanders. The suggestion was unanimously accepted.

Inter House Soccer - It was decided that all matches should be played in the evenings only according to the school calendar. However, if there were any clashes with the Council Schools Football Tournament matches, the dates should be accordingly adjusted.

Mayo Soccer - The vice chairman informed the House that no intimation had yet been received about the tournament. The chairman said that since the school team had faced a lot of problems during the tournament last year, the School might even consider not sending the team.

Soccer Fixtures - The soccer fixture with Lawrence school, Sanawar had been cancelled because the dates proposed by the school did not

suit them. The soccer captain if the team could participate in the Limca Soccer Tournament in Delhi. The vice-chairman was asked to enquire about all details. It was suggested that a few matches could also be fixed with some schools in Mussoorie, or with Y.P.S. Patiala.

Games Clothes For School Teams - The chairman said that the cloth material and colour of the games uniform for different school teams should be the same as that for all boys. To give a distinctive look, however, a school logo should be embroidered on the shirts, along with the emblems of different games. Games colours could also be buttoned onto the shirts in the same way. All members agreed.

AVENUE

The tree plantation squad has once again taken in hand a afforestation project. This is naturing of 104 trees in a site in the Parade Ground. This project was started in June 94 jointly by the Friends of the Doon and M.D.D.A in which Welham Boys' are contributing their time and effort to ensure that the saplings planted at the site thrive.

All the elementary work ie. preparation of the site, clearing of weeds, digging pits of standard sizes and provision of soil and manure was completed during the last vacations.

The site is located in the Parade ground (Area 100 * 20mts.) just south of the overhead water tanks along the Convent Road. The saplings and hedges were arranged from the forest department and commercial nurseries. The inaugural planting was done on 30th July 94 which was attended by the members of the F.O.D and the city officials.

The chief objective is beautification of the

Basketball - The school team would participate in the Inter Public School Invitational Basketball Tournament to be held at Daly College, Indore from the 9th to the 12th of October, '94.

Diving - Boys could practice on Sunday mornings for the inter house diving competition.

Athletics - Athletics practice would be conducted daily by the new coach, Mr.Navneet Singh. The chairman said that all specific physical conditioning exercises were a must for every sport.

The meeting concluded with a vote of thanks to the chair.

-- Mr. A. Singh

PLANTATION

Doon and ultimately reduction of pollution. Therefore, saplings were chosen selectively.

Along the road, the first two rows are of Silver Oak (*Grivillea robusta*) followed by Jacaranda (*J. Mimosaeifolia*), Amaltas (*Cassia fistula*) and then lastly a row of Bottle Brush (*Callistemon viminalis*). On two sides with a total length of 120 metres an evergreen hedge bush *Dudonea* (*D. viscosa*) has been planted.

The trees, once they develop, besides providing shade and shelter, should be a feast for the eyes with their flowers of gold, mauve, yellow and red.

It is to be hoped that the trees will be allowed to grow and flourish unmutilated by careless hands and not lopped to feed some animals.

Next year an additional area of the Parade ground will be given tree cover with the same emphasis to post care.

-- Surjeet Singh Khaira

LITERARY AFFAIRS

THE VAMPIRE

It was a hot summer evening. I was sitting inside an A.C. compartment. The train had stopped at 'Ramnagar.' Just then a handsome young man entered the compartment. At once he introduced himself. "My name is Danish Ramsingh. I am a clerk in a government office in Delhi. Due to some official work, I had come here," he said. "Say man, what is your name and where are you from?" he exclaimed. I said, "My name is Amrit and I'm on my way to Delhi." "I say man, do you want to listen to a ghost story?" "Well, yes."

He started, "For centuries, my name has

brought fear in the minds of people. They tried to destroy me but who could do so?"

"Well, I was not a bad person but the need and greed of becoming rich made me one. So, I made many enemies. One day, they got me. But, my soul did not rest in peace and then it quenched it's thirst. I liked my first victim. They called him 'Max Velan.' After tasting his blood, my soul liked the taste. Yes, the taste of his blood made me mad."

