

THE OLIPHANT

No. 166

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

April 20th, 1995

Think About It

Love does not consist in gazing at each other, but in looking outward in the same direction.

--Antoine de Saint-Exupery

THE EDITORIAL

When someone reads the Editorial he does not imagine the after effects it will have on the Editor. The general opinion everybody has after reading the first page is that the guy who has written it should be kicked. Well, it happens in different ways, some criticise, some love, and some think it is a waste of time. I have been Editor for about four months and I'm pretty sore in the seat. Here are some conversations I have with different people after an issue is brought out.

X : You're very disillusioned being the Editor.

Ed: Why do you say that?

X : You keep stating it. Why don't you just let your heart guide you, and do us a favour and 'Quit.' We sympathise with you 'but why don't you just leave the damn job?!

X : Are you sad?

Ed: No.

X : Your editorials! Oh my you poor soul! Is the pressure getting to you?

Ed : No.

X : You've lost interest in the magazine! You 'are' being 'lazy' about it. Are you fine? Are you feeling ill? You seem so disappointed with life. Why don't you just leave the job?!

X : When are you featuring me in your Editorial?

Ed: You'll mind if I do.

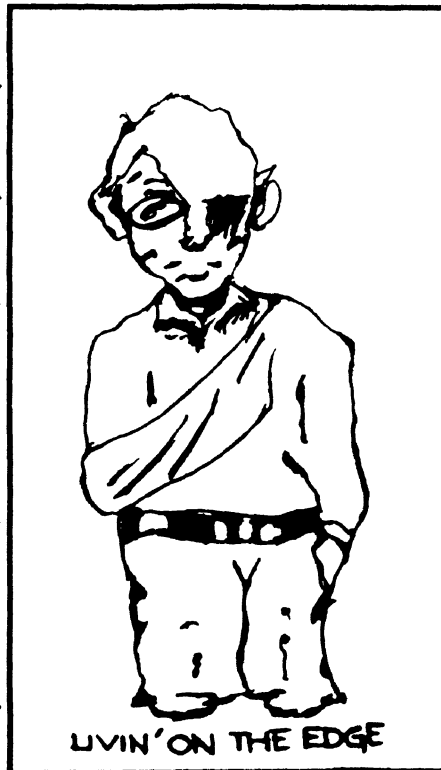
X : No I won't. You keep featuring Mr. Kandhari ya, what about me? I flip through every page of the Oliphant to see if I have been mentioned.

Ed : 'He' takes it in good spirit, you wouldn't.

X : Prove your point.

Ed : I drew a cartoon of him being crucified with a javelin flying at him.

X : How will he mind that? You have made him Jesus Christ ya.



X : I'll kill you!

Ed : Why??!!

X : I'll show you!

Ed : Why??!!

X : You're gonna die!

Ed : Why??!!

X : I've warned you once before. I'll have you killed!

X : Nice Editorial.

Ed : Thank You.

X : Interesting.....

Ed : Thank you.

X : Interesting, it reflects 'an intellectual dumbness.'

X : What's your next Editorial about?

Ed: It's a secret.

X : C'mon, you can trust me.

Ed : It's about teachers using bad language.

X : I must be featuring majorly in it.

Ed : I'm not sure as yet.

X : I'll give you an extra outing if you don't, and a house master's card if you do.

X : You like Vikram Seth?

Ed : Yes.

X : Hope you grow up to be like him.

Ed : Thank you. I'll try to do just that.

X : But you sound like such a plagiaristic bum when you copy him.

X : Being the Editor, you must be the smartest kid on the block.

Ed : Am I?

X : Reading your editorials, you sound like the dumbest kid on the block.

X: Come here ya.

Ed : Why?

X : Let me hug you ya. You deserve a kiss too ya.

Ed : Why?

X : Nice editorial by a little runt whose dumb breed I know.

Some of the conversations inspire me to carry on especially the first few. The last one makes me doubt whether I look effeminate or not. After pondering over it for hours and hours I have come to the conclusion that I am male, and that's the way I want it to be. That's the way it's gonna be so hands off.