"Now I live alone in my castle on the hill of 'Braskstone' in the 'Transvallian Alps.' Yes, I am no other than 'Count Dracula.'"

``Now say man, how do you like this story? If you want to know anything about this ghost stuff then tell me because I know a lot about all this," he said.

``Sir, how do you differentiate between a ghost and a vampire?" I said. ``Ghosts do not have

red eyes and sharp teeth while vampires have them. Then taking off my sunglasses and looking at him I said, "Like this?"

-- Amrut Kar
Class VIII

EIGHT MONTHS, 244 DAYS, 14640 MINUTES, 878400 SECONDS IN THE LIFE OF A WELHAMITE

I wake up in the morning and raise my weary head,
Feel so darn sleepy, I go straight back to bed.
The P.O.D arrives to find me snoring,
He kindly informs me that it's quite late in the morning.

I'm told to report before dinner,
And made to feel like a royal sinner.
Maths is the first period for me,
Logs, Trigo and Geometry.

Staying awake is a Herculean task,
A face of concentration I do mask.
Maths finally draws to a close,
I'm now faced with a dose of poetry and prose.

Breakfast is by far the best meal of the day,
No matter what the boys may say.
We assemble outside; I don't like that look,
`Oh! No!' He must've noticed I don't have a prayer book.

Actually it's `coz I bunked prep last night,
More engrossed in watching a fight.
I find figures and facts rather boring,
I digest them & cause the teachers roaring.

We have a short break,
A rest I do take.

4 periods down, 2 more to go,
I haven't much patience left to show.

Lunch doesn't really have much pep,
Not much remains of the caterer's rep.
The ~~post~~ lunch period is the best of all,
`Coz our gruelling routine for a while does stall.

I catch my daily forty winks,
That's not really enough, methinks.
Soccer is next on the list,
Not a single practice have I missed.

Playing Soccer under the sweltering sun,
I can assure you is not much fun.
A sense of relief passes over me when it's over,
Now its time for a change and a shower.

Having a bath is a helluva feeling,
Better hurry, the P.O.D.'ll hit the ceiling.
I reach the dining hall,
Just as I hear Vijay call.

After dinner I move for prep,
Those who bunk are on their own trip.
Exhaustion soon catches up with me,
And I can go to sleep Oh! Glory be!

-- Rumaan Kidwai
Class X

I HAD NEVER BEEN SO FRIGHTENED ALL MY LIFE

I had never been so frightened in my life as when in a car accident. I was cycling on the main road, when I was six years old and the year was 1990.

This accident happened in Jaipur in front of S.M.S. Hospital and Jaipur University.

The accident was due to my fault because my parents were in Delhi and I was cycling on the main road without anyone's permission.

An untrained driver was driving a black and white jeep on the main road. Suddenly a Gypsy came from the opposite side of the jeep. The untrained driver of the jeep was blinded for a

second.

The Gypsy tried to overtake me and almost collided into the jeep. I closed my eyes and wondered what would happen ``Oh my God, save me.'' My heart started beating faster, my breathing was choked, my pulse was thumping.

The Gypsy swerved to the left where I was cycling. It knocked me and I fell down. The car's window hit my head terribly. Blood started oozing out of both my hands and legs. The driver of the jeep took me to the hospital. While I was being taken to the hospital I was scared: Will I die, will I get a wheelchair, will I remain in the hospital

forever? These thoughts ran across my mind. I was sweating. My legs and hands throbbed with pain. I found, I could not move. This was agonising.

I thought of my parents. What would they say? They would surely shout at me, they would definitely scold me or they would stop me from playing outside or they would refuse to celebrate my birthday as my punishment.

However, when my parents came from

Delhi, they didn't say a single word. Instead, they hugged me and said, "Thank God, you are safe."