Yours,

Sadly,

Lazily,

Scarily,

Dumbly,

Plagiaristically,

Effeminately,

Sudeep

LETTER(S) TO THE EDITOR

Dear Ed,

The new schedule seems to have worked wonders for the school community. They seem to have half their naps in the hostel and the leftover in the classes block. Not only the boys, the Dean too, is having sleepless nights for he was spotted not too long ago by one observant student sleeping on the breakfast table. I guess working so hard and getting up early in the morning gives him reason for a catnap.

Only if someone would realise that it's not only the boys who resent this schedule! Not only the distinguished left and right side of the Principal, but also the distinguished backside apparently seems to have a problem.

I do hope very sincerely that it will not take long before something is done.

Yours Optimistically,

Ankur Nigam

Dear Ed,

Which class does one have to reach to be allowed to legally keep one's hair the way one wants to? The prefects seem to be setting a trend in school and we're dying to keep the same hairstyles.

The School Captain and the Computer Designer have almost similar versions of what-ever-it-is that it is(??!!!). The Editor has a crew cut but he looks a bit kinda cute, doesn't he. One of his friends is balding and is very disillusioned with hair tonics that claim to increase the hair line. His 'Akaankshaas' to grow thick and long hair have been 'Dashed.' One curly haired chappy has one long strand which stands aloof from the rest of his hair as he does from the rest of us. But he seems to be quite content with his thingy. Someone has a mushroom cut and he originally had no side burns. But now he too is quite happy with the way life's been treating him. And that tall guy who's every strand of hair is in place all the time except when he decides to take time off and practice hockey. He too, looks kinda cool. The two upon three of the TRIO gang too have a variety of hairstyles. While the tall, dark and ahhmm ... handsome one doesn't know what his hairdo looks like, the other hardly has hair at all. Not that he's bald but just that it helps him to look like someone from the NBA.

If the prefects can have all these sort of weird hair-dos why can't we. I guess all people in power have to have a certain amount of enigma around them. don't they?

Very soon it will be my turn to come into the distinguished class and then I too, well..... history repeats itself. Only in this case, once too often.....

Yours Patiently,

Slash

W.O.B.N.

Tariq Azad (Batch of '87-Ex-/218/C) is now a qualified doctor. He has completed his MBBS and is currently doing his internship in Jabalpur Medical College and intends to do his post graduation in Obstetrics and Gynaecology.

On the 14th of this month, some Ex-Welhamites came to visit the school. Some of them were former school captain Anurag Kumar, Nikhil Kriplani and the guy popularly known as Boochie. They were indeed amazed to see how much the school had changed in the past few years. Anurag is currently making some documentaries for Door Darshan on Environment.

LITERARY AFFAIRS

I Wonder How?

I trudged along the desert, sun beating down on my head, hands in my pockets, kicking up fine sprays of sand as I wondered.

Wind swept sand lay all around me as it formed various patterns and contortions due to the blowing wind. The faint thought of a raging Kham-sin lingered in my mind.

I walked on, undeterred, without food, nor drink as my mind was a raging storm of thought.

Harsh reality was only a back drop for my tired but determined mind. The wind was getting stronger and stronger..... and stronger, cuts opened up on my face due to the fine particles of sand and blood trickled down my cheeks and fell to the sand making curious sandy clots. My line of vision was rapidly deteriorating and soon I couldn't look beyond two feet. I couldn't breathe anymore, every breath I took was clogged with sand. I gasped and wheezed only to further choke myself with sand. I struggled on without much hope and then unable to breathe any longer I fell to the ground, writhing in suffocating agony. Rapid convulsions of pain overtook me till I could remember no more.

As I awoke, the storm had subsided and far away on the horizon, I saw a figure.... sun beating down on his head, hands in his pockets, kicking up fine sprays of sand as his mind wondered.

**—Rumaan Kidwai
Class XI**

It's Strange

*"People are strange, when you are a stranger,
Faces look ugly, when you're alone.
Women seem wicked when you are unwanted,
Streets are uneven, when you are down.*

*When you are strange, faces come out of the range,
When you are strange, no one remembers your name.
When you are strange.*

*The grain burnt the soul, An expression of frustra-
tion,
Grinding teeth, was frozen, sweat flowed, tasted
salty.
Life passed, it was bitter, life flowed like the river,*

.....endlessly

*First there was a river now there is a stone,
Possesiveness eroded the brain, character ... life.
Sulks washed away emotion, thought... appetite.
They came in the form of uncontrollable rapids.*

*Flight was necessary, flight was necessary
but flight had happened all along. The flight of a
coward, flight made one incompetent what had been
fought was lost*

—Queen of the Highway

Psychadelic Illusions to a Black and White Mind

*Our world is one of dreary hope,
Our future's bleak,
Unseen and unguided hands grope,
At the slightest opportunity of a most colourful sleep.*

*We toil and not pause for rest,
Sweat and bleed and do our best,
But our world remains unchanged,
In unvarying images of black and white.*

*Sometimes when idle we lie,
Images flit across the inward eye,
Illusions of colourful floats and dreams,
And lovely clear brooks and streams.*

*Things like this we are glad to see,
'Coz in our combined world of grey,
The slightest hint of colour,
Dullness, does stay.*

*Alas! These colours are not here to stay,
And disappear before we wake to see,
Only to be met with our world of grey,
To return to our world of black and white.*

**—Rumaan Kidwai
Class XI**

Livin' on a Prayer

*Introduced through a common friend, we first met,
And then it seemed, on our tracks we were set.
We met at a few more parties and then....
It must have happened sometime, I don't know when.*

*But once it began there was no looking back,
We overflowed with emotions, of words we were at
a-lack.
Just looking at each other seemed to be enough,
It was all smooth sailing, our hearts which were
once so rough.*

*We started talking on phone, for hours we'd talk,
And then down deserted alleys we'd walk.
We'd lose all sense of space and time,
As far as I was hers and she was mine.*

*We seemed to be obsessed with each other's voices,
And could hear it amidst all other noises.
People called us lovers going steady,
To face all obstacles together, we were ready.*

*To me, she was a ravishing beauty,
But for my love, she was almost a deity,
From day to dusk, I'd think of her smiles,
I knew our cherished love would'nt be futile.*

*It all seemed too good to be true,
Something was coming, that I knew.
Until finally one day she broke our date,
Said she was tired, she had worked till late.*

*I didn't mind, and went to eat out alone,
And what I saw, put me out of control.
She walked past me with this big, rich guy,
And talked in whispers, and made me cry.*

*I knew I had lost all that I had,
What was I to do besides go mad.
Anything else would be tough to take,
It was about time that I got a break.*

*But I know that I cannot turn back the years,
But it's not my fault, across my heart the pain sears.
Tired of falling in love and breaking my heart,
Don't wanna do it any longer, don't wanna get hurt.*

*But then I know that things have to change,
I've been through nature's destructive range.
It wanted me to shatter, but I carried on,
Because somewhere far away, I could see dawn.
I have tried not to break down, I know I've not failed,*

*But there is a limit to it, I'm about to go insane.
I want someone to share it, someone with some care,
I don't want to be deceived, I've had more than my
share.*

*I guess I'm asking for a bit too much,
But I can't help it, my condition is such.
Just one person whom I can call a friend,
Who will be by my side through all curves and bends.*

*I've made my request, I'ts open and bare,
Till I find somebody, I'll be **LIVIN' ON A PRAYER**.*

**—Ankur Nigam
Class XII**

And There Will be Nothing Left

*"So what?" I said losing my patience with
him.*

*"What do you mean so what? You realise
you're just a kid!"*

*And the next thing I knew was that I was
sitting under a tree, looking at the sky trying to
locate the 'Great Bear.'*

*It was all over. I was shattered. It was then
that I realised that there does come an ending in
one's life after which there is no beginning. And I
guess my ending had come. I could fight no more.
Till now all my efforts had been like a tree trunk,
hollow from within.*

*And then she came. The last beam of the sun,
who, though looked little, had lightened my dark life.
Each word she spoke strengthened the intensity of
light which I thought was now returning to my life.
But I guess that was the mistake I made, thinking that
she would always be with me. Fate was just playing
with me. She was like a butterfly who had come for
a short period, giving all it had but was now going.*

Life cannot stop for one, can it?