I felt very happy to see them and also that they did not shout at me. I spent a few days in the hospital and then came home. My legs became alright and my wounds healed. Yet, I will never forget this accident because it was a frightening experience for me.

--Danish Abrar
Class VI

CREATURES AT THE TEA GARDENS

In a tea garden we can often get to see wild animals like leopards, jackals and snakes and birds. We can see them in the deep parts of the garden, and snakes even in unusual places like the bathroom, or under a bed; occasionally when a person is sitting in his drawing room, a snake quietly creeps on to the carpet from under the sofa.

We were returning from the club. It was eight in the evening. We were coming by the garden road, because it was much safer. We had come quite near home. Suddenly we saw a leopard. It was clearly visible in the light of the headlight. It gave us a quick look, its eyes glowing and then it crept away. It was very beautiful and its eyes were looking like spots of yellow paint. These days there is a lot of threat to wild animals. Recently, my father found three dead leopards, probably poisoned. My father saw them at night and in the morning, there was no trace of them.

Later, it was found out, that some people had sold the skins.

About two years ago, the workers were digging the soil, to build a cow shed, when they saw a snake, six feet long, four centimetres wide coiled up in the soil. It was black and looked like an iron coil. They shrieked and ran from there.

Last vacations, at my friend's house, a banded Krait was seen under the bed. All this is common in tea gardens.

Tales of leopards, wild elephants on the rampage, snakes in the chicken coop, tigers at large, a wild buffaloe's charge do not cause undue alarm. I have not yet heard of anyone dying from a snake bite.

Really, birds, reptiles and animals are harmless and a wonder to observe. I hope the attempts to provide the correct environment for them to thrive is strengthened and that one contributes our mite in this direction.

-- Arjun Trivedi
Class VIII

LAMPOON

What everybody looks forward to from Monday to Saturday is a late Sunday morning. A good dinner and two movies later they get a certain pleasure from their sleep that is like siestas are to the Italians. Missing morning tea is not all that painful on this day. All that's painful is having to report early in the morning or being woken up by Hazari's ever so sweet voice which is constantly singing the latest hit like a stuck record.

Breakfast on a Sunday is not always pleasant. The prospect of being late for breakfast and going without grub is not entirely appetising. But usually there's coffee and everyone behaves like British Burra Sahibs with their mugs in hand. There is a distinction between the sleepy P.T. eyes and the sleepy Sunday morning eyes. Everybody looks like everybody hurts. Brecca usually lasts five minutes longer on Sundays. The school captain and the prefects are pretty considerate unlike other

days when the bell rings a trifle too early and school gets up exclaiming that they've only just begun eating.

Then there's roll-call which is quite an unpleasant experience. It's not the calling out of the names but the principal's sense of time which is agonising. The school is lined up at nine thirty sharp. Lines are usually broken in less time than is taken to make them. The school captain manages to get the school to keep quiet and then meanders off to stand under the cool shade of some tree away from the searching eyes of the mob. The prefect body doesn't expect (Thank god!) the school to keep silent. I guess they realise that they too went through the same ordeal. Only then was the terror of Jairaj Singh to contend with.

In the lines (while they're broken) there are scenes even the best comedians cannot compete with. Stones are thrown at lost cases (so they call

them) who obviously can't retaliate. Unseen hands seem to appear out of nowhere and slap anyone randomly without the least knowledge of the victim. After numerous interrogations and a flurry of abusive language the villain is found.

When the prefects go meandering to their shady spots (the sun and the burden of their duty is a bit too hot for them to handle). Most of the senior boys take the opportunity to lean against or sit on the peacock stage and behave like they are the ultimate studs unaware of the fact that the schoolie still has his eyes fixed on all the activities. Their egos are considerably altered with the appearance

of a prefect from nowhere. (acknowledgements for disguise: the boys themselves).