*But it was different now. Even though she
was going, she had given me ever so much. I could
survive and fight just with the thought of having
known someone like her; she would always be there
in my mind..... though..... There will
be nothing left.*

—A living Body

A Butterfly and a Flower

*There once lived a butterfly,
Who knew not how to fly.
But when it saw this lovely flower,
It thought it could give it a try.*

*But unsure whether the flower would accept her,
It asked the flower, "May I come to you?"
And so the butterfly tried it's best,
As it got a positive reply.*

And as the old saying goes, "Where there is a will,

*there is a way."
The butterfly with it's will, reached the flower.*

*But happiness does not come so soon.
And so it happened with the butterfly.
As when it reached the flower,
The flower bid it good-bye.*

*But the butterfly did not regret,
As it did realise that, though the flower had said
'Good Bye'.
It also taught it, how to fly.*

–The Butterfly.

A LITTLE BIT OF NOTHING, SOMETHING AND EVERYTHING

My dear little friend,

*I know you are not so little anymore
and probably see the whole world with a far greater
vision of clarity than that of what my weakened eyes
can see. And maybe, it is this clarity which makes
your losses and gains far greater than any other
could imagine them to be. The process of growing
up would not be so much fun, either, if it were not
for these little moments of an acute loss.*

*I was hurt and angry... even more than you
can imagine when I saw the sketch you had
painstakingly painted, slit across the centre ruth-
lessly by another. I have very little to say in defence
of such senseless destruction and minds which
cannot cease to destroy. And I know that you are
hurt and angry too. But then we must not stop or give
up and just presume that this is one of life's many
ways to equip us with inner strength that we might
require to face future trials. And also that if destruc-
tion must continue.... then so must creation. And not*

*unwillingly or disheartedly... but stubbornly so...
uplifting all those around with it's freshness and
colour.*

*You are at a crucial junction; when matters
pierce you to the core of your heart. And inspirations
come and go like the breeze itself... touching you
likely at times and at others just gliding past you. So
let not your youth and sensitivity be crushed by this
maddening destruction around you. Let not your
days be lost on empty small talk and tales from
everywhere. Let not your chosen words be the
meanest ones. Let not your world be filled with
anything but the freshness of your thoughts and the
fire in your pace. And, never ever let your hands
be the ones to destroy another's lines. My words will
be in your hands but I hope they will reach you. I
still think you draw poppies beautifully. And I hope
it is going to be roses next time.*

*Painfully, sermonisingly yours,
Monika Maam.*

WELHAM NOW

*A lot has happened this fortnight. There
seems to be a flood of activities taking place in
school at the moment. Some of them, however, are
as under.*

1. Prizes for English Project Work in the
Middle School were given to :

1st Anuj Golaknath

1st Atir Ansari

1st Prayas Rana

2nd Rahul Lohia

3rd Shubhashish Thapliyal.

2. Results of the Hindi Essay Writing Compe-
tition of Middle School :

1st Sharad Kumar
 2nd Rajat Arora
 3rd Amish Mulmi
 Consolation Prize : Rahul Vaish

3. Results of the Road Races were :
 Section 'C' Section 'B'
 1st Rohan Sood 1st Saswat Prasad
 2nd Tenzin Motup 2nd Manish Shreshtha
 3rd Surya Sud 3rd Puneet Bansal
 Section 'A'
 1st Amit Parashar
 2nd Mukti Bikram Shah
 3rd Manan Verma

4. The rehearsals for the joint production are in full swing. They have started practicing on the sets and are indeed going to put up entertaining work.

5. The change in the temperature has caught many boys off guard and the hospital is filled with boys having chicken pox and temperature abnor-

malities.

6. The results of the inter house Hindi elocution were :

Section 'A'	Section 'B'
1st Amit Sharma	1st Kumar Abhijeet
2nd Manas Patodia	2nd Ashish Kumar
3rd Rachin Goel	3rd Vikrant Tomar

7. The English and Hindi Essay Writing Contests for senior school were held on the 8th and the 12th of this month.

8. Work is on in the Activity Centre to roughen up the floor and prepare it for the forthcoming tournaments of Basketball and Badminton..

9. Construction has also started in the old Assembly Hall to provide accommodation to the players of various schools who will be coming here for the IPSC Badminton Tournament which is going to start shortly.

10. The SPIC MACAY concert was held the previous Sunday in the Activity Centre. Ustaad Asad Ali Khan demonstrated his Rudra Veena skills which were greatly enjoyed by all.

New Arrivals on the Gaze Rack

Les Miserables - Victor Hugo
Confessions of an English Opium Eater - Thomas De Quincey
Lord Arthur's Savile's Crime and Other Stories - Oscar Wilde
Tales from King Arthur - Andrew Lang
The Prisoner of Zenda - Anthony Hope
Alice in Wonderland - Lewis Carroll
King Solomon's Mines - H. Rider Haggard
Tom Brown's Schooldays - Thomas Hughes
The Thirty Nine Steps - John Buchan
Aesop's Fables - U.S. Vernon Jones
Robin Hood - Henry Gilbert
Dracula - Bram Stoker
Father Brown - G.K. Chesterton
Collected Ghost Stories - M.R. James
Moby Dick - Herman Melville
Around the World in 80 days & Five Weeks in a Balloon - Jules Verne
The History of Tom Jones : A Foundling - Henry Fielding
Robinson Crusoe - Daniel Defoe
The Works of Henry Wordsworth Longfellow - Henry W. Longfellow
The Wordsworth Dictionary of Difficult Words - Robert H. Hill
The Wordsworth Book of Intriguing Words - Paul

Hellweg
The Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge - S.T. Coleridge
The Works of John Milton - John Milton
The works of Alfred Lord Tennyson - Alfred Lord Tennyson
Modern Indian Poetry in English - Bruce King
Folktales from India - A.K. Ramanyan
Children of the Street - M.C. Gasriel
The Memory of Elephants - Boman Desai
Miltroy the Magician - Paul Theroux
Phoolan - Irene Train
Mathematics for the Million - Lancelot Hogben
Cambridge Fact Finder - David Crystal
Manorama Year Book 1995 - K.M. Mathew
Model Solution to IIT Entrance Exams - McGraw Hill
Fun with clay - Paul Theroux
Animal Watching - Desmond Morris
The Ultimate Visual Dictionary - Dorling Kindersley
The History of Art - Bernard S. Myers
Atlas of Endangered Species - John A. Burton
Creating Minds - Howard Gardner
Tibet Handbook - Victor Chang

THOSE WACKY WOODSEATERS

The Sun

Have you ever noticed the sun?
Shining brightly in the sky,
It gives us heat and light,
But it doesn't shine at night.
It's colour is yellow,
A hot little fellow,
When I looked at him,
He looked at me.
Then when I said to him, "Hello."
He also said, "Hello" to me.

—Varun Chaudhary
Class IIIA

The Horse

When the horse eats the hay,
It becomes so gay,
It takes many rounds,
Like some hounds,
So fast it runs,
Like the bullet of a gun.
It is really good fun,
To watch it run.

—Saranbir Singh
Class IIIA

The Pansy

I looked at my garden and what did I see?
A pretty little pansy smiling at me.
She looked at me and I looked at her.
We both smiled prettily at each other,
Then my mother called me inside,
I said, "Bye Bye Pansy, I'll come to meet you tomorrow,
And see you looking so fancy."

—Varun Modi
Class IIIA

The Bee

Buzz went the bee and he came and sat near me.
I moved away but he only wanted to play.
Then it flew from flower to flower all around the garden,
Buzz went the bee because he was free.

—Kartik Mahajan
Class IIIA

My Rocking Chair

My rocking chair is busy rocking,
When I sit on it I feel like singing.

I sit in the shade,
I sit in the sun eating a bun.

When my mother scolds me,
I sit on my rocking chair still rocking,
And I start weeping.

My rocking chair is busy rocking,
When I sit on it I feel like singing.

—Raunak Jain
Class IIIA

A Ride on a Bicycle

A bicycle has a handle, brake and two wheels,
To have a ride on it how wonderful it feels.
Keep on moving your legs up and down,
Up and down on the pedal.