The appearance of the principal manages to get even class twelve in line. The school being put into line earlier by the prefects when he is spotted by an observant prefect. Then come the exclamations which arise from all directions after listening to the princi's choice of the first house and ofcourse because of the comments that our principal always has in store. This is usually followed by a speech on the squalor in the hostels and around the campus in general.

-- Sudeep & Ankur

NATURE'S DIARY

Nairobi at last! I had spent the better half of the day locked behind the seat of an aeroplane which was five hours late. But the cool atmosphere in Nairobi made me simmer down. It was a heavenly evening in Nairobi. the sun was just setting when I met my guide, Thad Petterson who was as comfortable in the African Bush as he was in the front lawn. We caught a taxi to the Hyatt Regency and got off. It was just one night's stay in Nairobi and then we would set off for the bush. The Masai-Mara is in the very heart of Masai tradition. If you drive through the Masai-Mara you might see a few of the six foot giants grazing their cattle; one of the beliefs of the Masai tribe is that when a child is born you should not give him the heart of the jackal. If you do, he'll become a coward, but if you give him the heart of a leopard, he will be the bravest of the brave.

The next morning we left by a Land Rover for a gruelling 118 mile drive, and the heat was sweltering, it was unbearable. After how many hours I do not know, we reached our base camp in Seronora river valley. It was good fun having corn meat, bread and butter and with Coke to water it down. At the base camp we met our game adviser, Joshua Mbowe, he too is very relaxed in the bush, Joshua was from some local tribe whose name I do not know. We set off next morning for Tishilla, a town just outside Mara; we had a quick breakfast and we entered the Mara.

You must be knowing that in the Seregeti and the Masai Mara you are allowed to go off the beaten track. But this you may do at your own risk. We had nothing to fear as we had the best guides Africa could give. I asked Joshua, what kind of animals we could see. He said we might see the cheetah, the lion, the elephant. Then I asked him

what chance there was of seeing a leopard. He said that though there were many leopards in the Mara, we might not see any as they were extremely shy and illusive.

Now my interest was aroused and I made up my mind to see a leopard. We then entered the Mara. For about ten minutes we saw nothing. Our first sign of wildlife was a group of Impalas, and then the Thompsons gazelle ``Tommy's'' as they are also known. We saw the impalas doing what is called sponking. This is done to confuse predators, but here they were doing it as a kind of a ballet. It was wonderful. So far we had not seen any of the African cats. Throughout the stay in Africa I have learnt one thing that the key of a good Safari is patience. It was lovely to see a first lion in the wild, and minutes after that our first cheetah. But what I wanted to see was a leopard. Our stay in Africa was soon coming to a close, and we had seen no sign of the leopard though we did see a giraffe's leg-bones dangling from a tree, witness of the leopard's legendary strength. The last time we thought of trying to spot a leopard in the Seronora river valley. There we saw perched up high in an Acacia tree, a female leopard feeding on a carcass of an adult Topi.

A beautiful sight it was primal in its natural surroundings, its skin glistening in the sun, its body lithe, supple and muscular. Its eyes were visionary and its gait had the confidence of youth. It looked at us unperturbed for we had kept our distance. I had a feastful look and then we moved away leaving the leopard in its pristine glory, happy and content in its natural habitat.

-- Raihan Ahmed

RINGSIDE VIEW

After the controversial physical matches of the junior sections were done with, the seniors started off with their inter house soccer matches. There was a considerable amount of excitement in everybody's mind when the inter house for 'C' section commenced. Much was expected from Krishna and Cauvery who definitely played as well as everybody expected them to.

The first match was played between Cauvery and Ganga. The match was expected to be one sided in favour of Cauvery but was not quite so. Ganga gave a good fight to the Cauveryites and the final score read 3-2 favouring Cauvery. Vishwas Kohli played amazingly well and netted once for Cauvery, the other two scorers being Manish and Amit Oberoi. Arshad and Akbar scored for Ganga.