So much cold wind passes you,
It whispers, "Ride faster, ride faster."
When you stop, your eyes start watering,
So much fun it is to ride a bicycle,
Up and down, up and down the street.

—Akshay Modi
Class IIIA

Have You Ever?

Have you ever reached a star?
I think it is too far,
Have you ever had a dream about
Swimming in a stream?

Have you ever looked at the fishes,
Having so many tasty dishes?
Have you ever woken with a frown,
When you found yourself upside down?

Have you ever had a fight,
When you are going to sleep at night?

—Abhishek Narayan
Class IIIA

RINGSIDE VIEW

So, we're back as we promised with loads of statistics and figures and all the pc, and frolic that occurred in the fortnight. All the captains are finally back in campus so all practices have begun with tremendous enthusiasm. Albeit, the badminton captain has injured his right leg and will be practically immobile for at least a month; we wish him a speedy recovery.

The Mini-Basketball inter house for classes 6, 7 and 8th started last week. Playing on the newly made, mini basketball courts with lower rings, there seemed to be a lot of excitement. The first match was played between hot favourites Krishna and Jamuna. Krishna, as always, proved that baskee was just their game. Mukti Bikram Shah played very well and scored 25 points for Krishna. They thumped Jamuna 48-25.

Cauvery too was considered a very good team but did not perform that well. However, owing to Parivesh's good game, they managed to drown Ganga with a score of 19-4.

Perhaps the closest match of the inter house was the one between Cauvery and Jamuna. All good players shone above the rest. There was never a vast difference between the scores and it was anybody's game. Puneet and Sachin pooled in 14 and 12 points for their teams respectively and Sashwat also contributed a valuable 8 points for Jamuna. At the end of the game, the score read 26-24 in favour of Jamuna. A hard fought match indeed.

Krishna took on underdogs Ganga in the next match. Mukti again seemed to play up to everybody's expectations and converted 25 points for an easy victory over the Gangaites. They were beaten 45-10.

An equally one sided match was the next one between Jamuna and Ganga. Sashwat and Puneet played like Jordans in the making and shot 24 and 10 points respectively to help their team wipe out the Gangaites with the final score of 44-14.

The finals were played between Krishna and Cauvery on the 12th. In this match too, Krishna played its usual attacking self and swept past Cauvery with the final score reading 40-20 in their favour. Mukti, Sachin, Manish and Parivesh played

well and their efforts were appreciated. The trophy went to the well deserving Krishnaites.

The R.K. Shukla Tournament was held recently at the P.G. DAV College. In our first match, we clashed with the Army Club. It was smooth sailing for the well practiced Welhamites and we cracked them with the final score reading 63-42 in our favour. Samarth Pratap Singh was adjudged the Best Player of the Match. Muzaffar Ali Khan also played well.

After playing three league matches against various teams, we played the semi finals. We topped in our pool after having won all three matches. We played a team from Muzaffarnagar but lost to them by a mere difference of 6 points. The score at the end of the match read 54-60 in their favour. For most of the boys, this was just another tournament which the school team played but for the coach, Mr. Vachani, this was one of the biggest triumphs. Firstly, it gave a lot of exposure to the budding youngsters who will play for the Golden Jubilee Tournament. It also helped us overcome one of the biggest weaknesses any team can have. It taught us to play against all odds, winning against bad judgement, jeering from the crowd, and trailing till the dying moments of the game and then finally giving it all we have and succeeding. We wish our team all the best for the Golden Jubilee Tournament which is due to start on the 18th of this month.

About the hot seasonal sport, hockey. The school team played its first match against RIMC on the 12th. It was their first match and we lost 5-3. Manish was instrumental in scoring two goals for his team and Akshi converted one. It was a good match with no hard feelings at the end of it. It was indeed good to see that we were finally turning mature. Although we did at each other during the match, once it finished, we sat together and had tea very comfortably as we talked about various things.

The table tennis councils too, are round the corner and so the boys are practicing real hard for it. We wish them success in the tournament.

We'll be back next time with some more stock of frolic from the Baskee team. Till then.....

EDITORIAL BOARD

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