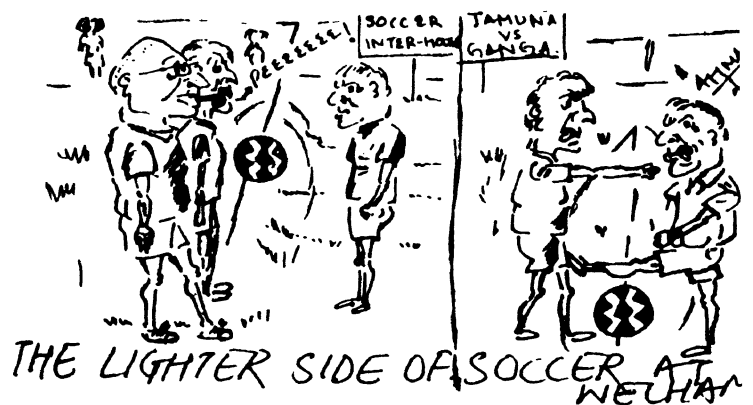
The second match played between Krishna and Jamuna was one sided although the score board did not agree entirely. The score at the end of the match was 3-1 in favour of Krishna. Gautam Khattar and Jayendra scored one goal each for Krishna while Sameer Raina managed to squeeze the ball past the Krishna goal-keeper once.

Krishna again met Ganga in what could be described as the most lop-sided match of the entire inter house. Krishna obtained an early lead and maintained it thereafter. Himanshu scored a beautiful goal for the Gangaites but unfortunately they could not go beyond that. The score at the end of the match read 6-1 in favour of Krishna. Samarth, Khattar, Kirtiman and Prashant scored one goal each for Krishna and Jayendra struck twice.

The next match was played between Cauvery and Jamuna. With the help of an excellent goal by Manish and another by Kohli, Cauvery emerged victorious by a margin of 2 goals. The last match was played between Cauvery and Krishna. This was supposed to be the most exciting match of the inter house. It was anybody's game since Krishna lacked the motivation and support of one of their stars, Danish. But fate had something else in store. The match though evenly fought throughout the game again tilted towards the end for the Krishnaites and they managed to pot in goals after

goals. The score board read 4-1 in favour of Krishna at the end of the inter house. Amiya Setu netted a solitary goal for Cauvery through a penalty and Jayendra and Samarth scored a goal each for Krishna. Gautam, playing up to his reputation, scored two goals for the winners. Winners : Krishna.

The match of the fortnight was definitely the Staff versus boys match played recently. The most interesting thing about the match was that even the principal for a change, came and showed off his Soccer skills. Not only that, the staff members team had two goalkeepers simultaneously. They were Ms.Monica Khanna and Ms.Blaire Davies. They put up a wonderful show and deserve a pat on their back for such admirable spirit. Unfortunately, during this game, Ms.Khanna broke her hand. We wish her a speedy recovery. The game was hilarious and finished with a score of 8-6 in favour of the boys. Manish and Prashant scored a goal each while Gautam, Jayendra and Samarth scored two goals each. The scorers for the staff were Mr.Manish, Mr.Vachani, Mr.Kala and our Soccer coach. Mr.Anand played brilliantly and netted the ball twice. On asking Ms.Monica what she had to say about her broken hand, she said, 'It felt strange for a very long time to be walking about with all four limbs intact in the land of the wounded. I just didn't seem to belong here..... till finally I did.' Of course the school missed some teachers who were nowhere to be seen at the time of the match.



EDITORIAL BOARD

Editor : Kirtiman Singh

Literary Affairs : Sameer Gambhir
Ankur Nigam

Welham Now : Gaurav Wahi

Compiler : Varun Puri

Ringside View : Akshi Saxena

Computer Designer :

Ankur Nigam

Cartoonist : Sudeep Chaudhuri, Ahmed Ali

Staff Rep. : S.K.Bakshi

Published By : WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

Registration No. 20208/86